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THE POETRY OF KEATS.

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In the matter of his poetry Keats has left undone many things he ought to have done had he lived. He has left us a record of tendencies rather than accomplishments. He had not quite got under way when time was called, and he was obliged to render an account of unfinished business. He has also done some things he ought not to have done. We can scarcely forgive him for some of his unrestrained and unmanly sentiments, for his many naturalistic interpretations that are only daubs. Much less can we pardon the iniquity of those who have seen fit to publish the same. Yet we must remember the extreme youthfulness of our offender. And there is this compensation, that he shows signs of having truly repented, for between his earlier and later poems there

is a wide gulf fixed. The Keats of *Endymion* and the Keats of the *Eve of St. Mark* are two entirely different individuals. And seeing this change of heart we forgive. With all his iniquities, however, he has left us some enduring work. I wish to point out the nature of that work.

The poetry of Keats is that of idealized sensation. It waits upon and ministers to the absolute longings of the body. The mighty abstract idea of Beauty informs it at every turn. It breathes the air of glorified estheticism and proclaims the gospel of the life that now is.

There are three attitudes toward this world. There are those who are satisfied with it and take and enjoy what every day has in store for them ; who sing their songs at their work and are never weary or heavy laden ; who are delighted with everything about them and to whom the last event is always the chiefest, so perfectly happy and contented are they in their environment. These are the healthy realists in life, who in the horse language of David Harum always eat their oats and pull their load. Then there are those who if they are not dissatisfied, are yet very unsatisfied with their lot. They are feverishly haunted with a sense of a something lovelier and happier than this world. They chafe under their toil as under a yoke of bondage. They are impatient with the creative spirit around them and feel that this is not the best possible universe. The bluest sky is still very grey to them. The loveliest landscape is unsatisfying. The rich variety of color and sound and work and joy about them is monotonous compared with their abode of imagined beauty. These are the estheticists in real life. We know them by their sweet, sad faces. They are prisoners in life who long to break their chains. Then there are those who, while in this world, are yet quite insensible to it. Every sight and sound is to them a symbol of immensity, a suggestion of another non-material and invisible world. They are being continually caught up and carried away from physical and finite things. Their conversation is in heaven. They are neither satisfied nor dissatisfied nor unsatisfied with this world. They are insensible to it. They take knowledge

only of the non-physical or of what, for a better word, they call the spiritual. These are the pure idealists in life. I say pure idealists; for both the realist and the esthete are idealists, too. But the pure idealists are such as are almost wholly divorced from temporal and physical and finite things. There have never been many of this class. They are few nowadays; although it is surprising how the species perpetuates itself, even in these times of materialism and self-consciousness.

Now poets are of the same flesh and blood as all mankind. They see as we see and feel as we feel. The only difference is that they have a larger vision and a keener sensibility. And they are but a fuller expansion of our thoughts and emotions and aspirations. They are our spokesmen, and express our attitude toward life in a way we cannot do ourselves. For our lips are palsied, and we cannot utter what we experience. And so there are three kinds of poets representative of the three kinds of general humanity. There are poets who are realists, poets who are pure idealists, and poets who are estheticists. There are poets who are realists, who are fairly satisfied with this world, who find their poetic situations and inspiration in the things and events and persons around them. They improve on their finding, as poets should, but in the end they don't carry us far out of our environment. They dwell pretty firmly planted on this earth and near to us. These are the poets of the mob,—hail fellows, well met. Such, for example, is Kipling, who sings of barrack rooms, steam engines, horses, bridges, and jubilee celebrations,—things and events and incidents universally familiar. He revels in the world of flesh and blood, and keeps us in touch with our humble surroundings and our poor relations. Scott is a realist in the realm of nature. That is to say: he gives us nature as his physical eye sees it. His naturalistic interpretation is that of the photographer. Zola, Hardy, and a host of others of this school, are realists, except that they are more pronounced, giving us not merely what they see but all that they see,—the ugly and deformed along with the beautiful and well shapen. Then there are the

poets who are pure idealists, who are insensible to the facts about them, sort of color blind and deaf, whose "eye among the heavens can see the face of things that is to be." They are continually forgetting that there is such a thing as the physical. They are being forever caught up. They are poets of the spirit. Plato and Swedenborg and Paul and Wordsworth were such. Swedenborg not only said that every physical thing has its spiritual counterpart, but he was more conscious of the spiritual than the physical. Wordsworth was preeminently so, and in being so he is in direct line of succession with the prophets of the olden time. All these walk in two worlds, the world that is seen and that which is unseen; but they are conscious chiefly, or only, of the unseen. Wordsworth tells us that, in early life especially, he had to often reach out his hand and touch the objects about him to be sure of their reality. Isaiah says that he saw the Lord, and Paul declares that, moving about among the things seen and temporal, he was more sure of the things unseen and eternal. Ready, the early acquaintance of Sentimental Tommy, was a pure idealist; that is to say: Tommy did such wonderful things and told her such marvellous tales of Thrusus, that she had to pinch him to be sure that he was flesh and blood, and not some ethereal and uncreated essence.

There is the third class of poets: those who are estheticists, who are unsatisfied with the common and imperfect life about them: who yearn for a world of absolute beauty and enjoyment; who steal nature's thunder; who go on to rival and outdo the creative spirit and who give us a world such as their creative vision loves to contemplate. Among these we place Keats. Others record what they see, but he records what he imagines. He draws this distinction himself, in contrasting his poetry with that of Scott. Now it is true that the realist is a worshipper of and seeker after beauty and pleasure, and is a rival of nature—a competitor with her in the attempt to create a better world. But there is this difference between him and Keats: he is less ambitious and rivals nature on her own ground. He is less inventive, imaginative. He takes the scenes and events and individuals that nature has given

him and only improves them, being thus only a developer of what is already begun. He tinkers up what he thinks needs mending. Keats is not a tinker. He leaves the world about him as he finds it; but, catching the contagion of the creative spirit, he goes on to manufacture new worlds. Nature is profitable to him chiefly for suggestion and inspiration.

It is true that the pure idealist is a worshipper of and a seeker after the enjoyment of the beautiful, that he is a rival of nature, a competitor with her in the attempt to create a lovelier world. But there is this difference between him and Keats. He does not create in the realm of the physical and temporal and finite. The sphere of his activity is the non-physical, the infinite, the eternal. Keats gives us another world from what we live in, but it is still of the earth, still governed by the same laws of light and shade, form and colour. The pure idealist gives us another world than this, but it is not of this earth. It is such as we expect to see when we become released from this present. It knows no finite limitations and slopes off into immensity. The realist is well satisfied with this world, but he sees some imperfections and touches up what he finds. The aestheticist is unsatisfied with this world and creates another and larger, but of the same kind. The pure idealist ignores this world and creates in the realm of the spiritual.

Now these distinctions are not meant to be arbitrary. For there is a community of interest between these literary workmen, and sometimes the one is found transgressing upon the territory of the other. But the predominant touches of each is such as to merit the classification that has been made.

Keats, then, was a man supremely in love with the beautiful, with the longings and sensations of the body, and inspired with an unutterable craving for the absolute of sensuous expression and the absolute of sensuous delight. He was a young pagan born out of due time—born into our modern world when he should have inhabited the shores of Hellas before the Dryads fled. He was one, who, "having loved Antigone before he visited this earth ever afterwards demanded of life more than it could give." He is the

young Porphyro of his own Eve of St. Agnes who has brought to us from the closet of his poetic imagination

"A heap
Of candied apple, quince and plum and gourd,
With jellies soother than the creamy curd,
And lucent syrups tinct with cinnamon ;
Manna and dates, in argosy transferred
From fez ; and spiced dainties, every one,
From silken somereand to cedar'd Lebanon."

At first, however, Keats lived chiefly in the realm of *pure* sensations. He was not then the apostle of *absolute* beauty which he afterwards became—that beauty that has come under the discriminating care of the intellect. Wordsworth loved a life of thoughts rather than sensations. At first Keats loved a life of sensations rather than thoughts. He is the prodigal away from his home. And thus the first poetry of Keats is unwholesome. It lacks the *gusto* and *glamour* of his matured work. In it he aims at no definite purpose beyond the desire to call up and luxuriate in sensuous images. Like a generous but under bred host it is regardless of its company. All are welcome. High and low, rich and poor, from the highways and hedges they come trooping in to enjoy the banquet of his mind. Their multitude is so great and so heterogeneous that he does not know what to do with them. He wants to make them all at home, but they are not at home. The shaping spirit of the imagination is not at work. He has not been careful to select, and in his large-hearted, universal predestination all are elected to the glory of poetic expression. And so these poems are overcharged and unrestrained, and as *poems* are splendid examples of the art of daubing. Yet in these early pieces we sometimes find the mind of a conditional predestinarian, the victory of the imagination and therefore some noble lines. The Calidore fragment does not aim at any unity of interest or perfection of form. It has also some cloying and unmeaning expressions, yet it is rich in exquisite detail and freshness of phrase whose message is direct and lingering. What could be better than the descriptions of the steeds:

"Slanting out their necks with loosened rein" ?

And these lines are worth preserving too :

“ And then their features started into smiles,
Sweet as the heavens o'er enchanted isles,
Softly the breezes from the forest came,
Softly they blew aside the taper's flame ;
Clear was the song from Philomel's far bower,
Grateful the incense from the lime tree flower;
Lovely the moon in ether all alone.”

Apart from such lines the fragment is not worth perpetuating. But these redeem the rest. They are a thing of beauty and a joy forever and their loveliness increases as often as they impress themselves upon us.

Endymion as a poem is a sad failure, and no one has been more sensible of this than Keats. It is too copious, too obscene, and shockingly unrestrained and enervating. His theory of poetry at this time was that it should surprise by a fine excess; and he succeeds tolerably well in carrying that false theory into practice. Yet Endymion is full of true and ever delightful touches; and it is the record of a soul bound in sweet, sad, unnameable and baffled yearning for the absolute perfection of beauty and enjoyment. And as such it can never pass into nothingness.

As yet the young poet is in bewilderment of ecstasy. His sensations troop in upon him too fast, and he has them not in orderly control. Besides he cherishes them like a fond lover, brooding over them, luxuriating in them. And thus his progress is stayed. And yet, at times he is master of the situation and we are held in happy thrall.

“ Rain scented eglantine
Gave temperate sweets to that well wooing sun ;
The lark was lost in him ; cold springs had run
To warm their chilliest bubbles in the grass ;
Man's voice was on the mountains ; and the mass
Of Nature's lives and wonders pulsed tenfold,
To feel this sunrise and its glories old.”

In these opening lines we find the promise that was shortly to be fulfilled in him. The hymn to Pan is worthy of the noblest Greek culture and inspiration. For sweet, sad, weird,

yearning, haunting melody the lyric of the fourth book is unsurpassable. And nearly every page is redolent of the magic of nature.

If some one would cull out the fine passages of these first poems of Keats and have them bound in a separate volume he would do a great service to their author and to the kingdom of poetry.

Two years later than *Endymion* the volume appeared that has given Keats his rank among English men of letters. The poet now has his sensations under control. His is the life of thoughts rather than sensations. Formerly he sang: "A thing of beauty is a joy forever." Now he sings: "Beauty is truth." He is submissively bowed down under a beautiful restraint. Formerly he could say: "Heard melodies are sweet;" now: "But those unheard are sweeter; therefore ye soft pipes play on; *not to the sensual ear; but more endeared, pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone.*"

He had changed his conception of poetry since his *Endymion* days. Then he thought that it should surprise by a fine excess.

Now he has learned to pare away all excess and to revel in the beauty of simplicity and suggestion rather than in that of the over-wrought and descriptive. And he is the poet now, not of cloying sweetness but of exquisite relish and witchery. He has been born again, born into a higher world of the intellect, he holds fellowship now with wit and makes us realize the mighty *abstract idea* of beauty. As he says of the actor Kean, so he himself seems to have "robbed the Hybla bees and left them honeyless." Hyperion moves in an atmosphere of elemental grandeur, but Keats was not quite ready yet for such a noble undertaking. It is therefore not as satisfyingly perfect as his short pieces of this period. In these Keats has us wholly at his will. The *Eve of St. Agnes* is an absolute self-abandonment and sinking into nature. In it the two qualities of Keats' mature work are supreme—*gusto* and *glamour*. It is practically devoid of incident and human interest. These are only the background to the nature touches which constitute the soul of the poem. We in this

northern latitude have been out many a cold day and know what hard frost means. And we can set to our seals that the first two stanzas of *St. Agnes' Eve* are a perfect revelation of what a northern clime can do at that season of the year. "The owl"—so comfortably clad, almost necessarily frost proof, yet "for all his feathers was acold." We can see him huddled up.

"The hare limped trembling through the frozen grass
And *silent* was the flock in woolly fold ;
Numb were the headsman's fingers while he told
His rosary, and while his frosted breath
Like pious incense from a censer old
Seemed taking flight for heaven without a death.
The sculptured dead on each side seemed to freeze.
Knights, ladies praying in dumb oratories
He passeth by ; and his weak spirit fails
To think how they may ache in icy hoods and mails."

We feel like shuddering when we read these words and find ourselves blowing upon our fingers to keep them warm. It is a case where words have passed into hard frost. And yet although we blow our warm breath on our fingers and shudder at the thought of the cold we feel no disturbing sensation. We are charmed by the truthfulness of the delineation and rejoice at such a delicate handling of words. Besides the cold evening is enveloped in the warm, mysterious sanctity and awe and reverence and symbolism and incense of the Mediaeval Church and there is a strange delight in that. And this scene, too, is placed in contrast with the warm, glowing picture of love that is to succeed and the gorgeous evening's revelry "with plume, tiara and all rich array, when up aloft the silver snarling trumpets 'gan to chide, and the level chambers ready with their pride were glowing to receive a thousand guests." The Beadsman had no part in this. But *we* have and we relish the loveliness of a clear, frosty night without, and glowing hearths within, and beauty, chivalry, love, fair women and brave men. The pathetic part of it—and unfortunately the poetry of Keats is full of this pathos—the nature touches subordinate the interest in the

human. We forget the poor, old, shivering Beadsman as we luxuriate in the clear atmosphere of a winter scene surrounded with its exquisite associations.

What a gorgeous assembly and guest room that was!

"The carved angels, ever eager eyed
Stared when upon their heads the cornice rests,
With hair blown back and wings put crosswise on their breasts."

"At length burst in the argent revelry
With plume, tiara and all rich array
Numerous as shadows haunting fairly,
The brain new stuffed in youth with triumphs gay
Of old romance."

He doesn't describe here in detail. Had this been written in his Endymion vein he would have daubed, and lacked the far-reaching and unnameable imaginative splendor that these few well chosen words awaken in us. We can fill up the picture as we choose and there need be no limit to what we see and enjoy. The picture of Madeline, sweet, full of naive simplicity and frankness and trust, beautiful in love's awakening, her maiden eyes divine fixed on the floor, seeing many a sweeping train go by and lost in the thought of the possibilities to her of that St. Agnes Eve—that is ravishing too, inexpressibly and refinedly so. And to think of Madeline

"Asleep in the lap of legends old,
While legioned fairies paced the coverlet
And pale enchantment held her sleepy eyed."

And then, too, the casement in Madeline's room

"High and triple arched,
All garlanded with carven imageries
Of fruits and flowers and bunches of knot grass,
And diannoned with pails of quaint device
Innumerable of stains and splendid dyes
As are the tiger moth's deep damask'd wings.
And in the midst 'mong thousand heraldries
And twilight saints and dim emblazonings
A shielded scutcheon blushed with blood of queens and kings."

One does not need to visit the Tower of London to feel the strange, weird beauty of far off days and deeds, so long as he

has the words of that last line, so musically ordered and so faithfully correct.

There is a nameless charm in these lines too :

"And still she slept an azure-bidded sleep
In blanched linen, smooth and lavendered ;"

and in the words describing the dainties that Porphyro spread out by her bedside, especially the line : "Lucent syrups tinct with cinnamon," we like to say the words on the tip of the tongue and linger on every one.

I must confess, however, that my enjoyment of them is not as keen as it might have been. When a mere lad I was very fond of cinnamon. But one day I got possession of the precious stuff when nobody else was near and took so much that ever since the word *cinnamon* has been associated with unpleasant sensations. But even so I can enjoy this line ; especially when I read it thinking of the days prior to my overdose of the spiced dainty.

This line, too, is worthy of our respect : "From silken Samereand to cedar'd Lebanon." One smells the cedars especially. "Blushed with blood of queens and kings." The glamor of these words is not so subtle but it is as sure as that of the two lines in *The Ode to the Nightingale* :

"The same that oftimes hath
Charmed magic casements, opening on the foam
Of perilous seas in fairy lands forlorn."

