

THE
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IN MEMORIAM.

WILLIAM WINTER,

A student of Woodstock College
in the third year of his course.

Born June 5th, 1866. Died July 27th, 1890.

MY BELOVED.

Eager, and blind, the world would know,
 What charms in our "beloved" we find;
 What beauties in his features glow;
 What matchless form of grace or mind;
 What music in his voice we hear,
 That he, than others, is more dear.
 We've seen the landscapes bloom afresh,
 Leaping from death's relaxing hand;
 We've seen them clad in varied dress,
 From vernal bud, to wintry band;
 The fields aglow with flow'rets bright,
 The meadows decked in living green;
 The stars dance through the azure night,
 The moon float through the lifts of sheen;
 The morning scatter pearls of light,
 And tinge with gold the eastern sky;
 The heavens entrance the raptured sight,
 And earth charm the admiring eye:
 But not the fairest flowers that grow,
 Nor charms of earth, or sea, or sky,
 Nor evening tints, nor morning glow,
 With "Sharon's lovely rose" can vie.
 The bow may span the clouded arch,
 Pencilled with bright and beauteous hues
 The sun through fields of ether march,
 Sparkle earth's myriad diamond dews;
 These may inspire the raptured ken,
 But O, for burning words to pen
 His beauties, who has thrilled the heart.
 Nature's are tame, including though,
 All charms, to ear, touch, taste, and eye,
 To "My Beloved," "whom to know
 Is life," love, bliss, that never die.
 The flowers we nourish, bloom and fade,
 And friends we've loved with ashes blend,
 Fadeless, "the lily of the glade,"

Deathless, our everlasting "friend."
Ye mountains stoop, nor stay his speed,
Who cometh leaping o'er your height,
Swifter than winged bird, or steed,
Or viewless air, or arrowy light.
His breath the hoary fields of snow,
Dissolves to myriad, murmuring rills;
His steps like dancing sunbeams glow,
As "he comes skipping o'er the hills."
The fairest blossom has some speck,
Nor faultless leaf on faultless trees,
The sun itself reveals a fleck,
And shadows flit o'er sunniest seas:
But "white and ruddy," *spotlessly*,
And "altogether lovely" He.
The starry worlds that gleaming press,
And round their dazzling centres run;
Are but the outer, meaner dress,
Of him whose glance lights up the sun.
He speaks, and night's fair myriads dance,
While beauty trails the glittering sky;
Lightnings are shadows of his glance,
And suns the curtains of his eye.
The sweetest strains the ear can greet,
Are like hoarse waves upon the shore;
Compared with him whose "lips most sweet"
Wake the soul's music evermore.

WATERFORD.

J. H. Porter

THE MOTIVE TO MISSIONARY ENTERPRISE.

In Mission enterprise, as in any other, there may be many motives clustering around the main one, and there may be so much on the surface that even the toiler himself may be unconscious of the leading one. These secondary motives may have their origin in the main one or they may arise out of the character or training of the individual. Some of them, or indeed all of them, when subordinated to the great purpose may be legitimate and helpful. I think that many persons are largely influenced by a religious *esprit de corps*—a wish to see Christianity spread as they would desire to see the borders of their country extend. Others may be dominated by a denominational spirit—believing that their tenets contain the germ of Gospel truth. We know that this spirit is often worked to swell the funds of all our societies. The romance of missions, as it is called, has no doubt had a great deal to do in deciding fearful hearts and wavering minds. And who will not say that a love of adventure, a thirst for exploration, for knowledge of races or languages, has not played its part in forwarding this mighty enterprise? Who can read the journals of the immortal Livingstone without feeling that this trait, sanctified and ennobled by love to God and men, bore him on through many a dreary day and over many a weary mile? But we must never forget that these motives are very secondary in their character after all, and that many of them will apply to the one sent and not to the sender. There is another class of questions which can only come very indirectly under our heading and yet have a vast influence in determining the final result.

1. Many Christian people are greatly shocked at the idea that a heathen dying without the knowledge of God and His salvation is lost. They have a hazy and indistinct idea that because God will not condemn the heathen for rejecting the Gospel neither will He punish them to the same extent, nor on the same grounds as the wilful rejectors of the Gospel, therefore He will in some way provide for their *salvation*. God is under an infinite obligation to punish sin. There is no sin apart from a moral agent and no punishment except of a being. If the heathen has sinned, that sin must be removed or the heathen will be punished—will be lost.

2. Many good Christian people, and missionaries too, *hope* that,

as the heathen are ignorant of God and His Gospel, God will pity their ignorance and in some mysterious way make them partakers through the Spirit of the benefits of Christ's death. They say this consciousness of guilt which the devotee shows, this longing for light so often met with, indicates the leading of the Spirit, and that God by His spirit would not create such desires without satisfying them. The history of the human race for six thousand years has failed to furnish us one instance of a human being ignorant of God and His Christ who lived a pure and holy life. Does not Paul in his Epistle to the Romans place salvation on a basis which excludes the heathen. He assumes what he elsewhere states, Heb. 11: 6: First, that without *faith* it is impossible to please God. Second, that there can be no faith without hearing or knowledge of God. Third, there can be no saving knowledge of God apart from His Word. "Faith cometh by hearing and hearing by the Word of God.—Rom. 10: 17.

3. Others ask, "If the heathen live up to the light they have will they not be saved?" If they lived up to the light they have they would not need *salvation*. They would be entitled to life if they "do those things." But God's word distinctly says, "They have all gone out of the way. There is none righteous—*no, not one.*"

4. There is still another form of belief which tends to weaken the force of the God-given motive of Mission enterprise. I refer to what is called "the larger hope." This obtains in varying degrees. (a) Only a vague hope which is born of a revulsion of feeling at the supposed harshness of the opposite view. (b) A conviction that God will certainly give many impenitent sinners another chance in a coming world. (c) Those who boldly affirm that God will finally and eternally punish no one. It can, I think, be readily seen how these views would ease the pressure of responsibility upon the Christian's soul in regard to the death of the impenitent.

