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PAUL'S THREE THEREFORES.

A SERMON

BY REV. JAMES FLECK, B. A.

"Therefore, being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ."—Rom. v., 1.

"There is therefore now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus, who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit."—Rom. viii., 1.

"I beseech you, therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service."—Rom. xii., 1.

The Epistle to the Romans is the Gospel according to Paul. Twice in the course of the Epistle, once at the beginning, and once at the close, the apostle makes use of the expression "according to my Gospel." Up to the time of writing Paul had not been at Rome. He had no opportunity, therefore, of preaching the Gospel there. He hopes to have sometime. But lest he should not, he takes advantage of Phœbe's going thither, and of his present comparative leisure for three months at Corinth, to write the Roman Christians a letter. It is such a letter as will contain the Gospel of Jesus Christ as Paul had received and believed it, as he would preach it, and teach it, if personally with them.

The Christian Church at Rome was composed of earnest, thoughtful

educated people, people from many lands; Jews and Gentiles, traders, officers in the army, civil service officials, and members of the Imperial household. Their church, Paul foresees, is destined to be an influential church. Rome is the capital of the world, is a world condensed, a splendid centre of propagation for the Kingdom of Christ. To the statesmanlike mind it is of the utmost importance that Rome should have a full pure Gospel, and have it, not second-hand, but direct. Hence this epistle, the clearest and completest exposition of the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ. More than any other book in the Bible it has shaped the thought and the theology of the Church of Christ, and has been well designated the Cathedral of Christian thought.

Here then, we stand on the highest ground in the Holy Scriptures. Romans is the Switzerland of the New Testament. Here is truth upon truth in mountain ranges; bare, storm-swept peaks of human righteousness piercing the sky, valleys of humiliation echoing the hollow rumbling of hidden torrents, delectable mountains radiant with assurances of God's inalterable love, heights of holiness white as the driven snow, while at their feet nestle, bright with the blue of heaven, lakes of peace and brotherly kindness.

In the Swiss country, it is not so much the height of the mountains that is remarkable, as the harmonious grouping and the sweep and wondrous unity of the whole. So likewise, the traveller through the epistle to the Romans climbs to eminences that command the whole horizon of Christian doctrine, disclosing the relation of one truth to another, setting them in their true perspective.

Such a point of vantage is the tower of the old church in Geneva where the first reformers, three hundred and fifty years ago, preached faith in Jesus Christ. Standing there, and looking up the lake, the distant view is bounded by a huge dark mountain, from whose broad shoulders rise, side by side, three snow-clad peaks, much alike in shape, and size, and height. There is a similar situation in the epistle to the Romans. We stand in the stronghold of Reformation doctrine. Full and fair beneath us lies the lake of Divine Love, the Gospel of Jesus Christ, buttressed on both sides by mountain chains of impregnable argument against Jew and Gentile casuistry, while yonder, in perfect perspective rise sublimely side by side three peaks once seen never forgotten. Each is the first verse of a chapter, each ushered in by a *therefore*, each the apex of an argument, and each standing out clear-cut, snow-white against

the azure of Eternal Truth. And the first of them is, "Therefore, being justified by faith, we have peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ, and rejoice in hope of the glory of God," and the second, "There is therefore now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus, who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit," and the third, "I beseech you, therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service."

I.—JUSTIFICATION THROUGH FAITH.

The first is the keystone doctrine of the Christian Church: Justification is through faith in Jesus Christ by the grace of God.

That is God's way of salvation. And to persuade men to accept it is the end the apostle aims at. It is the one passion that burns within him since that memorable day on the Damascus road, when he made the great discovery of his life, namely, the worthlessness of every other method, and the perfect success of God's way of saving, faith in the Lord Jesus Christ.

Announced in the first chapter as God's method, Paul argues it out patiently through four chapters, repeating it in the beginning of the fifth in the first words of the text. And how does he argue it out? First, he begins at the bottom, on common, solid, incontestable ground. He says, all men need it. He says, I see all men striving for something. For what? For peace; peace with themselves, peace with their conscience, peace with the powers that be, peace with God. They do it by sacrifice, they do it by ceremony, they do it by forgetfulness, they do it by hardening their heart, they do it by scrupulous conscientiousness. The Jew has his way, the Roman his, the sage his, the slave his. Their plans may be diverse, but they are all at it, Jew, Gentile, bond, free, all wrestling, agonizing for this one thing. That is what he sees. But that is not all he sees. He says again: 'I see another thing sadder than that, sadder than all this universal ill-at-ease condition. I see the universal failure of every attempt, the deepening hopelessness.' Yonder it is in the Greek myth of Prometheus scaling heaven's walls, stealing heaven's fire, yet chained to earth, to the bare rock, the vulture at his vitals. There again on the streets of Jerusalem in the souls that Phariseism has pinched and shrivelled out of all recognition. The noblest efforts of man to escape sin and its conse-

quences, and to realize his proper destiny, have, in every age, ended in failure.

No human being ever made a braver attempt to right himself than Paul did. Touching the law he could say honestly he was blameless. Yet had he peace? Let him speak for himself: "I find a law in my members warring against the law of my mind." Does that sound like peace? "The end of these things is death." Is that hopeful? "O wretched man that I am who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" Is this the language of restful satisfaction? Moreover, what he found in himself he found everywhere. He is a student of human nature. He has investigated the matter philosophically. He has made a complete induction of the facts. And what is the conclusion? Is it matter of debate? Not at all. It is not a thing to be proved. It needs no proof. It is a fact, a chapter of facts, hard, black, indisputable. There it is, the first chapter of the *Epistle*. It reeks with iniquity, the unspeakable iniquities of Roman and Jewish world. And what was true then is true still. For when the same chapter was read in India to a cultured audience of Hindoo gentlemen, they protested that the writer must have lived in India and in that very generation. Human nature is the same in Palestine, Hindustan, Europe and America.