In *Isabella* the sensuous enjoyment is subordinated to the human interest in contrast to the *Eve of St. Agnes*, which subordinates the human to the luxury of the senses. As a poem it is scarcely less successful than the *Eve of St. Agnes*. These two, together with *Zamia* and the five odes, are not far short of perfection. They have glaring defects which even a novice in poetical intelligence might discover or at least acknowledge once they were discovered. But they stand, nevertheless, as examples of glorified estheticism. And the main secret of their charm is the wedding in them of the senses and the intellect, of beauty and truth, resulting in a beautiful restraint and imaginative inspiration. Keats does not paint to the eye. He

paints to the imagination. There are very few color words in that supposedly highly colored romance, the *Eve of St. Agnes*. The colors are largely imagined. He bewitches us through suggestion and not through description. And it is so with all his best poetry. By antique words, phrases and themes ; by a melody enriched through a subtle management of the open and closed vowels and by variety in rhyme ; by the constant exercise of the imagination whose chief office is to teach what to leave out and what to put in, and, which is very thrifty of words ; by fidelity to the truth—beauty's law ; by far off allusions, some of which are wholly unaccountable ; by the faculty of imbuing dead things with life ; by sinking into and becoming one with the spirit of nature and by simplicity—the poetry of Keats like the poetry of *Earth* is never dead. It is a thing of beauty and a joy forever. Matthew Arnold makes the distinguishing feature of Keats to be *gusto*. William Michael Rossetti refers to the glamour of the *Eve of St. Agnes*. But this glamour is characteristic of all his best poetry. It is a feature of the *Ode to Autumn*. It is especially marked in "*La belle dame sans merci*" and the "*Eve of St. Mark*." And that vague, transcendental, emotional, supernatural entity of these two latter poems made a deep impression on D. G. Rossetti, whose distinctive quality is glamour. So that Keats appeals to us in *gusto* and glamour both. That is to say he provides us with a super-refined relish and leaves us delicately and entrancingly bewitched.

In respect of this latter quality of glamour he reaches his high water mark in "*The Eve of St. Mark*" and "*La belle dame sans merci*." In these he strikes the note of wonder, of awe, of the supernatural—which Coleridge has sounded so clearly which has become the distinctive note in the poetry of the 19th century and which finds its consummation in Rossetti's "*Blessed Damozel*," the noblest poem of any language of any age.

Poetry.

HOPE.

We rest in hope. Hope sheds a cheering light
 Along the darkness of the darkest night.
 Our hope no meteor which a moment gleams,
 To fade in darkness which then deeper seems.

Fixed Star of Hope! Oh, for thy cheering ray
 To brighten ever on our pilgrim way
 Through mist and darkness as our paths we grope
 Oh, cheer us ever, morning Star of Hope.

In life's glad morn, when skies are clear and fair,
 Be thou the fairest light that's shining there;
 Touch Youth's bright morning with a living fire
 And draw hearts upward to each true desire.

And in life's noonday should some greater orb
 Bedim thy shining or thy rays absorb,
 Wait for the night, the darkest hours are thine
 Blest Star of Hope! Oh then serenely shine.

Now daylight fades, night's darkness comes apace,
 We lay ambitions down, here ends life's race;
 Death stands awaiting—through the open door
 The spirit hastens to the other shore.

There Hope has full fruition. Hope expires
 In bright realities, fulfilled desires.
 Shine on bright Star of Hope! Oh, cheer us still,
 Until these portals open at His will.

Faith, Hope and Love, attendant angels fair,
 Unfold your wings and bear the Spirit there;
 Faith lost in sight and Hope together flown,
 Leaving the Soul with God and Love alone.

GEO. MCGREGOR.

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DISCIPLINE AND DELIGHT.

A Psychological Sermon by PROF. ROBT. MACDOUGALL, PH. D.

The law is a schoolmaster to bring us to Christ.—Gal. III, 24.

When one consciously does right or performs a morally good act, one thinks of more than himself. That the act is good or just, means that in it the actor has considered others, recognized their needs, rights, feelings, and that these elements have become significant factors in determinating his act. Not its reality as a craving or movement of his own nature, but its objective bearing in relation to other willing subjects, has been the paramount motive of the deed. The actor has ceased to regard his act solely in its relation to his own complex of desires and ends, and has passed over to the conception of it as organic in a system of human relations existing beyond himself. He is no longer the whole, but a part; his deed is not unique but typical of a class. What he has done is what any man capable of understanding the situation, and not influenced by prejudice, would have done in the same circumstances. One shifts from the individual to the social point of view and strips his decision of all passion and prejudices due to time and place and personal relations. Moralization is generalization: the moral act is one which points and exemplifies law.

When one does wrong, or commits a morally evil or unjust action, on the other hand the deed must be regarded as exceptional. In the evil as in the good act there is fundamentally involved the reference to a supra-individual system of relations. When this knowledge is absent no moral quality can be attributed to the will-act. Its results may be helpful or hurtful, it may bring happiness or misery, as the sun may now quicken and then destroy the sown grain, but to the impulse itself can be awarded praise or blame no more than to the blind elemental forces which indifferently work us weal or woe. Impulses are the bare plastic material of the willing subject which, taken on moral quality, as virtuous or vicious, righteous or unrighteous, only with the rise in consciousness

of such an awareness of this world of super-individual relations. All moral action is socialized, whether it be of good or of evil intent. But the wrong doer, though by the very nature of his act he recognizes the existence of the law, insists, in his own case, on an exception from it. He does not will that all shall do as he has done. To regard his action—contravene conventions as it may—in the light of the rule of conduct, would be suicidal to his object as a wrong-doer. In the case of lying, if the evil doers have answered “no” instead of “yes” the possibility of untruth depends upon the existence of a law of truth-telling which here is excepted from and broken. “I had not known sin,” says St. Paul, “except through the law; for I had not known coveting, except the law had said, ‘Thou shalt not covet.’” If his answer “no” involved an assertion that the same response could be given by all men under the same circumstances, the very fact of falsehood would have disappeared. “No” is as good an answer as “yes,” if only it be the universal form of reply under the given conditions, for it will then simply *mean* “yes.” In this sense it is said that “apart from the law there is no sin.” The essential thing is not that this or that particular form shall be enforced or regarded but that there shall be a law, that life shall be orderly not chaotic, expressive of ideas and conformable to types and principles. In its deepest sense sin is lawlessness; morality in its profoundest nature is obedience to law. All ethical training is a discipline in obedience, the subjection of the individual impulse to the concept of duty. The highest moral nature is that which is most thoroughly permeated by the sense of law; while the most hopeless cases of moral obliquity are not those in which the objects of actions are systematically evil, they are those in which the successive acts are prompted by the momentary desire without reference to other actors or to the future. Rip Van Winkle is the chief of sinners when he pleads that this time may not count as he accepts the proffered glass, for he is the type of a nature which will not grasp the significance of its actions. Such a nature lacks the very basis of a moral life, which is essentially

integrative, while the Rip Van Winkle type of self is disintegrated and literally *dissolute*. Extending the term to its widest range, moral activity is involved wherever the elements of a life are co-ordinated, so that instead of existing serially they exist side by side and simultaneously modify one another. These conditions are summed up in the term "self-conscious." Self-consciousness arises whenever man becomes aware of himself as a unity constituted of many elements, the values of which are not determined by their own intrinsic intensity but by their relation to this unitary system of conscious purposes and ideals.

On its objective side, then, viewed as a series of attitudes and acts in time, the moral life is one expressing law; on the subjective side it is one embodying ideals. The true moral life must comprehend both these aspects. Without external conformity to the law the moral element becomes a mere sentiment, a transient feeling of emotion, the persistence of which in isolation from the acts in which it should be embodied, may work disastrously upon the moral fibre of the individual, producing those types which we brand with the epithets hypocrite and sentimentalist. But obedience to the law is mere formal morality. To this outer series must be added the fact of inner experience. The moral activity is only clothed upon with deeds; its intimate nature must be sought in the spiritual process of which these are simply the expression. It is the process of realization of an ideal scheme of life in which each element receives significance and is appraised and controlled in virtue of its relation to that ideal. Not the deed is good but only the good will; for the objectively good act may be the expression of a sinister intent. The heart of the matter lies in the spiritual experience; the deed is beneficial or injurious; only the will or intent can be called good or evil.

The subjective process of change, therefore, which we call moral regeneration, consists in a transformation of the sentiments and ideals of the conscious life. It involves constantly two factors, *insight* and *emotion*. There must be an apprehension of the relations of the individual will-act to a super-

individual system, a conscious linkage of the single personality with the larger world of human society in one ideal order of purposes and deeds. The bare issuance of a propensity in action, even though the act be descriptively good, is insufficient to constitute morality. Virtue involves insight. It also involves emotion. The absolutely transparent consciousness which judges the nature of an act in the cold, white light of reason, without feeling and without prejudice, lies also outside of the field of morality. Ethical activity is essentially a process of abstracting from a situation which is unique, an acting independently of the passion and prejudice which are immediately felt by its subject. Like and dislike, praise and blame, temptation and restraint, suffering and victory are implicate in the whole process.

The relative values of these two factors, of insight and emotion, are no fixed function of the process of change. Transformation of the moral life ranges through all gradations of type from cataclysmic experiences in which the thread of the old life seems to have broken short off and a wholly new set of impulses and emotional attitudes to have become dominant, down to those slow insensible regenerations in which new ideas have so gradually possessed the mind and wrought their changes upon act and feeling that no day or year can be pointed at to say "Here began the new life."

The powers of life lie in the feelings, "Reason the card, but passion is the gale," and the final aim of moral discipline is so to transform the world's emotional values for the ethical subject that the new insight shall be buttressed by intense and spontaneous emotion, and contradiction shall cease between the ideals of consciousness and its felt impulses and emotions. The peculiar tragedy of the moral drama appears in that half-way stage where the new concept has already arisen while the organic tendency to the old way of acting maintains itself through mere inertia and the old emotions still cling about us and impede our progress. "I delight in the law of God after the inward man," says the apostle in his unequalled analysis of this phase of moral experience.

"but I see a different law in my members, warring against the law of my mind, and bringing me into captivity."

Spiritual insight is not always accompanied by the same intensity of emotional impulse. In certain acute and tremendous experiences a swift and comprehensive transformation of motives and values takes place, the old indifference is broken down in an instant and the objects of the world appear charged with a fresh significance. For such an one there is literally a new heaven and a new earth; and the new life is lived easily, naturally and successfully. There is no period of transition when the soul is in throes to be delivered from the old body of death, when the evil it would not is done and the good it would is left undone. The individual passes at once to another plane of life in which new criterions replace the old, and the whole set of spiritual motives is renewed. Such a change takes place whenever one passes from a trivial to a strenuous mood. It is manifested in the sobering and womanizing of the orphaned daughter who gives up her studies and games and companionship to assume the duties of home-making in her dead mother's stead. It makes toil easy and deprivation light to the young man in whose heart the new strong love of woman has arisen. It marks in the highest degree those pervasive changes involved in religious conversion, for these are the deepest things in human nature.

The roots of the religious life are bedded in the emotions; here lie its tremendous power and profoundness. And just because this form of emotion towards an object is the result of long-continued activity in regard to it and grows up slowly it has a vast inertia which makes readjustment to new objects and situations a difficult process. The intellect is swift in comprehension of new problems and in adaptation to the demand of novel conditions. The significance of new relations is facilely grasped. The very life of intellectual consciousness lies in the ever-renewed shocks of fresh experience. The emotional activity, on the other hand, slow to claim its objects is also slow to relinquish them. Moral insight leaps forward to welcome and accept the new relation but finds itself frequently unsupported by the feelings. "The new is true,"

says herald Intellect ; "the old is good," says unpersuaded Love ; "the new is right" ; "the old is dear" ; "the new is just and must oust the old" ; "the old is mine and I will not let her go." So the quarrel runs, and the ever-renewed problem of the moral life is the reconciliation of these two forces in the unity of an ethical activity carried on with spontaneous energy and feeling.

For the life which Christian doctrine sets before the human soul is not one of conformity to the law of obedience, alone, but a life so at one with the nature of that reality from which the law sprang that the undivided impulses of the heart shall prompt to the fulfilment of all those conditions which the law imposes. It is a life of love, of which it is insufficient to say it is the fulfilling of the law as an external command. It is the realization of all that which the law signifies but cannot express ; for legal forms can touch only the externals of conduct, can regulate only individual elements and single aspects of human relationship, while love brims the life full and permeates all its tissues. The life of love,—the newness of the spirit,—alone manifests the full stature of the perfect man ; the life of obedience to the law,—the oldness of the letter,—is yet in a state of tutelage. The ideal scheme of life for the child lies in an objective consciousness,—that of the parent, the teacher, and is imposed *ab extra* through the authority of an external command. There is indeed an essential unity between them ; the parent is the child writ large. And the command is such as the child, were he competent to judge, would accept and act upon. It fulfills all that lies implicate in his nature but yet undeveloped. The act which the child now does painfully and under compulsion is yet such as he would himself approve and perform, could he know its significance. The purpose of education is to develop this knowledge and self-control, to make the life autonomous. The same process is fundamentally characteristic of the whole course of moral training, with the qualification that much of moral education is self-education.

We begin by doing the thing in a purely formal, cold-blooded way, gradually it begins to sit more easily upon us,

then we accept it as part of the accustomed furniture of our life, and in the end we find ourselves doing it spontaneously and with zest. The poet's words remains as true of virtue as of vice, that

"Virtue's a monster of such frightful mien
That to be hated needs but to be seen ;
But seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace."

This transformation through training is the essence of the moral life. *The law is a school-master to bring us to Christ.* We must first undertake as a discipline what is afterwards to become a delight. It is an evolution through compulsion to spontaneity, through fear to love.

There is another and perhaps still deeper aspect to the process ; it is fundamentally a phenomenon of habit-forming. The significance of all habituation lies in the transition from an acute, laborious, ever-renewed attention to an easeful, unreserved, negative attention, passing more and more into the region of automatic reflexes unaccompanied by consciousness. Selective consciousness arises when more than one response to the demand of the environment is possible, when doubt exists and there is need of deliberation. It is a phenomenon of strain, a function of imperfect adjustment. As adaptation grows more exact the office of consciousness falls into desuetude ; in the most prompt and perfect responses it has disappeared. The acutest consciousness, the sense of keenest experience characterizes those tremendous moments when the soul is on tenterhooks through the conflict between supreme motives and the very citadel of the self is shaken with desire and with doubt and pain, when a decision is sought with the sweat of the soul, yet the swift satisfaction of action is checked by an ever-renewed strife of opposing considerations. When permanent values have been assigned to its several elements and the problematic aspect of any situation has disappeared the will passes rapidly and without friction to the appropriate action, the correct response follows automatically and at last unconsciously upon the stimulus. The function of consciousness, that is to say, is a self-eliminative one.

The same holds true of the moral consciousness as well. A virtuous action is the conscious preference and pursuit of the good when the alternatives good and evil are presented as possible courses of conduct ; and merit is in direct proportion to the greatness of the temptation overcome, to the acuteness of the strife within the self. That will is good whose acts are consciously in accord with universal law. Virtue and duty are reciprocal terms, and sublimity of duty, greatness of moral character, depends upon the intensity of the appeal made to the self by the wicked motive. The logical outcome of the moral conception is that the man of supreme virtue is he in whom all imaginable forms of evil impulse are kept alive, but who, in each individual case of temptation, overcomes these impulses and performs his duty—an irresistible force meeting an all-but-immovable body. It is therefore an essential part of the highest development of the moral subject that he maintain the narrowest possible margin of victory over the evil forces within himself.

How shall we escape this revolting conclusion ? Not by criticism of the premises, for the concept of virtue is manifestly correct. Where no problem of good and evil is presented there can be no virtue. Virtue is the choosing of the right where to do wrong is possible. And the choice must be a real one ; where there is no victory over an actually existing temptation, no strife within the self through the presence of opposing motives in consciousness, there can in no intelligible sense be virtue. And the more real and insistent the solicitude the greater is the virtue which successfully resists it.

Yet we do not desire such an existence ; it is opposed to our whole ideal of character. The virtuous man of the Kantian phrase is an admirable, unhappy monster. Must we then relinquish virtue as an end of human life ? Assuredly, and as undoubtedly we do relinquish it in every moment of moral striving. Virtue is a means, never an end. Here, as everywhere, the work of consciousness is annihilative of itself. Its function is to transform the painfully elected action of the virtuous man into a spontaneous, organic impulse, to eliminate the evil tendency, to make of duty a habit and a delight.

Morality describes the acute consciousness accompanying an imperfect adaptation to the environment. Virtue is an attribute of imperfection ; it characterizes the transient state of pupilage in which the soul is passing from the letter of the law to the spirit of love. We seek a higher type of activity than the moral, one in which the sympathetic thought, the kindly word, the just and loving deed shall be the immediate spontaneous expression of the man's most intimate nature, one in which the impulses of the soul have been so transformed that the deepest springs of action contain no bitter water, but well forth only cheerfulness, courage and chivalry, one for which victory has been made needless because strife within the self has ceased and the right action is the expression of a unity which has but one response to make to the demand of the environment. The great man is he who does the work he is called upon to do simply and directly, without any awareness of remarkable quality in his action, he for whom there is no question of duty or alternative, who sees the one thing to do and does it sincerely and unconsciously as a child.

We need a new term to describe such a nature. The moral world has no name for it ; it lies wholly above and beyond its scope. We turn to the world of æsthetic relations for a name, and call it *beautiful*. Yet this character, always approximated, is never fully attained. Every victory in the moral life prepares the way for new struggles. "One can never be good," I have heard a wise teacher say, "but one can always be *better*." We stand ever midway in the spiritual landscape. All that lies before us, toward which we strive, we call virtue ; all we have overpassed, which now lies behind us at lower levels we call vice. There is no absolute vice in life, nor absolute virtue,—or shall we say that all life is either absolutely vicious or absolutely virtuous, no other alternative being possible. The strenuous breasting of the tide and endeavour toward that which is above and beyond us, is virtue ; the fatuous lack of such endeavour, with its inescapable drifting backward to a lower level, is vice ; and every action must be representative of either the one or the other.

