



"Ce Deum Laudamus."

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## Our Graduates' Institute.

### THE STUDY OF SOCIOLOGY.

REV. PRIN. MACVICAR B.D., LL.D.

It is not easy, from the vast and varied literature of Sociology, to determine the limits of the subject. As treated by some writers there is hardly a principle in theology, in ethics, political economy or the sciences generally that is not touched upon.

Emile de Laveley remarks: "I have never met with either a clear definition or even a precise description of the word Socialism. Everyone is a Socialist in somebody's eyes." True, but Socialism and Sociology are not to be confounded. "What is characteristic of Socialism," says J. S. Mill, "is the joint ownership by all the members of the community of the instruments and means of production; which carries

with it the consequence that the division of the produce among the body of owners must be a public act, performed according to rules laid down by the community."

It is well known that attempts to secure this state of things have often been of such a lawless nature as to bring Socialism into utter disrepute. Whereas Sociology claims to be the cure of these and kindred evils. It has been defined as "the science which investigates the laws regulating human society, its development, and the progress of civilization." Sociology, according to Herbert Spencer, is so supremely difficult and important a subject that one requires, in order to enter upon the study of it, to be almost master of all the sciences, and especially Biology. Its professed aim is the improvement of Society. This is without doubt needed, and has been sought by the sages of antiquity, Aristotle, Socrates, Plato, Seneca, Cicero, and many other profound thinkers.

Sociology, therefore, is not a discovery of the nineteenth century. It has, however, of late come violently to the front. It is the gospel of the moment in everybody's mouth. It is the subject matter of much of the reasoning and wrangling of the shop and market place. It is discussed in the halls of legislation and in the innumerable societies and conventions of the day, and its problems bulk largely in the daily press and in popular novels read by the million.

And what is the outcome of all this stir? Wide-spread discontent—a consensus of opinion well-nigh universal, that the present state of even the most advanced Christian society is eminently unsatisfactory. The forces which mould human relations and "make for righteousness" are unrecognized or ignored by the legislators and educators of the race. So Spencer and his followers think; and he does not hesitate to fasten the charge of ignorance in this respect upon the intelligent and cultured people of Britain, Europe and America. Scientists, and especially physicists, are in this condition. They are familiar with the laws and forces of their own special fields of investigation, but are incapable of dealing successfully with the infinitely complex problems that arise from

the union of mind forces that go to determine the condition and course of human society.

The manipulation of vast aggregates of men is a more subtle and difficult task than the management of material forces, and the anomalies of individual conduct when indefinitely multiplied in the social fabric are unspeakably perplexing. So much is this the case that Spencer lays out his strength chiefly in showing the seeming insurmountable difficulties attending the study of Sociology.

There are difficulties "objective and subjective." There is "the educational bias" lamentably perverting the judgment of men in all countries. The "bias of Patriotism," impelling people to act upon the maxim "Our Country, right or wrong." The "class bias," which destroys the unity of the race, sets men in each others' throats, and gives rise to the chronic strife between capital and labor, master and servant. The "Political bias" is as virulent as any, unless, indeed, it be the "theological bias," which seems, in the estimation of Spencer, to cap the climax as the most perverting and pernicious of all.

By all these evil influences the vast majority of men are disqualified to dispose fairly and dispassionately of questions of Sociology; so our philosopher thinks. But in spite of this gloomy, pessimistic view, and his imperfectly veiled contempt for theology, I venture to think that the true solution of the fundamental problems of Sociology will ultimately be found in the teachings of Christianity.

We may go back to Moses, the great law-giver of the Semitic race. His divinely inspired enactments, especially the Decalogue, his laws touching land tenure, and his sanitary and diatetic regulations are among the richest and most comprehensive contributions ever made to social science. Indeed, we may safely say that nearly all that is likely to be enduring in what is put forward by advanced present-day teachers of Sociology as their own discoveries was embraced by theologians of the past in their discussions on the Second Table of the Law. The trend of the Christian Socialism of England, for example, which originated about 1850, led by Charles Kingsley, Frederick D. Maurice, Thomas Hughes and

others, was of this nature, and a move in the right direction. It was the initiation of a practical line of action now being pursued in many countries, and especially in the great cities of the United States. It is humane in its spirit and efforts, and simply calls Christians of all classes to act on the golden rule. Witness the "Settlement" movement in Chicago and elsewhere, in which benevolent and heroic men and women of culture plant themselves among lapsed and vicious masses, to bring them light and purity and teach them what applied Christianity means.

This is infinitely better than the dismal dreaming of Herbert Spencer and his disciples about social forces and insuperable difficulties. His theory necessarily entangles him in an inextricable maze.

How so? Because he persistently treats all things from the one standpoint of evolution. Thus, man is the spontaneous self-evolved outcome of the earliest and lowest form of life upon our planet. His origin is sought away back countless millions of years in the past eternity. And human society is the product not merely of the conduct and habits of men, but also of the innumerable races of lower creatures which constitute their ancestors. Here are Spencer's words in "The Data of Ethics," pp. 6, 7: "Complete comprehension of conduct is not to be obtained by contemplating the conduct of human beings only; we have to regard this as part of universal conduct—conduct as exhibited by all living creatures. Nor is even this whole conceived with the needful fulness, so long as we think only of the conduct at present displayed around us. We have to include in our conception the less-developed conduct out of which this has arisen in course of time. We have to regard conduct now shown us by creatures of all orders, as an outcome of the conduct which has brought life of every kind to its present height."

To trace conduct in this manner from the fathomless abyss of the past is obviously a hopeless task, and yet precisely the one set us in Spencer's 400-page volume on Sociology, and in "The Data of Ethics."

Happily there is a more excellent way, which we prefer to follow. We have a sure word of prophecy to which we unhesitatingly give heed. The Bible is a perfectly trustworthy revelation of the nature and character of God and man, and of the relations between the Creator and the creature, as well as the social relations between man and man. And I unhesitatingly believe that the Sociologist who desires to have a true and timely message for our age will take the old book as his *vade mecum*, rather than the disquisitions of Karl Marx, Henry George, Herbert Spencer and the voluminous writings of Socialists and Evolutionists. He will study its contents comprehensively and minutely, beginning with the New Testament, and especially with the clear and profound lessons of Jesus. These illuminate the earlier pages of revelation, for the great Latin father correctly remarked: *In vetere Testamento est occultatio Novi, in Novo Testamento est manifestatio veteris.*

We should, therefore, in our efforts to construct and improve Society, begin with the teaching that is most luminous. This is the scientific method, to proceed from the lucid to the obscure, from the known to the unknown. Why should we in any case prefer shadowy conjecture to unerring certainty? And if the Bible is Christo-centric, as is so often affirmed, and if Christ is the Son of Righteousness—the Light of the world, why should we not read all the pages of revelation under the brightness of His rays? God has in these last days spoken to us by His Son, and spoken definitively on fundamental principles of Sociology, as well as words of eternal life; and the voice still comes to us from heaven—"Hear ye Him." He descended to our world to set up the kingdom of God, the kingdom of heaven, His own kingdom, and in the full development and establishment of this kingdom true Sociology will find its completion.

All branches of the Holy Catholic Church have unitedly and through nineteen centuries breathed the prayer, "Thy kingdom come." But what do we mean, what thought is present to our minds when we use these words? What is the

definition of the kingdom of God? Many answers have been given to the question, and there is substantial agreement among them all. There is no good reason why it should be otherwise, because we have ample data on which to base our conclusions. There are at least one hundred and six passages in the gospels alone referring to the Kingdom of God.

Speaking in general terms, viewing the kingdom in its most comprehensive sense, it may be said to consist of God's almighty power, guided by infinite wisdom and goodness, manifested in sustaining and governing all things. This government is carried on by what are called natural laws, which signify God's ordinary and uniform method of working. But in the exercise of His absolute sovereignty and freedom he may at any moment, for sufficient cause, depart from this method. In this unconditional sense "He hath prepared His throne in the heavens; and His kingdom ruleth over all." (Psalm 103:19.)

His kingdom is manifest in a more limited sense in the moral government of men and angels, whom he rewards for well-doing and punishes for all departures from His law. "The constitution and course of Nature," to use Bishop Butler's phrase, is so ordered by Him that this necessarily takes place.

Still more specifically, He set up His Kingdom in a preparatory form known as the theocracy among His chosen people. This contained the moral germs of a final Sociological development. For example, as illustrative of this view, let me remind you in passing, how the wealthier members of the social compact were definitely charged with the care of the poor. The gleanings and the corners of the harvest fields were to be left for them. Every seventh year the whole land was to be let rest from tillage, and its spontaneous productions belonged to the poor. No capitalist, banker, or money-lender was allowed to charge interest on loans made to his poor Israelitish brother or neighbor. The year of Jubilee, in which every man returned to his own inheritance, put an effectual check upon the undue accumulation of property in the hands of any one man, an evil of enormous magnitude in

our day. In all these, and many other enactments, the true brotherhood of man was fully recognized by divine legislation. And all this was meant to prepare the way for something better and more complete, for the final advent of the kingdom in its truly catholic spirit and form, free from all national and racial limitations.

Hence the highest conceivable form of the kingdom, and that which we have in mind when we breathe the prayer: "Thy kingdom come," is, to use the words of Dr. Bruce, "the reign of divine love exercised by God in His grace over human hearts believing in his love, and constrained thereby to yield Him grateful affection and devoted service." (Kingdom of God, p. 46.)

Here it is to be noted that this kingdom is not exclusively subjective, concealed in the human heart. It is a visible society as well, divinely organized of those made fit to be citizens by the efficacious working of God's grace and truth. Jesus said to the Pharisees: "The Kingdom of God is within you," (*entos humon*), which I take to be equivalent to (*en meso humon*), in the midst of you or among you, because he was speaking to his determined enemies, in whose hearts the kingdom of God did not exist; but it was among them in the person of Jesus and His disciples.

Neither is the kingdom exclusively eschatological, to be looked for and enjoyed in eternity, or after the second coming of Our Lord. It will then undoubtedly appear in all its perfected glory, but is now set up among men as the one true and world-embracing system of Sociology. We are assured by Scripture that Christ executeth the office of a king now, in His state of exaltation, as surely as he did in His state of humiliation. Our citizenship is now in heaven. We now sit with Christ in the heavenlies. It is a very practical and pernicious error not to impress men with the thought that they enter the kingdom here by regeneration, that they are here to live the heavenly life, and here only to be prepared to enjoy the inheritance of the saints in light. Nay, more, they are to pray and to bend all their energies with unflinching



zeal for the complete in-bringing of their Saviour's reign, when the kingdoms of this world shall have become the kingdom of Our Lord Jesus Christ.

Is it asked, in what manner are we to expect this great socialistic reformation to be brought about? Will it be effected by trades unions, and strikes and conventions, or by secular education and acts of Parliament and war? No, emphatically no. We answer it will come gradually. While it is true that the visible manifestation of the King himself in the end will be a stupendous crisis—it is so described in the Word—yet the law of the kingdom meanwhile is that of gradual growth, like a grain of mustard seed. This, too, is the lesson of the history of the last nineteen centuries. The social fabric has been steadily improving, but not by leaps and bounds. Mankind move slowly. They are intensely conservative in their vices and virtues. They cling tenaciously to ancestral beliefs and customs. And they are, withal, gregarious, inveterately prone to follow leaders. This it is that makes history little else than a record of the doings of remarkable persons—demagogues good or bad in their smaller or greater circles. How impressively this is seen in stories of the monarchs and warriors of Ancient Egypt, Assyria, Greece and Rome. The feats of Achilles and Ajax, and the wisdom of Ulysses are painted in glowing colors. And even now hero-worship continues.

But sociological advancement, the movement onward and upward, is, at bottom, not by aggregates, but in the line of personal freedom and reformation. The change for the better is first personal. It is wrought slowly and silently by the intellectual, moral and spiritual forces of true education which seeks above all a change of heart and the adjustment of man's relations to God. Hence they err egregiously who think that all that is needed is scientific light and more perfect organization. To organize and aggregate evil units will not diminish the evil. On the contrary, by the law of conservation and correlation of force, it will intensify it.

But change and radically improve, one by one, the constit-

uent elements of the community—of the nation—and then you effect genuine reformation, which will result in the establishment of pure and righteous government and the enactment of humane and wholesome laws.

This is the true method of dealing with the lapsed, vicious, poverty-stricken masses, as well as with wrong-doers of high social standing who oppress the hireling in his wages and selfishly try to grasp all things for themselves. Bring them personally under the regenerating and formative forces of Christ's kingdom and they will then, and not till then, recognize the true relations between God and man, and their place and duty in the social compact.

And just here it is necessary to ask, what, in brief, are these relations? They have been expressed by the comprehensive terms, The Fatherhood of God, and the Brotherhood of Man. But we need to note the precise sense in which these general terms are employed.

Some use the term Fatherhood to denote all the relations of God to man, and to all men, good and bad alike. But this view is manifestly contrary to Scripture. God is the Creator and universal Ruler as well as Father, and fatherhood as well as creatorship necessarily implies dominion. It is not conceivable that God should bring into existence beings not amenable to His own jurisdiction. And we know that this jurisdiction is varied according to the nature of the creatures governed. In the inorganic universe it consists in the exercise of direct efficiency—the forth-putting of omnipotence in the form of molecular or molar attraction, the laws of light, heat, electricity, and so forth.

Then again, as we ascend from the inorganic to the domain of life and rationality, the jurisdiction is exercised by appeals to reason and conscience, by the enactment of laws and the presentation of motives in the form of rewards and penalties that influence the conduct of creatures capable of discerning between right and wrong. In this sense God is the Judge, the Moral Governor and King of all men.

We cannot dispense with these titles or substitute for them

the name Father as expressive of all God's relations to our sinful race. It seems to me impossible in the light of reason and scripture to maintain such a position. The two views of the divine character, as Ruler and Father, are not antagonistic. It is not derogatory to God that He should rule, and rule with absolute sovereignty. Nothing can be better for the creatures than to be ruled by the good pleasure of a God infinite in His wisdom, mercy and love. Besides, a father without authority to govern his offspring, who does not control them, fails in the exercise of his true functions. It is true that we should distinguish between rule borne by a father and that exercised, often ruthlessly, by strangers. Paternal rule is not magisterial or military in its spirit and methods. It is tempered by love of offspring—what the Greeks called *storge*, but it is not remiss or ineffective on this account. We may therefore speak of God, without dishonoring Him or misrepresenting Him, as the King, the Sovereign, as well as the Father of His creature man.

The Fatherhood of God, were it not for sin, should certainly be regarded as identical with His sovereignty over men. But sin involved the breach of sonship on the part of man. He thus forfeited the right to sonship; and, if he is to enjoy it again, he must be restored by grace to the status lost by sinning. This is clearly the New Testament view of the matter. God is Our Father in Christ Jesus, and in virtue of our exercising faith or trust in Him. "As many as received Him, to them gave He power to become the sons of God; even to them that believe in His name; who were born, not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God." If God were our Father by nature, and therefore the Father of all men indiscriminately, it would not be necessary to be born of God and to believe in Christ in order to gain a status already enjoyed. His work and that of His Spirit would be superfluous for this purpose, and thus the view, which with many is popular, closely looked into, proves most dishonoring to the Redeemer.