5. And now I will mention but one more view which I think materially affects this question. I mean the pre-millennial view of Christ's coming. If I understand this view aright, these three points affect our subject:—1. The personal appearing of our Lord in glory at the end of the age, and not the preaching of the Gospel, is to bring about the world's regeneration. 2. Until the Lord come the world will wax worse and worse. 3. In the meantime

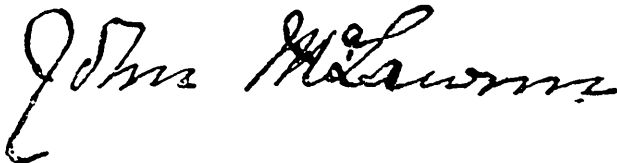
the Gospel is to be preached to all as a *witness* merely. According to this view success does not mean the *salvation* of souls. It means heralding the Gospel. Haste in heralding the Gospel without paying much attention to teaching and training the converts or establishing churches, conduces to superficiality in methods of work, and is the parent of most of the short-cut schools and cheap missionary systems now in vogue. It militates against the greatest hope of the present day in missionary work—the training of an efficient native ministry and to make Christianity indigenous in every country. I have given above the secondary motives what cluster about and give strength and tone to the great motive and also the views which I believe tend to weaken that motive or retard the missionary enterprise. And now:

6. What is the great motive to missionary enterprise? *The glory of God in the salvation of men.* To this end God manifested Himself in Christ. If we can find out the spirit that animated the Lord Jesus in His life and which kept Him steadily to His purpose in temptation, in weariness, in desertion and death; if we can ascertain what enabled Paul to exile himself from home and country and people and rejoice in view of sickness, persecution and death, then I think we shall have arrived at a satisfactory solution of the question.

It seems to me that our God lived a *two-sided* life. He was the God-man. In Him the human and the divine mingled. There was the Godward side and the manward side. On the Godward side we see the utmost deference to the Father's will—His meat and drink. On the manward side—The Son of Man is come to *seek* and to *save* that which was lost. The good shepherd leaves the ninety and nine and *seeks* the one lost one, "and I if I be lifted up will draw all men unto Me." Towards men this is His ever present thought.

Again, mark the commission: Disciple all the nations, baptise them and teach them all things, &c., and in doing this, so I am with you always. What are disciples? Evangelized men like the scribes and Pharisees or the people of Bethsaida and Chorazin? No, but men like Peter and John, like Paul and Timothy and women like Mary and Salome, like Dorcas and Chloe or Priscilla. That is what He commanded them to do. That is what he expects us to do. The apostles' first experiences were along this line.

Three thousand converts on the day of Pentecost. The *saved* were added to them daily. Shortly after 5,000 were brought in. Look at Paul. What is he after? Hear him. "My heart's desire and prayer for Israel is, that they might be saved." He yearns to preach the Gospel in Rome, because it is the power of God unto *salvation*. Love is the root-principle of this motive. God loved the world. He gave His son to express that love, that they should not perish but have everlasting life. God loved lost men. He shed abroad that love in our hearts, therefore we love lost men. He gave His Son to *save* them. We give ourselves to *save* them. For this purpose He became incarnate, was tempted, suffered and died, that He might come near us, touch us and feel with us, all that He might save us and keep us saved. For this reason He has committed this Gospel to men to preach. Angels could herald it, but they could not preach it unto *salvation*. They could not pity and sympathise like a redeemed sinner could, could not lay soul to soul as we can. They could sing—"Glorify to God in the Highest"—but they could not know Paul's soul agony as he says: "For I could wish that I myself were *accursed* from Christ for my brethren's sake, &c." This love of God in our hearts which embraces the human family, as God's does, and which constrains us to seek and to save them, as He seeks and saves them, is the great *impelling, compelling* and alluring motive to missionary enterprise. It was to save some that Paul became all things to all men. It was this divine yearning for the lost which sent Carey to India, Judson to Burmah, Williams to the Pacific, and Elliott to the Indians. What then is the difficulty? Why are the laborers so few and the money so scarce? Ignorance to the need, indifference to the loss of myriad souls, selfishness, inexcusable and blighting, and mammonism of the most God-dishonoring kind. What shall we do? "Repent and do the first works."

A handwritten signature in cursive script, reading "John Williams". The signature is written in dark ink and is positioned above the publisher's name.

WOODSTOCK.

RIGHT GOVERNMENT.

Most of us find it impossible to understand the Anarchist. We regard him as a fiend in human form, fit only for the penitentiary or the death-chair, a lover of riot and murder for its own sake. We are accustomed to refer our freedom as British subjects to good government, and to contrast Britain with Russia and other countries less advanced, what is the difference? The Imperial Parliament allows us (Canadians) to do about as we please, the Tsar tries to make his people do what *he* thinks is right. They are governed much, therefore badly; we are governed little, therefore well; the best government is no Government, says the Anarchist; and there is a sense in which he is right. The average citizen is inconsistent. He holds that our government has a right to rule us, and that we ought to obey. But when he finds it possible to evade a custom law, or when he gets into a region abounding in game, out of the shooting season, he feels justified in making a new law for his own personal benefit. The advantages of organization, of well understood laws regulating trade and social relations, are evident. This is the part of government we prize so highly and without which we should be still in barbarism. But the other part—the army, the bailiffs, police, jails, whipping-posts, gallows, guillotines and death-chairs are *not* a necessary accompaniment of liberty and safety. As society advances, as government is improved, this part becomes less and less prominent, and in a perfect government it will be entirely wanting.

It is generally admitted by enlightened thinkers that no man has a right to injure another, whether the one who does the injury calls himself a thug, highwayman, soldier, slave-driver, policeman or hangman, and whether the injured be called a citizen, soldier, slave thief or murderer, the injury is a wrong because he is a man, a sentient moral being. Every man is bound to allow to every other the liberty he claims for himself. His right to pursue his own pleasure, advantage or safety stops where interference with the liberty of another begins. "What!" you say, "have I not the right to shoot, or at least to arrest, the man who is seeking my life?" You have no more right to injure another or to interfere with his liberty than he has to interfere with you. If he has

wronged you, that justifies neither you or a policeman in doing him a similar or even a lesser wrong.

