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## Our Graduates' Pulpit.

### CASTING ANXIETY UPON GOD.

A SERMON BY REV. H. C. SUTHERLAND, B.A., GARMAN, MAN.

"Casting all your anxiety upon Him, because He careth for you."—1 Peter, v. 7. (R. V.)

He that grasps the principle of this verse, gets hold of the true philosophy of life. When the believer acquires the habit of casting all his anxiety upon the Lord, he attains a Christian experience that makes life well worth living. Blessed is he that knows how to leave all his troubles with God! Blessed is he that can say with the Christian poet,

"My times are in thy hand ;  
My God, I wish them there,  
My life, my soul, my all I leave  
Entirely to thy care."

for he has learned the great secret of Christian living!

In the verse chosen as a text, the apostle urges believers to cast all their

anxiety upon God, and he supports this advice by a strong argument—God cares for us. Let us first consider the argument, and then the duty which the apostle urges.

I. God Cares for Us.—The God whom we love and serve is not like the gods worshipped by many of the heathen, who are supposed to be so exalted and distant that they take little interest in the affairs of men. Though He is seated upon the throne of the universe, and dwells in the highest heavens, He is interested in the welfare of the meanest of His creatures, and condescends to regard their wants. If we look around us for evidence that God cares for us, we can find many of them.

(1.) We have a proof of this fact in the work of creation. God has made a wonderful provision for our happiness and comfort in the work of creation.

He has spread a firmament over us of illimitable blue, and has filled it with myriads of beautiful orbs of light. He has given us the sun to light and warm the earth by day, to make the fields and forests "bring forth and bud," and to reveal to us the beauties of the works of his hands. He has given us the moon and stars to give light by night, and to help also to reveal the glory of the Creator, for "the heavens declare the glory of God." Beneath the surface of the earth He has laid up vast stores of minerals, useful and precious, and reservoirs of oil. He has covered the earth with animals for man's service, and with vegetation for his and their use. He has painted the grass a green which is restful to the eye, and has sprinkled it with flowers of exquisite form and hue. In these and many other ways, in preparing the earth for his habitation, God has manifested his care for man.

When we turn our attention from the world about us to our own bodies and minds, and consider the susceptibilities of the natures with which God has endowed us, we have further weighty evidence of this fact, that He cares for us. If He did not care for us He could easily have given us no susceptibilities but those of pain. He might have given us a taste to which all food would be bitter, an ear upon which all sounds would jar, an eye to which all sights would be unpleasant, a sense of smell to which all odors would be offensive, a sense of touch to which all surfaces would be painful. He might have endowed us with a mental nature which would find no pleasure in the pursuit of knowledge, and a moral nature which would give us pain when we did right; and pleasure when we did wrong. In a word, if God did not care for us, He could have given us a nature with susceptibilities which would make our life here a very hell on earth. But He has given us a nature with susceptibilities which can give us the most varied and

exquisite enjoyment. He has given us a moral nature which usually makes it pleasant to do right, and painful to do wrong, and has endowed us with intellectual powers which are capable of almost unlimited development, and which often find the keenest delight in the pursuit of knowledge. He has given us a sense of touch which finds certain surfaces grateful, a sense of smell which is pleased with sweet odors, a taste which makes the partaking of food pleasant, an eye which can thrill the soul with its visions of the beauties of art and of nature, and an ear which can charm us with "the concord of sweet sounds." The fact that God has formed us with such capacities for enjoyment, and has created such a beautiful world for our habitation, is an evidence that He cares for us.

(2.) We have another evidence of this interesting fact that God cares for us in the providence which He exercises over us. He sustains our life completely and constantly. He does not take care of us as a parent takes care of a child, by attending to our wants periodically, and leaving us most of the time to ourselves. He surrounds us and supports us, and penetrates us with life every moment. We are liable unconsciously to become taken up with the idea that God winds us up, as we wind up a piece of machinery, and then lets us run for a while, until we need winding up again. But that idea is utterly out of keeping with the fact. God is constantly actively engaged in supporting our life. He never for a moment withdraws His sustaining power from us. In our waking and in our sleeping, He is ceaselessly directly exerting that power to make the heart beat, and the thin red tide flow in our veins, and the lungs inhale and exhale the breath of life. If He should cease to do so for a moment, that moment would be our last. In Him we exist. As the apostle finely puts it; "In Him we live, and move, and have our being."

"I know not where His islands lift  
Their fronded palms in air ;  
I only know I cannot drift  
Beyond His love and care."

Christ taught that God exercises a very particular providence over us. A sparrow in ancient, as in modern times, was not regarded as of much value. You could buy a couple of them in Palestine for a cent. And yet no sparrow ever fell on the ground without the Father. His Son assures us that He regards us of more value than many sparrows. What a comforting illustration this is of the fact that God cares for us! Christ also tells us that the hairs of our head are all numbered. Have you ever thought of all that is implied in that fact? Does it not imply that He exercises a very particular providence over us, and that He cares very much for us? He who numbers the hairs of our head will not forget us. He careth for us.

(3.) We find another evidence of the fact that God cares for us, in the work of redemption. The giving of the Son of His bosom to leave the glories and joys of heaven, to come down into this world of sin, to live in human flesh, being subject to human laws, and finally to endure the agonies of crucifixion in order that we might be delivered from sin and its consequences, is a conclusive proof of the fact that He loves us. No greater evidence of the love of God is really possible than the cross of Calvary. "Hereby perceive we the love of God, because He laid down His life for us." "Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that He loved us and gave His Son to be the propitiation for our sins." In the light of the cross we cannot doubt the love of God.

These are a few of the evidences we have of the fact that God cares for us apart from the direct statements to this effect in His Word. He has manifested His love for us in the work of creation, in the work of providence, and in the work of redemption.

Let us now pass on to consider the

duty or privilege which grows out of this great fact that God cares for us:

II. We should cast all our anxiety upon Him. "Casting all your anxiety upon Him, because He careth for you." There is a kind of concern about the future that is not forbidden in the Scriptures. It might perhaps be defined as prudential forethought. It leads men to make provision for the future. We have an illustration of this forethought in the conduct of the husbandman. In the springtime he sows his seed, that in time to come he may be provided with the necessaries of life. This is care for the future - it is taking thought for the morrow, and no sane man will say it is wrong in this way to take thought for the morrow. This is a kind of care that is right and necessary. When Jesus said, "Take no thought for the morrow," he did not forbid this prudential forethought. What He did forbid was anxiety. The Revised Version brings out His meaning better, "Be not anxious for the morrow." It is right to take thought, but wrong to be anxious for the morrow. In Phil. iv. 6, we find the same blessed injunction, "In nothing be anxious." Thus it is God's will that we should never be anxious. There are doubtless some present to-night who are anxious about something almost every day, sometimes very anxious. Here is God's loving command to you, "In nothing be anxious ;" and here is virtually the same command in other words, "Cast all your anxiety upon Him."

The crucial question is, how can this be done? How can the believer cast his anxiety upon God? As I understand the Scriptures, this is the answer: "Use the means at your disposal to the best of your ability, and leave the result with God, confiding in His goodness and wisdom, and believing that He will do the best." If we use the means at our disposal to the best of our ability, we have done our part, and we can safely leave the result in the hands of God,

He will do the best for us. If I believe in my heart that God reigns in the heavens and on the earth, that He controls all the events of my life, and if I do the very best I can, I need not be anxious about the result. I shall take my place at His feet, and say, "Thy will, not mine, be done." If we give the idea that God rules a central place in our thoughts, then, having done our best, we can calmly await the result, leaving it in His hands. Undue solicitude will not then disturb the quietude of the soul. I think that the reason that God is displeased with worrying and fretting, is that it shows unbelief or distrust. If, after having faithfully used the means at our disposal, we fret or worry about the result, we show either that we do not believe that He rules, or that we do not feel sure the result is safe in His hands. In this way our conduct is dishonoring to God, and therefore we should guard against this feeling. We should cast all our anxiety upon God.

Let us now, in closing, have a few illustrations of the way in which our anxiety may be cast upon God.

The husbandman goes forth in the spring time to sow his fields. He ploughs and harrows the soil, and then carefully drills in his seed. That is all he can do. The rest is in God's hands. By being anxious he cannot make one grain of wheat germinate. By fretting, he cannot make one drop of rain come down from the clouds. That is all in God's hands, and He should be trusted to do what is best. There is no use in worrying; it will do no good. Do you tell me it is hard not to worry sometimes? Yes, I know it is hard, but I know also that it is hard because the human heart does not confide perfectly in God's goodness and wisdom. He sends the former and the latter rains as seems good to Him, and if he really cares for us as He says He does, and will do what is best for us, we can leave the matter in His hands, and be at rest: "Casting all

your anxiety upon Him, because He careth for you."

Take another illustration. A Christian woman is engaged in her household duties. Week after week she strives to do the best she can; but the current seems to be against her, and family affairs do not seem to be prospering under her ministry. One thing after another seems to turn up to worry her, and rasp on her nerves, and sometimes everything seems to go wrong. What should she do? She should do the best she can to advance the interests of the family, and confide as to the result in the goodness and wisdom of God, believing that He will do the best for her. In other words, she should cast her anxiety upon God, believing that He cares for her.

One illustration more, and I am done. A Christian mother bends over her first-born as he lies in his cot. The death-damps are gathering around his brow, and the spirit seems about to take its flight to the home of God. All that medical skill could do has been done, and the child has been nursed with the tenderest affection. The mother has used all the means at her disposal, and the result is in the hands of God. If she believes in her heart that God cares for her and for her child, and that He will do what is best for both, she can cast her anxiety upon Him, confiding in His wisdom and goodness. She can say,

"Thy way, not mine, O Lord,  
However dark it be,"—

say it with a sorrowful heart, it is true, but with a heart that is resigned and submissive, because it knows that "He doeth all things well."

Oh, if we all embraced this principle of living, how many restless hearts would become calm and peaceful, and how many burdens would roll from tired shoulders! May He who "pitieth us like as a father pitieth his children," teach us how to obey this blessed command, to "cast all our anxiety upon Him."

## HARD SAYINGS OF CHRIST.

## II.

"Verily, verily I say unto thee, except a man be born of water and the Spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God." John III, 5.

One can hardly hope to offer anything very new or striking on a saying of Christ so familiar as this, nor do I propose to suggest any new interpretation of the great truth which the earnest theology of all ages has discovered here as to the radical nature of the change that must be undergone by everyone who enters the kingdom of God and as to the divine agency by which it is wrought. But I suspect everyone who has thought of the matter at all has felt a little inclined to sympathize with the perplexity of Nicodemus regarding the form under which that is represented. So soon as we try to put upon all fours the analogy between that change and a birth we are puzzled and a little provoked to find that it carries us so short a way in the explanation of the essential condition of salvation. Beyond the greatness of the change it suggests almost nothing as to its nature. It was hardly to be wondered at that it should be widely hailed as a great enlargement of our ideas on the subject, when Professor Drummond in his "Natural Law in the Spiritual World," as the spiritual example of the law of biogenesis in accordance with which life can come only from life previously existing, adduced the fact that man must be born again through the living spirit of God if he is to be regenerated at all. But in truth that analogy is of the most superficial kind, and might be made altogether misleading. To be perfectly parallel according to the law of biogenesis, the spiritual new birth would have to be dependent upon the intervention of a

human agency that is spiritually alive as well as upon divine power, which, as we all know, is by no means a necessity, or the church never could have been started in the world at all.

The true and really helpful explanation of the figure lies in an altogether different direction—one in which Nicodemus, as a master in Israel, should have had no difficulty in finding it. It was in fact a figure of speech which he and his fellow-rabbis were in the habit of using in a sense closely resembling that of Christ when they spoke of any Gentile being admitted to the membership of the synagogue. In theory, the privileges of the old covenant were strictly confined to the seed of Abraham. But in that age far more than now, Judaism was an aggressive religion and proselytes from heathenism were by no means uncommon, as is plain from the frequency with which they are referred to in the Acts of the Apostles. Some of these were only what the Talmud calls "proselytes of the Gate," devout listeners who were in sympathy with the teaching of the synagogue, but assumed no obligations. Others were "proselytes of righteousness," who went the whole way, and made a formal profession of the Jewish faith. On being received, these became technically children of Abraham, as if by a kind of new birth, or as we would say, by adoption. In the eye of the Jewish law they were henceforth recognized Jews, as much as if they had been born so. The process corresponded very closely to our method of naturalization by which an alien born in a foreign country, is enabled, on certain conditions, to acquire all the rights of native-born citizens. The fiction saved the

theory so easily and naturally, and the idea of it was so completely incorporated into current Jewish thought, that the Jewish converts to Christianity were strongly disposed to carry it over bodily into the Church, and insist that there too the Gentiles should be born again as children of Abraham, in order to enjoy its privileges. The thought was familiar enough therefore to them all. And as this national new birth always had with them a distinctly religious idea attached to it, Jesus could the more naturally use it in a more spiritual sense as indicating the necessary condition of entrance to His kingdom.

The Jewish custom may still further explain the language of Jesus here. When such a proselyte was admitted to the synagogue, he was baptized with water, in token that his past life was washed away and henceforth he was to regard himself as a new man. At least that custom obtained at a later time, and probably had come into use before the Christian era. Their antagonism to Christianity would hardly have allowed them to adopt it at any later period. In fact, it ultimately led to their discontinuance of the practice. In a very natural way, both John the Baptist and Jesus had already appropriated it as the outward sign of discipleship. It is not strange, therefore, that He should speak of this new birth as being "by water." Not of course that there was any virtue in the water of baptism to qualify a man for admission into the Kingdom. It only expressed and symbolized the change that was supposed already to have taken place. The real agent in that change is the Spirit, that is, the Spirit of God.

Taking this as the origin of the figure, we get at once some very obvious suggestions as to the nature of the change expressed by it, and as to the necessity for the change.

1. Negatively, it is not one which makes a man a new personality distinct from what he was before. Change

nationality does not destroy identity; neither does regeneration.

2. Nor is it a change which affects the constitution of his nature. It adds no new faculty or power of mind over and above those he had before. His faculties may be used in a different way and for different objects, but they themselves remain the same.

3. Nor on the other hand does it consist in any mere change of outward association. A foreigner may be almost a lifetime in a country and continue an alien to the end, though enjoying many of its advantages and the protection of its laws. It is a good thing to be connected with the Church in association with its membership. It may lead to the deeper change, but it is not to be confounded with it.

4. To turn to the positive aspect of it: like naturalization it consists mainly in a change of allegiance. It is a necessity of human nature that every man should serve somebody or something. There must be some dominant interest or motive that controls and gives shape to character. Not that one can always easily discover what it is. Men have a most persistent tendency to conceal the secret of their lives—sometimes apparently from a desire to get credit for more than they deserve, sometimes apparently that they may seem to be content with less than their due, and often for no conscious reason at all. Nor do they only mislead others; they deceive themselves. But they do not change the fact thereby or render it the less certain that they are under the control of one ruling thought. One man lives that he may gratify his appetites. He knows no higher aim or end in life. The motive of all his plans and of all his work is that he may get the wherewithal to satisfy the flesh. Whether he does right or wrong, whether he indulges himself or restrains himself, the reason is still the same—that appetite may have more to enjoy, or that it may enjoy the

social pleasure and amusement. Everything that he does, every occupation that he takes up is determined really by its fitness to minister to this end. He chooses his home only where such society as he delights in is to be found. He follows only such calling as will be considered genteel enough for its company. The style in which he lives, the places to which he resorts, even the church he attends will all be determined by their usefulness in furthering his object. Another lives for wealth. He does that, and that only, which will bring him riches. If honesty will bring it soonest and surest he will be honest. If dishonesty, that is not likely to be detected, will secure it faster, then he will be dishonest. For it he sacrifices ease, comfort, health, friends, usefulness, perhaps in the end, life itself. Another lives for fame or glory. He would have the world ring with his name, and would fain write it indelibly on the page of history. Again, every thought wheels into line as under a masterful leader, and the whole campaign of life is planned for the victory that will bring the coveted laurels. Another, rising higher, lives to discover philosophical or scientific truth. Knowledge becomes his goal, and whatever obstacles lie between, he, nothing daunted, strives to reach it. Everything is sacrificed to gain it. Has he wealth? It is freely spent in investigations and experiments that may reveal truth. Has he friends? They are impressed into the service that they may help him in the quest. Nothing is grudged, but all is freely given that may win the prize and gain the reward he sighs for. And so on, the list might be extended. According to their aims we might group men into great domains or spiritual empires, each acknowledging its own sovereign and owning allegiance to its own king. Now, regeneration is the transfer of the soul's allegiance from all other sovereigns to God. It is coming to love Him supremely, owning Him as

Lord and Master in our hearts, so that we ask first, not what will gratify us or promote our selfish aims, but what will most please and honor Him. It is a change which sets the harmony of life to a new key altogether, and fills it with a new spirit. It shifts the magnetic pole of character to a new point, and turns all the subtle currents of desire in a new direction.

5. When such a change has taken place within the heart, it cannot be without its effect upon the outward life as well. It will more or less recast all plans, and determine action along different lines. The amount of outward change, however, will depend a good deal upon what the previous life has been. An alien may be as law-abiding as any loyal citizen in all the ordinary affairs of life, so that one would never suspect his foreign allegiance unless some testing crisis should come to reveal it, such as a war with his native country. All unregenerate men are aliens from God, but they are not all equally bad nor equally remote from the character of the Kingdom of God. Happily, there are many influences other than the regenerating power of the Divine Spirit working in the same general direction, though less effectively, promoting the cause of morality, securing outward conformity at any rate to the law of right, and often a large degree of inward respect. So that while in some cases the outward change is undoubtedly very marked and manifest to all, in other cases it is so small as scarcely to be noticed, though none the less radical within. In one instance, almost everything will be transformed; in another, almost everything will be the same except the spirit in which it is done. When one is erecting a new building in place of an old one, the extent to which use can be made of the old materials will depend mainly on what they are. If they are decayed and rotten, there is nothing for it but to reject them. But if they are solid and

durable, they may well enough find a place in the new structure, though commonly it will be only a subordinate one. So in the reconstruction of life there are many objects pursued, and many things done by unregenerate men which are proper enough for the regenerate, provided they are brought into subordination to the higher object that has been discovered, and are held subservient to the glory of God.

6. Further, this explanation of the figure enables us to see at once why such a change is necessary in order to enter into the Kingdom of God. That Kingdom is the one in which God is sovereign, in which His will is supreme. They only, therefore, can be true members of it who are loyal to His authority and in sympathy with His rule. The Kingdom of God is something like the Judaism of the Dispersion. It is no certain territory marked off by physical boundaries, embracing all who happen to dwell within these limits, imposing upon them its laws whether they will or not, and conferring its benefits whether men seek them or neglect them. It is a spiritual realm, consisting of those in every land who love the Lord, own Him as King, and work His will. From the very nature of the case none others can be counted as belonging to it, and there can be no substitute for this one essential qualification. Many are disposed to regard it as a humiliating condition, and are prone to invent pleas why they may be excused from it. Is a man of noble birth? The subtle thought comes that this condition may well enough be demanded of the masses but can hardly be needed for him. Has he education, culture, refined tastes and an appreciation of the beautiful? It may be necessary for the rude and the uncultivated, but surely he is good enough for any society on earth or in heaven. Has he a fair character and eminent respectability? The criminal and the vicious may need to be regenerated, but scarcely he. Is his calling

one specially useful to his fellow-men? The selfish and the grasping and the worldly may need to rise to some higher conception of life, but surely nothing more can be asked of him. Does he come of pious parentage? Somehow he hopes that this will stand him in good stead at the day of inquiry, and that the question of his inward change will not be too severely pressed. A man may have even grave faults and vices, yet, when perchance he discovers that in some directions he can compare favorably with well-known church members, he will pride himself on his superiority and put from him the thought that he needs to be born again. He may have no religion at all and profess none, yet on the ground that he is at least no hypocrite, he will fondly hope to find admission at the end. But all such vain hopes are based upon the erroneous conception that this condition is an arbitrary one which may be changed at will if there is a sufficient motive for doing so, instead of being, as it is, a question whether he has the spirit that constitutes the Kingdom.

7. And, finally it makes it clear that all of those who are born again belong to the Kingdom. If regeneration means anything at all it means that they are loyal to God and in harmony with His will. It is therefore the only essential condition of salvation, and we have no right to impose any other. It makes no difference when or how, or under what circumstances, that new birth has been brought about, its value is the same. Knowledge of truth is a good thing, and the clearer it is the better, but if by the direct operation of the Spirit of God, infant children, or ill-balanced idiots, or ignorant heathen can be regenerated, they are thereby members of the Kingdom in spite of their ignorance. The doctrine of justification by faith may be as Luther called it, "the article of a standing or a falling church," but the knowledge of that doctrine or of any other can never be the one distinguish-



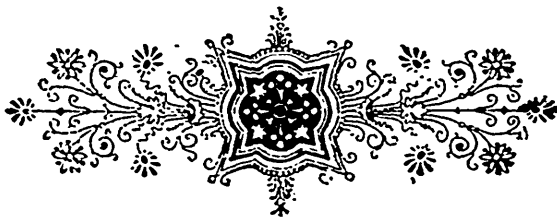
ing feature of a standing or fallag soul in the sight of God. The question is not whether he understands or accepts that doctrine, but whether he is born again. Baptism is a good thing, and the Lord's Supper is a good thing, and church ordinances are good things which no wise Christian will neglect, but if regeneration is wrought without any of them, as it may be, their absence will not exclude from the Kingdom of Heaven. Membership in a church is a good thing, and some churches may be nearer the New Testament ideal than others, but if in any church, however corrupt, or in no church, a man is brought to give his heart in simple loyalty to God, no pope or council may shut him out from his share of the Kingdom. He himself may not have the faintest idea now he has come there, but

if through the leading of the Spirit he is there, by the very nature of the case he is within the Kingdom, and a partaker of everlasting life.

Thus the historical origin of the figure employed by our Lord throws a flood of light upon its meaning, and may help to make the whole matter simpler to many a puzzled mind. I dare say there are those who will have a sort of suspicion that by relieving this change of some of its mystery, we are making it less serious or important. But at best this is but a figure of speech, and to make a figure clearer is to make it truer as well as more helpful. Mystery has never helped anybody except into superstition.

JOHN SCRIMGIER.

Presbyterian College.



Ah! He, who prayed the prayer of all  
 mankind,  
 Summed up in these few, brief words  
 the mightiest plea  
 For erring souls before the courts of  
 heaven,—  
 Save us from being tempted—lest we  
 fall.

—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

## SYMPOSIUM.

## IS THE TRAINING FOR THE MINISTRY OF THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH IN CANADA SUFFICIENTLY PRACTICAL ?