In this passing from degree to degree in our conditions lies the demand for the recognition of the temporal nature of all present hypotheses, and for a resolute pressing forward from them toward the untried, almost the unloved. But we must

“heartily know when the gods come the half-gods go,”

and bravely bid farewell to our lowlier duties. Delight must give place to duty, habit to discipline, in the development of the spirit. The two activities run always parallel. Every fresh conquest by the organizing consciousness makes richer and broader the system of established relations upon which the moral life rests; and every additional moral activity made organic and habitual leaves the soul free for new advances into the regions still beyond. The progress must be rhythmical, and each step widens the horizon of the soul. Thus no annihilation of consciousness through such a procedure is conceivable, nor any such thing as a fixed environment. The moral situation is a permanent possibility of progress, its process an infinite one, the performance of duty constantly transforming into a labor of love and love evolving new conceptions of duty in an eternal series of ever deeper insights into the nature of the Christ life.

ROBERT MACDOUGALL.

Harvard University.

The lives that make the world so sweet
Are shy, and hide like the humble flowers.
We pass them by with our careless feet,
Nor dream 'tis their fragrance fills the bower
And cheers and comforts us hour by hour.

—Selected.

FOREIGN MISSIONS AT HOME.

BY REV. H. T. MURRAY, BIRTLE, MANITOBA.

We have, no doubt, all heard that venerable phrase regarding the futility of sending money to prosecute mission work in distant lands while we have at home those who yet need conversion. It is an ancient excuse and was heard in church courts quite frequently about a hundred years ago, and will, no doubt, be brought out by those who "care for none of these things" in the present year, with a sunrise of satisfaction in their mean little souls, as if they had found out some new thing. We know its place and value now, no one is likely to be deceived by it. It had a power of its own, being a seal on the purses of sundry close-fisted people and a wearing trouble, by reason of which some of the saints may have gone home before their time.

In these last days that excuse bids fair to be denied to those who used it in our Canadian Church. There has been sent to our shores, and is now there, that which shall be material for foreign mission work at home. The twentieth century will be big with world problems and world changes. If its dawning is to be taken as a promise of its difficult things, then every worker for Christ needs a strong hand and an earnest heart to set themselves to their tasks, for the romance of missions has been dissipated entirely and the reality is facing us. Providence has sent the heathen to people who did not seem anxious to send forth to the heathen lands.

It is not my purpose to refer to the work among the Chinese or Orientals of any kind who have come to be an element in the population of every western city. These do not assimilate into the body politic, but certain other races without that word which alone makes wise to salvation are becoming part of our national life. In these days of imperialistic ideas no man will say that our land is not large enough to afford such a problem. You have but to cross the Ottawa to find what different elements can make up a unity. The Quebec and On-

tario banks of that stream show diversities of speech and race, but one Canada, whose unity is not impaired thereby. Expect greater things from the west.

The divergencies of race and language are greater in the west. Space will not admit of any detailed description of the foreign colonies settled over these north-western prairies. Eastern papers and eastern people will insist on talking only of Galicians and Doukhobors. Eastern people have a lot to learn before they revise the Canadian geographical text books. These people are not all. We have in Manitoba and the eastern part of Assiniboina alone, and we count this as the old land now, representatives of Hungary, Bohemia, Icelanders, Mennonites in large numbers, and smaller settlements of a number of other nationalities. The foreign element is already large and constantly increasing. The presence of continental people will demand that a work like that of *Foreign Missions* be carried on among them at our doors.

Much has been written in the press about the Galicians and Doukhobors and their adaptability to this country. It would be presumption for those who see these people every week to place their opinions beside those expressed by the special newspaper correspondents who were detailed to write them up. The Galicians are interesting people, whose standards are, unfortunately, not as high as we might wish, but are a class who are thrifty and will improve. In religion they are supposedly Greek Catholics, but they have so thoroughly shaken off the bonds of clericalism that in Canada they cannot be said to have any church organization. They must be given the gospel, or we may expect that this element of our population, already numbering many thousands, will drift in the way of the godless, and history has marked in large red letters what is the direction of such drifting. The Doukhobors—and all shades of violence have been done to the pronouncing of that name, which those who know them best have rendered simply "Dukes"—are a more interesting race. The Russian Quakers are not like any other element in the population. They are a picturesque people, whether one is to look on their villages, where the law and practice of the Commune seems to have

full sway, or whether one sees them laboring in the harvest, or working in construction gangs on the new railway lines. Their peculiar dress and the fraternal spirit which characterizes them, at once arrests the attention. They are a primitive people, not yet affected by that which we regard as modern influences. Simple minded to an astonishing degree, their honesty is beyond all question. This people will not need to advance far in western ways before they will meet with serious dangers. Their primitive habits will hardly outlast the next generation, and may be pretty thoroughly obliterated in the present one. Much that now lends stability to the character was the result of precautions which they were forced to adopt in the days of Russian oppression. Under a new set of conditions the new found liberty may involve them in other worse forms of bondage. It is a question just how long they may stand out against the dangers of frontier temptations, which have often before been a stumbling block to steady character and sobriety. These men have not the Word of God circulated among them to any considerable extent. Their religion is a system of ethics at the best, and ethics do not successfully withstand the money-grabbing and debauching influences that are at work in this new country. Illiteracy is prevalent to a very large extent, and the true state of spiritual things may be well estimated by the following incident:—The Agent of the Bible Society visited the immigration sheds at Yorkton last fall in order to ascertain in what language the Scriptures could be circulated among the Doukhobors. In an assemblage of about 130 souls, surrounded by all their worldly possessions, not a copy of the Old or New Testament could be found in any language, and the elders of the band had only vague impressions that a copy of one of the gospels existed in a colony that was fifty miles away. If these people are to maintain their present standards the church needs to circulate the Scriptures and establish schools among them at once. Delay will involve serious dangers to church and state.

These races are nearer to us than Chinese, Indians, Hindoos or any other class to whom we at present are sending Missionaries. They deposit their ballot with ours at the polls, and

have a voice in the making of the nation. Practically nothing has been done to give them the ordinance, or even to place the Word within their reach. They number already many thousands, and each season will see their number augmented. There has come to the Presbyterian church in Canada, at this the beginning of a new century, such a chance to do the Lord's work as history has seldom seen. The neglect of the "open door" will mean disaster of a serious kind.

We look before and after,
And pine for what is not :
Our sincerest laughter
With some pain to fraught :
Our sweetest songs are those that
Tell of saddest thought.

—*Shelley.*

THE MISSION OF THE YOUNG PEOPLE IN THE CHURCH.

REV. J. M. ROBINSON, B. A., MONCTON, N. B.

We would begin by saying that the young people are already in the church, and the thing to determine is their mission. There is too much laxity of thought nowadays in regard to the standing of our young people; and so, frequently, it transpires that we are making great efforts to get them in the church, whereas it should be to get them to be active in the church. Why should we reverse the order of things which has existed from the beginning? They were always in, and we have no right by word or act to put them out. We should not even in thought ostracize them. We have, however, a perfect right, and it is our bounden duty to discover their true mission, and, if possible, to get them actively engaged in the performance of their work with all the freshness, strength and beauty of their young lives.

The young people are the children of the church. Their parents for the most part are members in full communion in the church. With but few exceptions they are themselves baptized members of the church. The sooner we rid ourselves of the notion that they are outside, needing consequently to be brought in, the better for all concerned. The sooner we can make clear to the young people that they already belong to the church, and that the church has claims upon them, as well as being responsible for them, the better for them and the church too. It is feared that at this very point we may have erred a good deal in the past. And are they then not to be taught the need of regeneration, and the duty of a public profession of their faith in Jesus, the Christ? Certainly they are. To teach them that they belong to the church does not conflict with this—it rather makes it incumbent upon them. That they should undertake for themselves what their parents have undertaken for them, when in infancy they presented them in baptism, or that they should undertake for themselves what their parents have neglected to

undertake for them, and by a public profession of faith enter into full communion, goes almost without saying. It is both their duty and privilege. Indeed it is a part of their mission in the church. But even before they have been brought to see this, their activities should be drawn out in the church, for they are members of the church.

What a glorious period youth is! How full of hope, vigor, zeal, enthusiasm, life! Youth must be active in some sphere. Let that activity be largely and properly directed to the advancement of the true interests of the church, and how soon would there come a transformation—how soon would the desert of church coldness, deadness and indifference rejoice and blossom as a rose! The church stands more in need of the active service of the young people within her own borders to-day than of any other human agency. The youth are the hope of the church. What they make her she shall be in the next generation, perchance during the next century. They can make her strong or powerless as they choose. All eyes turned to the babe of Bethlehem, to the youth of Nazareth, nineteen hundred years ago. Is it too much to say that all eyes turn to the young people of the church to-day? To some considerable extent they are awakening to the importance of the situation. But will they fulfil their mission to completeness? Will they come up to the help of the Lord against the mighty with all their powers? Theirs is indeed a great work, a Christlike mission.

It is no new thing that the freshest and the best is required in the Lord's service. The first of the first-fruits of the land in every harvest, under the old economy, was for the service of the Lord in his own house. The first-born, both of man and beast, he claimed for himself. If the king of Babylon would have those only to stand before him who were young, well-favored, without blemish, and possessed of great ability, shall the King of kings have none in his service but those who have passed the stage of youth, have entered mid-life, perchance have grown old? Surely he demands the freshest part of our lives—the service of our youth, as well as that of our maturer years. That church that neglects to

enlist the service of the young in all her work taps the tree at the very root, and thus loses the life-blood for its sustenance, growth and fruitage. "Ye shall not see my face," said Joseph to his brethren, "except you bring your younger brother with you." How can we, the older members of the church, the office-bearers and teachers, dare to approach into His presence, of whom Joseph was the merest type, unless we at least have put forth every effort within our power to bring with us the young people in the fulness of their activity?

But yet, to a large extent, the question as to the mission of the young people in the church remains unanswered. In a word may it not thus be defined: To do anything and everything of which they are capable, for the advancement of the Master's kingdom, under proper direction. Now, it is as true of young people, as of those who have grown older, that there are diversities of gifts. It too often occurs that the young hesitate to do anything because they feel themselves incapable of doing some great thing. They, like their seniors, forget that the little thing may in the estimation of the Master be large, and that he has said, "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye did it unto me." The cordial shake of the hand and the kindly greeting if given in the right spirit, may issue in great results. There is something that each one can do, and the highest praise bestowed was, "She hath done what she could." To that degree we all may attain, if we but will. The boy with the broken and rejected bits of glass and stone from the floor of the artist's studio, produced a greater mosaic than the artist ever could, and yet he shrank from having his work discovered, so poor he thought it to be. Sebastian little dreamed, as he watched Murillo, and secretly made use of the painter's brush, that he was producing a work of art that would far outstrip any that had ever come from the hand of his master. It is not always when we think we are doing some great thing that our labor accomplishes most, and receives the highest commendation.

“There is no little and there is no much :
We weigh and measure and define in vain,
A look, a word, a light responsive touch
Can be the ministers of joy or pain.
A man can die of hunger, walled in gold,
A crumb may quicken hope to stronger breath,
And every day we give or we withhold
Some little thing which tells for life or death.”

To encourage others in the work is a service each can render. The young as well as the old can see to it that they at least place no obstruction in the way of others. If all the young people were to strike this attitude, and perform this office, as in their various spheres they did the work of the Lord, we would speedily be brought into the dawn of the millennium.

And now to be still more definite about the mission of the young people in the church, let us briefly consider these questions :

1. Is it not, by bringing new life and joy into the church, to make her more what she really ought to be—a home? The church that does not have the bustle and noise of childhood is as dull and cheerless as the home where no children romp and play. The active presence of children in the home is the normal condition of things, and is productive of both life and joy on the part of the older members. Take away that activity by sickness, or removal in any form, and you take away the real life and joy of the home. And cannot the same be said of the young people in the church? Their very presence in a large degree fulfils their mission; but when they are active in all kinds of work of which they are capable, how enlivened and joyous the church becomes. Let that activity be withheld, or removed in any way, and coldness and cheerlessness are sure to follow. There must be a continuous supply of this new joyous life, or the church will not fill out the idea of a true home. To furnish this supply is certainly a part of the mission of the young people in the church.

2. Is it not to draw out the best that is in the older members? As the children in the home draw out the best elements of their parents, thus oftentimes making new men and women of them, so the young people in the church develop the very best elements of their seniors. The tenderest cords of the hearts of the older ones in the home are touched, and respond to that touch, by the incoming of childhood and youth. Shall their active presence in the church not perform the same office? Do the young complain in any case of present methods, or lack of opportunity for work? Let them make use of the winning arts so well known to them in dealing with their parents, and others of mature age in the household, and a marvellous change will soon take place. Have we not seen homes remodeled, things modernized, and new methods adopted under the influence of young people? A similar work in proper lines they should perform in the church—it is their mission. Samuel moulds Eli while he serves and assists that aged man of God in sacred things. The very best elements of the old man's nature are brought into play by his youthful companion in labor. At the same time Eli's influence and training lay the foundation of Samuel's future greatness as prophet and judge.

3. Is it not to prepare to take the places of the older members? The student is fulfilling his mission quite as much during his preparatory course as he is when he has formally entered upon his life work. Timothy was fulfilling his mission quite as much when he was drinking in biblical instruction from his mother and grandmother, and living a pure, boyish life, as he was when having been set apart by the laying on of the hands of the Presbytery, and solemnly charged by the Apostle Paul, he began the active duties of the gospel ministry. The young people in the church are fulfilling their mission now, in performance of faithful work in Sabbath School and Young People's Society, and otherwise as they may have opportunity, quite as much as when other and more responsive duties fall upon them. This is a part of their mission in the church, and in the fulfilment of it they are making the best possible preparation for the positions now occupied by those who are older.

4. Is it not to seize every opportunity to do what they know to be right? The little Hebrew maid can direct her Syrian master to the prophet of Israel, whose prescription when made use of, will cure his leprosy. Daniel can take his stand in the midst of a heathen court against his defilement with the king's portion and the wine that he drank. The three Hebrew youths can brave the fiery furnace rather than bow before a false god. David, the stripling, can go out with only sling and stone and faith against the armoured giant of Gath who has defied the God of the armies of Israel. The little lad, with the five barley loaves and two small fishes, the blessing of the Master, and the good offices of the disciples, can feed five thousand men, besides women and children, and have more left than when he gave his full store.

The mission of the young people in the Church is to do what they can, as opportunity presents itself, to extend the Master's cause and Kingdom, whether it be by speaking for him, or taking a firm stand for the right, or giving of what they have, in time, labor or money, looking to him in all things for his guidance and blessing.

5. But to sum up all, is not the mission of the young people in the church, since they are part and parcel of the church, the mission of the church? Yes, more, is it not the mission of the King and Head of the church, who came not to be ministered unto but to minister, who came to seek and to save the lost? Can we distinguish between the mission of Christ and his church? What a mission then is set before the young people in the church: It is the mission of the Christ. It is to shed forth the true light of the Sun of Righteousness by their life, walk, and conversation, in the midst of the darkness of the sin of this world, as the moon sheds forth the light of the sun in the heavens, not for a little time, but throughout the livelong night, until that borrowed light is lost in the brightness of the sun in the new day. As in the case of the moon, clouds may flit across and betimes obscure the light which the young people in the church reflect; spots too, which can be seen with the naked eye, may to some extent mar their Christian beauty; but still, like the orb of night, it is their mission to shine on, until their brightness is swallowed up in the glorious day dawn of heaven.

ROMAN CATHOLIC AGGRESSIVENESS.

REV. CALVIN E. AMARON, D.D.

The Roman Catholic Church claims to be the only true church of Jesus Christ. She possesses the treasure of truth. God has vested all authority and power in the infallible head of the church, the pope of Rome. He alone can interpret the Word of God without error.

It is not to be wondered at, that a church which holds such views, should be aggressive. In her palmy days she deemed it her duty to compel men to enter her fold, not by persuasion only, but by the sword and the rack. Deprived of much of the temporal power she once exercised, she has betaken herself to another method of warfare against what she calls heresy. She is adopting the more rational and Christian method of preaching her erroneous dogmas to adherents of the Protestant evangelical truth.

During the month of January, Father Younan, a priest belonging to the order of the Paulists, whose headquarters are in New York, delivered a series of sermons in St. Patrick's Church, Montreal. These sermons were designated for Protestants, with the view of leading them to abandon their faith, to embrace the doctrines of the Roman Catholic church. Roman Catholics were not expected to attend the services of this mission, unless it was to bring with them a Protestant friend. The church was crowded night after night. What proportion of the audience was formed of Protestants, is difficult to say. It is known that many went to hear Father Younan. Such questions as the following were discussed: The authority of the Bible, Auricular Confession, the Real Presence, Papal infallibility. The speaker was cautious, avoided denunciation, interwove passages of Scripture in his addresses, which were of a character to attract and convince uninformed Protestants, unaccustomed to the subtleties of Roman controversy.

