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A WELL FAVOURED LOT WITHOUT  
SPIRITUAL BLESSINGS.

A SERMON

BY REV. GUSTAVUS MUNRO, M.A.

*"Give me a blessing; for thou hast given me a south land; give me also springs of water."*—Joshua 15 : 19.

*"And Isaac digged again the wells of water which they had digged in the days of Abraham his father; for the Philistines had stopped them after the death of Abraham: and he called their names after the names by which his father had called them."*—Genesis 26 : 18.

IN dealing with these portions of the Word of God we propose tracing the analogies between the natural and the spiritual; not that we expect to find the spiritual in the sphere of the natural or *vice versa*, as though we should expect to discover *within* or *underlying* the natural some latent spiritual interpretation requiring a mysterious and spiritual insight to bring it to the surface. We simply propose to take the narratives as they stand and trace some analogies between the facts recorded and the facts of God's dealings with men in dispensing spiritual blessings. Our Lord's parables are of this character, and it will be greatly to our advantage to learn from Him.

The blessings of God's grace are often set forth both in the Old and New Testament under the emblems of springs of water, fountains and rivers. "With joy shall ye draw water out of the wells of salvation." "Ho every one that thirsteth come ye to the waters." "Whosoever will, let him come and take of the water of life freely."

We shall take for granted that our hearers are quite familiar with the

record of Achsa's marriage gift. The south land given to Achsa by her father does not, as might appear to us in this western hemisphere, mean a land having a southern exposure and therefore a well favoured lot ; although this was the thought which lead us to a study of the passage. It means a portion of land situated towards the south of Palestine and therefore well situated as contrasted with other lands situated to the north. It was a land situated towards the south and at the same time between the mountains on the one hand and the arable land on the other. It was for these reasons well suited for grazing purposes with the exception of one drawback, which was however in itself fatal in view of the purpose for which it was otherwise suited. Achsa however did not regard the lot worthless. She did not find any fault with her father as though his marriage gift to her was of no value. In fact she felt convinced that she could approach the same kind hearted father who had given her so good and well favoured a lot and ask him, with the South Land to give her also springs of water.

I may here explain that the word translated "a blessing," commonly means a gift of friendship and good will ; as when Jacob said to his brother Esau : "Receive my present at my hand . . . . Take, I pray thee, my blessing that is brought to thee."

I. Certain situations in life that are analogous to that of Achsa, when she found herself in possession of a south land without springs of water.

These are situations not to be made light of or despised, because they are put in our possession by a more kind-hearted father than Caleb. If Caleb said to his daughter, as she dismounted, "what wouldst thou?" much more does our Father say to us in our favourable situations : "Ask and ye shall receive, seek and ye shall find, knock and it shall be opened unto you." We take :—

1. The situation of such as enjoy at least a competency of the good things of this life and yet are destitute of spiritual blessings. Along with these we take all those who have not merely a competency but all who enjoy wealth. This is truly a south land without springs of water. This is a lot that cannot be despised ; it is the gift of God. If we have prospered by our industry and thrift, it is because God has blessed the work of our hands and preserved us from reverses that have brought shipwreck and desolation to others. We cannot afford to despise or make light of our temporal comforts they are our south land. However, there is one thing lacking. Our comfortable homes, food, raiment and money in the bank will not meet all the wants of our nature. No! railway and bank stocks will not do it, and yet we cannot afford to ignore these things for they are God's gifts to us, and essential to meet our wants ; but they are not all that our nature demands. We need a blessing, for we need springs of water. It is the creed of a fool, and no better than that of the beasts that perish, to say : "I will pull down

my barns, and build greater ; and there will I bestow my fruits and my goods, and will say to my soul, Soul thou hast much goods laid up for many years ; take thine ease, eat, drink and be merry." What ! will what a man stores up in a barn or even in a bank meet all the wants of his soul ? What will it all do to give the soul ease in the hour of death ? What will it do to supply merriment in the swelling of Jordan ? What will it do to slake the thirst when the tongue cleaves to the roof of the mouth ? The young ruler who came to our Saviour saying : " What good thing shall I do, that I may have eternal life ? " found that notwithstanding his great possessions, there was something lacking. His was a south land without springs of water. Take again :—

2. The situation of such families as have a good moral standing in society, and such as through culture and refinement are socially happy together. This is a lovely situation. This family might well be envied in many respects ; they are a model family. The parents and children live in social happiness. They discharge their relative duties to each other. They are naturally amiable, and enjoy the advantages of refinement ; and, with all this, their hospitality is unbounded. From such a home, the rich young ruler to whom we have already referred, most probably came. He was so amiable that we are told Jesus loved him ; and he so conducted himself that, in all sincerity, he said in reference to keeping the Commandments, " All these have I kept from my youth up. What lack I yet ? " We have no reason to doubt that as far as he was able to judge he had done so ; and possibly no neighbour could have charged him with any violation of the decalogue. This so far as it goes is commendable. Any family in such a situation enjoys a south land, and yet with all this may be destitute of springs of water. Is there prayer in the home ? Is God's Word being read ? Is there a secret chamber to which any of the members of the family delight to resort to wrestle with God ? Who among the members of that family are holding converse with heaven ?

It is recorded of the famous Whitfield that, being hospitably entertained by a family of this kind, when going about on one of his evangelistic tours, as he was leaving the house, he quietly and unobserved wrote on a pane of glass in the drawing room these words, with a diamond, " one thing thou lackest." It is said to have had the designed effect of leading that whole family to think about their spiritual welfare. Once more take :

3. The situation of all such as enjoy the outward advantages of the means of grace. This, again, may be a south land without springs of water. The situation here described may be that not only of the individual but of a congregation. Everything in the congregation may be in good shape outwardly. There may be no friction. The finances may be on a good basis and all the office-bearers may be attentive to duty. The preaching may be

orderly, in good taste and all that could be desired outwardly. In one word the machinery may be all but perfect, and yet the Spirit of God not in the wheels. It is beautiful and desirable to have all this, and without it there cannot be much real prosperity; but after all, it may be but a south land without springs of water. What is true of the congregation may be also true of individuals. By our privileges we may be raised to heaven. We may have had God-fearing parents; we may know much of God's Word; we may be under a faithful ministry; we may have experienced deep convictions of sin; we may have heard God speaking to us in his providence; but the question is, are we spiritually minded? Do we hold communion with God? Is God in Christ Jesus our portion? In our well favoured lot have we "springs of water"? Have we "a blessing"?

II. The duty and privilege of all such as find themselves in possession of a south land without springs of water.

1. To begin with the conduct of Achsa, you will observe that she was resolved to have springs of water which she could call *her own*. She would not depend upon borrowed waters, no matter how kind and accommodating her neighbours were. So should it be with us in reference to religious experiences. We should see to it that they are our own. We should not be content with a borrowed religious experience. It is to be feared that too many are thus satisfied. They have met with the people of God; they have learned their language like the parrot, and can therefore without any fine feeling or delicate sensibility become indiscriminately loquacious in this matter. It never cost them very much digging to get at it and therefore it is cheap. The man of God says: Come and hear, *all ye that fear God*, and I will declare what he hath done for my soul. It is a great comfort when we are honestly able to say: "We know that we have passed from death unto life because we love the brethren." In this matter "drink waters out of thine own cistern, and running waters from thine own well."

Now in dealing with the matter of duty and privilege as it may present itself to others, let us refer to the conduct of Isaac, as given in the passage which we have quoted from Genesis, in opening the old wells which the Philistines closed with earth after the death of Abraham. We admire Isaac in his vigilance to keep the old wells open. Nay more, we admire his holding by the old names by which his father called them. There are sacred associations connected with these old names; and it would seem that God approved of the conduct of Isaac in this and other matters, for we find him soon after, addressing Isaac in the following terms: "I am the God of Abraham thy father; fear not, for I am with thee, and will bless thee, and will multiply thy seed for my servant Abraham's sake."

2. Now the duty and privilege that may present itself to some of those who find themselves in possession of a south land without springs of water

may be to open up some old wells that have been closed by the enemy.

These old wells that are being closed by the enemy may be some old bibles, old family altars, old secret chambers, old district prayer meetings. It was after the death of Abraham the father of the faithful that the enemies tried to close the wells; and so in like manner after the death of the aged parent in the home, some family altars and secret chambers are closed; or after the death of some faithful elder some district prayer meetings have been closed. Are we determined as Isaac was to have the wells opened? Is there no faithful son in the old home who will keep the old wells open? Is there no faithful member of the church to take the place of the good old elder and see to it that the district prayer meeting is not closed?

The Philistines would say: "We shall not spoil Isaac's tents. We can let him have his flocks of sheep and his great herds of cattle, for if we only succeed in closing these wells we have ruined the man." So the enemy says about us. He is quite willing to allow us to have possession of our houses, our lands, our raiment, our gold and silver,—in fact all that constitutes a south land—if he only succeeds in depriving us of springs of water. Let us see to it that we have an open bible in the home, that we have a family altar, and our district prayer meetings. Isaac did honour and justice to himself in opening the wells as often as his enemies closed them: and he did honour to his aged father who handed them down to him. Let us do honour to the names of those who handed our privileges to us by keeping the wells open.

You will remember that it is said the Philistines closed the wells with earth. Is it not so with us? The wells are being closed with what is of the earth earthy. This is an age of wonderful activity and great competition. It is an age when business must be pushed with great vigilance and determination or we shall be left behind in the race. It is also an age of many amusements and much pleasure-seeking. Now it is to be feared that if we do not exercise eternal vigilance, the old wells around which our fathers were in the habit of gathering their children at stated seasons will be closed. Let us keep the wells open and even hold by the old names because of, if for no other reason than the sacred associations which cluster around them and the hallowed memories which they recall.

It might have been more difficult to open up the old wells than to dig new ones, but Isaac might have said: "I know what kind of water is in the old wells, but I know not what might be in the new; and besides I delight in the associations of my boyhood which are recalled by these old wells." There are old associations of the days of youth brought fresh to our memories as often as we gather around our family altars or enter the secret chamber. Let us keep the wells open. The day may come to many a youth, when on some western prairie or on the street of a strange city, like

David when in the hold and the garrison of the Philistines in Bethlehem, he may say: "O that one would give me drink of the water of the well of Bethlehem, which is by the gate!"

3. To return to our duty and privilege as presented by the case of Achsa, who felt that the same kind father who had given her the south land could be approached with a view to asking him for springs of water; in like manner it is the duty and privilege of all such as find themselves in possession of a south land to approach God and ask him for a blessing also. Can we not with confidence ask Him who has given us our bibles and who has been prompting us by His Spirit, to give us "springs of water"? Can we not ask Him who has sent us a faithful ministry and who has been encircling us on every side with so many favourable influences, to give us "*a blessing*"? "He that spared not his own Son but delivered him up for us all; how shall he not with him also freely give us all things"? If Caleb dealt so generously with his daughter as to give her the upper springs and the nether springs; do we not hear the voice of God speaking aloud to us: "If ye being evil know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your heavenly Father give good things to them that ask him"?

If Achsa was inspired with confidence in her father's good will, as he said "What wouldst thou?" much more should we be inspired with faith in God as he says: "Ask and ye shall receive, seek and ye shall find, knock and it shall be opened unto you." If Caleb addressing his daughter personally said "What wouldst thou?" did not the Saviour say to the woman of Samaria, addressing her personally: "If *thou* knewest the gift of God, and who it is that saith to thee give me to drink, thou wouldst have asked of him and he would have given thee living water"? If Caleb gave his daughter, in answer to her request, both the upper and the nether springs, so will our God give to us also. He will give us the nether springs both by title and actually to drink of whilst we are down here; and he will give us the title to the upper springs to drink of them when he calls us higher. He teaches us as we are able to hear it, and he has many things to say unto us, but we cannot hear them now. Let us be content here to drink from these nether springs which we may be sure will supply all our wants; and soon we shall drink from those upper springs, from which we cannot yet drink, simply because we have not the capacity for enjoying them; but from which we shall drink richly when we shall see Him as He is. Let me simply urge all to pray God: "Give me a blessing. Give me also springs of water."

*Harriston, Ont.*

## Symposium.

### CURRENT UNBELIEF.

BY REV. JAMES BARCLAY, M.A.

THE title is suggestive. It seems to imply, as we hear it often implied or asserted, that unbelief is one of the characteristics of our day, that it is more general and deeply rooted. There is an unfortunate tendency always to think that the former days were better than these, and the Preacher may say to us as he said long ago, "Ye do not inquire wisely concerning this." There is not less belief today, but more. There is less formal belief; less make-believe; but more real belief. The world is not getting worse, but better. The Kingdom of God is not going backward, but forward. And the problem before the defenders of the Faith today is not so much how to account for or meet the unbelief of the times, as rather how to account for and meet the restlessness of belief. It is not so much that belief has died, but it has been made to shift its ground; some of its foundations have been severely tested and sorely shaken; many of the grounds on which it was insecurely and thoughtlessly resting have been called in question, and it has been asked more than in any previous age to give a reason for itself. We do not need to seek for evidences, they are around us everywhere, of the restlessness of belief. What has caused it? Is it mainly the result of attacks from without the Church, or of the failure or foolishness of the defence adopted by the Church? Many of us can probably look back to a time when the Bible was implicitly and unquestioningly received by us, when it had for us no mystery. We then had the faith of childhood. But since then we have come into contact with some of life's difficulties, with some of its dark problems, and we feel that if we are to stand strong, we must have a faith fuller and deeper, able to sustain itself under severest pressure. We feel that the Bible, if it is to remain to us the Word of God, must be the Book of Life. We may begin life and get on very well for a time with a faith we have simply inherited, but the faith by which we are to live and die must be our very own, must be won by us, and for most men it can only be won by being tried. It is a vain and useless dream to wish back again what Browning calls that dear middle-age which noodles praise, when all believed—man, woman, child.

"How you'd exult if I could put you back  
Six hundred years; blot out cosmogony,  
Geology, ethrology, what not,  
And set you square with Genesis again."

It cannot be. If the Bible is to remain our Book of Life, its truth must stand in the clear light of all material revelations—of all science, and all

history, and all discovery. We recal the story in one of the Greek writers of the man who in order to save his bees a troublesome flight to Hymettus cut their wings and placed before them the finest flowers he could select. But the wingless bees made no honey. They needed the flight. In like manner the Church has often sought to do with men. She has cut their wings with the kindly but foolish idea of saving them from the dangerous flight into the fields of thought. But a clipped or pinioned faith will make no honey: it will droop and die. Ours is essentially an age of thought. Science has made it essentially an age of inquiry, and whatever the danger attendant upon inquiry may be, we cannot, and, as Protestants, we dare not, stop it, even when it directs its queries and investigations into all that is most sacred in our creed. Even the Bible itself, alike for its facts and its doctrines, must be subjected to the crucible. We are living in a new world, where knowledge runs to and fro in the Earth, unlocking secret doors that have long been sealed, and disclosing and deciphering a handwriting of God that has been long unread, and it is the vainest of delusions to think that we can meet these, that we can stop the current of thought which they have started, or lay to rest the uneasiness of belief they have produced, by an ominous and forbidding shake of the head. It is the weakest and most foolish of expedients, with an angry denunciation to refuse to listen to the messages which they profess to bring, because these messages seem to refuse to harmonize with our inherited views and received traditions. We are forced to ask the question—How do the foundations of our faith stand in the light and truth that God is pouring in upon us from every quarter? We are gathering today the fruits, the inevitable fruits, of the great Reformation movement. It was not in the realm of religion alone that the Reformation made a revolution; it did so even more in the world of science, and the religious scepticism which followed the Reformation had its root not nearly so much in a new order of faith as in a new order of science. There was a new apprehension of nature; there was a new conception of the material universe; and from this has sprung the restlessness of belief so conspicuous today. It is science that has shaken the old creeds, and begotten that spirit of inquiry into everything religious which we designate, and I think designate wrongly, by such a title as "Current Unbelief." Moral unbelief there has been in every age, and there is much of it today. The unbelief that has its seat in the heart and not in the head; the unbelief that is due not to what the Bible asks men to believe, but what it asks them to be and to do, and gladly do such unbelievers turn to anything which they fancy will prove a rational foundation for their attitude, or serve as an excuse for their immorality. If science can prove the Bible to be a collection of fables, and the religion built on it a superstition, they imagine they will be more at ease in their godless, selfish, sinful life, and be relieved from the sting, which conscience and the Church have hitherto put into their



impure pleasures and indulgences. But it is not fair to charge science and the spirit of inquiry it has awakened with this kind of unbelief, nor impute the motives that actuate such unbelievers to honest searchers after truth, and who in their very honesty have been constrained to call in question beliefs which we hold dear. It has not been with alacrity or joy that many have left the faith of their fathers, but with a poignant suffering and sorrow that they have been driven from the old positions through an intellectual necessity, we might feel inclined to call it disability, of their nature. Listen to one of these men as he describes the process by which he was compelled to abandon what he once believed. "The pursuit of truth is easy to a man who has no human sympathies. But the case is very different with the searcher whose affections are strong, whose associations are quick, whose hold upon the past is clinging and tenacious. He may love truth with an earnest and paramount devotion, but he loves much else also. He loves errors which were once the cherished convictions of his soul. He loves dogmas which were once full of strength and beauty to his thoughts, though now perceived to be baseless or fallacious. He loves the church where he worshipped in his happy childhood, where his friends and his family worship still, where his grey-haired parents await the Resurrection of the Just, but where *he* can worship and await no more. He loves the simple old creed which was the creed of his earlier and brighter days, but which inquiry has compelled him to abandon. The past and the familiar have chains and talismans which hold him back in his career, till every fresh step forward becomes an effort and an agony; every fresh error discovered is a fresh bond snapped asunder; every new glimpse is like a fresh flood of pain poured in upon the soul. To such a man the pursuit of Truth is a daily martyrdom: how hard and bitter let the martyr tell. Shame to those who make it doubly so; honour to those who encounter it, saddened, weeping, trembling, but unflinching still." A warmth of sympathy may yet win such a searcher back. No severity of denunciation will ever frighten him. To meet him only with abuse is only to manifest a fear that he is right. He is a man to whom Truth is as dear as life. We cannot help admitting that science has compelled us to go back to our Bible and re-read it in a new light, and re-interpret it in many a passage, and the re-interpretations have thrown a flood of light, and given a meaning, a power, a beauty that were hitherto undiscovered. Science has compelled us to consider such questions as the authenticity of parts of the Bible, the inspiration of the Bible, the miracles of the Bible, etc., and few are the men who have not been constrained somewhat to modify their views on all these questions; the modification not by any means necessarily lessening, but in much rather deepening faith. We cannot, even if we would. (and why would we?) close the eyes of the people to the new facts of science and history. Printing has brought these within easy reach of all, and it is only natural that one fruit of these should be an

unsettling tendency, seeing that so many of them are apparently inconsistent with received interpretations of the Bible. Whether we will it or no, people will read not only the volume of the Book, but the volume of nature, the volume of life, the volume of history, and these records are in the handwriting of God. Geologists tell us that they have discovered in the records of creation things that are at variance with the record of Genesis. Scholars tell us that there are inaccuracies in the text, and historians, in the history of the Bible. Popular literature is full of such statements. Is it any wonder, as George Eliot says, "that many young minds are dizzy with indigestion of recent science and philosophy"; or that the age is one of religious uneasiness and uncertainty? No one knows this better than the Christian minister, especially if he mingles much with young men. There are many of these who are troubled with difficulties which a minister, if he is to be a spiritual teacher and guide, dare not ignore. These young men—very earnest, many of them—will never be saved for the Church or kept for Christ, by our simply saying hard things of science, or giving them, as it has been well put, the stones of denunciation when they ask for the bread of sympathy. They are not unbelievers; they are not hostile to religion; they are not indifferent to religion. It is oftener the young men who put no questions, who are troubled with no difficulties, who apparently accept without question the whole creed of the Church, who are indifferent to religion. They are searching for truth, they are anxious to know how to remove the stumbling blocks to faith which science—much of it, I grant, falsely so called—has taught them to see in the Bible. It will only weaken the Church's power, and drive many an honest earnest spirit away, if the only answer she has to make to such inquirers is to denounce science as irreverent, and inquiry as dangerous, if not actually sinful. The defender of the faith will do little to keep the citadel if he rests satisfied with denouncing an opponent and peremptorily silencing a would-be friend. It is a miserably poor defence of any truth, and especially of a Divine truth, to charge the man who ventures to inquire about it, yea, to doubt it, with moral obliquity. Honest doubt is no sin: to many a truthful and truth-loving man it is an intellectual necessity.

"What matter though I doubt at every pore  
 Head doubts, heart doubts, doubts at my fingers' ends;  
 Doubts in the trivial work of every day;  
 Doubts at the very bases of my soul  
 In the grand moments when she probes herself,  
 If finally I have a life to show.