This opening article of Dr. Armstrong is, as was requested, on the training in the theological halls. After we had asked him to write we determined to broaden the subject to that which is given above. On page 62 of our last issue we made a statement concerning this symposium; we would draw attention to what was said there.—Editor.

You have asked me to give you a short paper as the opening to a discussion of the question—"Is the training in our theological halls sufficiently practical?" An elaborate article will not be expected. I have therefore thrown together the following thoughts with the hope that they will serve to introduce a "symposium" on this subject that will be very practical indeed.

There is no one who questions the ability, piety and zeal with which the great duty of training preachers is discharged by those to whom our Church has committed it. But even they will not be above taking a hint kindly given.

We hold that the training in our halls can be made more practical and efficient.

1. In the teaching of systematic theology it would be a practical gain if more liberty were given to students in discussing the various themes brought under their notice. By this I do not mean the ordinary liberty of asking questions and of submitting an occasional point. What I mean is this: Let the theme be introduced by the teacher or by a student, and let there be a free conference on this theme in the class room, such conference to be continued as long as it is suggestive and inspiring. The Professor can then sum up the discussion, make corrections where needed, and guide his students to sources of information in the library. In this way

the student's mind is kept alert whereas it is comparatively passive in cramming up a text-book or taking down notes from dictation to be learned off for the examination at the end of the term.

2. Unless great changes have taken place in the methods of exegetical teaching in recent years, there is room for practical improvement. A few passages thoroughly explored in the originals is most excellent training, and it is also of great practical value. But what we desiderate, in addition, is this—a thoroughgoing drill in the whole Bible (English translation or other), with this one object in view, to make the student a skilful preacher of the Word. To say to the student, "There is your Book—your instrument; we will train you in its use, that you may handle it effectively." There has been too much of the purely academic spirit and too little attention to the popular need in this department.

3. I take another department;—Church History and Historic Theology. The Roman Catholic Church and the Anglican are very careful to have their students trained in these from their own point of view. Should not we who do not believe in the historical interpretations of these churches give special attention to this subject from our own standpoint? In the light of present discussion it is clearly our duty to do so. Further, would it not be a practical thing to have a somewhat full course on the history of our own branch of the Church,—the history and principles of Presbyterianism. I do not mean by this an occasional lecture, but a complete study of the subject.

4. I believe too little attention is given in the college course to the modern, present, pressing discussions on theological and kindred questions. Is it not the

province of the Professor to guide the thinking of his students in regard to these, not by a hint, friendly or adverse, but taking time to set the subject in its various bearings before his class? These are the subjects on which the students are thinking, on which their minds, it may be, are in doubt. Yet to what a large extent the student is left to wrestle with them alone or by discussion with his classmates; while in the class-room they are touched very gingerly, as if containing something dangerous to the students' orthodoxy, something not found in Calvin, Turretin or Hodge.

5. I raised a practical question in your Journal last year which I would like to see taken up as an element in your symposium.

Should not ministers, settled in communities where two or more languages are spoken, as far as possible, be able to converse with, if not preach, to the people in their own tongue?

This question comes up in Manitoba and the West. In Quebec and Eastern Ontario where English and French are spoken, the need is so apparent that there can, to my mind, be but one conclusion. Have our College Halls been practical enough in dealing with this matter? I still hold that, as far as attainable, every graduate of Montreal College should be able to use with more or less proficiency, the two languages of the community in which it is placed.

6. Another matter in which I think the training of our college halls might be made more practical is in the matter of expression. I mean training in elocution, in correct conduct before an audience, in the methods of handling an audience. To learn to increase knowledge is one thing,—to give forth with effectiveness and power is another. I need not dwell on this; it has been a felt deficiency in our college training. To make theological scholars has been the aim, rather than to make effective preachers.

7. Further, I think it would add to the efficiency of the ministry very much if students were trained in music. It would be of great service often in conducting meetings, both in the church and the homes of the people. Indeed, the time is coming when our church must look after the training of a class of men from among ourselves as organists and choir leaders. Surely we want men of character—men at least with reverence for religion engaged in this work.

8. In college training, I think it would be well if some subjects that are of a purely theoretical nature should give place to the study of such subjects as revivals, special services, dealing with souls, etc.

9. Lastly, there should be more careful instruction in regard to certain inevitable practical duties; such as,

(1) The dispensing of the Lord's Supper;

(2) The administration of Baptism;

(3) The celebration of Marriage.

A young man, a few days after his induction, is called upon to celebrate a marriage. He has been taught nothing about it in his college course, and he scarcely knows what to do. And sometimes he makes grievous mistakes, as one I heard of did, who went through the service and sent the happy couple away without asking for a license,—and they hadn't one. The nature of the ceremony, the nature of the record to be made—the laws of the various Provinces under which it is celebrated—these should be all known to the man who undertakes to perform this ceremony.

I hope I shall not be understood as calling in question the substantial and effective work done in our colleges, in what I have written. My sole aim is to point out in as few words as possible some lines in which I think they may be made more effective.

W. D. ARMSTRONG.

Ottawa, Ont.

## THE BIBLE.

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED BY D. L. MOODY IN ST. JAMES METHODIST CHURCH, MONTREAL, NOVEMBER 28TH, 1894.

(Reported by Mr. J. S. Thomson, one of our students.)

I want this afternoon to call your attention to the old book itself. I saw an account going through the papers that some one here in Canada thought my theology was a hundred years old. If it isn't six thousand years old, I will toss it into the Gulf of St. Lawrence. I have no new doctrine; only the old theology. The world wants the old book. I believe the Bible is the coming book. It is a pleasure to see so many young men here in front of me. If you young men want to be a success in this world, cling to the old book. Take the whole of it. It is fashionable for people nowadays to say they believe in the New Testament, but not in the Old Testament. They say there are things in the Old Testament they cannot believe. If you will take pains to look into the subject, you will find there is nothing in the Old Testament to-day that men are caviling about, to which the Son of God did not set His seal. He quoted out of most every book in the Old Testament. But men say to me, "Moody, you don't believe in Noah and the flood?" "I believe it as much as the Sermon on the Mount." Christ said, "As it was in the days of Noe, so shall it be also in the days of the Son of Man." "As it was in the days of Lot, they did eat, they drank." These two events Christ connected with His own return to this world. Men say they do not believe in the cities of the plain being destroyed by fire from on high, but Jesus Christ believed it. "The same day that Lot went out of Sodom it rained fire."

Some of you men think of going into Christian work and into Christian pul-

pits. If you want to preach as you should, take the whole Bible. When Jesus Christ said the Scriptures cannot be broken, He meant the Old Testament, for the New was not then written. When Paul said: "All Scripture is given by inspiration," he meant the Old Testament, for the New was not written. Remember, it does not say all Scripture is inspired, but that it is written by inspiration. When the Devil told a lie in Eden, he was not inspired, but some one was inspired to write about it. When the Devil told a lie to Job, he was not inspired, but the writer was. The wicked Ahab was not inspired to do what he did, but some one was inspired to give it to us, and it is a good thing they did. Take the story of Noah. Some one was inspired to write it. The story about Lot and Sodom was written by inspiration. Lot may not have been inspired to have done all the things he did. Some people say, "Moody, you don't believe, do you, that Moses really lifted up a brass serpent on a pole in the wilderness?" Well, if I didn't, I wouldn't believe in the cross, for Christ connected this with His own cross. "As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of Man be lifted up." He connected this with His own broken body. "But Jonah and the whale, you don't, surely, believe that!" Yes, I do. I believe it just as much as I believe in the resurrection. The two stand or fall together. In Matthew they said, "We would see a sign." He said, "there shall be no sign given but the sign of the prophet Jonas; or as Jonas was three days and

three nights in the whale's belly, so shall the Son of Man be three days and three nights in the heart of the earth." If you can overthrow one, you can overthrow the other. When you get along in life and your hairs turn gray, like mine, and you have as many friends on the other side as on this side, you will get comfort out of the resurrection. This life would look dark if there was no hope of a resurrection morning. But you say that scientific men have discovered that the whale's mouth is not any larger than a man's fist, and that it is physically impossible for it to swallow a man. "The Lord had prepared a great fish to swallow up Jonah." When you bring God on the scene there is no trouble about the thing. God could prepare a fish, if He wanted to, big enough to swallow the whole world!

A couple of these modern philosophers were going back to Europe, and my friend, Dr. Mackay's brother, was on board. They were discussing the Bible. "I have been examining some of these statements in the light of science, and they don't stand," said one. "That book says Balaam's ass spoke. I have taken the trouble to examine the mouth of an ass, and I have discovered that it would be a physical impossibility for it to speak." And because the ass could not speak, in his opinion, he was going to throw over the whole Bible. "Well, sir, you make an ass, and I'll make him speak," said Dr. Mackay's brother.

It is easy for people to talk about things they don't know anything about. I have met only one skeptic who had read the whole Bible through. I doubted him, because he could only quote "Jesus wept." He only knew that verse because it was short. If a modern book comes along and people ask you if you have read it, you say, "I haven't, so I can't give a proper opinion on it." But people are all the time giving their opinions about God's book, without having read it.

A friend of mine was up here in

Montreal, and he got speaking to a man about being a Christian. The man answered no, he was not a Christian. "You have got to have a new Bible. Your present Bible did well enough in the dark ages, but this is an enlightened age, and it is of no use." He would not become a Christian because he was waiting for a new Bible. My friend asked him, "Can you tell me the first book in the Bible, Genesis or Revelation?" The man wasn't quite sure which, but this he knew, "the world wanted a new Bible!" It would take a long time to get a new Bible. It took sixteen hundred years to get up this one. If you had to wait sixteen hundred years for your Bible, perhaps you'd rather take the old one. It may be you'll not be living when a new one comes out.

Students come to me and say, "Mr. Moody, now what do you do with that passage?" I don't do anything with it. "But I don't understand it." Neither do I. "But how do you explain it?" I don't explain it. "But how do you interpret it?" I don't interpret it. "Then what do you do with it?" I don't do anything with it. "But you don't believe it, do you?" I do. The student answers, "I would not believe anything I could not see through." But do you know anything about astronomy. I ask him. "No." You believe in it? "Yes." I thought you said you wouldn't believe in anything you could not see through. Did you ever see your brains? "No." Well, how do you know you have any!

Men bring their puny intellects to this book, and because they can't understand it, they won't believe in it. If we could understand this book, instead of having one Bible, we would have millions of them. If I had understood this book, I would have got through with it forty years ago, just like that year's almanac. This is one of the proofs that man never wrote this book; it came from God.

I was coming back from Europe in

'72. We had not got down the river far from Liverpool, when a young man came on deck who seemed to know the captain. He noticed a number of ministers on deck. He no doubt knew them by their white cravats. "Captain," said he, "I am sorry I have taken passage this time." The captain asked, in his gruff way, "why so?" "Because so many accidents always happen when you have clergymen aboard. There's sure to be some accident before we reach New York." "Young man," said the captain, "if you find a town in America where there are five thousand people, and no preacher or Bible there, I tell you that place is pretty near hell."

People are willing to come to lectures and meetings and get the benefit of Christianity. Then they go out and stab it. This would be a pretty dark world if it were not for the old Bible. There are too many people who read the Bible with a pen-knife in their hands, cutting out the parts they don't like. The drunkard comes to the passage, "No drunkard shall inherit eternal life" and he cuts that out. The adulterer comes to the passage, "No adulterer shall inherit eternal life," and he cuts that out. If every man should cut out what he did not like, we should have a strange book. A gentleman went to his minister to show him his Bible. He said, "I have brought you your Bible, sir. I have sat under your ministry, and when you say such and such a passage is not authentic, I cut it out." He had cut out all Job, Ecclesiastes, Song of Solomon, and so he had gone on slashing to Revelation. The minister did not want that man going about the parish showing that Bible, so he asked him for it. "No," said the man, "if I've only got the covers left, I'm going to hold on to them!" You say you believe the natural in the Bible, but not the supernatural. There is Genesis, where God talked with Abraham, that is supernatural. The man who wrote Genesis didn't believe that

was a lie. The plagues are described in Exodus. If those things did not take place, the man who wrote that book knew he was writing a lie. In Leviticus, we are told about the sons of Aaron offering strange fire, and fire from God devouring them. If that did not take place, the man who wrote it knew he was writing a deliberate lie. If you object to the supernatural, every book would have to be thrown out. Joshua, Judges, 1st and 2nd Samuel, 1st and 2nd Chronicles; these are all full of supernatural things. When a man begins to give up the Bible, the last parts to go are the four gospels. Now, these have more of the supernatural in them than any of the other books. An angel came from heaven to Zacharias, and he was filled with the Holy Ghost. The angel Gabriel came unto Mary. The angel of the Lord spoke to the shepherds. If these things did not take place, the man who wrote that gospel knew he was writing a deliberate lie. "A voice came from heaven saying this is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased." The wind obeyed Christ. The tree obeyed Him. There was hardly a day of His life without something supernatural happening. His resurrection; this is supernatural. Some one has said a good many reformations die with the reformer. This reformer didn't live to carry on his reformation. But the reformation has gone on. And the reformer lives! Our Christ is not a dead Jew. He sits on the right hand of God.

There are only 260 chapters in the New Testament, and in these are 639 quotations from and references to the Old Testament. In the short epistle of Galatians, six chapters, there are sixteen quotations. In 2nd Corinthians, fifteen. In Hebrews, eighty-five. In Revelation, a hundred and twenty. Yet you say you will take the New Testament, but not the Old. I would give up one as quickly as the other. I do not believe a man is qualified to work for God, who does not take the whole Bible.

I have a word for Sabbath-school teachers. It is a good thing, in your classes, to have the whole Bible; not question leaves, or quarterlies. Take the whole Bible. Why? Because if the scholar doesn't get used to the Bible when you put it into his hands at seventeen, he will know as little about the use of it as he does about Blackstone. They should know how to handle the Bible; to find portions of Scripture. I had been in a Sunday-school till I was seventeen years old, where we used question books. The Bible had gone out one door and the question books had come in another. The Bible class came up on a point which they could not settle. They only had question books and quarterlies, and could not find a Bible in the class. They sent from pew to pew all over the church to find one, but there was none to be got. At last they had to take the big pulpit Bible, and carry it into the class to settle the point. How is it you can't get the young men to come into the Bible class? Because they don't want to display their ignorance. I was seventeen when I left my home to go to Boston. In the Bible class which I attended, there were Harvard students brought up in the Sunday-school. I thought I knew a good deal. What a man don't know at seventeen he will never know. He will never be so wise as at that age. They told me the lesson was in John. I turned over to the minor prophets, and got my eye on Jonah. I thought John must be near Jonah. I saw those men punching one another and laughing at the green man from the country. I wished the floor had opened to let me out of sight. I promised that when I got out, they'd never catch me again. When the teacher handed me his Bible with the place opened, you can believe I kept my thumb down on John. It was a shame that till after seventeen years of age, only that question book had come into my hands. I thank God we are living in a land where

you can get a Bible for almost nothing, and if you have no money you can get it for nothing.

"Till heaven and earth pass one jot or one tittle shall in no wise pass from the law till all be fulfilled." I put that down for the Old Testament too. All is to be fulfilled. All the prophecies are to be fulfilled in course of time. "Heaven and earth shall pass away, but My words shall not pass away." I can imagine one of your free thinkers hearing Christ make that remark. He would say, "hear that peasant talking, such conceit." Christ did not have any reporters following Him to take His words down; no publishing society sending out His sermons; no printing presses printing His words. If these things had been, they would not have published His sermons. They did not believe in His doctrine. He was only a nine-day wonder, an impostor. So they would not have printed His sermons. Yet He said, "Heaven and earth shall pass away, but My words shall not pass away." In the last eight years more Bibles have been published than in the last eighteen hundred years. This book is just coming into the world instead of going out of it. Two hundred million copies of the Bible have been printed by the London and New York Bible Societies. There are only fifteen hundred million people in the world. There are Bible Societies in Russia, in Prussia, in France. One concern alone printed in New York last year, 100,000 copies of the Bible. The Bible has been printed in 350 different languages. Men have climbed mountains with it; carried it across every desert; over the rivers and into every corner of the earth have gone these words of the Lord Jesus. You and I won't stand if we don't stand upon this truth. That sun which they have just curtailed out with the shades, shines to-day upon more Bibles than ever before, and yet they say "the Bible is going out." Infidels can come and go. Some one was asked, "What did the

moon do when the dog barked at it?" "It went on shining." So it is with this book. Supposing some one long ago had prophesied that America would be discovered, and the words of Christ sent here, they would have considered it more marvellous than some of the words of Christ. But America was discovered and the Bible has come here. The Bible is the coming book. We should know how to use it; how to proclaim its words. You young people are in training to understand that book. I have got schools, and if there is a vacancy for a teacher of Latin or Greek, there are a dozen applicants. But I can't get a teacher of the Bible; a proper teacher. I would pay more for a man who could teach the Bible, but I can't get him. They know the Bible in the original Greek, in the original Latin, but we want men who know the Bible in the original English. They are the coming men and the coming women. We need someone to tell us God's thought; God's mind. The church and the world have got tired of men's opinions. You men going into the ministry—I understand the theological students are here—be expository preachers. Explain to the people God's promises. Let your own thoughts go to the four winds. We have lots of oratorical preachers. They soar away, and away, and you don't see them till next Sunday. And away they fly again! They know all about botany and astronomy, but nothing about the Bible. People have got tired and sick of essay preaching; men's thoughts instead of God's thoughts. But someone says, "this may suit your Scotch people, but not us here in America and in Canada. We want something eloquent." There may be a few who will leave the church, but for the few who go out, crowds will come in. Let a preacher have the reputation of feeding his flock, and he will get the people. A man once said he had made an artificial bee so like a real one that he would challenge anyone to tell

the difference. The artificial bee could buzz about and fly away, and it was not easy to distinguish. He was told to put a drop of honey down and let the bees go for it. The live bee went for the honey. The artificial one kept buzzing about. There are artificial Christians. They want something oratorical, the grand, the sublime. They hear it to-day but they can't tell you a word about it to-morrow. Give the people the word. Give it in such a way that they can get hold of it, you know. Hook it into their minds. Do not give them your doubts. There was a vacant pulpit down in New England. Six theological students went to preach there on different Sundays. Everyone of them in giving out his text, added, that "it didn't mean that in the original!" What we want, is men who believe the whole book, and who give it in such a way that the people won't forget it. That is the way Christ taught it, in parables, in stories, illustrating it. If we teach as He taught, the people won't forget our teaching. The Word of God is going to endure; going to abide.

How shall you study the Word? It is difficult for me to tell you. No two people think alike; nor do they look alike. The saying is "like as two peas." When you get acquainted with the two peas, you will find that they are not exactly alike. Now, there is no one just like D. L. Moody, and I don't want to see anyone like him! So I cannot tell you just how you should study the book. I can only give you hints. One way is to take an epistle and read the whole of it at once. If my wife writes me a letter, I don't read one page every morning. I would not know what she meant. If Paul writes us a letter, we read one part of it each Sunday! You can find the time for this work. Lock yourself up. Spend an hour, or two hours, if need be. Find the drift of the epistles. There are only sixty-six books in the Bible. It won't take long to get the sweep of them. Study



topically. Take Faith, Assurance, Conversion, Heaven, Martin Luther's great doctrine, viz., Justification by Faith, the Flesh and the Spirit, the Higher Nature, the two Adams. You will find this book becomes a different book. If you haven't got "Cruden's Concordance," get it. Ministers should tell their young people what books to get. I was ten years in a church before I knew of "Cruden's Concordance." A man once asked me, "what was the name of that man, who, you said, noticed everything that was in the Bible?" There is not a text in Scripture which you cannot find with the aid of "Cruden's Concordance." It is a library in itself. I would rather let my whole library go than that book and the Bible. Get one before you get your tea to-night. Take up "Love." You say you lack love. Spend a month on the love of God, from Genesis to Revelation. Love cannot be spontaneous. Have the love of God shed abroad in your hearts by the Holy Spirit. God works through Scripture. Study up love. Love begets love. If I tell a man he is the meanest man in the world, it will not be long before he is telling people that I am the meanest man in the world. If I tell a man someone told me that he was the loveliest person in Montreal, he will be telling people the same thing about me. If you don't have anyone to love you, it is because you don't love anybody yourself. You know the story of the echo. A boy heard an echo, a voice. He called out, you're a mean boy. "You're a mean boy," was answered. I will whip you. "I will whip you," said the other. I am coming to whip you. The echo answered, "I am coming to whip you." The boy's mother told him the other boy was a good boy, "but you didn't speak kindly to him." So the lad went out again and called "Ho, there." The answer came "Ho, there." "You're a good boy." "You're a good boy," said the echo. "I love you." The echo again answered "I

love you." If you want people to love you, love them. If you cannot love, get the old book and read up on love. Take the 13th chapter of 1st Corinthians. The church ought to read it for thirty days. God's love for me! Am I in that love? There are twelve fundamental doctrines in the Bible. Read up on them. If a man has a slippery tongue he may teach the rankest kind of heresy and the people will say, "that was a fine sermon." We want to get grounded in the doctrines; grounded as the Rocky Mountains are. A friend of mine knew a shepherd in the East who named all his sheep. Some one would not believe it. "Will they follow you?" Yes. "Will they follow a stranger?" See. He took the shepherd's crook, hat, and cloak. The shepherd went behind a tree. The stranger went ahead and cried, "menna," "menna." But the sheep only scattered. "How is it they follow you and not a stranger?" "They know my voice." "But will they never follow a stranger?" "Yes, a sick sheep will follow anyone that calls her. But no healthy sheep will follow a stranger." I will not make the application; you can do it yourselves!