That is where he begins and how he builds: the universal need of reconciliation with God, because of sin, and because of the fruitless efforts of men to right themselves. Jew or Gentile, it matters not. Both are guilty before God. The law of his scriptures condemns the Jew. The law written on his heart condemns the Gentile. He cannot come up even to his own standard. What then? Recklessness, despair, ruin? No, there is another alternative. There are two ways by which man can be made right: either by his own doings pure and simple, or failing that, providing another to undertake for him. The first is man's way. The second is God's. The first has been, and forever will be, always and everywhere, a failure. What of the second? Does it avail? Let us see.

God proposes to set men right. He sees the hopelessness of all their own struggles to rise to their lost level, attain power and peace, and accomplish their destiny: seeing this with infinite sorrow and compassion, He says: 'I send my son to you. He is mighty, mighty to save. He will make it possible for you to come back. He will bring you back. Sin has barred your way, paralyzed, robbed you of the power either to will or to do. There stands the

spectre, sword in hand, boasting that none shall pass by him unslain. No one ever had escaped. Jesus enters the list. He bears the thrust of that awful sword, receives it, wrenches it from the grasp of sin, slays the slayer, and delivers the victims.' "Forasmuch as the children are partakers of flesh and blood, He also himself likewise took part in the same; that through death He might destroy him that had the power of death, that is, the devil, and deliver them who through fear of death were all their lifetime subject to bondage." That is God's plan of deliverance. God says: 'My only-begotten and well-beloved Son is He who will do this service for me and for you. He has done it to my satisfaction. The Lord is well pleased for His righteousness sake. I have accepted His sacrifice. Have you? Will you?'

That was the situation: how can a soul steeped in sin, stupefied with sin, outlawed by sin, be just with God? God's answer is, "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved." And that is the Gospel according to Paul, for Jew, for Gentile, for the coarse-grained jailor, for the gentle Lydia, for Melita barbarians, for king Agrippa. That is the Gospel according to Paul for every human being. That is the only way Paul knows, back, and up and out of the pit. "I have been there," he says "down as deep as any man, I was the chief of sinners. I tried every way, every other way. Then God met me with His. It was the light of heaven across a path that led to hell. I turned and saw Jesus. I listened and heard God: Jesus is my way of peace for you. Will you accept him? I accepted, and have Him, and He has me. And nothing can ever separate us." "Therefore," he says, calmly, conclusively, uncontestably, "We have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom also we have access into this grace wherein we stand, and rejoice in hope of the glory of God." A great inventory—faith, peace, stability, hope, joy, glory—what he had fought for, prayed for, persecuted for, and could not find, till he found Jesus Christ.

II.—SANCTIFICATION THROUGH THE SPIRIT.

From the first what a climb to the fifth chapter. The eager apostle in the heat of his argument seems almost out of breath. His sentences are great fragments of something so large and good that it cannot be described: just with God, at peace with God, access to His grace, a safe standing place; then glancing heavenward, he

seems to shout aloud "and rejoice in hope of the glory of God." He is on one of his mountain tops.

But like many another Alpine traveller, he finds that he has not reached the highest point. Moreover, there is a deep valley between this and the next. There are serious objections to his faith-method of justification. Will it not lead to immorality? Does it not make the law itself immoral? He must look into these queries, must go down before he can climb farther. The law immoral? Made of none effect? No, because the law was never intended to save men that had gone wrong. It will keep right men from going wrong. It will never make a wrong man right. "Pay as you go" is a very good principle, but not good to cancel old obligations. Paying for what you get will not pay up the old debt. For a man merely to keep from sin will never lay the ghosts of his dead sins. So the law can never set the law-breaker right again. That is not its function. The law is good, but not good for that. What is good for that? Faith in one who has satisfied, identification legally with one who has satisfied, fully satisfied, as our bondsman, all our liabilities. Only by faith in Him can the old be regarded as cancelled. That is God's way. But the objection is, that such an easy way of getting rid of sin is offering a premium for continuing in sin. Not so, says Paul, for this faith which justifies is the seeing of one who dies for sin, for our sin. To be accurate, it is the sight of Christ dying; not Christ merely, but Christ crucified. It is identifying oneself with the Christ on the cross. It is being crucified with Him. Instead, therefore, of making light of sin, it shows up sin as the abominable thing which God hates. By the very nature of saving faith, hatred of sin, instead of love of it, is engendered in the Christ-believing heart. Further, the same faith-look sees the sinless One, the altogether Lovely One, in the beauty of holiness, and longs to be like Him. The new life starts on its journey with the love of holiness.

That is the way Paul answered the objection that justification by faith leads to licentiousness. He does not deny that the new life has to struggle hard with the stubborn old man within, before he is completely extirpated. That is the climbing he has to do before he reaches his second height. The fifth chapter is good, the eighth is better. The fifth is high, the eighth is higher. Through the sixth and seventh, therefore, he goes. Through rugged thunder-riven gorges where you see the lightning flash, and hear the roar of

the torrent. Listen: "the reign of sin," "sold under sin," "the dominion of sin," "the wages of sin." Read these chapters, go down with him into them, and up through them. Hear his lonely cries and prayers. "I am being held." "The good that I would, I do not, the evil that I would not, I do." "I am carnal." "I am being brought into captivity." "O wretched man that I am." Into many an awful abyss he has looked in the course of that seventh chapter, but out of them all he emerges at last, and we hear his cheery voice once more far up the heights, "I thank God through Jesus Christ our Lord." Now he has reached the summit of the second peak. "There is therefore now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus, who walk not after the flesh but after the spirit."