When the fight begins within himself a man's worth something. The soul wakes and grows. Prolong that battle through his life, never leave growing till the life to come."

It can only create an uneasy feeling in the minds of many who still believe, when they see the supposed exponents and defenders of the faith

seeking to get rid of the difficulty occasioned by men questioning opinions long held sacred, by imputing to their questionings unworthy motives or moral obliquity. It is quite true that many of the questionings of our day have their root in sin; many, in spiritual pride; many, in presumptuous impatience of authority; many springing even from the "devilish" delight of wounding sacred feelings. But there are others which spring from a devotion to truth. Some men seem born to doubt: many men can only reach rest through unrest

"You call for faith: I show you doubt, to prove that faith exists. The more of doubt, the stronger faith, I say, if faith o'ercomes doubt."

The moral unbeliever, the man who seeks in unbelief a shelter for selfishness and sin, is not likely to be convinced by any presentation of truth. His heart must first be changed, and no defence of Gospel facts and doctrines, however successful, will accomplish that. To such an one we would say with Browning—

"What think ye of Christ, friend? When  
All's done and said,  
Like you this Christianity or not?  
It may be false, but will you wish it true?  
Has it your vote to be so if it can?"

But the earnest doubter, the man who would believe, but whose faith is face to face with offences, who would be at rest in religion, but cannot find rest, his whole mind unsettled in the conflict between modern science and Christianity—how is the Church going to treat such an one? Surely she is not, ostrich-like, going to bury her head in the sands of old traditions, and refuse to see the new facts and new thoughts and new theories of modern times, and vainly imagine that thus the citadel of orthodoxy will stand secure? Shall she not rather stand confident on the Rock on which she was founded—that Rock against which the billows of scepticism and infidelity have beat for eighteen centuries, and beat in vain—confident that though many human growths which have sprung up around that rock and are clinging in their weakness to it may be swept away, the Rock will stand? Assuredly it becomes the believer to approach all religious questions with reverent awe, but surely not with craven cowardice. The spirit of Christianity is not that of "fear" but of "a sound mind." It is no evidence of truth, no symbol of confidence, but only manifestation of uncertainty and fear, to shun conflict, to evade attack, to refuse investigation, because of difficulty and danger. We dare not as Protestants refuse inquiry. Truth has nothing to fear from the discoveries of all the sciences, and surely it is Truth we wish to know and hold. The Church has frequently been singularly unwise in the attitude she has adopted towards the restlessness of belief caused by modern thought. A man who has real faith never gets frightened when it is questioned, or savage with him who questions, or even with him who rejects. Hurt may

have arisen to belief by the theories and inferences of modern investigation, but ten-fold greater harm is done when a Christian minister so far forgets the spirit of his Master as to denounce from the pulpit such men as Huxley and Darwin as "the brood of Satan."

Faith is the gift of God, but so also is Reason, and yet has the Church not sometimes spoken of it as the instrument of Satan? It is the duty of the Church, not to denounce, but to guide reason; it is the duty of the Church not to ignore or condemn physical science, but welcome it as a handmaiden, as another revelation of God's plan and purpose. It is the duty of the Church not to sneer at modern thought but to quicken it with the leaven of the Gospel. Modern society with its manifold developments, modern science with its startling discoveries and far-reaching investigations, modern thought with its bold ventures and daring, yea, defiant independence—all present questions and problems standing out in the clear light of day and reaching, in some measure, every one. And these the Church, if she wishes to remain a teacher and a guide, dare not shirk but must face. A well-known writer has put the position thus: "However hard a battle Rome may have to fight with reason and science in the coming years, Protestantism will have no less difficulty in adapting and adjusting to the fundamentals of her creed all that science brings to light, and all the newer and larger ideas that the progress of events will discover. We cannot, like Romanism, declare science our foe. Protestantism and science are allies and blood relations, and if we are to maintain our religious life at all it must be in the full blaze of modern discovery and intellectual light, and not among the moles and bats where the relics of superstition have had their haunt."

Yes, we must, if we are to win or keep the confidence of men, be ready, not blindly or dogmatically, but intelligently, to defend our faith in the light of all modern discovery and modern thought. If we cannot we are unfit, if we will not, we are worse than unfit, to be ambassadors of Truth. Much that we have held dear and sacred is being rudely shaken, and the outlook is one of grave anxiety, and there is too much tendency in the Church to tremble for the Ark of God, not so much because hostile hands have been laid upon it, but more because hands that once held it up have been removed. Shall we retire from the conflict in despair? Shall we lay down our embassy as if defeat were certain? Shall we betake us behind the battlements of inherited tradition and dogma? Shall we take refuge in Roman infallibility or Westminster infallibility or Bible infallibility, and blindly and angrily denounce assailants whose attacks we cannot meet, and allow the sad experience to go on, (too much of which we have already seen), of man after man with earnest spirit turning away from the Church in disappointment, aye, and from the Bible too, because he is met with prohibition of his thoughts instead of kindly sympathy and generous

help? Let me recal an incident in the Emancipation struggle. The clouds were gathering thicker and thicker, and men were saying the cause was dead. Even Frederick Douglas, one of its most heroic champions, was speaking in hopeless strains of the prospect, when an old coloured woman cried out in a clear shrill voice, "Frederick, is God dead?" The effect was electric. God is not dead, and He is on the side of truth. Let this ever be our attitude. We believe in God. God is not dead, but is on the side of truth. Truth must stand. Truth must win, and we wish nothing else to win. There is no other attitude for the Church to adopt. We have no sympathy with the man who coarsely assails long-lived and deeply cherished beliefs with vulgar taunt or ribald sneer. When in the name of science a writer seeks to shake the truth and authority of the Bible, knowing what its history has been, and its power for good, by sneering at "the linguistic accomplishments of Balaam's ass," and "the obedience of the sun and moon to the commander of a horde of bloodthirsty Hebrews," I doubt, and am entitled to doubt, the man's love of truth, and have no doubt whatever of his want of reverence, and reverence is essential to truth-seeking and truth-finding. The man who, proud of his scientific attainments, boasts of having found Jena to be to the modern thinker what Wartburg was to Luther, and Weimar to Goethe, may demand, if he will, freedom from any straight waistcoat of hierarchical obstinacy, and every dogma by which arrogance would suppress liberty to think and to teach. All this we freely concede—we could not withhold it if we would—but we must ask the same liberty to think and teach, and we are as entitled, surely, to courtesy and respect for holding what is old and time-honored as he is for holding what is new and as yet untried. Science may be—has sometimes been—as dogmatic, where she has been wrong, as Religion; and modern thought may be as narrow and bigotted as ancient belief. Humility and reverence become the advocates both of Religion and of Science.

There are many students of science, however, who have questioned our beliefs—not maliciously, not sneeringly, not coarsely, but honestly and even sorrowfully—with an intensity of earnestness, and it is the attacks upon our faith by such men that have caused the general restlessness of belief and feeling of uncertainty of our day. All inquiries springing from such a source the Church must meet openly, sympathetically, hopefully, if she is to keep her members or attract the rising generation, and give assurance that she has a reason for the faith that is in her. If we have faith in God, and in the Bible as God's Word, why should we regard with fear, and not rather with an anxious yet hopeful interest, and with a firm confidence withal in the final issue, all the speculations and ventures and conflicts of atheism, agnosticism, dualism, positivism, pessimism, and all the other "isms" that proffer themselves as substitutes for Christianity? Why should we not welcome whatever truth there is in them, borrowed mostly, though unacknowledged, from the

Christianity they assail, and also whatever spirit of earnest truth-seeking there is in their disciples and advocates? If we know whom and what we have believed, know our belief as a personal experience and possession—and of what value is it unless it is a personal experience and possession—why should we fear? “Veritas prevalebit,” and we can await with calmness and confidence the end. The Father hath worked hitherto and still works. God is not dead, and He will accomplish His great purpose of truth even through temporary errors. I cannot prove by logic to any man that there is a God; much less can any man prove to me or to himself that there is no God. There may be difficulties and mysteries in the way of Belief: there are graver difficulties and darker mysteries in the way of Unbelief. Wherever there is real Faith there will be courage and charity. Whilst science has done much to undermine some foundation on which faith was insecurely resting, the spirit of inquiry she has awakened has done untold good. It has taken us back to the Bible in a spirit of humble, honest searching, back to the simplicity of the Gospels. It has helped us to seek and to show our faith of life instead of the faith of forms and formularies, to stand more confidently because more intelligently on the Word and Work of God.

This question has a very practical side which I can do little more than touch. How are we in our ministry to deal, not with the general restlessness of belief, but with actual and individual cases? When any one comes to me whose sole object is to throw discredit on what I believe and what perhaps he once believed, comes only to cavil, to put ugly conundrums, and sneer, who has no real love of truth, no real desire to seek or find it, but on the contrary a secret fear, which he endeavours to conceal in scoffing, that he would be ill at ease if he did find it, it is not difficult to know how to answer such an one. The gospel proverb about “pearls” will guide me there. But when one comes in all good faith and earnestness, with the old creed shaken and with mind restless and unsettled by new thoughts and new theories and seeks counsel and guidance, what shall I do? Refuse to listen or repel him by angry prohibition of his enquiries? Or seek to satisfy his spiritual hunger by a mere dogmatic repetition of old articles of faith which for him have been completely shaken and which he cannot see his way to accept? No, surely not, but by sympathising with him; by a frank admission of the doubts and difficulties with which my own faith has had to wrestle; by speaking together of the new facts of life and science and history and the perplexities these have engendered; by speaking, not as an infallible or authoritative priest, but as a humble, weak, yet believing and hopeful brother. Shall we accept a man’s adhesion to Christ so far as he is able honestly to give it, or shall we demand from him acceptance of everything we

believe and as we believe it? We have no authority from Christ or anywhere in the New Testament for so doing. If one asks, as I have been asked, Must I accept the Westminster Confession or the Shorter Catechism in order to being admitted to membership with Christ? I say unhesitatingly, No, it is by no means necessary. There were true living Christians before the Shorter Catechism was ever written. There are thousands of true Christians to-day who have never heard of it. If one man says, I can't accept the Genesis account of Creation; another, I can't accept the doctrine of the Atonement or the theory of Inspiration as your church holds it; another, - can't accept the miracles of the Bible, am I to say, Then, you can't be a Christian? No. I know only too well the numerous and various phases through which all these doctrines have passed, not only in the history of the Church, but also in my own spiritual experience. A man may be ignorant of nearly every dogma and yet be a true Christian. To such let us sympathetically and kindly say: "Come and see"; come and see Jesus, who He is. Come and learn of Him. One thing lies beyond dispute. His is the grandest and the best life we know, and His the sublimest moral teaching the world has ever heard. Sit at His feet. Walk in His light. Do His will as far as you know it, as far as it commends itself to your reason and conscience; further light will dawn, fuller truth will be revealed. Do this and I have little fear of the issue. A sincere love and loyalty to Christ will make a man a Christian. The mere admission of the credibility or truth of the greatest facts and doctrines of Christianity may mean little or nothing. These must become spiritual factors and powers in our life. The Incarnation is little or nothing to us as mere doctrine, of value only in so far as it transforms us into Sons of God, makes us partakers of the Divine Nature. The Atonement as a mere doctrine is little or nothing to us, of value only in so far as it cleanses us from sin and makes us *at one* with God. The Resurrection as a mere doctrine is little or nothing to us, of value only in so far as it enables us to rise into newness of life, to value time by eternity and live here by the hope of the life hereafter.

And this let us never forget, that if God has given us a deeper faith and a higher knowledge, it is not that self-righteously we may despise or condemn others, but that we may lovingly teach them what God has taught us. If we have risen to greater strength of faith, it is that on us the weak may lean and be helped. If on us greater light has dawned, it is that we may lovingly clear away the mists that have gathered round the minds of others. Humility, sympathy, charity, are the Church's most powerful weapons, mighty through God to the pulling down of strongholds, and the evidence that arises from the loftier divine life of men who believe is the strongest of all arguments for the truth of the Christian faith. I am full of hope that the restlessness caused by modern thought will issue not in increased unbelief, but in a simpler,

deeper, more real, more intelligent, more living faith. I believe with one of our modern writers that we are nearing the dawn of another Reformation, "a Reformation in which the Person and work of Christ will be the overmastering impulse and living centre, and though we may find when its light breaks, that we have lost many of the old forms and formularies dear to our fathers, we shall have a larger knowledge of and a fuller joy in Him who is the Redeemer of men, the rightful King of the sons of men." Meanwhile let us meet with humble sympathy and with a hope begotten of profound conviction all who cannot see eye to eye with us, who may have abandoned positions still held by us, not because they are less true, but because they are now in earnest to be on the side of truth at whatever cost.

"Hear the Word of the Lord, ye that tremble at His Word. Your brethren that hated you, that cast you out for my name's sake, said: 'Let the Lord be glorified.' But He shall appear to your joy and they shall be ashamed."

*Montreal.*



## Contributed Articles.

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### THREE GREAT DEBATES IN SCOTLAND.

THE first great debate of the Free Church Assembly was on the  
REVISION OF THE CONFESSION.

At least three important branches of the Presbyterian family have of late had our time-honored Confession of Faith under consideration with a view to alterations or modifications or explanations. After all, a good many other things in all our Churches need revision much more. Certain emendations have been made by the Revising Committee of the American Church with a view to the smoothing of what seem to some to be "hard sayings," and the clearing up of some matters of doubtful disputation. These have been sent to Presbyteries for their consideration. Thus, for example, in Chapter I. an addition is made to the proofs of the Divinity of the Word. To the "Heavenliness of the matter," etc., and the other particulars enumerated, there is added "the Truthfulness of the History, and the faithful witness of Prophecy and Miracle." The sections on the Divine Decrees have been re-cast, almost re-written. For instance, by the non-election of certain persons or their ordination to perdition, the Revisers declare—"Neither is any limitation put upon the offer of salvation to all upon condition of faith in Christ, nor is restraint laid upon the freedom of any one to hinder his acceptance of this offer." With reference to the doctrine of Creation, God is said to have made the World "in six CREATIVE days." With reference to the good deeds of unregenerate men, the Confession's language is altered by omitting "all" before "evil," and "for all good," substituting "all that is spiritually good," in the section which says—"All actual transgressions proceed from original corruption whereby we are utterly indisposed, disabled, and made opposite to all good, and wholly inclined to all evil." By way of qualification, too, the clause is added—"That the Providence of God, and the common operations of His Spirit, restrain unregenerate men from much that is evil, and lead them to exercise many social and civil virtues."

Chapters are added on the universal offer of the Gospel and the work of the Holy Spirit. The Confession is made to sound (as it is thought) not so

harshly towards Romanism by obliterating the words "Papist" and "Popish," and the assertion that "the Pope is Anti-Christ." In the chapter on Effectual Calling, a very distinct testimony is borne as to the ultimate salvation of infants and imbeciles. "All infants dying in infancy," the new clause runs, "and all other persons who, from birth to death, are incapable of being outwardly called by the ministry of the word, are redeemed by grace and regenerated by the Spirit." President Patton, of Princeton, expresses himself opposed to some of these changes, but adds in a tone that should quiet our fears:—"If outsiders expected the committee to decentralise the Confession of Faith they have been most woefully disappointed. . . . Not a solitary doctrine of the Christian faith has been touched or tampered with."

The English Presbyterian Church made no changes in the venerable document itself, but framed a shorter and simpler form of it for popular use, which has obtained wide currency.

The Free Church neither amended, as did the American, nor shortened and simplified, as did the English Presbyterian, but drew up a declaratory statement to accompany the Confession, as thirty years ago we did with reference to the 23rd chapter bearing on the Civil Magistrate on the occasion of our union with the United Presbyterians. It was in introducing this declaratory statement that Dr. Rainy made his first great speech, and brought to bear on it a wealth of logic and rhetoric which transfixed his hearers. It was delicate ground to tread on, for no marvel if not a few good men and true might feel as if the foundations ran the risk of being destroyed, and as if the movement threatened the removal of the ancient landmarks, but it seemed safer than to use the deleting sponge or Jehoiakim's penknife.

The declaratory statement is as follows:—

"Whereas it is expedient to remove difficulties and scruples which have been felt by some in reference to the declaration of belief required from persons who receive licence or are admitted to office in this Church, the General Assembly, with consent of Presbyteries, declare as follows:—

"That, in holding and teaching, according to the Confession, the Divine purpose of grace towards those who are saved, and the execution of that purpose in time, this Church most earnestly proclaims, as standing in the forefront of the revelation of Grace, the love of God—Father, Son, and Holy Spirit—to sinners of mankind, manifested especially in the Father's gift of the Son to be the Saviour of the world, in the coming of the Son to offer himself a Propitiation

for sin, and in the striving of the Holy Spirit with men to bring them to repentance.

“That this Church also holds that all who hear the Gospel are warranted and required to believe to the saving of their souls; and that in the case of such as do not believe, but perish in their sins, the issue is due to their own rejection of the Gospel call. That this Church does not teach, and does not regard the Confession as teaching, the fore-ordination of men to death irrespective of their own sin.

“That it is the duty of those who believe, and one end of their calling by God, to make known the Gospel to all men everywhere for the obedience of faith: And that while the Gospel is the ordinary means of salvation for those to whom it is made known, yet it does not follow, nor is the Confession to be held as teaching, that any who die in infancy are lost, or that God may not extend His mercy, for Christ’s sake, and by His Holy Spirit, to those who are beyond the reach of these means, as it may seem good to him, according to the riches of His grace.

“That, in holding and teaching, according to the Confession of Faith, the corruption of man’s whole nature as fallen, this Church also maintains that there remain tokens of his greatness as created in the image of God; that he possesses a knowledge of God and of duty; that he is responsible for compliance with the moral law and with the Gospel; and that, although unable without the aid of the Holy Spirit to return to God, he is yet capable of affections and actions which in themselves are virtuous and praiseworthy.

“That this Church disclaims intolerant or persecuting principles, and does not consider her office-bearers, in subscribing the Confession, committed to any principles inconsistent with liberty of conscience and the right of private judgment.

“That while diversity of opinion is recognised in this Church on such points in the Confession as do not enter into the substance of the Reformed Faith therein set forth, the Church retains full authority to determine, in any case which may arise, what points fall within this description, and thus to guard against any abuse of this liberty to the detriment of sound doctrine, or to the injury of her unity and peace.”

To attempt any epitomised presentation of Dr. Rainy’s argument would be only to mar it. Never had a speaker a more attentive and appreciative audience. The result showed that he carried conviction to the vast majority.

The opposition was feebler than we expected. Dr. Scott of Aberlour, supported by a few others, before the discussion commenced, tabled a protest to the effect that in consenting to debate the subject they were not to be held as conceding the lawfulness of any revision of the Standards. Dr. Rainy's motion was seconded by the Rev. Mr. Howie, of Glasgow, who has ever sided with the foremost standers in the old paths. The counter motion was brought forward by Mr. Macaskill, the successor of Dr. Kennedy at Dingwall, seconded by Mr. William Balfour, both of the "straitest sect of our religion." When the vote was taken there appeared :—

For Dr. Rainy's motion,	.	.	.	428
For Mr. Macaskill's,	.	.	.	66
				362
Majority for Dr. Rainy,				

The regulations with reference to motions and amendments are substantially the same as our own. The rules with reference to taking the vote are as follows :—

"(1) That on a division being called for, a bell shall be rung for two minutes, during which time the Reporters' seat shall be closed, and all parties who are not Members, but have the privilege of entering the House, shall withdraw.

"(2) That after the ringing of the bell, the Clerk shall repeat the announcement required to be made under section 5, paragraph (5).

"(3) That the division doors shall be placed in their position, and one side of each folding entrance door be closed, so that the Members may be able to go out only one at a time.

"(4) That when the bell shall have been rung, the doors leading from the east and west galleries to the corridor shall be locked, and no one permitted to enter the House.

"(5) That eight Tellers shall be appointed by the Moderator, four from the supporters of each of the motions before the House. These Tellers shall take their places in pairs, one on each side, at the four doors of the House, and shall count the numbers passing out at their respective doors.

"(6) That when the Tellers shall have taken their places the Moderator shall direct the Members to vote by leaving the House at separate doors—those who support the first motion going out at the right hand, and the supporters of the amendment, or second motion, at the left hand of the chair.

“(7) That the Clerks of Assembly shall prepare printed Alphabetical Lists of Members, and shall appoint Clerks to mark at each door the votes of Members.

“(8) That Members as they pass the door shall give their Christian names and surnames in a distinct voice to the Clerks.

“(9) Thereafter the Members shall pass between the two Tellers, who shall both audibly count the number of each Member as he passes.