I believe we are coming to a crisis all over Christendom. We have got to have a higher type of Christianity and of Christians. Men and women must know their Bibles. Why do the Japanese march through China? Because the Chinese do not know how to use their weapons. Why are some Christian enterprises failing? Because they are not on Scriptural grounds. What's the use of having swords if we don't know whether the swords are good for anything? Let us know that this is the sword of the Spirit. Commit it to memory. Get it into your very soul; down to your very bone. Go out and proclaim it. I believe the coming man and the coming woman who is to be used in building up God's kingdom, is the man and the woman who knows this book. I would rather have it than all the

libraries in the world. Take these truths. Let the Spirit of God breathe upon them. You will have life, and begin to go on that highway that leads to that eternal city, which is God's. Andrew Bonar, of Glasgow, was all the time opening up one book after another to his people. For six months he was taking his church through Jeremiah. There was not a boy of ten years of age in that congregation who did not know that book. When I was in London in '84, a friend of mine came down from Edinburgh to spend the Sabbath with me. He said to me, "I went through, before I came here, to Glasgow, to hear Andrew Bonar preach." I asked, "Where is the old Doctor preaching now?" "Why, he has begun Galatians, and his text was in that first chapter where Paul goes to Jerusalem to meet Peter. Here the old doctor let his imagination loose." "One afternoon after they had been bothered for a time about church matters, Peter said to Paul, 'Paul, would you like to take a walk this afternoon?' Paul said he would. So arm in arm they went through Jerusalem, out at the eastern gate, down into the valley of Jehoshaphat, over the brook Kidron, till they came to a garden. Peter said, 'Paul, this is the place where He wept blood. That is the spot where He knelt. I fell asleep there. John fell asleep there. James, there. It is the greatest remorse of my life. If I had not gone to sleep that night! He was never so sorrowful. The last thing I heard Him say was, "Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass." I did not know what agony He was in. When I awoke, an angel had come to take our place and I saw blood coming out of His pores. He rebuked us so gently: "Could ye not watch with Me one hour?" Judas came up with a band of men and betrayed Him with a kiss.' The next day Peter asked Paul again, if he would like to take a walk. Paul would. So they went through the city and out at

the Damascus gate, and on to Calvary. 'There, Paul, that is where He died for you and me. Do you see that hole? That is where His cross was. Here is where Mary, His mother, cast herself down, and Mary the wife of Cleopas, and Mary Magdalene. I was on the outskirts of the audience. The night before, I denied Him with an oath. He broke my heart with that look. If I could have seen Him alone, I would have fallen at His feet and asked His pardon. But I couldn't get to Him.'

"The next day, Peter said, 'Paul, shall we take another of those walks?' Paul answered that he would like to. Through the eastern gate they went, over Mount Olivet, as far as Bethphage. 'There, Paul, this is the last place where I ever saw Him. This is the last place where His feet touched the earth. It was right there where He took His departure. He spoke so sweetly. All at once I noticed that His feet did not touch the ground. He rose, went right up, and He held out His hands and blessed us. His voice sounded farther and farther off, till it died away. He went out of our sight, while we stood looking up, thinking a break in the cloud might show Him again. Then two men dressed in white dropped down, perhaps Moses and Elias, one here, Paul, and one there. They said, "Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye gazing up into heaven, this same Jesus which is taken up from you into heaven shall so come in like manner as ye have seen Him go into heaven."'"

Don't you think people like that kind of preaching? Andrew Bonar was not a star preacher. But remember, nothing warms these cold hearts of ours like hearing about our absent Lord and absent Master.

I want to call your attention to a thing that has been helpful to me. Tell it to your young people. It is, have a few minutes every day (the best time is in the morning before you see the face of man) with your Bible alone. Not for

the Christian Endeavor, or the Sunday-school, but for feeding yourself. When I pray, I talk with God. When I read this book, it is God talking to me. We have a great many preaching services, a great many prayer meetings where God and ourselves come together to study this book. There are books here which have never been explored. A good many Christians grow in spots. They haven't a rounded character.

I have a pamphlet here by Major Whittle. He has taken up the idea of ten or fifteen verses of Scripture. He doesn't put down his own thoughts, but those of Spurgeon, Henry, John Bunyan, and what other great men have said about that portion. I have an interleaved Bible. When I get a thought, I put it down against the page. When I want to speak on a passage, I have before me what other men have said. For meetings, and for private reading, it helps me. I was offered \$5,000 for my Bible. I wouldn't sell it. It is of immense value to me. In ten years your Bible will be a fortune to you, if you gather up everything you can that throws light upon the passages of Scripture. Henry Drummond says you can afford to go a thousand miles for a thought. Here are thoughts I have

copied into my Bible. This is from Joseph Parker, on the passage: "The Lord lift up His countenance upon thee, and give thee peace." "Here is a benediction that can go the world over. Every heart may utter it. Every night may be sanctified by it. The uplifting upon our life of all heaven's glad morning! It is the Lord Himself who brings this bar of music from heaven's infinite anthem." Here are other thoughts: "I would rather please God with my goodness than dazzle the world by my greatness."

"Justification, a change of state, a new standing with God."

"Regeneration, a change of nature, a new heart from God."

"Adoption, a change of family—a new relation towards God."

"Glorification, a change of place, a new home with God."

Here is a thought of Mr. Morton's, copied in my Bible, "Sin will keep me from this book, or this book will keep me from sin."

You people are always complaining that you can find nothing to do for Jesus. If you know your Bible you will have a hundred calls where you can fill one.



Howe'er it be, it seems to me  
'Tis only noble to be good.

—Tennyson.

Life is sweetest when 'tis clean.

—Coventry Patmore.

## A LEGEND OF THE RHINE.

Far to the North, by Rhenish banks a  
 Roman army came,  
 Pledged to repel the Gothic hordes or  
 die for the Latin name.  
 Three times had the fierce barbaric  
 host essayed the bloody field,  
 And thrice the surging tide of war broke  
 on the Roman shield.

For two long months they held their  
 way, mid' frost and ice, and snow ;  
 Unconquering, but unconquered still,  
 they faced th' unequal foe.

Now worn with battle, faint and weak  
 through watching night and day,  
 By cold and want and plague beset, the  
 wearied forces lay.

Bleak hills enclosed the army round with  
 battlements of rock,  
 Save where a narrow pass was cleft, as  
 by an earthquake shock.  
 Sheer down the granite mass through  
 which a winding pathway led  
 Like a gateway from the valley where  
 the Roman tents were spread.

The war-worn general passed among the  
 dying and the dead,  
 And to his gathered leaders, in grief  
 and anger said,—

" 'Tis not by might of human arm the  
 enemy prevail ;  
 The gods must fight against us if  
 Roman valor fail !"

And straight he called an Augur, and  
 straitly gave command  
 That he should make entreaty with all  
 his sacred band  
 From every god of Latin race, if they,  
 perchance, might stay  
 Th' avenging hand of hostile Fates, and  
 turn their wrath away.

On every Roman altar an offering  
 smoked that night,  
 And prayer went up from every heart  
 for fortune in the fight :

By omen and by victim, the Augurs  
 sought to know  
 The will of him who standeth as Judge  
 'twixt foe and foe.

And at the dawn of morning, thus went  
 their sentence forth,—  
 "The legionaries stunk before their foe-  
 men of the North,

For that the camp is tainted with  
 foreign worship paid  
 To gods of other race than ours ; thus  
 shall the curse be stayed—

Expel the Christians from thy ranks,  
 and then, despite the odds,  
 Shall rest with Caesar's arms once more  
 the favor of the gods.

Brigat Victory shall crown again his  
 standards in the fight,  
 And the eagles stoop to quarry in their  
 strong, triumphant flight."

A moment fell the silence, which soon  
 the general broke,

Uplifting high his bossy shield, and to  
 his followers spake,—

"Let each who owns the Nazarene, lay  
 down his shield and spear,  
 Or yield his faith in Christ the Jew, to  
 gods whom Romans fear !"

Harsh were the words the leader said,  
 yet for a martyr's crown

Two score soldiers of Christ stepped  
 forth and laid their weapons down.  
 Helm and greave and breast-plate gone,  
 they faced the frozen waste,  
 And the stern commander, pointing  
 forth, bade them depart in haste.

"Go, in the name of him ye serve !  
 Romans are ye no more !

Behold your heritage, the snow, rich for  
 a thousand score !

Yet,—for I would not have ye die—take  
 each his spear and sword,"

"As Romans we gave them," a Chris-  
 tian said, "we receive them for  
 Christ the Lord."

Then dauntless the band marched forth,  
for they were Romans brave as he ;  
For the dear sake of Christ they went,  
for truth and liberty.

Fast fell the drifting flakes around ;  
chill grew the piercing air,  
As the warriors knelt with face upraised  
and wrestled with God in prayer.

Soul by soul unfaltering strove, fervent  
with zeal and strong ;  
Their voices clear on the frosty air  
swelled like a martial song.  
"Forty soldiers of Christ the Lord, on  
lowly knee bent down,  
"Claim for thee the victory, and from  
thee the crown."

The day dragged past on leaden wing  
till darkness fell around,  
And still the warriors, knee to knee,  
knelt on the frozen ground,  
And still upon the wintry blast that  
voice was borne along  
Which prayed for victory or death, the  
Christian's battle song.

The drifting snow-wreaths blotted out  
the neighboring hills from sight,  
And as the storm grew fiercer and  
darker fell the night,  
For shelter in the near defile the band  
of exiles crept,  
And head on shield and spear by side  
lay down and calmly slept.

The hours wore on to midnight ; the  
swirling snow-flakes played  
about the rocky chamber where the  
sleeping forms were laid.  
Anon a distant murmur smote faintly  
on the ear  
Of the lone sentinel who stopped his  
weary march, to hear.

Again the muffled sound arose ; the  
sentry paused again,  
And caught amid the whistling wind  
the tramp of armed men.  
Then speeding swift and silently to give  
the war alarm,  
He roused his sleeping comrades and  
bade them rise and arm.

Spake now a brave decurion, with firm  
and constant voice,

"The hour is come, O lovers of Christ  
and Rome rejoice !

"The hour is come upon us for victory  
and death.

"To-night shall seal our victor-brows  
with the martyr's glorious wreath."

"The foe is creeping down the pass to  
take the camp asleep ;

"Be ours the part of valiant men the  
narrow way to keep ;

"And when ye meet the hostile spear,  
strike for your faith and home

"In the dear name of Christ our Lord,  
and the glory of old Rome !"

He ceased, and silently each one laid  
down his shield and spear ;

Then hand and eyes and hearts up-  
raised, they breathed their battle  
prayer.

"Forty soldiers of Christ the Lord, on  
lowly knee bent down,

"Claim for thee the victory, and from  
thee the crown !"

The Goths drew near, the exiles rose,  
and ranked in close array

Shield touching shield, and spears ad-  
vanced across the narrow way,

Met the fierce onset of the foe with  
valiant heart and hand,

Shouting their deathless battle-cry,  
"For Christ and Father-land !"

The noise of battle filled the air and  
swept across the night,

Rousing the slumbering legions from  
visions of delight.

The sentries shout their warning, while  
loud the trumpets blow—

"The Goths are come upon us ; arm,  
arm, to meet the foe !"

The exiles 'gainst their foemen gave  
battle long and well ;

Each broken spear and heap of slain  
told where a brave man fell.

And ere the night is over, ere the last  
hero falls,

A thousand Roman shields are locked  
between the granite walls.

As reeds before an angry storm are  
 swayed, and snapped, and tossed,  
 So reeled and broke the Gothic hues be-  
 fore the Latin host ;  
 As through the ragged mountain gorge  
 sweeps on the gathering flood,  
 So swept the legionaries down that fear-  
 ful way of blood.  
 The pass is saved ; the foe repulsed ;  
 broken and scattered wide,  
 Weapons and armor thickly strew the  
 rugged mountain side.

The general seeks again the spot where  
 the brave Christians fell,—  
 But one of all the band is left, the  
 glorious tale to tell.  
 Wounded, weak, and dying, he raised  
 his drooping head,  
 And looking in his general's face with  
 a faint smile he said,—  
 " We left the camp as exiles to do our  
 Saviour's will ;  
 " We died to save the army, for we are  
 Romans still ! "

R. MACDOUGALL.

Cambridge, Mass.



One great purpose in all affliction is  
 to bring us down to the " Everlasting  
 Arms." What new strength and peace  
 it gives us to feel them underneath us !  
 We know that, far as we may have  
 sunk, we cannot go any farther. Those  
 mighty arms not only can hold us, they  
 can lift us up. They can carry us  
 along. Faith, in its essence, is simply a  
 resting on the Everlasting Arms.

—Theodore L. Cuyler.



Dr. McCosh.

## IN MEMORIAM.

The death of Rev. Dr. Jas. McCosh, President of the College of New Jersey, Princeton, U. S., on the sixteenth of November, has removed a conspicuous and venerable figure from the educational world. His long and laborious career as a minister of the gospel and an educator on both sides of the Atlantic was eminently useful. He was one of many Scotchmen who have made their mark for good upon this continent.

He was born at Carskeoch, on the banks of the Doon, Ayrshire, April 1st, 1811, and was educated at the Universities of Glasgow and Edinburgh. While a student of the latter institution he received the honorary degree of M. A., in recognition of the superior merit of an essay from his pen on the philosophy of the Stoics.

Later in life, as his ability and learning became widely known, several Universities vied with each other in doing him honor. He was thus made S. T. D. by Brown University, LL.D. by both Harvard University, and Washington and Jefferson College, Penn., and D. Lit. by Queen's University, Ireland. In 1833 he was licensed as a Probationer of the Church of Scotland, and was or-

dained and inducted pastor of the parish of Arbroath in 1835, where he continued during four years. In 1839 he was translated to the important and influential charge of Brechin and labored fervently among an appreciative and warmly attached flock until the Disruption of 1843, when he joined the Free Church. From the first he had allied himself with the non-intrusion party which was led by Chalmers, Guthrie and others. His sympathies were heartily with evangelical truth, and continued to be increasingly so to the end.

In 1852 he entered upon professorial work in the chair of Logic and Metaphysics, Queen's College, Belfast. In this position he commanded the respect and admiration of successive classes of students; and, after sixteen years of energetic service, he visited Canada and the United States, and in 1868 received and accepted the appointment to the presidency of the New Jersey College, Princeton. The duties of this office he discharged with marked ability, and at the same time lectured in several departments, till 1887 when he retired, having completed an educational career of thirty-five years. During his administration the college enjoyed decided

financial prosperity. Large and admirably equipped new buildings and additional endowments were secured, and comprehensive educational improvements were adopted. American colleges generally are to be congratulated upon the munificence of their patrons and benefactors. The readiness with which funds were placed at the disposal of the late President of Princeton College relieved his mind from embarrassment and enabled him to give effect to measures promotive of the efficiency of the institution in connection with all its faculties.

As a teacher Dr. McCosh was lucid and forcible. He uttered his lessons with deep personal conviction, and, right or wrong, this made them impressive and memorable. There was a fine enthusiasm and strength of will, which some denominated egotism, about all his performances. He usually felt confident of the correctness of his position and delivered himself in such a manner as to stimulate in a high degree mental and moral activity. His strong personality was a commanding force in the classroom which could never be ignored or forgotten. He influenced and moulded students by his irreproachable character as much as by his lectures and doctrines. As the guide of young men he was sympathetic, generous, prayerful, and, withal, firm and uncompromising. I recollect him telling in the great Presbyterian Council at Philadelphia, how he was wont to invite to his study sceptical students, who thought it a brave thing to be known as unbelievers to reason and pray with them over their difficulties. This was not the least important and telling of his functions as the head of a great school of learning.

In discipline he could be, when necessary, stern as well as gentle and forbearing. I well remember the air of satisfaction with which he detailed to a circle of interested listeners the drastic measures by which he put down the abominable practice of hazing. He

showed no leniency to young men of high social standing who lowered themselves by taking part in such proceedings. Some of them he had arrested and imprisoned, because, while publicly encouraging manly sports and useful recreations, he held that rowdiness is not an essential concomitant of college life, and in this he was certainly right.

Dr. McCosh was a voluminous author and frequent contributor to the periodical literature of his day. His works were chiefly theological, metaphysical and ethical, and we cannot here attempt to give anything like a minute account of them. They all deserve a careful reading. We name a few of them:—

The first was issued in 1850, entitled, "The Method of Divine Government, Physical and Moral." This is a popular, and at the same time elaborate treatise in somewhat sermonic style, and will doubtless continue to be read by many devout Christian people with pleasure and profit, while it can hardly be placed in the same category for profound thought and suggestiveness with "Butler's Analogy," and other works in the same department, which have been more recently published.

"Typical Ferns and Special Ends in Creation" was the joint production of Dr. McCosh and Geo. Dickie, M.D., Professor of Natural History in Queen's University, Ireland. The title expresses concisely the design of the volume which contains the results of laborious and careful observation and research: clearly arranged. Purity of style and lucidity of method may, indeed, be regarded as characteristic of all Dr. McCosh's writings. They are singularly free from obscurity and confusion, and bear the unmistakable impress of his logical mind. The reader need never be at a loss to perceive his meaning whether disposed to accept or reject his arguments and conclusions.

Dr. McCosh gave the greater part of his strength to psychological investiga-



tions. At the time of the inception of the Presbyterian College, Montreal, I had occasion to learn the fact that he preferred to be known as a philosopher rather than as a theologian. He was then offered the task of founding this institution by becoming its first professor. The same proposal was successively made to Drs. Bruce of Glasgow, and Woods of Edinburgh. All declined it. The truth is, that beyond a charter, there was little to induce anyone to undertake the task. Dr. McCosh gave as the chief reason for his declination, that he was a philosopher and not a theologian, and that he anticipated many stern battles in his own special field from which he did not feel at liberty to withdraw. He acted in the spirit of this decision to the last, and fought bravely for fundamental positions assumed before his day by Reid and Stewart, while his dialectic skill in meeting the scepticism of Hume and Mill earned for him the gratitude of Christians in many parts of the world.

In "Christianity and Positivism," (1871), he assailed Materialism chiefly with metaphysical weapons, and appears to have not thought of a shorter and more effective method of silencing the disciples of this dismal school. It is enough for this purpose to show that they have not done what they pretend to have done. They have not shown by an inductive process that we are all body and no soul. They have not accounted for the properties of spirit body-wise. All purely spiritual phenomena are untouched by their analysis of matter. As physiceists they have no instrument or process by which they can catch volitions, acts of conscience, joys, sorrows, hopes and fears. Hatred, love, malevolent and benevolent feelings are not dissolved in crucibles and retorts.

"The Laws of Discursive Thought, being a Treatise on Formal Logic," (1869), is a text-book of decided merit which I can recommend to students with confidence. It was the outcome

of long experience in the class-room.

"The Scottish Philosophy, Biographical, Expository, Critical, from Hutcheson to Hamilton," (1875). In a prefatory note the author says, "This work has been with me a labor of love. The gathering of materials for it, and the writing of it, as carrying me into what I feel to be interesting scenes, have afforded me great pleasure, which is the only reward I am likely to get. I publish it, as the last, and to me the only remaining means of testifying my regard for my country—loved all the more because I am now far from it—and my country's philosophy, which has been the means of stimulating thought in so many of Scotland's sons."

This goodly octavo volume, of some five hundred pages, contains fifty-eight articles. The biographical sketches, which form the bulk of it, are most readable and instructive. It was by no means the last production that came from the active brain and ready pen of the author. When he was practically retiring from college work, he published a valuable series of short papers upon the criteria of truth in various departments. These are specially interesting and valuable as giving his maturest thoughts upon many issues which had not gained marked prominence at the time of his earlier writings. I mention "Truth as Opposed to Agnosticism," (1882); "Energy, Efficient and Final Cause," (1883); "Certitude, Providence and Prayer," (1883); "Agnosticism of Hume and Huxley," (1884); "Criticism of the Critical Philosophy," (1884); "Herbert Spencer's Philosophy as Culminating in his Ethics," (1885); "Psychology, the Cognitive Powers," (1886).

Through the generosity of Mr. A. C. Clark, a friend and parishioner for a time of Dr. McCosh, a complete edition of his works will shortly be placed in the College Library, and be thus accessible to many of the readers of the "Journal."

D. H. MACVICAR,  
Presbyterian College.

## SHELLEY'S ALASTOR, OR THE SPIRIT OF SOLITUDE.

## A STUDY.

This is a short poem of blank verse of between seven and eight hundred lines, written in iambic pentameter measure. It is allegorical, and represents the life of a youth of great ability, who took to travel to satisfy his thirst for knowledge. He is pure and noble in life; and in the first days of his journeyings, his mind is satisfied by the sights of nature and of art that he meets, but after a time these cease to satisfy and he becomes possessed of a longing for some intelligence like his own with which he may hold converse. This he fails to find, and after strange and erratic wanderings he dies.

The opening consists of a double invocation; the first is to the "beloved brotherhood of Earth, Ocean and Air," whose kind interest in him he asks to be continued if they see that he is worthy of it. He pleads in behalf of this interest, love to all of nature's scenes and creatures, and shows a deep sympathy with even the most insignificant,—not consciously has he injured an insect. The second part of the invocation is not written with the same coolness as the first: there is more fever and intensity of feeling. He protests his love for nature, and to her he says:

"I have loved  
Thee ever and thee only; I have watched  
Thy shadow, and the darkness of thy  
steps,  
And my heart ever gazes on the depth  
Of thy deep mysteries."

He then tells her of the secrets that he would have her reveal to him: stating how, for their revelation, he had watched in the presence of death and in the silent hours of night. She had been pleased to reveal some of them to him,

would she not now modulate this new strain

"with murmurs of the air,  
And motions of the forest and the sea,  
And voice of living beings, and woven  
hymns

Of night and day, and the deep heart  
of man."

This invocation is like an apostrophe spoken in Prometheus Bound by the mortal-helper himself. This of Alastor is more elaborated, but is like it in the fact of the personification of the elements of nature.

"Thou firmament of God, and swift-winged winds,  
Ye springs of rivers, and of ocean waves  
Thou smile innumerable! Mother of  
us all,  
O Earth, and Sun's all-seeing eye,  
behold,  
I pray, what I a God from Gods  
endure."

The sympathy shown for dumb creatures attracts the attention of the humane reader, and thought at once flies to that short poem of Burns' entitled "A Winter Night," and which Carlyle pronounced as being worth a whole volume of homilies on mercy.

"Listening, the doors and winnocks  
rattle,  
I thought me on the ourie cattle,  
Or silly sheep, wha bide this brattle  
O' winter war.

\* \* \* \* \*

Ilk happing bird, wee, helpless thing,  
That in the merry months of spring  
Delighted me to hear thee sing.

What comes o' thee?"

This kindness for animals is, as far as

the writer's knowledge extends more to be seen in our modern poets than in the ancient.

The invocation over, the author plunges somewhat "in extremas res." He introduces the tale by announcing that the hero of whom he is to sing is dead; and he at once writes his epitaph. His death was untimely, and occurred away from any friends that would have "with pious reverence" reared over him a tomb. And in strong contrast with what might have been, we see a pyramid of autumn leaves gracefully lying above him, borne by "the charmed eddies of autumnal winds." His infancy and early youth are told in a few lines:—

"By solemn vision and bright silver dream

His infancy was nurtured. Every sight  
And sound from the vast earth and ambient air

Sent to his heart their choicest impulses.  
The fountains of divine philosophy  
Fled not his thirsting lips: and all of great

Or good or lovely which the sacred past  
In truth or fable consecrates he felt  
And knew."