Here is a new word, a new element, a new personality—the Spirit. What made the climbing to this second height so difficult? It was the thought, subtly suggested by Satan, that the justified one was thereby a good climber and needed no help. If justification be by faith, if you have peace with God, all is right. You are right, and always right, and forever right, your judicial standing is assured, no matter what you do. That is what Satan said. "You've believed, that is enough. Grace abounds, you may sin with impunity, for no matter how largely sin abounds, grace much more abounds." So on the traveller went alone, a great confidence in his faith overshadowing his faith. That was the stone of stumbling that tripped the apostle up, and threw him down between the fifth and eighth chapters. He was without a guide. He lost his way. He stumbled. He went over the precipice. He did not wish to fall. He couldn't help himself. It was the old story, the old-time failure repeated—self-help for a soul is no help. Yet there he is up in the crisp morning air of the second summit. How came he there? Who came to his rescue this time? Who is that beside him? A guide, a companion? Yes, mark well the ethereal outlines of His figure, and call to mind the question Paul put to the disciples at Antioch, Have ye received the Holy Ghost since ye believed? Justified by faith, has the process of sanctification been begun by the Spirit? He knew, doubtless, in his own experience, what it was to attempt a Christian life without the Spirit. He would save others from that perilous and impossible path. Hence the need of a second *therefore* in this presentation of the Gospel. An eighth chapter stretching away beyond the fifth. The first verse of the eighth sounded like a repetition of the first verse of the fifth—"In Christ

there is no condemnation," is like "In Christ we have peace with God." But there is something in the second text that was not in the first, "Who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit." "The righteousness of the law," he says, must "be fulfilled in us who walk not after the flesh but after the Spirit."

Thus he vindicates justification by faith from the charge of leading to presumption and sin. On the contrary, it leads invariably and necessarily to a holy life. Faith worketh by love, heart and hand. After and along with justification, sanctification. They are inseparable; and equally necessary in the kingdom of grace. The first secures our legal standing in the kingdom. The second brings us into likeness with the King. The first begins outside us by the divine transfer and human acceptance of another's work for us. The second operates within us, and is the work of another with us. The atonement of Christ accomplishes two things: cancels the writing against us; and imparts the Spirit to us, to cleanse, appease, satisfy the conscience, and to create and feed the craving for holiness, by keeping Jesus Christ, the Brightness of the Father's glory, before us.

This brings to view the true place of good works in the economy of grace. They belong not to the foundation but to the superstructure of Christian character. No claim to God's favor can be founded upon them. Once the corner stone has been laid they enter into the construction, and ought to indicate the architect and His plan. Good works are only good in their place. No man would dream of employing a roofer with all his professional materials to lay the foundation of a house. He would never think of putting in lath and rafter, and saw dust, and tar and sand and shingles as the foundations. Good enough in their place, they would be worse than nothing out of their place. So with works, good as indications of whose we are, and whom we serve, good for nothing to rest our hopes on.

Had man not fallen, had he no sense of sin, were his conscience free from guilt, were the foundation of his character not black bog land, it would be different. It alters the case when the condition of things is realized. There is work to be undone as well as done. There is rubbish to be removed, foundations to be dug, corner stones to be laid. Justification by faith does the first, removes the rubbish, forgives the sin, digs to the bed rock, lays the stone. Walking

in the spirit, possessed by the spirit, does the second, completes the work of redemption, and points the way to glory.

That is the point Paul has now reached in this wonderful exhibition of the Gospel, as he had received, believed and lived it. To that height he would fain lift all his readers. Higher than the eighth chapter of Romans, higher than no condemnation and no separation from the love of God in Christ Jesus it is not possible to get in this mortal life. The apostle seems to be gloriously beside himself, yet his logic does not desert him; he is clear, and severe, and precise in his thinking as ever. Once he was caught up into the third heavens and saw things unspeakable. He is on the point of going up again. He is on earth, but his vision sweeps the horizon of heaven. He sees the unfolding kingdom rise range upon range in widening circles. He sees God's salvation in the fulness of its grandeur, salvation not for a Jewish fragment of humanity, but for all the world, and for all times. He sees the purpose of God victorious over all enemies, and in the rapture of that view he breaks out into a defiance of sin, and fear, and all the conjured powers of the universe, and chants the grandest song that was ever sung for the Church of Christ on this earth, the immortal Hymn of Redeeming Love.

III.—CONSECRATION OF THE LIFE.

From this superb height a new perspective appears. He rests, reviews, and takes it in; then rises to reach his ultimate purpose. All the advantage his arguments have given him he must now turn to practical eternal account. Justification by faith has opened the way to sanctification through the Spirit; both should bear fruit in consecrated lives. The heavens bend to earth, will earth respond and rise to heaven? From the argumentative Paul changes to the admonitory. By the mercies of God he entreats his reader to present himself a living sacrifice. Through all his reasonings he has never lost sight of this, the goal for which he set out, that he might win other benighted souls into God's way of peace. That gave cogency to his arguments, and persuasiveness to his speech, and kept them solidly in line till now he should be able to press them successfully home.