At the close of last month, twelve baptisms were reported, and it was stated that there was a class of inquirers, composed of five hundred members, under instruction.

What are we to think of this aggressive movement? Is it worth our while to give it any thought? If so, what measures are we going to take to meet it?

1. Personally, I am not sorry that such action should have been taken by the Paulist Father, with the approbation of Archbishop Bruchesi, and this for two principal reasons. In the first place, it may be one of the means God has purposed to take to awaken Protestantism. It has been the general complaint that the Protestant spirit has been asleep, and almost dead for years. Those engaged in the God imposed work of giving the Gospel to the benighted Romanists of Canada, have met almost as much indifference and opposition from Protestantism as from Romanism for some years past. It is possible that if a few hundreds of Protestants are taken away from their churches, daughters from their mothers, sons from their fathers, to be buried alive in convents and monasteries, the true inwardness of Romanism may become more clearly understood, and the duty of proclaiming the truth of the Gospel may impose itself.

In the second place, the Archbishop of Montreal is teaching the Protestants of Canada a lesson which might well make many blush. Believing that he has the truth, necessity is laid on him to make it known to those around him who ignore it. Not only is it his right, but it is his duty so to do.

Will Protestant ministers and others who have been indifferent to the great evangelization work committed to our church in Canada, and especially those who have opposed it, take the lesson or will they continue to turn the cold shoulder to those who are laboring in the midst of so many difficulties, and who persist in their efforts, because they say: Woe be unto me if I preach not the *Gospel* to Romanists who are in error? The Archbishop is simply applying a principle in which all rational men believe, a principle which lies at the basis of Protestantism, a principle which Christ taught and practiced, namely, that it is the privilege and duty of an honest, sincere man, to make known to a fellow-man what he believes to be the truth which helps and saves.

We have reason to hope that the opponents of French evangelization will now become its warm supporters, and that no Protestant pulpit shall put itself on record, as being behind Romanism, in the discussion of questions which so widely divide Christians.

2. It would be a mistake to make light of the propaganda work of the Paulist Fathers. The French Presbyterian Church of Canada has little to fear from them, for the simple reason that its members are well grounded. They know Romanism, they understand its dogmas, and are quite prepared to refute them Bible in hand.

It is not too much to say that in the ranks of English Protestantism, for one who is familiar with the distinctive doctrines of Romanism, and qualified to refute them successfully, you find nine of whom the reverse can be said. Why? Because the subject has been ignored. The pulpit has been silent. Romanism has been considered as one of the fruitful branches of the Church of Christ, instead of a dry and fruitless one.

If, out of the five hundred Protestant inquirers who are said to be under the instruction of Father Younan, a large proportion were won over to the errors of Romanism, there would be nothing extraordinary. It would be strange if it were otherwise. The danger which threatens many souls should not be minimized. As guardians of young souls, the pastors of Montreal are called upon to seek the guidance of God and act.

3. The Presbyterian Ministerial Association of Montreal has not been slow in taking action. It has been pretty generally agreed, that the duty of setting before the people the distinctive features of the Protestant evangelical faith imposes itself. Several pastors have begun a course of evening sermons on these topics.

It has also been agreed to invite the Rev. Jas. A. O'Connor, of New York, to inaugurate a course of Sunday evening lectures in Knox Church, Montreal. Mr. O'Connor was converted from Romanism some fifteen years ago, and has carried on a mission for Roman Catholics in New York all these

years with success. In these lectures the distinctive features of the Protestant faith will be clearly set forth and contrasted with the correspondent Romish error. Suitable literature will be distributed at the close of the addresses. It is hoped in this way to furnish Protestants with needed information, by which they will be established in the faith. No doubt many Roman Catholics will be glad to avail themselves of the opportunity to hear the other side of the question. Let us ask God to guide all events for the furtherance of the Gospel

How'er you babble great deeds cannot die,
They with the sun and moon renew their light
Forever blessing those who look on them.

—Tennyson.

College Note Book.

STUDENT LIFE.

It seems to be the desire of most of the boys outside of the 3rd year Theology that the JOURNAL should this year also be the medium of acquainting the friends of that significant year with the latters' most salient points. It is not the aim, however, of the following short sketches to laud the members of the graduating class up to the skies, and if any of the illustrious personages of the class feel too elated at their popularity we would respectfully remind them that the Man in the Moon is talked of a great deal. All we hope for in writing these dangerous notices is to tell the truth, a part of the truth, and nothing but the truth.

Louis Abram is constituted like other men, that is, body and soul (See Bib. Theol. Notes). The first part of him is of convenient proportions, the last is larger than the same part in most ordinary men. C'est un Français du vieux pays, homme très consciencieux et sincère; toujours gai. He hails from Montécheroux, and belongs to an old family of Huguenot stock, remarkable for their piety, which has stood him in good stead in his many discouragements and trials. Abram has acquitted himself like a man since coming to Canada, eight years ago—rendering good service to the Pte. aux Trembles Schools, and afterwards in the most difficult of the Mission fields of the Church.

Hugh Ferguson now attracts our attention. Born in MacLaren's Depot, of ordinary height and weight. Hugh is a well-meaning boy, very cautious in his movements, and a hearty eater, being very fond of raw fruit in the morning and porridge at night. Has married a wife, and speaks enthusiastically of the felicity of the hymenial state. Fergie has done faithful work on the Mission Fields, which leads us to predict for him a career of Christian usefulness.

John G. Hobman comes to us from Manitoba College, so that his former exploits, the brave deeds that he did, are not known to us, but are most likely written down in the chronicles of the (Dr.) King, of Winnipeg. He is a good student, as is manifested in some of his class exercises and sermons. Very practical in his method. We would venture this reminder to the congregation contemplating a call: Judge not according to outward appearance, but judge righteous judgment. He has oft cheered the hearts of the weary, forlorn "boy" in the halls by the use of his songs and instrument of some fifteen strings. By these, or other as fascinating, means, he captivated for himself a helpmeet. Hobman is practically a self-made man, making his way in the world since his early boyhood.

William David Turner was born of pious parents about 26 years ago, and has grown to be a man of tall stature and good girth. His native place is near Appleton, a large village in the Ottawa valley, containing two Protestant churches and two mills and several dwelling houses, etc. Came to College six years ago, and has since taken the degree of B.A. from the University. He is fond of preaching and gets a good share of it to do, both out of the College halls and in. Turner is very susceptible to the charms of the fair sex, and is not yet engaged, according to his own statement. Was last year Business Manager of the JOURNAL, being somewhat of a business turn of mind and apt at curious calculations of profit and loss. He is very kind-hearted, taking great pleasure in doing good.

Hector MacKay will next pass in review. MacKay has read the dictionary of the English language (and it would seem of the Latin also), and can tell the story word for word nearly. Has also read a great many other books. He has, however, an opinion of his own, as the Elocution Master will be able to testify. Hector is a strong man on a platform, having the convenient faculty of making a little knowledge go a long way. He served on the JOURNAL staff, where he gave good service with his weighty pen.

ALL AMONG OURSELVES.

Language is utterly inadequate to describe the sounds that greeted the ears of the "good boys" who went to bed at the proper hour on the evening of Jan. 25th. Some two or three vagabonds who had gone out "to spend the evening," on their return—no man knows exactly at what hour in the morning—took to bawling: "There are no flies on us." Next they went to several of the rooms to assist the occupants to roll over, and sought game in Stewart's room, only to find the door securely locked. They then did the next best thing, viz., politely requested him to wake and turn on his other side. Just as they were beginning to glory in their fancied success, a low, ominous sound came to their ears, as from some mighty man of valor rudely awakened from his slumber, who might be preparing to take vengeance on the intruders with water-pail, etc. They took the hint, and if there were no "flies" on them at first, they each got a "fly" on, and took refuge in their "dens." They found next morning that they had done as the wicked who "flee when none pursue," for Stewart was safe, far away in the country, whither he had gone to pass a few days beside a hospitable fireside.

Swinton (to student at his door)—"I'm awfully busy."

J. D. M.—"Throw a book at him, Swinton."

Robertson—"He couldn't spare a book long enough."

H—b—n.—"Eggs are 50 cents a dozen, now."

Pidgeon.—"I wish I was a hen."

D. M.—"Well, fellows, did you find the walk long from Montreal West?"

*Fellows—"No, not at all; we stopped at the Half-way House."

Record breakers:

G. Y. at St. G. preaching 37 min. by the church clock, but 45 min. by the watches of the audience.

W. P. T. in suburban church preaching till the lights went out.

Laverie—"The ship had to be repaired immediately, so, as special men were called on, I was engaged." We learn that, on the first voyage after repairs, the vessel went down with forty men on board.

Who were they ?

A popular minister and a student were asked, while traveling on the train, recently, what brewery they represented ?

D. M.—"I must go and have a sleep."

Med.—"It's a medical un wisdom to sleep after meals."

D. M.—"Oh, but I was only in the dining-hall."

Scene on the eve of the exam. in Homiletics.

A.B.—"Say, Brown, what's a homily ?"

Br.—"Gosh ! I don't know ; do you ?"

Voice from No. 10—"I'll tell you : homo a man, and ly (Lee) a little preacher.

SELECTED ALLSPICE.

Dr. Talmage's youngest daughter was very fond of evening gaieties, and, as a consequence, sometimes slept late in the morning. One morning she was greeted with the stern gaze of her parent and received the depressing salutation :

"Good morning, daughter of sin."

"Good morning, father," was her rejoinder.

At a recent S.S. Convention of a Presbytery, not a thousand miles from here, a graduate of our College was telling how well his Bible class had done during the past year, even though he, their teacher, was absent over half the time. The representative of the Century Fund, who happened to be there, suggested that if the minister were absent from his class all next year, they would contribute double. At this suggestion, our graduate, rising to his feet, told the following story : "A little boy had swallowed a sixpence. His mother, in great alarm hastened to send for the doctor. 'No, ma, send for the minister,' screamed the little boy. 'The minister ? Why, it's the doctor you mean.' 'No, no, it's the minister ; because pa said if anyone could get money out of a man, the

minister could." "Ladies and gentlemen," added the speaker, "I think the representative of the Century Fund who is here to-day must have been that minister."

Gotroks—"Here, Patrick, here's a fat little pig for Xmas roasting."

Pat. (gratefully)--"Thank yez, sorr, it's just loike yez, sorr."

Bishop Gagan is noted both for his self-sacrificing ministry and his deep wit. We give two examples of the latter. He was driving along the road one day, after a heavy rain had left the roads in a muddy condition. But the clouds had quite cleared away. The Bishop met an old farmer who saluted him with, "Good day, sir; it's a fine day over head." "Yes, answered the ecclesiastic, but there are not many going that way."

On another occasion, he was dining with a friend of his who had a very large appetite, which he always did his best to appease. After a moment's reflexion, the Bishop said: "I think, William, you ought to wear a plaid vest." "Why—what would I do that for?" "You would thereby put a check on your stomach."
G. W. T.

OUR GRADUATES.

Rev. J. Taylor, B.A., of Alwyn, has declined the call to East Gloucester.

Rev. Wylve C. Clark, of Brampton, lately assisted in the opening of a new church at Arthur, Ont.

Rev. A. C. Reeves, B.A., of Lakefield, has accepted a call to Campbellford, and was inducted there on January 18th.

While visiting Vancouver, B.C., Rev. J. C. Stewart, B.A., of Kamloops, supplied the pulpit of Mount Pleasant Church.

The congregation of Bearbrooke and Navan, Ont., presented their pastor, Rev. E. J. Shaw, with an address and a purse of \$25.

The congregation of Balderson, Ont., of which Rev. J. S. MacIlraith is pastor, are contemplating building a new church.

Rev. W. J. Dey, M.A., who graduated in 1875, has completed the tenth year of his pastorate in St. Paul's Church, Simcoe.

It is with deep regret that we learn of the death of Robert, eldest son of Rev. R. MacNab, B.A., of Beechburg, Ont., who died quite suddenly a few days ago.

Rev. H. C. Sutherland, B.A., B.D., of Carman, Man., is delivering a course of lectures on the Pilgrim's Progress to his congregation. The course will run throughout the winter.

Rev. D. Currie, M.A., B.D., of Perth, Ont., recently preached annual missionary addresses in Middleville and on the following Monday evening he lectured in the New Hall, on "A Trip through Great Britain," to a large and delighted audience.

Rev. A. Mahaffy, B.A., of Milton, has accepted a call to Port Elgin, Ont. The salary promised is \$850 and a manse, with four weeks' holidays. The JOURNAL congratulates Mr. Mahaffy on his recent marriage. This item of news escaped our notice last month.

Rev. N. A. MacLeod, B.D., of New Edinburgh, Que., was presented with a gold headed cane by the people of Apple Hill. This was to show Mr. MacLeod their appreciation of his services during the two weeks in which he assisted Rev. D. D. MacLennan with revival services.

The congregation of East Gloucester has decided to give a call to Rev. D. D. Millar, their former pastor, if he is willing to accept when he leaves college in the spring. This speaks well for Mr. Millar's labour in that place. We understand that he has also received a call to Hemmingford, Que.

Rev. J. R. MacLeod, of St. Andrew's Church, Three Rivers was presented on Christmas eve with a rich Geneva pulpit gown and cassock, by his congregation as a token of their esteem and love. Other members of the family were also given evidence of the congregation's interest in them.

The Rev. Jas. Nairn, late pastor of St. Lambert's Presbyterian church, has received a call from the East India Road Presbyterian church, London, Eng., and was inducted to that important charge on December 23 ult. Mr. Nairn is a graduate of the Presbyterian College of Montreal—class '98.

Rev. J. A. MacFarlane, M.A., of Ottawa, has just finished holding a two weeks' series of meetings at New Edinburgh in connection with the Canadian Bible Institute. The first week was devoted to a study of the tabernacle; the second to the Biblical incidents and scenes of Palestine, with special attention to Bethlehem and Jerusalem.

Rev. E. A. MacKenzie, B.A., B.D., late of Chesley, was inducted as minister of St. Matthew's Church, Point St. Charles, on Thursday evening, January 4th, in the presence of a large congregation, including representatives from various city churches. On Friday evening a reception was held in the church parlours for Mr. MacKenzie. On Sabbath morning, Jan. 7th, Mr. MacKenzie was introduced to the congregation by Rev. Prof. Scrimger, D.D., who conducted the service and preached an appropriate sermon.

Rev. R. Douglas Fraser, M.A., publisher of the Sabbath School papers, lately preached in Woodbridge Presbyterian church, and in his sermons made reference to the serious crisis in South Africa, to the Canadian Contingent being on the scene of action and to the readiness of Canada to stand by the Queen and Empire in their time of trouble.

Rev. G. D. Bayne, Ph.D., has been twelve years minister of Pembroke, Ont. During that time over 700 members have been added to the church, \$72,000 have been raised for all purposes, including a debt of \$8,000. The congregation is now aiming at \$6,000 for the century fund. The attendance at church services is now larger than at any former time.

Rev. Dr. Herridge, pastor of St. Andrew's Church, Ottawa, returned home recently from the East, where he has spent the past few weeks in search of health. Dr. Herridge is quite recovered and occupied his pulpit at both services on Jan. 7th,

and addressed the Sabbath School in the afternoon. Principal MacVicar, of Montreal, conducted anniversary services during the Christmas holidays.

On graduating in 1896, Rev. Geo. Gilmore at once went to London to take charge of St. George's Church, London Jct., and to assist Rev. Dr. Johnston. Then the work was not in a very prosperous condition, but under Mr. Gilmore's labors, in three years a beautiful church building had been erected, a manse secured, a congregation of over 200 gathered and large additions have been made to the membership.

The anniversary services of St. Andrew's Church, Winnipeg, are to be held on Jan. 28th, when Rev. Robt. Johnston, D. D., of London, Ont., will preach, and on Monday evening he will deliver a lecture on "Scotch Heroes in Church and State." Dr. Johnston is one of the most eloquent ministers of our Church. If we mistake not this will be his first visit to the West, and we would like to advise the people of Winnipeg to make a note of the above dates and to make sure of hearing him.—*Western Presbyterian*.

We clip the following item from a Western paper in which one of last year's graduates figures prominently. Speaking of a wedding the Moose Jaw *Times* says: "The young couple had the honor of being the first to be united in the holy bonds of matrimony by Rev. Samuel MacLean, B.A., who had just been ordained the previous afternoon. This being his first experience, the reverend gentleman exercised much care, and the nuptial knot was securely tied with great precision."

We hope soon to record Mr. McLean's own marriage.

The Boissevain *Recorder* says of the church at Breadalbane, recently opened by Rev. A. Currie, B.A., of Wawanesa who graduated in '86: "The church is a particularly pretty little edifice, both outside and in, and has a seating capacity of about one hundred and sixty." We are sorry to hear of Mr. Currie's resignation. Owing to ill-health he has to give up all work and is coming to Montreal to consult a specialist regarding his eyes, as he has been ordered to rest for at least

a year. For eight years he has labored in Wawanesa and his congregation regrets very much to part with him. Recently they presented Mr. Currie with an address and a purse of \$100.