But early youth over, he betakes himself to travel, and the rest of the poem contains his adventures in this, and is a description of most powerful imaginations of scenery of all kinds, verdant glades, violently tossing oceans and burning volcanoes. The places to which he travels are of little moment; suffice it to say, that he compassed the ancient world and drank in of its sights and ruins. But the appetite that was satisfied by these, cloyed, and a new hunger came; he longed for intercourse with an intelligence like to himself, one who would be

"like the voice of his own soul  
Heard in the calm of thought."

Such a one he beheld in a dream in the

vale of Cashmere, and that in the form of one of "God's last and best creation." This is how she is described; it would be touching with polluting hands to tell in any other words;

"He dreamed a veiled maid  
Sate near him, talking in low solemn tone,

Her voice was like the voice of his own soul

Heard in the calm of thought; its music long,

Like wren sounds of streams and breezes, held

His inmost sense suspended in its web  
Of many-colored wool and shifting hues.  
Knowledge and truth and virtue were her theme

And lofty hopes of liberty divine.  
Thoughts the most dear to him, and poesy.

Herself a poet. Soon the solemn mood  
Of her pure mind kindled through all her frame

A permeating fire. \* \* \*  
\* \* \* he turned

And saw, by the warm light of their own life.

Her glowing limbs below the sinuous veil

Of woven wind: her outspread arms now bare,

Her dark locks floating in the breath of night,

Her beamy bending eyes, her parted lips

Outstretched and pale and quivering eagerly.

His strong heart sank and sickened with excess

Of love. He reared his shuddering limbs, and quelled

His gasping breath, and spread his arms to meet

Her panting bosom:—she drew back a while;

Then yielding to the irresistible joy,  
With frantic gesture and short breathless cry

Folded his frame in her dissolving arms."

Does not the strength of this beggar any remarks? As it is read and its meaning entered into, attention is breathless and the whole being is moved with delight. Notice the imagination in

"saw by the warm light of their own life,"  
and \* \* \* \* "heid  
His inmost sense suspended in its web  
Of many-colored wool and shifting  
lines."

When he awoke and found that it was only a dream, his feelings can well be imagined, and to make this realistic, Shelley tells the aspect of nature; the morning light was cold; the moon was blue, and the woods vacant, and the youth asks himself where are the beauties of the past night that gave him joy as they canopied his bower. From this time he is smitten with the passion of love for the vision of his dream. The question is, where shall he find her? She is an inhabitant of the paradise of sleep. Does death conduct there? If so, by death he will go. But he does not go by suicide, as perhaps in real life at one time men like him would have gone. He pursues his travels in quest of her. Then follows a vivid description of the strength of his passion, and of his appearance, and so sad is the latter that we would almost call it horrible.

"The infant would conceal  
His troubled visage in his mother's robe  
In terror at the glare of those wild eyes.  
To remember their strange light in  
many a dream  
Of after times."

How like the quaking fear that quieted the child of the Border country when his mother told him that the Black Douglas "would get him!"

The next phase in the development of his career is when he sets out in a little shallop that was in an unfit condition to carry him, and in embarking in

which he expected to meet death. But this shallop, whatever it means in the allegory, bore him through great storms and of such confusion that the poet appears to a hasty reader to be himself confused, as he attempts to describe them. There is a beautiful figure in this description which recalls one equally beautiful in Ossian's address to the sun. That in our poem under discussion is:—

"Twilight, ascending slowly from the  
East,  
Entwined in dusker wreaths her braided  
locks  
O'er the fair front and radiant eyes of  
Day."

That of blind Ossian is:—"But to Ossian thou lookest in vain: for he beholds thy beams no more, whether thy yellow hairs flow on the Eastern clouds, or thou tremblest at the gates of the West." After tossing on the ocean, the shallop is borne into a dark cavern of the Caucasus, and as it enters, its inmate thinks his end is come, and he cries:—

"Vision and Love,"  
"I have beheld  
The path of thy departure. Sleep and  
Death  
Shall not divide us long."

But he had yet wonderful things to see. The boat makes its way along the windings of the dark cavern, but there is nothing told of it, nor is he said to have had any fear or terror. Perhaps the reason is that he was too exhausted, and such would likely be the case if the interpretation of the allegory were sought: or perhaps one so pure and noble had no reason to fear—"the righteous are bold as a lion." From the cavern the boat emerges into a river of calm water, and at this point feeling is high as to whether the boat will pass safely out of the wild sea into the placid stream; but it does, and in almost as short a time as it takes to tell it, the roar of the angry tossing waves

is in the distance, and an experience opposite to that of the few moments before is being passed through. It is a marked antithesis, not only in description, but in the manner in which the feelings are wrought up. At one moment death was imminent, in the following he was "in pastures green" and "by still waters." The description of the vegetation and foliage of this place is simply marvellous; it is so massive that it is a mental strain to follow, and yet, though lengthy, none of it is common-place. Perhaps this, more than any other part of the poem can be pointed out as showing Shelley's powers of describing natural scenery.

He here quits his boat and wandered about exploring, and here in a green recess he died. His death is true to himself as Nature's child; he died in Her arms, looking up into Her face;

"His last sight  
Was the great moon, which o'er the  
Western line  
Of the wide world her mighty horn sus-  
pended,  
With whose dun beams inwoven dark-  
ness seemed  
To mingle."

Does this last line mean that darkness on this occasion seemed inwoven with the moon's light? If it does, and the darkness is symbolical of sadness and sympathy, it is a beautiful thought and a piece of high imagination.

The closing stanzas are an outburst of desire that the world were something different from what it is. A praiseworthy desire but not to be fulfilled by nursing such a spirit as Shelley appears to show. There is too much contempt for matters as they are, and a desire to have things changed, but in a way that appears Utopian. The conclusion smacks of the spirit of having "his hand against his neighbor." All good, according to Shelley, had dwelt in his youth who

dies, and "many men and beasts live on."

After this hurried glance in detail, let a few words be said of the poem as a whole. It is poetry of the highest order, both as to substance and expression. The expression is a teeming mass of all that is poetical. The language is choice, concise, and for the most part makes its meaning easily evident. Several antitheses have been referred to; here are two others:—

"He sought in Nature's dearest haunt  
some bank,  
Her cradle and his sepulchre."

Again, with the swan.

"Beautiful bird! thou voyagest to thine  
home,  
Where thy sweet mate will twine her  
downy neck  
With thine, and welcome thy return  
with eyes  
Bright in the lustre of their own fond  
love.  
And what am I that I should linger  
here,  
With voice far sweeter than thy dying  
notes,  
Spirit more vast than thine, frame more  
attuned  
To beauty, wasting these surpassing  
powers  
In the deaf air, to the blind earth and  
heavens  
That echoes not my thoughts?"

The following are a few expressive similes:—

1. "His wan eyes  
Gaze on the empty scene as vacantly  
As ocean's moon looks on the moon in  
heaven."
2. "Like restless serpents clothed  
In rainbow and in fire, the parasites,  
Starred with ten thousand blossoms  
flow around  
The gay trunks; and as gamesome  
infants' eyes,

With gentle meanings and most  
innocent wiles,  
Fold their beams round the hearts of  
those that love,  
These twine their tendrils with the  
wedded boughs,  
Uniting their close union."

3. "Now on the polished stones  
It danced; like childhood, laughing as  
it went."

4. "O stream!  
Whose source is inaccessibly profound.  
Whither do thy mysterious waters  
tend?  
Thou imagest my life. Thy darksome  
stillness,  
Thy dazzling waves, thy loud and  
hollow gulfs,

\* \* \* \* \*

Have each their type in me."

This last is spoken in bitterness of  
soul, and is very apt; but is it not  
pleasant to know that the stream has  
been embalmed in poesy as the type of  
a character more commendable and  
more to be imitated than that of this  
high-strung youth?

Cowper has written:—

"Sweet stream that winds through  
yonder glade,  
Apt emblem of a virtuous maid,  
Silent and chaste she steals along.  
Far from the world's gay busy throng,  
With gentle yet prevailing force,  
Intent upon her destined course;  
Graceful and useful all she does,  
Blessing and blest where'er she goes,  
Pure-hosomed as that wat'ry glass,  
And heaven reflected in her face."

In regard to the substance, the first  
thought is to say a few harsh things  
about the character of the youth, ques-  
tioning why he did not live his life  
differently. But had he, he would not  
have been the Spirit of Solitude and the  
poem would have been something else  
than what it is. Though his life is an  
unnatural one, his character is such

that we entertain a high respect for it,  
and we feel that his soul is of a higher  
order than that of the most of men.  
And it may be, that, being of such a  
higher type and elevation, his soul was  
exposed to temptations that those of a  
lower order never know; he is a tall  
tree of the forest exposed to blasts  
that its humbler companions beneath  
never experience. Let us judge him ac-  
cording to our knowledge. He is, how-  
ever, a much more commendable char-  
acter than his companion in travel, who  
set out at about the same time, Byron's  
"Childe Harold." Compare the two fol-  
lowing extracts, the first from  
"Alastor," the second from "Childe  
Harold."

1. "And virgins, as unknown he passed,  
have pined

And wasted for fond love of his wild  
eyes."

2. "For he through sin's long labyrinth  
had run,

Nor made atonement when he did  
amiss,

Had sigh'd to many, though he loved  
but one,

And that loved one, alas! could ne'er  
be his.

Ah, happy she! to 'scape from him  
whose kiss

Had been pollution unto aught so  
chaste;

Who soon had left her charms for  
vulgar bliss,

And spoiled her goodly lands to gild  
his waste,

Nor calm domestic peace had ever  
delgn'd to taste."

The side of his life, which did not  
fear but rather courted death, seems to  
have a counterpart in Burns' dirge.  
"Man was Made to Mourn," which is  
too well known to need quotations.  
However, in closing, it cannot but be re-  
gretted that though allegorical, the  
story did not make him find a real in-  
telligence nearly as, if not as good as

himself. Such men as he are too good to be lost to the world, and why did he not have natural enough ideas of practical life to find for himself that which many another has ; if the Arab maiden would not answer, why did he not seek out, for she could have been found, one whose

“ Pure blood  
Coursed in her veins and so divinely  
wrought  
That one would almost say her body  
thought ? ”

Would not this have been better ?

J. TAYLOR.

Presbyterian College.



## THE BOOK OF NATURE.

Volume of nature, many pages,  
Read in time's successive ages,  
On each revolving sphere ;  
Written in characters divine,  
Sun, moon and stars are words that  
shine,  
Writings of God most clear.

They tell of power, of wisdom great,  
Of universe of vast estate,  
Indelible the lines ;  
And every planet that we view,  
Set in ethereal vellum blue,  
Are hieroglyphic signs.

The same great book we also read,  
In plant and fruit and flowery mead.  
And verdure's emerald shade :  
Which are to earth as stars to heaven,  
Rich jewels by our Father given,  
On every hill and glade.

When nature's book we read aright,  
And faith is coupled with the sight,  
Each page reveals our God ;  
Great, mighty, wise in all His ways,  
Fit object of our highest praise,  
Beneficent and good.

GEO. W. ARMSTRONG.

London, Ont.

## WHAT IS A CALL TO THE MINISTRY OF GOD?

In these days of dust and distraction, full of party cries, with so many side issues of doctrine and duty presenting themselves, and the solid attractions of so many other services insensibly leading men to look for the same sort of attractiveness in the ministry, it may prove a relief to some to ponder the simple elements of Isaiah's call to be a professional and life-long prophet. Isaiah got no call in our conventional sense of the word, no compulsion that he must go, no articulate voice describing him as the sort of man needed for the work, nor any of those similar "calls" which sluggish and craven spirits so often desire to relieve them of the responsibility or the strenuous effort needed in deciding for a profession which their conscience will not permit them to refuse. Isaiah got no such call. After passing through the fundamental religious experiences of forgiveness and cleansing, which are in every case the indispensable premises of life with God. Isaiah was left to himself. No direct summons was addressed to him, no compulsion was laid on him; but he heard the voice of God asking generally for messengers, and he on his own responsibility answered it for himself in particular. He heard from the Divine lips of the Divine need of messengers, and he was immediately full of the mind that he was the man for the mission, and of the heart to give himself to it. So great an example cannot be too closely studied by candidates for the ministry in our own day. Sacrifice is not the half-sleepy, half-reluctant submission to the force of circumstance or opinion, in which shape it is so often travestied among us, but the resolute

self-surrender and willing resignation of a free and reasonable soul. There are many in our day who look for an irresistible compulsion into the ministry of the Church; sensitive as they are to the material bias by which men roll off into other professions, they pray for something of a similar kind to prevail with them in this direction also. There are men who pass into the ministry by social pressure or the opinion of the circles they belong to, and there are men who adopt the profession simply because it is on the line of least resistance. From which false beginnings rise the spent force, the premature stoppage, the stagnancy, the aimlessness and heartlessness, which are the scandals of the professional ministry and the weakness of the Christian Church in our day. Men who drift into the ministry, as it is certain so many do, become mere ecclesiastical flotsam and jetsam, incapable of giving carriage to any soul across the waters of this life, uncertain of their own arrival anywhere, and of all the waste of their generation, the most patent and disgraceful. God will have no driftwood for His sacrifices, no drift-men for His ministers. Self-consecration is the beginning of his service, and a sense of our own freedom and our own responsibility is an element in the act of self-consecration. We—not God—have to make the decision. We are not to be dead, but living, sacrifices, and everything which renders us less than fully alive, both mars at the time the sincerity of our surrender and reacts for evil upon the whole of our subsequent ministry.—*Rev. George Adam Smith, on the Book of Isaiah, Vol. 1.*



To obey God is liberty.—Seneca.



## HALLE.

## "THE GOOD OLD SALT CITY."

From time to time there comes before the public notice, for a longer or shorter space, the name of some hitherto obscure, work-a-day place, and for a few days or weeks the eyes of the world are turned towards it, its name is bandied from lip to lip and bruited abroad by every printed sheet in the civilized world. The place which sought only to pursue its quiet way after its own fashion is seized upon, dragged forth from its privacy and set in the focus of public inspection, its history canvassed, its treasures exploited, and all its little idiosyncracies raked over for the delectation of a curiosity-loving public; and then, when the transient gust of notoriety falls, is dropped heedlessly, like a wreath of wayside dust, into its old ruts and obscurity while the world passes on to some fresh novelty.

One of these whirlwinds of fortune has but now seized upon the quiet old university town of Halle, and whirled it aloft amid a shower of festivities, ceremonies, and various pyrotechnic displays; yet a few days more and the falling wind will let slip from its nerveless grasp, both town and people and occasion, to sink again, tossed by some wayward flow of remembrance to their old level of faithful, unobtrusive work.

The city is astir with the tumult and merriment of a Southern carnival. Academic assemblies, street pageants, garden parties, military concerts, illuminations and boating excursions press upon each others footsteps throughout the day. The narrow streets of the town are gay with ranks of banners and streaming flags; the quaint old gables of its mediæval houses peep out from the midst of greenery and flowers; gateway and alley entrance are span-

ned by arches of woven fir branches and surmounted by mottoes and devices; its cafes and kneipen are half hidden under a profusion of decoration; scarce a house is without its sprig of holiday green. The massive old university has flung aside the sternness of its wonted aspect, and stands transformed in its festal attire. Its gray walls are aglow with color from countless yards of hunting, stacked flags, armorial shields and greenery. Its corridors and halls are banked with flowers and potted plants, and adorned with a profusion of blue and purple hangings, banners, and portraits of the men who have made its name famous. Down the wide steps rich carpets have been flung, and the approaches are gay with gilded flag-staffs and floating pennons. Illuminating towers spring from the angles of the grounds and electric lights in stars, festoons and lettered devices span the entrances, glitter along the cornices, and rise in clusters high above the trees of the University gardens. From morning till midnight the streets are filled with color and movement and life in constant change; from market place, gardens and promenade arise the sound of music and a confused murmur of voices and laughter, mingled with the clamor of bells and tread of many feet.

And wherefore? On the first of July, 1694, his birthday, the Emperor Frederic William I. founded here the University which was called in his honor the Frederic University of Halle—now of Halle-Wittenberg; and to-day, after two centuries of eventful and illustrious history the University pauses to celebrate with thanksgiving and festivity the four times golden anniversary of its birth.

The city which has thus been drawn from her customary studious seclusion, and whose streets for a few days will be thronged with visitors and gay with the stir and festivity of a great social centre, is full of interest alike for the antiquarian and the passing lover of picturesque ruins and rare landscape beauty. The city of Halle is situated in the valley of the Saale, in the heart of Northern Germany, and in the midst of a circle of university towns and important commercial centres. To the south lies the Thuringian Forest with its picturesquely beautiful scenery and quaint old towns clustered along the streams which thread its steep valleys; to the west, and almost at its doors, rise the Hartz Mountains, the Switzerland of Northern Germany. To the east lie Leipsig, the great centre of the European book-trade, Dresden on the Elbe, and a few hours to the north-east, the third of Europe's four great capitals—Berlin. On the north lie Magdeburg and Hanover, and to the east and south Franfort, Heidelberg, Gottingen, Weimar and Beyreuth. Thus centrally situated the city is one of high commercial significance as the point of transfer on the great highway between Northern Germany and Thuringia, and between the rich Leipsiger lowlands and the Hanoverian frontier. And that its importance was not less in the days of its ancient prosperity is evidenced by the embankments and massively built stone bridges upon the turnpikes which cross the valley here.

The vicinage of the city is composed of fertile agricultural lands, the rugged bluffs and narrow valleys of the wooded mountain district to the south here giving place to rolling fields and gentle slopes, rich with grain and fruit trees, and dotted with walled-in farmsteadings and the clustered hamlets of the peasantry, who still affect the companying together which in the turbulent middle ages was demanded for security against roving bands of marauders. To

the west of the city among the foot-hills of the Hartz are productive coal mines, and the dwellers in the lowlands obtain a ready supply of fuel from the lignite beds which underlie the surface.

It is the happy fortune of Germany to be rich in towns, of which, though few may be famous for signal historical incident, or made illustrious by the eminent genius of their citizens, yet all are in the highest degree attractive through the aroma of tradition and romance which age has flung about them. These towns stand now as they existed in the days of those whose inscribed virtues have become illegible upon the tombstones of their picturesque old cemeteries. Their limits are as strictly defined as if their paved alleys and ruins of fortification walls were part of the sandstone bluffs which shelter their valleys from the Baltic winds. There are no improvements, no extension here; the green and gold of grain-fields and pasture lands creep close up to the end of the village street, and edges of the village gardens without the intervention of the stretches of vacant lots, piles of brick and building lumber, and dreary spaces of rank weeds and city garbage heaps which adorn the outskirts of our growing towns in the West. The print of age is stamped upon every doorpost and lintel of the place; and one may almost catch, in the stillness of its narrow streets at night, the echo of a dozen generations of passing footsteps, or hear the voices of grave old councillors in the oak-beamed halls of its Gothic Rathaus. The quaint houses with their timbered walls and steep, uneven roofs, the narrow, cobble-paved alleys which separate them, the clock-towers in their market-places—the very moss about their doorsteps, breathe an odor of antiquity.

Such a clear echo from the recesses of age, however, is generally to be found only in the more secluded inland towns. The larger cities have usually seen seve-

ral waves of activity and decadence, and the ebb and flow of these successive tides may still be traced in the structure of many of them. Usually two provinces are thus broadly distinguished, the Old and the New Town. The ancient core of the city is easily recognizable by its narrow streets, crooked and ill-paved, and its quaint, discolored houses rambling in disorder on either side the alley, and leaning upon one another for support. It forms the heart of the larger city, and its outline may be traced in many cases by the ruins of its old townwalls still standing picturesquely amid their clustering vines, or by some half-filled moat which the skill of the gardener has transformed into a pleasure ground of shady walks and flower-beds. Beyond this old city heart lie the suburbs of well-paved avenues, shops, and handsome residences which the fresh commercial life of the present day has called into existence.

In Halle these two districts are sharply defined. The Old Town occupied a space extending from the City Gate on the river, at the south, to the moated ruins of the Moritzburg on the Gerber Saale, at the North, and enclosing a quarter of a square mile in area. To the west it was bounded by the river, and the site of its walls upon the east and north is now laid out in promenades and gardens. Within these narrow limits lie all the historical monuments and places of interest in the city.

The picturesque Market Place, with its four-towered Church and Mediaeval Rathaus, is situated in the centre of the old town. In the open square of the Market, facing the Church of our Lady, rises the Rothe Thurm, a lofty, octagonal clock-tower, 276 feet in height, around whose base,—as about the buttresses of so many German churches—clusters a rookery of little shops and market-stalls. Near by the Rothe Thurm stands the Handel monument. The great composer—whom the Germans, with their beautiful aptness, call a

“tone-poet,”—is represented in English court-dress, standing beside his music desk. At the back of the desk is St. Cecilia seated at the organ—a portrait of Jenny Lind; while on either side of the monument are reliefs of Thracian Orpheus and the sweet singer of Israel. Near by, in Nikolai street, is the birth-place of the great musician, indicated by a bust and inscriptions.

At the northern angle of the city, upon the Gerber Saale, stand the ruins of the Monitzburg, a massively-built fortress of red sandstone, erected in 1484 by the Bishop of Magdeburg, as a stronghold against his turbulent subjects. The extensive mass of the fortress, rising from amidst the foliage which fills its abandoned moat, its walls pierced with rows of crumbling Gothic windows, and the towers at its corners parting stone from stone, presents a picturesquely ruinous appearance; but the greater part of its solid, lofty walls are still intact, and portions of the old stronghold are now occupied as a barracks and parade ground.

Just beyond the old town gate, upon the east, lies the Stadtgottesacker, or ancient city burial-ground, enclosed by a continuous series of low Renaissance arcades, adorned with sculptures, mural tablets, and inscriptions in Latin and German. The high mounded graves their tablets half-hidden in clustering ivy, are tenderly cared for and kept in beautiful order. Among the inscriptions on the modest tombstones are many names of Halle's revered and famous sons. Francke's name is here, and Niemeyer's, and the great Gesenius', with that of Tholuck, once their indignant adversary,—rationalist and pietist lying peacefully enough now after their long antagonism. Here, too, are the memorials of Thomasius, the eminent jurist, of Kruckenberg, Volkmann, Muller and Erdmann, men whose genius has made the name of Halle's University famous.

Below the town the Saale winds be-

tween high rocky banks, sweeping close by the base of a precipitous bluff, whose massed foliage is warmly relieved against the ruddy brown of its rocky ledges. A ruined castle crowns the summit. This is the Gebichenstein and its Schloss, a mediæval stronghold from which Lewis the Springer, Landgrave of Thuringia, who was confined here in 1102, is said to have escaped by a daring leap into the river below. Standing by its base and looking upward past its ragged ledges and frowning crags, to the ruin perched upon its crest, one is as much impressed by the vaulting imagination of Halle tradition-mongers, as by the fabled leaps of its mediæval prisoners.