The term which is correlative with Fatherhood of God is

Brotherhood of Men, and it is in connection with the latter that sociological principles come into play. All who have a place in the family of God are necessarily brothers, and come under the laws of family life. The crucial question, therefore, is what are these laws? They manifestly settle everything in Christian Sociology. They may be compressed into one word, love—the highest word in our language, for “God is love,” and the relations of all His children to one another are determined by what is conveyed by this one word. “A new commandment I give unto you,” said the founder of what is to be finally the dominant social system, “that ye love one another, even as I have loved you.” This, too, was the commandment which was from the beginning, but its significance is now more fully disclosed, and it is enforced by new motives of supreme energy. What, therefore, is inspired and directed by love is fundamental to Christian Sociology, and what is foreign and antagonistic to love is a violation of its laws, for love is the fulfilment of these laws.

This was the burden and inner spirit of the teaching of Moses and the prophets, and it received its sublimest elucidation in the life and teaching of our adorable Redeemer. It has so permeated the best thought of the world as to form the highest theme of the greatest reformers and poets. Thus, Milton, Tennyson, Browning, Longfellow, and a thousand others have dwelt upon it with rapture. It is the “old, old story,” fervently pressed upon the hearts and consciences of men from the pulpits of Christendom.

Let us for a moment assume that love to God and to man is the dominant principle regulating all possible human relations. What then? Then the problems of Sociology are solved. We need study them no longer. True social science is at last triumphant. The universal reign of love has abolished slavery, serfdom, tyranny, cruelty and injustice in every form. Onesimus, the slave, ceases to be such, he is no longer branded by the degrading appellation, but is become “a faithful and beloved brother.” Race and class distinctions and animosities have perished. The strife between master and

servant, capital and labor, is ended. False views of service and social distinction are corrected. It is no longer deemed a lowering of the dignity of man or woman—a token of moral or spiritual inferiority to toil daily in kitchen, shop or field, in the humblest capacity. The shame, the disgrace, is to have no work to do, and to feel above doing it. Such positions of so-called independence are now thought anomalous and an honor to no one. The spirit of interdependence and mutual helpfulness prevails and the law of the kingdom is to “honor all men,” whatever may be their occupations. “Servants are obedient to their masters, in singleness of their heart as unto Christ, not with eye service as men-pleasers; but as the servants of Christ, doing the will of God from the heart; with goodwill doing service as to the Lord and not to men; knowing that whatever good thing any man doeth, the same shall he receive of the Lord, whether he be bond or free.”

“Masters, do the same thing to them—manifest the same fidelity in the spirit of love—forbearing threatening, knowing that their master also is in heaven, neither is there respect of persons with him.”

What a revolution, as compared with the past and present state of things. This leaves no need or room for co-operative societies and leagues, Knights of Labor, and the hundred other organizations advocated by socialistic agitators. Appeals to brute force, strikes and dynamite are ruled out. To make the most lucrative bargains, to realize the largest profits regardless of the rights and interests of others is unheard of. Integrity, righteousness, and not the sharpness engendered by fierce competition is universally approved. The unwavering aim of all is to do unto others as they would have others do unto them. Those who used to live upon the profits made by the cultivation of vice, and were often too base to be true to their own villainy, have utterly disappeared. The drink question, the land question, national and international quarrels have passed away. “Men have beaten their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruning hooks; nation no longer lifts up sword against nation, neither do they learn war

any more." The armies and navies of the world, with all their awful engines of destruction, are disbanded. The military schools and colleges are forever closed, as of no further use. The King of Peace is enthroned; "and with righteousness shall he judge the poor, and reprove with equity the meek of the earth: and he shall smite the earth with the rod of his mouth, and with the breath of his lips shall he slay the wicked. And righteousness shall be the girdle of his loins, and faithfulness the girdle of his reins." All conflicts and jarring elements among men shall have an end, and the peaceful relations of the primitive sinless state between man and the lower creation shall be restored. "The wolf shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid; and the calf and the young lion and the fatling together; and a little child shall lead them. They shall not hurt nor destroy." etc. (Isa. xi.)

Meanwhile it may be truly said that the world is far removed from this ideal sociological condition. So it is. But we are moving towards it. The present is better than the past, the future will be still better, and the final issue will be that which the mouth of the Lord hath foretold. God is not to be defeated. Victory will be on the side of Christ, of truth, and self-sacrificing love. This grand consummation, however, is not to be brought about by the study and propagation of the secular atheistic sociology of Europe and America, but rather by the refutation and overthrow of it. Vagrant lecturers and prolific newspaper men may fill the world with noisy clamor and boasting about the regenerating power of the great science of Sociology. They may thus induce some weak preachers to abandon their old message for the new dogma. The Church may temporarily sink into a state of spiritual decline and vainly imagine that what is needed to right the wrongs of humanity is novelty, departure from old paths, improvement in externalities, more machinery, and not the quickening power of the truth and the Spirit of God.

This is lamentable and utter folly. If we are to move towards the true ideal, to advance towards millennial peace and

purity, equity and glory, my firm conviction is that we cannot do better than persist in unwavering loyalty to the old Gospel and in fervent prayer and effort that God's Kingdom may come and His will may be done on earth as it is in heaven.

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Beauty, Good, and Knowledge, are three sisters,  
 That dote upon each other, friends to man,  
 Living together under the same roof,  
 And never can be sundered without tears;  
 And he that shuts Love out, in turn shall be  
 Shut out from Love, and on her threshold lie  
 Howling in outer darkness. Not for this  
 Was common clay ta'en from the common earth,  
 Moulded by God, and tempered with the tears  
 Of angels to the perfect shape of man.

—Tennyson.

## THE PROSPECTIVE MISSIONARY'S BEST EQUIPMENT.

BY J. T. REID, M.D.

(For the Intercollegiate Missionary Alliance.)

In the field of man's noblest and most responsible work, the laborers should be representative of the highest type of manhood—physically, mentally, morally and spiritually.

Physical equipment is essential. In other days, when the ideal man was the champion of the tournament, fathers trained their stronger sons for the camp and gave the weaker to the Church. But in our day the missionary who would be true to the terms of his high commission, must hold himself in readiness to go to the distant parts of the Home Field, where he should be able to undertake long and toilsome journeys over vast reaches of prairie, where there are no Pullmans. Or he may be called to go to the distant parts of the earth, where he should be able to withstand the debilitating effects of high temperatures, and to resist the pestilential miasmata of tropical climes.

But an abnormal physical development is not a sine qua non. Geddie was of less than average physical development. But he possessed that essential physical vitality by which he was able to endure the hard work of a quarter of a century in Polynesia. And he did that work so well that it is commemorated by a tablet bearing the inscription: "When he came to Anceityum there were no Christians. When he went away there were no heathen." This vitality is largely due to heredity. But in many cases in which it has not been inherited it may be acquired by a scrupulous culture of the general physical health.

Mental health, which is so essential to missionaries and to all other men, depends to a certain degree upon the state of the physical health. Abnormal temperaments, which have so



frequently impaired the usefulness of men in all professions, are largely due to abnormal physical conditions. His mercurial temperament destroyed the influence of the brilliant Irving. As a result of his saturnine temperament the profound Carlyle became morose and censorious. Men of sanguine temperament rush to the opposite extreme, and, seeing everything through glasses of roseate hues, can see nothing in all the world that calls for reform; while men of phlegmatic temperament cannot themselves be inspired, and are, therefore, wholly incapable of inspiring their fellowmen.

Our attitude towards our work is often determined by our environment, which would at times have less influence over us if our health always were as it ought to be. "The minister looked out upon the garden where so many holy thoughts had visited him, but his heart now sank like lead, for the garden was desolate. Of all its beauty there remained but one rose, clinging to its stalk, drenched and faded. He had no heart for work, and crept to bed, broken and dispirited." Now the real cause of Carmichael's ennui was probably not in the garden, but in himself. On the morrow he climbed to the moor, where, in sympathetic touch with nature and his fellowmen, he forgot himself and his imaginary woes, his dismal forebodings and morose broodings ceased, and he returned to the manse, his heart brimful of hope and love and peace and joy.

There are real lions enough in the way in which every missionary must go. He is not called upon to yield to ignominious defeat from imaginary lions, which are, as a rule, nothing more than the phantasm excited by a disordered liver, or other refractory organ.

Mental equipment is essential. The moral influence of the pastor is often determined by his people's respect for his mental calibre. And this is true, also, of the missionary. In our Canadian Northwest the average intelligence of the people is high, and intelligent men are justifiable in their appreciation of the high mental attainments of their missionaries.

And in the Foreign Field, also, the missionary finds ample

scope for the highest mental endowments. Foreign missionaries tell of large placards, with printed extracts from Paine's "Age of Reason," which are at times posted upon the walls of Calcutta, and widely and eagerly read. In the high-grade schools and colleges of India, educated natives frequently oppose Christian teaching with arguments from Hegel, Strauss and Renan. Brahmans who have read European agnostic literature sometimes tell missionaries that they are trying to transplant into India a religion which is in the death-struggle at home. At Oxford and Cambridge the Brahman has shown himself to be the equal mentally, and in philosophy the superior of the Anglo-Saxon.

If the missionary is to stand upon the high mental plane occupied by the Brahman, and successfully to answer his opposing arguments, his mental culture must be broad and deep. This thorough mental training will give the missionary power to study the nature and the peculiar attitude of mind, of the people amongst whom he is to labor, a study so difficult that men without a liberal education need not attempt it—a knowledge of which is so essential to the highest missionary success.

From a utilitarian standpoint, the prospective missionary will find a knowledge of medicine to be of great advantage. In the interests of his own health and of his future work that knowledge is important. Geddie found such knowledge invaluable. Livingstone was a graduate in medicine. One of our Klondike missionaries has already done good work as a medical missionary.

In his skilful hand, the ophthalmic bistoury of MacLure, of China, has dispelled the physical gloom of many a grateful heathen, and as an ambassador of Christ he has at the same time been the means of illumining the benighted heart with the effulgence of the Sun of Righteousness. That modest, unostentatious and heroic medical missionary is worthy of a biography written with a pen as facile and as graceful as that which has immortalized MacLure of Drumtochty.

Among the most crying needs of India are medical missionaries. Although they cannot heal all manner of sickness, yet

they can cure many cases, they can palliate the sufferings of many incurable cases, they can feel and manifest that sympathy which is the only key to many a darkened heart.

The missionary is a soldier. The best soldier cannot fight without a weapon. All other equipments, important as they are, are only secondary. They merely fit him for the fight. His weapon is the sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God. Without this weapon he can do nothing. With it he can do all things in the name of the Lord of Hosts. His effective use of this weapon is the secret of Moody's power. In order to effectively wield it one must be familiar with it. That familiarity can be attained only by systematic study. Although Moody took no regular course in any theological school, yet he has by private study mastered that most important part of a theological course — the study of the Bible. Of his time he is the only man who has by that method been able to do so. His case is an exception to the general rule. That rule is that no other course can compensate for the lack of a regular theological course of study. Christianity is frequently assailed. The missionary should therefore have a knowledge of Apologetics. To the average mind the Bible must be interpreted. He should, therefore, have some knowledge of Exegesis. There is an art of preaching. He should, therefore, know something of homiletics. Men should be built up in a system of truth. He should, therefore, have a knowledge of systematic theology.

As to moral equipment, it is enough to say that if the missionary's life is an incarnation of the spirit of Christ, which is the spirit of love, his moral nature will take care of itself.

In comparison with the importance of spiritual equipment all other equipments are secondary. After the many lessons learned at the feet of Christ by the first missionaries, they still lacked the most important equipment of all. His command was that they should wait at Jerusalem for the baptism of the Holy Ghost. "Not by might, nor by power, but by

My Spirit, saith the Lord of Hosts." Now, as then, the waiting at Jerusalem must precede the Pentecost.

As soldier missionaries, then, put on the whole armor of God--your loins girt about with truth, having on the breastplate of righteousness, your feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace, taking the shield of faith, the helmet of salvation and the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God.

As a soldier-missionary your life will be a life of struggle. But it will be worth a whole life's struggle to be able at the last to say with St. Paul: "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith. Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, will give me at that day."

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O, purblind race of miserable men,  
How many among us at this very hour  
Do forge a life-long trouble for ourselves,  
By taking true for false, or false for true;  
Here, thro' the feeble twilight of this world  
Groping, how many, until we pass and reach  
That other, where we see as we are seen!

*Idylls of the King.—Tennyson.*

### THE PASTOR.

Here he began his labors in his youth,  
And labored here for well-nigh forty years;  
A firm, unwearied witness of the truth,  
Alike undaunted amid hopes and fears.

Earnest, enduring, patient, strong of will,  
Watchful and steadfast, ever at his post,  
Toiling alike through good report and ill,  
Doing his work, and counting not the cost.

Whether his heart with joy o'erflowed, or bled  
With pain's sharp wound, he went upon his way,  
Attentive that the hungry sheep be fed,  
Instant in doing good from day to day.

Encouragement and hindrance, gain and loss  
He knew, and feared not fortune's smile or frown,  
Eager to bear the burden of the cross,  
So he might win the glory of the crown.

He faced and laid the spectres of his soul,  
Bore griefs domestic, shared his people's woes,  
Fought, all his life, straight forward to the goal,  
And triumphed o'er innumerable foes.

Still seeking to perform the Christlike deed,  
Still striving to possess the Christlike mind,  
Noble exponent of a noble creed,  
Honest and just, meek, charitable, kind.

Helping the weak, encouraging the faint,  
Guiding the doubting, cheering the distress,  
Easing the mourner's sorrowful complaint,  
Bidding the slothful rise, the weary rest.

He laid up treasures for himself above,  
And labored not for honor or reward,  
Or aught this world can give, but for the love  
He bore to Duty and to Christ his Lord.

Resolved that when his Master should appear,  
At eventide, or crowing of the cock,  
He might abide His presence without fear,  
And be pronounced a PASTOR of the flock.

W. M. MACKERACHER.

Maisonneuve.

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Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control,  
These three alone lead life to sovereign power,  
Yet not for power (power of herself,  
Would come uncall'd for) but to live by law,  
Acting the law we live by without fear;  
And, because right is right, to follow right,  
Were wisdom in the scorn of consequence."

—Oenone—Tennyson.

## THE IDEALS OF THE OLD TESTAMENT.

### II.—THE IDEAL SAINT.

BY THE REV. PROF. SCRINGER, D.D.