The people of St. Andrew's Church, Carleton Place, are to be congratulated on the success of their anniversary services, which were held on Jan. 14th. Rev. Dr. MacDonald, of Dundee, preached in the morning and evening. On Monday evening, Jan. 15th, the annual soiree was held, which was a decided success. The principal event of the evening was the address of Rev. Dr. MacDonald, who was for many years pastor of that congregation. Rev. G. A. Woodside, M.A., is now pastor, and under his guidance this congregation will continue to prosper.

It was the good fortune of the corresponding editor to spend the Christmas holidays not far from Rev. P. A. Walker, who is settled at Burke Centre, N.Y. On all sides the best of reports were heard. A donation party was held at the manse on Jan. 5th, at which a large number of the congregation and people from the surrounding country were present. Mr. Walker's predecessor remained in this congregation 51 years, but already the people are fearing they will lose their pastor as he has on several occasions declined calls from other large and influential churches.

Very interesting accounts have lately reached us from Chipman, N.Y., where Rev. James Robertson is settled as pastor of the Scotch Church. This congregation was organized in 1819. Mr. Robertson is its third pastor, and it seems as if he is likely to remain in this place as long as his predecessors, as he has labored with good success since 1884. One pleasing feature of the work is his success among the young people. There are only 20 over 14 years of age in the congregation who are not members of the Church. In 16 years 225 have joined the church, of whom 48 have been removed by letter and 9 by death. The present membership of the congregation is 259. Nine years ago a church building was erected

at a cost of \$10,000 and was dedicated six months later free of debt. The contributions of the people for the different Boards of the Church continue to increase from year to year.

Last week we witnessed in Montreal a somewhat novel sight—a mission to Protestants conducted by the Rev. Father Younan, under the auspices of the Roman Catholic Church. The good father is so subtle in his perversion of Scripture texts that he carries his hearers along with him unless they are well-grounded in the truth. Of course there are many who are not, and we should not be at all surprised to hear of some conversions to popery. The Rev. Mr. Duclos, of Gacroix church, and the Rev. Dr. Amaron, of St. John's church, have replied successfully to his teaching from their pulpits.—*Westminster.*

Jan. 11th was a red-letter day in the history of the Presbyterians of Burnstown, Renfrew Co., Ont., it being the occasion of the opening of their handsome new brick church which has just been completed. Rev. Dr. Moore, of Ottawa, was the special preacher. Other clergymen present were Rev. Messrs. Mitchell, Rattray, MacLean, Taylor and the pastor, Rev. D. J. Graham. During the day, addresses were delivered by the Hon. F. R. Latchford, M.P., Mr. John Ferguson, M.P., and Mr. Thomas Mackie, M.P. The services were largely attended throughout the day, large numbers being present from the surrounding towns and country. The collections taken up for the building fund were very large. The music, which was rendered by a strong choir, elicited much praise.

Nine years ago Rev. J. C. Martin, B.A., who was pastor of Dundee, Que., resigned his charge and offered himself to the American Board as a Foreign Missionary. This offer was accepted and in 1890 Mr. and Mrs. Martin went to Tarsus where they remained one year. In 1892 they removed to Hajin, Turkey, where abundant success has crowned their labors. The work has received many set backs owing to Armenian massacres and the hostile attitude of the Turkish government. The missionaries themselves were scarcely safe, as Mr. Martin

was at one time made prisoner by the Turks and was only released at the demand of the American Consul. Mission work is carried on at many stations under the supervision of Mr. Martin. At Hajin there is a school containing 900 pupils, besides several other schools in outlying districts. One great feature of the educational work is the Y. M. C. A. of Hajin, which has greatly aided the missionaries. Mr. Martin has been several times attacked by malaria fever but has continued at his post all along except during the winter of 1898, when he and his family removed to Cairo, Egypt, for a few months. His many friends will be glad to learn of his return to Canada this next summer on a furlong.

The *Presbyterian Quarterly*, representing the Presbyterian Church (South), does not hesitate to express its admiration for other churches, as the following shows. The reference is to the address of Rev. Dr. Johnston, of London, at the Pan-Presbyterian Council at Washington: "The pulpit of the New York Avenue Church is spread-eagle . . . but the spread-eagle met his match. Dr. Thompson, Home Mission Secretary of the Northern Church, spoke on Tuesday night of the great work the Northern Assembly is doing. It is a magnificent work, and the temptation was a great one to make as fine a display as possible before the visitors from the South. But Canada's turn came next, and Canada was represented by a tall, black bearded, clear voiced speaker, full of native eloquence and loyal to his Church. Somehow, as he proceeded, the Home Mission Work just before mentioned, grew smaller and smaller, until it became insignificant. It was the most complete triumph of the Council, and when Dr. Johnston sat down, the Canadian Church had taken the position as the model Home Mission Church, and the spread-eagle above alluded to, as it heard the closing periods of the address, quietly and despairingly folded its wings."

ANNUAL MEETINGS.

Gordon Church, Indian Lands, pastor, Rev. H. D. Leitch: held on Jan. 11. The different reports indicated increase in every department and balance on right side. There are 60

families and 160 communicants in the congregation. The sum of \$1,004 was contributed for the Stipend Fund and \$400 for the Schemes of the Church ; for all purposes, \$1,823. "A most encouraging year."

Knox Church, Perth, Rev. D. Currie, pastor.—Annual meeting was held on Jan. 5. Reports showed increased activity over previous years. The contributions for missions and other purposes were in advance of 1898. The adoption of the envelope system has been justified by the receipts. The open collections were the largest in the church's history. The Ladies' Aid, Sabbath-School and other organizations reported faithfulness and success. By unanimous vote the stipend was increased to \$1,300. "Mr. Currie's work is appreciated," says the *Courier*. "The congregation has made great progress during his pastorate."

D. S.

REPORTER'S FOLIO.

One of the most interesting and by no means the least important of those events which promote a friendly rivalry between the four Theological Colleges, is the annual debate. After some difficulty, caused chiefly by one of the debaters, Mr. R. B. Blythe, B.A., of the Congregational College, becoming a soldier of the Queen, it was finally decided to hold the debate this year on Jan. 18th, in the Congregational College. The subject chosen by the Committee, although a difficult one, proved to be interesting and important. Resolved:—"That a republican form of government is superior to that of a limited monarchy."

In support of the resolution the affirmative argued that the principles of republican government were essential to the success of a limited monarchy and cited instances in which the adoption of such principles had been for the advantage of the people. In an eloquent speech Mr. W.B. Heaney, B.A., of the Diocesan College, referred to the success with which republican government had grappled with the

great problems presented for solution in the history of the United States. The expense of royalty, the possibility of a corrupt monarch and the failure to recognize thoroughly the principle of human equality were the chief objections raised to a limited monarchy.

The negative, led by Mr. R. Hicks, of the Wesleyan College, refused to be tied down to the theory of government and brought forward the indisputable progress of Great Britain under a limited monarchy. Mr. Wm. Munroe, of the Congregational College, made an able speech in support of the negative side of the question. He showed how republican government had failed to bring prosperity and contentment to people by whom it had been adopted. He also referred to the solidity of the British Empire as a standing proof of the value of a limited monarchy.

The Judges, Dr. Johnston, Dean of the Faculty of Arts; Dr. Scrimger, Dr. Antliff, Prof. G. Abbot-Smith, and Prof. Creelman, gave their decision in favor of the negative.

The debate, however, was by no means the whole of the programme. Miss Thompson's singing was much enjoyed, as was very evident from the hearty encore which she received. Mr. A. E. Loye, of the Wesleyan College, proved to be a splendid reciter, while the Diocesan quartette and a solo by Mr. N. V. McLeod, of the Presbyterian College, completed the musical part of the programme.

His Honor Mr. Recorder Weir made an excellent Chairman.

The hearty singing of the National Anthem brought the meeting to a close.

The first of the exciting games of Hockey for this season was a struggle between Arts and Theology, as these two faculties are represented in the Presbyterian College. Sharp at 7 p.m. the teams lined up and five minutes after the referee, Charlie Tanner, had blown his whistle little could be seen but the flying to and fro of the puck and of excited players on their feet or in other positions which they adopted intentionally or otherwise.

It was not long till the famous player Laverie scored for the Theologs. As the puck started again it was evident to all that there was blood in Keith's eye, and he soon scored a goal for Arts. After a few minutes of exciting play, such as is seldom seen even at the Arena, the puck bounded off Stewart and to his surprise and sorrow the score stood, Arts 2—Theo. 1. The righteous wrath of the Theologs was up and Turner pursuing the puck in hot haste discommoded Mathieson and scored, Arts 2—Theo. 2. In the second half, the play was fast but no goals were scored. The teams lined up as follows:

THEOLOGY.		ARTS.	
Turner, H. H.	} Forwards	Charron	{
Wheeler,		Keith	
Cameron,		Robertson	
Laverie,		Munn	
Tanner,		Lee	
Stewart,	Cover Point	Lohead	
Thom,	Point	Mathieson	
	Goal		

The first regular meeting of the Philosophical and Literary Society was held on Friday evening, Jan. 26th, Pres. Worth in the chair. After the meeting had been opened in the usual way and the minutes of the previous meeting read and approved, Mr. A. G. Cameron favoured us with a solo which was much enjoyed by all. The reading was given by Mr. Laverie, whose Scotch accent and apparent earnestness made the subject, "Patie Pirnie's Woin'," very interesting. The subject for the debate was: Resolved:—"That it is wrong for a Christian to attend the theatre." The leader of the affirmative, Mr. H. J. Keith, B.A., showed in a logical speech the inconsistency of a man who called himself a Christian supporting that which was the cause of so much evil as he showed the theatre to be. Mr. J. G. Greig upheld the theatre-going Christian. He maintained that it was the demands of the people that had corrupted the stage, rather than the reverse, and that Christians should unite in their support of a theatre, the influence of which would tend to educate and instruct the people. Messrs. McKenzie and Swinton supported the affirmative and showed both from history and from present circum-

stances that the influence of the theatre was evil rather than good. In reply Messrs. Woodside and Cameron maintained that the demands of the theatre had been the cause of some of the best literary productions and that a Christian should not turn his back upon such an institution. After Mr. Keith had summed up the arguments of his side, the question being put to the meeting, was decided in favour of the affirmative. Mr. D. M. McLeod, B.A., gave an instructive criticism, after which the meeting closed by singing the long metre Doxology.

It is sometimes said that one half of the world does not know how the other half lives. Those of us who listened to the Rev. Dr. Robertson on Monday evening, Jan. 29th, felt that Eastern people need occasional visits from such men to know how their friends in the West are faring. The needs of the West were strongly emphasized and his appeal for men was very earnest.

The Rev. Dr. Armstrong, of Ottawa, showed the importance of the West as a training school, which furnished abundant opportunities of doing good, and of receiving a valuable experience. Both speakers showed the selfishness of the man who is always looking for an easy chair for himself.

W. G. B.

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Give me the benefits of your convictions if you have any, but keep your doubts to yourself, for I have enough of my own.—*Goethe*.

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TALKS ABOUT BOOKS.

Whether published by it or not, the Fleming H. Revell Company manages to get its imprint on most of the best theological books of the day. That company sends to the JOURNAL "The New Evangelism and Other Addresses," by the late Professor Henry Drummond, a 284 page duodecimo in simple cloth binding, which sells for a dollar and a quarter. No editor's name is given in connection with this posthumous publication, but, as Dr. George Adam Smith seems to have been left in the position of Drummond's literary executor, it is possible that he is responsible for its appearance in print. A brief editorial note says: "With the exception of the article on "The Contribution of Science to Christianity," and "Spiritual Diagnosis," which appeared in *The Expositor*, none of the following papers were intended for publication, nor were they revised by the author. In a few cases portions of the manuscript are missing; and such omissions are shown by asterisks." Posthumous works are not always to the advantage of their authors' reputations; it is not fair to give to the indiscriminate world what the writer set down for himself or for a favored few, but the editor of "The New Evangelism" is fully justified by the contents of this volume for its publication. Most of its chapters were addresses to the Free Church Theological Society of Glasgow, which he, Professor Drummond, congratulated on the free theological atmosphere in which it was its lot to do its work. They were, therefore, carefully prepared papers, submitted to thinking men of more than average intelligence; not perfunctory talks with which to fill up a space of time. They reveal the Drummond that people who knew him loved, truthful, manly, and courageous, clear of vision, single in purpose, yet ever charitable and courteous. He tells his hearers that the old forms and methods of theology are effete, and out of all sympathy with modern practical thought and speech; that sermons based on Hodge, and Owen, and Calvin, are but a jingle-jangle in deaf ears of worn out syllogisms, in which the present generation

has no living interest : but he warns them not to attack the old forms in public, not to anathematize even the Pharisees, and to be gentle and considerate with the sincerely pious of ripe age, whose religious thought has crystallized in antique theological moulds. His method is the method of Christ when He said, "I am not come to destroy, but to fulfil." The power he desired the theologian to wield is the expulsive power, not of a new dogma but, of a new principle, presented, not in syllogistic form but, in metaphor, for he says, "I go the length of holding that you never get nearer to truth than in a metaphor." This means, drive out the harsh old theological concept, without once naming it, by a new Biblical picture, appealing to the spiritual imagination, learning that, between the dangerous speculative theology of the early Greek Church and the remorseless dialectics of the Roman, there lies the *vera imago Christi*, to take into the preacher's heart, and thence to declare to men.

What Drummond says about metaphor and spiritual imagination is true. Concerning Christ, it is written, "without a parable spake He not unto them." The world of logic and philosophical system despises parable, and in so doing unwittingly despises not only nature and art, but also divine revelation. Christ spoke to Adam and Cain, to Enoch, Noah, Abraham and many more ; and what Christ said by word of mouth is God's truth. But the great bulk of inspiration was the work of the Holy Ghost, whose voice, like the speech of the heavens and the firmament, of day calling to day and night to night, is not heard. The Holy Ghost taught the prophets and apostles, not by Hebrew and Greek words to the ear but, by silent suggestion to the spirit. If you want a person to think and to be moved by thought, do not give him a wrought-out problem, or an attempt to demonstrate the undemonstrable nature of eternal verities, which will result in the mental indigestion of coarse-fed satiety on the one hand and in the irritation of disappointment on the other. Give him a sketch, a fundamental principle, a key thought, a suggestion ; and let him fill up the picture, build the superstructure, open the door of truth, lift the veil behind which the

suggested lies, by the power of his own spiritual imagination taught by the silent Spirit of all truth. Truths that people have wrought out for themselves are the only truths which thinking men care for, and the only ones that are operative in transforming life and action. The more clearly you have imagined yourself to have demonstrated the truth of a dogma in the pulpit, the more utterly a failure for all practical purposes will your sermon have been.

Drummond's first address is on the relation of the New Evangelism to Cardinal Doctrines. He says: "The very nature of truth demands from time to time a new Evangelism. At the opening of this college, we heard (Prof. Bruce's introductory lecture) that a Scotch Divine, at the Presbyterian Council in Philadelphia, found himself rebuked for using the phrase, "Progress in Theology." Theology, he was eloquently reminded, was behind us. He was pointed to the *Standards* of his Church. There is no more unfortunate word in our Church's vocabulary than "Standard." A standard is a thing that stands. Theology is a thing that moves. There must be progress in everything, and more in theology than in anything else, for the content of theology is larger and more expansive than the content of anything else. . . . Standards must move." Among the cardinal doctrines that need bringing up to date are the Conception of God, now seen in the face of Jesus; the Conception of Christ, not as a doctrinal convenience but, as a life; the Conception of Salvation, not as furnishing a status but, a religious character. Of mechanical inspiration he has written the following: "It is idle to deny that the authority of the Bible was all but gone within this generation. The old view had become absolutely untenable, misleading and mischievous. But from the hands of reverent men who have studied the *inward* characters of these books, we have again got our Bible. The theory of development, the study of the Bible as a library of religious writings rather than as a book; the treatment of the writers as authors and not as pens; the mere discovery that religion has not come out of the Bible, but that the Bible has come out of religion; these announcements have not only destroy-

ed with a breath a hundred infidel objections to Scripture, but opened up a world of new life and interest to Christian people." In the following passage, the author does not refer to the Bible, but to a theological system: "An infallible standard is a temptation to a mechanical faith. Infallibility always paralyzes. It gives rest, but it is the rest of stagnation. Men make one great act of faith at the beginning of their lives—then have done with it for ever. All moral, intellectual, and spiritual effort is over; and a cheap theology ends in a cheap life."

The late Professor Drummond was not enamoured of the Higher Criticism; here are his words. "Modern Criticism in this country, especially of the Old Testament, is not in a good way. The permission to embark upon it at all is sudden, and very few men are sufficiently equipped for a responsible reconstruction. Probably in Old Testament criticism there are not ten competent experts in the country, and these are all more or less disagreed, and, what is more, afraid to announce their disagreements lest the others should turn and rend them. One of the greatest of these ten has just written an important book. I happen to know that it is being handed about among the other nine for a review in a certain high-class theological monthly and not a man of them will touch it." The position of the author towards the theory of evolution appears in the chapter on The Contribution of Science to Christianity. He says: "That this doctrine is proved yet, no one will assert. That in some of its forms, it is never likely to be proved, many are convinced. It will be time for theology to be unanimous about it when science is unanimous about it. Yet it would be idle to deny that in a general form it has received the widest assent from theology." The chapter on The Survival of the Fittest applies this evolutionary law to the result of time probation as a fitness for everlasting destiny, in other words, the judgment, as a judgment of humanity by its own thoughts and deeds. In this connection, the author appears to quote the late D. L. Moody: "As the evangelist said of Emerson, 'Emerson was one of the most beautiful souls I ever knew. There is something wrong with

his machinery somewhere, but I do not know what it is, for I never heard it jar. He cannot be lost, for if he went to hell, the devil would not know what to do with him." There are a hundred more suggestive things in this delightful volume, not the least of which are in the chapter on The Third Kingdom, which is the Spiritual, differentiated by miracle from the Organic, as that is from the Inorganic, by an allied supernatural process; but the Talker must pass on to pastures new, recommending all thinkers on problems theological not to neglect "The New Evangelism."