Upon the right bank of the Saale, in the neighborhood of the city, as well as within the walls of the old town itself, are copious salt-springs, which gush up and flow into the river, whence the name of Saale, or "Salt River," has been bestowed upon it. With the fortunes of these salt-wells and their sturdy workers, the history of Halle is bound up. The city is an extremely ancient one, and rose to a very early importance on account of the productivity of its saltworks. Concerning its earliest settlement, nothing is known. Its salt wells were utilized before the irruption of the Slav races into the Upper Elbe, and were then a source of profit.

The name "Halle" first appears in the beginning of the 9th century in connection with the Brotherhood of Salt-workers, which for a half-score centuries has stamped its individuality upon the city. Whence these salt-workers came, and who they are, is uncertain, some authorities ascribing a Celtic origin to them, others tracing their descent from a Frankish colony which settled here in the 9th century. The word "Halle," and the name of the people—Hallowren—with its un-German ending, are connected with the Celtic word for salt, halur, halenur, and

point rather to an insular than continental origin. The lowlands by the river, where the wells lay, were named the "Thal," or valley, and the town slowly growing up about them, the "Halle," or Boiling Houses. These Hallowren have always been a tenaciously existing Guild, of peculiar and strongly marked character, and until our present century the "Halle in Hall," with their Hallfolk, or Salt-boilers, have formed a state within the state, living under their own especial laws, separated from the remaining community by boundary posts, and even preserving their customs and traditions unbroken in the midst of their alien surroundings. Their quaint ceremonies and observances are still performed upon annual festivals, and their odd and striking costumes may yet be seen upon the streets of Halle. For almost a thousand years, since their little colony first settled in these valleys, they have maintained themselves in the midst of a foreign people, though frequently embroiled in feuds, and suffering untold misery from invasions, exactions, outlawry, and the vengeance of their conquerors; and have kept their native characteristics, their personal traits, even their tricks of costume and traditional festivals, till the present day. Yet in their palmiest days they numbered but a few hundred, and now through the introduction of salt-working machinery and its lessened demand for manual skill, have dwindled to a handful, scarce exceeding 80, including the aged.

One naturally seeks the means by which such an undiluted strain of blood was maintained century after century. No laws of the Hallfolk were directed against intermarriage with the surrounding Germans: and when, at one of the New Year's receptions which have long been a privilege of the Hallowren, the Empress Augusta inquired why they did not always wed Hallowren maidens, one of the delegates quickly and aptly

replied, "Your Majesty, love will not be commanded!" The secret of their racial integrity lies in the fact that alien marriage involved forfeiture of membership in the Salzbruderschaft, and the offspring of such unions, instead of diluting the stock of the Halloren, mingled with and was absorbed into the surrounding population. Since the middle of the 15th century it has been the privilege of the Halloren to send an annual deputation to the Imperial Palace at Berlin, to give the Emperor New Year's greeting, and offer their traditional gifts of sausage and salt. Upon the accession of each new prince to the throne, peculiar ceremonies are observed by the saltworkers. Led by their Hauptmen and Innungmeisters, and with their treasured standards flying, they assemble in the Market Place and formally offer homage to the Prince as he sits upon his charger. The new monarch then dismounts, the oldest of the Hallfolk is hoisted to the saddle, and the horse is gravely led through the valley, followed by the Brotherhood in rank and file. "about the four 11t fountains," and back again to the Rathaus, in acknowledgment of the sovereignty of his royal owner. The horse which has thus become a pledge of good faith between Prince and people, is then presented to the saltworkers, together with a silken standard, which become thereafter the pride and treasure of the people.

The chief festival of the Halloren is Whitsuntide, which is observed from year to year after their ancient fashion, with processions, feasting, and exhibitions of their folk-dances. To this feast the neighboring domain of Gebichenstein, according to an ancient ordinance, was enjoined to contribute yearly 82 tuns of beer, and at the New Year a gift of twelve pounds of meal or cakes and a herring to each. Of late years these gifts have been commuted to a present of money.

The history of Halle, during its ten centuries of existence, has been an

eventful and tempestuous one. Twice it has been destroyed by fire, and once overtaken by a terrible inundation. The aggressively independent character of its citizens engaged them in feuds with the neighboring towns, and armed resistance of the exactions of their hereditary lords. The political murders committed here in the 12th century drew down the vengeance of King Lothair in banishment, torture, hanging and excessive fines. Their summary justice in the burning of Count von Hederleben, involved the retribution of Papal bulls and interdicts, confiscations and outlawry. Successive wars brought upon them the horrors of famine, Croatian exactions, robber invasions, and a ruined trade. Yet none of these could break the indomitable spirit of the people who rose again to prosperity and fame, after each successive wave of reverse and misfortune. They were feared far and wide for their prowess in war, and were engaged for generations in a struggle for political independence of the See of Madgeburg, in which they were frequently successful. Gradually they approached the condition of a free city, though without winning the final goal of admission into the Hanseatic League, until the storm of the 30 years' war, with the misery and financial bankruptcy entailed by it, finally broke their spirit. They were annexed to the Principality of Brandenburg, and the stringent rule of the Hohenzollerns quenched beyond recovery their hope of political independence.

The city has now regained much of its early commercial prosperity, and is an important manufacturing centre for agricultural implements, sugar and starch. Its salt-wells have an annual output of over 10,000 tons. Extensive lime pits and brickyards stud the neighborhood, and the coal mines of the Hartz contribute to swell the industries of the city. The old bounds of the town have been vastly overspread to the east and north by well-built manufacturing

and residential districts ; and since 1840 the population has increased four-fold, from 29,000 to upwards of 120,000.

The University, which the first Frederic of Prussia founded two centuries ago, took root and flourished almost from its inception. During the 17th and the early part of the 18th century, it ranked among the foremost of German universities. Men of the highest standing in their several lines of work occupied the chairs of all its faculties, and among its members the university reckons the names of Christian Thomasius, Ludewig, Boehmer and Witte, in jurisprudence ; in medicine, Hoffmann, Krukenberg, and Volkman ; and in theology, Francke, Meiner, and the great orientalist Gesenius. In philosophy, the names of Chr. Wolff, and Erdmann are counted among the great of Germany.

In its early days the University was a staunch supporter of the Evangelical cause, but from the time of Wolff, and through his influence, a strong Rationalistic tendency set in, which continued to grow until the early part of the present century, when it was supported by the names of Meisner and Gesenius.

To oppose the influence of these men and counteract the leaning toward pantheism which obtained in the university, Tholuck, a young enthusiast of Pietistic temperament, was called to the chair of theology. After a long period of distrust and hostility, he won the hearts of people and students, and through the magnetism of his personal character obtained such an influence upon the lives of students and the work of the university in general as has seldom been attained before or since.

In 1870, the University was united with that of Wittenberg, and was henceforth known by their combined names,—the University of Halle-Wittenberg. Though with fewer names upon its roll of such eminent merit as graced her earlier years, the growth of the University has been constant and rapid. Its chief development, however, has lain outside the purely academic circle, in its professional schools and agricultural department. The number of students upon the roll at present is 1,500, of whom about one-quarter are in the Academic Department.

R. MACDOUGALL.

Halle, Germany.



God is love, saith the Evangel ; and  
our world of woe and sin  
Is made light and happy only when  
a love is shining in.

—John Greenleaf Whittier.

## MINISTERIAL SELF-CONCEIT.

Young clergymen are often tempted to this fault. I do not mean that the temptation ceases with youth,—I wish it did; but age and experience bring with them so many rebuffs and humiliations, so frequent a sense of failure, that the conceit is to a certain degree kicked out of us. But the young clergyman finds himself almost suddenly placed in a position of authority over others. He has to lecture and preach to men and women old enough to be his father and mother. He is looked up to by numbers of people with great respect and deference. The very title of "Reverend" is a perpetual reminder of his dignity; and if he be fairly diligent in his work, his parishioners readily give him their respect and regard. It is easy for a young minister to be popular and admired.

All this is a trial to the flesh. If the man has not the modesty and good sense to discount the respect that comes to him, and to know that it is given to his office, not to himself: if he lets himself suppose that he is as wise and clever and good as kind and simple people take him to be, he quickly rises in his own opinion of himself. You see the little smirk of self-satisfaction both in his public ministry and his private conversation. You begin to perceive a tone of brag in his talk about himself and his doings. His manners gradually take that indescribable—and yet very insufferable—assurance and self-confidence bordering upon impudence, which are included in the word "humptiousness." What sensible man is not irritated and

distressed by the humptious young parson? The very air with which he enters a room, or struts up into a pulpit, rouses partly a sense of amusement at his folly, and partly a shrinking dislike of his self-confidence. Who would go to this young coxcomb to get advice in perplexity or comfort in sorrow? Who would like to have him kneeling by his bed of sickness, or by his solemn bed of death? Who would like to entrust to him the spiritual training of his sons and daughters? Does he not need to learn from the Master the old fundamental lesson to be meek and lowly in heart?

The very power which conceit gains over a man, goes to hide its presence. The vain man has no idea that he is vain. The more self-satisfied and self-conceited he grows, the more impossible it seems to him that he could think too much of himself. Among the qualities with which he credits himself, humility has doubtless a prominent place. Perhaps he never feels so self-satisfied as when he waxes eloquent in condemnation of pride and in praise of modesty,—the modesty which he believes that he possesses in so eminent a degree.

This is one of the secret faults from which we have to pray for cleansing. At the foot of the cross, in close communion with our Saviour, looking up at His noble ideal of life, praying for the illumination of His spirit that we may know both what we ought to be and what we are—we can be protected from the snares of self-conceit.

—From Canon Wynne.

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There lives more faith in honest doubt.  
Believe me, than in half the creeds.

—In Memoriam.

## Missions.

### DR. SMITH ON HONAN.

On Wednesday afternoon, Nov. 20th, the students assembled in Lecture Room No. 1, upon the invitation of Principal MacVicar, to listen to an address by the Rev. Dr. Smith, of Honan, China. Dr. Smith is in the city undergoing medical treatment. He graduated from Queen's University Theological and Medical Faculties. He went to Honan soon after graduating, and has been laboring for about six and a-half years as a medical missionary in that field.

His address was most interesting and instructive, and was listened to with rapt attention. In opening, he called attention to the great difficulty of acquiring even an imperfect knowledge of heathen countries, customs and peoples by merely reading missionary literature or listening to missionary addresses. This applies especially to a land like China, which covers so wide an area and in which the character of the people and their customs of life are so diversified, e.g., there is a prevailing idea that all the Chinese subsist almost wholly upon rice, whereas, there are districts in their empire where that article is scarcely ever seen, much less eaten. The same might be said of other things. The only means by which one may get a real knowledge of the conditions of these peoples, is by actual experience.

Again, he pointed out how much the foreign missionary realizes the greatness of our privileges. People in Christian lands read and talk a great deal about the thousands of heathen perishing spiritually every month, but they do not begin to grasp the solemnity of

the facts thus stated. For if they did, they could not sit so calm and collected while listening to their narration.

There are thirty-four different societies at work in China, and, naturally, a great variety of systems of working are brought into play, some spend their whole time in preaching and teaching the Gospel, going here and there, wherever they can find hearers. While others apply themselves to centralizing and building up their missions.

There is one branch of missionary work which is recognized by all as of supreme importance, viz., the medical work. It is comparatively new, the first medical missionary having been sent out about sixty years ago. At first they were regarded only as a sort of auxiliary to the other departments of the work, but now it is looked upon as a direct agency in the carrying on of the foreign work.

The work of the medical missionary affords peculiar facilities for impressing the minds of those who may be mere onlookers. Even the wealthy men who are eye-witnesses to the caring for a patient having some loathsome disease cannot fail to be impressed with the idea that there must be something in a Gospel which leads men to do such deeds of love. He referred briefly to the history of the first convert to Christianity in Honan, "Old Joe." He was first treated for cataract of the eyes, and in the providence of God had his eyesight restored. Then he expressed a desire to repay such kindness, and in reply was simply asked to accept Christ as his Saviour. Along with his



son he became a convert, and last winter their wives also professed their faith in the Son of God.

The missionaries distribute tracts on which a few brief notices are printed, telling some of the reasons why they have come to China, and also telling that medicine and medical treatment may be received at the dispensary, free of charge.

One man happened to pick up one of these tracts, and after reading it he brought a friend to be treated for blindness, but they could do nothing for him except tell the glad message of salvation. The same man returned with five or six more patients to be treated. Some of them were successfully treated, and on departing, the leader declared that he had thrown away his idols, and in proof of the truth of his profession, he returned in a short time with a friend, this time not to receive medical but spiritual treatment. The result was that a mission of forty or fifty was started in his native village. They have raised, of their own free will, although very poor, the sum of fifteen or sixteen gold dollars and built a chapel for worship, and are still faithfully and vigorously pressing on in the good work, even in the face of many difficulties and much persecution. The speaker next enumerated a number of the hindrances of the work.

(1.) The difficult nature of the Chinese language. Some people imagine that it may be acquired in six or eight months; this, he declared, is a delusion. Besides, after you are able to use the language, your words are not understood by the natives. It is difficult to express the meaning of our ideas in their language. Take for example the word "sin." It is almost impossible to convey the meaning of that term to a Chinese mind. If you tell a native that he is a sinner, he will very likely reply that he is not. He cannot comprehend the meaning of such a state. The truth is, the speaker affirmed, there is a wide

chasm to be spanned between us and the Chinese before we can do effective work.

(2.) The climate is one of the great drawbacks to the work. There, again, we find diversity of conditions depending upon locality. But the climate as a whole is very depressing to foreigners. "Malaria" is found everywhere, and is troublesome to the majority of foreigners, especially to children.

To make matters worse, the Chinese do not regard with the same degree of dread, many of the loathsome diseases, as smallpox, for example. It is very common among them. Their name for smallpox is the "Heavenly Flower," and they referred to the late Emperor, who died of smallpox, in beautiful language as "enjoying the felicity of the Heavenly Flower." Some people speak of the advisability of missionaries living like the Chinese. To do this, Dr. Smith said, the missionary would require to change his whole nature and be able to live anywhere, and to eat anything.

(3.) Then the utter indifference of the people is a great hindrance. They do not realize their sinfulness, nor do they manifest any desire to improve their condition. Not one percent of them care for anything better than they have. Not five out of the ten thousand who called at the dispensary in one year showed any desire to listen to the Gospel.

(4.) Their superstition and ignorance are great barriers to the progress of the work.

(5.) The missionary has to be guarded in dealing with some characters. There are found among them those who find no difficulty in harmonizing the three systems of religion found in China; especially is this true of some learned and ambitious ones. They will claim to belong to all three, while the fact is they do not know what they belong to. Nor would they hesitate to add Christianity to the list, provided they did not have to give up the other three.

(G) The utter exclusiveness is an almost insurmountable difficulty. It takes a long time to overcome their inherent prejudices.

In conclusion, he added: There are 50,000 church members and 150,000 adherents in China, and the work is encouraging, notwithstanding the hindrances, and if those saved were baptized with the Holy Spirit, how soon

might the conversion of the whole nation be brought about.

There are nine converts in Houan now, and quite a number on probation, the outlook is hopeful.

The Rev. Dr. MacVicar, on behalf of the students and faculty, moved a vote of thanks to the speaker for his excellent address.

GEO. WEIR.

Presbyterian College.



## HOME MISSION WORK.

### SOME FURTHER ACCOUNT OF STUDENT MISSIONARY LABOR.

Since the publication of our November number, the writer has received additional information respecting several important mission fields of our Church, which were occupied last summer by students of this college: and believing that a brief account of these fields and of the work carried on in them will be of interest to our readers, we have undertaken to continue the article which appeared in our late issue.

The home mission work of our Church is not wholly confined to rural and backward settlements. One of our students, Mr. D. J. Graham, labored all summer here in Montreal, in charge of the Nazareth Street Presbyterian Mission—a mission carried on under the auspices of Crescent Street Church.

The work here is of a genuine missionary character, and is personal in tone, the missionary being occupied chiefly in visiting from house to house, speaking a word of comfort to the downcast, a word of encouragement to the reformed inebriate, and a word of warning to the careless and indifferent; and many such are to be found. The great vice that hinders the spiritual life and growth of this, as, alas, of so many communities, is intemperance, and it is only those who engage in city mission-

ary work that know to what depths of sin and wretchedness it is possible for men and women, who live in an enlightened Christian country, to sink.

Yet in the providence of God a good work is here being carried on. During the summer, some ten new families were added to the mission, who now attend Divine service, instead of patrolling the streets on the Sabbath day, or spending their time in the public house, where liquor is sold in direct violation of the laws.

Owing to the kindness of the people of Crescent Street Church, the mission hall has recently been renovated both inside and out. Instead of having the service, as formerly, in a dark dingy room, the congregation now gather in a bright, cheerful, inviting place of worship. The average Sabbath evening attendance is about one hundred; and through personal work, some five have professed their faith in Christ, others have signed the pledge and have promised to live better and more consistent lives. Thus the work of giving the Gospel to a class almost entirely out of the reach of our city churches, is being carried on; and Eternity alone will reveal the results.

An entirely different species of mis-

sion work was carried on at St. Eusebe, a small village situated just on the boundary line, separating Quebec, New Brunswick and the State of Maine. This village can boast of neither church, school-house, nor post-office; and the people are wholly Roman Catholic. It was here that Mr. Louis Abram, one of our French students, spent his summer.

Upon arriving in the field, Mr. Abram first opened a school, which was at once attended by some eight or ten children. The attendance would have certainly increased had not a priest from a neighboring village visited the people and forbade the parents to send their children to the school. So eager, however, were the children to learn to read and write, that not a few of them left their homes, unknown to their parents, and went to the school for their lessons. Besides the school there was also a religious service conducted every evening by Mr. Abram. It was well attended, the people manifesting an intense desire to know the way of salvation. Many of them would leave the meetings astonished to hear how easy it was to obtain salvation by faith in Jesus Christ. "In our religion," they would say, "we are always doing something in order to be happy, and are always in doubt and distress. What a privilege to obtain salvation in this way." On some occasions Mr. Abram continued his services until eleven o'clock; and the people had always a great many questions to ask about what they had heard.

Mr. E. H. Brandt, another of our French students, labored at Cacouma, Que. This is a place well-known to colporteurs and French missionaries; and some two years ago an attempt was made to open a mission field there. The people at once took a great interest in the work, and were attentive listeners to the reading of God's Word, which was so strangely new to them.

Last summer the attendance at Divine service averaged about twenty. Among

these were eight persons who have disconnected themselves with the Church of Rome. Roman Catholics would frequently stop our missionary while on the road, to ask him questions about the mass, purgatory, auricular confession, or some other tenet of the Romish Church. And, although the priest frequently preached against him and commanded the people to burn the books and tracts which he had distributed, or to throw them in his face, yet the people were always pleased to see the missionary wherever he went. During the summer, the field was visited by Father Chiniquy, who stayed a week amongst the people, many of whom are personally acquainted with him.

Port au Persil, Riviere aux Canards and St. Etienne, has for four sessions been the mission field of Mr. J. B. Sincennes. The first two stations are situated between Murray Bay and Tadoussac. Here also the vast majority of the people are Roman Catholics. They are, however, very accessible. Last summer a school was started in the place and was taught by a Protestant lady. It was well attended.

Portneuf was supplied during the summer by Mr. F. W. Gilmour. Portneuf is a small village prettily situated on the St. Lawrence River, some thirty-five miles above the city of Quebec. Unlike many of the mission fields of our Church, Portneuf offers no great inconveniences to the missionary. The splendid accommodation of the Canadian Pacific Railway, and the numerous boats on the river, keep him in touch with the great centres of life and civilization. The work of the student in Portneuf is comparatively light and is made so by the hearty co-operation of all the members. As Mr. Gilmour remarks, "the reason why the sailing is so easy to the student, is because he has the strong arms of the office-bearers of the church pulling with him." For several winters, when they had no student, these faithful servants

of Christ have conducted fortnightly services in the field, thus keeping the place of worship open the entire year. The outcome of such faithfulness is that Portneuf is a spot in the vineyard of Christ bearing fruit an hundred-fold. Mr. Gilmeur reports that almost the whole community attended his services; and that over ninety percent of his average congregation for the summer were church members.

Not only is there a good class of Presbyterians in Portneuf, but the Episcopalian Church is renowned for the evangelical spirit that pervades it. Some eight years ago the two congregations were united. But the development of years brought the development of opinions; and so to-day, the two denominations are living and growing happily side by side.

Proceeding from Montreal westward, some twenty-five miles, we come to the important mission field of Ste. Therese. It comprises three stations, Ste. Therese, Grande Fresniere and St. Eustache.

Ste. Therese is a thriving town, and is an important railway junction. It contains some seventeen Presbyterian families. They have erected a church and a school, which are combined in one edifice, and is of brick. There are twenty-six families in connection with the Grande Fresniere station. St. Eustache has some thirteen families, at which place services are conducted in an old stone church, which was built in the year 1842. The church was repaired during the summer.

We may also add that Divine service was conducted by the missionary, Mr. D. D. Millar, at Ste. Rose, a little French village on the Ottawa River. This place is a favorite summer resort of the people of Montreal. The church was built by Protestant tourists and is undenominational. The business of the congregation is carried on by a Board of Management, chosen from different Protestant bodies, and the work goes on most harmoniously. The missionary

was greatly encouraged by the large attendance at all the services. At the close of the summer, eleven new names were added to the roll of the church.

The mission field of Portland, Que., was allotted to Mr. M. McIntosh of this college. It is situated between the rivers Gatineau and L'Église, and is about thirty miles distant from Ottawa city. The country, which is covered by ranges of the old Laurentian hills, rendering three-fourths of it unfit for cultivation, must have presented a drear prospect to the early settlers. But the pioneer work is now done; and the valleys, which contain a rich alluvial soil, are dotted with farm-houses. The rough and rugged hills, some clothed with lofty pines, others bare and barren, swept by fire, give the landscape, however, a stern, though not unpleasant aspect. Here and there between the mountains lie picturesque lakes, where the patient angler plays with the wily trout. The roads are traced along the stony hillsides; and the pleasure-drive is an amusement entirely unknown. During the month of June, the enterprising mosquito, with his particular fondness for a stranger, managed to make the missionary's days and nights more or less miserable. His friends, however, offered him the comforting assurance that the mosquito of to-day is a harmless insect, compared with the mosquito of "lang syne."

There are two preaching stations in the field; and the services were well attended. There is a Sabbath-school connected with each station. The children attended regularly, and their knowledge of the Scriptures showed that they received home instruction. The weekly prayer meeting was attended by a large number of young people, many of whom walked long distances to be present. The field of Portland is, on the whole, an interesting and encouraging one; and the missionary retains pleasant memories of his summer's work among its people.