Strictly speaking, the ideal saint ought to be identical with the ideal man, and the theme of this paper might have been covered under the title of the previous one. The more especially as it was then pointed out that the Jewish conception of ideal manhood was almost purely an ethical one. But the point is one of sufficient importance to call for somewhat fuller treatment than it then received. For, even assuming that the national conception of the ideal saint is an ethical one, there are still various types of ethical ideals. It is a matter of importance which of these is to be regarded as the dominant one in their literature, and how far the true nature of an ethical ideal is really understood.

Roughly speaking, we may distinguish at least four types of character that have a claim to be considered as ethically worthy. First of all there is the ceremonial type, which is disposed to make much of ritual and to seek the attainment of holiness through the punctilious observance of forms which regulate conduct in a somewhat artificial way, under the direction of superior authority. Then next there is the ascetic type, which seeks the same end through the mortification of the flesh. It regards the body as a clog to the soul, and therefore endeavors to reduce its influence to the lowest dimensions by denying it every indulgence or gratification that it is possible to cut off and still live. Thirdly, we find a confessional type, which exalts knowledge or orthodoxy as the guarantee for right action, and attaches the highest importance to sound views of truth, especially such truth as has been revealed through properly accredited agents in the past. And finally we have the spiritual or mystical type, which

discerns truth and righteousness for itself by direct intuition, which counts on maintaining the loftiness of its purpose and the purity of its aims by constant communion with God. Within certain limits all these types are legitimate and have their own value. But each is beset with its own dangers, unhappily too often realized. Jewish history illustrates both the types and their dangers. The Old Testament furnishes at least some of the materials for discriminating judgment as to where the true emphasis should be laid.

The ceremonial type naturally arose from the ceremonial regulations which form such a large portion of the law of Moses, and found its chief encouragement originally in the priests, who had an interest in the conscientious observance of these regulations. In the post-exilian period, when, by the whirligig of politics, the priests were led to take a somewhat different attitude, their earlier role was taken up by the party of the Pharisees, who prided themselves on the punctiliousness with which they observed all the Mosaic rules, and even their remote implications, that had come to be recognized as traditions by the elders. They rigidly observed the laws as to clothing, food, things clean and unclean, feasts, fasts, tithes, hours of prayer, and Sabbatic restrictions. Their whole conduct was hedged up between rites and forms, until they made their lives a burden through the fear of transgressing them.

Nor must it be assumed that they all were hypocritical in the zeal with which they insisted on these things. In some respects the Pharisees have received less than justice at the hands of history. Their position was certainly one that favored hypocrisy, and there must have been many hypocrites among them to warrant the condemnation of Christ. But if they had been all hypocrites they would speedily have forfeited the respect of everybody. There must have been many earnest, God-fearing men among them to keep the hypocrites in countenance, and we need not doubt that in not a few instances they found support for the maintenance of right character in the very rigidity of their system.



But, of course, the emphasis which they laid on these things was an exaggeration, and they were constantly exposed to the temptation of satisfying conscience with these petty observances, while the weightier matters of the law were neglected.

This weakness of the ceremonial type of the religion was dealt with finally and most effectually by Christ. But it was not dealt with then for the first time. More than one of the prophets called attention to the uselessness of offering the required sacrifices and observing the appointed festivals, unless their lives were made to correspond. In the Talmud it is said that David (Psalm xv.) reduced the 613 commands of the law given on Sinai to eleven; Isaiah to six (xxxiii., 15); Micah to three (vi., 8); Amos (v., 4) or rather Habbakuk (ii., 4) to one. A glance at these passages will show that the reductions are simply an emphatic statement of the ethical virtues which are well-pleasing to God, as over against all ceremonial observances. As long as the observance of ceremonies helped to make men live right lives they were of use; the moment they became a substitute for right living they came under condemnation.

The ascetic type of piety has been far more characteristic of Christianity than of Judaism. But that it was not altogether wanting there is evidence from the fact that at the time of the Christian era there was a sect known as Essenes, who lived a sort of monastic life and practised all the traditional forms of self-denial with a view to the attainment of holiness. The source from which this impulse was derived is not altogether clear. Most authorities seem to think it is to be traced to some foreign origin, either Persian or Pythagorean. But though there is little in the teaching of the Old Testament to account for it, the ascetic habit might have pleaded in justification of its existence the practice if not the preaching of the prophetic order. When John the Baptist appeared, preaching the duty of repentance, it was as a sort of hermit of the wilderness, who "had his raiment of camel's hair and a leathern girdle about his loins; and his food was locusts and

wild honey." In this guise he was recognized as claiming to be a prophet like Elijah, who is also described as "a man with a garment of hair and girt with a girdle of leather about his loins." (II. Kings, i., S. R.V. margin.) With the prophets, who constituted a sort of volunteer clergy among the Jews, for whose support no provision was made by law, self-denial was perhaps more a matter of necessity than of choice, once they had consecrated themselves to the work. Their example, however, could not fail to make an impression on the minds of those who received their message and respected their office. So that, perhaps, after all, we do not need to go so far afield in order to find the explanation of the ascetic development of Jewish piety, which at no time extended beyond a comparatively limited number. The Essenes, in their palmiest days were never estimated as above 4,000 persons.

But, however that may have been, there is hardly anything more striking in the Old Testament than the almost entire absence of all ascetic teaching from both the law and the prophets. Provision was certainly made by Moses for self-denying vows, and once they were pledged the consistent Jew was bound to fulfil them. But these were usually for a limited period only, and were not regarded as constituting any claim to superior piety, unless their lives were otherwise exemplary. Samuel, as a life-long Nazarite, certainly receives the fullest appreciation, but Samson was equally so, and enjoyed only a doubtful reputation. The Réchabites are commended by Jeremiah for their abstinence from wine, even when tempted in the House of God, but it is more for their constancy than for their self-denial. The refusal by Daniel and his three companions to eat food provided for them from the King's table was not dictated by an ascetic motive, but from a desire to avoid ceremonial defilement. The important thing all through is not the practice of self-denial, but the uprightness, purity and integrity of the man. The ethical idea is never allowed to be obscured by any fictitious glamour of saintship suggested by roughness of dress, lowness

of diet, or solitariness of habitation. It is recognized that if these things sometimes help character, they may also hinder it, and in no case can they take its place. If that be wanting they are of no avail.

More conspicuous than the ascetic type of piety among the Jews was that which may be called the confessional type, for want of a better name. There was, indeed, little disposition, so far as we can judge, to formulate creeds as expressive of their religious belief, or to insist upon orthodox views as essential to membership in the national church. Certainly the Sadducees of their later history seem to have been sceptical enough in their tendencies, and yet retained their place within the fold, though perhaps without much goodwill from the majority, who were more in sympathy with the Pharisees. But on the part of both Sadducees and Pharisees alike there was a strong disposition to exalt the fact that in the Old Testament Scriptures they had as their peculiar possession the authoritative revelation of God from heaven. As the Apostle Paul more than insinuates in the Epistle to the Romans, they gloried in the law and in their ability to teach the world, while yet they transgressed its commandments. They attached more value to the knowledge of the law than to the keeping of its precepts. The people that knew not the law they regarded as accursed, irrespective of their conduct or character.

Those who were mainly responsible for this exaggerated estimate of knowledge were, of course, the scribes or lawyers, whose business it was to expound the law for the instruction of the people. They magnified their own office and found it no very hard matter to persuade their hearers that a right understanding of its requirements was in some degree a substitute for obedience. Of course, the plain statement of their position at once exposes its weakness.

Now the text on which they built their theory was undoubtedly found in the Old Testament. Such compositions as the 119th psalm, or the latter part of the 19th, or the 1st psalm, furnish a natural starting point for such a development of

regard for the letter of the law and for constant study of its contents. These psalms, and others of like nature, were probably the product of an age that began to lay emphasis on the Scriptures as a means of edification. But they all steer clear of the mistake of supposing that any mere knowledge can take the place of obedience. Meditation on the law is commended, but only as a means of enlightening the conscience regarding duty, and as a stimulus to the faithful performance of it.

The fourth and highest type is the spiritual, which is based directly upon the reception of the Spirit of God into the soul, or, as it would have been put in Old Testament times, upon earnest prayer and inward communion with Jehovah. This is the type which appears largely in the psalms, and distinguishes the heroic figures in Old Testament history that are held up for our chief admiration,—Enoch, Abraham, Moses, Samuel, David and Daniel. These men were all what they were because they lived near to God and found their strength in Him. They attached no great importance to ceremonial ritual, or to ascetic habits, or to dogma, but strove to keep the fear of God before their eyes in the practice of honesty, truth and generosity. Hardly any better description of the type could be given than that which is furnished in the 24th psalm:

Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord?  
And who shall stand in His holy place?  
He that hath clean hands and a pure heart,  
Who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity,  
And hath not sworn deceitfully.  
He shall receive a blessing from the Lord,  
And righteousness from the God of his salvation.

It is summed up more briefly still in the well known words of the prophet Micah: "What doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?"

It is recognized, indeed, that even this type has its peculiar dangers. Hardly any one of its representatives is portrayed free from serious faults, and some of them have most inglorious lapses into sin. The perfect sanity of the Old Testament conception and the evenness in the balance of the Old Testament writers are seen in the fact that these lapses are as frankly told as their most heroic deeds, and no degree of apparent spirituality at times is regarded as excusing their sins, or in any way serving as a substitute for the faithful performance of duty. Not even an Abraham or a David can be guilty of sin without coming under severe condemnation and stern rebuke. They may repent and find forgiveness like all others, but not even for them can the purely ethical ideal be lowered, or in any way set aside. The ideal saint of the Old Testament, whatever else he may be, must be a man who does his duty in all respects by both God and man, regardless of consequences, and turns neither to the right hand, nor to the left. It is needless to say that it remained an unfulfilled ideal until he stood forth once for all in the person of Jesus of Nazareth.

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Let our unceasing, earnest prayer  
Be, too, for light—for strength to bear  
Our portion of the weight of care,  
That crushes into dumb despair  
One half the human race.

—*Longfellow.*

## FRA ANGELICO.

Part of a Lecture on "Some Painters of Florence," delivered before the Art Association of Montreal, by Robert Harris, President R.C.A.

On the site of the ruined temple of a Pagan goddess, in the church of Santa Maria Sopra Minerva, in Rome, there is a shadowed passage near the lofty chancel, into the old gray walls of which the lordly monuments of several great princes of the Church are set. Among these, though not of them, is a long tablet, upon which is carven in low relief the worn and emaciated figure of a man. He lies clad in the habit of St. Dominic, with the cowl drawn over the melancholy head, the ordered folds of his dress disposed in quiet simple lines, and his hands meekly placed, as by one whose desires were fulfilled. Accompanying this is an epitaph composed by Pope Nicholas the Fifth, in which the artist whose fame it commemorates, is compared, in the laudatory manner of the time, with Appelles the Greek. This monument marks the burial place of a painter of Florence, Fra Giovanni Angelico, called il Beato, or the blessed. He died in a monastery adjoining the church, about four hundred and forty years ago.

Before this worn effigy, the mind is naturally led to reflect on the changes in religious faith and hope since Angelico's death. We recall the story of his life, his character and the spirit of the age in which his work was produced; then turn to regard the vast spaces of the great church, gray with the stains of time, dark, melancholy and silent, with altars deserted, from which the cold figures of martyrs and saints stretch their appealing arms in vain to the hollow aisles where multitudes no longer kneel.

The difference is hard to realize between the world of thought and religious feeling to-day and that of the period when Angelico wrought. Nevertheless, those who wish in

any degree to understand the art of this man and his contemporaries must attempt at least to find enough of sympathetic imagination to vivify the old traditions.

Angelico was born in the year 1387, near the Castello de Vicchio, in Tuscany. His worldly name was Guido di Petri. Of his family all we know is that some of them were in important ecclesiastical positions. He was well instructed in art and practising as an artist before he was twenty years old. At that time he entered the Dominican order of preaching friars.

This step marks at once the strong religious character of the man, for his proficiency in art was then quite sufficient to have secured him an honorable living in the world. So that we must assume in his case other motives than the ones which sometimes led men in those days to seek refuge in a monastery from the trials and responsibilities of life. Certainly among all the stories of the saints there is none in which the vocation of the man is more clearly marked. His life was not an eventful one. Its narrative is the record of quiet days filled with ecstatic visions of angels and of saints, and the constant uplifting of the soul in pietist reveries. Its active side was furnished by the working of the innate artistic spirit which led him to labor ceaselessly to give his emotions permanent expression through the language of art.

Before speaking of the character of his works it will be well to give a word to the position of Florentine art at the time. The second period of the revival was at hand. The impulse given to painting by Giotto a century before had begun to act as a less vigorous tradition. Art was still almost entirely devoted to religious purposes. The painter still regarded himself as a man whose business it was, by his pictures on the church wall, or over the altar, to preach sermons and expound the gospel. But the naturalistic and scientific tendencies were also at work. The passionate desire to overcome all difficulties in the rendering of form, the determination to express the special indwelling character, and even in some degree the conscious desire to infuse the artist's own personal-

ity into his work. All these forces in a greater or less degree were beginning to act. Massaccio, born almost fourteen years later than Angelico, marks the epoch. The master and fathers in art of Massaccio were stalwart citizens, who painted in the Church as laymen, and whose lives led to the bold, dignified naturalism of the advance to which Massaccio gave such noble guidance. The influences which were more instrumental in the formation of Angelico's tastes, were those found more directly within the Church itself.

The artistic tastes of the men in the various religious orders, were, for the most part, devoted to the illumination of the gospels and the service books. The care and tender elaboration lavished upon such works was very great. The very atmosphere in which they were produced did much to give them, however archaic, a special character of tenderness and refinement. Such influences as these were strongly at work in the formation of Angelico's artistic taste, and it is to the missal painters, whose patient hands had caressed the smooth parchment of ponderous folios into quaint loveliness, that we must trace in great part his artistic descent. The influence of Giotto's work, and that of Lorenzo de Monaco and other fresco painters, of course, were also strong factors in the development of his style.

Art in the monasteries had been, in so far as was possible, reduced to regular rules, and there were books of instruction in use in the various brotherhoods, dealing not only with the technical procedure, but treating also of the conception of religious subjects, and what may be called their theological and literary aspects.

The convent which Angelico entered was situated in Fiesole. Who that has ever been there can forget the beauty of the surroundings. From its lofty summit we look over rough crags near at hand across the peaceful landscape, studded with gray olive trees, to the far away blue of the mountain sweep of higher lands, where, on the Appenines, the little hill towns lie companioned by the clouds. In the wide valley, sheer cut through gateways of the hills, the light mists rise,



where the Arno winds along, flowing beneath the strong arched bridges from which so many of the historic dead have looked down to see an allegory of life in the hurrying waters. Below lies Florence, Florence the beautiful, gathered round the Duomo of Santa Maria and Giotto's airy tower.