A Christmas gift to the Talker from a well-known friend of the College is "The Epistle to the Hebrews, the First Apology for Christianity," by the Rev. Professor A. B. Bruce, D.D., an 8vo. of 451 pages, neatly bound in cloth, and published on this side the Atlantic by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. Before I was called to my chair in this College, it was in contemplation by some of its friends to invite Mr. Bruce, then, I think, the Free Church Minister of Broughty Ferry, to assume its duties. Within a short time, he has gone to join the great majority, not full of years indeed, but of literary honours and leaving a memory to be highly respected. In writing his commentary upon the Epistle to the Hebrews, he made use of existing material furnished by Weiss and Van Soden, Ménégoz, Westcott, Vaughan and Milligan, and through them found his way back to the interpreters of older date, such as the Dutch divines, the reformers, and finally the fathers. The title of Dr. Bruce's last work shows that he approached it in the light of an apology to the Jews for the Christian religion. The student of early apologetic cannot fail to notice the oft reiterated pagan charge of a want of reality in Christian worship. In the simple services described by Pliny the younger, Justin Martyr, and Tertullian, there were few appeals to the senses; no gorgeous temple full of life-like statuary, altars of sacrifice and incense, no robed priests chanting hymns and uttering oracles, no self-inflicted lacerations and noisy demonstrations on the part of the worshippers. The Romish and Greek churches have changed all that, conceding original spirituality of worship to the pagan

demand for an ornate sensuous ritual. Nothing was farther from the thought of the author of the epistle, which is a well-sustained contest for spirituality against form and ceremony. The sum and substance of his work is Christ, greater than the prophets, higher than the most exalted angels, the only real priest, the one sacrifice, the captain of salvation, the author and finisher of faith.

He shows up the insufficiency of the Old Testament rites and ceremonies, all mere shadows of a glorious substance now revealed; the narrow temporality and nationality of the Aaronic priesthood, which constituted a barrier instead of a mode of access between the soul and God; and the utter folly of thinking that a pure, holy, and loving God can be propitiated and gratified with the sight of innocent blood. The so-called "blood theology" is Old Testament theology, protested against in the fiftieth and other psalms, by the prophets Isaiah and Micah, and utterly unwarranted, save by metaphor, in the New Testament. Drummond said: "What I complain of in Gospel addresses is that many have no Gospel in them, no tangible thing for a drowning man to really see and clutch. They break down at the very point where they ought to be most strong and luminous. To tell the average wife-beater to take shelter behind the blood, or to hide himself in the cleft, is to put him off with a phrase. . . . It is not obstinacy that keeps this poor man from religion—it is pure bewilderment as to what in the world we are driving at. The new theology when it preaches the atonement will not be less loyal to that doctrine, but more." Dr. Bruce (p 438) has said: "Christ's sacrifice is not on the same level with Levitical sacrifice." A recent writer on the theology of our epistle (Ménégoz), comparing Christianity with Leviticalism, has remarked: "The religious and theological idea has not varied . . . it is the ritual notion of bloody sacrifice." The statement is true in form only, not in substance. Blood, as such, is not the important matter in the sacrifice of Christ, as conceived by our writer. Blood, death, has value only as revealing will, spirit. It is the eternal spirit of holy love, the righteous will fulfilling all righteousness, that gives the sacrifice of

Jesus transcendent worth, and makes it differ *toto coelo* from the ritual sacrifices of Leviticalism. Till that truth is clearly seen and firmly grasped, we have not escaped from the religion of shadows."

The aim of the epistle is to show that the Christian religion achieves what the Jewish could never accomplish, namely, the bringing of its votaries into the presence of God, even by Christ, the new and living way. The Hebrew Christians, resident, as Dr. Bruce thought, at Jerusalem, were in danger of apostatizing, and going back, like children, to what Paul calls the weak and beggarly elements of Judaism. To save them from this apostacy, and to confirm them in Christian faith and practice, Apollos or some Jewish Christian familiar with the writings of Philo of Alexandria, wrote the epistle not long before the fall of Jerusalem in the year 70. There has been much diversity of opinion as to the authorship of the Hebrews. Paul is ruled out of court as too ardent and impetuous a writer as compared with the calm deliberateness of him who wrote the apology. Barnabas the Levite has been proposed, and there are not wanting analogies between the apocryphal epistle attributed to him and that under discussion but the puerilities of the apocryphal document stand in marked contrast to the consistent dignity of the canonical work. Moses Stuart, once a great authority on the Hebrews, in his prolegomena contends at great length for its Pauline authorship, and dismisses the claims of Apollos with something akin to contempt. He says the supposition was never made by any of the ancient churches, and was first ventured upon by Luther. "It follows, therefore, that those who believe Apollos to be the author, must believe so without any evidence external or internal. It is not worth our time to refute such a belief."

Dr. Bruce has rendered an important service in this book to many departments of theological science. It is a serious book, not a popular; it is hard indeed to make such anything in the shape of a commentary. Its meaning is perfectly plain, but it does not light up at all, so that the reading of it becomes tiresome to all but those who can relish stiff theological pabulum.

I have taken a look into my Owen, of which the leaves of but few volumes are cut, and I find him as sprightly in style as is this work of the late Glasgow professor. But then, it must be remembered, that most of the book was written about thirty years ago, the last chapter only being of very recent date. That last chapter, on The Theological Import of the Epistle, is by far the best, and is a valuable addition to Biblical Theology, and thus to the System generally, for there need be no divorce between Biblical and Systematic Theology in these days. At the outset of that chapter, we read: "The grand distinction and merit of the Christian religion, for the writer of the Epistle, is that it brings me near to God. It is the religion of free access and intimate fellowship." Angelology and demonology have some part in the Epistle, but Dr. Bruce has not encouraged them. His words are: "For modern men the angels are very much a dead theological category. Everywhere in the old Jewish world, they are next to nowhere in our world." But they were in Christ's world; and as unseen ministering spirits may be objects, not of adoration but, of faith, as evil angels are of watchfulness and repulsion. There is little new in the comment on Hebrews ii, 13-15, a very pregnant passage. "According to that account (of the Fall in Genesis), death came into the world because Adam sinned, tempted by the serpent. The text before us is a free paraphrase of that account. The serpent is identified with the devil, death is represented as a source of slavish fear, embittering human life, because it is the penalty of sin; the power of death is ascribed to the devil, because he is the tempter to sin which brought death into the world, and the accuser of those who sin, so that they, having sin brought to mind, fear to die. Christ destroys the devil by destroying his power, and He destroys his power by freeing mortal men from the cruel bondage of the fear of death." This is rather subjective, and does not explain how, in the realm of God who is Life, as well as Light and Love, death reigns. Finally, our author asserts that salvation is sanctification, and the only way to it is Christ in His person and work, His active and passive obedience, His resurrection and ascension, through

which came the gift of the Holy Ghost. Such are the main features of a book, to which few theologians, even of the confessionally orthodox, can take exception, and which may be recommended as an eminently clear and evangelical exposition.

Since this Talk was begun, the Fleming H. Revell Company has sent two volumes to the JOURNAL. They are both by the Rev. Newell Dwight Hillis, D.D., the successor of Dr. Lyman Abbott in the Plymouth Church, Brooklyn. Dr. Hillis is not a Lyman Abbott, nor is he a Beecher, not a startling original thinker, nor an apologist for evolution; he is rather an evangelical character builder, and a Christian apostle of sweetness and light. He has read extensively, and he writes well, chiefly on literary themes that pertain sometimes to the heart, sometimes to the outskirts, of Christianity, and all his sympathies are evangelical in the best sense of that much abused term. His larger volume is "Great Books as Life Teachers," a 339 page duodecimo, in cloth gilt, with gilt top, price a dollar and a half. There are twelve essays, discourses, or studies in this volume, in all of which standard literature is made a study in morals. Part of Dr. Hillis' preface is so important to modern preachers as to call for full quotation. "In this era, when fiction is increasingly the medium of amusement and instruction, and when the great poets and essayists are becoming the prophets of a new social order, it seems important to remember that the great novelists are consciously or unconsciously teachers of morals, while the most fascinating essays and poems are essentially books of aspiration and spiritual culture. Lest the scope of these studies be misunderstood, it should be said that the author approaches these volumes from the view-point of a pastor, interested in literature as a help in the religious life, and seeking to find in these writings bread for those who are hungry, light for those who are in darkness, and life for those who walk in the shadow of death. Leaving to others the problems of literary criticism, these studies emphasize the importance of right thinking in order to right conduct and character, and the uses of great books as aids and incentives to the higher Christian life."

Certain religious journals just now are prophesying a great revival in the churches, as a sort of appendix to the Century Fund. If they only knew it, the revival has come already to the churches, not from within but from without. It has come in a great spiritual wave, so silent that no man knoweth whence it cometh nor whither it goeth ; a wave that bears literature, science and philosophy on its crest, that swamps materialism and cries out for God ; that floated Victor Hugo into moral heights, and lifted Ritschl out of rationalistic abysses ; that late in life led Romanes to see God, and impelled Richard Le Gallienne to write his *Religio Scriptoris* ; that placed the Great Unknown behind Herbert Spencer's empiricism, and inspired Kipling's *Recessional*. The wave has a voice, the music of many waters, bearing a message to the churches ; it speaks in Channing and Emerson, in Longfellow and Whittier, in Carlyle and Maurice, in Kingsley and Farrar, in Tennyson and Browning, and in a thousand more, saying, "God is here—then live like men in God's holy sight." And what do the churches do ? God forbid that the Talker should judge them all, and thus condemn himself. But, from what he sees round about him, he finds not a few of the churches outside the wave, stranded on the barren sands of dead orthodoxy, knowing nothing of, and caring less for, the great external movement that is none of their making : save when they lift angry and discordant voices in the vain attempt to drown a music that is not their own. Revival ! What does revival mean ? Not tickling half diseased nerves with the passing hysteria of so-called religious excitement ; nor squirming and wriggling the self-righteous spirit into set forms of selfish deeper spiritual life, as they call it. Revival means, "Be a man, a free man, in God's sight." Put off your cloak of insincerity, your conventional forms, and cant, and shibboleths, your struggle for dead uniformity, your censoriousness, your mental indolence, your half unconscious selfishness, your efforts to impress the world with the belief that you at any rate are good men ; repent your utter lack of transparent honesty, brotherly kindness, and charity. A city set on a hill is the church ? Would that it were. In true manhood the

secular hills, many of them, tower high above it ; and, if the preacher only knew it, there are longing eyes in his congregation looking away from the pulpit up to these unlicensed hills. The Talker has just awakened to the fact that the name of the author whose book is under discussion is Hillis. He had no intention of imitating Dr. Mountain, who, preaching before the king, with a view to preferment, took for his text, "If ye shall say unto this mountain, Be thou removed, and be thou cast into the sea ; it shall be done."

Now, Dr. Hillis calls upon literature to preach to the Church. He brings into the pulpit Ruskin with his *Seven Lamps*, more potent than *Alladdin's*; George Eliot and Hawthorne to point morals through *Tito* in *Romola* and the *Scarlet Letter*; Victor Hugo to exhibit the Christ-power in *Jean Valjean*; Tennyson and Browning to paint spiritual lights and shadows in the *Idylls* and *Saul*; Drummond to reconcile religion and science; the Earl of Shaftesbury to teach human brotherhood, Frances Willard to indicate woman's sphere in social reform; Livingstone as a model of Christian heroism; and Gladstone, the Christian scholar in politics. Two of these, Livingstone and Drummond, were ecclesiastics, but it was not their ecclesiasticism that made them spiritual powers. Dr. Hillis' book is delightful reading, and to a virile mind conveys far more soul instruction than many volumes filled with ordinary religious talk and pious ejaculation. His other publication of the month, a booklet, as the Revell Company calls it, is "Right Living as a Fine Art, a Study of Channing's Symphony as an Outline of the Ideal Life and Character." It is an elegant square duodecimo of 52 pages, with initial letters, bound in decorated boards, and its price is half a dollar. Channing was, like Everett and Emerson, a unitarian minister, and belonged to the first half of the nineteenth century. His religious connection would be enough to make some zealous trinitarians exclaim *Anathema Maranatha!* The trouble about using this terrible curse is that all good Unitarians do love the Lord Jesus Christ, although by some strange mental obliquity, as we think, they cannot grasp His original divinity. Among men there never was a gentler soul

than Channing. His Symphony, which constitutes the text of Dr. Hillis' little volume, is so brief that it may be quoted here: "To live content with small means; to seek elegance rather than luxury, and refinement rather than fashion; to be worthy, not respectable, and wealthy not rich; to listen to stars and birds, babes and sages, with open heart; to study hard; to think quietly, act frankly, talk gently, await occasions, hurry never; in a word, to let the spiritual, unbidden and unconscious, grow up through the common—this is my symphony." In eight brief chapters Dr. Hillis expands this, drawing a picture of a beautiful life. What beautiful lives some men and women might live in this world, if the unbeautiful and envious would only have the saving grace to leave them alone. People calling themselves good, who would hesitate to be vandalic towards a work of art, have no hesitation about hacking at the roots of the fairest trees planted in the house of the Lord to flourish in the courts of our God, if, all unconsciously to the tree, its shadow happens to fall on them, their prejudices, dogmas, or practice. They are like the peasant who ostracised Aristides, simply because he was tired with hearing him called "The Just."

The Talker has three more Christmas book presents. One is Emerson's "Essay on Friendship," done into a book by the Roycrofters at the Roycroft Shop, which is in East Aurora, Erie County, New York. This is a 54 page small quarto, printed on hand-made paper, with hand-coloured title and initial letters, and bound in silk-lined rough fawn coloured calf, a most dainty volume. The donor tells the story of the Roycroft Press, at the head of which is a Mr. Elbert Hubbard, a somewhat remarkable personality, who began life as a horse-dealer, but who has turned publisher. "The man showed culture, refined taste, acquaintance with foreign travel and with noted men. Books, in literary merit and artistic binding, have become his hobby. The monks who made and illumined books in ancient days have set for him the ideal of his life; and, Yankee as he is, he calls himself Fra Albertus. Who can explain the phenomenon of a Yankee Monk? He has a workshop at East Aurora, where he trains men and

women to tasteful work in binding, illuminating, and printing. He is calling out hitherto unsuspected talent, and is spreading refined taste far and wide." So far my friend; but what about Emerson? I confess that Emerson tires me with his indirectness, his studied quaintness, his over-philosophy, his apophthegms, his everlasting figures that no sane man would talk in; but he fascinates too by his real thinking and transparent honesty. Friendship is a great theme, recalling David and Jonathan, Damon and Pythias, Roland and Oliver, Hallam and Tennyson, and above all Him who laid down His life for His friends. Emerson says: "There are two elements that go to the composition of friendship, each so sovereign, that I can detect no superiority in either, no reason why either should be first named. One is Truth. A friend is a person with whom I may be sincere. Before him I may think aloud. I am arrived at last in the presence of a man so real and equal, that I may drop even those undermost garments of dissimulation, courtesy, and second thought, which men never put off, and may deal with him with the simplicity and wholeness with which one chemical atom meets another. . . . The other element of friendship is Tenderness."

Another present is "Christmas in French Canada," by Louis Frechette, 262 pages, 8vo., with twenty-two full page illustrations by Frederick Simpson Coburn, handsomely bound in illuminated cloth, and published by George N. Morang and Company of Toronto. M. Frechette, the Canadian poet-laureate, writes very correct and idiomatic English, and his fourteen habitant stories are far from void of interest. They are simple and quaint, as a rule religious, some of them even to the verge of superstition and beyond it. There is pathos in some of them, as in Santa Claus' Violin, which introduces Jehin Prume; and others exhibit humor of a delicate kind. A few of them are creepy, falling into the depths of the Satanic. But they are all valuable as character studies, revealing the picture of Lower Canadian French life with all its virtues and frailties. The Phantom Head, Titange or the Chasse Galerie, and the Loup Garou are among the horrors of the volume, indicative of French Roman Catholic superstitions.

The Horseshoe and Tom Carriboo are amusing; and the Godsend has in it the material of a good novel. On the whole, M. Frechette may be congratulated for having furnished a welcome addition to English Canadian holiday literature. It is to be hoped that his venture in this direction will prove successful enough to lead him to repeat the experiment, and still further help to bind together our twin nationalities.