As an advocate addressing judge and jury, he has argued out his case frankly, logically, conclusively. Now he ceases to argue. He

pleads, and the magnitude of the cause at stake gives passion and pathos to his pleadings. By the mercies of God, by His free grace, by the atonement of His son, by His sacrifice, by the fruits of it, by justification and peace and joy, by sanctification, and the hope of glory, by the worth of their own souls in the sight of their God, he appeals to them to accept God's way of salvation, surrender to Him, yield themselves body, soul and spirit, once forever, a living, a reasonable, a holy, an acceptable sacrifice.

Once more, brethren, we are face to face with the question that never changes. It was the burning question in Paul's day, as it had been in Job's day, as it is in ours. "How can a man be just with God?" Other questions change. Philosophies are born and are buried. The fashions of thought come in and go out, but the relation of man to God, of sinful man to a holy God is the same in all ages. No where in all the world of truth is that relationship so clearly, so honestly, and so profoundly set forth as in these verses we have been considering. Justification, sanctification, consecration. These three mountain tops not only point heavenward, they lift heavenward. They have raised countless multitudes from the depths of sin to the blessedness of reconciliation and fellowship with Father, Son and Holy Ghost. Reader, what have they done for you? Have you accepted God's majestic way of life, or are you working at your own little plan. Ask thyself, 'Am I justified freely by His grace? Am I walking in the Spirit? Have I presented myself a living sacrifice? Can I sing the song of God's redeeming love?'

JAMES FLECK.

Montreal.

Symposium,

ON THE SUBJECT OF CHRISTIAN UNITY.

BY A LAY MEMBER OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

WHAT is meant by Christian Unity? Does the term mean a union of the many bodies and societies of evangelical Christians now existing and known by various names, and their fusion into one? Or does it signify spiritual oneness among God's people? If the former be intended, and if it be considered that in order to secure it there must be a coming together into one by the many bodies of Christians to be found in this and other lands, the work of accomplishing such a union will be found to be, humanly speaking, a Herculean task, from attempting which the most courageous and most enthusiastic might shrink.

There are those who contend that the Church of England not only does not favor Christian union or unity but that she stands in the way of it. And yet the fact is that that church, while appreciating the difficulty of the undertaking, has been faithful to her conviction that corporate union should, if possible consistently with adherence to principle, be attained, and believing that, owing to her unique position as a church, the responsibility of moving in the matter rests with her, she has taken action. At the last meeting of the Provincial Synod of the Church of England in the Ecclesiastical Province of Canada, held at Montreal, in September, 1886, the House of Bishops adopted the following resolution:

"That a committee of this House be appointed to confer with any similar committees appointed to represent other Christian bodies for the purpose of ascertaining whether there is any possibility of honorable union with such bodies, and that the Lower House of this Synod be invited to appoint a committee to act jointly with the committee of this House."

and transmitted the same by message to the Lower House, in which House it was moved by the Very Reverend the Dean of Montreal, seconded by the Reverend Canon Du Moulin, and unanimously resolved,

"That this House respectfully concur with the Message, and that

the Prolocutor be requested to appoint a committee in accordance "therewith."

A large and influentially constituted committee was named which has since met and entered upon the consideration of the subject.

Passing from Canada to the United States we find that at the General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church in that country, held in 1886, action was had with a view to Christian union.

At the Pan-Anglican Conference of Bishops of the Anglican Communion, held in England in 1888, not only was this great subject taken up and considered, but the following articles were adopted as a basis of union or reunion, viz.:

(a) The Holy Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments as "containing all things necessary to salvation," and as being the rule and ultimate standard of faith.

(b) The Apostles' Creed as the Baptismal Symbol; and the Nicene Creed as the sufficient statement of the Christian faith.

(c) The two Sacraments ordained by Christ Himself—Baptism and the Supper of the Lord—ministered with unfailing use of Christ's words of institution and of the elements ordained by Him.

(d) The Historic Episcopate, locally adapted in the methods of its administration to the varying needs of the nations and peoples called of God into the unity of His church.

Now, as actions speak louder than words, it must be conceded that the position of the Church of England upon the question of Organic Christian Unity is far in advance of that thus far taken by any of the other Christian Communion which exist among us, and that she has taken practical action and not confined herself to mere sentimentalities.

In a paper written by my esteemed friend the Honorable Senator John Macdonald, and published in the November number of this journal, the Church of England was singled out for attack, on the ground that she "refuses to recognize the ministers of other denominations * * * * as ministers of the New Testament," and "refuses to interchange with them in the discharge of pulpit duties." It is a subject for regret that so earnest a Christian, and so fair minded and just and loving a man as Senator Macdonald, should have expressed himself as he has done. To ascertain what a church teaches or directs, reference must be had to her creeds, her

articles, and her formularies, and not to individual opinions of persons who happen to belong to her communion. That there are in the Church of England many people who refuse to recognize as ministers of the New Testament any who have not received Episcopal Ordination cannot be denied, and I deeply regret that it is so. But it is not for me to judge these my brethren. Among them are many sincere and loving Christian men who are earnestly working in the Master's service and seeking for the salvation of souls through Him and for Him. Their convictions are honest ones. All the same I am sure they are in error in this matter. The Lord Jesus said: "Beware of false prophets, which come to you in sheep's clothing but inwardly they are ravening wolves. Ye shall know them by their fruits. Do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles? Even so every good tree bringeth forth good fruit: but a corrupt tree bringeth forth evil fruit. A good tree cannot bring forth evil fruit, neither can a corrupt tree bring forth good fruit. Every tree that bringeth not forth good fruit is hewn down and cast into the fire. Wherefore by their fruits ye shall know them."