“(10) That as soon as the vote shall thus have been taken, the Tellers shall report the state of vote to one of the Clerks of Assembly, who shall write it down, and read it to the House.”

In the light of past and present controversies with respect to the Inspiration and Inerrancy of the Holy Scriptures as contained in the first Chapter of the Confession it was deemed best to embody the Assembly's mind thereon in a separate Deliverance, in moving which Dr. Rainy gave another elaborate address the same day. Around this department of the subject much of interest gathered. The Resolution reads thus, and was passed by a large majority:—

“Whereas the General Assembly have seen with satisfaction that the Committee on the Confession of Faith, after repeated conference, have been led to adopt unanimously a resolution in regard to Holy Scripture. The Assembly approve of the resolution, and regarding it as seasonable, and fitted to be helpful, they adopt it as their own, as follows, viz:—The General Assembly find that there appears to be no adequate call to add a declaratory statement to the clear and comprehensive exhibition of the Doctrine of Holy Scripture contained in the first chapter of the Confession. At the same time, in view of the anxiety expressed in regard to the Church's position on this subject, the Assembly cordially avail themselves of the opportunity of recording their full and steadfast adherence to the doctrine laid down in the Confession as to the great truths of the Inspiration, Infallible Truth, and Divine authority of Holy Scripture, as proceeding from God, who is the Author thereof.”

Although the Rev. Mr. Denney, of Broughty Ferry, a rising young man of scholarly accomplishments, belonging to the Broad School, pierced, as he thought, the drum of unity on which Dr. Ross Taylor and Mr. Howie loved to beat in the Assembly, by trying to show that they were far from agreeing in committee, and that therefore the harmony evoked from this “Drum

Ecclesiastic" was not thorough or genuine, yet we would like to believe till we get more evidence to the contrary that there is no mental reservation or verbal equivocation on the part of any composing the bulk of the Assembly who, in this solemn and formal way, recorded "their full and steadfast adherence to the doctrine laid down in the Confession as to the great truths of the Inspiration, Infallible Truth, and Divine Authority of Holy Scripture as proceeding from God, who is the Author thereof."

On Thursday forenoon, May 28th, we found as overflowing a crowd as ever gathered to listen to the

#### DEBATE ON DISESTABLISHMENT.

The general interest was intensified by the fact which had leaked out that the Assembly had been approached by the Laymen's League, with proposals for a re-union of the three Churches on a basis which would do away with the necessity for Disestablishment. After a preliminary talk as to the time to be taken up by each speaker and agreeing that introducers of motions should have forty minutes, seconds twenty, and all other speakers ten, Dr. Rainy, who received a perfect ovation on rising at 11 o'clock, presented the Report of the Committee.

It needed not to be read, nor did he occupy any time in expounding it or reviewing the general question, but went on at once to the proposals of those whom he styled the "Eminent Persons" who composed the Laymen's League. They had felt called on, he remarked, to take this question out of the clumsy and contentious hands of Ecclesiastics and to settle it themselves. He had understood that the question was passing into the hands of Laymen, and he rather wondered why they should come back so soon and attempt to capture the Church Courts. The object of the League was to supersede the question of Disestablishment and direct the mind of the public in a different direction, and so gradually pave the way for a Re-union on the basis of Establishment. For his own part he saw little assurance that this was a practical line, or that it would prove practicable. If they accepted the proposals of the League, they were done with Disestablishment. They were told (1) That they would avoid irritating their friends in the Established Church, (2) They would unite the Presbyterianism of Scotland, (3) They would save the Teinds.

To his mind, however, the scheme seemed the most illusory piece of business that ever he met with in the history of serious proceedings. There

were three difficulties in the way of it: 1. It was unlikely that the Free Church would agree to it as a satisfactory settlement. 2. It was unlikely that the Established Church would accept it, as it would look like capitulation on her part. 3. He did not think that Parliament would agree to it. For him the discussion was very much an Academic one. He felt the case had been presented in a weaker manner than it need have been. As to the Teinds, they must remember that a gift of the Teinds meant a gift with conditions and control. He was not going to sacrifice the prospects of a real well based Union of the Presbyterianism of Scotland for £240,000 or a good deal more. Dr. Rainy had three skilful lawyers to oppose him, Sheriffs Jamieson, Cowan, and Guthrie Smith, the latter a recent acquisition of a very judicial mind from the Scottish Episcopal Church, all of them first-class speakers, but Dr. Rainy was far more than a match for the three. At twenty minutes to four he rose to reply amid an outburst of cheering, and when it came to the vote at ten minutes past four, 473 voted for Principal Rainy and 88 for Sheriff Jamieson.

Friday forenoon (May 29th) brought up again the

#### DODS BRUCE CASE.

It had been settled at the Assembly of 1890, but a good many were dissatisfied and found vent for their dissatisfaction in a dozen overtures—seven from Highland Presbyteries—asking, if not for a re-consideration of the decision then come to, at least for a re-declaration of the Church's Faith as regards the points in question. Dr. Scott, who took so prominent a part in opposing the Deliverance of Tuesday with reference to the Confession of Faith, submitted a motion founded on these Overtures as follows:

That the General Assembly, in view of the increased anxiety and alarm in connection with the decisions of last General Assembly in the Cases of Drs. Dods and Bruce, as shown in sundry Overtures from Presbyteries and Synods on the subject, declare the steadfast adherence of this Church to the cardinal doctrines of our Lord's Divinity, His satisfaction to Divine justice for sin, and His resurrection from the dead in the same body in which He suffered, as declared in her standards; and also to the great truths of the Inspiration, Infallible Truth, and Divine authority of Holy Scripture as proceeding from God, the Author thereof, whereby it was free from all error as thus originally given.

And further, the General Assembly instruct all ministers and professors of the Church not to teach or to countenance any doctrines or opinions contrary to these things.

This motion was seconded by Dr. Ross Taylor, Senior, of Thurso, father of Dr. Ross Taylor of Glasgow, who had led in the advocacy and passage of the Deliverance complained of. The scene of the collision between father and son was quite dramatic. The old man of 87 got up from beside the Moderator's Chair, which he had filled a few years ago, and showed in a brief and telling speech that his mental powers were unimpaired and that he had the courage of his convictions. On the other hand Dr. Bannerman moved, seconded by Mr. Howie (the former Wyr. Missionary who is becoming a power in the House):—

“That the Assembly do not deem it necessary to take any further action in regard to the matter referred to in the Overtures and accordingly pass from them.”

Mr. Macaskill was the ablest supporter of Dr. Scott. His opponents say that, in his self-assumed office of Defender of the Faith he is evidently watching “with veritable feline persistency for an opportunity to pounce upon Dr. Dods.” He is well up in that divine's most recent writings and read copious extracts to show that the boundary line had been passed. He concluded what was decidedly the best speech I had heard from him, with a characteristic threat, which made several voices cry “shame.” “After the decision of the Church on Tuesday (said he) I warn Dr. Dods and Dr. Bruce that if I catch them limping again, I will come before the Presbyteries of Edinburgh and Glasgow, and Dr. Rainy and Dr. Ross Taylor will find it a little more difficult to outwit me, than on my last visit.”

Dr. Bannerman thought they should leave the matter where it now stood and be satisfied with the Declaration which was given on Tuesday night. He did not, he confessed, share the difficulties some brethren felt as to the effect of that Declaration. It seemed to him that while frankly recognizing there were minor points in connection with the interpretation of the confessional language in that chapter (Chap. I.) about which differences were held and more frankly acknowledged, yet, in regard to the essential teaching of that chapter as to the inspiration and infallibility and divine authority of Holy Scripture they were cordially and most heartily at one.



Mr. Howie, while vigorously supporting Dr. Bannerman, adopted a line of argument and appeal which those more immediately interested would do well to "learn, mark and inwardly digest." He wanted to let bygones be bygones so far as these utterances were concerned, if the Professors would loyally respect this position, and, if they did not change their minds, at least hold their tongues. He wanted their Professors to feel that the Ministers had a great practical interest in this matter. They did not want to find these questions raised in Young Men's Societies and among coteries of working men. They had no desire of a Heresy Hunt. He hoped the friends of the Professors would meet them and remonstrate with them, and he had been told that some of the prominent supporters of Dr. Dods had been already remonstrating with him. He hoped that they would continue these remonstrances and that the outcome would be that they would have no further trouble and be enabled to go on quietly.

When the division took place, it was found that 383 voted with Dr. Bannerman and 73 with Dr. Scott. Here also Dr. Rainy shone on the majority side.

When I contemplate this Church in its rise and progress, in the growth of all its interests and institutions, colleges and missions, its measures and its men, when I consider the piety and talent of its Ministers and its Professors, its outgrowth, the commanding intellect of its leaders, their purity of character and their statesmanlike ability, together with the manifold tokens for good the great Head of the Church has shown, have we not abundant reason for saying, "The Lord hath done great things for them, they have abundant reason to be glad."

R. F. BURNS.

*Halifax, N.S.*

## THE ALDI AND SOME OF THEIR WORK.

**I**N a previous article I gave some account of the specimens of fifteenth century printing to be found in our College Library. It is fitting that this should be followed by a notice of the Aldine books which it is fortunate enough to possess.

No antiquarian needs to be told who the Aldi were, or to be reminded of the interest which attaches to their work either in the history of literature or in that of typography. For the benefit of others, however, it may not be amiss to tell something of this great family of scholars and printers in the sixteenth century.

Somewhere about the year 1490, the exact date is not known, there came to reside in the city of Venice, then the commercial metropolis of the world, a scholar of considerable reputation and no ordinary attainments, named Theobaldus Manutius. He had assumed the further name of Pius by permission from a noble family in which he had spent some years as a tutor, and also the proud cognomen Romanus from the place of his birth, but was commonly known for short, both in his own day and since, by the more familiar title of Aldus. He was then forty years of age, and had seen something of the world, but had done nothing to cause his name to be remembered. His heart, however, burned with a noble enthusiasm for literature, especially for the old Greek classics, which with the exception of Aristotle, had long been forgotten in Western Europe, but which had again been brought to notice by the Greek exiles who fled from the East after the capture of Constantinople by the Turks in 1453. Aldus had studied them ardently, and his longing desire was to make them better known, through the printing press, in editions that would be worthy of these old masters of thought. The field was certainly wide enough, for though something had been done for the Latin writers, the Greek classics with three exceptions as yet circulated only in manuscript. The project required a good deal of talking up, for it offered little hope of gain, and he was entirely without means of his own, but he believed in the scheme, and was willing to spend his life in the prosecution of it. By dint of much perseverance, and through the financial assistance of some wealthy patrons, he was at length enabled to start his press, and during a period of over twenty years he issued volume after volume with surprising rapidity, making no money, but doing work that placed him easily first

among the printers of his time, so that his editions have ever since been the book hunter's treasure. His publications were mainly Greek and Latin classics, but he was by no means indifferent to later writers in the vernacular of his country, and some of the best early editions of Petrarch and Dante are those which bear the Aldine imprint. After the death of this first Aldus in 1515, the publishing house was continued by his children and grand children with various fortunes, until almost the end of the century. They sought in the main to follow the same principles and methods, and though they hardly gained the same distinction as the founder, few printing firms can show on the whole as honorable a record as that of the Aldi from 1494 to 1597. The old house is still shown in Venice where Aldus Senior set up his press and did most of his literary work, a natural point of interest to literary antiquarians and bibliophiles of all nations.

The services which the Aldi rendered to literature were of various kinds and very real.

First of all they printed many of the Greek and Latin classics that had never been printed before, and counted it their great glory that they were able to make their beloved authors known to a much wider circle of readers. Their list of first editions, especially of Greek writers, is longer than can be shown by any other printing house of their day, and they kept adding to it as long as there were any left to print, while they were equally enterprising in reproducing in fresh editions those which had already appeared either from their own or other presses, as rapidly as they were called for.

But they were not content to be mere printers of books. They aimed to be editors as well. It was almost necessary in fact that they should be so in order to issue the works of ancient authors in any worthy form. Most of the manuscript copies of these works in circulation were incomplete; all of them were more or less corrupt. Thorough revision was necessary before they could be properly printed, involving diligent inquiry and great expense in securing the best copies,—laborious comparison of different readings, and requiring thorough scholarship on the part of the revisers. To aid him in this labor the elder Aldus gathered around him a band of the best scholars of his time, whom he inspired with his own enthusiasm, and whose work he turned to good account. He had an inscription put up over his door warning off all mere curious literary idlers, but giving a hearty welcome to any who were prepared to lend him assistance in his task. For a number of

years he was the heart and soul of a learned Academy in Venice, at the meetings of which Greek was the only language spoken. It is said that he often had as many as thirty Grecians residing in his own house at one time. Among others less famous that band included for a brief period the celebrated Erasmus of Rotterdam, who afterwards edited for Frobenius of Basle, the first edition of the Greek New Testament given to the world in 1516

In all their editions the Aldi sought to combine beauty and accuracy of print with cheapness. The type is generally smaller and a good deal closer than had been customary with the earlier printers, but always neat and legible. In their eager desire to secure the best they experimented with a great variety of type, both in Greek and Latin. They wholly discarded the cumbrous black letter and became especially famous for their script or cursive type, the original of our Italics, and said to have been copied from the handwriting of the poet Petrarch. Its popularity was instantaneous on its first appearance, and Aldus secured a monopoly of it for ten years within the Venetian territory ; but it was immediately copied by other printers elsewhere, and he largely lost any pecuniary advantage that might have been derived from it. It continued to be the favorite type for nearly a hundred years, after which it came gradually to be more and more reserved for special uses as now. A whole page of it undoubtedly looks pretty, but a little experience in reading it soon satisfies one that it is more tiring to the eyes than the ordinary Roman type which has universally replaced it.

The Aldines in the library, which, like the incunabula, all form part of the D'Everton collection, are five in number, and fairly represent the kind of work these printers sought to accomplish, except that they do not include an example of any of their first editions of a classical author. I give them in the order of their date.

1. Petrarch's Poetical Works, (*Rime*) a small octavo, issued in July 1501, in Italic type throughout, and claiming to be taken from a manuscript in Petrarch's own handwriting, furnished to Aldus by Piero Bembo, afterwards a Cardinal. This is only one of several Aldine editions of Petrarch, but it is by far the most interesting, as it was not only his first issue of it, but the first book in the Italian language, printed in this peculiar type. It was, probably, this very manuscript that furnished the model of it. This was, indeed, long supposed to be the very first book in which it was used. But it is now certain that some months earlier Aldus had printed an edition of Virgil in this

type. Perhaps this was meant to be the first, but for some reason had been delayed. The colophon stands at the end, as in all books of that date, but there is a rudimentary title page, bearing the inscription, *Le Cose Volgari di Messer Francesco Petrarca*, the works of Francis Petrarca in the vulgar tongue, consisting mainly, of course, of the famous sonnets to Laura. The full significance of this limitation of the contents to Petrarch's writings in the vernacular will become apparent, when we remember that he was also a voluminous writer in Latin, and that he, himself, was disposed rather to rest his future fame on a Latin epic poem, entitled *Africa*. It was for this mainly that he received the laurel crown at Rome in 1341. It has now passed into almost utter oblivion. It may, perhaps, still be printed, but it is certainly never read, and he is known now only for the passionate sighing of his sonnets of love, in which the theme is never changed, and the language never repeated. In this edition the sonnets to Laura are divided into two classes, as usual, those written during her life, and those composed after her death, but they are not otherwise numbered. There is an index of first lines at the end giving references to the leaves. These were, therefore, probably numbered originally; but, if so, the numbers have been cut away in rebinding. The existing numbers are put in by hand. The text is quite complete, except one leaf which has been purposely torn out from this copy as from nearly all the Aldine editions of Petrarch, because it contained three sonnets making severe reflections upon the immorality of the Papal Court—a somewhat vigorous application of the principle of the index expurgatorius. Many later editions omit them altogether, or give them in an appendix after the *imprimature* of the censors of the press. This copy, on the other hand, contains the rare address of Aldus to the readers, defending his Italian orthography against the critics. The address was printed only after most of the edition had gone into circulation. The colophon asserts what must be regarded as one of the earliest claims to copyright privileges—a monopoly of the right to print Petrarch for ten years. Unless the statement is purposely misleading, the concession claimed seems to be something over and above the right to the sole use of the type copied from Petrarch's handwriting. It is not easy, however, to understand the ground on which it can have been granted, for these poems had been printed, more than once, by others, before the time of Aldus. A manuscript note in Italian, on the fly leaf, records the fact that a copy of this edition printed on vellum, had been sold in London

for 1200 francs. This may, perhaps, refer to the copy which now forms one of the treasures of the British Museum.

2. The next to be described is the Orations of Isocrates, in the original Greek, a folio volume, printed in 1513. This is not a first edition, for these orations had once before been printed in Millan, but with little of the careful editing bestowed upon them by Aldus. This edition is by no means free from defects and errors, but it is, on the whole, a work entirely worthy the Aldine press. The type is small, but exceedingly neat and beautiful. No capital letters are used, except in the headings. Ligatures and contractions similar to those used in cursive Greek manuscripts abound everywhere. The use of these combinations must have enormously increased the cost of printing, even as it greatly increases the labour of reading. It seems strange that neither Aldus nor any of his contemporaries hit upon the simple modern mode of printing every character separately, which would have been so advantageous, both for himself and his readers, the more so that they had already fully adopted it for printing Latin. This edition gives the entire extant works of Isocrates. Instead of a preface, it contains three lives of the author in Greek, extracted from the writings of Philostratus, Dionysius of Halicarnassus and Plutarch. The last is now regarded as spurious, but none of them had ever been printed before. An appendix is also added, giving selections from Alcidamas, Gorgias, and Aristides. This appendix, containing nearly seventy pages, seems to have been an afterthought, and it presents some curious features. It is paged independently of the rest of the book, but instead of beginning with one it begins with 98, and a good many errors occur in the numbering of the pages as also in the running titles, as if the proof in page form had not been carefully read. It is plain, however, from the table of contents, and the signatures of the sheets as compared with the register of them at the end, that the copy is quite complete. The colophon is given twice, once at the end of the text proper, and again at the end of the appendix, dated a month later. The well known device of the Aldine press—the anchor and dolphin—which appears in all their books, from 1502 onwards, is also given twice, once on the title page and again on a fly sheet at the end of the book. The title page is still a somewhat rude one, inartistically arranged. At the bottom of it there is a manuscript inscription neatly inserted to the effect that this copy was for the use of Jerome Manucis priest of Arezzo, probably a relative of the printer, with the date 1563, which

it will be observed, however, is just fifty years after the date of printing. *Ad usum Hieronymi de Manucis, Sacerdos Arretini MDLXIII.* It has, been carefully used by somebody, for the few typographical errors which occur have been neatly corrected, and the margin of almost every page contains Greek notes referring to the contents. The copy seems to be in the original binding.

3. Lucubrations on Cicero's Orations in Latin, a folio of some 700 pages, printed in 1547, by the sons of the first Aldus, and edited by Paulus, the youngest of them, who had inherited his father's literary instincts. It does not give the text of the orations at all, but presents a collection of the notes of the leading scholars who had published editions of Cicero up to that time, some 16 in all, including Philip Melancthon and Hegendorf. The book has evidently belonged to some bigoted Roman Catholic, for the names of the two Reformers are viciously scored out with a pen at almost every place where they occur, throughout the volume. The name of one of its owners, Joseph Santinius, still stands in a bold clear Italian hand across the title page. But whether Santinius was the vandal or not, it is impossible to say, as it has, doubtless, passed through many hands since it went forth on its journeys from the Aldine printing house. The Italic type is used throughout. The smaller initials are engraved and printed in. But the larger and more important ones are still left to be illuminated by hand. Contrary to the usual practice of the Aldi, it is printed two columns to a page, and the columns are numbered instead of the pages. The lines in each column are also numbered in tens. As there is a very full index for reference, the value of this minute numbering is obvious. The advance in the art of bookmaking since 1513, is very apparent on the title page, which is here displayed in artistic form, with the colophon at the bottom, though it appears also again at the end of the book as before. The Aldus device is likewise given twice, once on the title page and again on the fly leaf at the back, but in a much more ornamental form than before, no longer in a plain square or free, but in a festooned oval, which rather detracts than otherwise from its dignity.