The Talker's fourth Christmas book present is "The Trail of the Sandhill Stag," by Ernest Seton-Thompson, naturalist to the Government of Manitoba. This is a small quarto of 93 pages, a coloured frontispiece and 60 drawings, with gilt top, bound in flexible calico boards, illuminated and overlapping, and published by George N. Morang, Toronto, although the DeVinne Press, New York, produced this elegant work of art. It is a poetically told tale of Yan, "a tall, raw lad in the last of his teens," fleet of foot and strong, with the hunter's lust of blood in his heart, finding the track of the stag in the Sandhill wilderness about Carberry, and following it up for many a long day. Once and again his resolve to kill failed him, and at last, when the beautiful creature was but fifteen feet away, and staring him in the face as if it would take refuge with him, his heart of murder changed to a heart of pity, admiration, love, and he felt himself the beast's protector, and knew that the wolf was cast out of his soul. Some may call the story trivial, and certainly there is no excitement in it; but there is delicacy and large humanity, and a Christian new birth, though Mr. Thompson calls it the finding of the Grail and the lore of Buddha. It wouldn't matter much if he termed it the mind of St. Anthony of Padua, or the soul of St. Francis of Assisi; it would be the work of God all the same.

Mr. Drysdale has not been reading his JOURNAL very carefully, for, had he done so, his Company would not have sent for review Dr. Hillis' "Investment of Influence," noticed in January 1898, nor Ralph Connor's "Sky Pilot," dealt with in last month's Talk. Also, the publishers have come in ahead of the Drysdale Company with Drummond's "New Evangelism." Thus three books sent for criticism are

superfluous, but this Talk will tell book-buyers where to find them, and other good things. A Drysdale volume that has not yet been reviewed in these pages is "A Century of Science and Other Essays," by John Fiske. This is a 477 page crown 8vo, in maroon cloth, with gilt top, published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., of Boston and New York, and sold by the Drysdale Company for two dollars. Mr. Fiske, who calls himself neither Professor nor Doctor, hails from Cambridge, Mass., and dedicates his collection of essays to his friend, Thomas Sergeant Perry, Professor of English Literature in the Keio Gijuku, at Tokyo, Japan, with whom he, in bygone days, talked and philosophised, "over a tankard of mellow October and a pipe of fragrant Virginia." This last prefatory admission will suffice to condemn the author in the minds of many worthy people, who do not know that Carlyle and Tennyson once spent two hours smoking together, probably with some equivalent for the "October," and without talking, save when they parted with the words that, it was the pleasantest evening they had ever spent. Mr. Fiske is a historian, and has written at least nine books on American historical subjects that are credited with more than average merit. But he is also an evolutionary philosopher, as his "Outlines of Cosmic Philosophy," "Excursions of an Evolutionist," and other flatteringly reviewed works, attest. Moreover, he is no materialist, but a believer in God, which belief he has set forth in his "Idea of God as Affected by Modern Knowledge," and in his "Through Nature to God."

Mr. Fiske makes large claims, so did the apostle St. Paul; so at times does the Talker, when talking about what he knows and other people do not know. He maintains that his Prolongation of Infancy Theory had much to do with Herbert Spencer's "Sociology," and constituted the foundation of Drummond's "Ascent of Man." Perhaps this theory had as much connection with the latter book, as a sermon of the Talker's, preached more than a quarter of a century ago in old Coté St. Church on Romans viii. 2, had with "Natural Law in the Spiritual World." The same truths, and falsehoods, are in the air at the same time in different places and

persons. The ultimate causality of truths, and falsehoods, is hard to detect. The first essay in this volume is on A Century of Science, which rambles on pleasantly from Priestley's discovery of oxygen to modern theories of evolution. The Doctrine of Evolution—its Scope and Purport, is the second, and in dealing with it he gives unbounded credit to Herbert Spencer, while he wages gentle war with Ernst Haeckel's anti-theism. Let Mr. Fiske speak to the readers of the JOURNAL, whom the Talker desires, so far as it lies in his power, to know the chief movements in present day thought. "Here one must pause to inquire what Professor Haeckel means by 'a personal God' (whose existence he denies). If he refers to the Latin conception of a God remote from the world of phenomena, and manifested only through occasional interference,—the conception that has until lately prevailed in the Western world since the time of St. Augustine,—then we may agree with him; the practical effect of the doctrine of evolution is to abolish such a conception. But with regard to the Greek conception entertained by St. Athanasius; the conception of God as immanent in the world of phenomena and manifested in every throb of its mighty rhythmical life; the deity that Richard Hooker, prince of English churchmen, had in mind when he wrote of Natural Law that 'her seat is the bosom of God, and her voice the harmony of the world';—with regard to this conception the practical effect of the doctrine of evolution is not to abolish, but to strengthen and confirm it. For, into whatever province of Nature we carry our researches, the more deeply we penetrate into its laws and methods of action, the more clearly do we see that all provinces of Nature are parts of an organic whole animated by a single principle of life that is infinite and eternal."

Mr. Fiske's biographical sketch of Edward Livingstone Youmans has scientific but no general interest. His fourth essay is on his hobby, The Part played by Infancy in the Evolution of Man, which asserts that the higher the organism, the longer lasts its infantile period. St. Jerome tells us that Jewish children were not weaned till their fifth year, which ought, according to this theory, to attribute the highest devel-

opment to the Hebrew ; but the same is the case with gipsies and other wild peoples. Liberal Thought in America Mr. Fiske traces largely to a reaction against the ultra-Calvinism of Jonathan Edwards, the author being himself apparently a unitarian. Sir Harry Vane, The Arbitration Treaty, Francis Parkman, George Augustus Freeman, Cambridge as Village and City, and A Harvest of Irish Folk-Lore, are more or less pleasing essays. In "Guessing at Half and Multiplying by Two," our author waylays Dr. Joseph Cook of Boston, the platform apologist of the Monday Lectures. Concerning this popular idol of the orthodox, he says, "the small philosopher is a great character in New England." He charges him with gross ignorance, of which he furnishes examples in the case of *bathybius* and *agamogenesis*; and with persistent misrepresentation of scientific authorities, by quoting them piecemeal, after the fashion of the divine who preached against feminine head-gear from Matthew xxiv. 17, "top-knot come down"; and by gratuitous inference, like "the German who flogged his son for profanity, though the boy had not opened his mouth. 'You dinks tamn,' exclaimed the irate father, 'and I vips you for dat!'" Mr. Fiske concludes by saying: "It is comforting to remember that one of the world's greatest naturalists, Asa Gray,—whose orthodoxy is as unimpeachable as his science,—very promptly declared in print that such championship is something of which orthodoxy has no reason to feel proud." The remaining chapters of this entertaining volume are on Forty Years of Bacon-Shakespeare Folly, and Some Cranks and their Crotchets. Take him all through, Mr. Fiske is an eminently sensible and appreciative writer, not devoid of humor and just discrimination. The Talker especially appreciates his tribute to the memory of Dr. Francis Parkman, whom he was favoured for several years to count among his friends.

Another book from the Drysdale Company is "The Auld Meetin'-Hoose Green," by Archibald McIlroy, 260 pages 8vo, in half illuminated Roxburgh binding, cloth, the Fleming H. Revell Company, price a dollar and a quarter. The casual reader of this neat volume imagines he has got hold of a

Scotch book, for i' dialect is very Scotch, but as he continues his perusal he discovers that he is in Ulster, and face to face with a curious mixture of half grim, half childish humor, of extreme penuriousness and Spartan resignation. There is no plot, hardly a story, in the whole book, which is full of more or less homely and grotesque character sketches. But they are well told, for Mr. McIlroy is a master of the Ulster dialect. Here is a sample of his writing: "What's a' that chappin' about, Andy?" said Mrs. Semple on the night before her death.

"It's Wully Turner an' his man pittin' thegither the bit coffin."

"A' houpe they'r no usin' up ony o' the guid timmer," continued the dying woman, "there's plenty o' odd bits lyin' roon' about 'at wud answer weel eneuch."

"They'r workin' up es much aul' stuff es they can mak' available," said Andy; "bit if they shud hae tae tak' a bit length aff a plank, it's no a big metter."

"Even in the face of death, people did not overlook the practising of thrift.

"Mrs. Semple passed away during the night, and Andy hardly recognized himself as he stepped about next day in his second best clothes and with polished boots—farm work being of necessity suspended."

This picture is no doubt true to the life, but it is unfeeling, unlovely, sordid, realistic with the disagreeable realism of Zola. The Talker has never set foot in Ireland, although his elder brother was born there, but he has met with many Irish people, including no few representatives of Ulster, and, while admiring Mr. McIlroy's work, he does not think that he has done justice to the sturdy north of Ireland man, either in the matter of heart or of intelligence. He has indeed drawn a fine character in the minister, Mr. McAllister, in a somewhat perfunctory way, and his sketches are lit up with occasional noble traits, pathetic incidents, and scraps of genuine humor; but the author's Ulster peasant is far from being a magnanimous specimen of humanity, such, for instance, as one might

care to have for his father. One of the best things in the volume is the conversation between the minister and his man over a married couple that had sought separation :

"A'm 'feared, ye'r reverence," said "Scobes" to Mr. Mc-Allister, as he met him coming out from Loudie's house later on in the evening, "A'm feared ye hae na stuck thir couple vera weel—they'r wantin' sinnethery (asunder) sae sune. Cud the glue no' a bin guid?"

"The glue was good, 'Scobes'," answered the minister, "*but the timber was green.*"

There is a great deal of verdancy in the human timber that constitutes the frame-work of society in all its functions; and the process of seasoning, that turns it into serviceable stuff capable of being "compactly built together," is one of slow and often painful experience, which dries up the juices of youthful exuberance into solid tissue that will hold both glue and nail. But some natures are sempervirent or ever-green, and, like the Orpines or Live-forevers, even when they die, dissolve into mush.



Editorials.

PROSELYTISM.

However friendly the social terms on which we as Protestants may live with our Roman Catholic neighbours, recent events cannot but emphasize the fact, already well known, that there is a wide gulf between us in doctrinal subjects, and what is more, that there is a wide difference between Protestants and Roman Catholics in the unanimity of opinion amongst the latter as compared with the former, as to the necessity for the conversion of all whom they respectively consider to be separated from the true faith and the true Church, in other words, as to the inherent righteousness of their cause. This is what largely accounts for the zeal of Roman Catholics, for the lack of zeal amongst the rank and file of Protestants, and for the comparatively slow progress of Protestantism. We do not mean to say that any Protestant would admit that Roman Catholics were in the right, but Protestants have become so imbued with the idea of religious liberty that they are in danger of sacrificing fidelity to the truth to secure to others what is not really religious liberty but religious license. How many sincere Protestants, who are at the same time sincere Christians, have the idea that it is wrong, or, at least, altogether unnecessary to try to convert a Roman Catholic? How many there are, who, to put it more definitely, have no interest in French Evangelization and no sympathy with it! Evidently they are either of the opinion that these people are serving God, amidst their idolatry and superstition, their blindness and their error, as acceptably as we are serving Him, or else that it makes but little difference. In either case, or under the existence of any such sentiments, the progress of what we believe a purer and a higher form of Christianity must be slow. An illustration of what seems too commonly the spirit of Protestantism was recently given to the public of Montreal. A public organization desirous of including all denominations

in its work, embodied in the draft of its constitution a clause to the effect that all attempts at proselytizing were to be avoided. This draft constitution was sent to the Roman Catholic Bishop for approval, when, no doubt, to the surprise of the framers the Bishop took exception to this very clause, and plainly stated that he could not consent to any agreement of that kind. This, however, he was told need raise no barrier, as it was explained that the clause had been adopted especially with a view to meeting with his approval and therefore they had no doubt they could regard his wishes in the matter. We do not question the good intentions, or the good feelings that animated those who drew up this constitution, and whom it is well-known were chiefly, if not all Protestants, but we admire more the loyalty and zeal which such a stand as the Bishop took indicated. If the Bishop, and with him his followers, believe that they are in the right, why should they not adopt such a policy? Why should they not have special meetings and use all other legitimate means for the conversion of Protestants? Why should they not plainly refuse to have anything to do with no proselytizing in any form? But why should not Protestants at the same time, if they are convinced of the inherent righteousness of their cause, evince as much zeal, and as great determination to use every legitimate means for the conversion of Roman Catholics? Until there is more of this spirit the Catholics will not have great reason to fear our proselytizing. The work that our missionaries are doing is good, but it is on a small scale after all. The day may not be very far distant when we shall be rudely awakened to the fact that Roman Catholic zeal is doing more undermining than we are aware of, and that a real danger threatens.

Protestantism is altogether too lukewarm in this respect, and requires to be awakened to the realization of the greatness of the spiritual heritage which has been handed down to it. Protestants, individually, need to be awakened to the responsibility which lies upon them to give true religious liberty to others, and require to get rid of the idea that this liberty consists in freedom to remain in darkness.

The days of persecution are gone, we trust forever. Who would dare to suggest to Protestants that they use anything but the most legitimate means and spiritual weapons in the fight, but no Protestant should object to being told that it is his duty to aid by all the means in his power the advancement amongst Roman Catholics of what Protestants consider right and truth.

We plead for greater earnestness and zeal in this cause. We point to a pathway of progress along which it is not only our duty, but to our best interests to advance with greater zeal. Protestantism should be more aggressive in this direction.

DR. ROSS' VISIT TO PALESTINE.

The Board of Management has granted Professor Ross leave of absence from his duties in the College for the remainder of the present session, to enable him to make a somewhat extended visit to the Orient. In his absence other members of the staff have undertaken the work of hearing discourses and attending to other tasks which would have fallen to him had he been here. His duties as Convener of the Home Mission Committee of the Presbytery of Montreal will be performed by the Rev. James Fleck, pastor of Knox Church.

Dr. Ross sails from Boston on Feb. 1st, by the "New England" of the Dominion Line. They will touch at Madeira and Gibraltar, and hope to reach Alexandria about Feb. 17th. From that point he will pass up the Nile as far as Karnak, Luxor and the ruins of Thebes. After a short stay at Cairo, he will proceed to Jaffa, and thence to Jerusalem, Jordan and the Dead Sea, then through Samaria and Galilee to the Lake and thence across the plain of Esdraclon to Haifa. Constantinople, Naples and Rome will be visited on the homeward journey. After leaving Italy he will proceed across the continent to Paris, returning from Liverpool about the beginning of June. The JOURNAL expresses the cordial wishes of all the students in hoping that Professor Ross may have a most pleasant and profitable journey.

Every season of the year has its particular sport. The field day is past, football is laid upon the shelf, but the true athlete is not idle. Hockey now demands his attention and the air is full of rumors of that sport. As a college we cannot hope to capture the championship of Canada, but can we not have friendly games with our sister colleges and among ourselves? The pleasant memories of last season still linger in the minds of many of us and why should we not uphold the former honours of the college? Let us act quickly ere the skating season passes beyond our reach, and the shadows of approaching exams envelope us in profoundest study. Let us challenge and be challenged while we have the opportunities. Act in the living present!

Speak the truth, and all nature and all spirits help you with unexpected furtherance.

He who does a good deed is instantly ennobled. He who does a mean deed, is by the action itself contracted.—Emerson.

Partie Française.

LES VAUDOIS DU PIÉMONT ET LEURS ECOLES.

R. P. DUCLOS, PASTEUR.

Les Vaudois du Piémont—ou Vaudois des Vallées—constituent une page intéressante de l'histoire du protestantisme. Ce petit peuple de héros et de martyrs fait remonter son histoire, non sans quelques raisons, aux siècles les plus reculés de l'ère chrétienne. Ils ont été souvent confondus avec les Cathares et les Bulgares, dont ils partageaient les croyances, à leur insu peut-être.

Sans vouloir discuter le mérite historique de leur prétention, on ne peut oublier qu'au dixième siècle on rencontre répandues dans le centre de l'Europe et dans les Gaules, des opinions et des croyances religieuses semblables à celles qu'ils professèrent dans la suite. Béranger de Tours maintient l'interprétation symbolique de l'Eucharistie et la supériorité de la Bible sur la Tradition. Dans le même temps, (en 1045), quelques-unes de leurs autorités protestent contre la simonie, et d'autres abus du clergé. Grégoire VII comprenant l'avantage qu'il pourrait tirer de leur puritanisme n'hésita pas à s'en autoriser pour imposer le célibat à son clergé. Les Vaudois réclament à tort ou à raison dans leur chaîne historique des hommes comme Pierre de Bruys, Henri, moines de réputation sainte, allant de lieux en lieux ralliant autour d'eux tous ceux qui étaient scandalisés de la vie irrégulière du clergé.

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S'il y a quelque hésitation à classer ces hommes parmi leurs pères, il n'y en a pas du moins à rattacher leur origine à Pierre Waldo, riche marchand de Lyon qui vivement impressionné des récits apostoliques, vendit ses biens et les distribua aux pauvres.

Comme Saint-François d'Assise, Waldo s'était bien voué à une vie de renoncement et de pauvreté, mais avec cette différence que le marchand lyonnais prêchait la doctrine du Christ

tandis que Saint-François prêchait la personne du Christ. Waldo réforme l'enseignement, Saint-François réveille l'amour en attirant l'attention sur les plaies et la personne souffrante du Sauveur.