Now, judged by His standard and by His test, the preaching and teaching and the ministry of ministers of denominations other than the Church of England are, by the good fruit thereof, proved to be of the Master himself, and are abundantly blessed and honored by Him. And further there are many of us in the Church of England who, not seeing eye to eye with our own brethren in this matter, and recognizing the ministerial standing of these brethren of other communions, can truthfully and feelingly speak of the sweet spiritual fellowship we have often and often had with them,—fellowship which has been felt to be blessed and profitable and which has done much to draw them and us one to another in the Lord.

As to Senator Macdonald's second charge, viz., that the Church of England does not open her pulpits to ministers of other denominations, I admit its truth but maintain that it affords no just ground for attack. Who shall or who shall not be admitted to its pulpits must be a matter to be decided by each individual church or communion for itself, and its action in the matter should not be questioned by others. The Church of England has in her case decided that the admission to her pulpits shall be limited to her own ministers. From what is stated by the Senator in his paper it would appear that the Toronto Ministerial Association has limited

the annual general interchange of pulpits to the Presbyterians, Methodists, Baptists, and Congregationalists of the city. I presume the members of the Church of England were not included in the arrangement owing to the position of that church upon this question. But are the members of these churches the only ones (beside the members of the Church of England) who can claim the name of Protestant or Evangelical? What of the Salvation Army and other distinctive Christian religious organizations which might be named? Were they asked to take part in this interchange of pulpits?

Now, let it be distinctly understood that I am not speaking by way of objection to the particular interchange for which the Toronto Ministerial Association appears to have arranged. I would gladly welcome any good which might be found to have resulted from it. At the same time I think there may be an exaggerated view as to the effect which it may have in producing Christian unity. Has it yet resulted in the abolition upon the part of one of the bodies named of what is called "close communion"? May not ministers who on the exchange Sunday occupied pulpits of a communion other than their own have found themselves fettered in the delivery of their message, lest theirs should be teaching contradictory of that to which their audiences have been accustomed?

But whether there shall or shall not be corporate unity or union of the churches there are many ways in which united action may be had by or among Evangelical Christians. Senator Macdonald has instanced the Evangelical Alliance and the Young Men's Christian Association. Let another be suggested, and it is that when an Evangelical Christian body has entered upon a mission field among the heathen no other shall enter the same field. In this connection it may not be out of place to state that already negotiations have been carried on between one of the Synods of the Presbyterian Church and one of the Conferences of the Methodist Church in Canada with a view, as I believe, to mission work in the more remote and more needy districts of our own country being so carried on, that in case one is in occupation of the ground the other will not interfere with it.

At the Convention of the Canadian Inter-Collegiate Missionary Alliance, held in Montreal in October, 1886, the following resolution was passed:

"*Whereas* Christians, not such in name only but in heart, are one

“the world over, exhibiting everywhere and always the characteristic of which our Lord spoke, ‘By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples if ye have love for another;’ and

“*Whereas* denominationalism is apt to develop and foster antagonism amongst us, and especially retards and confounds the work of evangelization among the heathen, and

“*Whereas* by the occupation of the same fields by men of different denominations the strength of the Church is greatly diminished, preventing the speedy carrying out of Christ’s command, “Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature.”

“*Therefore*, we, delegate members of the Inter-Collegiate Missionary Alliance of Canada, in convention in the city of Montreal, October 30, 1886, do hereby express our conviction that the Organic Union of Christians in the Mission Field is one of the great needs of the hour; that we believe that immediate steps should be taken by those in authority to secure this; and further, that we express our determination to further said Union by our prayers, sympathies, and co-operation.”

It is to be regretted that at the meeting of the same Alliance held at Kingston, in October 1887, the resolution passed at Montreal and above quoted was dealt with as follows:—

“*Whereas* this Alliance is composed of members of different denominations, and whereas the resolution relative to the Organic Union of denominations upon the mission field, passed last year at Montreal, has been shown to involve a principle not in harmony with the views of one of the denominations represented in the Alliance:

“*Therefore*, be it resolved that it is inexpedient for any convention of the Alliance to pass any resolution in which a principle is involved that is not in harmony with the known views of any denomination represented.”

And I may be pardoned for adding that the Church of England was not the denomination the views of which would not or could not harmonize with the principle of the resolution passed at Montreal.

Let me now leave the question of fusion or corporate unity and deal briefly with unity as signifying spiritual oneness among God’s people. And we may be thankful, with a confident thankfulness that among the Lord’s true children there exists a unity or union which cannot be destroyed, but may be weakened, and can be strengthened. As was well said by the present Bishop of Huron, formerly Dean Baldwin, in an address shortly after his election to the office of Bishop:

“**Christian unity has already been created, and it is ours to bring**

“it out by our intercourse in daily life. He deemed himself most true to the Church of England when he made a brother feel his oneness in heartfelt Christian sympathy. Unanimity and uniformity as long as we see through a glass darkly, it is absolutely impossible to have; but it is sacrilegious to deny the unity of the followers of Christ, which it is our privilege and honor to maintain.”

The Church of England in her Collect for All Saints Day declares, that Almighty God has knit together His elect in one communion and fellowship in the mystical body of His Son Christ our Lord, and in her Communion Office declares this mystical body to be “the blessed company of all faithful people.” Now this mystical body is the true Church of Christ,—His Bride—and those who form it are not confined to any one branch of the Visible Church. Oh no, and whether they be Greek, or Roman, or Anglican, or Presbyterian, or Methodist, or Baptist, whether they be those “which sleep in Jesus,” or those who “are alive and remain unto the coming of the Lord,” they shall at His coming be caught up to meet Him in the air, and shall “ever be with the Lord.” And then, and only then,—but then forever and forever,—shall be known and enjoyed the perfection of full and complete Christian unity. Let all who love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity and truth wish for,—pray for,—hope for,—work for,—and wait for the growth and development of true Christian unity, and let them be “looking for that blessed hope and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ.”