4. Commentaries of Julius Caesar, a fat little volume dated 1571, one of their so-called pocket class. It gives the entire text of Caesar's works, including those attributed to Hirtius his lieutenant, with a table of various readings, and a pretty full supply of historical and geographical apparatus for the proper understanding of the author. It also includes a number of rough

woodcut maps, with other illustrations representing Caesar's fortifications, and a plan of his bridges across the Rhine. This edition seems to be substantially a reprint of one edited and published by the elder Aldus in 1513. But it contains, as an addendum, with a separate title page and a fresh dedication, the scholia of his precocious grandson and namesake, in which he turns to account his knowledge of Latin inscriptions gained by a visit to Rome at the age of fifteen. There is a greater variety of type in this edition than is usual with the Aldine publications, though the characteristic Italic letter still greatly predominates. But by this time it had been copied in so many quarters, that special pains are taken to call attention to the fact of its being a real Aldine. In addition to the usual device of the anchor and dolphin on the title page, there is on the other side of the leaf, avowedly in proof of its genuineness, a fresh device giving the portrait of the elder Aldus, who had made the great reputation of the house. He had been now dead for more than half a century, but evidently his splendid services to literature had not been forgotten. The face, as here represented, though small and poorly executed, is one that is worthy of his record, dignified and firm, but noble and kindly withal, like one who was not easily discouraged, but thought more of his work than of himself. One prays that the number of such men may be multiplied.

5. The last on the list is the life of the Emperor Charles V., in Italian, by Alfonso Ulloa, printed in 1575, a quarto volume of 700 pages, in Italics throughout. The first edition of this work had appeared ten years before, within seven years of the death of the Emperor, and had been so well received, that the writer is emboldened to dedicate this second edition to his son Philip II. of Spain. As might be expected from that fact, it is written in a style of uniform laudation of the Emperor's policy. The author was particularly hostile to the Lutherans, and had no deeper insight into the great Reformation movement than to ascribe it to Luther's disappointment at not being made Cardinal, a theory which is unsupported by a single particle of evidence, but which is not more senseless than the other explanations usually given by Roman Catholic historians. He perhaps lived too near the events to perceive their full significance, or judge them fairly. Later writers have not the same excuse.



## FACT AND FICTION.

THE strong light of reality and truth is often thrown on the fictions of poets by actual occurrences. A striking instance of this may be found at the close of the following paragraph which I transcribed many years ago from an excellent journal, the *London Examiner*. The paragraph is headed "The Russian Barbarities," and runs thus : "A letter in the *Debats* from Wilna says : 'There are no longer any councils of war held ; all those who are taken with arms in their hands are executed on the spot. And what arms, good Heavens ! rusty sabres, scythes, pikes, iron-headed sticks ! Revolvers are luxuries possessed by only two or three individuals at most among a band of fifty insurgents. You know that three hundred of the principal proprietors have been arrested, and hurried into the interior of Russia, or shut up in the citadel. Every day new arrests are made. A Pole, named Krasuski, was sentenced to receive five hundred blows from a stick before being shot. The order was executed at Warsaw itself. The unfortunate man passed before the ranks of five hundred soldiers, and received the appointed number of strokes. After this terrible infliction, not being able to stand or lie down, he supported himself against a wall, being enveloped in his cloak. His mother had obtained permission to see him immediately after this barbarous punishment, *but he was so fearfully disfigured that she did not recognize him.* Taking him for a stranger, she asked him which way she must go to see her son. The only response of the unhappy man was to open his cloak, and show his lacerated body. Two hours later Krasuski was shot.'"

I turn from this harrowing description to Sir Walter Scott's "Marmion," cant. 1: St. xxviii :

"But his *gaunt* frame was worn with toil ;  
His cheek was sunk, alas the while !  
And, when he struggled at a smile,  
His eye looked haggard wild.

Poor wretch ! *the mother that him bare,*  
If she had been in presence there,  
In his wan face, and sun-burned hair,  
She had not known her child !"

I think it not improbable that Lord Byron unconsciously remembered these lines when he wrote in "Don Juan," Cant ii: St. cii :

"Famine, despair, cold, heat, and thirst had done  
Their work on them by turns, and thinned them to  
Such things *a mother had not known her son*  
Amidst the skeletons of that *gaunt* crew."

In the "Siege of Corinth," St. xxxiii, Byron adopts the same order of words that Scott had employed in "Marmion" :

"Christian or Moslem, which be they ?  
Let their mothers see and say !  
*Not the matrons that they bore*  
*Could discern their offspring more !*"

Again, in "The Island," Cant. 1: St. ix., Byron repeats the same idea :

"But 'tis not mine to tell their tale of grief,  
Their constant peril, and their scant relief,  
Their days of danger, and their nights of pain,  
Their manly courage, e'en when deemed in vain,  
The sapping famine, *rendering scarce a son*  
*Known to his mother in the skeleton.*"

William Morris, also, in "Rapunzel," one of his earlier poems, (p. 127 of "The Defence of Guinevere, and other Poems," London, Ellis and White, 1875) writes as follows :

"So the knights came, and bore him straight away  
On their lance truncheons, *such a batter'd thing,*  
*His mother had not known him on that day.*"

Lastly, Macaulay in his article on "Lord Clive" thus forcibly describes the end of the horrors of the chamber "known by the fearful name of the Black Hole." "It was some time before the soldiers could make a line for the survivors, by piling up on each side the heaps of corpses, on which the burning climate had already begun to do its loathsome work. When at length a passage was made, twenty-three *ghastly figures such as their own mothers would not have known*, staggered one by one out of the charnel house."

Montreal.

GEO. MURRAY.

## MILTON AS A POET.

AS the space at my disposal will be short I shall not give even a brief sketch of Milton's life, but shall proceed at once to speak of him as a poet. There is great diversity of opinion as to the position which Milton occupies in the rank of poets ; whether he is to be assigned the foremost place or fall into the second. There are men qualified, I suppose, in every way, to speak with authority in the matter, who tell us that as a poet he ranks next to 'Shakespeare. On the other hand, many, among whom I note Addison in particular, assign the palm to Milton. Addison says unequivocally that 'the first place among our English poets is due to Milton.' This difference of opinion is only what we might expect ; for, just as nearly every man has his favorite author in whom he sees beauties which he cannot find in another, so critics cannot all be expected to see alike. It seems to me that though I may prefer the one or the other of them, yet these two great poets do not stand in a relation which will admit of a close comparison between them. They were both poets, but they wrote very different kinds of poetry, and therefore cannot be set one over against the other in close comparison any more than two very clever workmen, the one a tailor and the other a baker, can be compared as to their relative merits, since one can make a well-fitting garment, and the other an excellent loaf of bread. Both are good workmen, but each in his own line, and we cannot very well say which is the better, seeing that each does his work in the most approved way. So it is with these two poets. Both are poets of the very highest merit, but each excels in his own particular kind of writing, Milton as an epic poet and Shakespeare as a dramatist. Scott introduces them both into his novel of Woodstock, but, so far as I can remember, he does not show a preference for either ; yet by putting into the mouth of Everard Markham a quotation from Comus, he shows that the Roundheads could boast of at least one great poetical genius. Even the old Cavalier, Sir Henry Lee, unwilling as he was to bestow praise upon a Roundhead, was charmed with the grand sentiment and the noble language of the speech the Lady gave utterance to when lost in the wood :

These thoughts may startle well, but not astound  
The virtuous mind, that ever walks attended

By a strong siding champion,—conscience.  
 Oh, welcome, pure-eyed faith, white-handed hope,  
 Thou hovering angel girt with golden wings,  
 And thou unblemished form of chastity !  
 I see ye visibly, and now believe  
 That He, the Supreme Good, to whom all things ill  
 Are but as slavish officers of vengeance,  
 Would send a glistering guardian, if need were,  
 To keep my life and honor unassailed.  
 Was I deceived, or did a sable cloud  
 Turn forth her silver lining on the night ?

Although Milton would have shone as a remarkable poet even if he had written nothing more than his shorter poems, still the position which he now holds among men is due to the one great work which is inseparably connected with his name. By giving us "Paradise Lost," Milton earned for himself the right to be called the greatest epic poet the world has ever produced, and there are few, I think, who will not freely allow him this distinction.

Such a thought suggests that it might be at least interesting, if not profitable, to draw some brief comparisons between Milton and the great classical epic writers.

According to Aristotle, there are certain rules to which an epic poem should conform, and the first of these is that the action of the fable should have *unity* : that is to say, it should not contain any episodes which will not fit in with the main action of the fable. The unity may be preserved by beginning the poem just at the main action that is to be celebrated, while such incidents as are necessary to be related, may be woven in by way of episode as the poet advances. Homer, Virgil, and Milton, all three worked on this plan. Homer opens his poem with the discord of the princes, and as he proceeds he relates by way of episode, such things as are necessary to the narrative. So also Virgil introduces us to Aeneas in the Tyrrhene seas, within sight of Italy, because the action proposed to be celebrated, was the settlement of Latium. In like manner Milton opens Paradise Lost with an infernal council plotting the fall of man, which is the main action in the piece ; and all the events that had already happened, such as the battle in heaven and the fall of the angels, he weaves into the narrative as he proceeds. Neither Homer nor Virgil is quite up to the mark in respect to the unity of their poems ; but in Milton's poem we find no episodes that do not arise

naturally from the subject, or that do not beautifully fall into their proper places.

The second requisite in the action of an epic poem is *entireness* : that is, it should consist of all its parts, a beginning, a middle, and an end. In other words, the events that lead up to the main action, the main action itself, and the consequences of it, should all be related without leaving out a single necessary step in the process, and yet without bringing in anything that is not justly connected with it. Let us see how the Iliad conforms to these requirements. The subject of this epic is the wrath of Achilles ; and if we turn to the poem we see Achilles' anger in its beginning ; we see, moreover, the continuance of it and its consequences. Again, if we turn to the Æneid, we see that the action which Virgil celebrated is Æneas's settlement in Latium ; but the event which led up to that settlement was the destruction of Troy, and the consequence of it was the Roman nation. But the action of Milton's poem was of greater magnitude than that of either the Iliad or the Æneid, for it was "contrived in hell, executed upon earth, and punished by heaven."

In the third place I note that in *greatness* of action, Milton excels both Homer and Virgil. The wrath of Achilles was so great that it involved the Grecian kings in war, led to the destruction of Troy with most of its heroes, and even divided the gods into hostile factions. Æneas's settlement in Italy led to the founding of the Roman nation, and the long train of important events connected therewith. But Milton's subject is greater than that of either Homer or Virgil. Here it is not the fate of single individuals that is concerned,—not even the fate of nations,—but of the whole human race. This leads one to notice two other particulars in which the "Paradise Lost" is superior to the Iliad and the Æneid. First, there is a much greater magnificence in "Paradise Lost" than any poem founded upon a pagan system is capable of. In the second place it was easier for Homer and Virgil to inweave fiction in their poems, for they were in no danger of offending the religion of their country by so doing. Milton had to proceed with great caution whenever he drew upon his imagination, so as to make the incidents coincide with the scriptural accounts given of them ; and although he had so few circumstances on which to build, yet such was his genius that he has filled his poem with surprising incidents, which bear so close a resemblance to what is told us in scripture, that while he gives pleasure to the most delicate readers, the most scrupulous need not be offended.

The characters that appear in "Paradise Lost" next demand our attention. Homer is noted both for the variety and the novelty of his characters. Every hero, every god, that he has introduced, acts a part which would have been suitable to no other. The characters in the Iliad are so distinguished the one from the other, that, when one of them gives expression to any sentiment, or performs any action, the reader can nearly always recognize him at once. Even those characters that seem to be made up wholly of courage differ from one another in the particular kinds of courage which they display. In the diversity of his characters Virgil comes far below Homer. Many of Virgil's characters are exactly alike.

"Fortemque Gyam, fortemque Cloanthum," writes Virgil. Observe that he does not make any distinction between them, but applies the same adjective "fortem" to both alike. Virgil lacked, in a great measure, the inventive power that so distinguished Homer. "If Homer had not led the way," says Dryden in his preface to the Fables, "it was not in Virgil to have begun heroic poetry; for nothing can be more evident, but that the Roman poem is but the second part of the Iliad; a continuation of the same story and the persons already formed." And again he says: "If invention be the first virtue of an epic poet, then the Latin poem can only be allowed the second place." It may, however, be said in Virgil's favour, that he at least equalled, if not excelled Homer in the propriety of his thoughts. But what of Milton's characters? He had fewer characters at his disposal than either Homer or Virgil. Mankind was represented by only two individuals; but in these two Milton has given us four distinct characters, a man and a woman in their highest state of innocence, and a man and a woman degraded by sin. In the Godhead, likewise, three distinct characters are revealed. Here we see God in the threefold aspect of Creator, Redeemer and Comforter. There is also the greatest variety of character among the angels, both good and bad. Uriel, Gabriel, Michael, and Raphael, all have their particular characteristics; each his own which would be becoming in no other. We never find a speech which would be suitable only to Raphael, put into the mouth of Michael, or vice versa. So also among the bad angels, the proper speeches and actions are assigned to each one. Satan is distinguished by his superior greatness, his pride, his daring, and his mock-majesty; Moloch for his fire and fury. He is the first to rise in the infernal council and give his voice for war. His rash fury is plainly written in these lines:

“No, let us rather close,  
 Armed with Hell’s flames and fury, all at once  
 O’er Heaven’s high towers to force resistless way,  
 Turning our tortures into horrid arms  
 Against the torturer ; when to meet the noise  
 Of his almighty engine he shall hear  
 Infernal thunder, and for lightning see  
 Black fire and horror shot with equal rage  
 Among his angels, and his throne itself,  
 Mixed with Tartaren sulphur, and strange fire,  
 His own invented torments.”

Belial is the idol of the lewd and luxurious, the most contemptible, if I may be allowed the expression in this condition, of all the fallen angels. Mammon “the least erected spirit that fell from Heaven,” is distinguished for his love of gold and his fondness for magnificence,

“For even in Heaven his looks and thoughts  
 Were always downward bent, admiring more  
 The richest of Heaven’s pavement, trodden gold.”

Sentiments answering to this description of him are seen in his speech in the assembly, where he says :

“This deep world  
 Of darkness do we dread ? How oft amidst  
 Thick clouds and dark doth Heaven’s all-ruling Sire  
 Choose to reside, his glory unobscured,  
 And with the majesty of darkness round  
 Covers his throne ; from whence deep thunders roar  
 Mustering their rage, and Heaven resembles Hell ?  
 As he our darkness cannot we his light  
 Imitate when we please ? This desert soil  
 Wants not her hidden lustre, gems and gold.  
 Nor want we skill or art, from whence to raise  
 Magnificence ; and what can Heaven show more ?”

Thus we see that, as to the number of his characters, Milton falls short of Homer, but whether his merit is, on this account, less than that of the Greek poet, is a matter for question. As to the variety of his characters, Milton is equal to Homer, and in novelty of character he surpasses him.

But, although Milton stands so high that men are divided in their opinions as to whether he or Shakespeare should be considered the greater poet, yet there are a few defects even in his “Paradise Lost.” Let the mere

mention of some of them suffice. Perhaps the most obvious is, the laboriousness and obscurity of his language ; while scarcely less obvious is his ostentation of learning. It has also been urged against him that he alludes too frequently to heathen mythology, and makes too frequent use of technical terms. But after all Milton was only human. Shakespeare, likewise, has his defects, and it has passed into proverb that "even the great Homer nods."

In the last place I shall, in the briefest possible way, merely touch upon a few of the beauties in which Milton's poetry abounds. Any one taking up "Paradise Lost" for the first time, is at once struck with the grandeur and magnificence of the style and the sublimity of the sentiment. I well remember the deep sense of pleasure I experienced, when, for the first time in my life, I fell upon a copy of "Paradise Lost" and, opening it by chance, at the second book, I read :

"High on a throne of royal state, which far  
Outshone the wealth of Ormus and of Ind,  
Or where the gorgeous east with richest hand  
Showers on her kings barbaric pearls and gold  
Satan exalted sat, by merit raised  
To that bad eminence ; and from despair  
Thus high uplifted beyond hope, aspires  
Beyond thus high, insatiate to pursue  
Vain war with Heaven, and by success untaught  
His proud imaginations thus displayed."

Milton's power of description is worthy of note. So vivid are some of his descriptions, that the reader can easily imagine himself standing with the poet, and actually looking upon the object described. This power appears in his description of Adam :

"His fair large front and eye sublime declared  
Absolute rule, and hyacinthine locks  
Round from his parted forelock manly hung  
Clustering."

Moreover through all his descriptions there runs a spirit of the most exquisite poetry. Note the beauty of these two lines :

"Now morn, her rosy steps in the eastern clime  
Advancing, sowed the earth with orient pearl."

Notwithstanding that Milton was stern in nature, he was capable of the most tender feelings. "Paradise Lost" contains touches of pathos that have never



been surpassed. The spirit of religious earnestness, too, that characterizes almost everything he wrote, had not a little to do in making him what he was as a poet. In wealth of imagination no other writer has ever approached him. "Winged with his angelic power, Milton swept through the realms of time and space ; veiled his face before the throne of God, or stood in the council of Pandemonium ; floated in chaos, or walked with Adam in Paradise." The utmost flights of imagination are attained in these parts in which the poet, when giving an account of the war of the angels, describes the appearance of the Messiah in the battle amidst the roaring of his thunders, the flashing of his lightnings and the noise of his chariot wheels :

"Forth rushed with whirwind sound  
The chariot of paternal Diety,  
Flashing thick flames, wheel within wheel undrawn,  
Itself instinct with spirit."

And a little further on, but in the same connections, we have :

"So spake the Son, and into terror changed  
His countenance too severe to be beheld,  
And full of wrath bent on his enemies.  
At once the four spread out their starry wings  
With dreadful shade contiguous, and the orbs  
Of his fierce chariot rolled, as with the sound  
Of torrent floods or of a numerous host.  
He on his impious foes right onward drove,  
Gloomy as night ; under his burning wheels  
The steadfast empyrean shook throughout,  
All but the throne itself of God."

## MIRACLES.

A miracle to me  
Is all I see,  
That walks or swims or flies ;  
In earth and starry skies  
A world of open mystery  
Unfathomed, lies.

Around me I behold  
Things manifold ;  
Infinitudes of form,  
From man to creeping worm,  
The wonders of their life unfold,  
Fair to deform.

The whispering of the breeze  
Among the trees ;  
The thunderstorm, the showers ;  
The opening of the flowers ;  
The drowsy humming of the bees  
Thro' sunny hours

The springing of the grain  
After the rain ;  
And falling of the dew  
Out of the arching blue  
Are old ; yet when they come again,  
I find them new.

Each separate thing I meet  
I see replete  
With majesty and grace ;  
And in their forms I trace  
—Clear as lines graven on a sheet—  
The Godhead's face.

Wherever I may stray  
Along the way—  
In bird and beast I find  
The impress of a mind  
Before the lightning of whose ray  
My eyes are blind.

The meanest creatures yield  
To me a field  
Of thought in which the way  
Runs endless, and I stray ;  
For great and small alike are sealed  
With mystery.

ROBERT MACDOUGALL.

## The Mission Crisis.

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### SEEKING A CITY OF HABITATION IN HONAN.

(Continued.)

IT was harvest time, several weeks later, when we went back to Honan. The farther South we proceeded, the riper grew the fields of grain on both sides of the river, and the quaint operations of the harvesters attracted our attention every day. In some instances the man with the sickle would be followed by another with an iron tool for extracting the roots of the grain as it was being reaped; for the Chinese are perhaps without exception the most economical race in the world, and every blade of vegetation which can be used for no other purpose is saved for fuel. Often a whole family would be out in the fields busy taking in the crop. The sight was picturesque. Grandfather and grandmother would be there, cheerfully lending their aid,—ay, and as likely as not, great grandfather and great grandmother. Little tots, with sprouting queues, were running about naked, carrying their armfuls of the ripened grain; while their parents swung the agricultural cradle with powerful sweep up and down the fields. Busy, busy, everywhere. Not a moment even for idle curiosity when the “foreign devils” came along and paused to watch. Or ever the younger members, unable to resist the temptation to get a closer view of the barbarians, rested from their labors, they were sharply recalled to their senses. And at every stage, we were thinking of the Eternal harvest and having it brought deeper into our consciousness that first must come the sowing, and before that, even, the toilsome ploughing.

We were going back empowered by Presbytery to complete negotiations (if we could) for the two compounds offered at Hsin-chên, and we had received a letter from the landlords holding out the hope that this time we would without fail be given full and satisfactory possession. But we could not be altogether heedless of the shrewd advice received from our stuttering boatman, who was continually quoting along the way a rhyming proverb embodying a recommendation to hasten slowly:

*Pu yung huang, pu yung mang,  
T'u yao chin'rh, shih-ti ch'ang.*

"Don't be hasty, don't be flurried;  
Take some pains: this can't be hurried."