It is true that the old Jewish law said "An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth," but the old revelation was partial and imperfect. The fuller light said, "Resist not evil," "Give place unto wrath," "If they persecute you in one city, flee unto the next," "Be ye wise as serpents and harmless as doves." The early Christians caught the spirit of their Master and never attempted to overcome evil by force. They were co-workers with the God who allows evil a place in the world, gives it room to grow and flourish and work out with defiant confidence its own destruction, while He directs His servants to overcome it with good—the only possible way. Evil cannot stand forever, "For he must reign till He have put all enemies under his feet."

The moral right of each man to "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness" must be respected by every other man. I am bound to do what I think right, but I have no right to compel you to be subject to my ideas of right or to be my slave in any degree whatever. If I induce my friends, or a majority of my fellow-citizens to join me in compelling you to do my will, contrary to your own, I still do wrong. Yes, were the whole world to unite in oppressing one helpless cripple, the deed would still be wrong. Neither numbers, nor social, religious or political organization, nor the previous character of the injured, can make a wrong deed right.

Some may say, "Of course government without violence is the ideal, and if you can induce thieves and all other law-breakers to behave themselves properly we will welcome the new regime. Till then it is Utopian." To me it appears the other way. When society ceases to hang, imprison and otherwise oppress the criminal and the unfortunate, *then* we may expect to see their condition and manners improve. Years ago the Established Church of England found great difficulty in stamping out dissenters who were (in its estimation) bringing the country to ruin. When the oppression ceased everybody saw how foolish and cruel it had been, and the cause of religion has not suffered in the least by the change. When violence ceases to be a recognized part of political (as it has of religion) government, similar results may be expected. It is not possible to foretell exactly the course of society, but the evidence is very strong that a great moral reformation will follow

the overthrow of the reign of force. Such a thing is possible in the near future. We see churches controlling an army of men and immense sums of money, without force: benevolent societies and labor organizations on the voluntary principle become so powerful that state governments are alarmed. A government without violence would have as much stability and power as any government ought to have. Dissatisfied monarchists might form a republic. Let them do so. It is their right. Twenty different governments on the voluntary plan would be confusing in one country, but not much more so than twenty different religious denominations: and men love order and simplicity whenever it can be obtained. "Debts of honor" are paid at any cost by men we call reprobates. The absence of force would bring all the higher motives of truth and righteousness to the front in commercial life in the new regime, and time might "run back and fetch the age of gold" in which a man would trust his brother or his next-door neighbor.

The truth is we do not believe in liberty: we are afraid of it. Instead of welcoming liberty as the necessary condition of virtue, and the largest liberty as the best ground for righteousness, we seek for restraint, the natural soil of evil, because perchance under the tree of righteousness while surrounded by a high wall we have espied some evil weeds. And when the Sun of Righteousness warns us (knowing well our natures) to tear down the barriers and let the right and good meet and vanquish evil, we shake our heads and say, "Impracticable" to the truest philosophy that ever issued from human lips. Let us have faith in God and in his plan of life—liberty, liberty to do right, liberty to make mistakes and "rise on stepping stones of our dead selves to higher things." It is by falling that we learn to walk alone,—walking is itself a series of skillfully arranged falls. If a wrong is done, the punishment may be left with God who renders to every man according to his deeds. "Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?"

We cannot expect this new order of things, this reign of liberty, to come suddenly. It must be a growth from within, otherwise some violent faction would assume imperial power and the reign of force be established. It must not be forgotten, too, that liberty is nothing but a condition, an opportunity for the power of God to reach its highest development in human hearts. In fact the reign

of liberty is nothing if not identical with the Kingdom of God that Jesus talked so much about, in which *love* is the law implanted in the heart and moulding of the social order.

How can we best hasten the coming of this kingdom? It is evident that if each of us declined to use force, direct or indirect, we should have at once the necessary condition—liberty—and if each one learned to love his neighbor the new kingdom would be fully established. My duty then is plain. It is to refrain from violence in relation to my fellows, and to extend the dominion of love by doing good to all as I can find opportunity. Good does overcome evil, roots it out, destroys it utterly. Force can only change its form or dam its course until the inky torrent bursts its barriers and spends itself in destruction. Under the present rule of force, I will enter heartily into social or political institutions, exercise my civil and political "rights" as far as is possible in harmony with the principles already mentioned. There will be times when I cannot act at all: for instance, on the question of the repeal of the Scott Act. The Act is a forcible interference with individual liberty, and I cannot vote for its continuance. But its repeal will leave us under a law which partly prohibits and partly *authorizes* men to do what I believe to be wrong, and I cannot vote for this. Neither can I accept any office under government which requires that I should use or order the use of violent measures against anyone. I cannot swear allegiance to any government on earth, for that means that at the command of a stranger I am ready to kill my brother or my neighbor. I will not be a murderer to please any man, not even if they threaten to kill me. I will be, here and now, a citizen of the kingdom of life, liberty and love, the Kingdom of God, and will bear the ills that may come with what patience I can command till we all come into the unity of the same spirit in the bond of peace.

And when you pray say, "Our Father who art in Heaven, hallowed be Thy name. Thy Kingdom come."

J. P. Hall

WORCESTER, MASS.

THE CRITIC CRITICISED.