HERBERT S. McDONALD.

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Contributed Articles.

WHAT IS NEW IN APOLOGETICS ?

(Concluded from the December number.)

III.—ITS MATERIALS.

This is in some respects the most interesting and important part of the subject under discussion, for during quite recent years new and valuable materials have been gathered together. It is curious to notice also that in several instances, the scholarly research of the foes of the Christian system has provided materials which are of great service to the Apologete. In some cases material of this kind is of even more value than that which the Christian Apologete gathers for himself. He should never hesitate, therefore, to use the materials which he finds ready to his hands. Our sketch of the new materials can only be of the briefest nature. We note a few points in several departments.

In the first place, we find certain new features in the region of *philosophy*. A purely materialistic philosophy scarcely prevails anywhere in learned circles now. Something else than mere matter is held to be necessary in order to explain even the physical phenomena of the universe. It may be some form of force, or it may be "the unknowable," or it may be some more spiritual essence; in any case the admission now generally made by the advocates of the materialistic schools, constitute a very great gain for the Christian system. The tendency of philosophic thought at the present day in almost every land, is to a more spiritual conception of the universe than prevailed on mere philosophical ground even a few years ago. This had been brought about partly by the evident insufficiency of purely physical theories of the universe, and partly by the more adequate philosophy which Theism supplies. There may perhaps be a tendency to a kind of pantheism in modern philosophic thought at the present time. The divine immanency in certain quarters is taken to constitute the underlying reality of the universe, as well as the ground of its organized structure. This certainly is a grand

conception of the universe, and it may indicate the lines along which the relation of God to the universe is to be explained. Of course the transcendency of God must also be maintained, in order to complete the view to be taken here.

In the second place, *science* has supplied much new material for the use of the Apologete. The principle of the correlation of forces within certain limits is of great service, the hypothesis of evolution regarded in a certain way gives an enlarged scope to the design argument, and biology has given much light on the problem of life. Perhaps the chief gain to Apologetics during recent years comes in connection with the failure of mere science to answer the questions she can so clearly formulate. Force or power in any form implies an agent, an agent must have will and intelligence, and hence be a personality. Hence from the conception of force, of which science makes so much, we can rise up to the conception of a person. Evolution leaves the question of *origin* unexplained, and hence the fact of creation remains to be accounted for. Many breaches, as those between vital, mental, and moral phenomena, remain unbridged, and so the claims of the evolutionists must now be much more moderate than a few years ago. Then, too, evolution, so far as true, is quite consonant with an enlarged theology; and so it may give a history of the growth of the universe, but it does not account for its beginning. Then again biological science has never made good the fact of spontaneous generation, and so the question of the origin of life is left for the Theist to explain, as he easily can with the conception of God which he presents. He is the *living* and true God.

In the third place, *history* is bringing forward new facts which are of much value in confirming the Christian system. Not only have we history proper, but we have the results of Egyptology and Assyriology, with all the inscriptions which have been made known within the past few years. The prospect is that many additional discoveries will yet be made in this way. The history of the origin of the Jewish system, and the historical evidence of the resurrection of Christ, together with the history of the Gospel narratives generally, is a mine which in very recent years has been successfully wrought. The weight of evidence thus supplied is of very great importance.

In the fourth place, the *literary criticism* of the Scripture record, and the degree of learning which has been devoted to the Bible has

given new elements of Apologetic value. In no previous age has so much scholarship been applied to the Bible as at the present day, and the result is that much is being done to settle the text of the Scripture, and thus refute objections to the Christian system, based on uncertainty as to the exact text of the sacred records. What has been done for the New Testament of late years is of vast service; and the critical work which now remains to be done, is to settle more definitely the text of the Old Testament. To do this is necessary in order to secure a good translation of it.

In the fifth place, the facts adduced by the *comparative study of religions* go far to confirm many of the facts of the Christian system. This field is quite new, and may yield still better results in the near future. Thus we find such facts as worship, sacrifice, future state, and reward and punishment, and the need of redemption, presented in the various forms in the different pagan systems. The existence of these facts confirm the Biblical views, and no doubt their existence in false systems is due to the fact that they have their existence in Christianity. If there were no true coin, there would be no counterfeit.

In the last place, recent years afford much new proof that the Christian system is true in the grand results of *mission work*. Take the last twenty years, and consider what Christian missions have done in so many lands, and we have a mighty argument in favour of Christianity. That a false system may spread is admitted, as in the case of the Moslem; but Christianity is not only fast spreading among the nations of the earth, but wherever it comes it elevates and blesses humanity. The wilderness and solitary place are made glad, and the earth is made to blossom as the rose. Each convert made is another proof that Christianity is true, and each missionary who goes forth with his life in his hand is additional evidence that the Christian system is true and divine.

IV.—ITS RESULTS.

In a very hurried way have we sketched the spirit method and materials of the Apologetics of the present day. No details of names, books or theories could be given in the space at our command. In this closing section a very brief statement of results remains to be given.

In the first place, the reality of the supernatural has come to be

more and more clearly vindicated. No mere naturalistic theory of the universe is found sufficient, and the tendency now is to admit the validity of that which is behind the series of natural events.

In the second place, the place of inspiration and of the miraculous is thereby secured. The admission recently made by one of the leading scientific men, who is no friend of the Christian faith, that the miracle is possible, so far as the order of nature is concerned, is of great import here.