On our own great poet, Milton, the beauty of the scene has left its impress, and the memories still linger in his mighty line, of nights when he watched the moon

“Whose orb, through optic glass, the Tuscan artist views  
At evening from the top of Fiesole  
Or in Valdarno”

Shortly after Angelico took the vows, he and his brethren were forced to leave their peaceful retreat and take refuge at Foligno. This was a consequence of their having espoused the weaker side in a contest between three rival popes.

In this asylum also the surroundings must have been in harmony with the spirit of the artist. From the windows of his cell he might note Assisi, the birthplace of St. Francis, dark against the sky, set on a swelling mount which sloped against the brown and rugged moor. From hillsides, far off, the old wall-encircled villages and towns looked out from the shadows of the olive trees, while near at hand was the smiling, gracious landscape which figures as a background to the pining saints of the Umbrian artists.

This change of abode to Foligno, was probably the outward circumstance of the greatest importance, which happened in the early life of the painter. His artistic gifts were at once recognized and appreciated in his order, and it is evident, from the great number of pictures which he produced, that he must have devoted all his time to art. His reputation as an artist and a man soon spread over Tuscany and Italy. In 1436, when he was about fifty years old, the convent of San Marco was built in Florence, much by the assistance of Casimo de Medici, who loved the Dominicans, and the brotherhood moved from Fiesole to occupy it. The work of its decoration

was at once undertaken by Angelico, and to this day the frescoes remain in wonderful preservation. There are frescoes all about the building, which is not now used as a monastery. In the cloisters are several, one most beautiful, of Christ as a pilgrim, being welcomed by two Dominicans. In the refectory is a large crucifixion and in nearly all the cells of the monks also there are paintings. A large number of easel pictures, altar-pieces, and so forth, from Angelico's hand found their way into the various churches. For these, of course, he received no money, indeed, the labors of a long life bore to him no fruit of that kind; of any profit his order had the benefit.

The great cathedrals and churches of Italy, at this time, were rapidly rising in all quarters. Their decoration afforded the painters a splendid field for the display of artistic power. It was the aim of the religious orders, or cities which built such edifices, to induce the best masters to adorn them and to the artists they became the scenes of the greatest rivalries and triumphs or disappointments. The arenas, some-one has called them, where the artistic gladiators of the renaissance met in combat. It was, however, in no such spirit of competition that Angelico wrought, when he undertook a series of frescoes in the cathedral of Orvieto. He hardly did more, however, than begin the work, and it was completed later on by Luca Signorelli, the bold precursor of Michael Angelo.

Later in the life of Angelico, the reigning Pope, Nicholas the Fifth, persuaded him to go to Rome, where, amongst other works, he painted an admirable series of frescoes in a chapel of the Vatican. These may yet be seen in a very good state of preservation. They represent scenes in the life of St. Stephen, and both in narrative and expression are most admirable and full of the naiveté which is one of the peculiar charms of the master. These, the most mature efforts of his genius, are, as are also the pictures in San Marco, genuine fresco, that is, they are not merely pictures on walls, but are painted into the wet plaster, incorporated with its surface,

and durable as the wall itself. The old practice of fresco painting, and the technical processes which it rendered necessary, are to be thanked for much in the development of Italian art. These processes necessitated thorough, direct work in every stage. The space being fixed, it was absolutely necessary to determine with great thought, what was the best way to dispose the subjects, and a general comprehensive plan had to be decided upon. This being done, it was necessary to prepare careful cartoons or drawings, the full size, of the proposed pictures. To execute these, many studies had to be made of the parts from nature. When the cartoons were prepared and the painter ready to begin with his color, he must do so much of the picture in such a time, while the plaster was wet. Thus each day's work must be done definitely and well, or destroyed at once and commenced anew. Nothing in all this was left to chance. To know what was to be done and to do it promptly, this was demanded, above all, of the painter in fresco. It will be seen from this that extreme deliberation and certainty were of the first consequence, and habit of thoroughness was thus engendered. This was, of course, none the less true, whatever might be the proficiency of the artist. To work up to his best mark he must reflect at each step. In art it is especially true that careless, thoughtless work is the source of all evil. In fresco there was no room for deception. What a man could do and what he could not do were by the exigencies of the method, frankly confessed. There was no attempt to deceive by a simulated facility, and, comparatively speaking, no going back to improve and reconstruct with simulated knowledge. Much later in the history of art, when the practices of oil painting were thoroughly comprehended, and all its resources known, great harm resulted from the use in the hands of insincere painters, of a technique which enabled them to appear to the uninstructed in art abler men than they were. Like every other kind of sham and subterfuge, facile practices of this sort had an evil influence both on schools of painting and individual men. The history of fresco painting especially, and

indeed every other part of art history points to the importance of sound drawing as the first essential of art.

That the personal character of Angelico was thoroughly appreciated by the Italian rulers of his time, appears from the fact of the great esteem in which he was held by Cosimo de Medici, and from the attempts made to induce him to accept positions of dignity both in his order and in the Church. The Pope anxiously sought to promote him to the Archbishopric of Florence, a prelacy of the highest dignity and importance. This exaltation the painter persistently refused.

While Angelico was painting in Rome, in the year 1455, he died far from the peace of his beloved Fiesole, amid the pomp and magnificence of the regal city. He was buried, as we saw, in the church of Santa Maria Sopra Minerve.

The position occupied by this painter is a very definite one. His merits and defects are all patent and clear. He is, perhaps, the most typically religious artist of the Christian schools. For him art was, above all things, a means of expressing religious emotion, with the purpose of exciting similar sentiments in the minds of the beholders. Naturally of a profoundly religious nature, his art was the reflex of his life. The words of Tennyson's Sir Galahad might have been his,

"I yearn to breathe the airs of heaven  
That often meet me here,  
I muse on joys that will not cease,  
Pure spaces clothed in living beams,  
Pure lilies of eternal peace,  
Whose odors haunt my dreams."

All that was best and purest in monasticism of his time was to be found in his character. In all the trials of life, his brethren affirmed that he never gave way to anger. A loving friend of the poor, he was content to be poor himself, acting on the words which were often on his lips, that the only riches was contentment with little. His art he devoted en-

tirely to religion, and it was a favorite saying of his that "he who would do the work of Christ must live with Christ." His life may be looked on as an attempt to prolong into a fixed state, the raptures and ecstasies of religious fervor, an attempt guided by the good sense which recognized the truth that fervor to be lasting must be quiet and within bounds. Every picture which Angelico painted was to him a definite religious act, as much an exaltation of the spirit to heaven, as prayer or praise. He shed tears of sympathy for the sufferings he was depicting, when he was painting a crucifix. He prepared himself for his work by fastings, vigils and meditation, and when the hour of fulfilment appeared to him arrived, he gave form to the visions, which to him were realities, with a hand which wrought with certainty, if often guided by imperfect knowledge. Looking on all that he did, as done directly under divine guidance, he resolutely refused to alter or amend his first conception of a subject. It will at once appear from this, what the powers of art expression most largely developed in such a man would be. Those namely which are necessary to express his spiritual conceptions. Dreaming ever of purity, of sincerity, of the fair light of an ideal paradise, where all was harmony and peace, and where desire and longing could find no place, his figures are, as far as he could make them, the equivalents of these ideas. To no painter has it been given to express spiritual purity and tenderness with such sustained elevation.

Persons seeing his paintings for the first time will be struck with their primitive character, in some respects. The frequent use of gold, for example, in the haloes and rays of light, the neat, precise delineation of the contours, and so forth. Nearly all his works were executed either in fresco or in tempera, the latter being a mode in which the colors were mixed with size or glue and water. He depended much upon simple arrangements of line in expressing form, and in color pure, unbroken tints were his favorites. The bright colors of flowers and birds were those that he loved, unmodified by shadows. In power of modelling, sound structural drawing,

chiaroscuro or tone, facile execution with the brush, the bringing of a picture broadly together by masses, the melting and evanescent effects of atmosphere upon forms; in all these things he is a little child.

To persons having a small acquaintance with art, all this presents a great difficulty. How, they may ask, can we reconcile this apparent contradiction? We see forms imperfectly rendered, figures which defy the anatomist, round and solid bodies represented as perfectly fat, lines of arrangement often stiff and archaic. Upon what ground, they say, do you call upon us to admire the works of Angelico, wherein we see these defects, whereas we observe that if such defects are apparent in a modern picture they are at once taken as evidence of its badness.

The answer to this is, that owing to the different conditions under which the modern work was produced, such defects indicate the absence of certain mental qualities in its author. The value of a work of art depends on the existence of such qualities; being active in a work of art they endow it with a positive merit. In the case of Angelico, owing to the condition of art at the time, and his peculiar surroundings, it was possible for these essential mental qualities to co-exist in him and to vitalize his work though accompanied by many defects.

The value of a work of art does not depend on its freedom from errors, but in the possession of some positive merit. This may consist either in the dwelling upon or emphasizing some aspect of nature, or it may be in the selection of certain facts of appearance in nature to express an idea in the mind of the artist. It is this latter quality which renders the works of Angelico valuable. Whatever fault they may have, they have also qualities efficient in conveying the ideas he wished to express. It is not their errors and imperfections, however, which render his works valuable. True it is that so closely is the thought in a work of art wedded to its expression that to dis sever the two is impossible, and the imperfections thus seem, and indeed are, necessary forces in the work. A picture it must be remembered is not a mere reproduction of nature.

The reflexion in a mirror, though it renders the object before it in some ways more perfectly than any painting, lacks the very quality which makes art valuable. This quality is the added bias or emotion of the human observer. In any original work, there it must be whether given consciously or not. It is this which explains the place which mere mechanical reproduction must ever hold. It is the mental emphasis, through which the peculiarities of personal feeling operate, which have given and ever must give art its real value and significance.

This, though it accounts for the fact, that great merits are often accompanied by great incompleteness in some respects, by no means renders it probable that we shall find a mind capable of producing art of any value, content to work with any less than the best expressing power possible under the conditions in which it finds itself.

In the case of Angelico we have a sincere and noble mind, which, in its day of pupilage, accepted the best which circumstance afforded towards the acquisition of expressive power in art. If greater accuracy of design and modelling, if the study of chiaroscuro had in his youth been the heritage of art, no doubt his candid nature would have been the last to shirk their study. Instead of being an unteachable man, who did not wish to enlarge his powers of expression, the very reverse is the fact. Witness the enlargement of his style after going to Rome, from the probably unconscious influence of classic art. Indeed, it is by no means to be supposed that the ideas of Angelico with regard to the direct inspiration of his work prevented the artistic instinct within him from bearing fruit in a steady advance of technical power. With all this it must be admitted that he was not identified with the great naturalistic revival of his time. This Massaccio led. In the first place, however, Angelico belonged by all his traditions and affections, as well as by actual date, to a somewhat earlier period. The men of the newer school kept themselves braced to such constant intellectual effort that the whole mind and life must have been thus occupied. The religious sentiments

of Angelico naturally led him away from this. He entered the monastery when young, and before the period of the greatest activity had commenced among the painters of the renaissance. To the quiet cloisters of Fiesole, the noise of the great revival came probably only as the sound from a vast babel of trouble and moil in a world where all was confusion and care. The means of expressing the ideas, the faith and hope that were in him, he felt that he possessed. Any conscious influence of the art of pagan days would, taking into account his point of view, be unlikely.

Thus it is evident in the case of this painter, the conditions were such that we are quite justified in believing that he possessed the true art instinct of seeking in nature the formulas of expression which probably is the one unailing mark of what is of genuine and abiding value in art.

From the technical shortcomings of Angelico we can draw no arguments in favor of carelessness in the attempt to gain the utmost perfection possible in power of artistic expression. Those who do not hunger and thirst to do the best they can have none of his spirit.

It would be interesting to take the works of this artist and attempt to trace the influence of his idea that all alteration and emendation were unfaithfulnesses to the revealed vision. The effect of this belief probably made him extremely deliberate in his procedure. Possibly it was a belief begotten unconsciously by his natural tendencies which caused him to work best in a certain way.

But it is now time to take leave of this painter of saints. Those who are fond of classifications in art may docket him with the purist school, one of those artists, led by instinct and education to dwell only upon that which seems to them good, and to turn aside from that which they regard as bad. Men of an utterly different stamp of mind to Massaccio, for example, who ardently desired to take note of all things, both good and bad; being of more stalwart mind than the quiet brothers of the purist school. After all, to long to see and know the truth, however much humiliation and sense of short-



coming its perception may bring, is at least as noble as to shut oneself up in a sweet reverie of the spirit, where no disturber may come, even though the rapt soul beholds the angels, descending on every shaft of sunlight, and hears the murmurous beating of their tinted wings in every breath which rustles through the ilax leaves at dawn.

### A SPIRIT PASSED BEFORE ME.

(From Job.)

A spirit pass'd before me: I beheld  
 The face of immortality unveil'd—  
 Deep sleep came down on every eye save mine—  
 And there it stood—all formless, but divine ;  
 Along my bones the creeping flesh did quake ;  
 And as my damp hair stiffen'd, thus it spake :

“Is man more just than God ? Is man more pure  
 Than he who deems e'en Seraphs insecure ?  
 Creatures of clay—vain dwellers in the dust !  
 The moth survives you, and are ye more just ?  
 Things of a day ! You wither ere the night,  
 Heedless and blind to Wisdom's wasted light !”

—Byron.

## College Note-Book.

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### STUDENT LIFE.

Were you in the scrap? What a terrible night it was. The war demon possessed the men of the Morrice Hall, so they sallied forth from their quarters and attacked the outposts of the enemy. Finding little resistance in this quarter, they marched on with a muffled drum and bearded the lion in his den. Then and only then did the enemy see the danger. They rushed out with such weapons as they could lay their hands on, but the invaders were too many, and fell upon them without discrimination. A hot fight ensued; those on the defensive gave way, and the offenders, marching triumphantly through their territory, ransacked their camps and carried off most of their belongings. The following day was "Bargain Day." We must congratulate the men of the Old Building for the bold fight they put up, especially Mac., who, in his excitement, and desire for blood, grappled with one of his own followers, and would have strangled him had it not been for the timely aid of a Morrice Hall man. We would advise these men to array themselves in the North Flat uniforms, so that this may be avoided in future strifes.

At a recent meeting of the third year in Theology, Mr. W. T. B. Crombie, M.A., was unanimously elected valedictorian. As Mr. Crombie is very popular with all the students, we feel certain that the gentlemen of the final year have acted wisely in securing Mr. Crombie as their valedictorian.

F. W. (inquiringly)—"Was she not engaged last summer?"

S. M. (assuringly)—"Oh, no! she was one of my parishioners."

The students spent a very enjoyable time on the evening of November 21st, at a social given by the Y.P.R.C.E. of Stanley Street Church. We assure the Young People that we fully appreciate all such invitations, and although many were unable to be present on account of the approaching exams., yet we hope the Society will accept our gratitude for their kindness.

Freshman (after accompanying lady home)—“Didn’t I do that fine ? I wouldn’t for the world have Mr. M. get ahead of me.”