I wrote an article, by request, for THE WOODSTOCK COLLEGE MONTHLY, and it alone, of all the contributions to that periodical has been singled out by the editors, and their reviewer, for reprobation. I hardly think that there is anything in my article on the "Body of Moses" so dangerous as to deserve so summary and so sweeping a condemnation. The positions laid down in my article on Jude 9, and which I flatter myself I firmly established, were as follows: (1) That there are not many but only *one* archangel (ruler of angels) which is Jesus Christ, the "angel of the covenant." (2) Michael, the archangel, is Jesus Christ. (3) That the angel of the Lord, mentioned in Zech. III, 2, and who is there called "*Jehovah*," must be second person of the Trinity, or Michael the archangel. (4) That the angel of the Lord in the vision of Zechariah is represented as contending with the devil, just as stated by the apostle Jude. (5) That in this contention he employs the exact words attributed to Michael the archangel by Jude, viz., "The Lord rebuke thee." (6) That in Zech. III. the contention between the "angel of the Lord" and Satan is about the Jewish people just restored from their captivity as a "brand plucked out of the fire." (7) That the Christian Church is called in the New Testament the "body of Christ." (8) That Moses, the type of Christ, stands precisely in the same relation to the Jewish or typical Church as Christ, the antitype of Moses, does to the Christian Church, the antitype of the Jewish, who are therefore said by the apostle Paul to have been baptised "into Moses." I Cor., X, 2. Having, as I think, firmly established these positions from the Scripture, I drew the obvious conclusion that Jude quoted Zech. III., 2, and that there is no reference whatever to the corpse of the Jewish lawgiver, but to the Jewish people, about whom the contention was and who are the mystical body of Moses. For drawing this conclusion my article is represented as a striking example of "*reductio ad absurdum*," very dangerous in its tendency, and dishonoring to the Bible. As I do not wish my friends in Ontario to suppose that since I came to Dakota I have departed from the faith, I request a little space in which to defend myself against the unreasonable statements of my reviewer. He affirms (for he attempts to prove

nothing) that I regard the Bible as a "system of riddles." I think few will impute this to me simply because I hold the above positions! Why did not my critic attempt to *disprove* these positions before he considered himself entitled to *denounce* them so contemptuously? "Moreover," says he, "the moral lesson is obscured, if not completely obliterated by his interpretation." I see no force in this remark! The moral lesson of Jude was not founded on the *subject of the dispute*, but simply on the *temperate manner* of Michael's reproof of Satan. As far as this moral lesson is concerned, it matters not whether the contention was about the *literal* or the *mystical* body of Moses.

"What force," continues my critic, "will this passage have, if we say that we must forbear using railing accusations, because on a certain occasion the forces of good, fighting against the forces of evil, did not rail?" Now, where did I say this? or anything approaching to it? I will refrain from using a "railing accusation" against my reviewer; but I will simply say, "the Lord rebuke thee" for attempting to denounce an article which you have not carefully read; and the arguments on which it is based you do not understand! I showed, not that the "*forces of good*" did not rail; but that the "*angel of the Lord*," Michael the archangel, did not rail, but said out, "The Lord rebuke thee."

"It is much better," he adds, "to suppose that Jude meant what he said." Who has denied this? The question is not what Jude *said*; but whether he used *literal* or *typical* language. The Papists quote the words of our Lord, "This is my body;" and then, like my critic, think they have settled the whole question of the real presence, by saying, "It is much better to believe that our Lord means just what he says." He continues, "It is much better to *conjecture* that there was a tradition current in his day, that there had been a fight between Michael and the devil, about the body of Moses."

"Then," he continues, "we get a sensible moral lesson from it." We are much more likely, in my judgement, to obtain a sensible moral lesson from the passage of Scripture, quoted by Jude, than if the apostle had trumped up this most absurd tradition about a free "fight" between Michael and the devil.

Wherever do the apostles extract moral lessons from the current traditions of the day?

In conclusion, I must continue to hold that the apostle Jude alluded, not to the *literal*, but to the *mystical* body of Moses, the Jewish people that he quotes Zech. III, 2, and that he makes no reference whatever to this senseless tradition, which never existed, but in the brain of my reviewer.

Let my critics first successfully *rebut my arguments*, and then their denunciations will have some weight with sensible men!

I think the most casual glance at my critic's brief attempt at reviewing my article will fully sustain his assertion that he is "no theologian."



ST. THOMAS, NORTH DAKOTA.

STUDENTS' QUARTER.

ESTHETICS IN RELIGION.

Instinctively and often intuitively we love the beautiful. At the season of the year when the whole face of nature glows with verdure and fragrance, one must be utterly devoid of poetic feeling that does not frequently burst out in exclamation with—"How beautiful!" On the other hand practical life says "the useful" is of more importance to the human family than "the beautiful."

"The beautiful" has been accorded a place, but a subordinate place in all God's work whether in creation, provision, redemption or salvation. Man, to whom "godliness (godlikeness) is great gain" can scarcely do better than to imitate the Divine example. As we now admire the tree full of blossom, hopes of the future fruit, more necessary and useful than blossom, are born. It is true that blossoms fade and fruits decay, but fruits help to sustain life while blossoms only please the senses. Every tree and vegetable has first its flower then its fruit (if it be a fruit-bearing tree), the one to sustain life, the other to gladden and brighten it. Fruits are more enduring than flowers and so more useful. Blossoms only scatter themselves on the summer air; fruits are

carefully gathered and stored. In the animal world it is beautiful to watch the lambs at play on the hillside, but is it not of more practical value to remember that wool and mutton are thus being provided by our Father's hand to sustain life? Specimens of sparkling minerals may be gathered into cabinets and become the admiration of those who love the beautiful, but it is an unpractical use of minerals to hoard them for mere admiration. They have a higher use than curiosity—the service of man—God's first intention in creating them.

To be like God, then, we must provide for the necessary and useful and not neglect the beautiful; the former as the grand object of life, usefulness; the later as the mere blossom, incidental.

God's work in redemption and salvation is made to conform to similar laws. True, pure-hearted religion has its flowers and its fruits. It is never wholly destitute of beauty. Paul writes of the "*ornament* of a meek and quiet spirit" and though a lovely, self-denying character be hidden under a coarse exterior it never lacks admiration.