In the third place, the position and peculiar nature of the Bible has been more clearly vindicated than ever. In some respects this is the greatest gain which Apologetics has made in recent years. The recent revision of the Scriptures has proved to friend and foe alike, that no material change in the facts or doctrines of the Scriptures is possible. And this means that we have got the substance of the truth now.

In the last place, more than ever has the Apologete become an exponent of the inherent sufficiency of the Christian system. He can, in this way, carry the war into the enemy's territory, and show that the systems opposed to Christianity fail to satisfy the demands which a true religion must satisfy. He is no longer a mere defender: he may become an invader.

On the whole the outlook is hopeful. The Christian system is like an oak on the mountain brow. The more the storms blow upon it, the firmer its roots hold, and the harder its fibre becomes. Every department of learning shall yet bring, more fully than even now, all their trophies, and lay them at the feet of Jesus Christ, and with the homage due unto Him crown Him Lord of all.

F. R. BEATTIE.

MODERN CHIVALRY.*

THERE is a deep interest in the study of the rise, progress and decline of chivalry, that is as the term was understood of old. The chivalry of the Middle Ages was a hybrid between Christianity and paganism, and while it was a distinct advance over the state of things previous to its origin, it was soon left behind in the progress of civilization. Its tourneys, its knights errant, its templars and crusaders, its armor, shield, sword, lance and battle-axe, its bloodshed, its ambition and its ladies fair, all are gone.

But the principle shadowed forth in chivalry is a living principle to-day. Time has winnowed the chaff from the wheat, and a nobler, more Christian-like chivalry, one approaching nearer the ideal chivalry obtains. I am not forgetful of that most eloquently pathetic passage of Burke's, lamenting the departure of the days of chivalry, that passage, considered one of the prose masterpieces of the English language, was occasioned by the killing of Marie Antoinette, and the fact that her execution called forth so strong a passage, is evidence that one of the chief characteristics of chivalry—the reverence for woman—was as strong in Burke's time as, if not stronger, than in the olden times. The seeds from which chivalry sprung were man's noblest instincts, and these were planted in his heart for all time by the Divine Hand. A movement that originates in sentiments common to our race, is one that can never die. It may sometimes degenerate, as a cultivated vine deteriorates in wildness, or it may, like chivalry, become nobler, as an acorn that drops into a lily's cup, may in time grow into a mighty oak.

Before considering modern chivalry, it is necessary, in order to note wherein it differs from ancient chivalry, to ascertain what was the latter. A quotation from Mr. F. Ryland's interesting articles in the *English Illustrated Magazine* will give an idea of the chivalry of former times. He says:—

“While the motive for action is often love of fame, the best knights are notable for their humility, and lofty self-respect is combined with childlike simplicity, gentleness, generosity and courtesy, among the lesser excellencies, which go to make up the character of

* Read before the “Tuesday Night Club,” November 27th, 1838.

the gentleman are there, and with them sincere reverence for God and man."

The mainspring of chivalry was obedience to God, and since God never teaches two antagonistic modes of action, it follows that just so far as religion has strengthened its hold upon us, so far has the flower, of which chivalry was only the bud, approached fruition.

It is not necessary to state that in moral character the race is better than it was in the middle ages, and if we require evidence as to the prevalence and effect of religion we have it in these words, of the Rev. Dr. Kendrick, in the November number of the *Forum*. After stating that "None will deny that Christianity is the great bond of modern civilization, he adds: "It is difficult to over-estimate the part which Christian ideas have played in building up and cementing the structure of our existing civilization. To change the figure, we may say that Christianity forms the very atmosphere in which modern society has lived and moved and had its being."

True it is, that Christianity has foes, and intellectual as well as mentally incompetent foes. But this only affords scope for modern chivalry to step in. Knighted by the Church itself, we, the militant or fighting portion of God's army, have our crusades to wage. In China, Japan, India and our own wildernesses; in torrid and frigid zones the missionary is at work, and the army of these devoted "followers of the cross" is constantly increasing.

At home, what scope there is for the modern knight errant: Intemperance, cruelty, vice of every sort, is here to be encountered. There are souls to be saved from foes no less formidable, though less tangible, than those of older times. It is surely no better fate to be held captive by our own evil desires, to be ensnared by temptations, than to have been immured in the dungeons of some tyrant's castle; and to free a soul from captivity, is even a more noble act than to rescue a body. And even should we rank actual physical relief above that of the soul, we have as noble a band of knights for the purpose as any of old. Armed with intelligence and skill, our physicians are always ready to battle with death and contagion, even to the laying down of their own lives.

In ancient chivalry woman occupied a prominent part. Knights fought to protect her and to win her favor, and were supposed to treat her with deference and kindness. How is it to-day?

Of old, woman was largely the toy, the pet and the prize of man, who, however well he loved her, must from circumstances have held

her as only "something better than his dog, a little dearer than his horse." This was not due to her education being less than that of her consort, for neither had much to boast of in this respect. It was more largely due to the warlike nature of man's life. Whatever was the cause, the result was the same; woman was aloof from man. To-day matters are altered. Woman is none the less protected or respected because she is able to share man's noblest thoughts, to be his close companion, friend, adviser, helper and consoler. To keep pace with man, she has had to take up his studies, and while some may have gone too far in the direction of competition with man, none can deny that but for her own mental work, she would have ceased to occupy that place in the economy of nature which chivalry aspired to give her ages ago. How can she be man's inspiration if she is his inferior; how command his respect? She has been granted rights such as no woman of old could have dreamed of. Here surely is a proof of the survival of one of the noblest instincts of chivalry. Should she not in her turn do something chivalric? Let her not think to win respect or esteem by beauty alone, nor by the fact that she is a woman. She should endeavor to inspire a lofty principle of life—a love of truth, a hatred of sin, to point, say, and to lead the way heavenward if she would retain all the old admiration and protection of man, and if she desires to be worthy of the position her sex occupies.