Mr. Kuo and Mr. Lee had promised to meet us at Hsun Hsien; so when we reached that city we were full of anticipation. We had simply to dispatch a messenger to Hsin-chên who would make the journey in a day and they would promptly appear to talk matters to a conclusion. The messenger was dispatched; and one fine morning we crossed the gangplank with light hearts intending to do some missionary work in the inn; but while still on the plank we heard for the hundredth time the stuttering accents of our boatman:—"D-d-d-d-don't b-b-be hasty, d-d-d-d-don't b-b-b-b-be fl-flurried; t-t-t-take s-some p-p-pains,—th-th-th-th-th-th this can't be hurried." We needed the reminder.

Hardly a soul came near us in the inn. Every one was out in the fields helping to garner the golden barley; and on former visits it had been mostly countrymen who had come to see us.

In the course of a few days (but not so soon as we had hoped) the parties summoned showed themselves, arrayed in greasy riding cloaks—a sign of their profound respect for our presence. Confucius says that a gentleman never presents himself in company, or for that matter in private, with any of his garments lacking, not even in the hottest weather; but to the average Chinaman it is exquisite torture to be a gentleman in hot weather, so far as dress is concerned, and that these two worthies should have come to us sweltering in their riding jackets when the thermometer stood over ninety was full of significance. We knew well enough that notwithstanding the saying of their great sage they were not wont to pass the summer so encumbered. Indeed, when subsequently we came to take possession of Mr. Kuo's compound, he appeared one day without his vest, which is always worn outside the coat or flowing robe; and shortly after swaggered in with nothing on but his white undershirt. Then growing bolder still he presented himself stripped to the waist like a common coolie. The Chinese have undoubtedly a magnificent reverence for their great sage; but are none of them over scrupulous in the performance of his injunctions, least of all those which may without exaggeration be eulogised as lofty.

We did not have the trouble we had expected in coming to an understanding with both parties as to terms and conditions. They instantly

expressed their readiness to give us occupation without delay for a stipulated sum which we were already authorised to advance. In the afternoon they would visit us again and draw out the necessary papers. Mr. Kuo on being appealed to assured us that this was a *bona fide* promise, the great impersonal trinity of Heaven, Earth and Conscience duly bearing witness. Then they withdrew.

Imagine our dismay in the afternoon, when instead of receiving our looked for deeds, one of the native helpers came with a long face, commissioned to notify us that at the last moment Mr. Lee had become conscious of a barrier in the way of keeping his pledged word; he had forgotten that he had not a clear claim to the property and would have to adjust matters first with other parties. A question or two revealed that this really meant a complete backdown on Mr. Lee's part just when the papers had been about to be exchanged. For which we thanked God and took courage, being more convinced than ever that we had escaped the clutches of a thoroughgoing knave.

And what of Mr. Kuo? He came again, Nicodemus like, by night, to discuss the situation and canvass the possibilities. He made no effort to disguise that he feared his middle-man. It would be too bad to let all our "glittering gold" slip through his fingers; that was palpable; but then there was this other scoundrel and his unfriendly influence in the community to be carefully pondered. It might be dearly earned gold if the fat rogue had to be hushed with part of it. Hushed? Why hushed? What could there be wrong in the proposed transaction? Was it not an everyday thing for a Chinaman to lease his own legal property when he had no other use for it? Yes,—but not to "devils." There came the rub. Dark hints were whispered on the night air that if the fat rogue had no finger in the pie, the black birds might begin to sing,—trouble might be expected. If we would advance a little sum for "hush money," perhaps everything might come out right. So urged the vacillating Mr. Kuo. He intimated his proposals in confidential whispers; we resented them in indignant thunder and most earnestly reminded him of the broken promise so ceremoniously attested by appeals to the great impersonal trinity of Heaven, Earth and Conscience.

Now, I have bored you quite enough with this tedious narrative; and yet here it really but begins. The worst of the fight came towards the end, but I am not going to unravel all the intricacies of it. Multiply these perfidious transactions indefinitely and you can fill out the outline for yourself.

That same night, Mr. Kuo made another definite promise to give us possession of his place, and, unasked, swore to it by the great impersonal trinity of Heaven, Earth and Conscience. We were all to proceed to Hsin-chên and in a day or two the premises would be ours. We went; and again the promise was broken. Thoroughly out of patience, we ordered our boatman to hoist the sail and take us down the stream; but we reckoned without our host. There was a more than usually prolonged stammer which grew into a distinct and defiant "W-w-w-w-w-w-w-wo pu ch'ü!" (I won't go!). There was nothing for it. We had made no bargain for a return trip, and were at his mercy. In the end it proved a "tender" mercy; for through our inability to get away, we found ourselves still open to approaches from the perfidious Mr. Kuo, whose dread of losing our "glittering gold" had gradually been overcoming his greater dread of the fat rogue, Lee. We succeeded in getting from him a legal document stamped with an official seal. We paid down the first instalment of rental in some of the silver which had been given by the authorities at Ch'uwang as compensation for the looting. Each lump of this silver was marked so unmistakably by the authorities that there was no room for the usual challenge of spuriousness. But Mr. Lee was still "middle-man," and an adept at "falsifying the balances by deceit," so that on this account we had to go through a harrassing struggle with a view to minimising the swindling operations which foreigners look upon as inevitable in the treatment they receive from natives.

The deeds thus stamped, the money paid, and a day and hour agreed upon for taking possession, nothing remained but to carry into execution the latter ceremony. Yet once more it was proposed that the oath sworn by Heaven, Earth and Conscience should be violated. As the time drew near for us to install ourselves in the newly acquired premises, Mr. Kuo sent a middle-man (this time not Mr. Lee) to suggest the propriety of our putting up at an inn. It wasn't convenient to give us possession just then. Thus, at every step of the negotiations we had met with treachery; and I leave you to judge whether a missionary's environment under circumstances such as these is calculated to promote (as some devout people think it always does) his spiritual forgetfulness of the evil world from which he has (presumably) withdrawn. Mr. Kuo, becoming impressed by something in our manner, waived his objection to fulfilling his latest promise, and accordingly on Saturday morning, the thirtieth of May, we moved into our future home; and ten

days later, leaving our helpers in full possession, returned to Lin Ch'ing to pass the hot season and make preparations for assuming in the Fall the regular operations of the newly founded station.

The passage which we happened to read at the devotional hour that Saturday was the Psalm in which these words occur:—"They wandered in the wilderness in a solitary way; they found no city to dwell in. Hungry and thirsty their soul fainted in them. Then they cried unto the Lord in their trouble, and he delivered them out of their distresses, and led them forth by the right way, that they might go to a city of habitation. . . . And there he maketh the hungry to dwell, that they may prepare a city for habitation; and sow the fields, and plant vineyards, which may yield fruits of increase." For no other purpose had we come. Divinely led, we had found this city of habitation expressly that we might sow the fields and plant vineyards for the Lord. And now in a few weeks we trust that we may be permitted to resume the preliminary preparation of the soil, already extensively tilled by Mr. Goforth, who henceforth will labor at Ch'u-wang with Dr. McClure and Mr. MacGillivray. The working force at Hsin-chen, as contemplated, will be Rev. J. F. Smith, M.D., Rev. M. MacKenzie, Rev. J. MacDougall, B.A., and the present writer, together with our wives and Miss MacIntosh. We may not reap, we may not be privileged to gather in the vintage, but through the blessing of God others shall. We know that we are to be sowers; we do not know that we shall be reapers. Indeed, it seems hardly within the range of probability for us to witness the harvest-time or participate in its blessedness in any large sense; but some time, be it near or far, "the righteous *shall* see it and rejoice, and all iniquity shall stop her mouth."

J. H. MACVICAR.

*Lin Ch'ing.*

## STUDENT MISSION WORK.

### EXPERIENCES IN NEW BRUNSWICK.

THE JOURNAL intends to have a series of short articles by the editors on the different phases of Missionary enterprise engaged in by the students during the summer months. This modest symposium will endeavor to give our readers some idea of the work which is required of the students in the ordinary Mission fields of our Church, with a description of City Mission work as carried on in Montreal, of the trying experiences of the French students in their evangelistic efforts among their fellow-countrymen, and of the labors of Missionaries in the scattered and newly-opened stations of the North West and British Columbia.

“The Mission Field” has always something of a South-Sea-Island sound to the ears of the inexperienced student, and generally leads him to form ideas of a very mistaken character of what is to be his first pastoral experience. On receiving his first appointment from the Home Mission Board, he looks forward, not with unmingled feelings of sorrow, to a rather primitive style of holiday life; he anticipates lonely walks of many weary miles over rough roads and through thick brush, preaching in ill-ventilated and poorly furnished log schoolhouses; ministering to an untrained and more or less inappreciative people. This expectation which is the general one may in some few cases be realized; but such was not the case at any rate with the unfortunate Arts student who two years ago was sent—an unfledged preacher—not to any backwoods district to labor among bush whackers as was expected, but to an important and centrally located county town of New Brunswick. “The Field” was imagined beforehand as a pioneer settlement with rough houses scattered at long distances and occupied by the rugged clearers of the soil; but here on the contrary was a small though cultured town with cozy and in some cases rather pretentious dwellings and carefully cultivated gardens, with respectable public buildings in the way of churches, the county court house, the jail and the maritime penitentiary, and with a population largely made up of the families of public officials and of influential members of the legal profession. “Mission Work” had been thought of as the teaching of the elementary principles of our religion to a neglected and careless people, but here was a select congregation composed to a large extent of



persons who had received an early training in pious homes after the good old-fashioned way. Instead of parishioners who were inappreciative of the ordinances of the church, there were in this place about twenty Presbyterian families whose Sunday collections averaged between seven and eight dollars, who although within easy reach of other services all the way from the elaborate ritual of the Church of England to the demonstrative worship of the Salvation Army, had yet erected a neat edifice at the cost of nearly two thousand dollars, in order that they might worship in that church whose history they sympathized with and around which for them clustered so many hallowed memories. The audience was not an untutored one, but as a rule well-versed in secular and religious information and fairly acquainted with current literature; generally including some few members of one or other of the learned professions, men who in some cases had received a full university training.

The sudden transition from the secular studies of the university to the work of preaching would have been awkward enough in any case, but how much more embarrassing for a mere beginner in the ministry to assume the attitude of teacher to these well-trained people! It seemed a formidable task for one who had never so much as attended a lecture in a divinity hall to give the strong meat which some of these full-grown Christians needed. How one who had never felt any curiosity to explore the contents of the Larger Catechism, who in boyhood had learned the Shorter only because he must, and who had never been drawn by any irresistible attraction to the musty edition of the Westminster Confession which had adorned the far-away corner of the modest family library, how one so lamentably deficient in enthusiasm for the subordinate standards was to sustain his theological dignity in the eyes of those who were the children of Pictou orthodoxy, was for a few days the agitating question. Without any "barrel" of a preceding summer's ammunition with which to reload, with no library worthy of the name, with very little previous experience in public speaking, it seemed no easy task to conduct four services a week before the same audience and one of such a nature. But happily the people proved themselves to be uncritical and sympathetic, anxious for plain practical preaching, not for rhetorical flourish or the dogmas of the schools; and the absence of these in this case did not appear to increase to any appreciable degree the number of non-church-goers in the community. The lessons which were learned in this

short experience were chiefly these: that what the great majority of worshippers wish is biblical teaching in colloquial language not in an unknown scholastic tongue, the plain presentation of the gospel message of the evangelists not the controversies of sectarian theologians, not so much preaching which will train them intellectually as that which they can reproduce in manly character and Christlike conduct in their everyday life; and that the message of God's Love in Christ, if presented humbly, earnestly, from heart to heart, cannot fail to win a sympathetic response, with whatever fear or weakness or trembling it may be preached.

Of course many of us have often to work under circumstances less encouraging and far more difficult than those mentioned above. But in nearly every mission station there are many things—deeds of thoughtful courtesy and sympathy, warm hospitality and loyal co-operation in every good work on the part of some true hearted people—which cause the student to carry from his field of labor treasured memories which in future years will often be to him a source of inspiration. Also the hardships to be encountered are much the same in every experience. The man of large ideas is generally there who will not condescend to those of low estate who are making their first feeble efforts at sermonizing, or who if they do recognize, us offensively assume the patronizing role. The man abounding in knotty problems is often there, taking a cruel delight in questioning the student on the difficulties and apparent discrepancies in Scripture. The ubiquitous Plymouth Brother is there and violent hands must be kept from him—aggravating as he is—because his own cause is in the end generally suicidal and any attempt to suppress will only advertise him. The evangelical “sheep-stealer” is there, enticing a few unstable or disaffected members of our flock to other pastures and then leaving them uncared for too often by the ordinances of the church. Sin is there, rearing its ugly head in many forms, making desolate homes, leading the young into paths of vice and shame, and striking anguish into the hearts of parents; and we must use the gospel fearlessly to stay its ravages and tenderly to heal the wounds which it inflicts. The advantages to the student too are much the same in every case. He gains a knowledge of human nature, a skill in dealing successfully with all different classes of men, and an experience in conducting congregational matters, all of which will preserve him when newly ordained from many serious mistakes and will ensure him greater ease and success in his pastoral work. Nor should the

dangers be overlooked. The hurried preparation of sermons and addresses before his literary style and habits of thought are formed may lead the youthful preacher to acquire a slovenly method which in future years he will find it extremely difficult to remedy. Supposed failure has a tendency to dishearten the beginner, and an apparent want of sympathy or appreciation on the part of the people has often led good and true men to doubt their suitability to the work of the ministry. By popularity, again, which may be a very poor criterion of fidelity or lasting success, the student is apt to become puffed up and satisfied with his present attainments. Men of strong character are undoubtedly proof against such dangers; but when the demand for students is not too pressing, much better is it, as a rule, for those who are not far advanced in their college course to forego for a year or two the advantages which are to be gained from mission work and to devote their holidays to rest and study and more modest work for the Master than to expose themselves to the many dangers which will inevitably beset them in their discharge of the onerous and responsible duties of a Country Mission Field.

D. J. FRASER.

*Presbyterian College.*

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#### COMPENSATION.

I rose, and idly sauntered to the pane,  
 And on the March-bleak Mountain bent my look;  
 And standing there a sad review I took  
 Of what the day had done me.—‘What the gain  
 To Wisdom’s treasury?’ ‘What holds hath Knowledge ta’en?’  
 I thought upon the lightly-handled book,  
 The erring thought and felt a stern rebuke:  
 ‘Alas! Alas! the day hath been in vain!’

But as I gazed upon the upper blue,  
 With many a twining jasper ride up-ploughed,  
 Sudden, up-soaring, swung upon my view  
 A molten rolling sunset laden cloud:  
 My spirit stood and caught its glorious hue—  
 ‘Not lost the day!’ it leaping cried aloud.

W. M. M.

*Montreal.*

## A CANADIAN'S EXPERIENCE IN PERSIA.

SOME seven or eight years ago, while I was attending Prince of Wales College in Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, Mr. Robertson, a missionary to Erromanga, New Hebrides, was home on furlough. In an address to a large audience in one of the city churches he spoke of the degradation, the fearful condition of the people among whom he was laboring. While listening to him, I vowed that should the Master call me, I would one day be a Foreign Missionary. Several years rolled on ere the call came; and then from a most unexpected quarter! "A helper is needed in Hamadan, Persia! The Board of Foreign Missions in New York is wondering if there is a young woman on P. E. Island who will go to assist her two country-women in their work for the Lord." That was the manner in which the message came to me, and to it my heart cried, "Here am I, send me!" My application to the Presbyterian B. F. M. of the U. S. was accepted, and September 26th, 1889, saw a party of missionaries, of whom I felt honored to be one, board the S.S. Germania at New York, en route for Persia. Four ladies, one gentleman, and two children made up our entire number. Partings were over, and almost before we could realize it the pier was swiftly vanishing from sight. Dear old America was soon left far behind! New work and new friends were awaiting us in the "Land of the Lion and the Sun"; and I am not certain in which direction our thoughts travelled oftener—backward to the dear ones of home, or forward to the far East where we hoped to be allowed to spend many years of the future.

"Life on the ocean wave" proved interesting and delightful in spite of the fact that we all felt rather pensive for the first few days of the voyage. Among the passengers we found two other missionaries—one from the Canadian North-West, the other from India—who united with the gentlemen of our party in obtaining permission to hold a service in the Steerage, Sabbath afternoon. The days glided swiftly on, the steamship did likewise; so that after a comparatively short passage we reached the "Mother Land" in safety. We did not linger in Liverpool, but took train immediately for London, travelling through the beautiful Midland Country. As far as the eye could reach were seen undulating fields of softest green, well-kept hedges instead of our disfiguring fences, and quaint stone farm-houses with their "cute-looking"

chimney-pots. Here and there, a clear brooklet sparkled in the sunlight, joining its rippling voice to the silent ones of the meadows in praising Nature's God.

In London we remained a week, to make some necessary purchases, and to arrange our plans for the remainder of the journey. Thence we went to Paris, *via* Newhaven and Dieppe; and remaining in the French Capital twenty-four hours—scarcely long enough to take even a hasty glance at a few of its many beauties—we took the night express for Marseilles, to catch the steamer "Tigre" that was to sail October 12th for Batoum, on the Black Sea. The voyage from Marseilles to Batoum occupied twelve days, the ship touching at quite a number of ports, at some of which we were anchored for twenty-four hours. At Constantinople we had our first introduction to the Oriental *in the Orient*, in the shape of howling boatmen who surrounded the "Tigre" by dozens to take the passengers ashore. The "wily Turks" impressed us as being rather boisterous and disorderly in their frantic attempts to climb up the sides of the vessel before the gangway was lowered. But, however it happened, despite pushing, pulling, and wrangling, no bones were broken, and none of them were drowned, so I suppose what we witnessed must have been a common event in their lives. From Batoum we went by rail to Baku, on the Caspian—"a dirty Russian town, smelling of petroleum, and noted for its poor hotels," as an Englishman once described it. Here all the supplies necessary for the overland journey in Persia had to be bought, which gave the one gentleman of our party abundance of work, for we learned that our steamer was expected to sail the next day. But Mr. Potter, who had served ten years in Persia, knew exactly what was needed; and nine o'clock the following evening saw ourselves and our belongings on board the "Tamara," bound for Euzelli, the port of Resht, Persia. At midnight the steamship sailed; but, alas! after an exceedingly rough passage, during which we had reached that interesting stage when one no longer wishes to live, the bar at Euzelli could not be crossed on account of the waves running so high. With our sea-sick spirits registering somewhere below zero, we received the intelligence that the "Tamara" must return to Baku. Expeditions to the famous "fires," and to the deserted caves which had been used as temples by the old Fire-Worshippers, compensated us in some degree for the several days of unavoidable delay in that dingy town. The second time we attempted the Caspian the winds were more favorable, and we were safely landed on

Persian soil. It chanced that one of our travelling companions was Sir Henry Drummond Wolff, British Minister at the Court of His Majesty, the Shah, and hence, through his kindness, our short stay at Euzelli and the journey to Resht were made under very favorable circumstances, we poor missionaries at Sir Henry's invitation enjoying all the comforts—and some of the honors too—prepared for his reception by the Persian Government. I doubt not but many Persians who thronged the shore thought that such a "big man" as the British Minister was lowering his dignity by being so polite to women. Who can tell what the Oriental thought? but the thought uppermost in my mind as I stepped ashore was—"What a dirty place! What wretched-looking people! Surely they mutely cry, 'Come over and help us!'"

We went on to Resht that night, reaching the Mission House there shortly after dark. There we found letters of welcome from the missionaries in Teheran and Hamadan which made us the more eager to press on. We stayed in Resht Saturday and Sunday, November 9th and 10th. Sunday morning, Mr. Potter conducted services in Persian; and afterwards Mrs. Potter spoke to the women. The morning service was held in the long room which served us as dining and sitting room. The apartment was divided by a curtain, at one side of which sat the men, at the other the women—the clergyman's desk being placed at the middle of the side wall so that he could see both sexes. How eagerly they listened to that "Old, old Story," so new to many of them; and even we who did not understand the language felt that we had received a blessing from the service.

Monday morning saw us up very early, and by noon we were ready for the road. We went one hundred miles to Kasvin on horseback, travelling caravan for six days. There we parted with our loads, and travelled the remaining hundred miles to Teheran in post carriages, accomplishing it (without stoppages except to change horses) in twenty-two hours.