But religion is not *mere* adornment, either of mind or heart. It consists of hard heart-work, of duty done—in short, of obedience to God. Duty often calls to tasks which are far from beautiful, sometimes painful, repulsive and even repugnant. Yet if it be the call of duty it is religion to obey, sin to disobey. True, a religion of implicit obedience to God may and will often lead one to do beautiful things. Beautiful songs, words, thoughts and deeds may all spring from pure, undefiled religion, but they are not religion itself. They are the flowers of it. Beautiful songs, words, thoughts and deeds are often born of other motives. People often do beautiful things because they are beautiful and not because they are right or because God asks it. For example: An imposing ritual, compiled to aid the soul in its devotion, may be participated in by a worshiper from a heart-motive or from a mere love of the beautiful. In the one case it is religion, in the other only an intellectual indulgence. Chant and song and intonation may all aid true devotion, but there is the danger lest someone should think that God will accept chant and song and intonation for religion. The poor publican's prayer was utterly devoid of these embellishments or adornments, yet it was sincere, and the sincerity of it commended it to the great Teacher. Beauty and sincerity

may go hand in hand, but the beauty should ever have a subordinate place. When Jesus, the only perfect man, was on earth, it is not a great stretch of the imagination to think of Him as having been a person of imperial presence and manly courage. Surrounded by a thrilled and transfixed audience of those who said, "Never man spake like this man," we could worship him as a person of worth and dignity. But it is only as we view Him in sweat, and groans, and tears, and blood at Gethsemane and Calvary that we see the "Lamb of God bearing away the sin of the world" and are led to exclaim, "My Lord and my God!" Here the beautiful and poetic has given place to the tragic, weird and sorrowful scenes of stern, cold, unrelenting duty. Yet, this is religion: the other was mere diversion. He has left us an example that we should follow in his steps. Shall we look for and perform the beautiful and pleasing duties of religion and leave the weightier matters of stern duty unperformed? A prayer may be very beautiful but heartless, a song beautiful but meaningless, a sermon beautiful but worthless as a religious exercise, a noble deed may look beautiful from the exterior, but if the motive in its performance be unworthy the core is rotten. A young bride, well known to the writer, used to pray that her first child might be as beautiful as a waxen figure that adorned her stately mansion. Her prayer was answered. Her first lovely babe was as beautiful as the statue, "Eyes had it but it saw not, ears but it heard not, lips but it spake not:" fair auburn tresses, sparkling blue eyes, and cherry lips, but *deaf, and dumb, and blind*. Yet the prayer was answered. This is like some forms of religion, beautiful but dead, perfect in form but lifeless. If a true heart religion lead us to love the beautiful and cultivate true refinement it is well, but if *mere* adornment and culture and refinement and hauteur spring from one's religion it were better to have none. A bouquet of flowers sent to cheer the inmates of an hospital is certainly a beautiful act, but it is not religion unless done for Christ's sake; jealousy, vanity or rivalry might prompt such an act, but if it be in obedience to His words—"Inasmuch as ye did it to one of the least of these my little ones ye did it unto me," the reward is sure.

Yet there are those who sprinkle infants as a religious exercise *because it is beautiful*, utterly regardless of the fact that God has

neither sanctioned nor commanded it, any more than he has sanctioned being baptized for the dead, 1 Cor. 15: 26: both were early church errors and one still lives. We do not deny that this ancient remnant of folly may be beautiful, but this does not make it right. And there are those who believe in baptism of believers because the service is beautiful, it may be, it often is, but one thing is certain, it is a plain oft-repeated command, and cannot be ignored, "to obey is better than sacrifice and to hearken than the fat of rams," 1 Samuel 4: 22. In religion the beautiful has its place, but it is always a subordinate place. To do right is better than to do or say pretty things.

O. G. Langford.

WOODSTOCK.

THOUGHTS ON HERO WORSHIP.

Heroism is what makes history, poetry and fiction glow with attractiveness. Around the world's heroes cluster the great events of its history, and in reading the great story of the past we find that on every hand the hero is the object of veneration and even of worship by his fellow man. What this worship amounts to depends greatly upon men's conception as to what a hero is. The hero to the ancient mind was vastly different from what he is to us. He was under the special favors of the gods. Though human he was possessed of superhuman powers and claimed descent from one of the muses or more frequently the higher deities. Hercules, the son of Zeus and Almena, a giant of invincible strength, was one of the most celebrated of ancient heroes. Antaeus, another hero, was, according to mythology, the son of Neptune. His strength was invincible so long as he remained in touch with his mother earth. Hercules, his rival, when wrestling with him, discovered this, lifted him from the earth and crushed him in the air. Achilles and Ulysses, great figures in the Trojan war, were fair examples of the ancient hero. We are told that the body of the former was invulnerable except in the feet and ankles, where the instrument of death did its work. He was the handsomest and bravest of the Greeks, most formidable in battles, and when roused to anger would, with his thundering voice alone, put the enemy to flight. Thus heathen tradition and mythology clothe its heroes

with fabulous strength, peculiar faculties and exalt them in death to be worshipped as gods and heroes.

The modern conception of a hero however is different. He is a man and nothing more. True, his life may be shielded from a thousand arrows of death while as many men are falling about him. His intellect may tower far above the ordinary. The destiny of nations may have been placed in his hands. His deeds of valor or philanthropy, his intrepid will unshaken in the midst of the greatest tumult and strongest opposition, may be the wonder of the world, but he is human, of like passions with us and we give him the veneration due to a man. The true hero is the "noblest work of God"—an honest man. Like one of England's heroes he does what other men think about and that not for self-glory, but for the cause of humanity and the triumph of goodness and truth. His cause may demand the sacrifice of his life, but he will "strike sail to fear." Like the noble Socrates, who drank the deadly hemlock rather than bow to the absurdities of Pagan worship and the superstition and vice of his people, he holds to his course rather than vitiate his cause. Milton was an example of the true hero. In his fidelity to the cause of English freedom and purity, in the noble purpose and unequalled purity of his poetry, one cannot fail to see and admire the nobleness and beauty of his character. "Love virtue," he said, "she alone is free."

The hero is the brave man, not only in the battle field, but in every walk of life. He has a definite object before him, and bends his whole energies in the direction of that object. Nothing can shake his purpose if he believes he is right. He is scornful of being scorned. Opinion? He is done with. Opposition? He, like Napoleon before the Alps, "will make circumstances" and over-ride it.

There are traits of character, qualities of mind, great and noble actions in the life of every hero, which we are bound to respect and admire. The genius of Alexander the Great, his chivalry, his courage and valor, his love for the heroic even in his rivals: the combined statesmanship, generalship and literary genius of Caesar: the intrepid determination and daring of Columbus, Cook and Greely: the generalship and ambition of Bonaparte: even the tears of his conqueror, "the Iron Duke," as he rides over the plain by moonlight and views the fallen heroes of Waterloo, call for our admiration and praise.