Mr. H. J. Keith, we learn, has been elected valedictorian by the undergraduates of the Fourth Year Arts in McGill College. This shows the high esteem in which Mr. Keith is held by his fellow-students, and it does honor, not only to himself, but also to the Presbyterian College, to which he belongs. Congratulations.

First year Lit. (after exam.)—“We were ploughed to-day, and likely will be harrowed to-morrow.”

Lecturer—“We’ll hope, then, for fruit in the spring.”

Scene: Railway carriage on Midland Railway. Enter a colonel with game bag and case of guns.

Colonel (to passengers, enthusiastically)—“Beautiful sport ; sixty birds in two hours, and only missed two shots !”

A quiet gentleman, sitting in the corner, put down his paper, rushed across the compartment, and grasped him warmly by the hand.

“Allow me to congratulate you, sir. I am a professional myself.”

“Professional sportsman ?”

“No ; professional liar.”

Hard to Find—The bishop of—never mind where—being a new comer, and being somewhat troubled with a neglected diocese, thought to inspire his clergy to take occasional services during the week by periodically visiting and taking one

himself. On one of these occasions, having found quite a large congregation, and having been moved to much eloquence in his sermon, he felt a little not unnatural desire to know if he had made any impression on the unusually unimpressible yokels, and put some leading questions to an old clerk, who was helping him to unrobe in the vestry. "Well, I hope they were pleased with yer," said the old man patronizingly, "and I'm sure we puts it very kind of your worship to come down and preach to us; but yer know, a worser would ha' dane, if so be one could ha' been found."—Ex.

In the following the bashful Third Year men might learn a lesson, for undoubtedly one is taught:

"I dearly love birds," he gently sighed. And then she didn't do a thing but hasten to the piano and softly began singing: "I wish I were a bird."

They are looking for a nest now.

We were pleased to note the princely generosity of Lord Stratheona to McGill University, in his endowment of one million dollars to the Royal Victoria College; also the magnificent offer of Sir W. C. MacDonald, to endow a History Chair in the Arts Department; and, again, the combined offer of Lady Smith and Mrs. Howard, amounting to one hundred thousand dollars, to be devoted to the Medical Faculty.

What's the matter with McGill? She seems to be all right in this line anyway.

He who knows not, and knows not he knows not, he is a Freshman. Shun him. He who knows not and knows he knows not, he is a Sophomore. Honor him. He who knows and knows not he knows, he is a Junior. Pity him. He who knows, and knows he knows, he is a Senior. Reverence him.—Ex.

Tete-a-tete, on McTavish Street.—Lady (earnestly)—"You must say yes or no, now, to my question."

J. B. (hesitatingly)—"Well, give me a holiday to consider."

Pepper and Cress:—

A. D. R.—“I beg your pardon?”

C. H.—“I spent Sunday in Noah’s ark.”

A. S. M.—“It’s logically correct, but scientifically inaccurate.”

W. A. L.—“So well was I liked, that they asked me to preach again.”

A. G. R.—“You ought to get your life insured, boys, I got mine.”

W. T. B. C.—“You’ll find no trouble, if you don’t court trouble.”

H. H. T.

### REPORTER’S FOLIO.

The Literary and Philosophical Society of the Presbyterian College was invited by the Young People’s Association of St. Gabriel’s Church to provide a debate as part of their programme for Monday evening, December 5th. As a consequence of this invitation, Messrs. S. MacLean, B. A., H. G. Crozier, J. T. Seringer, B. A., and George McGregor were appointed to take part.

Mr. Campbell, president of the Y. P. A., filled the chair in a creditable manner.

The subject of debate was: “Resolved, that immediate disarmament of the nations would promote their best interests.”

Mr. MacLean, in taking the side of the affirmative, defined his subject in a wide sense. Disarmament meant the taking away of all standing armies and navies. As a result of this no nation would invade another. To meet the objection that men would be thrown out of work, he said, soldiers could be made policemen. A few men could be kept to man patrol boats for preserving order along our coasts, and the remainder could be settled on unoccupied lands with a view of promoting the agricultural interests of the country.

Monarchs are tyrannical because they are backed by stand-

ing armies. So, in place of an army, Mr. MacLean would have an International Arbitration Committee.

The expense was another great consideration. If wars would cease, and the money which is annually devoted to that purpose be given to the poor, inside of ten years poverty would be abolished for ever.

Civilization demands the disarmament of the nations, so that the brotherhood of nations may be promoted. The evils of war are borne not only by those immediately concerned, but the effects last, and are handed down to succeeding generations. When once a nation has been seriously crippled by war it takes more than one generation to restore her to her former prestige.

Mr. Scrimger, in opening for the negative, endeavored to show how the only argument advanced by the affirmative was a finance one. He then went on to show that this is not a great barrier.

Though the desire for peace is in the air at the present time, still this is not causing a general disarmament of the nations. Although the Czar of Russia is at present making arrangements for a peace conference, still he is arming as never before. What does all this mean? Does it not mean that an increase in army and naval power is only one way of bringing about peace?

Look what a loss a general disarmament would be at the present day to the nations concerned.

Reforms must be gradual and it would be impossible for any philanthropist to conceive of such a thing as the immediate disarmament of all nations.

Fear is the great factor in preserving peace at the present day and the various armaments are only a guarantee of peace.

The prosperity of a nation depends on its armament. Commerce cannot be carried on without protection. Commerce promotes not brotherhood, but jealousy. This is another reason against disarmament. Piracy must be kept down, and a strong hand is needed for its suppression. The moral tone of the nations would also be lowered, because even

should they pledge themselves to a disarmament they would be unable to keep their word. Disarmament places all nations on the same level. If Great Britain should disarm she would be placed on the same level as any heathen tribe. This would deprive the Anglo-Saxon race of its final destiny. The aim of the Anglo-Saxon race is to civilize the world, and therefore right must be enforced by might.

Mr. Crozier, in supporting the affirmative, dealt entirely with the moral side of the question.

Disarmament, he said, would be right, because it would be the removal of a moral evil. War does not give justice. History proves this. Even a nation may be punished by war, yet the conqueror generally goes too far, Mr. Crozier cited several historical cases in support of this idea. The forcing of the opium trade on China will forever remain a blot on the page of British history. War cannot give justice, as the stronger nation is sure to win.

If war would cease, education would advance, arts and sciences would flourish, and the time would soon come when "the lion and the lamb would lie down together."

Unless a general disarmament takes place at once, there will be a great war, and if war should break out at the present time it will involve all nations. Consider what an evil this would bring!

How can we expect to further Christianity and bring the heathen to Christ if we persist in doing what is wrong and setting a bad example.

Mr. McGregor, in speaking for the negative, said that we had not reached that ideal state which the affirmative speakers had pictured.

He maintained that a nation's army and navy are not a burden to her. If disarmament should take place, the liberty of the nations would be taken away.

Conquest precedes commerce. Could commerce ever have entered Egypt and the Soudan if conquest had not gone first? In the same way many open doors will be closed against com-

merce and civilization if a general disarmament should take place.

On a vote of the audience, the affirmative were declared winners of the debate.

The monthly meeting of the Missionary Society was held on Friday evening, December 9th. During the evening Mr. Crozier favored us with a vocal solo, which was appreciated by all present.

Mr. A. G. Cameron and Mr. J. B. MacLeod gave reports of mission work along the Upper Ottawa. Mr. Crombie presented the Lochaber Bay report.

D.S.

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## OUR GRADUATES.

The church at East Gloucester, of which Rev. D. D. Millar is pastor, underwent some repairs during the past summer, and the congregation held a social recently to defray the expenses incurred. The full amount necessary was realized.

The St. Giles' Church has been enjoying a large measure of spiritual prosperity under the pastorate of Rev. J. R. Dobson, B. D. At last communion season, twenty-two new members were added to the roll.

Rev. Wm. Patterson, who had previously been laboring at Leamington, Ont, resigned his charge there last summer and accepted the call to Buckingham, Que. He was inducted on Monday, the 28th of November. We all wish "Pat" renewed and increased enjoyment 'n his new surroundings.

The "Journal extends to Rev. Mr. Sincennes its felicitations on the event of his marriage, on November 23, to Miss Condie, sister of Mr. G. D. Condie, of this College. We prophesied the event, so we credit ourselves with pretty deep



insight into the future—in some cases. Mrs. Sincennes, who was teacher in Perkins' Mills last summer, will thus feel at home among the people of her husband's congregations. We wish them happiness in their work, and predict for them a good measure of success.

Rev. Mr. Byers, who is a graduate of Princeton, but who is writing in this College for the degree of B.D., has resigned his charge of the congregation at Avoca, Que. He leaves early this month for the Old Country, where he will take a course at Edinburgh University.

The dedication of the new church at Bell's Corners took place on November 20th, the Rev. Drs. Campbell and Moore, of Ottawa, and Rev. J. MacLaren, of Kinburn, being the officiating ministers. The pastor, Rev. Robert Whillians, and also the congregation, are to be congratulated on the fact that they are not laboring under a burdensome debt, as there remains only \$300 out of \$2,500 to be paid.

Attention is called thus early to the dates of the Graduates' Institute, which is henceforth to be held in the spring, instead of the autumn. Those who can ought to make sure to hear at least some of the papers that will be given on that occasion, as they will represent the best efforts of our best men in their several special lines of study and research. The session will last for five days—from April 3rd to April 7th—and programme will be as follows:

- Monday, 8 p.m.—Praise as an Element of Christian Life and Worship,  
Rev. M. H. Scott, B.A.
- Tuesday, 10 a. m.—Eschatology—Rev. S. R. McLeod.  
Books for the Minister's Study—The Professors.  
2 p.m.—Isaiah.—Rev. J. A. Macfarlane, M.A.  
Biblical Geography—Rev. G. Stanley Burnfield, B.D.  
8 p.m.—Elizabeth Barrett Browning.—Rev. W. T. Her-  
ridge, B.D.
- Wed.. 10 a.m.—Open Conference.  
2 p.m.—The Spiritual Influences of John's 1st Epistle.—Rev.  
J. F. MacLaren, B.D.  
The Holy Spirit and His Work.—Rev. T. A. Nelson.  
8 p.m.—Closing Exercises of the Presbyterian College.

Thurs., 10 a.m.—Epistle to the Phillippians.—Rev. J. A. Anderson, B.A.  
 The Missionary Problem.—Rev. A. Russell, B.A.  
 2 p.m.—Inspiration of Scripture.—Rev. E. A. MacKenzie, B.D.  
 The Minister in Relation to Young Men.—Rev. Wm. Shearer.  
 8 p.m.—A Study of Comparative Religions.—Rev. Dr. Armstrong.

Friday, 10 a.m.—Luke's Gospel.—Rev. N. A. MacLeod, B.D.  
 The Minister's Studies, Rev. Prof. Ross, D.D.

All Ministers and Bible Students are invited to be present and to take part in the discussions which will follow the papers.

R. J. DOUGALS, B.A.,

*Secretary.*

J. A. MACFARLANE, M.A.,

*President.*

G.W.T.

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Live thou! and of the grain and husk, the grape  
 And ivy berry choose; and still depart  
 From death to death thro' life and life and find  
 Nearer and ever nearer Him, who wrought  
 Not Matter, nor the finite—infinite,  
 But this main miracle, that thou art thou,  
 With power on thine own act and on the world.

—*De Profundis—Tennyson.*

## TALKS ABOUT BOOKS.

Mr. A. T. Chapman, of 2407 St. Catherine Street, sent some books, a little late in the day for December notice, but which claim precedence in the January Journal. One of these is "Black Rock," by Ralph Connor, who is generally known to be the Rev. C. W. Gordon, M.A., of St. Stephen's Church, Winnipeg. The Clerk of Assembly, who is responsible for the minutes of the same, calls Mr. Gordon's parish Saint Stephenson. Is this a clerical error, or is it a reverend joke? If it is an allusion to Robert Louis, it is incorrect, for he, like Sam Weller's father, spelt his name with a "wee, my Lord." The readers of the Westminster,—why don't we have Smithfield, Fleet, Marshalsea, Old Bailey, and Newgate churches and papers?—are familiar with Ralph Connor's Tale of the Selkirks. It is a 327 page 8vo., well printed and neatly bound, with gilt top, its publishers the Westminster Co., of Toronto, and its price one dollar. The story is one of rough life and honest mission work in a western mining camp. The author writes from experience; he has seen and does testify. His experience has burned into his ardent soul deeper than any brand, and he pours forth the results of that experience, fervent and molten. His writing is far from goody-goody or Y.M.C.A. young man talk, for he knows the seamy side of life, its rough language, horse-play, and genuine villanies. The last-named are not peculiar to mining camps, but flourish even amidst sanctimonious pharisaism, and all the world over, where bad hearts exist. Ralph Connor writes well and earnestly, and his chapters make up a deeply interesting and genuinely Canadian book, full of high purpose and noble achievement amid sordid surroundings. Our own graduates are out in the fields he depicts, so that we have a right loyal interest in them and him.

Mr. Chapman also sends Jerome K. Jerome's "Second Thoughts of an Idle Fellow," which has been already noticed.

He contributes three little sixty-cent volumes, published by George Allen, of London, a nameless crown 16m. series, of from 108 to 176 pages each, in neat cloth cover with gilt top, suitable for inexpensive Christmas or New Year presents. One is "Pen Portraits," by Thomas Carlyle, which are seldom flattering; another is "Lyrics in Prose," by De Quincey, called impassioned, but largely morbid; and the third is "Posies from French Gardens," gathered by Henry Atwell from Pascal and La Rochefoucauld, La Bruyère and Vauvenargues. The last named says: "The common pretext of those who cause the unhappiness of others is that they desire their welfare." They have in them the spirit of the vulgar dominie, who used to cry, "Come out here, Smythe, and take your flogging like a man; it's all for your own good, Smythe." Little do these wretches care for their victim's good, but the pretext sounds well. La Rochefoucauld remarks that, "Young people, for the most part, think they are natural, when they are simply unpolished and coarse." These are the precocious men of the world, who kick one another's shins under the table, and play the devil's tattoo with their knuckles on the top of it, in a way meant to be blasé, but that is only boorish. Here is Carlyle on De Quincey: "He was a pretty little creature, full of wire-drawn ingenuities, bankrupt enthusiasms, bankrupt pride; with the finest silver-toned low voice, and most elaborate, gently-winding courtesies and ingenuities in conversation: What wouldn't one give to have him in a box and take him out to talk? (That was Her criticism of him; and it was right good.) A bright, ready and melodious talker; but in the end an inconclusive and long-winded. One of the smallest man-figures I ever saw; shaped like a pair of tongs; and hardly above five feet in all; when he sat, you would have taken him, by candlelight, for the beautifullest little child; blue-eyed, blonde-haired, sparkling face,—had there not been a something, too, which said 'Eccovi, this child has been in Hell.'"