Perhaps I need not say that travellers in Persia have no fine hotels at which to rest after the day's march over mountain and plain. But they can find what serves the purpose almost as well, in the shape of carpeted or matted "Post-Houses" where they can get rooms for a few "shahies" (value of shahie, about  $\frac{3}{4}$  cent). Of course, before leaving the looked-for *present* must also be given to the keeper of the establishment, who never fails to stand where he can plainly be seen with an expectant expression of countenance

which he endeavors to hide by looking "over-indifferent." As these houses give the wayfarer nothing but a room, one must always have their own cook with them, as well as all necessary cooking utensils, etc. We who had never before travelled in Persia were therefore very much amused to notice the composition of the mysterious-looking loads on the mules' backs. Pans and kettles of various sizes, tongs, poker, charcoal, "Samovar," cups and saucers, plates, knives and forks, little bags of tea, rice, sugar and coffee, bread and canned fruits, folding chairs, beds and bedding, (to say nothing of the numerous bags, band-boxes, and bundles that are everywhere carried by civilized woman-kind), packed together in a most unaccountable manner, seemingly trying to impress on our minds that we were merely out enjoying a series of picnics.

We reached Teheran November 11th, the journey from New York having occupied two months, less one week. On account of cholera in Hamadan, the new missionary for that station remained in Teheran for the winter; and consequently did not arrive at her chosen field until spring—on a very suggestive day, April 1st.

Approaching Hamadan from the Capital, the traveller's attention is attracted by a large long building perched on the top of a hill. Many of the natives call it "the Castle"; but to us it is known as the Faith Hubbard School, where many of the dark-eyed maidens of Hamadan and vicinity learn of Him who is "the way, the truth, and the life." It is situated in the centre of the "Armenian quarter," and receives as boarders and day-scholars Armenians, Mahomedans and Jews. The ladies in charge of it endeavor to receive into their home every girl brought to them, feeling that the Father will send such as are to be trained for His service, to shine as jewels in the Master's crown. It has been truly said by a sister-laborer—"What Persia needs is Christian homes"; and those who teach in the different schools throughout that dark land know that theirs is a responsible duty—nay, I should say, privilege—to train the future mothers for Persia. As a consequence of the seclusion and down-trodden condition of women in Eastern countries, the highest—indeed almost the only—aim of a girl is to get married. As a rule "our girls" are eagerly sought for as wives: hence as they leave us for homes of their own, they must carry with them the light of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, and the knowledge of a purer and better way of living.

In another part of the city is the Boys' High School, where the youths of Hamadan—Jews and Armenians chiefly—are taught to follow in the foot-

steps of Him who while on earth "went about doing good." Still another day school claims our attention—that in the Jewish quarter where the maids of the "Stock of Abraham" hear of their Messiah and King. Then, too, there is the doctor's class of young men who are being trained in the mysteries of medicine, that, as they go about relieving physical suffering, they may have increased opportunity to tell about that great Physician ever ready to heal sin-sick souls.

The aim of all our schools is to spread the Gospel of Jesus Christ, and therefore the Bible is largely used as a text-book. Though, of course, other books on various subjects are taught, in order that the scholars may be given a thorough education, still we strive never to lose sight of that one great object. The people seem eager to have their children educated—even the Prince Governor of Hamadan sending his grandson to read English with the wife of one of the missionaries. Several villages in the plain to the south of Hamadan are eagerly asking for schools and teachers. In fact, the demand is greater than the supply, and still it keeps increasing. Hundreds—nay, thousands—of towns and villages in Eastern lands are yet without even *one* messenger of the Gospel of Peace. And why? Church of God, awake! Listen to the wailing voices of those perishing without a ray of hope as they ask "Why?" The answer, "No funds," echoes and re-echoes from one Board of Foreign Missions to another. But, nevertheless, that command, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature," confronts us, bidding us either go ourselves or give of our means to send others.

Besides what is accomplished in the schools, a large amount of missionary work is done by visiting the people in their homes, and by receiving them in ours. On such occasions they are generally always eager to enter into religious discussion, or to hear the Bible read. Often have I seen as many as two dozen callers in our house at one time, and when a formal call in Persia lasts for hours instead of minutes, one can imagine that a missionary would require to be a good conversationalist. Sometimes they ask us very curious questions that need skilful answering. Whatever questions are not asked, we can always depend on every woman asking us *one* at least, viz. :— "Have you a husband?" And oh! what looks of pity will cross their faces when we answer, "No!" Then they will want to know *why*. Rather embarrassing for three spinsters? No indeed! for, when we can say nothing else, we can with a real Persian shrug of the shoulders take refuge in an



expression used by themselves when they do not wish to answer a query,—“Chars-konam,” (what petition do I make!)

In spite of their unaccountable curiosity, the Persians are an exceedingly polite and hospitable people and well merit, on account of their polished courtesy, their title “Frenchmen of the East.” Many of their salutations we would consider odd or extravagant; and if used in our language would be so indeed. Just imagine English speaking people saluting each other with such phrases as “May your shadow never grow less!” “Light of my eyes!” “May your hand have no pain!” or even “Is your nose fat?” and yet these and similar ones are constantly used by both Prince and beggar in the fair land of Persia. They are a dignified race too in their own way, and are very particular about doing anything that would cast reproach upon their name. But I fear their ideas of true dignity and honor are often very confused, and far below our western standard. For instance, a prince would consider it much beneath him to go for a ride unless accompanied by many servants and followers; but would, at the same time, think nothing of telling falsehoods by the dozen; and a blush of shame would never cover his face should he be found out in every one of them. Hence they cannot imagine why foreigners should feel insulted if politely informed that they are stating what is not true. Some of the women used to tell as a wonderful story that the ladies of the Faith Hubbard School “never told lies not even in fun.”

Perhaps it will give you some insight into Persian character, if I relate two incidents connected with one of the Persian teachers in Teheran. His name was Mohammed Kazim Mirza, one of the numerous cousins of the Shah. He was highly educated for a Persian, being a graduate of King's College in Teheran and able to speak and write English and French, as well as Persian and Turkish. As customary, when he became our teacher we called him “Mirza.” After a while, he asked one of the ladies “why do you call me Mirza?” She, being a firm believer in Uncle Sam's ideas of liberty, innocently thought he was very humble and did not wish to be called by such a title; hence her answer “Oh! we call all our teachers Mirza,” was given in rather a reassuring tone. Judge of her surprise when he replied with measured dignity “You should call him a Mirza, who is a Mirza. I am *not* a Mirza, I am a *Prince!*” On being asked what she should call him, he coolly assured her that “Prince would do.” You see it makes a vast difference at which end of a man's name Mirza is placed. If it read Mirza Kazim, it only means that the bearer of such a name is some sort of a teacher; but if it read Kazim Mirza it means that the man designated belongs to the royal family. He may, perhaps, be only a cousin very many degrees removed; nevertheless, though clad in rags he never forgets what he is. But, as usual, our princely teacher's actions and words were not always consistent with his high birth. When he heard I was going to Hamadan, he asked me to give

him "a nice present to remember you by," as he expressed it. He seemed quite surprised to learn that we in our country never *requested* presents; and I suppose, if he ever thinks of the circumstance, he still wonders why his services were not rewarded by a gift of several Tomans.

One of the greatest difficulties we have to contend against in Persia is wine-drinking. The Armenians, the nominal Christians of the land, are the wine manufacturers, the wine sellers and, to a large extent, the wine drinkers of Persia. Consequently those Mohammedans who do not know to the contrary, imagine that *all* Christians are wine bibbers. In fact, some of them go as far as to say "Oh! you Christians compel your followers to drink wine even in your churches." Hence we are striving to have unfermented wine used at the celebration of the Lord's Supper; and, although many of the native church members oppose the movement, others are strongly in favor of it. Hamadan, and some stations in the Western Persia Mission, I think, now use the "pure wine;" but Teheran Church is still working for it. Intemperance has been and is such a curse in Persia, and is looked upon with so much antipathy by the Moslem population—in spite of the fact that many of themselves are the worst drunkards of the land—that the Church of God must clear herself from even the *appearance* of the great evil, if she would be a power for good among all classes.

Another great hindrance to our mission work is the influx of foreigners who bear the name of Christians, but alas! who leave their religion, if they ever had any, in the home land. Certainly there are some among them who *do* follow in the footsteps of our Master; but, sad to say, these are the exceptions.

However, in the face of every obstacle, the work is progressing. As those on the watch-towers of distant Persia hear the question "Watch-man! what of the night?" they can truly and thankfully answer "The morning breaketh." The rosy beams of dawn shoot upward from many a home in that dark land; and we eagerly await the approaching day when the Sun of righteousness shall shine throughout Persia, making its people's nature rejoice and blossom as the rose, and the earthly within them change to the heavenly, to the praise and glory of our King.

ADELINE HUNTER.

*Alborton, P. E. Island.*

## Partie Française.

### LA NEIGE.

“ ENVOYEZ-NOUS un article pour la *Revue* sur un sujet quelconque, pourvu qu'il soit *actuel*.”—Ah ! *l'actualité*, voilà ce que tout le monde recherche aujourd'hui ; on en est même en quête dans les bureaux de notre sérieuse Revue du Collège Presbytérien, preuve, cette aimable invitation sous forme d'un ordre. Eh bien ! va pour un sujet actuel.—Certes, il n'en manque pas, et il n'y a qu'à se tourner vers la théologie ou vers la philosophie ou vers tout autre domaine de l'activité humaine, tel que la politique, l'industrie, les réformes religieuses et morales etc., pour en voir surgir tout un bataillon qui semble vouloir nous provoquer à la lutte, ou nous inviter à de sérieuses réflexions. Tout en me disant cela, à part moi, je me tournai, non vers la politique ni la philosophie, ni la théologie, mais . . . . . vers ma tenêtré, et je vis tomber les premiers flocons de neige qui venaient, selon toutes les apparences, élire domicile sur notre sol pour quatre ou cinq mois : c'était au commencement de décembre.—La voilà donc cette neige, annoncée depuis longtemps par la coloration et la chute des feuilles, par une basse température de l'air, par de gros nuages gris sillonnant le ciel blafard et par mille autres signes précurseurs, dont l'apparition a fait crispier l'épiderme des frileux. Peut-il y avoir un sujet plus actuel, plus *présent* ? Je la vois, je l'entends presque tomber, sa blancheur m'éblouit, sa froideur me donne le frisson.—La neige, voilà donc le sujet que j'invite les lecteurs de cette *Revue* à contempler—pas trop fixement, je dirai à ceux d'entre eux qui n'ont pas une bien bonne vue, car son aspect longtemps soutenu blesse les yeux faibles et délicats. Les malheureux soldats de Napoléon qui, en 1812, ont perdu la vue dans les steppes de la Russie, ne témoignent que trop de la justesse de cette ascertainment. C'est aussi cet éblouissement aveuglant qui explique pourquoi nous voyons au printemps, à la fonte des neiges, dans nos rues, tant de visages défigurés par une paire de lunettes vertes aux larges verres qui envahissent la moitié des joues de leurs victimes.

Pour éviter une si fâcheuse conséquence, contemplons ce sujet au point de vue scientifique. Ici l'éblouissement que produit la sagesse du Créateur, manifestée dans les lois admirables de la création constatées par l'intelligence, n'est ni pénible ni débilitant, au contraire, il exalte et fortifie.

Eh bien, si j'interroge la science, voici ce qu'elle me dit : La neige est une eau congelée, qui dans de certaines circonstances tombe du sein de l'atmosphère en flocons divisés pendant leur chute, et d'une éblouissante blancheur.

Comment expliquer sa formation? Voici : L'état gazeux est l'état naturel de l'eau privée de toute compression. L'état liquide et l'état solide ne peuvent exister qu'à la faveur d'une force étrangère capable de gêner sa force expansive naturelle. Par conséquent, on voit que si la température de la vapeur se trouve assez basse dans les hautes régions de l'atmosphère, il suffirait d'une pression subite et inattendue pour la faire passer immédiatement à l'état solide; or il n'est besoin pour cela que d'un coup de vent à travers un nuage à une température au-dessous de  $32^{\circ}$  *Fahrenheit*. L'air mélangé avec la vapeur permet aux molécules de celle-ci un rapprochement où les distances respectives se conservent. La force comprimante—le vent—fait simplement prédominer la force de la cohésion ou de la cristallisation des molécules sur la force expansive du gaz.

La vapeur se solidifie donc au milieu de toutes les circonstances les plus favorables à la cristallisation. De là les flocons de neige qui tombent en abondance lorsque le rayonnement du calorique a fait descendre la température au-dessous de  $32^{\circ}$ .

*La forme* de la neige ne mérite pas moins notre attention que sa formation, car ses cristaux affectent une régularité et une variété qui excitent l'admiration de l'observateur.

Kepler est le premier qui ait fait, sur ce sujet, des observations suivies. Scoresby en a dessiné 96 formes différentes, que l'on peut toutes rapporter à cinq types principaux :

- 1°. Lamelles minces.
- 2°. Noyaux sphériques hérissés d'aiguilles ramifiées.
- 3°. Aiguilles fines ou primes à six pans.
- 4°. Pyramides à six pans, (observées une fois seulement).
- 5°. Aiguilles terminées à une de leurs extrémités ou à toutes les deux, par une petite lamelle.

En général, lorsque la cristallisation s'opère au milieu d'un air calme, la neige affecte la forme de petites étoiles hexagonales terminées en pointes très-aiguës ; elle ne présente, au contraire, que des masses floconneuses irrégulières, si l'agitation de l'atmosphère fait entre-choquer les petits cristaux et les rassemble en groupes.

Quel peut être le poids de ces belles petites étoiles blanches, qui se détachent du ciel et tombent légèrement et en oscillant, comme le papillon qui se pose sur une fleur ? Evidemment un peu plus grand que celui du volume d'air qu'elles déplacent.

Mais la neige est beaucoup plus légère, que la glace ordinaire. Le volume de la glace ne surpasse que d'un neuvième environ celui de l'eau dont elle est formée, tandis que la neige fraîchement tombée a douze fois plus de volume que l'eau qu'elle fournit étant fondue.

Est-il maintenant nécessaire de dire à ceux qui voient de la neige six mois durant chaque année que sa couleur est blanche, à moins qu'elle ne soit souillée par la suie ou par la poussière de nos villes ? mais ce qu'il n'est pas inutile peut-être d'insérer ici c'est que plusieurs voyageurs ont trouvé de la neige rouge à la Baie de Baffin et dans l'hémisphère boréal.

François Bauer a reconnu, à l'aide du microscope que la couleur rouge des neiges polaires est due à la présence d'un très petit champignon du genre *uredo*.

Ayant tant bien que mal payé mon tribut à la science pour me mettre en règle avec ses adeptes, je me tourne volontiers vers les idées que suggère, vers les souvenirs qu'évoque mon sujet dans l'esprit des simples mortels qui habitent ces *quelques arpents de neige*, cédées aux Anglais avec une criminelle légèreté de cœur par un roi qui

N'avait même pas su, le lâche libertin,  
Dépêcher vers nos bords les traîneurs du desti...

Quand on parle de neige on voit un beau manteau blanc descendre du ciel et couvrir les épaules de nos collines, s'étendre sur nos campagnes, blanchir tous nos toits et nos rues, s'accrocher par lambeaux aux arbres, aux rochers, à tout ce qui présente une surface quelconque exposée en plein air : c'est l'hiver ! Quelques-uns l'accueillent bien froidement. Il n'y a pas de choses lugubres qu'on ne dise, pas de comparaisons funèbres qu'on ne fasse sur son compte. D'autres, au contraire, lui souhaitent une bienvenue si franche, si joyeuse qu'il se croit quelquefois autorisé à rester parmi nous plus que de raison.

Les enfants sont bien tous de ces derniers, et l'appellent de tous leurs vœux. Aussi quelle joie, quels cris de bonheur parmi eux à la première chute de neige ! Chaque flocon fait briller à leurs yeux une joyeuse perspective de glissades, de gambades, de roulades, de mascarades, de patinage au milieu

des bonshommes, des grottes, des forts découpés dans des morceaux de neige, attaqués et défendus, selon toutes les lois de la stratégie et de la tactique enfantines, à coups de boules de neige. Il y a bien les heures de l'école qui jettent pour quelques-uns une ombre sur ce beau tableau. Mais n'y a-t-il pas les heures, les jours de congé, les semaines de vacance pour jouir de la neige et de tous les amusements qu'elle procure ?

Les enfants ne sont pas seuls à saluer l'hiver avec joie. Il a pour nous tous des charmes si réels que nous l'avons choisi à bon droit comme l'époque de nos fêtes, des séances de nos sociétés d'amusement ou de culture. C'est alors que les salons se rouvrent, que les parties de plaisir, les concerts s'organisent. . . . . Comme le ciel est bleu ! comme l'air est pur et serein ! comme il est vivifiant et solubre ce froid piquant mais agréable contre l'âpreté duquel nous protègent les riches dépouilles de la marte, de la loutre, et du vison, et dont le contact bienfaisant ramène le sang et la vie sur les joues les plus pâles et les plus *étiolées* !

Il n'y a donc rien d'étonnant que plusieurs poètes aient chanté la neige, — surtout parmi ceux qui n'ont jamais eu l'onglée, faute d'argent pour se procurer du bois. Car comme le dit Delille :

Qu'il est doux, à l'abri du toit qui nous protège,  
De voir à gros flocons s'amonceler la neige.

Cependant y a-t-il, sur ce sujet, quelque chose de plus touchant, de plus ravissant que cette pièce de vers trouvée parmi les papiers d'une pauvre jeune femme morte, il y quelques années à l'hôpital de Cincinnati ? En voici la traduction littérale :

Oh ! la neige, la belle neige ! remplissant le ciel et couvrant la terre ; elle se pose sur les toits, sur le sol, sur la tête des passants que vous rencontrez dans la rue ; elle danse, elle coquette, elle glisse, la belle neige ! Elle ne peut faire aucun mal.

Elle vole et caresse la joue d'une belle dame, ou s'attache en fôlant sur nos lèvres. O belle neige, descendant du haut du ciel, pure comme les anges, douce comme l'amour.

O la neige, la belle neige ! comme ses flocons se rassemblent et paraissent rire, voletant dans un tourbillon étourdissant : ils se chassent, ils se marguent, ils s'empressent.

Elle se pose sur la figure et fait étinceler les yeux ; et les chiens, avec un

bon et un jappement, happent les brillants cristaux qui tourbillonnent autour d'eux. La ville est bryante et les cœurs ont des élans de vie.

La foule enivrée circule partout. Les passants se saluent d'une parole gaie ou d'une chanson. Les traîneaux joyeux passent, comme autant de météores, avec la rapidité de l'éclair, qui brille un moment pour disparaître aux regards ; un son de clochettes, un balancement, puis tout s'efface sur le blanc manteau de neige.

Et cette neige si pure qui tombe du ciel est pourtant foulée, broyée par des milliers de pas, jusqu'à ce qu'elle se confonde avec la fange horrible de la rue....

Un jour j'ai été, moi aussi, pure comme la neige. Mais je suis tombée, tombée comme les flocons de neige, du ciel à l'enfer : tombée pour être foulée aux pieds comme la fange des rues ; tombée pour être bafouée, conspuée battue, !!. Suppliant, maudissant, redoutant de mourir, vendant mon âme au premier acheteur ; haïssant les vivants et craignant les morts ; Dieu de miséricorde, suis-je donc tombée si bas ! Et pourtant je fus un jour comme la belle neige !

Un jour j'ai été belle et sans tache, comme la blanche neige ; mon oeil limpide comme le cristal reflétait une âme pleine de nobles élans. J'ai été aimée pour mes grâces innocentes, flattée et recherchée pour les charmes de ma figure ! Père, mère, sœurs, Dieu et moi-même j'ai tout perdu dans ma chute ; le dernier des misérables, qui passe en frissonnant sous ses haillons, fait un long détour de peur d'un contact passager avec moi ; car rien de ce qui me touche de loin ou de près, rien, je le sais, n'est aussi pur que la blanche neige.

N'est-il pas étrange cependant que cette neige immaculée soit forcée de tomber sur une pécheresse comme moi ? Si, lorsque la nuit viendra, la neige et la glace couvraient ma tête brûlante ? Tomber d'épuisement, gelée, mourant seule, abandonnée, trop perverse pour prier, trop faible pour gémir, et faire entendre ma plainte dans les rues de la ville en liesse, que la joie de la neige nouvelle fait délirer ! Me trouver et mourir dans ce terrible délaissement, avec la neige blanche pour lit et pour linceuil !

—Quoique brisée et souillée comme la neige foulée aux pieds, pécheresse, ne désespère pas ! Le Christ se penche jusqu'à terre, pour relever l'âme qui s'est laissée choir dans la fange du péché, et la ramener au sentiment et à la vie.

Gémissant, versant le sang de ses veines, et mourant pour toi, le divin Crucifié a été suspendu à l'arbre infâme.—Ah ! qu'il ait pour moi des paroles de miséricorde ! Qu'il entende ma faible prière ! O Dieu ! dans ce flot de sang qui a coulé pour les pécheurs, lave-moi, et je serai plus blanche que la neige.

J. L. MORIN.

*Montréal.*

# College Note Book.

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## STUDENT LIFE.