But who are the heroes that call for our highest veneration, and as ideal men, merit the imitation of all? Are they not those who identify themselves with the cause of liberty and truth, whose sword, whose pen and whose voice are devoted to the highest interests of humanity? When we think of the ardent zeal for the discovery of truth and the welfare of man in Luther: when we know the noble purposes of Gustavus Adolphus in Europe and John Hampden of the English Commons, or the spirit that moved Cromwell on to victory: or when we see the heroic purpose in the life of that godly missionary and explorer—Dr. Livingstone—as he brings to the savages of the Dark Continent the light and blessing of Christianity, we catch an inspiration of the highest and purest kind—an inspiration that awakens new courage in hours of despondency, loftier purpose in the discharge of life's duties, and an ambition that finds its goal not in self-glory, but in the glory of the Most High.

"In the world's broad field of battle" its grandest heroes may have retired from action, but they have not fallen. They are immortal. They live in history. Their noble lives, their glorious deeds have not passed into oblivion, but will be kept ever before those who love to admire, revere, praise, delight in, and best of all, to imitate noble behavior—the best that is in the world's best men.

This to my mind is "hero worship." Who can do without it? How far short the man has come who imagines that he has arrived at that point where he can climb no higher? And how grovelling the life that has no ideal, no bright pole-star to guide and point onward and upward?

"The world," says Emerson, "is upheld by the veracity of good men," and he adds that "life is sweet and tolerable only in our belief in such society." Then, if not actually, may we not at least ideally live with superiors, that life may become glad and a greater good to those who live with us? From such companionship we may learn with Scott that

"One crowded hour of glorious life
Is worth an age without a name."

WOODSTOCK.

C. W. King.

ON THE STUDY OF ENGLISH.

We all have thoughts. Speech is but the expression of these thoughts. Language is the medium of speech. If, then, our thoughts are noble, lofty, and holy, ought not also their expression in words—written or spoken—to be such as to befit their quality of dignity and worth. For this purpose our language should be choice, flexible, well-constructed, and free from all that would tend to create a false impression of the character of the thoughts which it is intended to convey, so that we may be enabled to present our ideas in the very best form possible.

The English language possesses the above named characteristics in a very marked degree. It seems to have combined within itself many of the excellencies, without the defects of the Celtic, Latin, Danish, Norman-French and other languages. It offers a wide scope for the selection of suitable words for use in our communications one with another, and in short, is almost the ideal language, abounding, as it does, in poetical expression, yet presenting the meaning in so plain a manner as to render ambiguity a trouble seldom encountered.

Ought we not, then, with the predominant object of improvement in view to endeavor to devote more time to the enlargement of our knowledge regarding the perfection and beauty of this language, as exemplified in all good literature. We are familiar with but few of the writings of our best authors, although in fact, it can never be otherwise: still, it is our bounden duty to become as well versed as possible in the productions of our best writers, so that it may follow, as a natural consequence, that in imitating them we may become accustomed to use pure and superior language, and consequently to be visited with an ever-increasing succession of pure and beautiful thoughts.

G. H. Clarke.

WOODSTOCK.

LONGFELLOW AS AN ARTIST.

LECTURE BY WM. HOUSTON, M. A., LIBRARIAN OF LEGISLATIVE
ASSEMBLY, TORONTO.

On Tuesday evening, 23rd inst., a large audience greeted Mr. Wm. Houston as he appeared on the platform to give his lecture on Longfellow. Mr. Houston is widely known as an earnest student of English literature and also as a devoted advocate of correct and rational methods of teaching and studying our great writers. He has done much by his addresses at Teachers' Institutes to effect a reformation in the methods of our public and high schools.

Mr. Houston on appearing was greeted with applause. He began by asking permission to change the subject of his lecture so as to make it of more general interest to the mixed audience he had to address, and gave as a definite title "The Aesthetic in Literature." He proceeded to emphasize the importance of the aesthetic in all the arts and stated that after religion the aesthetic element of life—the power to beget and enjoy pleasurable sensations—was the greatest, seeing that it made life worth living. The thought was advanced that in all the arts the aesthetic was the great central principle. Taking the various arts in the ascending scale of their importance, architecture, painting, sculpture, music and literature, he pointed out how very essential was the principle that the object of art is to beget pleasure, clearly showing as he proceeded that the greater the possibilities of an art the more important did the aesthetic principle become and that therefore in the case of literature, especially in that branch called poetry (the noblest of the arts because subject to fewer limitations than painting or the other fine arts), it is especially worthy of attention.

Mr. Houston then, to confirm his position, asked the question, "What do the poets themselves think about this matter? Do they attach the greater importance to the aesthetic or the artistic?" By opposite quotations he brought out the wonderful consensus of opinion on this matter in the minds of the artistic literary class of poetical writers, Matthew Arnold, Longfellow, Wordsworth and Tennyson, were all quoted at greater or less length to show that in their idea of their art the description of beauty for its own sake

was the most important thing within the reach of their possibilities, a thing that in this case was also the most important as regards the welfare of the human race.

The lecturer then went on to state that seeing that the main element of artistic production is to give pleasure, the main object in studying a literary masterpiece must be to get pleasure. He pointed out the necessity of bearing this thought in mind whether we study literature critically in school or in the way of general pleasure in after life. The remembrance of this thought would, it was urged, save us from that minute, philological and critical study of individual words that prevented a general grasp of the author's work as a whole, as one great masterpiece. And it was also stated that if we read for pleasure we would be sure to read not the commentator but the author himself. After eloquently enunciating and enforcing this truth the lecturer, amid earnest applause, took his seat.

After the lecture had concluded it was remarked on all hands that few, if any, of the lectures delivered under College auspices had been of equal excellence of thought and motive.

WOODSTOCK.

T. O. N.

EDITORIAL.

It is as fitting, as it is the natural thing to the members of the editorial staff, in this the first number after vacation to express in as tender words as possible their deep regret at the loss of their associate and treasurer, Wm. Winter. There is something almost inexpressibly sad in the death of a student, especially of one intending to devote his life as a minister of the Gospel to the welfare of his fellow men. All the old boys, all the masters, all that were acquainted with Wm. Winter feel deeply this grief. What student can ever forget that address of his at the debate with the Collegiate Institute boys last winter! And then his whole student life—his modesty, kindness, ability, piety—almost perfect!