Next comes "The Castle Inn," by Stanley J. Weyman, Svo., cloth, pp. 372, and six illustrations, published in Canada

by the Copp, Clark Company of Toronto. It is an English story of 1767, in which the hero is Sir George Soane, a relation of the Earl of Chatham; and the heroine, a beautiful girl of French parentage, whom the sharp but honest attorney, Peter Fishwick, led out of a humble state of adoption in Oxford to make a great heiress. The villains of the story are many, including an Oxford coach known as the Rev. Fred. Thomasson, a tuft-hunter, coward and bully; the Hon. Mr. Dunborough, Soane's rival, and his randy lady-mother; with Bully Pomeroy and their minor satellites. Many are their adventures at Oxford, Marlborough, Bristol and other places, the heiress seeking her fortune, and the hero and the villains seeking the heiress. She suffers double abduction, and is doubly rescued. At last, it turns out that Fishwick, honest man, is in error as to Julia's identity, that the real heiress died in childhood, and that consequently Sir George Soane inherits her portion. But, as he condescends, like King Cophetua to the beggar maid, all ends well with the ringing of marriage bells. The price of "The Castle Inn" is a dollar and a quarter, but there is a cheaper issue in paper binding for sale by Messrs. Drysdale & Co., and no doubt by Mr. Chapman also.

Most human hearts respond to pathetic description, and tears are not far from the surface in view of death's tragedies. Therefore, the minister is looked upon as a heartless coward who plays too frequently upon the sympathetic sensibilities of his audience. Ian Maclaren has reached this stage in his "Afterwards, and Other Stories," pp. 377, Svo., cloth, published by the Fleming H. Revell Company, and sold by Mr. Chapman for a dollar and a quarter. "Afterwards" is the story of a London lawyer, whose wife sickens and dies while he is holiday-making on the Continent. After her death he learns to appreciate the angel he has lost. "The Minister of St. Bede's" gets his lovely Highland wife; but the Impossible Man dies, Righteous Overmuch dies, and the Probationer dies. The Government Official recovers, and enjoys his promotion; but Samuel Dodson dies. Father Jinks dies, Domsie

dies, and so does Dr. Davidson. As living offsets we have only *Saved by Faith*, *An Evangelist*, and *The Inconsistent Collector*, for *The Last Sacrifice* is worse than death. Eight death-bed scenes out of fourteen stories exhibit a morbid disproportion of healthy writing. No sane man wants to be talking all the time of graves and tombs and epitaphs, and, if he resents this sort of thing in the pulpit from the lips of Soapy Sam, Sigher and Tearful Tommy Doldrums, he has as good a right to kick against it in a book. Unappreciated, misunderstood, disappointed, imposed upon, robbed—we all know what these words mean, and how death may reveal the shabby trick society, large or small, has played on us or others, but there is something of romance in the lives into which they enter. The life to pity is the dull, uneventful, monotonous, mill-horse drudgery of household, business, profession or society, in which thousands wear themselves away, hopeless, fearless, joyless, godless, to a nameless grave. A few pints of the tears Ian Maclaren's eight death-bed stories call for might fitly be saved for the benefit of such as these. Some of the stories, namely, "An Impossible Man," "The Right Hand of Samuel Dodson," "An Evangelist," and "The Collector's Inconsistency," teach the moral "Judge not" regarding the real heart of apparently hard types of humanity in the religious world. At the same time, they don't excuse anybody for being a bear, an obstructionist, or a bigoted exclusivist. I do not agree with some reviewers in condemning most of the stories in this volume as mediocre, nor in thinking much of that one which gives title to it. They are all more or less entertaining sketches, but their demands on the lachrymal glands are in excess of the rights of any modern Heraclitus or Jeremiah. Cheer up, Ian!

Mr. Chapman's last book this month is "Stories of the Maple Land," by Katherine A. Young, of Hamilton, Ont., Svo., pp. 120, published by the Copp, Clark Company of Toronto, in red cloth binding for fifty cents. The author writes for children, and indulges in the peculiar conceit of making a maple tree tell her stories to a horse-chestnut. As

the stories are, to use the language of the day, pretty old chestnuts, it should have been the other way. But the old chestnuts, such as Jacques Cartier, Samuel de Champlain, the Missionaries and the Indians, Brave Madeleine, etc., are simply and interestingly told, and are well-fitted to give young people an introduction of a very satisfactory character to Canadian history. The author's narratives are far more attractive than the pages of ordinary school text-books on the subject. In such a work one hardly looks for the critical element, which few children would be likely to appreciate.

From the Drysdale Company comes "Tekla," by Robert Barr, 8vo., 437 pages, cloth, published by George N. Morang, Toronto, for a dollar and a half. This is an historically foundationless story of the Emperor Rodolph of Hapsburg, 1273-1291, who, wandering about in the early years of his reign, disguised like a western Haroun al Raschid, falls in with the Countess Tekla, a fair ward of the Archbishop of Treves, in the latter's city. Determined not to marry an aged suitor whom the Archbishop had chosen for her, she leaves Treves, and betakes herself, not without the disguised emperor's help, to the castle of her uncle, Count Heinrich the Black of Thuron, near Coblenz. In that castle the Black Count and his niece, the incognito, and a daring English archer, are besieged by the electoral Archbishops of Treves, Mentz, and Cologne. The siege drags on for years, with much excitement, the chief incidents in which are the successful efforts of the disguised emperor to make the Black Count decently human. He also makes love to Tekla, and his page and her maid imitate their betters. At length, Rodolph's friend and prime minister, the Baron von Brunfels, raises an army, which the Emperor, escaping from the castle, joins, and with it raises the siege of Castle Thuron. The archbishops are overthrown, and the emperor marries Tekla. This is a good mechanical novel, fairly well worked out, although it takes great liberties with so well known an historical character as Rodolph. It is somewhat lacking in soul, its chief moral being the triumph of courage, allied with skill and prudence,

over savage brute force. The reader will not be any better after perusing it, neither need he be any the worse. I suppose that people who live mechanical lives enjoy mechanical novels, but of such is not the kingdom of Heaven.

This is holiday time and we must give in to the fever of it. Here is "Blown Away," by Richard Mansfield, 8vo., cloth gilt, pp. 180 and 36 illustrations. Two little girls were not blown away by Richard Mansfield, for he does not even puff himself, but by a cyclone of fable. This is an Alice in Wonderland book, full of strange situations, and excruciating puns, and nonsensical parodies in verse. L. C. Page & Co., of Boston, publish this extraordinary book, which Messrs. Drysdale sell for a dollar and a quarter. Noah's Ark on the top of Ararat is on the cover, and the toy-box representation of the patriarch of the Deluge figures in the story on his green wooden platform. John Kendrick Bangs, in his "House-Boat on the Styx," fell foul of Noah, and so does Richard Mansfield, who represents him with a pipe in his mouth, and an angled stove-pipe in the brim of his broad hat for the smoke to ascend through. There are some clever and very amusing things in "Blown Away," and some of the funniest are in the preface. It says: "The Author read these pages to a number of small boys who could not escape. The smallest and least intelligent boy was amused. He bore out the promise of his childhood by becoming a publisher. He trailed the man who had corralled him that rainy day. His object was to wreak a long-delayed vengeance by publishing this book. He accomplished his fell purpose by bribing the author. Nothing remains but to pity the author and to execrate the publishers. The author's affection for his wife is his reason for not dedicating these pages to her."

Mr. Paul Leicester Ford is a very versatile genius, never twice in the same mood. The book of his that I least care for is "Tattle Tales of Cupid." The first of these, called His Version of It, is one of talking horses, like Kipling's Walking Delegate, only they talk about the American Civil War. AEsop I have renounced since boyhood's days, and I



take no interest in any animal that talks more than Barnaby Rudge's raven. *A Warning to Lovers*, *Sauce for the Goose*, and the *Cortelyou Feud*, are readable tales of marriage and a moral. Two plays entitled *The Best Laid Plans*, and *Man Proposes*, I have not read, and do not intend to read. I have nothing against plays, whether by *Æschylus* or *Terence*, *Shakespeare*, *Corneille*, or *Schiller*; but the thin stuff of *P. L. Ford*, is as destitute of body as three dollar a dozen claret, so that the question of wholesomeness does not arise at all. The book has 264 pages in illuminated cloth binding, is published by the *Copp, Clark Company* of *Toronto*, and is sold by the *Drysdale Company* for a dollar and a quarter.

The *William Drysdale Company* has published a neat 12mo. of 68 pages, called "*The Vision of the Seasons, and Other Verses*," by *Dorothy W. Knight*. The author of the preface, who signs himself *R. S. K.*, informs the reader that *Miss Dorothy* began her poetical career in 1892, when only eleven years of age, and that this is her third publication. Besides the *Vision of the Seasons*, and the *Months*, there are twenty-nine other pieces in the volume, elevated in diction, and marvellously correct in rhyme and rhythm. They generally deal with nature and rural scenes. *Miss Knight* is a practical botanist, a keen observer of natural phenomena, and has a true artist's power of depicting what she sees. Lively imagination appears in *The Sea Nymphs*, in *The Seasons*, and some other finished poems. More homely are *The Tug and its Tow*, and *The Stove in Camp*. *Fidelity to Nature* and a few simple aspirations make up the substance of the poet's *Misc.* There is no one stanza that in justice could be selected as representative of the volume on account of its special beauty, and the *Talker* cannot be guilty of singling out any that may appear commonplace. *Miss Knight's* little book exhibits a more than usual degree of poetical attainment on the part of the author.

As the *Drysdale Company* has not affixed a price to "*Table Talks with Young Men*," by *W. J. Dawson*, 8vo., 285 pp., published by *Hodder and Stoughton*, of *London*, I cannot

tell definitely whether it is good value for the money. But I can affirm that, like other books by the same author, it is a good one. It is a well-printed volume, with an illuminated title page, and is prettily bound, with gilt top. Its thirty chapters deal with a great variety of subjects in which young men are or ought to be interested. Mr. Dawson's account of his book is that it does not consist of essays, but of pieced together fragments of pen-conversations he has had with many correspondents. He begins with *The Art of Living*, showing how young men or old, by cultivating resources, often called *Fads and Hobbies*, may enliven an otherwise dreary and disappointing life. Then he deals with *Physical Self-Management*, *Athletics*, *Friendship and Marriage*, *Methods of Brain-Work*, *Novel Reading*, *Public Speaking*, *Civil Responsibility*, etc. He does not neglect religion, but deals with the supernatural in it, answers the question "Do Young Men Pray?" discusses *Religious Doubtings*, *Christianity and Progress*, *Young Men and Christ*, *Christianity and Socialism*. He treats in his last chapter but one of *Faith-Healing*, *Spiritualism*, and *Hypnotism*, and in his *Obiter Dicta* has a good word to say for Calvinism (in the past). This is an excellent book, sprightly and attractive, full of admirable advice arising out of much experience, observation and mature judgment. As the work also of a reasonable Christian man, it is calculated greatly to recommend genuine religion to those who are apt to try to get along without it.

"*The Workers, An Experiment in Reality*," is a 246 page 12mo., with five illustrations, written by Walter A. Wyckoff, and published by William Heinemann, of London. The Drysdale Company sells it for a dollar. Its chapters, if I remember aright, appeared originally in Scribner's. They give the real experience of Mr. Wyckoff, a student of social statistics, who wished to become practically acquainted with the life of the working man. This experiment is by no means unique. When I was on the Commission to enquire into the affairs of the University of Toronto, an undergraduate was examined, who, for the same reasons as Mr. Wyckoff's, had

entered the ranks of the manual laborers in Buffalo and elsewhere. "Bodily exercise profiteth little," says Paul, but he was not thinking of handicrafts, such as those followed by Adam and Noah, Cincinnatus and Cato, Peter the Great, Gladstone, and William the Greatest. Every true man likes to identify himself with the laboring classes, and to get back, even as a recreation, to the state when Adam delved and Eve span. The exception is the man who was born in that class, and by a fluke got out of it, and ever since is ashamed to think of physical exertion. He calls himself a gent and his wife is a lady. Not so Mr. Wyekoff. He put on old clothes and became an honest tramp, doing odd jobs for small pay. Then he bloomed out as a day laborer at West Point, a hotel porter, a hired man at an Asylum, a farm hand, and a shanty man in a logging camp. He lived a pure, clean, working man's life, in all kindness and humility, and, as the curtain falls upon his menial experiences, we find him teaching a Sunday School class, and taking the place of the missing preacher, to lead the devotions of his fellow workers, and tell them of God in Christ reconciling the world to Himself. This is a book worth reading, a book to empty a man of all bastard pride and conceit of nothingness, and to help him to say "Lord, give me some humble task to do for Thee, and grace to do it humbly and well." Blessed are God's faithful servants in the mean places of the earth, and blessed is the man who takes the trouble and the pain to tell from experience their story.

I do not remember that I ever had any prejudices against the Rev. J. R. Miller, D.D., but, if I had, his recent book, entitled "The Master's Blesseds, a Devotional Study of the Beatitudes," would suffice to remove them. This 182 page 12mo., with gilt top and fancy cover, in case, is published by the Fleming H. Revell Company, and is sold by the Drysdale Company for a dollar. Dr. Miller writes very beautifully on the Beatitudes. His frequent illustrations are appropriate and almost classically refined. Here is a sample of the whole book which ought to make you fall in love with it: "There is

a beautiful legend, which tells of a saintly man, who was very greatly beloved of the angels, who had seen much of his godly life on the earth. The angels asked God to give to this man some new power, some mark of the divine favor, some new gift which would make him still more useful. They were told to see the man and ask him what special power he would like to have. The angels came and asked him what gift he would choose that God might bestow upon him. He said that he was content and wanted nothing more. They continued to urge him to choose something which God might do for him or give to him. Would he not like to have power to perform miracles? He said no—that was Christ's work. Would he not like the power to lead a great many souls to Christ? He answered no, for it was the work of the Holy Spirit to convert souls. The angels still begged him to name something which they might ask God to grant to him. He answered at last, that, if he must make a choice, he would like power to do a great deal of good among men without even knowing it. So it was that, from that day, his shadow, when it fell behind him, where he could not see it, had wondrous healing power; but, when it fell before him, where he could see it, it had no such power." The man who could invent that story, and the man who, like Dr. Miller, could appreciate it, these men know something about the Kingdom of God that thousands of professed Christians miss, and thus show themselves to be wise guides of souls.