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**D**R. Moment of New York visited several of our classes when in Montreal. In his addresses before them, he congratulated us heartily on our advantages.

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In a search for a book one of our athletic brethren looked through the fan-light of his slumbering neighbor's room. All went well until he came down. The chair then abruptly refused to carry him, and after letting him through, would not allow him to depart in peace.

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A terrific explosion lately occurred in the Dining Room. Those who first recovered from the shock proceeded eagerly to the assistance of their brethren in distress, but no one was killed. It was only a venerable egg that had exploded.

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We are so bound up in our own little circle that we scarcely noticed the appearance of another Editor in our midst. T. H. Allan, Editor of the "Endeavor Banner," has entered on the Literary course here.

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The canes which the Freshmen so proudly displayed mysteriously disappeared, and for many days as they wandered down street, their hands seemed decidedly unhandy appendages. But they have recovered the lost treasures, and now boast that not one successful trick has been worked on them this session.

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A goodly number of coppers have recently been lost and won in certain transactions at the head of the stairs. It forcibly reminds us of old times to see the little ones *wiling* away their leisure hours in this harmless way.

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While the JOURNAL Staff was sitting in solemn conclave over the Local Editor's delinquencies, our *sanctum* was rudely invaded by one whose demand for admittance refused to be gainsayed. We protest. The staff judges severely enough, without outside assistance.

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Ink is anything but at a premium among the Theological Freshmen. The charge of "painting" might well be preferred against several of that class, with the addition that collars and ears are beautified, as well as cheeks.



Certain ominous sounds have served occasionally to pass away the hour of lecture, besides the toil of note-taking. At one time the hall overhead seemed in imminent danger of being converted into a gymnasium, but the calamity was averted.

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A great Revolution was threatened in the bill-of-fare, but the war-cloud has disappeared. The ring-leaders can scarcely be said to be *in the soup*, though to judge from their speeches one would think they wanted to be.

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We would suggest that a society of Dining Room slopers be organized. The president thereof would be the one the most devoted to his calling, and most expert from long practice. His hesitating moustache would add special dignity to his office. The fees could be profitably invested in felt-soled slippers for the members, so that they could march out noiselessly at his command.

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In fact the dignity of the President of the Dining-Hall has been greatly enhanced by the appearance of a flourishing beard. His example is being followed by his right-hand supporter and several others, so that before convocation we expect to see quite an exuberant growth.

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What promised to be an exceedingly interesting trial came to an abrupt termination. The culprit, who was charged with being a public nuisance was on his stand, looking pale and care-worn. The sober judge and eager lawyers helped to embellish the scene. Just as the excitement was at its height, a bold sophomore threw cold water on the trial. This chilled the ardour of the court, and in the ensuing *mêlée* the prisoner escaped.

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A confectionery vendor has appeared on the North Flat, and has supplied his establishment with a stove and other necessaries. We have been expecting to hear:—"Candy, sir? Only five cents a pound. Cheap at half the money, sir!" but as yet our domain has not been invaded.

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The traders noticed in our last issue have changed their line of business. Arrangements were recently made for the sale of a certain Christmas number, and later on the long, brown cylinders came and went. A Dean's Flat man exchanged beds with a Morrice Hallite, giving him a sedlitz powder into the bargain. A generous Artsman bought two tickets to a Christmas entertainment to get his Theological neighbor to purchase one for a quarter. This one he subsequently sold for fifteen cents, and then sold the debt for ten; while the one who purchased the ticket sold it later for twenty-five cents.

Through the kind indulgence of the steward we are allowed longer repose during the holidays. The difficulty will be when the old order is re-instated.

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On Christmas morning Mr. and Mrs. Young presented a beautiful home-made Christmas cake to the Local Editor, engraven with his insignia of office. The gift spoke as highly of the baker's skill, as it did of the kindness of the donor.

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Breaking up was celebrated right royally, especially after the gas was turned off. The sounds to be heard were varied in the extreme. The jokes were anything but dry, in fact they appeared to be decidedly damp for the poor unfortunate who tried to travel with a light.

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In closing the lectures of the first term, our Principal feelingly referred to the blessings that we have enjoyed. There has been no serious illness, and complete harmony has prevailed. We have every reason to look back over the term with the profoundest gratitude.

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#### ECHOES FROM THE HALLS.

"Come off the roof!"

"The collection will now be taken up."

"When does the five o'clock train leave?"

P. (across the table) "Say N——, this fellow says you've shaved off your moustache. Is it true?"

"Going to the Dorcas to-night?" "No!! Got two exams to-mo:row! What do you take me for?"

Recipe for getting rid of a loafer:—"Well, I won't be taking up any more of your valuable time."

A. (exultingly) "How did you do on that paper? I'm well up in the thirds." B. (sadly) "Oh I'm away down in the seconds."

R.—"So you're in taking lectures with the ladies?"

T.—"Oh, no! they're in with me."

P-t-s-n. (to Prof. in Homiletics) "What would you think of a man choosing Acts xii: 10 for his text, announcing his theme as "The Iron Gate," and then trying to deduce from it the doctrine of baptism by immersion?"

GEORGE C. PIDGEON.

## OUR GRADUATES.

REV. A. CURRIE, B.A., received a call to Wawanesa, Man.; on Nov. 23rd he was inducted as pastor.

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Rev. I. L. Hargrave, B.A., is attending lectures in first year medicine at M'Gill with a view to work as a medical missionary in British Columbia

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Rev. G. D. Bayne, B.A., conducted the induction service of the Rev. D. S. M'Kechnie at Mattawa on December 2nd.

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Rev. W. Shearer, Sherbrooke, was appointed moderator of Windsor Mills, rendered vacant by the appointment of its pastor as ordained missionary to Chicoutimi.

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Rev. W. Russell, B.A., is engaged in rescue mission work in the city of Chicago.

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On Sabbath, December 6th, the new and beautiful church erected during the past summer at Pontypool, Ont., was dedicated to the service of God. Rev. R. Johnston, B.A., of Lindsay, conducted the evening service. At the induction of Rev. Mr. M'Kinnon to the congregation of Fenelon Falls, on the 29th ult., Mr. Johnston presided and addressed the people.

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At the third anniversary of the induction of Dr. Waits to the pastorate of Knox Church, Owen Sound, the Rev. S. Lyle, B.D., of Central Church, Hamilton, preached two excellent sermons. At the morning service his subject was the Trinity, the principal argument being derived from the analogy of nature; in the evening an able discourse on the Divinity of Christ was given. The Rev. Dr. Morrison, of Owen Sound, gave a congratulatory address on Monday evening. At all the services the congregations were large, and the collections liberal.

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We tender our sympathy to the Rev. D. L. M'Crea, who has recently been deeply afflicted; since over two months he was compelled to give up his work of collecting for this College, because of sickness in his household. All the members of his family were stricken down with diphtheria, one child has died, and his wife and another are in the hospital. Dr. and Mrs. M'Crea have the sincere sympathy of hundreds of friends throughout the Church in their sorrow.

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On the 26th of November we had a visit from the Rev. P. N. Cayer, who since his graduation in 1889 has been stationed at Ware, Mass. He thinks

the outlook for the work of French Evangelization in the New England States is very hopeful: there the people are away from the centres of Romanism, and those who profess a change of religion do not meet with hatred and persecution as converts do in Quebec. Canada is to be the field for securing missionary recruits, but the arena in which Protestantism shall obtain her greatest victories in French work will be the United States.

Mr. Cayer has received a unanimous call from St. Mark's Church, Ottawa, but is as yet undecided as to the course he will pursue.

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The congregation of Dorchester has for its pastor the Rev. W. A. Cook, of whom we are pleased to hear favorable reports. At the time of his induction the congregation was in a very disorganized condition: since that time a good choir has been organized and trained, and the different church societies have received new life: during the year fifty-eight names have been added to the communion roll. Mr. Cook was married on the 3rd of June last by the Rev. Dr. Laing, ex moderator of the General Assembly, assisted by Revs. D. L. Dewar and D. Campbell. We trust we are not out of date in wishing him joy in his family relationships, and also continued prosperity in his work.

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The Rev. J. K. Smith, D.D., visited Galt in the latter part of November. He had been pastor of Knox Church, Galt, for over twenty years. After leaving Galt he went to San Francisco, Cal., from which place he received a call to London, England, as assistant to the Rev. John McNeill. When he arrived at the depot in Galt he found a large concourse of friends to welcome him. After the service on Sabbath morning Dr. Smith stood at the front of the pulpit, and it was a touching sight to see nearly the whole of the large congregation pass down the aisles, and with deep emotion grasp his hand.

At a meeting of the Presbytery of Guelph on November 17th he was present and briefly addressed the Court, after which the members of Presbytery welcomed him back to Canada, and expressed their gratification that the Church here is likely again to enjoy the benefit of his services.

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Rev. Gustavus Munro, a sermon from whose pen appears in this *Journal*, was inducted at Harriston, Ont., in the month of November. For eighteen years he has been pastor of Knox Church, Embro, which under his ministrations grew and prospered. This congregation includes a large portion of West York, and has a remarkable history in the way of furnishing students for the various professions. It has given over forty men to the Christian ministry, and about forty more to law and medicine. It was here that Dr. Mc'Kay, the famous missionary of Formosa, China, received his early religious education; at present four young men from Embro are enrolled as students of our College.

As a token of the esteem in which Mr. Munro was held by his people, they entered a vigorous protest to the Presbytery of Paris against the removal of their pastor. At a farewell meeting he was tendered an address, with a purse of three hundred and seventy dollars. Guthrie Church, Harriston, has secured one of our most successful men, and we feel assured will meet with a season of prosperity under his pastorate.

J. ROBERT DOBSON.

## Editorial Department.

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### THE LATE REV. A. OGILVIE, B.A., B.D.

THE illness of the Rev. Mr. Ogilvie, to which reference was made by us a couple of months ago, as necessitating his retirement from the active work of the ministry, proved to be fatal. Mr. Ogilvie was born in North Georgetown, P.Q., in 1855, and received his early education in Huntingdon Academy. He took the Arts course in McGill University, being a member of the class of '80; and received his theological training in this college, completing the work of the ordinary course in '86, and taking his degree in Divinity three years later as the result of private reading. While a student he engaged in mission work during the summer holidays in New Richmond, Que., Oil Springs, Ont., and Whitewood, N.W.T.; and after his ordination he labored for one year as a missionary in Wolseley, N.W.T. More than two years ago he was stationed at Nordhoff, California, in the Presbytery of Los Angeles, until shortly before his death, ill-health compelled him to resign the pastorate; and there he died on the 13th of last November. By his quiet, unassuming demeanor and sterling character, he won the high respect of both students and Professors; and his fidelity and earnestness as a pastor gained for him the warm affection of those to whom he ministered. It causes peculiar sadness to us that one so well equipped for doing good work in the Church should have been called away in the very beginning of his ministry, and in what, in the ordinary course of nature, should have been the very vigor of his manhood. To the bereaved wife in her sore affliction, and to the widowed mother in Montreal, who mourns for a son on whom fond hopes were built, we tender our sincere sympathies.

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### THE REV. DR. STAFFORD.

INSTEAD of the promised contribution to this number of the JOURNAL from the pen of Dr. Stafford, we are called on to publish the sad event of his death, and to pay a tribute to his memory. In the death of Dr. Stafford, one of the most striking personalities in Canadian Methodism has passed away. A man of ripe scholarship,—and that in the face of many grave diffi-

culties,—of a refined sense of humor, of independent thought, of strong individuality, and of a bold fearlessness in advocating the Right at whatever cost, he ever vigorously used his many-sided powers in the causes of temperance, education and social reform, as well as in the narrower sphere of his ministerial duties. The secret of his platform and pulpit power, perhaps, was that he was always *himself*, his highly endowed and well developed, but yet ever his own self and no one else. He was an orator *sui generis*. His pulpit ministrations attracted large audiences, because the subject-matter of his sermons was ever fresh, and the mode of their presentation original. The loss occasioned by his death is not alone to Methodism, but to every branch of evangelical Christianity; because, judged by his public utterances, Dr. Stafford was hampered by no trammels of sectarian bigotry, but ever strove to uproot those denominational prejudices which too often lead the different sects of Protestantism to array themselves in an attitude to one another of suspicion and hostility rather than of brotherly sympathy and mutual co-operation. However impracticable or undesirable the organic union of the Methodist and Presbyterian Churches may be in the opinion of many, yet the oneness of spirit which our Master prayed for in His followers is to be earnestly sought after, and it is men like the late Dr. Stafford who do much to promote this spiritual unity.

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## PERSIAN MISSIONS

PERHAPS not many Canadians are aware that our Church has at least three representatives in Persia with whose missions we are not as a rule well acquainted. Three Canadian women, however, under the auspices of the American Board of Foreign Missions are conducting a school for girls among the Armenians of Hamadan, where their efforts to elevate by Christian influences the degraded homes of the Moslems are meeting with encouraging success. An article in "The Mission Crisis" from the pen of one of these missionaries who has been compelled to return for a time to Canada owing to ill-health, will be read by many with interest, as it gives a good idea of the nature of their work. Indeed the whole long history of Christian missions to Persia is one of peculiar interest. Modern Protestant Missions to this land began in the opening decade of this century, when Henry Martyn, a chaplain in India, went over to Persia and bequeathed to its people as the

result of his rejected labors a translation into their language of the New Testament and the Book of Psalms. Since that time many able missionaries—German, Scotch, and American—have devoted themselves to work for Christ in the land of the Lion and the Sun among the nominal Christians, the Jews, the Moslems and others. The history of the Church of the United States in its relation to Persia is an honorable record. The American Presbyterians have sent to this far-off and inland nation with which their own country has few commercial or political relations nearly a hundred of their chosen sons and daughters at an expense of over one million dollars of free contributions. As the result of their work, the literature of Christian missions has been enriched, schools and colleges for the training of a native ministry and for the education of women have been established in several cities, and more than two thousand of the Nestorians of the North have been enlightened and won to a living Christianity. But the heart of Persia has not as yet begun to feel the influence of our religion; the work thus far has necessarily been to a large extent preparatory; and only now in the last decade of the century are we beginning to find evidence that the prayer of the devoted Martyn which he wrote on completing his translation is being at length answered: "Now may the Spirit who gave the Word and called me. I trust, to be an interpreter of it, graciously and powerfully apply it to the hearts of sinners, even to gathering an elect people from the long estranged Persians."

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### THE CHINESE PEOPLE AND LANGUAGE.

WE have just been handed a long and interesting letter received by one of the students from the Rev. M. MacKenzie, of Honan. We regret that lack of space prevents us from giving to our readers in full much valuable information which it contains with respect to the people of China and their language, and also the difficulties which missionaries meet with in their work. Mr. MacKenzie speaks entirely from his own personal experience. The Chinese language is a most difficult language to learn thoroughly, or even to get a working knowledge of. In a few months one can learn enough to be able to take part in reading at worship, and within a year some have learned enough to enable them to present many gospel truths to the people, but two years is the time given by most missions to acquire it. It is one thing to learn to read, that is, to recognize the characters, and another to give

them the proper tone, and even after you have the tones it is hard to imitate the Chinese and speak Chinese. Speaking so as to be understood is the great difficulty. A man may have thoughts enough and words enough to express them, yet fail for a time in getting the most simple ideas conveyed to the minds of the people. Words convey to them an entirely different meaning from that which the missionary intended to give. They are not a religious people, and, consequently, have very few words to express spiritual ideas. A missionary of eighteen years standing in China has said that to get Chinese words to express Christian thoughts, you would first have to split them open, clean them carefully, and refit them with spiritual truth. Then another difficulty presents itself. After one does get a sufficient knowledge of the language to carry him through fairly well, he is disheartened to find that the people have not the slightest interest in the gospel message. Even servants at times despise it by word and act to the missionary's face; and unless a man lives near to God and has a large measure of the Holy Spirit, he will, in a short time, be apt to become sadly discouraged.

The people are naturally curious, and ply foreigners with many trivial questions, yet, strange to say, the gospel message has little interest for them. Even as a story it fails to arouse their curiosity. Their pride and conceit, too, is a serious impediment to the religion of Christ. They have a contempt for everything foreign. Even the dunderhead who cannot read a word, and who could scarcely direct you on your way in tolerable Chinese, regards the foreigner as a crude barbarian. Hence that proverbial conservatism which makes them such bitter opponents of Christianity. Everything goes in the ruts and grooves which the centuries have marked out. Men think as their ancestors thought, and act as they acted; consequently, China is to-day one of the most unprogressive nations in the world. Another impediment is the mercenary spirit of the people. They are a cash-loving people. Cash is their thoughts by day and their dreams by night. Were there more money in the gospel service there would soon be multitudes of Chinese in the Church. Notwithstanding these great difficulties, the situation in China at present is encouraging. Missionaries who have been there for twenty or thirty years speak hopefully. Christianity is making progress. Its influence is already felt in many quarters. Churches are to be met with in different places. Christian schools are to be found too. A Christian literature is accumulating, and western science will gradually come in as well.



## Talks about Books.

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LAST month's talk has created discussion, not unmingled with feeling, chiefly in connection with the Christian Endeavour Movement. I am asked, first of all, why I oppose that movement. I no more oppose it than I do Churches and Sunday Schools, prayer meetings, and the observance of the Sabbath. Would that the whole Church of Christ were a body of Christian Endeavour! To indicate the danger that threatens Endeavour Societies, Young Men's Christian Associations, and similar organizations, of substituting talk for real Christian work, is, rightly considered, not the act of an enemy, but of a true friend. The Pool of Bethesda had to be troubled before it acquired healing power. If anyone does not like the troubling, so much the worse for him. Another question is, Why are you personal, and in your personalities guilty of misrepresentation? The contradiction in this double question carries its own refutation. I am not acquainted with any Y. P. S. C. E., to use the abbreviations of the day, that studies Browning, or that indulged in unseemly mirth while conscious of sorrow near at hand. Perhaps, my friends want to locate the "droning Sunday School"; I can't, at least, anywhere near Montreal. Like the ready made clothing people, we public talkers must be allowed a little latitude, within the bounds of actual fact, gleaned from many quarters; for, like them, we fashion our suits on lay figures, human looking, but wooden. Should they, however, prove a good fit, they are at the service of our patrons. I can say a great many good things for Societies of Christian Endeavour, and for individual members of such societies. I know of one Society in Montreal that does elders' work, as laboriously and efficiently as it could be done by a devoted working session. I know of lady members of a society not far from the city, who seek out those afflicted with the loss of their sight and minister to them. I know of a brave young student, also a Christian Endeavour man, the son of a highly esteemed elder of the Church, and of a mother equally devoted to works of Christian benevolence, who, for five long weeks and more, laboured, day by day, unostentatiously, and at personal inconvenience and risk, to provide for the wants of the suffering. Why did you not tell us of these cases, instead of involving all our societies in blame? Because I understand the art of preaching, and you don't. All the lazy talkers would at once have sheltered their neglect of duty behind the wall of the true Christian Endeavorers' good works. As it is, they are so indignant that they have failed to notice my statement, that there are true chums in *Christian Endeavour Societies too*. But don't you know that your remarks have encouraged the enemy to blas-

pheme? No, I do not; I only know that they have affected touchy people. If the enemy should take advantage of them, it will be but one of the many trials every Christian has to submit to, who begins or carries on earnest work in the Church. "Men will praise thee when thou doest well to thyself"; but if thou art so regardless of thine own comfort, and indifferent to the enlightened ecclesiastical public opinion of the nineteenth century, as to seek, however feebly, to do good to others, thou shalt surely be made aware thereof, inasmuch as every one who followeth not thy good ensample, and every one who is jealous of the credit thou mayest attain thereby, shall sitte heavilie on thy headde. Seriously, if so-called Christian workers have not got the length of bearing the small cross of misrepresentation, they are a long way off the Divine standard. Why, people have been known even to misrepresent the Talker himself; yet is he cheerful, and willing, when occasion offers, to give them ever new golden opportunities of so doing. Manasseh Ben Israel says that, when Moses, by God's direction, was about to write these words, *Let us make man*, he cried out: "O, Lord of the World, why wilt Thou give men occasion to err about Thy most simple Unity?" To which he received this answer: "Write as I bid thee; and if any man love to err, let him err." The Bible is full of that sort of thing; what wonder then if human compositions also be full of statements which those, who love misconstruction, can misconstrue? The author of the Epistle to Titus, I was going to say Paul, but this the negative critics will not allow, speaks of people "whose mouths must be stopped." The class is a large one, and the advice, being apostolic, is no doubt good; but we are left in ignorance as to how Titus did the stopping. In the palmy days of the Inquisition, a brazen ball tied into the sufferer's mouth, when he was bound to the stake, was found effectual. These days of repression are over, and we must be content to live slanders down by patient continuance in well-doing, as the moon perseveres in her mild radiance, long after the dogs have tired themselves and their neighbours out with their barking and howling. I am told that the Health-laws of the various provinces will not allow people, other than doctors and ministers, to expose themselves to the risk of contagion. To this I answer that where there's a will there's a way Health-laws or no Health-laws; and that, if private individuals, as Christian Endeavorers, are not to be permitted to help in cases of special hardship, it is high time the Church instituted a corps of Deaconesses for such work. By supporting such an officer, the Endeavour Societies could, at least, minister by proxy. To leave a sorrowing and much-burdened woman alone, with the occasional brief visits of minister and doctor, is a thing Christ would never have sanctioned; and His law is above the Health-laws of the World. The minister and the doctor can go in fersooth! Are their lives alone valueless? Have they no wives and families, no outside people to come in contact with? The Health-laws make a pack of cowards.