But deep and sincere as is the general grief, we, as editors, feel even more a peculiar and very personal regret, for engaged in the

establishing of a College paper with a high ideal before us, and therefore encountering from the outset difficulties, discouragements and anxieties, we seem to ourselves to have lost a guide while his identification with every task and every burden makes us feel we cannot well do without him. And then his advice. When there has been wavering, or when it has been urged that we stand still, when the question has been cheap and gossipy or expensive and excellent, he has said enlarge, improve, do all things well. And to-night as we sit in our sanctum to consider jointly our editorial notes we feel that we must as we loved him and as he helped us, work in the light of his thoughts and do all we can to do honest and adding work. We feel how very poor and inadequate are these words and with hearts saddened by his removal yet glad because of our faith in his present welfare and joy, we cannot but look to God and ask Him to make us like the friend we have lost.

THE HISTORICAL COMMITTEE

We commend to our readers, very especially the Committee appointed by the Judson Missionary Society of the College, to collect and preserve documents of value in the history of the denomination. In the College library a considerable space has been placed at the disposal of the Committee, and there in a prominent place is growing what may some day be to our denomination its most important historical collection. The history of the Baptists in Canada has yet to be written. We trust that their future is to be even better than their past, but this can only be as we honor that past and preserve its inspirations. To preserve this inspiration and to make it possible to write that history it is necessary that we begin to collect and treasure every pamphlet, every newspaper clipping, every number of our denominational paper, every associational report, every year book, everything in short that states a single fact about our life and work. The members of the Historical Committee, whose names may be found in another column, are doing all they can by correspondence and personal interview to gather materials, and with some success. We think it will be felt that the endeavor is in every sense laudable and we trust that the sympathy will be so strong that the members

of the Churches throughout Canada will not wait to be asked but will forward the material or send information of its whereabouts.

V. ALL.

We are sorry that in the natural course of events one of the editors of THE MONTHLY, Mr. A. R. Gregory, is leaving the school. Upon him fell the weight of the work of the organization of THE MONTHLY. It was he that secured the support of our advertisers. He, more than any of the rest of us, took the paper to his heart. When the forms were running through the press, it was he that watched them safely through. Many a time his place in the dining hall has been vacant, and his cup of tea has turned cold while he has been watching that the printer or the binder has done his work well. He was, or rather is, the father of THE MONTHLY. He has had more worry, and perhaps more joy, than has any person else connected with the work. We say nothing about his influence on the school. It was quiet, yet, to a careful observer, very strong. How many boys in the Preparatory Class will miss his tender words, and his gentle, yet positive encouragement. To more than one it will be hard and painful to have to go to others for the advice he so kindly gave. We wish him every success in his University studies.

OUR EDUCATIONAL WORK.

We hesitate, because of lack of sufficient space, to call attention to the opening of the Arts College of McMaster University and to the appointments that have been made to the vacant chairs in Theology and in Arts. We do however state most positively our strong confidence that in both Arts and Theology this coming year will be marked by the greatest success. Toronto Baptist College is in a better position to do good work than it has been for years. The addition of two strong men such as Rev. Dr. Goodspeed and Rev. Thos. Trotter means not only excellent work in their own department, but also an opportunity for the other professors to give to their departments the time and care that were impossible during the past years. The professors in Arts have, everyone,

already made their record individually and there is no reason why collectively Dr. Rand, Professors Campbell, McKay, Clarke and McKenzie should not make the Arts College as thorough going as any on the continent. We rejoice at the prospects of a large attendance even in this the first year.

OUR ARTICLES.

It is perhaps pardonable in us to take a little pride in pointing to the table of contents of this number. The Rev. Jno. McLaurin's paper on the "Motive to Missionary Enterprise" is very comprehensive and thoughtful and will awaken much interest. We hope in coming numbers to have the subject further discussed by other representative thinkers. The paper on "Right Government" by Dr. Hall will make the reader do some thinking. Opinions will vary as they do in the editorial sanctum on the correctness of the views expressed, but all will admit that it is one of the most thoughtful and thought-beggetting papers that we have published. It is with great pleasure that we give space to Dr. Crawford's article, "The Critic Criticized," although we cannot see that we did as editors "single him out" for unfriendly criticism. Our object however is to give every opportunity for discussion, and if we have been guilty it is right that attention should be called to it and if we have not been guilty such attention can do us no harm. At any rate we value Dr. Crawford too highly to risk the loss of his friendship and good will. He has done such service for the denomination that we would be untrue to our conception of our work if we were in any way to throw discredit upon him. We have omitted to say anything about the poem by Mr. Porter simply because a poem is properly not a subject for prosaic criticism. We are sure, however it will be greatly enjoyed by all our readers.

COLLEGE NOTES.

WITH APOLOGIES TO THE AUTHOR OF "EVANGELINE."

This is the College at Woodstock, the murmuring students and freshmen,
 Bearded with down, and with faces forlorn, are hour by hour returning,
 Fresh from their summer vacation, with thoughts of those joys departed,
 With thoughts of the five-pound perch, and boating, shooting and swimming,
 Once again to resume their studies, and again to wield the lacrosse-stick
 With energy unaltered, and with promise of future achievements.
 Here once again is the Telpole and here in their old-time vigor
 Stands the Batavian corps, increased to four as a total :
 " Jack Frost " will be with us this winter, and a Sycamore in full bloom.
 One thing alone causes pain, the old third has disbanded,
 No Moore shall we here Porter's songs, or applaud the orations of Daniels.
 All, all have fled, and their places are taken by strangers.
 Let us hope they will prove as faithful, and, even, if possible, more so.
 Toronto sends forth her sons determined to do her honor,
 Clare Piper and Langley and Lobb, the future lawn tennis champion ;
 Torrance, he of the Oracle, and Rusty, still ardent in playing.
 McCullough with his Uncle Stuart, from Canada's distant Capital,
 Standing the crowd at Lacrosse and speeding the sphere of leather.
 Lee and the Garrows are back, and also that noble bird Cummingz,
 Keating from City of Oil, and Bain from his labours unwearied.
 Our King is with us again, but no Earl do we see in the corridors.
 J. B. Fat strings his mandolin, and Overholt runs o'er his fiddle.
 Twelve-year-old Emmett is here, and Dale, the player of football.
 Scott of the Forest is back and his namesake from far off Listowell.
 Last for the nonce, Mr. Bewell appears as a new professor,
 Governor of the Preparatory and Director of Physical Culture.
 Such is the College of Woodstock, and some of its occupants many,
 Drinking in knowledge, and syrup, and world-famed College coffee.