During the first two months of the summer vacation, the Second Presbyterian Church, Huntingdon, together with the mission field of La Guerre, were supplied by Mr. J. A. Cleland. After the union of the former charge with St. Andrew's Church, Huntingdon, the missionary gave all his attention to La Guerre. La Guerre was formerly a regular pastoral charge, but of late years the number of Presbyterian families has been diminishing, so that the congregation cannot now maintain a settled minister. But the people, though few in number, make up in zeal what they lack in numerical strength, desiring to be true to past records, remembering how their pioneer forefathers established the Protestant faith in this Romish neighborhood. And as they see the power of that Church yearly increasing around them, they are more than ever anxious to have the pure Gospel of Jesus Christ preached among them. La Guerre is one of those fields which should be helped and encouraged by the Church as a whole. If those congregations which are blessed with a larger supply of the means of grace would give more thought and attention to the need in such places as La Guerre, the Augmentation Scheme of the Church would stand in no need of funds. During the summer, the young people of the congregation organized a Christian Endeavor Society. There was also a movement set on foot to introduce an organ into the church, as an assistance in public praise.

Mr. Narcisse McLaren, a French student, labored at Desert during the summer. Desert village, the centre of the field, is situated at the confluence of the Desert and Gatineau rivers, one hundred miles north of Ottawa city, and some twenty-eight miles from the nearest railway station.

There are some forty families in connection with the field, which is composed of five preaching stations. The missionary preaches at Desert on Sunday morn-

ing, at half-past ten. He then drives twenty miles to Northfield, and preaches at half-past three; and six miles farther to Six Portages, where his service begins at half-past seven in the evening. Monday morning, the missionary has a tedious journey of twenty-six miles homewards, where he arrives, not only thoroughly tired out with his exertions, but just to start out on Tuesday morning, on horseback, for Baskatong, thirty-eight miles distant, where services are held once a month, or else to Joseph's Lake, twelve miles distant, which latter journey is easier made on foot. The field is thus an exceptionally laborious one. But as the writer's own experience can prove, the missionary soon forgets all the hardships, and remembers only the warm-hearted Christian sympathy of the people of Desert.

There is but one mission field in the Presbytery of Glengarry. This is East Lancaster. It occupies a large district, stretching from the Beaudette River on the east almost to Lancaster village on the west, and is the centre of an excellent agricultural district. Though much of the land is new, yet there are many fine farms in the neighborhood; and the people for the most part seem prosperous and contented.

There are three stations in connection with the field, which was supplied by Mr. George Weir of this college. At two of these, services were held every Sabbath; while at the third they were conducted on alternate Sabbaths. Besides the regular prayer-meeting there is a Christian Endeavor Society, which is made up of members of the old Kirk congregation and the union people of the mission field. The only drawback to the work is the matter of accommodation. The buildings are not as comfortable as they should be; and it is hoped that in the near future there will be an earnest effort made to improve them.

Of western fields we will mention but two.

Red Deer mission field is situated about ninety miles north of Calgary on the line of the Calgary and Edmonton Railway. There are four preaching stations in this field, namely, Red Deer, Penhold, Edwell and Hilleud. Services were held weekly at Red Deer and Penhold, and fortnightly at Hilleud and Edwell. There are about thirty-five families in this mission field. The greater majority of these seem anxious to have the gospel preached to them; but there are a few who are absolutely careless and indifferent about the matter. The field has many natural advantages in its favor; and will thus do well in the future. We are glad to learn also that the Home Mission Committee has resolved to keep this field open during the coming winter, and has appointed Mr. Dobbin, a student of Manitoba College, to undertake the work.

Situated twenty-five miles west of Brandon, in a beautiful farming district, lies the mission field of Tarbolton. It possesses three preaching stations, at one of which there is a comfortable

little church, and at the other two services are conducted in school-houses. There are about thirty families in connection with the field, but these are widely scattered. There is a Sabbath-school at each station; and perhaps the most effective part of the summer's work was done just among the little ones of the flock.

A very pleasant summer was spent by the missionary, Mr. C. Haughton, among a generous and kind hearted people. It is to be regretted that the field has this winter to do without its usual service on account of a lack of funds. If the generous people of the east were once awakened to the needs of these people in the far west ample means would not be long in forthcoming to send them the gospel. Christ said 'Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature.' While this is true, let us not forget the fact that many in our own country have not the privileges which we enjoy, and also remember that the apostles preached first in Jerusalem and then abroad.

W. T. B. CROMBIE.

Presbyterian College.



Remember that charity thinketh no evil, much less repeats it. There are two good rules that ought to be written on every heart.—never believe anything bad about anyone unless you positively know it is true, never tell even that unless you feel that it is absolutely necessary, and that God is listening while you tell it.

—Henry Van Dyke.

## Partie Française.

### LES INÉGALITÉS SOCIALES.

Analyse d'un sermon prêché par M. le Pasteur Morin, le dimanche 4 novembre de cette année, devant la Congrégation de l'Église St-Jean.

La dernière partie de la parabole des ouvriers (Matthieu, XX, 1-14.) en fournit le texte.

Vous vous rappelez, mes frères, que dimanche dernier nous avons commencé l'explication de cette parabole. Nous vous avons parlé de l'appel que Dieu fait à tous les hommes pour travailler dans sa vigne, c'est-à-dire dans son Église. Et travailler à quoi? A l'avancement de son règne à l'intérieur et à l'extérieur, je veux dire dans leur cœur d'abord et dans le cœur de leurs frères ensuite. Il fait entendre son appel à tous les âges et quand on y répond, il reçoit toujours.

Aujourd'hui je veux attirer votre attention sur la distribution des salaires. "Le soir venu, le père de famille appelle ses ouvriers pour leur donner leur salaire." L'appel sonne tôt ou tard et sonne pour tous. Nous en avons eu cette semaine deux exemples frappants : l'un au Canada où Dieu a appelé à lui un homme resté très populaire malgré tout, l'autre en Russie où l'appel du Très-Haut a sonné pour le souverain de cent millions d'âmes. Comme dit le poète :

La mort a des rigueurs à nul autre pareille  
On a beau la prier,  
La cruelle qu'elle est se bouche les oreilles  
Et nous laisse crier.  
Le pauvre en sa cabane où le chaume le couvre  
Est sujet à ses lois,  
Et la garde qui veille aux barrières du Louvre  
N'en défend pas nos rois.

Le salaire dont il est ici question est l'image des récompenses éternelles. La vie, c'est le jour de labeur. L'heure du repos sonnera à un moment ou à un autre pour tous les travailleurs.

Cette perspective est fort consolante pour nous, chrétiens. Mais nous ne devons pas oublier que le soir de la vie arrivé, il nous faudra rendre compte de notre administration. Les livres seront ouverts... Ces livres, c'est nous-mêmes : toute action morale laisse sur notre caractère une empreinte indélébile.

Le salaire, c'est la vie éternelle pour les ouvriers fidèles, pour ceux qui ont aimé ce qui ne passe pas, la justice, la vérité, la sainteté—oui, à eux ce qui demeure et ce qui corrompt... vrai, le beau et le bien, Dieu lui-même ; mais la mort éternelle pour les méchants, qui n'ont aimé et cherché que ce qui passe et corrompt, le monde et le péché.

Mais les derniers, dit la parabole, reçoivent autant que les premiers. Il y a là une apparente injustice qui nous choque au premier abord. Aussi les ouvriers de la première heure murmurent-ils, "les derniers n'ont travaillé qu'une heure et vous leur donnez autant qu'à nous qui avons porté tout le poids du jour et de la chaleur." Écoutez la réponse du père de famille. Il dit à l'un d'eux ! "Mon ami, je ne vous fais point de tort : n'êtes-vous pas convenu avec moi d'un denier pour votre journée ? Prenez ce qui vous appartient et vous en allez ; pour moi, je veux donner à ce dernier autant qu'à vous. Ne m'est-il

done pas permis de faire ce que je veux, et votre oeil est-il mauvais parce que je suis bon ?" Parmi nous n'y en a-t-il pas beaucoup qui ressemblent à ces ouvriers et murmurent contre les inégalités sociales ? Pourquoi Dieu a-t-il fait, des pauvres et des riches ? Pourquoi a-t-il donné aux uns la force et la santé, tandis que d'autres sont toujours malades et souffrants ? Pourquoi certains hommes réussissent-ils dans tout ce qu'ils entreprennent, tandis que d'autres aussi intelligents échouent infailliblement ? Grande et difficile question dont on n'aura probablement la solution complète que dans l'autre vie. C'est dire que je ne prétends pas la résoudre. Je voudrais jeter simplement un peu de lumière sur le point qui nous occupe.

La première remarque que je me permettrai de faire, c'est que les inégalités sociales ne sont pas toujours imputables à Dieu. Elles sont le fait de l'homme et du péché. Ce n'est pas la faute du père de famille si les ouvriers n'ont pas de travail. L'état social actuel est le résultat d'une foule d'intérêts opposés et de passions mauvaises. D'ailleurs il ne faut point oublier que nous sommes solidaires et que nous héritons des progrès aussi bien que des fautes de nos devanciers. Nous ne faisons aucune difficulté d'accepter les biens, pourquoi refusons-nous d'accepter les maux ? Un fait certain, c'est que l'Évangile accepté et pratiqué ferait disparaître la plupart de ces inégalités, et l'histoire nous montre qu'il en a déjà fait disparaître un grand nombre.

Mais, dit-on, pourquoi Dieu les permet-il ? Parce qu'elles proviennent de notre liberté, et qu'il nous a créés libres et soumis au travail. Pour enlever le mal il faudrait nous enlever notre liberté et

alors nous ne serions plus des hommes, mais de pures machines. Voyez Jésus-Christ. Il est venu en ce monde pour détruire la puissance du mal, non en nous enlevant la liberté, mais, en nous apprenant à bien user de cette liberté, en nous inspirant l'amour du bien, de la justice et de la sainteté.

Ma deuxième remarque aura pour objet l'injustice des murmures des ouvriers. De quoi se plaignent-ils ? De ce que les derniers reçoivent le même salaire qu'eux. Vous voyez ici la basse jalousie, la noire méchanceté, la hideuse envie. Qu'est-ce que cela peut leur faire ? Ils ont reçu le salaire convenu. Ils n'ont donc rien perdu. Et cependant ils agissent comme si le père de famille leur avait fait tort. On dirait qu'il a pris ce denier dans leur poche pour le donner aux autres. C'est ainsi que les envieux et les jaloux se trouvent souvent parmi les favorisés du sort. Ils sont fâchés de voir leurs frères réussir, comme si leur succès leur enlevait quelque chose.

Une troisième remarque, c'est que beaucoup d'inégalités entrent dans le plan divin de la Providence. L'égalité complète est une chimère. Elle n'existe pas dans la nature, Vous ne trouverez pas deux feuilles d'arbre absolument semblables. La beauté se trouve précisément dans la diversité. De même Dieu ne donne pas à tous les mêmes moyens et les mêmes talents, mais il faut se rappeler deux choses. La première, c'est que Dieu est toujours juste ; la seconde, c'est qu'il est le maître de ses dons. Il les donne à qui il veut, et nous n'avons pas le droit de nous plaindre, car il ne nous doit rien. Nous ne devons pas oublier non plus qu'il sera plus demandé à celui qui a plus reçu. La pensée seule de cette responsabilité devrait nous em-



pêcher de nous plaindre. Enfin, la question de durée n'est pas seule à considérer ici. Certains ouvriers sont arrivés à la onzième heure, c'est vrai, mais qui nous dit qu'en somme ils n'ont pas plus travaillé que les premiers ? N'ont-ils pas fait passer toute leur âme dans leur travail ? Voyez le bon larron. Il se convertit à la dernière heure, mais comme il fait passer toute son âme dans la prière qu'il adresse à Jésus. Et Saint-Paul. Il se convertit tard, et cependant il a plus travaillé que les autres apôtres parce qu'il a mis plus d'ardeur, plus de feu, plus de zèle dans son travail. Ainsi on trouve de nouveaux convertis qui montrent pour l'avancement du règne de Dieu dans les âmes beaucoup plus de zèle qu'une multitude de chrétiens élevés dans la foi évangélique.

Au reste le point de vue des rétributions strictes n'est pas admissible dans l'ordre du salut, car celui-ci est un don gratuit et non une récompense. Qu'est-ce que tout ce que nous pouvons faire auprès de la vie en Dieu ? Qu'est-ce qu'une différence de quelques heures auprès de l'éternité ?

Cette parabole peut s'appliquer aux Juifs, appelés dès la première heure à la connaissance de la vérité et jaloux de voir les Gentils appelés à jouir du même privilège. Des chrétiens ne parlent pas de la sorte. Ils remercient Dieu d'avoir été appelés dès la première heure, et ils se réjouissent de voir quelques-uns de leurs frères appelés seulement au déclin de la vie.

Le principal, c'est d'imiter les ouvriers qui répondent immédiatement à l'appel du père de famille. Dieu a besoin d'ouvriers dans toutes les professions pour l'avancement de son règne ici-bas—Remarquons enfin que cette parabole finit

par une menace. "Il y en a beaucoup d'appelés, mais peu d'élus." Dieu nous appelle, quelle sera notre réponse ? Oh ! sans doute elle sera ce qu'elle doit être : "Seigneur, me voici : je suis prêt à te suivre."

### LES CÔTES MARITIMES.

Quelle doit être triste la vie de l'aveugle-né, qui jamais n'a pu contempler les merveilles de la nature, et se réjouir de ce que Dieu nous a manifesté son amour infini en nous appelant à vivre dans un monde si richement doté ! Partout, dans l'univers, on découvre la main de Dieu, puissante et bienfaitrice.

Je n'avais jamais vu la mer, et la première fois que j'arrivai sur ses bords, mon cœur se sentit pris d'une émotion sainte, et je m'écriai : "O Dieu ! que tes œuvres sont grandes ; ce vaste Océan, en cet instant solennel, sait mieux toucher mon âme et me révéler ta grandeur et ta bonté que les monts et les vallées !"

Quelle variété d'aspect, de couleur et de bruits sur cette immense étendue d'eau salée !

Ce qui frappe tout d'abord, sur les côtes maritimes, c'est le flux et le reflux. N'y a-t-il pas quelque chose de bien étrange dans le va et vient continu et régulier de la mer ? Ce phénomène, à lui seul, pourrait donner au négligent la plus salutaire leçon d'exactitude et de ponctualité.

Là, sur la terre ferme où vous avez couru, joué, conversé pendant plusieurs heures, les flots viennent se balancer, apportant avec eux des débris de toute sorte. Le voyageur attardé en ces lieux devient la victime de cet élément redoutable qui semble, dans sa fureur, être jaloux de l'enceinte que la nature lui a

fixée. Souvent, dans mon imagination, j'ai vu des infortunés subir ce triste sort.

Voir la mer s'élever autour de soi, le rocher sur lequel on s'est oublié se perdre petit à petit dans l'abîme, sentir à ses pieds la froide écume des vagues, présage d'un tombeau qui s'ouvre, se faire soulever par ces mêmes vagues et ne voir sur le rivage nulle âme pour répondre à ses cris d'alarmes, pas même une épave errante sur les flots, mon Dieu, quelle scène poignante !

N'avez-vous jamais admiré la mer silencieuse, lorsque sans ride, l'onde, étant devenue miroir, reflète dans son sein les bocages des îles avoisinantes, la crête nue des récifs, le ciel azuré et les goélands attardés se hâtant de rentrer au logis ?

Ah ! matelots craignez d'affronter un long voyage, armez-vous de courage et de prudence. Tout vous sourit au départ. Comme le serpent, sait ingénieusement attirer sa proie, ainsi l'immensité de l'Océan vous invite à naviguer sur vos frères esquifs, oubliez-vous que peut-être ce soir, que dis-je, à l'instant même, ces ondes tranquilles vont, sous l'effort de la tempête, se troubler, s'agiter et tourbillonner autour de vous ? Trop souvent vous oubliez que tout est incertain ; vous pensez que la mer est une amie, non, elle est moqueuse.

Voyez-vous ce calme qu'elle vous offre ? Alors elle cache dans son sein le subit effroi des naufragés, l'épave à laquelle se cramponne le matelot éperdu, et enfin le crêpe noir de la veuve pleurant la mort du père de l'orphelin.

Vous qui aimez la variété et qui avez en horreur la monotonie, quittez les lieux que vous habitez et allez voir les bords de la mer. La brise y change constamment de direction, un moment de calme succède à quelque bourrasque,

la couleur et la température des eaux varient selon la brise et les marées ; tantôt les vagues sont aiguës, écumeuses, tantôt elles ne forment que de grandes houles, triste souvenir de la tempête de la veille.

Mais ce qui frappe le plus sur la plage, ce sont les illusions d'optique. Certains jours tout apparaît lointain, éloigné à des distances doubles de celles que vous aviez supposées ; immédiatement après tout devient clair et serein ; les montagnes et les îles se rapprochent, et à vue d'œil on peut distinguer très nettement les voiles à l'horizon, la conformation des côtes et des rochers immenses qui les surplombent.

Les objets les plus irréguliers, par le mirage, prennent une forme géométrique, tour à tour grossissent, s'allongent et se rétrécissent. Tel îlot, vu de loin, présente à la marée basse, des rivages réguliers, l'ensemble apparaît beau, pittoresque ; mais, ô surprise ! que l'on vogue vers ces lieux et tout changera graduellement. Là, où l'on croyait rencontrer la terre ferme, sont des précipices : quelques récifs recouverts de varechs, placés à distance de l'ilôt et vus de profil trompaient l'œil du marin non expérimenté.

La mer phosphorescente, n'est-ce pas là aussi un phénomène admirable ? On navigue sur des traits de feu qui sillonnent les eaux de toutes parts, et ces traits enflammés frappant l'aviron, se brisent sur l'esquif sans que rien s'embrace.

Mais cet Océan si merveilleux dans ses différentes manifestations, cache dans son sein une foule d'êtres non moins curieux. De même que la terre, la mer a ses habitants.

Qu'il est beau de voir le marsouin poursuivre sa proie et dans sa course,

venir respirer à la surface des eaux. Quelle vitesse vertigineuse dans cet animal ! Intrépide est le pêcheur qui, le dard à la main, s'aventure à sa suite et réussit à le capturer.

Le loup-marin, par ses manières rusées, sa conformation physique, n'est pas moins intéressant. Souvent lorsque la mer est calme, on aperçoit à la surface de l'eau ces animaux venant respirer, ressemblant à quelque baigneur qui lutte contre le courant. Quand la marée commence à baisser, les lous-marins cherchent les premières pierres laissées découvertes par les flots ; ils s'y posent aussitôt et semblent y goûter un repos bien mérité.

Là, sous l'influence des doux rayons du soleil, ils s'étirent en faisant subir à leurs corps flasques toute sorte de mouvements. Le retardataire, assez effronté, pour disputer une place déjà occupée est mal reçu, et c'est alors qu'ont lieu ces dialogues dans un langage inconnu des chasseurs, mais qui réussit presque toujours à convaincre le plus faible qui, quoique très jaloux de sa place, la cède à son concurrent. Pendant la nuit, on entend les femelles appelant leurs petits ; ceux-ci répondent par un cri tout différent qui nous fait croire à la présence d'enfants en détresse. Ces cris, lorsqu'ils se mêlent à ceux des goélands et des huards, font régner, au crépuscule, une sorte de frayeur dans toute âme sensible.

O immensité des flots ! que j'aime à te contempler ! Ton aspect, à la fois souriant et menaçant me charme, me captive et m'effraye. Rien n'est plus sublime pour moi que la tempête qui soulève cette vaste nappe d'eau. Ces vagues en furie déferlant sur les écueils, cette écume qui couronne et blanchit le sommet des récifs fait croire à la fusion

des éléments ; le sable du rivage se refoulant sous l'effort des vagues qui se dressent en murailles et se démolissent aussitôt ; les nuages qui parcourent les airs avec rapidité effrayante, tout cela ne publie-t-il pas bien haut la puissance du Maître de l'univers ?

Il fait bon quelquefois être témoin de ces grands spectacles que nous donne la nature ; l'âme tout en se sentant émue éprouve aussi une certaine satisfaction.

Ah ! Dieu Tout Puissant, si tes œuvres sont si grandes et si puissantes, si les éléments, sortis de ta main, sont irrésistibles et glacent de terreur le plus brave des humains, qu'est ta grandeur, à toi qui les a faits et qui les gouvernes ?

De même que l'Océan, le cœur humain a aussi ses moments de calme et de tranquillité ; dans son état de quiétude momentanée, il est parfois un moqueur qui trompe celui qui veut l'écouter.

Soudain les troubles, les inquiétudes et les tribulations viennent agiter ce pauvre cœur et rappeler à l'homme que pour lui il existe aussi la tempête du malheur et le souffle de la conscience. Si la mer est remuée parfois jusqu'au fond, le cœur humain est touché profondément, certaines épreuves font vibrer dans l'âme les cordes les plus sensibles.

Semblable au voyageur sur les mers, trompé par sa vue, l'homme éprouve de ces illusions du cœur ; ses désirs et ses aspirations lui font voir dans un mirage le bonheur qu'il poursuit toujours avec la même ardeur, sans jamais l'atteindre. Et, souvent semblable au jeune marin qui vogue à pleines voiles, se croyant en sûreté, le jeune homme qui commence sa carrière et qui n'a pour pilote que son cœur et de mauvais conseillers vient briser tout son avenir sur les écueils de la vie.

E. H. BRANDT.

## J'AIME LA MUSIQUE.

Chaque peuple de l'antiquité compte dans son histoire un ou plusieurs personnages auxquels il attribue l'invention de la musique. L'Italien Gui d'Arezzo imagina les signes que nous connaissons sous le nom de *notes*; mais l'art de combiner les sons d'une manière agréable à l'oreille existait lorsque le premier homme s'éveilla à la nature.

C'est le ruisseau qui gazouille avec tendresse; c'est l'Océan qui bat sa rive en gémissant; c'est l'aluette matinale qui porte au ciel l'hymne de la joie, le triomphe du jour; c'est le dôme de la forêt qui sanglote une plainte; c'est le rocher qui redit au rocher le fracas du torrent; c'est le rossignol qui jette au vent de la nuit, dans la majesté de la solitude, l'hymne enivrant de ses amours. Que d'indifférences pour le beau ont été vaincues par ce pieux mystère! La musique invite, dispose notre âme à l'adoration et nous fait rêver de bonheur.