One Drysdale book remains. It is the counterpart of the last in all but its pages, which are 237, and its price, which is a dollar and a quarter. But the publishers are the same, and the marginal and other decorations of the 12mo., in decorated cloth, gilt top, boxed, answer to "The Master's Blesseds." The book is "Friendship," by the Rev. Hugh Black, M.A., assistant minister of Free St. George's, Edinburgh. Mr. Black, assistant to Dr. Whyte, is regarded as one of the foremost preachers in Scotland. His work reveals the thinker and the man of large sympathy, which a preacher ought to be. It deals with Friendship as a Miracle, and as

to its Culture, Fruits, Choice, Eclipse, Wreck, Renewing and Limits, and ends with The Higher Friendship. A true friend in life is a great boon, that some men and women do not know, the more the pity. The art of making friends is the forgetting of yourself in their interest, and that is just what many people cannot do. If you are your own best friend you will stay at that, solitary and alone, for all eternity. Solomon said, "Thine own friend, and thy father's friend, forsake not;" but what are you going to do if your father never had a friend? The testing of friendship is a painful business, but it is salutary. Friendship, for mutual advantage, is like illegal love, a matter of bargain and sale. The bogus friend deserts you just as soon as he thinks it profitable for himself to do so. Mr. Black brings to his study of all the various forms of friendship, wide reading, large observation, and true experience. Let us take one case of reading that seems almost trivial. "The finest feature of Rudyard Kipling's work, and it is a constant feature of it, is the comradeship between commonplace soldiers of no high moral or spiritual attainment, and yet it is the strongest force in their lives, and on occasion makes heroes of them. We feel that their faithfulness to each other is almost the only point at which their souls are reached. The three-fold cord of his soldiers, vulgar in mind and common in thought as they are, is a cord which we feel is not easily broken, and it is their friendship and loyalty to each other which save them from utter vulgarity." Mr. Black's book is full of beautiful truths, excellently expressed, and fitted to inspire the most worthy emotions. Cherish your friends, young men, for you cannot tell how wide they may open heaven's gates for you.

A handwritten signature in black ink, reading "John Campbell". The signature is written in a cursive, flowing style with a long, sweeping underline that extends to the right.

## Editorials.

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Swiftly the sun sinks beneath the horizon until its level rays stream across the fields of snow and between the dark columns of pine tree trunks. There the rays show red and angry like coals behind the bars of an open grate. Only a moment thus, then suddenly the sun sinks, and the after-glow is quickly blotted out by shadows. These have stolen upon us ere we realized it. They hovered in the woods before, now like wolves they swarm into the open, and hurry us away from the bleak snow fields, with only the memory of the dying sunset.

As the day dies so also dies the year. It has run its course, youth, manhood and old age, and now fades from us, leaving us only the memory of its light and warmth, as also of its shadows; and reminding us that change is the order of the world. But while the past has its memories of sorrows, warnings and disappointments, from which we would gladly escape, and those of success and happiness and promise which we gladly recall, since they make the present sweeter and fuller, and more earnest, too—while it has these memories, they are yet like the after-glow of the sunset, compared to the glory of the succeeding day.

It is right that our thoughts should be backward bent, but only for a time. When the sun has sunk and the after-glow faded from our sky, let us not stand watching still, but turn homeward; in other words, let us not be found brooding in the twilight of the year, but rather let us turn from where the sun has set towards where he shall rise in new glory. It may seem a small thing whether we count our mile-stones backward and number the years as so many since the time of childhood, or whether we look forward and say unto ourselves "Lo, I have taken another step toward the goal of

life, and am a little nearer to the achievement of my purpose and the possession of the reward that crowns it." It may seem a small thing whether we thus reckon backward or forward, but in reality it is not so. To look back after the light has faded is vain at least, and may easily become morbid and hurtful. It leaves us unprepared for the future, and reluctant to enter upon it. Rather let our habit of mind be to look toward the rising sun. Let our thoughts range forward to meet it. Let us hail its opportunities and lay our plans hopefully, that, expecting much of it, we may receive much at its hands. Thus, for us, too, "the evening and the morning" shall be the new day. Such things are easily written, but often hard enough to practise. To many, doubtless, the past seems to hold all of good that ever shall be theirs.

It was springtime and harvest. Their life blossomed and was sweet and joyous, their friends were many and true, their hopes were bright, their happiness complete. But now youth is fled. The harvest of life is reaped and the fields stretch cold and naked to the eye. All is drear and disappointing. There is no new day. Thence they know, thither of life they dread to think of. This is a mistake, of course. The race is never finished till the goal of life is reached, and the goal of life is beyond this world.

To such as wail with Bedivere—

Ah! my Lord Arthur, whither shall I go?  
 Where shall I hide my forehead and my eyes?  
 For now I see the good old times are dead,  
 When every morning brought a noble chance,  
 And every chance brought out a noble knight.  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 \* \* \* I, the last, go forth companionless,  
 And the days darken round me and the years,"

the poet sends his answer from the lips of the stricken king:—

“The old order changeth, yielding place to new,  
 And God fulfils Himself in many ways,  
 Lest one good custom should corrupt the world.”

Never yet did the old fail, but the new and better were ready to succeed it, if only men would receive them from their God. He watches ever, and by His Providence leads us step by step upon our way. Progress, not stagnation, is normal life. Let us not hold back, then, afraid, or rebellious, or moody, but rather let us range forward with the time and rejoice that we have passed another milestone and are so much nearer to the City Glorious, and the Friend who waits us there. Bedivere, as he listens beside the mere, hears

“Sounds, as if some fair city were one voice  
 Around a king returning from his wars.”

And, climbing the crags, he watches the king's barge pass on and on, and go—

“From less to less, and vanish—”

—not into darkness, no, but—“into light.” Then turning to descend he finds the new year risen from the ashes of the old.

Light is rained about us everywhere, tho' darkness may blot it from us from time to time. Forms pass away, but the essence of things remains. Yesterday is gone, but the light of to-day shines, and calls us to Christian service. The hope of the new time may well be brighter than that of the old. New strength of heart is granted for the asking, and success is ours if we will walk in the True Light. Let our service for the Master be yet more loyal and unselfish.

Let it spring from the joy of service rather than the hope of future reward.

So shall each grow in sympathy with his fellows, and

“Not sowing hedgerow texts and pasing by,  
 Nor dealing goodly counsel from a height,”



become like unto his Master, "a voice of comfort and an open hand of help." The old commandment and the new are one, "Love one another."

"The darkness is past and the true light now shineth. I am the light of the world: he that followeth Me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life.

He that loveth his brother abideth in the light, and there is none occasion of stumbling in him."

### THE MINISTER AS A LITTERATEUR.

"Of making many books there is no end." So spake the preacher of old; and so our busy age re-echoes, with a largeness of meaning which the wildest flight of his fancy could scarce have compassed. Nor, despite the sea of literature and quasi-literature wherewith we are surrounded, do we, in the case of some books at least, wish an end. Quite otherwise. We have but one wish—that we might leisurely sit us down to read only a choice few.

And among the choice few of the passing hour, if glowing encomiums in the press and laden counters in the bookstores are any index to the public appreciation, may be named "Black Rock," and "Afterwards." The success of the latter is guaranteed in the fact that it stands over the *nom de plume* of Ian Maclaren; a leading novelist of the day regarding its opening chapter as "the best short story in the English language." The former, a British literatus pronounces "worthy of the country, the man, and the motive;" while, to his mind, "the man" writes with "the freshness and accuracy of an eye-witness, and with the style of a real artist." Higher praise would have been fulsome. Artists, indeed, in the loose phrase of the superficial, there are in abundance; but the real artists are a small company. Ralph Connor has presented incontestable credentials; he has come to stay.

But this article must not seem to encroach on the domain

of our facetious Talker. We have said thus much, and on this wise in order presently to point a moral, whether or not it may adorn our tale. Suffice it to say that it is with commingled feelings of pride and enthusiasm we recall the fact that the two writers whose books are most sought at this season by a discriminating and cultured public are ministers of the Presbyterian Church. Lavish as has been the praise bestowed upon each, it is but a fitting eulogy to worth. They bring a degree of prestige to their brethren and their church. That they should have received an invitation each to the metropolis of his own country is natural enough. Recognizing that they have a special mission, which might perhaps have suffered by accepting, they wisely, at least for the time, saw fit to decline. With eye, ear, and heart alert to see, hear and feel, as the tragedies and vicissitudes of this tough world give occasion; with the analytic and synthetic faculty needful to body forth their reflections so that we may mentally handle them and reflect in turn upon them; and with the literary taste to clothe these reflections so that the reader cannot choose but read—possessing these, we say, they have a noble task. What is the task, say you? To give us clean, wholesome, inspiring literature; and the sooner such books as they have thus far written are within the reach of the million, the sooner will a mass of noisome rubbish disappear.

But it may be objected by some zealot that Ralph Connor is a very ordinary preacher: granted. That says nothing to the purpose; and if it were true, it would be more abundantly true, but for the intellectual literary exercise in which he is periodically engaged. Nor does it avail anything to allege that in many quarters Ian Maclaren's theology is in doubtful odor. To the orthodox of twenty or thirty years ago the objection would be serious,—our earliest recollections are of metaphysical discussions of "the five knotty points"—but doctrinal theological works are not read to-day. If, then, they are of doubtful tendency, they are to be feared only as the ministry at large may have imbibed them.

We have not started out to plead for fiction. To us, the

writers named, with all their charm, yield in fascinating power to Milton, Macaulay and Carlyle. But we do plead for a more literary ministry in our own land. Not that all and sundry shall forthwith begin to dabble in printer's ink; but each in some degree must exhibit true literary culture. What with the multiplication of books, and schools, and lectures, the masses of to-day are becoming quite as well educated as the average minister. We are steadily nearing the time when the pulpit must choose between masculine thought and literary finish, or sensational balderdash and sheer flummery, if it would fill the pews. Representatives of the latter are even now in the midst, which makes the necessity for the former more urgent.

Now we contend that exegetical and literary labor can go hand in hand with due pastoral activity. Dr. Hastings, lately called from an obscure country parish to the historic city of Dundee, is a case in point. Not only does he overtake his pastoral work and edit the Expository Times; he is also editor in chief of a prodigious work—the Dictionary of the Bible. Dr. Whyte's contributions to religious literature are at once voluminous and redolent of strong piety. True, he has an assistant; but the assistant has likewise made a promising literary effort. It is needless to enlarge on such brilliant examples as Dale and Spurgeon, Maclaren and Parker; in short, the brightest ornaments of the nineteenth century pulpit take high rank in literature.

Without neglecting the devotional and exegetical study of the Bible, let our ministers and students study it simply as literature; let them discover, quite apart from hearsay, that Paul is not less logical than Aristotle, nor less sublime than Plato; that the threnodies of Jeremiah are not inferior in pathos and purity to "Adonais" or "Lycidas;" and that David's "Idylls of the King" are not less majestic than Tennyson's. Demosthenes studied Thucydides till he had practically memorized him; and, as the world knows, with beneficial results. Personally we owe more to the English Bible and Webster's Dictionary than all else ever written, and here give our ex-

perience for what it may be worth. The Magi furnish us an example worthy of imitation in another field. Laying under contribution the gold of science, the frankincense of history, and the myrrh of literature, let us elucidate, commend and enforce Divine Truth as workers that need not be ashamed. We hope, too, that there are many, did inclination lead them to its exercise, in whom there is a latent potency of literary life that could compel the homage of the reading public and the literary critic. Meanwhile, with the exception of an honorable few of our ministry, it is but a hope; may it not be so too long.

It is with some misgivings that we address ourselves in two consecutive "Journals" to the ministers of the Church. In each case, however, the sentiments expressed are matters of conviction, and we modestly recommend them to thinking men.

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O, late-remembered, much-forgotten mouthing, braggart duty; always owed, and seldom paid in any other coin than punishment and wrath, when will mankind begin to know thee? When will men acknowledge thee in thy neglected cradle and thy stunted youth, and not begin their recognition in thy sinful manhood and desolate old age?

—*Charles Dickens.*

## Partie Française.

### M. AUGUSTE SABATIER.

De tous les maîtres de la critique littéraire, Sainte-Beuve est le premier, si je ne me trompe, qui ait érigé en système l'idée de chercher dans la vie d'un écrivain l'explication la plus plausible de son œuvre. Il n'inclinait pas à l'indulgence. Les rancunes personnelles l'ont quelquefois mal conseillé à l'égard de ses contemporains et de ses émules. Il loue Victor Hugo, dont la gloire bruyante et méritée a rempli notre siècle, mais non sans lui décocher bien des traits malicieux. Et Chateaubriand! De quel impitoyable scalpel il le dissèque! Comme il démêle les sentiments artificiels que revêtent des phrases aussi éclatantes qu'une fanfare! Comme il discerne le fond réel de paganisme que recouvre un christianisme plaqué!

Redoutable par l'abus qu'on en peut faire, la méthode de Sainte-Beuve est bonne pourtant; elle est sûre; et nul désormais ne saurait la répudier. Henri Taine s'en est servi avec bonheur dans son *Histoire de la Littérature anglaise*.

Si loin qu'on se sente de ces grands hommes, c'est sur leurs traces qu'il faut marcher pour juger équitablement et pleinement comprendre les ouvrages soumis tous les jours à notre appréciation. J'ai eu le privilège de connaître M. Aug. Sabatier; et ce que je sais de lui me semble expliquer les étonnants contrastes qui caractérisent ses écrits.

Dans cette esquisse, je ne relèverai que les plus apparents.

#### I

On est frappé tout d'abord de l'intense vie religieuse qui déborde dans son dernier livre *La philosophie de la religion*, où cependant la doctrine chrétienne, si vague parfois et si flottante, paraît s'évaporer au souffle de la critique. C'est un fleuve dont la source se dérobe aux regards du lecteur.

Les amis personnels de M. Sabatier savent où la trouver.

Né à Vallon, dans l'Ardèche, en 1839, de parents cévenols, le Doyen de la Faculté de théologie protestante de Paris subit de bonne heure les fortes impressions de piété qui émanent de cette terre classique de la foi réformée. Il en accrut le trésor à Ganges (Hérault), dans l'institution Olivier, où il fit de solides études classiques. Il le conserva à Montauban, où je l'ai connu (1858-1863), au milieu de ses premières recherches, et où il nous disait en une certaine occasion : " Je demande à Dieu chaque jour assez de vérité pour vivre." Il s'y attacha éperdument à Strasbourg et, plus tard, à Paris dans son enseignement théologique. Les épreuves, les deuils, dont il eut sa part, le lui rendirent plus précieux encore. La religion a été pour lui, à la lettre, depuis son enfance, la prière du cœur, la communion intime de l'âme avec Dieu par Jésus-Christ. Voilà la source, toujours jaillissante, d'où s'épanche pleine et sereine dans ses livres et dans ses leçons, une intense vie religieuse.