We miss some of the last year's boys.

FRESHMEN are in the majority this term.

IN APPEARANCE the East Building in its new dress of paint and curtains
 has now almost eclipsed the West Building.

Do NOT ask to see a young lady home at nights without previous intro-
 duction unless you wish to be left nights of Frost.

REV. E. W. DAINSON, always welcome at the College, has favored us
 several times with his genial presence since our opening.

A STRUGGLE in football the other day between the East and West buildings resulted in a victory for the East men of five games to two.

Geo. Porter has again distinguished himself on the athletic field by recently winning the 100 yds race for the championship of London.

THE EXCELSIOR SOCIETY.--Following are the officers for the fall term: Pres., J. O. Doran; Vice, E. Merry; Sec. Treas, T. L. Rice; Critic, H. Bewell.

THE latest edition to the College library is a beautifully bound edition of the *Henry Irving Shakespeare* in eight magnificent volumes. It is, as a boy remarked, just a beauty.

AT THE time of going to press Mrs. Wolverton is lying very near the point of death. Deeply beloved by all who know her it is not necessary to ask either sympathy for the husband or prayer for the sufferer, both will be eagerly and lovingly accorded.

MARRIED. At Burgessville, at the residence of the bride's father, by Rev. D. B. Colloc, Miss Sadie E. Snyder to Dr. J. Fraire of Brantford. Both were former students of the College, and THE MOSTLY with pleasure tenders its congratulations and best wishes.

THE PHILOMATHIC SOCIETY is in a very flourishing condition this term, and under the newly elected staff of officers good solid work should be done by its members. Pres., E. Seldon; Vice, F. Langley; Sec. Treas., W. T. Bunt; Critic, Mr. D. W. Clarke; Editor "Oracle," J. B. Torrance; Marshall, T. A. P. Frost.

DR. E. HALL of Brantford, specialist of the eye and ear, paid a visit to the College lately and made a thorough examination of all the students in attendance at the College. We believe that if all students could receive the instructions and advice that the doctor gave while here, many of the life-long hindrances to efficient work could be averted.

LACROSSE. It would be hard to find better individual players than we have on our team, but they are a little lacking in team work. We know the boys will improve very much as they have a match with Bright in view to play shortly. The officers are as follows: Pres., M. DeCew; Vice, W. H. Rice; Sec.-Treas., C. S. Cameron; Capt., F. Langley; Curator, J. B. Torrance.

CRICKET has once more made its appearance upon our college grounds. It seems a pity that there are so few players in the school of this old and noble game. However, it is hoped that under the fostering care of its President, Mr. Huston; its Vice-President, Mr. J. B. Paterson; the Field Captains, Messrs. Langford and Gregg, and the Captain of the team, Mr. A. W. Stone, the game will increase in popularity.

MR. GEORGE SALE was ordained at Jarvis Street Baptist Church Toronto, on Friday Sept. 19th, and left on the following Monday to take charge of Baptist Seminary in Atlanta. All who know Mr. Sale will rejoice that his health is so far restored as to enable him to enter upon work for which he is eminently fitted, and we feel safe in predicting that he will prove an efficient Principal and will do good work for the Master.

THAT good friend of the College, Mr. Thos. Lailey, Toronto, has just presented the library with a large number (140) of volumes carefully selected by him during his recent stay in London, England. We have not space to give the titles of the books comprising the collection. This we hope to do in our next number. We wish that Mr. Lailey could have heard the applause of the students that greeted the Principal's announcement of the gift. It indicated the genuine feeling of gratitude in the boys' hearts.

FOOT BALL. On the 3rd inst., and before the boys were settled for the session's work, the numerous foot-ball enthusiasts of the College held a rousing meeting for the re-organizing the club. The officers appointed were: Pres., H. S. Robertson, B.A.; Vice, M. DeCew; Sec. Treas: A. S. Glasgow; Curator, W. H. Rice; Capt., H. Bewell. The Captain is much elated by the quantity of first class material he has at his command. Go in for it boys, talk little on the field, study the game and success will often be ours.

JUDSON MISSIONARY SOCIETY. In the past much good has been accomplished by the Society, so in the future we will not be surprised to hear of some of the members being engaged in missionary work. The officers for term are: Pres., (*ex-officio*) W. H. Huston, M.A.; Vice, J. Bullen; Corresponding Secretary, D. Nimmo; Recording Secretary, O. G. Langford; Treas., H. S. Robertson, B.A.; Excelsior Committee, Prof. D. K. Clarke and Messrs. Bain, Torrance and Sycamore; Historical Committee, Messrs. N. Wolverton, B.A., C. W. King, H. H. Hurley, A. W. Stone, Archie Darroch.

WE ARE pleased to state that while the many departments of our work are developing, our museum is not behind in its share of success. The following valuable donations are among those made since last issue: An Indian Head-Dress of the Cree Tribe, by Mr. G. H. Clarke; an English Bible, printed 1613; a Telegu Bible and a fifty cent silver coin of the Argentine Republic, Rev. Jno. McLaurin; a large Tortoise Shell, by Mr. T. A. P. Frost; Indian Relics, by Mr. Geo. A. Scott; a Japanese Idol and specimens of Japanese Minerals, by Rev. Mr. White, Baptist Missionary, this collection to be followed soon by a large collection of Japanese Curiosities; two pairs of Deer Horns and a Beaver's Tail, by Master Stewart I. McLeod of Muskoka; a large Coral, by Mr. Howard H. Hall.