It is a pleasure to notice the work of Dr. Murray, of McGill, so well versed in philosophy and many things beside; few men in Canada possess his broad and lofty culture. "An Introduction to Ethics," a handsome octavo volume of 400 pages, published by De Wolfe, Fiske & Co. of Boston, and W. Foster Brown & Co. of Montreal, supplies a felt want in the higher education of to-day. While most readable, even popular in style, it is also thoroughly learned in matter and scientific in method, thus avoiding the two extremes of Wayland and Calderwood. Had I been bold enough to write on moral philosophy, I should possibly have dwelt a little longer, in the introduction, upon the Consciousness of Moral Distinctions, before proceeding to consider Moral Obligation, which, of course, is really inseparable from it, and have discussed the Empirical Theory in connection with the origin of that consciousness. Dr. Murray's far larger knowledge of the subject, doubtless justifies him in going straight to the categorical imperative of Kant, whose Stoical system, however, he does not altogether homologate. The work consists of two books, the first setting forth the psychological basis of ethics. The author reviews moral consciousness as cognition, emotion, and volition. In this connection many suggestive thoughts appear, such as that on p. 84, the distinction between mere Roman civic justice and true Christian moral culture, and that on p. 94, temporal calamities do not necessarily imply guilt. The second book, dealing with Ethics Proper, contains three parts, the first, an enquiry into the supreme law of duty, in which Epicurean and Stoical Theories are reviewed, and which winds up with a confession of the uncertainty of speculative moral theories. In the second part, a classification of moral obligations, justice is exceedingly prominent, being the basis of all social determinate duties, yet, even in discussing it, Dr. Murray recognizes love, which includes true justice as the greater includes the less, as the creative principle of the highest moral life. His comparison of the position assigned to Friendship in the moral code of the ancient world with that which it occupies in modern schemes of morality is worthy of attention. The third part treats of Virtue, in dealing with which the author recognizes the presence in man's moral nature of an element too much ignored by ethical philosophers, namely, original sin, and shews that all moral evolution is of necessity, revolution. Dr. Murray's work is not one of Christian Ethics, but it is distinctively the work of a Christian man, yet, also, of one whose wide culture and catholic sympathies enable him to perceive, in thinkers and actors of every age, reflections more or less distinct of the source of all moral excellence. Viewing "An Introduction to Ethics" as a text book, I am gratified to think that those who come to my classes as students will have received, in its perusal, such admirable preliminary training. It is, however, far more than a text-book, its style, its philosophical matter, and its wealth of literary and historical illustration, making it interesting and profitable reading

for all minds possessed of culture enough to desire new light on the subject of duty.

Messrs. W. Drysdale & Co., 232 St. James St., send *The Preacher and His Models* by Dr. Stalker, being *The Yale Lectures on Preaching* in 1891. It is a well printed and bound octavo of over 280 pages. In this book, Dr. Stalker may fairly be said to keep up the reputation he acquired by his *Life of Christ and Imago Christi*. The lectures are nine in number, their themes important, carefully thought out, and well expressed. It is a great merit to be able to say anything new on the subject of homiletics. The introductory talk contrasts the ease of criticism with the difficulty of performance, and characterizes students as "the chartered libertines of criticism." This is hard on students in divinity at least, whom, in this country, I have generally found fair, even charitable. The harshest critics I know are oldish unsuccessful ministers who have preached their churches empty, men for whom one could be heartily sorry if they would only keep a civil tongue in their heads. *The Preacher* as a man of God is the subject of the second lecture, a character sketch of Isaiah. The same prophet and Jeremiah illustrate the preacher as a patriot, agitating for social reform. The preacher as a man of the Word is a rambling lecture, taking in style and delivery as well as accurate knowledge of Scripture. Dealing with false prophets, Dr. Stalker remarks that Jesus was persecuted and slain by the religious classes; doubtless, like some religious classes of the present day, they were conservative of truth as they understood it, and declined to revise their creed. He thinks that false prophets in the ranks of evangelical Christendom are made more by the tone of student life in theological seminaries than by the teaching or even the example of their professors. I have known more than one aspirant to the ministry discouraged and turned aside to secular pursuits by the pharisaism, mere professionalism, and actual moral obliquity of individual fellow-students with whom they were brought into intimate contact. Four lectures set forth St. Paul as a man, a Christian, an apostle, and a thinker. I wish Dr. Stalker had taken Peter for the man, the big warm-hearted, blundering, impetuous, sinning, suffering, forgiving, tempted and tried, prophetic Peter. James the Just would do for the portrait of another Man of a different stamp. Nobody has anything to say of Peter's labours in Pontus, Galatia, Cappadocia, Asia, and Bithynia; but he and James and John, by their Jerusalem work, made the labours of Paul possible. Peter's manhood was the greater, because the boast went clean out of his life; it never went out of Paul's. Paul parades the fact that Peter was to be blamed before the foolish Galatians even; but Peter calls his accuser "our beloved brother Paul." Paul had a Luke to tell the story of his labours and sufferings; Peter had a Mark, but he did not allow him to act as his historiographer. What about John, again? Was he not a Man? Is love an effeminate thing, and standing, alone of all the

disciples, among the women by the cross? It takes a man, and a great, strong, mature, fatherly, pure-hearted, man to say with effect, "Little children, love one another." Dr. Stalker's preacher as a man is a minister worthy of respect rather than a many sided sympathizer. In our day, a preacher who is not in the truest sense a Christian should be an impossibility. The preacher as an apostle is virtually a pastor or personal dealer with souls, which Paul may possibly have been, although it is more than likely that he left that work to the elders whom he ordained in every city. In sticking to Isaiah and Paul, the lecturer has doubtless made use of materials with which he was most familiar, so that, while one regrets the want of wider Biblical illustration in his discourses, the larger light shed upon the life and work of these two great preachers imparts a special interest to the series. All the lectures are suggestive, and calculated to instruct, to elevate, to warm, and to encourage, the soul of him who looks to them for a stimulus to pulpit and pastoral duty.

What does this complex preacher preach? In a Joss-house he preaches Buddhism; in a Mosque, he preaches Mohammedanism; in a Synagogue, Judaism. So, in a Christian Church he preaches Christianity. But what is Christianity? There's the rub. President Patton is considered a wise man of his kind, but he, in his sermon to graduates, got excited, and made the following frenzied remark: "Now I say—I dare to say—would to God that men would heed me—that if I must choose between life and dogma, I will say that Christianity is not a life but a dogma." There was no necessity for Dr. Patton's warmth, for his adjuration to be heard. Nobody who takes the least interest in him ever dreamt that he thought otherwise. Dogma is his life's blood; take it away and there is no Patton. Now, it is true that you must have certain dogmas, resolutions, or opinions of truth, on which to conduct your life; let us cheerfully give in so far to the Princeton hard-head. But these opinions, however true, whether carried in the mind of an ecclesiastic or printed in a book, are not Christianity. Christianity is alive, you paleozoic fossil; the Kingdom of Heaven is among you, a living God-man, whom the old dogmatists slew, but who is alive for evermore, the heart and whole of Christianity. The innocent babe, whose mind never opened upon the field of dogma, is inside the wider reaching Christianity. A Christian worker in a sister city tackled an old Scotchwoman, a rigid Presbyterian, who knocked him all to pieces on the decrees, election, irresistible or saving grace, and all the dogmas. He was badly broken up, but managed, while retreating, to fire the Parthian shot, "No drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of God." She knew that dogma very well, just as well intellectually as he did, but, with the words the life came in, and she became a Christian woman for the first time. Dogma unappropriated is not Christianity at all; it is a buried talent. Not till the Free Spirit, the other Comforter, the Life-Giver, is admitted to the

soul, does Christianity begin. The dogma that God is, and is a rewarder of them that diligently seek him, is of no more value than the resolution, that President Patton compasses the whole orb of truth, unless it becomes the life of God in the soul of man. There are some men in the world whose brains are as large, their learning as great, their hearts as warm, their opinion or dogma of themselves as humble, as those of President Patton; and, with these men, I say that, adjuration and all, his statement is a lie, and a bad lie too; that far away and above everything else that can be predicated of it, CHRISTIANITY IS A LIFE. If President Patton, or any other man, wants to fight on that issue, I am here, like Dr. Taylor of Hadley, "to fight in my Lord's quarrel." We have had enough of dead orthodoxy; "the words that I speak unto you," said Christ, "they are spirit and they are life." Its very dogma is the dogma of life.

W. M. M. has published a tastefully got-up, 23 page, selection of Spenserian stanzas from a Spenserian poem yet unedited. Some of the verses of this now almost extinct measure display poetic fancy and laudable execution, so that one naturally regrets the author's choice of a rhyme grown so unpopular since Byron's day. Among the specimens of Vacation Verse, those entitled "A Walk in Mount Royal Park," and "The Battle of Chateauguay" mingle the common-place and the hifalutin' with some good thoughts and expressions. Our poet wants naturalness; his lyre is strung too high. But the following verse in "Rain for the Farmer" is worthy of notice and commendation.

" If gently falls the small soft lazy rain,  
 To indoor industries he shrewdly steals;  
 And, in the barn, from some neglected grain  
 The choking chaff the clattering fanner reels:  
 Or, in the shed, the sapling ash he peels  
 For handles for the fork, with humor blithe,  
 Or haply lards the tumbrel's heavy wheels,  
 Or, of the harness, oils the leathers lithe,  
 Or turns the tuneless stone and grinds the gleaming scythe."

I was once capsized in some rapids on my back, with a big but fortunately not very heavy, biscuit barrel lying on my chest and threatening to put my head under water. My friends on shore cried, "Throw off the barrel, quick," which I did, and got safely to land. I would recommend W. M. M. to throw off the Spenserian barrel organ, for, if he does not, it will most assuredly sink him. Then, let him get into the heart of some good thing, and tell us simply what it is, without any affectation or bombast. He can do it if he tries.

The Transactions of the Celtic Society of Montreal, comprising some of the papers read before the Society during sessions 1884-85 to 1886-91, have just been issued, bearing the imprint of Messrs. Dunsdale & Co. Ten articles make up this volume of 88 pages, one of which is an English poem on

Niagara by the Society's Bard, Mr. M'Killop The historian of Canada will meet with papers of interest on the settlement of the townships of Aldborough in Elgin and Locheil in Glengarry by Sheriff MacKellar and Archibald MacNab, ex-M. P., respectively. He who would go further back into the past, will learn from the pen of the late Rev. D. W. Rowland that the Madoc, or Welsh Indians had no real existence; and the Rev. A. M'Lean Sinclair will discuss with him the question, "Are the Kelts of Kimmerian Origin?" To philologists the Rev. John MacKay's paper on Gaelic Substantive Verbs should prove attractive. The late Mr. Neil Brodie and the late Rev. Neil MacKinnon, have left as their literary memorials two articles entitled respectively "Ought the Celtic Language to be Continued?" and "The Highlanders and the Gaelic in Canada"; while Mr. Hugh MacColl's contribution is on "Gaelic Poets in Western Ontario and an Old Settler's Narrative." The first article of all is by the honoured President of the Society, the Rev. Dr. MacNish, and is the translation by Gaelic of a tablet in cuneiform character, but in a supposed unknown language, found at Tel el Amarna in Egypt, whither it was sent in the 16th century B.C., to Amenophis III. by a Syrian monarch named Tarkhundaras. This tablet is No. 7 of Dr. Winckler's Collection I see, by the London *Times* of December 4th, that Major Conder proposes to translate Dr. Winckler's No. 27, which is in the same language, by a Mongol or Tartar dialect, but, as in the case of his Hittite translations, he fails to furnish proof of having done so beyond the mere presentation of his long English version. Neither Dr. MacNish nor I have yet had this No. 27 under our eyes. In the meantime, the scientific method of my distinguished colleague, and the unreserved honesty of his statement of proof, give to his version the claim of priority and correctness of reading. I have no hesitation in saying that my acquaintance with over 400 Hittite documents of all ages precludes the possibility of these Tel el Amarna tablets being, as Major Conder contends, of Hittite origin. They are most certainly Midianite, and, almost as certainly, Celtic.

The printed proceedings of the November meeting of the Society of Biblical Archæology are singularly small and poor. The Rev. James Marshall has a learned comparison of Points of Resemblance between Ancient Nations of the East and West; the President, Mr. Renouf, furnishes Egyptological notes, and Mr. F. L. Griffith continues his account of the Rhynd Mathematical Papyrus The Transactions of the Canadian Institute for the current year contain Dr. MacNish's paper on "Surnames and Place-names of the Isle of Man" Mr. Alan Macdougall writes on the Boeothick Indians, of whom the Rev. Dr. Patterson, of New Glasgow, N.S., has also made a study. Mr. Arthur Harvey's article on Bone Caves was copied in the *Week* of December 18th. Other contributions are Notes on Nickle by George Mickle; The Luminiferous Ether, by J. M. Clark; Art in Canada to-day, by

J. W. L. Forster: Gold and Silver in Galena and Iron Pyrites, by R. Dewar; Reforms in Time Reckoning, by Dr. Sandford Fleming; and two papers by L. J. Clark on Lake Currents, and a consideration of Sewerage Schemes. Two College Addresses have come to me. One is by Dr. Sandford Fleming, the Chancellor of Queen's, on Parliamentary versus Party Government, to which, as a supplement to the Queen's College Journal, of Nov. 7th, is added a Political Problem, read by the same author at the meeting of the Royal Society. Dr. Fleming wants the minority to be represented in the Government as a matter of justice to the people, and a check on the immoral principle "to the victors the spoils." The Talker wishes the good Chancellor all success in his mission. The other College Address is by Sir William Dawson, on The Canadian Student, to whom in McGill he gives good literary, scientific and Christian advice. I don't know what university education, both east and west, is coming to. It used to make gentlemen and scholars. Now, it has run into specialties. The Dentists and the Vets are in—why not have special faculties of Sanitary Plumbing, Undertaking, Health Cooking and Economic Bookkeeping? They tell of a hotel in the west that was in a sad way for a physician, when the lordly clerk looked up the Register, and found there the name of Joel Briggs, M.D.—Joel was called up for the patient, but said he was no doctor. He saw that every other man had a title, so he wasn't going to be behind hand, and, accordingly, put the initials of Mule Driver after his name. Get up a Tobacconists' faculty, with a Dean, and professors of Plug and Cut, Cigars and Snuff, to issue the degrees of M. F., *magister fumandi!*

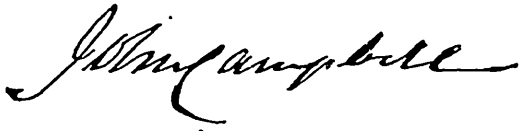
Mr. Croil is still determined that I shall keep up my Danish, such as it is, for he sends me the *Nordisk Missionstidsskrift*, edited by Provost Vahl and Pastor Knudsen, and published at Copenhagen. It contains the biography of Hans Wied, a Scandinavian missionary, Sandegren on the old method of expediency of the Jesuit mission in Madura, Leresche on the Evangelical Missionary Society of Lausanne, and other articles of interest. The *Literary Digest*, of New York, for Nov. 21st, contains among other matter gleaned from many quarters, Principal Grant's paper on Current Unbelief, which appeared in this JOURNAL. The *Boston Herald*, of Nov. 30th, gives a full account of the perversion of the Rev. Dr. Spalding, of Christ Episcopal Church, Cambridge, to the Church of Rome. Originally a Congregationalist, he became an Anglican out of love for authority, and logically has found his place in a communion which will not allow "thinking and believing without restraint." The last number of the *Quarterly Register of Current History* is as useful and interesting as that noticed last month. The New York *Journal of Commerce*, a purely business paper, is evidently edited by an earnest Christian man, for it rarely omits an article on vital religion. The issue of Dec. 5th, has a leader on the Problem of the Book of Job. The worthy editor



only half solves the problem, by finding in Job's sufferings a manifestation of the glory of God, and a means of the patriarch's justification. He does not see, but, for that matter, who does? the enslavement of our race in its complete solidarity of good and evil, to the powers of darkness, so that, with God's only begotten, we must all pass through great tribulation. The *New York Evening Post* always contains something of interest. It has been backing up Mr. Rainsford, formerly of Toronto, in his opposition to a hideous Christmas charity exhibition, in which rich children in the gallery were to give poor ones in the pit their cast-off toys. It also shows up the misdeeds of the License Commissioners, in surrounding the public schools with drinking saloons. In its supplement of Dec. 12th, is an amusing theosophic story, from the *St. James' Gazette*, entitled "My Astral Body." The *Christmas Century* is full of excellent material, in which it is hard to specialize. Poor Balestier is dead young, but his and Kipling's story, *The Naulahka*, goes on. Stockton's Christmas Shadrach, like all Stockton's tales, is comical. A serious, but very readable article, is Science and immortality, by Augustus Jay Du Bois. *Wulfy*, a wolf, by Vida D. Scudder, is a sketch that children like, which is a good sign. The remaining articles and the illustrations are more than up to the *Century* mark. The December *Magazine of Christian Literature*, has a defence of the Higher Criticism, by Prof. W. A. Stevens, of Rochester, and a terrible history of the Christian Hell, originally written by James Mew in the *Nineteenth Century*. Miss Sellers' *Founder of a Peculiar Sect* is worth reading, as is Professor Fisher's *Truth and Half-Truths*. An anonymous paper on "Ought Missionaries to be Married or Unmarried?" decides the question in favor of celibacy. Bishop Ninde, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, writes strongly on behalf of *The Deaconess Work*. The humorist, R. I. Burdette, on *Church Etiquette*, takes off the boor in the pew, a rather unpleasant man for a minister to look at. But it must be remembered that, while the pew may take liberties with the pulpit, the pulpit is in danger of taking liberties with the pews. Because a man happens to be conducting a service in which I take part, he has no right to forget the courtesy which he would show me in private, or to knock the service about at his own sweet will, as if he were a board schoolmaster with his pupils, or a drill sergeant with his squad. No man who fails in respect of his congregation, need wonder when his congregation fails in respect for him. *Church Etiquette* tells both ways, sauce for the goose will suit the gander too.

Messrs Graham Brothers send to the *JOURNAL* a German novel, *The Rector of St. Luke's*, the author of which is Marie Bernhard; the translator, Mrs. Elise L. Lathrop. It belongs to the *International Library* published by Worthington, of New York, and is a well printed book of 343 pages, and several photogravure illustrations by Graves. *The Rector of St. Luke's* is a good, clean story of two men in love with an attractive and highly cultivated

lady, the one a young Protestant clergyman of fine appearance and noble family, the other, a celebrated artist. The clergyman, in the discharge of his duty as prison chaplain, finds that his rival has been guilty of manslaughter, but generously keeps silent on the subject while that rival wins the lady's affections. The artist, however, not daring to reveal his secret to his affianced bride, retires to India and conveniently dies of yellow fever, when the clergyman comes to the front again and wedding bells are in order. The novel is a wholesome one, with a very fair Christian moral, a little stiff, and stilted, perhaps, for English taste in general, but the very thing for a correct family circle. Even boarding-school young ladies might read it, were it not that it might tempt them to make eyes at the minister on Sunday, by mistake for the lovely rector, Reginald von Conventius, which would be a sad calamity for a devout preacher. The *Compte-rendu des Séances de la Société Américaine de France* has just arrived, containing two articles by M. Georges Raynaud, on *Une Ville Disparue, a City of the Zotzils of Mexico*, and *Une Mission en Amérique Centrale*, full of suggestions for future explorers in the central parts of this continent. France has done more for ancient American history than any other country in the Old World or in the New. The transactions of the *Société Américaine* are published by Ernest Leroux, 28 Rue Bonaparte, Paris.

A handwritten signature in cursive script, reading "J. M. Campbell". The signature is written in dark ink and is positioned in the lower right quadrant of the page.