## II

Un second contraste apparaît dans la forme même dont il revêt sa pensée. On ne se lasse pas d'admirer la beauté littéraire de ses écrits. Je ne crois pas qu'il se soit vu, depuis Victor Cousin et Ernest Renan, un style plus français, plus clair, plus éloquent, pour exprimer les plus hautes pensées philosophiques et religieuses. En voulez-vous la preuve ? Deux citations me suffiront :

" Dans son labeur, l'humanité bâtit une cathédrale éternelle, dont les deux colonnes maîtresses sont la science et la vie sainte. Elles surgissent lentement du sol et s'élèvent parallèlement dans les airs. Parmi les ouvriers qui travaillent à cette œuvre divine, les uns se découragent et doutent qu'elles puissent jamais se joindre et former la voûte rêvée. D'autres, par impatience, infléchissent la rectitude sévère des lignes de la construction ; mais le travail apocryphe et menteur qu'ils font ainsi, se ruine et se démolit de lui-même, parce qu'il viole la rigueur du plan mystérieux de l'architecte éternel. L'ouvrier religieux est humble ; il se garde de l'impatience qui nous rend infidèles et du découragement qui nous fait lâches. Il vit par la foi et non par la vue ; il élève les deux piliers de sa vie intérieure en obéissant aux règles prescrites, sachant que

son devoir n'est pas de les faire converger arbitrairement et se joindre avant l'heure, mais, pierre à pierre, de les édifier toujours plus hauts, plus solides et plus droits." (p. 367).

Et ailleurs : " Religion intérieure, instinct sacré de la vie, force immortelle et divine qui parais nécessairement dès la première démarche de l'esprit, combien te méconnaissent les âmes superficielles et frivoles qui voient en toi l'asservissement de l'homme ! C'est toi seule, au contraire, qui le libères des chaînes que la nature fait peser sur lui, qui le sauves de la mort et du néant, et ouvres à son activité généreuse une carrière infinie, en l'associant à l'œuvre de Dieu ; c'est toi qui lui rends sa spontanéité créatrice, renouvèles ses forces, et, le retrem pant dans la source d'où il émane, entretiens en lui une jeunesse éternelle !" (p. 367).

Le lecteur réfléchi se demande comment il est possible à un théologien, obligé par ses fonctions de consulter sans cesse des auteurs allemands, de parler une langue d'un si beau timbre français.

C'est que, dès sa jeunesse, le président du Conseil des Facultés de l'Université de Paris a eu le goût passionné de la littérature classique. Deux souvenirs me viennent à point pour le montrer. Dans l'un des cours où les étudiants lisaient à tour de rôle leurs dissertations, il fut saisi d'une belle fureur, parce qu'un de ses amis avait osé critiquer le caractère de Pauline dans Polyencté, et il réfuta cette hérésie avec tant d'éloquence qu'il nous arracha des applaudissements. Une autre fois, à la veille d'un examen de théologie, vers onze heures du soir, je le trouvai lisant la Littérature de Villemain.—Et les examens ? lui dis-je.—J'en ai assez, répondit-il. Cela ne l'empêchait pas de les bien préparer, et de les passer avec les plus fortes notes.

Après la cession de l'Alsace-Lorraine, forcé de quitter Strasbourg pour rester Français, et en attendant la création de la Faculté de théologie de Paris, c'est-à-dire de 1871 à 1877, il donna des leçons de littérature française, il remplaça Eugène Bersier comme correspondant littéraire du Journal de Genève (poste qu'il occupe encore), et il fut ainsi tenu de lire les principaux ouvrages d'imagination et de poésie dont il avait à rendre compte. Vers 1880, il entra au *Temps*, où il rédige tous les

jours un des articles de fond. Forcé d'écrire pour le grand public, et presque toujours assez vite, sans recopier, il a acquis un style rapide, intéressant, clair même lorsqu'il expose des idées profondes,—un style direct, analytique, où la pensée se déroule dans un ordre lumineux,—un style brillant, imagé, en même temps que sobre et fort.

### III

Le développement des croyances religieuses de M. Sabatier —dernier contraste que nous signalerons—ne s'explique pas moins bien que la formation de son style. Elevé dans la vieille tradition de l'Eglise réformée, sa foi n'avait pas subi l'épreuve du doute quand il arriva à Montauban (1858). Là, il se nourrit des *Pensées* de Pascal ; il fit passer ses croyances au crible de l'examen, et elles en sortirent dépouillées des imaginations de l'enfance, tout en restant foncièrement évangéliques, comme le prouve sa thèse pour le Baccalauréat en théologie : *Le Témoignage de Jésus-Christ sur sa personne*.

A son retour d'Allemagne, où il séjourna plus d'un an, et où il visita les Universités de Tubingue, d'Erlangen, de Bonn, de Heidelberg, comme il avait visité celles de Bâle et de Strasbourg, il présenta à Montauban une thèse très évangélique encore pour la Licence en théologie : *Essai sur les sources de la Vie de Jésus* (1866).

Après deux années de pastorat dans une Eglise de campagne, à Aubenas (Ardèche), il fut chargé du cours de dogme réformé à la Faculté de théologie de Strasbourg. Son enseignement répondit à l'attente du parti orthodoxe, qui avait soutenu sa candidature et qui l'avait même provoquée.

A Paris, où il réside depuis près de 27 ans, et où il est en relations journalières avec des hommes hostiles ou étrangers à toute religion, sa foi a changé de base, la forme s'en est modifiée, bien qu'il assure en avoir conservé la substance. Pour répondre à ses propres besoins, et afin d'amener les incroyants à la vie chrétienne, il s'est proposé de chercher dans la psychologie et dans l'histoire, par la méthode évolutionniste, l'explication et la justification du christianisme.

Son livre sur *Saint Paul*, que les Allemands jugent eux-mêmes original après tant de travaux sur ce sujet, marque un



premier pas dans la voie où il devait s'engager toujours plus, celle de l'évolution, car il y explique le développement de la pensée de l'apôtre par ses expériences religieuses.

Il vient de résumer son système, fruit de longues et patientes études, dans la *Philosophie de la religion*, ouvrage qui a fait événement, on peut le dire, en France et à l'étranger, non seulement dans le monde théologique, mais parmi les lecteurs sérieux de toute profession. J'ignore s'il est arrivé à sa dernière étape, ou s'il prendra une orientation nouvelle, mais voici où il en est à cette heure:

"Ce volume, dit-il, comprend trois parties qui se rapportent l'une à l'autre comme les trois étages d'un même édifice. La première traite de la religion et de son origine; la seconde du christianisme et de son essence; la troisième du dogme et de sa nature." (Préface, p. 1.)

La religion est, pour lui, "un commerce, un rapport conscient et voulu, dans lequel l'âme en détresse entre avec la puissance mystérieuse dont elle sent qu'elle dépend et que dépend sa destinée. Ce commerce avec Dieu se réalise par la prière. La prière: voilà la religion en acte, c'est-à-dire la religion réelle." (p. 24.)

"Elle est à ce point inhérente à l'homme qu'il ne saurait l'arracher de son cœur, sans être condamné à se séparer de lui-même et à tuer ce qui constitue proprement, en lui, l'humanité." (p. 27) Voilà son origine.

"Dans l'histoire, le christianisme s'offre à nous comme le terme et le couronnement de l'évolution religieuse de l'humanité. Dans la conscience du chrétien, il est encore quelque chose de plus; il se révèle comme la religion parfaite." (p. 175)

"La religion n'étant pas une idée, mais un rapport avec Dieu, les chrétiens disent que la religion parfaite, c'est la réalisation parfaite de leur rapport avec Dieu et du rapport de Dieu avec eux. Et ce n'est point là, de leur part, une spéculation théorique; c'est le résultat immédiat et pratique de l'expérience interne qu'ils ont faite et font tous les jours." (p. 176)

"Cette expérience s'est faite, un jour, dans la conscience de Jésus-Christ. J'affirme donc, non seulement que le christianisme a le Christ pour auteur, mais qu'il a, dans la vie inté-

rieure du Christ, son premier germe, et que là s'est faite tout d'abord la révélation divine qui, se répétant ensuite de proche en proche, a éclairé et vivifié toute l'humanité." (p. 177). Voilà l'essence du christianisme.

"On appelle dogme, au sens strict, une ou plusieurs propositions doctrinales qui sont devenues, dans une société religieuse, par l'effet des décisions de l'autorité compétente, objet de foi et règle des croyances et des mœurs." (p. 263).

... "Le dogme est absolument nécessaire à la propagation et à l'édification de la vie religieuse." Mais il n'est ni "absolu ni parfait en soi" (p. 294); il est "historique et changeant" (p. 295); il évolue. Il renferme deux éléments (p. 300): l'expérience religieuse de la conscience, et la, formule qui l'exprime. Le premier, l'expérience chrétienne; est permanent; le second, l'élément intellectuel, est variable il se modifie par le progrès constant des sciences naturelles, des investigations philosophiques et de la vie religieuse elle-même.

La discussion de ce système, qu'on a baptisé du nom de symbolo-fidélisme, n'entre pas dans le plan de ce travail. J'ai voulu simplement montrer sous quelles influences il s'était produit. M. Sabatier est à la fois disciple du vieil Évangile par ses origines et sa piété, et esclave des méthodes positives de notre temps par les besoins de son esprit et la pression de son entourage. Il a tenté de concilier ses croyances chrétiennes et ses convictions scientifiques. Il a cru y réussir en prenant à Kant la notion d'un Dieu réel, mais inconnaissable ou incompréhensible, et à Darwin la méthode de l'évolution.

Pour mon compte, s'il m'est permis de comparer une œuvre obscure à un système déjà célèbre, je procède autrement, et j'aboutis à des conclusions plus positives. Je pars du fait de l'obligation morale, fait incontestable pour tout honnête homme et, par voie d'induction, à l'aide de la psychologie et de l'histoire, je m'élève à la notion d'un Dieu saint, bon et juste,—induction qui se trouve conforme à l'enseignement de l'Évangile.

Quant à la théorie de l'évolution, j'attends qu'elle soit prouvée pour l'admettre. Et même en supposant que l'évolution est la loi du monde physique, domaine de la nécessité, il ne s'ensuivrait pas qu'elle règne dans le monde moral, domaine de la liberté. Je ne puis constater qu'un progrès général, avec

des époques de recul, dans le développement religieux de l'humanité.

Ces divergences de principe et de méthode, qui m'interdisent de suivre M. Sabatier dans les méandres d'une pensée parfois confuse, malgré la clarté de chaque phrase, ne m'empêchent point d'admirer son œuvre. Il a élevé un superbe édifice, dont quelques parties sont tout ensemble solides et brillantes, mais dont les fondements me semblent mal assurés. Ceux-ci seront renversés, sans nul doute; il restera néanmoins du labeur de l'ouvrier quelques pierres magnifiques, admirablement sculptées, qui entreront dans une construction nouvelle et qui perpétueront son souvenir. Il n'aura pas travaillé en vain.

D. COUSSIRAT.

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### NOTES DE LA REDACTION.

Nous souhaitons une bonne et heureuse année à tous nos lecteurs.

Serait-il vrai que nous soyons déjà arrivés au terme d'une autre étape? Le temps passe trop vite! L'année a eu 365 jours, est-ce moins que d'habitude?

Nous nous plaisons à vivre sur cette terre comme dans un édifice qui est à l'abri de la vieillesse et de la vétusté, nous oublions que "les jours de l'homme sont comme l'herbe."

Notre surprise, nos exclamations, à l'ouïe des paroles qui nous rappellent à la réalité de la vie, trahissent notre état d'âme.

Nous vieillissons et il semble que nous n'acquérons pas de sagesse dans le cours de années.

Nos calculs sont mal faits, il faut changer de méthode, et au lieu d'employer toujours des chiffres arabes, servons-nous plus souvent des caractères trop facilement mis en oubli, tels que: le grand jour du jugement, la dernière trompette, l'Éternité. En un mot, faisons un peu plus d'arithmétique céleste.

L'année que nous quittons sera peut-être une des plus mémorables que l'humanité ait comptée, car c'est en 1898 que

l'appel à la considération d'un désarmement universel, a été fait aux nations d'une manière satisfaisante.

C'est presque trop beau la paix universelle mais c'est une chose possible, espérons qu'elle sera, sous peu, établie dans tout le monde et en attendant répétons avec Béranger ces paroles :

“J'ai vu la Paix descendre sur la terre,  
Semant de l'or, des fruits et des épis.  
L'air était calme, et du dieu de la guerre,  
Elle étouffait les foudres assoupis.

“Ah! disait-elle, égaux par la vaillance,  
Français, Anglais, Belge, Russe ou Germain  
Peuples, formez une sainte alliance,  
Et donnez-vous la main!”

Un de nos aînés M. J. Sincennes, qui pourtant a étudié Pédézert et a appris par cœur l'idée des pères de l'Eglise, sur le mariage, vient de se choisir une compagne.

Oublier en si peu de temps les enseignements de Tertullien et de Jérôme c'est par trop fort! De nos jours c'est pardonnable direz-vous; nos meilleurs vœux vous accompagnent alors.

Tous ceux qui ont pu assister au concert donné à l'église L. . . . ., ont, j'ai vu de la musique magnifique et des récitations qu'on y entendait. C'est une demoiselle qui a remporté les palmes de la victoire; elle ne chantait pas, elle parlait seulement. Il y avait dans sa voix douce, enfantine, et sympathique, quelque chose de mystérieux qui plaisait à l'oreille, et qui parlait au cœur et qui remuait l'âme; cet accent mélodieux était semblable au zéphir qui sans effort, souffle autour du berceau de l'enfant qui dort. Les modulations charmantes de cette voix étrange, après le chant caverneux de “Grosleau,” ressemblait au gazouillement de l'oiseau après le bruit des grosses eaux.

## ECHO DE L'OUEST.

“Viens-tu au débat du désarmement général à l'église Saint-Gabriel?

—Non, j'ai résous cette question à ma manière.

—Comment cela?

—Je propose qu'on mette tous les méchants dans une immense plaine, puis qu'on décharge sur eux toutes les pièces de canon; on n'aurait plus de poudre à la fin de cette exécution et on ne sentirait plus le besoin d'en fabriquer.

—Les apôtres étaient animés du même esprit.

—Tiens, tu me fais honneur, tu me compares aux apôtres.”

## ECHO DU BAZAR.

“Tu as acheté un beau livre.

—Trouves-tu, il y en a encore, achetes-en un.

—Ah! oui, mais c'est qu'il faudrait le payer.

## ECHO DU CONCERT.

“Qui présidait au concert?

—Devine, une fille d'Eve disait en parlant du président: oh! il est beau comme le jour!” et une autre a demandé s'il était marié.

—Ah! je devine c'est un étudiant, aux joues couleur de roses. J'en est-il bien tiré.

—Oui, parfaitement; comme à l'Intimé dans les Plaideurs, il nous a donné cinq minutes pour prendre haleine.

## GLANURES.

Change de nom au conduis-toi mieux.

Le roi de Grèce, Alexandre de Grand, passait un jour la revue de ses soldats. On lui en signale un qui s'appelle

Alexandre comme lui et qui se conduisait fort mal. Il le fit sortir des rangs et lui dit, "Ou bien change de nom, ou conduis-toi mieux!"

Si Jésus-Christ, le Roi des Rois, venait sur la terre passer la revue de tous ceux qui portent son nom, ne pourrait-il pas dire aussi à un grand nombre de ces soi-disant chrétiens: "Ou bien appelle-toi païen, ou même une autre vie?"  
2 Timothée 2:19. (Ami Chrétien.)