J'aime, dans le temple de Dieu, m'abandonner avec mystère à cette invitation, quoique fort imparfaite, des bruits de la nature; à ces notes tantôt molles et cadencées, tantôt vives et légères, où mon âme voit tour à tour une douleur, une aspiration, une espérance, un cri d'enthousiasme.

Mais, sachons limiter nos plaisirs. Les chansons frivoles, lascives, et les pièces de musique populaires ne doivent pas s'accorder au goût du chrétien. La musique est un grand bienfait lorsqu'on n'en abuse point; mais lorsqu'on en fait un mauvais usage, c'est un terrible fléau. Elle procure une excitation; mais elle ne communique pas cette force et ce courage que le chrétien peut trouver au trône de la grâce lorsqu'il fait connaître

humblement ses besoins et qu'il demande d'être fortifié.

HANS BERGMANN.

Montréal, Décembre, 1894.

## NOUVELLES.

Nous lisons dans "L'Aurore" du 10 Novembre, ce qui suit:—"A Montréal, le 6 Novembre, M. le Pasteur Morin a célébré le mariage de M. J. L. Maynard, licencié en théologie, avec Mlle. Emma C. More, institutrice." Nous nous y attendions déjà depuis longtemps, toutefois nous avons été plus ou moins surpris, vu que nous n'avons entendu parler de ce mariage qu'une semaine après que l'heureux couple avait quitté notre ville. Nous sommes arrivés à la conclusion que c'est là la *mode* des étudiants de notre collège; l'on se marie sans en dire mot à ses camarades d'études. Un certain camarade nous dit qu'il faut changer la *mode*. Nous souhaitons bonheur et prospérité à M. et Mme. Maynard.

On nous apprend que M. Bouchard doit prendre sous ses charges l'église de Joliette et que M. Maynard le remplacera à Miscou. Nous ne doutons pas que tous deux auront du succès dans leurs champs respectifs où ils ont déjà travaillé pendant plusieurs mois lorsqu'ils étaient étudiants.

La congrégation de New-Glasgow, demeurée sans pasteur depuis trois ans, a fait un appel à M. le Pasteur Vernier d'Angers. L'appel était unanime et M. Vernier l'a accepté. Son installation à New-Glasgow a eu lieu le 3 courant.

C'est avec plaisir que nous apprenons que la santé du Dr. Chimiquy s'améliore. Nous regrettons beaucoup que cet infatigable vieillard ne puisse faire entendre sa voix à ceux qui ne connais-

sent pas encore les précieuses vérités de l'Évangile de Christ. Nous demandons à Dieu de nous le conserver encore longtemps et de le ramener bientôt à la santé, car nous avons besoin de lui.

On aurait voulu profiter de ses moments de maladies pour essayer de le ramener dans le giron de l'Église qu'il a cru bon de quitter, mais tout effort a été vain.

Rome est toujours la même ; hier elle maudissait le père Chiniquy et lui lançait mille épithètes grossières et aujourd'hui elle serait heureuse de le recevoir dans son sein. Est-ce l'amour des âmes qui fait qu'elle agit de la sorte ? Nous ne le croyons pas ; nous sommes plutôt portés à croire que c'est la haine du protestantisme canadien-français qu'elle veut assouvir. Nous nous réjouissons en voyant que ses efforts sont vains et que ses désirs ne sont pas réalisés.

#### ATTRAPPEZ MESSIEURS LES ÉTUDIANTS.

Tout récemment, à une occasion toute particulière nous entendions les paroles suivantes : — « Nous ne sommes jamais contents de notre sort et nous sommes continuellement portés à murmurer. C'est ainsi que quelques-uns se plaignent de ne pas avoir assez de travail. . . . . »

D'autres, dans des maisons de pension et même dans certain collège, se plaignent de la nourriture qu'on leur donne. . . . . »

P. E. B.

#### PENSÉES.

— On reconnaît ceux qui parlent trop au grand nombre de paroles et au petit nombre de choses qu'ils disent.

— Il faut éclairer les peuples avant de les soumettre, et l'œuvre des missionnaires doit précéder celle des guerriers.

— Qu'y a-t-il de plus beau ? disait Barthélémy : l'univers. De plus fort ? la nécessité. De plus difficile ? de se connaître. De plus facile ? de donner des avis. De plus rare ? un véritable ami

#### LA LUNE.

Le soir ramène le silence  
Assis sur les rochers déserts,  
Je suis dans la vague des airs  
Le char de la nuit qui s'avance.

Tout à coup détaché des cieux,  
Un rayon de l'astre nocturne  
Glissant sur mon front taciturne  
Vient mollement toucher mes yeux.

Doux reflet d'un globe de flamme,  
Charmant rayon, que me veux-tu ?  
Viens-tu dans mon sein abattu  
Porter la lumière à mon âme ?

Descends-tu pour me révéler  
Des mondes le divin mystère ?  
Les secrets cachés dans la sphère  
Où le jour va te rappeler ?

Une secrète intelligence  
T'adresse-t-elle aux malheureux ?  
Viens-tu la nuit briller sur eux  
Comme un rayon de l'espérance ?

Viens-tu dévoiler l'avenir  
Au cœur fatigué qui t'implore ?  
Rayon divin, es-tu l'aurore  
Du jour qui ne doit pas finir ?

LAMARTINE.



## College Note-Book.

### STUDENT LIFE.

These be days of anxiety. The face of the student grows lengthened, and his brow shows furrows of deep thought. The novelty of the opening week has worn off and there are serious issues before the house. The senior men have an expression of countenance decidedly patriarchal, and are prospecting about the pulpits which will be vacant next spring; they are also planning the arrangements of the mansé and general questions of ways and means. Nor are junior men free from care. The season of receptions and white ties has come, and they step cheerfully to the front. The freshmen stand in awe at the approaching Xmas exams., and are beginning to reverence the powers that be, while they are falling into line fast. And time moves slowly on.

Mr. Jerome Internoscia, B.A., B.C.L. has joined the 1st year class in theology, which is as it should be—the law and the prophets. Mr. W. E. Ashe has added his name to the roll of the 2nd year. We wonder if there are any mor'in theology at Quebec.

The McGill sports were held on Oct. 25th, and were witnessed by an enthusiastic crowd of students, as well as by a large concourse of spectators. Demonstrations by the undergraduates of the various faculties found frequent expression during the day, but burst forth with unrestrained vigor during the evening while the prizes were being awarded to the victors in the Molson Hall. In that distribution of awards, medicine, science and arts each came in for a share, and very naturally one might ask where was theology? Does

it follow that because a student is connected with a theological college that he lacks spirit and muscle to participate successfully in athletic contests? The days when the tug of war was the leading feature on the programme of sports told another tale. We believe that we have men who would command success if they participated. Examples of muscular Christianity are wholesome to correct some prevalent impressions of the popular mind. Think over it, boys!

The annual reception to the new men was held on the evening of October 23rd. There was a full attendance of students, and a pleasant evening was spent by all. Messrs. Millar, Jamieson and Walker constituted the committee of management, and did their work well. The spread of the tables was excellent, but was as nothing to the way in which our orators spread themselves after supper. Our polyglot languages have been a marvel to the press ever since, and they were a marvel to us as we humbly listened while the flood-gates of eloquence were opened and speeches in ten different languages were launched forth at a most inoffensive audience. President Taylor indulged in a few preliminary remarks, and was followed by Mr. J. S. Gordon, who welcomed the new men in theology. Mr. Jas. Irvine, of Londonderry, Ireland, responded. Mr. N. D. Keith addressed a few words of advice and consolation to the Arts freshmen, which Mr. Thompson acknowledged in a modest reply. Mr. Jamieson was concerned about the welfare of the new literary men, and imparted to them a few gems of wisdom. Mr. Leith, of Toronto, made the reply. But it was

when Mr. Leitch saluted the chair in the language of Eden, that the speech of the evening came. The speaker had a forcible way which captivated his audience, and men who failed to understand a word, were thoroughly in touch with the spirit of the speech, and punctuated it with cheers. Loosely paraphrased, the speech is said to have been like this, "She was glad to see te frashmen and hoped that their grandfathers' relatives were well. She was glad that they intended to enter ta ministry. They might not find it smooth sailing. It might mean thin porridge and little of it, with na haggis at all. Here they could get all the Ossian they wanted from Dr. McNish, and virtue would be rewarded with twenty-five dollars as a first prize. Should they reside in the North Flat, well—Cia mar tha sibh au dingh. Teime! Uisge, Tuiltean, slan leibh?" To all of which Mr. Allan Maclean, of Scotland, responded in the spirit of meekness. Speeches in several of the European languages followed this, but the nerves of the audience had been wrought on, and there was an early adjournment.

The Young People's Association of St. Gabriel's Church held their annual reception on Friday evening, Oct. 27th. We deeply appreciate these renewed courtesies at the opening of our college term, and wish the Young People's organization many years of prosperity in their work in the congregation. We voice the sentiments of all present when we say it was a thoroughly enjoyable evening.

We also acknowledge the kind invitation with which we were favored by the congregation of Knox Church, on the occasion of their annual social. New Knox is one of the finest church edifices in the city, and a credit to the congregation who worship in its walls. A considerable number of our band regularly attend service there.

A strange experience overtook one of the tall men in 2nd year theology, not

long since. He was returning home at a late hour, and reached the entrance door at the same time as a band of serenaders appeared on the scene. A serenade is an unusual distinction, and our forces were taken by surprise. The theologian's feats are said to have resurrected memories of Horatius on the bridge. Our forces were soon rallied and a prompt and skilful manipulation of the water works drove the enemy from the field. The gentleman in question has since returned home at a reasonable hour.

Hallowe'en has come and gone. The customary apples were disposed of without any serious hostilities being waged between the Old and New Building. Although the atmosphere was decidedly moist, and travelling in the dark halls was judged by the wise to be unsafe, still the prevailing spirit was one of amity. Seniors remarked the contrast of former years.

The Old Building is troubled. Lovers of music who reside there, protest that they are surfeited with the luxury. There were many speculations afloat as to the origin of the musical selections coming from Lecture Room No. 1, in season and out of it. Suspicion attached to a literary man whose secret movements made him seem to be spirited round. The North Flat thought so, and coldly exorcised the spirit of the mystery. We agree with them and suggest that the pianist diminish the quantity and improve the quality of his voluntaries.

Tariff Reform. Charming little bouquets of roses and chrysanthemums enter the port of Leith free of duty.

*Antony's Prescription* :—

(Revised to date.)

Scene—University Council Chamber.

Time—Before Xmas exams. Dean and Professors seated round a table.

First Prof.—These many shall be plucked; their names are pricked.

Second Prof.—This one too must die :  
Consent you, brethren ?

All.—We do consent.

Dean.—Prick him down, Secretary.

Third Prof.—Upon condition that this  
Sophomore shall die. His airs insult  
me, brethren.

Classical Prof.—He shall not live, with  
less than twenty marks I'll damn him.

Dean.—Here ———. Get you to my  
office. Fetch the calendar hither and  
we will determine how to make some  
charge in supplementals.

Students below, singing softly :—

Let us all unite in love,  
Trusting in the powers above.

The Rev. Mr. McClelland, of Havelock,  
Ont., gave us a call on the occasion of  
a recent visit to the city.

They were discussing the element of  
reality in dreams, and a sceptical mem-  
ber of the class added his experience.  
"I dreamed that I was in a certain  
house, and things were as they never  
were and never will be." The professor  
sized up the situation in a second.  
"Was any one absent, Mr. T—w—s—d?"

A strange document has been dis-  
covered in the Old Building. The scroll  
was in a wonderful state of preserva-  
tion, though seemingly of a great age.  
It was entitled, "The Prognostications  
of the Stargazers," and read as follows:  
"Night spread her pall over the city of  
the mountain. Peaceful were the star-  
lit heavens, and few the sounds of the  
street. From the high tower of an an-  
cient school of the prophets beamed a  
light. Anon the window opened and a  
form appeared on the roof. The form  
was not bent by study, but was of a  
strong and comfortable man who heeded  
the hardships of life little. In his hand  
he held a scroll writ with many mathe-  
matical calculations which he frequently  
consulted as his eye intently swept the  
heavens. While he gazed, there came  
another with labored movement through  
the aperture and joined him in his  
meditations. Bowed was the form of

the second, his garments hung carelessly  
about his person, and his beard was  
unkempt. Silently earnest was the phil-  
osopher's face as though he grappled  
the deep problems of existence. Soon  
their group is joined by a third,  
youthful in appearance and brisk of  
movement. His hair hung in graceful  
curls and his voice was soft and in-  
sinuating. Silent they stood, intently  
watching the stars, oblivious of each  
other's presence. The footstep of the  
belated traveller was hushed on the  
street, and the sound of the trolley that  
goeth by lightning was heard no more.  
still the astrologers gazed and thought.  
At last, the first awaking from his  
dream, spake thus to his companions.  
"Brethren, exalted by the contemplation  
of celestial mysteries, hear me with pa-  
tience while I unburden my soul, for  
great is the load that resteth thereon.  
Much time have I given and deep  
thought to devices whereby the wall of  
exclusiveness in the school of McGill  
may be broken down and the youths  
and maidens might pursue knowledge  
together. To this end have I labored,  
yea, I have approached the Presence  
which only the initiated know, and  
humbly sued for my request. Whereat  
the Presence was wroth and did dismiss  
me. Yet destiny hath not so ordered,  
and the change that is called evolution  
will surely bring it to pass, so I brace  
myself against the midnight chill, that  
in the stars by which men read fate, I  
may see the signs of promise." The  
voice of the youth whose tones are as  
laughter next broke the silence. "Thy  
worthy ideal, methinks, lacks breath of  
sympathy. Surely the honored of  
mathematicians hath allowed the squar-  
ing of the circle to cramp in his aspira-  
tions, or why should his thoughts be  
filled with the welfare of fourscore  
maidens. I have thought much on the  
future of the race with whom we dwell  
but who speak not our tongue. I have  
visited their school at Point aux  
Trembles, and pleasant were their



maidens to behold ; for two full months did I withdraw me from my countrymen and ate with the strangers that I might understand their language. Therefore, I gaze that I may discern whether the stars that foretell all things will reveal to me their secret." Here interrupted the voice of the philosopher, and his words contained weight and wisdom. "Dreamers are ye both, and your minds are filled with small thoughts. While ye were trifling, deeply did I question the shrouded mysteries of existence. Much did I consume of midnight oil, and my abstraction was deep. I descended not to the street lest I should meet men ; the conflict of battle surged near me. I have seen fire and flood, yea, and when others fled from the questioning, I fled not, but answered in innocence. For that which men call facts are but fancies, and your words the babbling of dreamers. How the old order is passing away when even ye degenerate thus." And the astrologers wept as they contemplated the thought." The Editor wishes to add that this

fragment seems to be a report of one of a series of the meetings of the wise men.

*Echoes from the Halls:—*

A lady asked her escort at the Inter-collegiate debate. "I see that Mr. X— writes S.T.L. after his name. What does that stand for?"

Escort, thoughtfully, "It probably means Steam Troy Laundry."

After the Ball.—"If I had known she was an S.A., I would not have liked that song."—W. T. B.

"Monarchy vs. Democracy : Cabinet or Victoria."

"I'll stop these 5 a.m. alarms."—J. M. W.

"St—ph—n is on the flat, boys!"—N. D. K.

"I'm taller than you, stand under the jet."—A. G.

The latest out, "How I found and rescued Brv—e," by J. S. G.

"If he don't behave we'll lynch him."

H. T. MURRAY.

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REPORTER'S FOLIO.

The second regular meeting of the Literary Society was held on Friday evening, Oct. 26. Vice-President P. E. Beauchamp in the chair. The meeting was a purely business one. After the reading of the minutes of the previous meeting, several communications were read by the Corresponding Secretary. The first was a letter from the Diocesan College, relating to the Inter-Collegiate Debate. Our society was asked to intimate what part in the programme we proposed taking at this meeting. The matter was referred to the executive committee. Another interesting communication was received from the Literary Society of Knox College, Toronto, containing an invitation to our society to

send up two representatives to uphold the honor of the oratorical and logical skill of this college in a friendly debate. This item was received with enthusiastic cheers, and heartily accepted. Messrs. J. S. Gordon and G. Gilmore were chosen to represent our society.

The committee appointed to confer with the delegation from the Diocesan College reported favorably concerning the arrangement of the Inter-Collegiate Debate, and Mr. Wm. Patterson was chosen to bear the armor in the four-cornered contest.

Mr. Saddler was appointed Recording Secretary of the Society in the place of Mr. J. C. Stewart, who resigned.

Mr. G. D. Ireland also handed in his

resignation as associate editor of the "College Journal." He was pressed to reconsider the matter, but without effect, so it was accepted, and Mr. A. MacVicar was elected to fill the vacancy. The appointment was a wise one. Mr. MacVicar has always manifested a warm interest in the welfare of our "Journal," and his ability to perform the duties of this position is well known to those who remember his former journalistic work.

The auditors' report of the financial standing of the "Journal" was brought in by Mr. D. Hutchison. While not as bright as we could wish for, yet it showed a marked and substantial improvement over past years. The report was adopted, and a hearty vote of thanks was tendered the ex-treasurer. Mr. Ireland, for the able manner in which he dealt with the finances of the "Journal," for '93-'94.

The meeting then adjourned.

The next regular meeting of the society was held on Friday evening, the 9th of November. The President, Mr. Wm. Patterson, occupied the chair.

Much to the pleasure of the large audience of students assembled, the business part of the programme occupied but a few moments; the literary part of it was immediately proceeded with. It proved to be one of exceptional interest.

Mr. John Cleland gave as the first number, a vocal solo, in splendid style. Although this was Mr. Cleland's first appearance in this capacity in the college, yet the hearty and well-earned encore which he received, proved that the students hoped that it would not be the last.

The second number was a reading, entitled "The Smiting of the Rock," which was effectively rendered by Mr. P. D. Muir. It is not necessary to say that Mr. Muir's elocutionary ability is always appreciated.

Then followed what proved to be a very lively and interesting debate.

Mr. Hazen Murray led the affirmative, and showed that he had not lost any of his power of fascinating an audience with his fluent language and persuasive manner. He gives promise of developing into a strong logician.

Mr. Wm. Townsend, in a no less pleasing style, led the "forlorn hope," but, like the "Noble Six Hundred," he with his chosen band of followers failed to dislodge the affirmative host from their strong vantage ground. Although the speeches of the various supporters of the leaders on each side were impromptu, they nevertheless showed considerable skill in reasoning, as well as rhetorical effort in the delivery of their addresses.

This interesting programme was pleasantly completed by Mr. Ireland, who gave a splendid criticism of the performance of each participant, properly commending where he perceived merit, yet not forgetting to throw out helpful hints where there appeared room for improvement.

#### *Inter-Collegiate Debate:—*

This debate, as announced, came off Friday evening, 16th November, in the Wesleyan College, before a large and appreciative audience. The Rev. Dr. Shaw occupied the chair, with Prof. Moyse, the critic of the evening, on his right hand. The debaters consisted of representatives from the four theological colleges of the city. The subject was:—"Resolved, that the prevalent tendency towards aggregation in large centres is beneficial to the general welfare of mankind."

The leader of the affirmative was Mr. R. Milliken, of the Wesleyan College, he was ably supported by Mr. W. P. R. Lewis, B.A., of the Diocesan College. Mr. J. C. Watt, of the Congregational College, led the negative, and Mr. Wm. Patterson, B.A., of the Presbyterian College, was his colleague.

The subject was ably handled, and the audience responded heartily when a

good point was made. The arguments were summed up in a masterly manner by Prof. Moyses. The audience was then asked for its verdict, this it gave in favor of the affirmative. There were several other interesting items on the programme. It is hoped that this is only the beginning of a series of such pleasing and profitable events. Such friendly contests cannot but be helpful in bringing the students of the different colleges more in contact with one another, and creating a more liberal spirit and wider sympathy.

Why not have a challenge cup for competition in the intellectual and mental arena, as well as in the athletic and physical?

#### *Missionary Society.*—

The second regular meeting of this society was held on Friday evening, Nov. 2nd. The newly elected president, Mr. MacVicar, occupied the chair.

After the reading of the minutes of the previous meeting, Mr. Charles gave an elaborate report of his work in our mission at St. Jean Baptiste, during the past six months. His report was received.

The auditors reported that the treasurer's books were correct.

Mr. Bremner reported in behalf of the committee appointed to prepare blank forms for the monthly reports of our mission, that they had performed their work.

The programme for the evening was unusually short, but nevertheless interesting. Messrs. Muir and McCallum were to have favored the society with a duet, but failed to respond. The most interesting feature was the address given by Mr. Ervine, a member of the News Committee. His subject was "The Work of the London Missionary Society." This important institution was organized just about one hundred years ago. It is undenominational in its character, its field is the world of heathendom. Following in the footsteps of the

noble pioneer missionary, Mr. Wm. Carey, it has extended its efforts to Central Africa, and braved the dangers of heathen Asia. Moffat was the first missionary sent to Africa under its auspices. After him, Dr. Livingstone, and since those earlier days of pioneer labor in Africa the noble work has been advancing with rapid strides.

The report of St. Jean Baptiste Mission was then discussed. The several suggestions in it were referred to a special committee to be considered, and a report brought in at the next meeting, held on Tuesday evening, Nov. 13th. This meeting was a purely business one. After the preliminary exercises, the business, of which there was a good deal, was taken up. The first item was concerning the re-insurance of the St. Jean Baptiste Mission buildings.

Mr. A. MacVicar reported in behalf of the committee appointed at the previous meeting, to consider the interests of our mission and Mr. Charles' request. The report contained three important suggestions:—First, that a petition be drawn up by Mr. Charles, to be signed by those members belonging to the mission, praying the Presbytery to organize it into a congregation.

Second, that this embody the desire of members of St. Jean Baptiste Mission and the Missionary Society, that Mr. Charles be duly ordained.

Third, that one of its members be appointed to appear before the Presbytery on its own behalf.

The report was received, and after a lengthy discussion, a committee, consisting of Messrs. Beauchamp, D. J. Graham and Mr. MacVicar, was appointed to thoroughly investigate the workings of the mission before any attempt be made to carry out the plans suggested in the report. The society would then be in a position to deal more properly with it.

Mr. Biron then gave the report of his summer's work. He canvassed Western Ontario in the interests of our French

Mission work. He reported very favorably of the reception which he received and the kindly interest manifested in our work. He had a successful summer.

Messrs. A. McGregor and Patterson were appointed to audit the report, which was adopted. GEO. WEIR, Presbyterian College.



### CJR GRADUATES.

From the Toronto "Mail," we copy the following:—

Young and Eloquent.—The Rev. Donald Fraser preached yesterday morning in the East End Presbyterian Church to a large congregation. Mr. Fraser graduated last April from the Presbyterian College, Montreal. He speaks fluently, and his sermon yesterday morning proved a most interesting and instructive one.