Il possédait une version du Nouveau Testament en langue provençale qu'il prêchait et expliquait au peuple—ce qui lui valut de sévères remontrances du Pape Alexandre III—à quoi Waldo répondit avec une hardiesse toute apostolique qu'il valait mieux obéir à Dieu qu'aux hommes. Il s'en suivit une excommunication par Lucius III en 1184 qui déclara hérésie, toute réforme ou tentative de réforme. Quelques-uns de ses disciples effrayés se repentirent de leur sainte hardiesse ; d'autres en appelèrent, protestant de leur fidélité et de leur orthodoxie ; mais en vain ; tous furent condamnés au Concile de Latran en 1215. Cette excommunication loin de produire l'effet désiré, les rapprocha de l'Enseignement Evangélique, ce qui leur attira à mainte reprises de terribles persécutions.

La mesure dont ils eurent le plus à souffrir fut l'abandon par les Evêques, aux Dominicains, du droit d'enquête dans les cas d'hérésie, mesure d'autant plus dangereuse que les autorités civiles qui partageaient dans les confiscations des biens, étaient trop heureuses de leur prêter main forte. Cela rappelle les croisades abbigeoises, les iniquités de l'inquisition. La Bulle d'Innocent VIII ordonnant leur destruction, la campagne organisée par l'évêque de Crénone et sa honteuse défaite dans la vallée d'Angrogne.

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C'est avec un vif sentiment de joie qu'au commencement du 16^e siècle ces humbles confesseurs de la vérité apprirent que sur le versant nord des Alpes, des hommes comme eux, avaient renoncé au pape. En 1530. Ils conçurent le dessein d'envoyer des députés pour s'enquérir de la nature de cette réforme qui depuis treize ans agitait toute l'Europe.

Une lettre adressée à Ecolampade, pasteur à Basle, donne une idée de leurs pratiques.

Il s'en suivit une alliance entre les Vaudois et les Réformateurs de la Suisse. Dès cette époque, les Vaudois ne sont

plus les débris d'un passé obscure mais viennent fortifier le parti Evangélique et progressif, dont l'influence comme un vent bienfaisant et purificateur soufflait sur toute l'Europe.

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D'autres épreuves les attendaient. Sous l'inspiration de la *propagande* Charles Emmanuel II ordonna aux Vaudois de rentrer dans les limites de leur territoire. Le fanatisme s'en mêlant, ils virent leurs chères Vallées envahies par les soldats de Louis XIV et soumises aux plus barbares cruautés. Il ne fallut rien moins qu'une intervention des puissances protestantes pour mettre fin à ces atrocités.

Le 19^e siècle approchait. Un besoin de liberté se faisait sentir partout, les hommes d'Etat commençaient à comprendre leur devoir. On affranchissait les noirs, il fallait bien accorder la liberté aux blancs. C'est Victor Emmanuel et Cavour son premier ministre qui enlevèrent les barrières qui depuis tant d'années retenaient ce petit peuple enfermé dans ses montagnes et annoncèrent à ces opprimés du passé que dorénavant l'Italie leur était ouverte. Dès lors on les vit descendre timidement de leurs montagnes, descendre dans les plaines de la Lombardie, s'aventurer dans les villes, répandant partout cette odeur de piété simple et chrétienne si admirablement décrite dans ces beaux vers du "colporteur Vaudois," offrant son trésor aux châtelaines du midi.

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Jusqu'en 1854 les étudiants en théologie des Vallées Vaudoises, venaient suivre les cours de l'Ecole libre de l'Oratoire à Genève.

Dans le double but de diminuer les dépenses et d'utiliser les jeunes gens durant leurs études et peut-être aussi pour donner un caractère plus patriotique à l'œuvre poursuivie par les Eglises des Vallées, on décida en 1855 d'ouvrir une école à la Torre Pellice, sous la direction de M. le professeur Rével, auquel on adjoignit bientôt M. le pasteur Gemonas, gradué de l'Oratoire de Genève. La Torre Pellice est un tout petit

village dans les montagnes, de communications difficiles et lentes avec le monde lettré. On sentit les avantages que pourrait avoir pour de jeunes gens, un centre universitaire.

On avait mis en vente à Florence un château spacieux avec toutes ces dépendances, vieille résidence d'une grande famille ; mais le prix en était élevé. Grâce à la générosité de M. John Henderson, of Park, le comité put en faire l'acquisition. On y transporta l'École.

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Dans un temps où toutes les questions de critiques, d'intégrité, d'authenticité, d'inspiration, de surnaturel sont discutées, où les conclusions sont quelquefois de nature à ébranler la foi des fidèles, l'École de Théologie de Florence, est restée en somme conservatrice. Le doyen, M. le professeur Gemonas m'écrivait : L'Église Vaudoise maintient toujours sa confession de foi qui est à peu près celle de La Rochelle ; pas absolument pourtant, puisque le synode a admis quelques explications sur cinq points qui offrent des difficultés dans la forme.

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Le Dr Gemonas, comme professeur de dogmatique n'a aucune théorie sur l'inspiration, il admet le fait, d'après le témoignage de Jésus Christ et des apôtres et d'après les déclarations des Écritures elles-mêmes, sans définir le mode. Il admet même la possibilité de modes divers et fait une place plus ou moins large à l'activité humaine, selon qu'il s'agit d'histoire, de prophéties, ou d'autres enseignements sans aucun préjudice du résultat.

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Quant à l'expiation et à l'élection, il regarde au but plus qu'à la cause. Il faut l'expiation pour *ôter les péchés du monde* de devant les yeux du Dieu trois fois saint et *donner libre cours* à sa grâce. Il faut l'élection pour assurer les bienfaits de l'expiation.—On comprend l'importance d'un tel centre de vie et d'enseignement évangélique au milieu de la Péninsule Italique, dont tous les ressorts de l'âme et de la conscience semblent avoir perdu leur élasticité. Si son

influence n'a encore qu'effleuré les masses ; elle s'est fait sentir en hauts lieux. La famille royale a, plus d'une fois donné des signes non équivoques de considération et d'estime pour l'œuvre poursuivie par l'Eglise Vaudoise.

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De l'aveu des hommes d'Etat, l'Italie est bien malade. Jusqu'à maintenant on paraît se contenter d'en faire la diagnose. Les orateurs des fêtes commémoratives de Savanorola se sont fait prier, et quand ils ont parlé, ils se sont bornés à examiner la critique contradictoire des catholiques, pour les repousser et louer Savanorola d'avoir osé résister au pape Borgia ; déplorant même qu'il n'ait pas osé davantage. L'un d'eux, M. Masi, se contenta de poser la question : La Réforme est-elle un bien ? Est-elle un mal ? pensez-y—on sça it et on ne fait rien. Pour le poète Carducci, Savanorola est un Iconoclaste de la Renaissance. Pour M. De La Rive, Savanorola n'était pas assez catholique, mais il ne méritait pas le traitement dont il a été l'objet.

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Dans la Chambre des députés il y a un meilleur esprit. Discutant le bilan du ministère de l'Instruction publique, M. le professeur Bianchi disait il y a quelques mois en pleine Chambre Législative : si l'Italie est faite, il est temps de refaire les Italiens. Et comment réussir dans cette grande besogne sans les inspirations du livre de Dieu ? Un député a eu le courage de proposer l'enseignement religieux d'après la Bible, dans les écoles. L'Eglise étant dogmatique n'est pas propre à l'office qu'on en attend. Et si l'Etat croit que les enfants naissent avec une tendance au bien, il se trompe ; Il faut donc se préoccuper de l'éducation et de la jeunesse ; il y a nécessité urgente. L'éducation doit être pratique, religieuse, de manière à former la morale. Et pour cela elle doit être puisée dans la Bible, qui serait un trait d'union entre catholiques et protestants.

Quand le parlement Italien aura eu le courage de mettre en pratique de tels principes, quand le peuple en aura reconnu l'urgence et la beauté, la régénération et le relèvement du peuple seront inaugurés.

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Mais je reviens à Florence et je finis en transcrivant quelques lignes qui m'arrivent d'Italie.

M. le doyen Gemonas a publié une dogmatique sous le titre de *Scienza della Religione*.

M. Comba, l'un des professeurs, a traité scientifiquement l'histoire des Vallées sans ménager les préjugés. L'antiquité démontrable, dit-il, n'en est pas moins glorieuse.

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M. Revel, fils, a fait une version du Nouveau Testament en tenant compte de tous les résultats de l'Exégèse et de la critique du texte.

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M. Bosio a publié un commentaire sur les Corinthiens et reconnaît dans sa préface avoir pu être des commentaires du Dr Godet.

Enfin MM. Comba, Bosio et Luzzi, pasteur à Florence, y publient *La Revista Cristiana*.

Avec des hommes de cette trempe et un outillage aussi complet on peut concevoir les plus belles espérances pour l'Italie, ce pays de lumière et de soleil, ce pays si souvent envahi par les hordes barbares, si souvent tourmenté par les révolutions, renaîtra à la vie religieuse de ses martyrs.

DOIT-ON MENTIR PAR HUMANITÉ ?

Dire la vérité c'est le devoir de l'homme en société. La parole a été donnée par Dieu aux hommes afin qu'ils puissent communiquer leurs pensées : c'est donc offenser le Créateur que de la faire servir à la duplicité et au mensonge.

L'honnête homme, le chrétien, ne méprise pas seulement le mensonge, il le hait, il le déteste, parce qu'il sait que le Dieu qu'il adore est la Vérité même, et " que les lèvres menteuses lui sont en abomination."

Aussi quelles que soient les circonstances, il faut avoir la force de ne jamais rien dire que ce qui est vrai, et ne pas avoir la manie si ordinaire aux enfants, et à tous ceux qui ont l'imagination vive et ardente, de tout agrandir, de tout exagérer. On veut étonner et surprendre, et alors, d'un ciron on fait un colosse. Mais qu'arrive-t-il ? Dès que l'on connaît une personne de ce genre, on commence par retrancher au moins la moitié de ce qu'elle dit, et l'on finit par ne plus la croire.

Il faut dire vrai en toute occasion disons-nous. Pourtant n'est-il pas des circonstances dans la vie où l'on est forcé en quelque sorte de transgresser cette recommandation, où il y a antinomie, enfin où l'on doit mentir par humanité, par charité ? Et, s'il en est ainsi, peut-on conserver ici le mot malsonnant de mensonge pour l'appliquer à un acte de charité lorsqu'il s'agit de faire le bien ? Ceci semble peu rationnel, et un autre qualificatif rendrait mieux le sentiment qui anime la personne qui peut-être aux dépens de sa vie, est en train de sauver celles d'un millier de ses semblables !

Mentir pour le bien, quel contraste ! Et pourtant celui qui est la Vérité disait un jour à ses frères qui l'invitait à monter à une fête : " Pour vous le temps est toujours bon, pour moi, mon temps n'est pas encore venu." En réalité, il voulait y aller seul ; aussi une fois ses frères congédiés " il y monta comme en cachette." Or ici comme dans toutes les phases de son pèlerinage, le vrai mobile pour Jésus-Christ c'était le bien.

Aussi le chrétien qui, à l'exemple de son Maître voulant faire le bien, se trouverait dans la nécessité de cacher la vérité pour sauver une vie ou éviter une catastrophe, ce chrétien est-il vraiment de sa nature un menteur ? Ne semble-t-il pas au contraire, que le vrai coupable serait celui qui, par égoïsme reculerait devant le sacrifice à faire ? Et on peut bien ajouter que ce dernier mentira dans des circonstances moins difficiles que celles où le chrétien fera un léger mensonge dans un but humanitaire dût la persécution s'en suivre.

Résumons notre pensée en disant que le mensonge, celui qui est synonyme de duplicité est non-seulement défendu pour quelque cause que ce soit, mais qu'il doit être pour tous un objet de dégoût, de haine ; et qu'une transgression de la vérité lorsqu'elle est motivée par un sentiment de charité, est permise, si toutefois le motif qui nous fait agir n'est pas trop insignifiant.

Qu'enfin la charité devant couvrir une multitude de péchés, il conviendrait dans ce cas de donner à cette transgression un nom qui rende mieux l'état d'âme, exclurait en même temps le mot " mensonge," lequel ici semble plutôt un non-sens.

C'est ainsi que la fin justifie les moyens. Mais il ne faut pas confondre charité avec jésuitisme.

JEAN REY.

NOTES DE LA RÉDACTION.

Nous n'endossons pas les mensonges officieux. " Que votre oui soit oui, et votre non soit non."

Nous sommes heureux de revoir le professeur Coussirat au milieu de nous ; retenu par la maladie pendant quelques jours, il ne pouvait comme d'habitude nous donner ses cours.

A notre avis, il vaudrait mieux que l'importune sciatique s'attaquât aux fougueux politiciens qui, pour vider une simple querelle, commandent à de pauvres hères d'aller se faire tuer.

L'absence regrettable du professeur nous valut l'aimable visite de M. le pasteur S. J. Taylor M.A., qui, lorsque son travail lui en donnait le loisir, venait nous instruire sur les meilleures méthodes à employer dans l'œuvre du colportage et de l'évangélisation. Nous avons apprécié ses conseils et ses encouragements. car dans l'exercice d'un travail qui rapporte si peu de fruits au premier abord, la sympathie de ceux qui veillent sur nous est le meilleur stimulant pour ceux qui sont déjà initiés aux mystères de cette guerre sainte et pour ceux qui le seront bientôt, et cela, à leurs propres frais.

M. Trudel, curé, ex-professeur au séminaire de Rimouski, que le presbytère de Montréal avait refusé d'accepter dans son sein, avait été invité à suivre les cours de la Faculté pen-

dant l'hiver. On espérait qu'il prendrait goût à l'Évangile et par conséquent à la Vérité, mais il n'a pas voulu casser le moule dans lequel son âme avait été coulée.

Pour lui le salut s'obtient par les œuvres. Hélas ! il vient un moment où la foi telle que la demande Jésus-Christ, est un mystère pour les cœurs qui n'ont pas été habitués à y regarder de près.

Comment la semence pourrait-elle prendre racine dans des endroits pierreux ? "quand elle est levée, elle sèche parce qu'elle n'a point d'humidité."

Les vacances ont vu notre pauvre ami, prendre son essor vers une contrée qu'il croyait peut-être meilleure. Il veut expier aux yeux de son église, la faute qu'il a commise en cherchant à s'allier "aux hérétiques." Dans la Trappe qui sera toujours une attrappe, il vivra dans l'austérité.

Il ne mangera que du pain et des légumes, il ne boira que de l'eau ; à deux heures, tous les matins il se lèvera pour réciter des Pater et des Ave ; tous les vendredis il se flagellera avec un fouet.

La lugubre salutation. "Memento mori," seules paroles qu'il pourra prononcer chaque jour, ne fera pas sortir de sa puissante poitrine, ces gros éclats de rire, qu'il disait être fameux pour la santé.

Espérons que ces vaines pratiques serviront à le réveiller entièrement et à l'éclairer ; la conversion est longue pour certaines âmes et c'est avec raison qu'Alexandre Vinet a dit : "Rome sera bien plus facilement bâtie en un jour qu'un homme ne sera converti en un jour," surtout si cet homme est un prêtre que son église a rendu sceptique.

Rappelons-nous qu'il est des cœurs paralysés par un passé qui ne leur apporte que reproche et frayeur.

"Heureux l'homme qui prend son plaisir dans la loi de l'Éternel et qui médite sa loi jour et nuit."

"Possédez vos âmes par votre patience, a dit Jésus Christ," apprenons donc à ne pas nous précipiter sur un prêtre nouvellement évadé, comme sur une proie précieuse qui nous rapportera une grande réclame et des succès éblouissant.

Avant de chercher à tirer le plus de bénéfice possible d'une pomme tombée de l'arbre, assurons-nous de son état, peut-être est-elle verte ou gâtée. La publication, le bruit, l'éclat doivent faire place au silence et à la patience.

Pousser un homme à prêcher un évangile auquel il ne croit pas, c'est faire fouler les perles par les pourceaux.

Un des membres de notre petite famille, un sincère pourtant, a vu des montagnes s'élever jusqu'au ciel. Au lieu de dire comme Zorobabel : " Qui es-tu, ô grande montagne ? " il a baissé les armes et a cherché une retraite, où il aiguisa son épée pour les combats de la session prochaine.

Un de ses amis, sympathisant avec lui, lui disait : " Mais elle, sera-t-elle contente de ce retard ? "

Nous ne pardonnons pas à nos aînés qui viennent dans la grande métropole sans se donner la peine de venir voir comment se portent ceux qui occupent le vieux nid.

Est-ce de peur de se faire annoncer qu'en entrant dans la carrière, les novices n'y ont pas trouvé les traces de leurs vertus ? Soyez sans crainte à ce sujet.

— Nous avons un Démosthène dans nos rangs.

— Oui, lequel ?

— C. . . . Quelqu'un écrit de L. P. aux T., " C. . . . nous a ébloui par sa grande éloquence ; c'est un fondre d'éloquence. "

— Pourquoi, parce qu'il parle trop fort ?

A mesure qu'on a plus d'esprit, on trouve qu'il y a plus d'hommes originaux. Les gens du commun ne trouvent pas de différence entre les hommes.

Si la foudre tombait sur les lieux bas, les poètes, et ceux qui ne savent raisonner que sur les choses de cette nature, manqueraient de preuves.

Il faut qu'il y ait dans l'éloquence de l'agréable et du réel ; mais il faut que cet agréable soit réel.

PASCAL.