St. Giles Church is situated in one of the most beautiful portions of this city. It is a new church, and capable of seating over three hundred people. The congregation was fortunate in securing one of the members of last year's graduating class. Mr. J. R. Dobson, B.A., B.D., was inducted to its charge on the 11th of June. At this service the Rev. Dr. Mackay addressed the pastor, and the Rev. Dr. Barclay, the people. The prospects for the congregation are in every way bright, and we are specially pleased to learn that since the new pastor was inducted, seventy-six new members have united with the church. Mr. Dobson has been honored by the Y.P.S. C.E., having been elected, a few months ago, president of the Montreal C. E. Union.

The Rev. J. F. Langton, B.A., of Boston, U.S., recently took the degree of Ph.D., at Harvard University.

The Rev. D. Guthrie began his regular work on the 24th of October, preaching two good sermons.

St. Andrew's Church, Wolfville, is the cosiest place of worship in that town. On the 20th of September, the Rev. D.

J. Fraser, M.A., B.D., was inducted to its charge. There was a large number of ministers present at the ordination; the Rev. J. W. Falconer, B.D., preached, the Rev. Wm. Dawson, B.D., offered the prayer, the Rev. W. P. Begg, M.A., addressed the minister, the Rev. Mr. Whidden, the people. The Rev. Prof. Keirstead of Acadia College, and the Rev. Mr. Martell represented the Baptists, and the Rev. Mr. Gronlund, the Methodists. These in turn, by short speeches, welcomed the newly inducted pastor. From the above account of Mr. Fraser's induction, we cannot fail to see that St. Andrew's Church will be a power in the community for good. We are delighted to hear of the success of our fellow-students, who are adding more to the glory of our Alma Mater.

Mr. A. C. Reeves, B.A., since our last issue, visited his old haunts with his young wife. It was very kind of him to call on us. It was the occasion of some comment among the boys. Freshman Theolog:—"It must have been trying on him meeting the boys in the halls." The second year men were meditative, but the third year men, on whose horizon the Elysian fields are dawning, said, "It was all right."

The Rev. J. Anderson, B.D., of St. Stephen, N.B., has gone to California for his health.

The Rev. W. J. Jamieson, of Nee-much, India, has returned with his wife and sister. Mrs. Jamieson's health has not been good for a time; the doctors advised a return home. Mr. Jamieson is doing all he can to increase the in-

terest of the Church in the work in India.

The Rev. J. H. MacVicar, B.A., is at present in the Old Country, pursuing a special line of study in Edinburgh.

The Rev. I. L. Hargrave, B.A., one of the class of '88, who is completing his fourth year in medicine, has been honored by his class-mates, in that he has been chosen valedictorian of his year.

The Rev. J. McC. Kellock, M.A., has been called to Chesterville and Morewood, which he is likely to accept.

The Rev. J. A. Savignac, one of the class of '94, has crossed the line. We hear that he has been immersed; there was a time when he did not take so kindly to de water.

Mr. G. C. Pidgeon, B.A., was in town sports day with a friend; she was very much interested in all that pleased George.

The Rev. D. Currie, B.A., B.D., of Perth, exchanged pulpits with the Rev. W. A. MacKenzie, M.A., of Brockville, for a Sabbath. They are fellow-students, having graduated ten years ago; it is pleasant for them to be neighbors, so as to have each other's co-operation and sympathy in their work.

We are glad to mention the well-being of Mr. Jas. Naismith, of the Y.M.C.A. Training School, Springfield, Mass., who lately joined the ranks of those who march along the path of life in double file. He was well known among us as an accomplished athlete and a successful student. As the past of his life has been filled with usefulness, such may his future continue to be.

The Rev. J. L. Menard, one of last year's class, was married on the 6th of November to Miss Emma Catafore, of Montreal. Mrs. Menard was a graduate of Pointe aux Trembles, and has been engaged in teaching in this city. She is a young lady of rare attainments as a teacher, and of a beautiful Christian character. We wish them happiness and prosperity.

The Rev. R. Henderson, who was inducted about two years ago to the congregations of Manchester and Smith's Hill, Ont., is very much encouraged with his work; a large number have united with these congregations during his pastorate. The C. E. work is especially satisfactory at each of the appointments, the membership is large and the spiritual life is being deepened.

The Rev. R. McCullough, B.A., on his return from British Columbia, visited us; he has had a varied experience in Ontario, Manitoba, the North-West and British Columbia. He expects to return to the West after some time.

Mr. Moise Menard, who is stationed at St. Scholastique, has opened a station at Lachute, where he is very much encouraged by the work. He is deeply interested in the welfare of his French-Canadian countrymen, and is possessed of an adaptability that secures a way to the hearts of his brethren. He enthusiastically told me of a family that lately joined his church and renounced the Church of Rome. We are looking for greater success to attend his labors.

We learned from the student sent out by our missionary society, to collect during the past summer, for French work, throughout the Province of Ontario, that Mr. E. A. McKenzie's congregation has given us the largest collection that was received by him. This speaks well for the work, and thus our expectations are already being realized with regard to Mr. McKenzie. As treasurer of the Missionary Society, I would like to ask the aid of the old members of the society. We have not been as successful as in former years in raising money, and the expenses are increasing every year. We do not expect such things as mentioned of Mr. McKenzie, but will be thankful for any help whatever to lighten our present responsibilities.

A. MACGREGOR.

Presbyterian College.

## OUR EXCHANGES.

What shall I read? The student who confines himself solely to his appointed text-books may in time become a profound scholar, but is quite as likely to develop into an interesting fossil. He needs the intelligence of a general reading, and newspapers and magazines are essential to the man who would keep abreast of his age. Since he cannot read everything, he needs to make a judicious selection of that which comes to his hand. It is in the college world as elsewhere, and we wish briefly to notice a few periodicals which are specially worthy of a student's attention.

On the table of our reading room lies the November number of "The Century Magazine." The current issue of this well known periodical well sustains its old and established reputation. Its serials will be found interesting, but its special attraction is the article of a series on the life of Napoleon, by Wm. Sloane. The article treats of the parentage and childhood of the "petit corporal," and affords interesting reading. The series will shed much light on the annals of the early years of this century, and promises to be of great value to the student of modern history.

Probably the greatest missionary society in America is the American Board for Foreign Missions. It represents the Congregational Church more particularly than any other denomination, and is prosecuting an effective work in nearly every part of the world. We suggest their periodical "The Missionary Herald" to any interested in the foreign field. Its news is from all quarters, and represents every side of missionary experience.

Among our college exchanges we acknowledge the "Dalhousie Gazette." It is essentially a student's paper, and has a racy freshness about its columns which makes it very interesting reading. We learn with regret that there

is to be no special Xmas number of the "Gazette" this year.

From the Queen City we have the "Acta Victoriana," the organ of the boys of Victoria University. It has a neatness about its finish that is commendable, and contains among other good things, a pleasant article on foreign travel, entitled "A Summer in Wales."

The fragrance of the maple leaf clings to the October issue of "The University Monthly." Its articles have done much to foster the Canadian National spirit in the past, and the present issue sustains the reputation of other days. Specially worthy of notice, is Roberts' poem, "Autumn," and that old legend of Indian self-sacrifice entitled "Reminiscences of the Ouongondy." We wish the "Monthly" every success.

Among church papers we give a first place to the "Presbyterian Record." No other paper of its size gives us so much information concerning the home and foreign operations of our Church, and no other paper is so widely known and appreciated in the congregations of our Church. The student missionaries are glad to testify to its influence in the outposts consigned to their care. A missionary who wishes to place in the hands of his people a paper that will keep them in sympathy with the work of our Church, cannot do better than to promote its circulation.

"Our Dumb Animals" is published by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. It pleads for a more humane treatment of the lower animals by those who are the lords of creation. That there is great need for the education of public sentiment in this matter, none will deny, and ministers in virtue of their office should be the leaders of this humanitarian movement.

H. T. MURRAY.  
Presbyterian College.

## Editorials.

### *A Lesson from Dr. Parkhurst:—*

We do admire Dr. Parkhurst. We thank God for raising up such a man. After the recent elections he said something that it would be well for every theological student to appropriate to himself, and in God's strength to live to. He was asked to speak one word to the conscience of America; he said, "draw the line strongly between right and wrong, and stand on the line until death." The need of this age in our department is, not more, but better theological students, and if we students had but the grit and grace to appropriate this advice of Dr. Parkhurst to ourselves, we would supply some of this need.

There may be those that do not like this reflection upon their class, but the comment is one that is so frequently made, that it must be acknowledged that there is some hard truth in it, and any means to fill the need should be heartily welcomed.

### *Hazing:—*

We thank "Knoxonian" for his appreciative remarks on our methods of hazing, or rather, not hazing, which he set before the Presbyterian world through a recent issue of the "Canada Presbyterian." Our practice of giving the Freshmen a reception is almost ancient history; it originated in days earlier than those in which the oldest student now in college can remember. We do not know the exact details of the origin of this custom, but we have heard remarks about it that lead us to believe that it originated out of a well-planned practical joke. One fall, a class of freshmen entered as usual, and the

seniors and they had some little misunderstanding; these new men determined to return good for evil. They invited the seniors to a dinner in the dining hall. The seniors were all smiles; it is reported that some of them put on their white ties, and when the eventful evening came they trooped to the dining hall in glee; but when they got there they found plain white empty dishes but no freshmen. There was chagrin for the moment, but it was a living sermon that had its application, and they forthwith set to and arranged for a social evening with the freshmen that was a credit to them, and that has since continued as one of the features of our college life. Long may it live in its heartiness, simplicity and sincerity!

Perhaps it is worth while telling that we have no distinctions at our dining tables. All classes and ranks of students intermingle; theologues, artsmen and literary students are all to be found around the same board. We practise the genuine Presbyterian doctrine of the equality of men. We trust that character is our standard in judging one another, and certainly, few freshmen are lacking in this. It is beneficial to the theologue to get a touch of the fervent spirit of the youth who has just come from the sacred precincts where dwells a fond mother's love. The freshman comes often from a home atmosphere that is away ahead of the diplomacies of a mission field or the must of a library, and a touch from him brings us nearer to all that is best in life. We thank God for the freshness of many of the new men, and commend theologues to come in contact with it in a reverential spirit.

## TALKS ON BOOKS.

The Rev. George Milne Rae, M.A., Fellow of the University of Madras, who was for a time professor in the Madras Christian College, and who is now Dr. Rae, Secretary of the Free Church Colonial Committee, wrote recently a book of 388 pages, entitled "The Syrian Church in India." All students of the second year in theology know about the Nestorians and their missions in the East. At the Oecumenical Council of Ephesus, in 431, Nestorius, Patriarch of Constantinople, was deposed for opposing the Mariolatry of the Alexandrian School, headed by the infamous Cyril, who instigated the murder of Hypatia, and, like the Jews whom he persecuted, was contrary to all men. The worthy patriarch refused to admit that the Virgin was "the Mother of God," and was consequently hounded to death as a pestilent heretic. Some heresies of yesterday are the martyr or confessor saints of to-day, but even the Reformation failed to right Nestorius, who in our Protestant text-books of theology still gives his name to one of the heresies concerning the person of Christ. His followers in Syria had to contend, not only with the orthodox or Catholic party, but also with the Monophysite disciples of the monk Eutyches, who, in his zeal against the patriarch, invested Christ with but one nature. These Monophysites in the middle of the sixth century were revived by a mendicant ecclesiastic named Jacobus Zanzanus, from whom they took their modern name of Jacobites. Persecution drove the Nestorians out of Syria into the Persian Empire; the Jacobites dwell in their native seats to the present day.

Early in the present century, Dr. Claudius Buchanan visited India, and gave an account of his experiences in his "Christian Researches in Asia."

Before his time, various writers had mentioned the Syrian Christians and the Black Jews of Malabar, but he was the first to enlist the attention of the Christian world in favor of these two interesting peoples. He found the Malabar Christians, to the number of 400,000, to be the descendants of a mission planted by the Nestorians in ancient days, in full possession of their rites and ceremonies, and of the Peshito or Syriac version of the Scriptures. What Dr. Buchanan merely sketched, Dr. Rae, with greater facilities and more extensive information and experience, has related at length, so that his work virtually tells us all that is to be told concerning the Syrian Church in India.

Dismissing as improbable, or at least as unproved, the ecclesiastical legends and traditions of the christianizing of India by the Apostles Thomas and Bartholomew, and by the later missionaries, Pantaenus, Frumentius and Theophilus, he finds sure historical ground in the statement of the Nestorian merchant traveller Cosmas, called from his Indian visit Indicopleustes, that a Nestorian Church existed on the Malabar coast in his day, that is in 522. Dr. Rae is of the opinion that the church had not been long planted in India when Cosmas discovered it, and that it was one of the fruits of Persian maritime activity which only dated from the beginning of the sixth century.

The twenty-one chapters of the book contain Introductory Matter and the History of Three Periods, the Nestorian, Roman and Jacobite. The ancient or Nestorian period extends from the founding of the Church, as a mission of the Patriarchate of Babylon, till 1560, when Portugal, having taken possession of the coast, authorized the Jesuits to



establish the Inquisition at Goa. The horrors of the Roman period lasted till 1653, when, prior to the Dutch conquest, the native Christians revolted against Jesuit tyranny, and achieved their ecclesiastical independence. There was a brief period of anarchy, and then, in 1665, they invited, strange to say, the Jacobite Gregorius, called the Metropolitan of Jerusalem, to be their spiritual head. Thus began the third or Jacobite period, in which great doctrinal differences were forgotten in zeal for Syrian rites, a common sacred tongue, and joint hatred of Rome. Since 1813, the Church of England has supported a mission among them, but, apart from this, Dr. Rae expresses the hope that Christian influences emanating from the educational institutions of Madras may soon so leaven the community as to lead to a purifying movement from within, that shall bring the Syrian Church of India into the fellowship of evangelical Christians the world over.

Dr. Rae's book is published by Messrs. Wm. Blackwood & Sons, Edinburgh and London. It contains seven excellent illustrations, a valuable appendix, and a very complete index. It embraces a great deal of curious and interesting information conveyed in a lucid historical style, not lacking at times in philosophical thought and poetic diction. I am not aware that the author has any competitor in the field which he has so worthily made his own. To anyone who takes an interest in ecclesiastical history, well told, I can cordially commend the volume.

F. Marion Crawford, I see, has just published "John Ralston," a sequel to "Katherine Lauderdale," which I said in last month's talk that I had not read. The first-named book I am still innocent of, but since last month I have perused the second. It really is as much about John as about Katharine, whom John secretly marries, or rather, who secretly

marries John. This dissipated young man, otherwise of noble character and a member without snobbery of the New York Four Hundred, is led out of his drinking habits by joint love for his mother and the girl who marries him, and the story leaves him in a fair way for complete reformation. Some of the circumstances which make reformation difficult, form not the least tragic part of the novel, and are thus summed up in the end of the twentieth chapter, "Now, against all this chain of evidence, including that of several men who had met John in Fifth avenue about six o'clock, with no overcoat and his hat badly smashed, against evidence that would have hanged a man ten times over in a murder case, stood the plain fact which nobody but Ralston knew, and which no one would ever believe—the plain fact that he had drunk nothing at all. Here is a version of the sad old miserable proverb, "Give a dog a bad name, and you may as well hang him." There are many John Ralstons in the world, and some to whom, on no ground save that of malevolent suspicion, the fault John Ralston fought against is attributed; what does the world, what even does the Church do for such as these? They give him a bad name, and pursue him with it, taking no denial. Talk about the Inquisition! A bit of the rack would be a treat compared with the slings and arrows of venomous tongues, male, female, and nondescript. "They search out iniquities; they accomplish a diligent search: both the inward thought of everyone of them, and the heart is deep." Yes, the heart is deep in guile as the brain is shallow in judgment. I heard that one of these whited sepulchres said, concerning one of the godliest ministers I have known. "He can't be a Christian, because (mirabile dictu) he smokes!" The lack of Christianity is in the person who, being otherwise sane, could pass a judgment so full of ignorance, malice, and all uncharitableness. That old leaven wants

purging out, of the Church at any rate, whatever place it may hold in the world of cranks.

I had almost forgotten a notable book of the year, Stead's "If Christ Came to Chicago." Everything Stead writes is worth reading because of the individuality and intense earnestness of the man, whether he deal with the disembodied or with the morals of the embodied. The Chicago book is evidently a true bill of arraignment, and it is a very terrifying one; yet, in view of recent revelations, it is doubtful that it shews the Windy City to be morally worse than New York. Some frightened people called the book immoral, which it certainly is not, any more than Booth's "Darkest England." It states plain facts regarding the criminal and pauper classes who frequent Chicago, the venality of corporations and officers of justice. It is a somewhat striking fact that men like Stead and Kipling, familiar with the crime and squalor of large European cities, nevertheless find much to surprise and disgust them in those of America. In the main, this seems to resolve itself into miscarriage of justice, corruption of corporations, pandering of police and other officials to crime, united to blackmail of criminals and cruelty to paupers. In Britain, at least, while vice and poverty abound, corporations are fairly honest, and the law is faithfully and impartially administered. Americans say that it is their foreign population which is responsible for the reign of hoodle and lawlessness, but, if the truth were told, it would be found that the foreigners are the minor operators and the cats-paws often of the larger native hoodler. If there is any sense of shame in the average Chicagoan, Mr. Stead's book ought to bring it to the surface. Yet it must not be forgotten that in the city of Moody, a city of many churches, educational and charitable institutions, there are thousands fighting sin in every form, and ever ready to stand their

ground, even if, as another book has it, "The Devil came to Chicago."

I shall receive no more books from General Garrick Mallery; he is dead. How many of my honored American friends and correspondents have passed into the Silent Land! Such were Dr. Parkman, and Professor Horsford of Boston; Colonel Whittlesey, of Cleveland; Dr. Rau, of Washington; Professor Short, of Columbus; Lewis H. Morgan, of Rochester, and I know not how many more, all men of note in their various ways, whose sympathies and cooperation I could ill afford to lose. Their books and papers alone remain with me, cherished memorials of kindly men. These books have a double value, for they are parts of lives in which the Talker has had his own corner, however humble.

By his "Ascent of Man," Professor Drummond has accomplished a descent in the estimation of many of his evangelical friends. Theologically, I can see nothing against the waters bringing forth moving creatures which have life, in other words, spontaneous generation; nor necessarily against the gradual evolution of higher forms of life from the lower; so long as these operations are regarded as the work of the immanent God, a God immanent in all phenomena. Theologically, evolution is only hurtful as it seeks to dispense with the necessity for a God. In the light of natural science, it is, as a scientific friend said to me, "a good working hypothesis." Mathematical and chemical physics know nothing of it; the biology of the historical world does not support it; it is traversed again and again by the palaeontological record; idealist philosophy, from Plato to Whewell and Jowett, scouts it as a heresy; and the Biblical doctrine of creation by kind or species, reproducing after their kind, antagonizes its first principles. When it reaches the human sphere, comparative anatomy, history, philology and archaeology, while presenting some data

that are not inconsistent with evolution, virtually refute it by the general teachings of anthropology, the sciences of language and religion, and the history of sociology. But I object to the thing on ethical grounds. It is very important that we should aim at making man moral; it is infinitely more important, mark you, that we should have a moral God. The evolutionist's god, if he have any at all, is an imperfect and immoral being. He does not overrule external evil for good ends, nor make the wrath of man praise him; he is the author of evil and wrath. Sin, which is "any want of conformity unto or transgression of the law of God," is made a necessity of evolution, a prominent feature in the divine outworking. It is nothing of the kind, but a melancholy and utterly pernicious accident of protangelic and human freedom. The true God is responsible for granting the freedom and the dominion over inferior nature that make the reign of evil possible; the lower free intelligence and potentate is alone responsible for the inbringing of sin and its evil concomitants. According to Professor Drummond, when Christ and the Scriptures speak of the devil, they allegorize. Why not become a Christian Scientist at once, and say that evil only exists in the imagination? It is all very well to soar away into the realm of Keats' nightingale:

"Fade far away, dissolve, and quite forget.

What thou, in thy bright realm hast never known,

The weariness, the fever, and the fret.

Here, where men sit and hear each other groan."

but will it help you to bear the tooth-ache, or bring your dead to life again? "I find then a law that, when I would do good, evil is present with me." Yes, and when I seek good, physical, temporal, moral, spiritual, when I work for it, live for it, ask it of my fellowmen,

pray for it in agony of soul and overmastering faith in God's power and goodness, it is still present with me in a thousand hideous and revolting forms that no imagination short of a besotted brain dulled by opiates, itself a greater evil, will away with. It is easy for men living a joyous, unclouded life, with wealth and friends and reputation, leading their triumphal car, to watch the slow evolution of good out of things evil, and say God would have it so. But, get you down into the evil, whether it be in the slums of Whitechapel, or in Darkest Africa, in our Montreal hospitals, or where Russia's Czar lay dying, and you are less than man or woman if you fail in the exceeding bitter cry that shall yet enter the ears of the Lord of Sabaoth.

The Christian Scientist denies the objective reality of evil in the form of pain, suffering, and death; the Christian Evolutionist, in opposition to Christ, defies the objective reality of the devil and his angels: and doubtless there are many who refuse to believe that there is such a thing as sin. O fools and blind, human moles in the daylight, having eyes that see not, and hearts that cannot understand, come out of your brain-spun cobweb theories, and look the great realities in the face! Christ has affirmed that evil is not of God, though it is in Him, and can only be destroyed by Him; and that there is a devil, a prince of this world, although we cannot see him. "If it were not so, I would have told you." Do you want to become a Spiritualist, and have fellowship with the powers of darkness? Here is the first requisite—to become equally at heart a liar, and deny that Satan is. While God is made responsible, through evolution or in whatever other way, for the evil that is in the world, I do not wonder at Tennyson's saying that "most men have mistaken the devil for God." To deny that arch enemy's existence is to blaspheme the Most High, and involve His moral gov-

ernment in endless contradiction. For admiration, but, neither as a student of Professor Drummond's Christian character and for much that he has written anthropology nor as a believer in the Sacred Scriptures, will I follow him in I have the highest respect and warmest his "Ascent of Man."



### LOVE SONG.

Do you remember, do you remember  
 What the Maybirds sang last year?  
 Do you remember, do you remember  
 The word I breathed upon your ear?

I remember, I remember  
 That you pointed to the throngs,  
 Said, the Maybirds dream of nesting,  
 Said, they sing their mating songs.

I remember, I remember  
 When the Maybirds sang above,  
 That we stood beneath the branches,  
 And the word you breathed was Love!

R. MACDOUGALL

Cambridge.