The peculiarity of modern chivalry is that its battles are mental, not physical, and that brain and not brawn is the ruling power. All the departments of thought are being opened up, and the defenders of the faith are not the only ones to enter there. Mind meets mind in conflict now, and no lady fair, Queen of Love and Beauty, rules the tourney. Stern logic is the arbitrator, and the modern knight needs to be able to give a reason for the faith that is in him. In this connection how strengthening are the words of St. Paul in his epistle to the Ephesians:

"Put on the whole armor of God, that ye may be able to stand against the wiles of the devil. For we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places. Stand therefore, having your loins girt about with truth, and having on the breastplate of righteousness; and your feet shod

with the preparation of the gospel of peace: above all, taking the shield of faith, wherewith ye shall be able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked. And take the helmet of salvation, and the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God."

Poet and painter have vied with one another in glorifying the age of chivalry. Arthur, a mere barbaric chieftain, has been elevated to the rank of a demi-god. Bayard, Richard cœur de Lion and a host of others, have had their names handed down to us by Fame. But actual hero and ideal king alike have passed away, and with them the older form of chivalry. The chivalry of blood and iron has sunk into dust. No longer upon the shield rings the blow of the battle-axe. The rush of mail clad horses, the splinter of the tough ash lance, the din of steel on steel, all are silent. The grass grows rank in the lists, the castle has crumbled to decay; war and bloodshed, tyranny and wrong are following fast, and out of the dawn of the opening ages rides the new chivalry, a glory of sunlight following behind it, and falling upon the flying bannerets, on whose silken folds the world may read the sweet inscription

"PEACE."

A. E. P.

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POETIC TASTE.

MANY contemporaneous writers have been announcing the end of the poetic age as just at hand. The poet's corner is to be a curiosity of the past—a species of literary fossil in future generations. Science is to rout poetry from the field of literature. The doctrine of the survival of the fittest is to be far-reaching as well as inexorable.

“When science from Creation's face
Enchantment's veil withdraws;
What lovely visions yield their place
To cold material laws.”

Science is to fully explore the field of poetic imagination, and fancy everywhere is to yield to fact. Many writers seem to believe that we are now in the era of decadence, and that the art of poetry and with it poetic taste are destined to decay. Are we prepared to accept these prophesies? Many persons grant that we are passing through an era of decadence. This is true, but all that it means is,

“Ring out the false,
Ring in the true.”

Science has been shattering the superstitious in religion, but it will never destroy religion. Nay, religion relieved from the accretions of the centuries, steps forth in her buoyant manhood as she never did in the past. In a similar way, when science removes the glamour and falsehood which we see has to a considerable extent attended poetry, poetry will still live, and live gloriously, in the future generations. So long as man is gifted with an imagination and surrounded with the sublime and wonderful environment which he finds in nature, philosophy, and religion, so long will he think and speak in the magic forms of poetry. Let the world perish if the soul of man is not to glow with poetic rapture. The preacher of the future especially will lift his voice in vain if he has not some of David's minstrelsy or Isaiah's celestial fire. When poetry perishes manhood will perish, and virtue will have to hide itself from the lust and greed of a greater Solomon doomed to overthrow.

We venture to offer a few reasons in favor of the cultivation of the poetic taste.

The poetic taste has an *historical value* which is indispensable to every student. The poetry of any age is the most accurate measure of the spirit of that particular era. The true historian must see behind the bare facts of history and discover the hidden forces, the spirit of the times, and the motives of the people. The poet has always come to the front as the prophet of his age. Especially in the crises of nations the secret forces which make history are naked and open to him. He is the photographer of the mental and moral landscape, and we learn all as we gaze upon his pictures. In illustration of this we might point to the literary remains of ancient Greece, which to this day exercise such a mighty influence upon modern culture. The prose writings give us the historical facts more or less truthfully of this wonderful people: but it is the study of the Greek poets, especially Homer, which enables us to live with the Greek of yore, to sit with him in the family circle and in the councils of the great, to engage with him in his daily avocations and to go forth with the armed warrior to the fight. Homer was the prophet of Ancient Greece, and his poetic soul is the open gateway whereby all the generations of the studious have entered in and lived and fought with heroes.

Go to Burns if you wish to breathe the air, and taste the very wine cup of Scotland in his days. Sing the love songs of Scotland if you wish to taste the nectar which lads and lasses enjoyed to the full. Do you wish to know what the religious experiences of the ancient Hebrews were? Then go to the psalms of David, Moses and Asaph. If your soul is able to do it, you will taste with them both the bitter and the sweet, and you will learn as you never otherwise could that God's Kingdom is one, and that true religion is ever the same.

A second advantage to be gained from the cultivation of the poetic taste is, that it *stimulates to energy and action*. We need to be continually supplied with a variety of incentives to energy and action. We need to hold ideals before the mind, and the poetic world is the world of ideals. Science has not any ideals but such as she borrows from the poetic realm. For us who are creatures acting largely by imitation, this is our gallery of model men and model deeds. There is a transferring power about true poetry, whereby the motives of others become ours who read. We have

heard of ministers of the gospel who before sitting down to prepare their sermons, have whetted their minds by a perusal of some of the poets; and it is usual for writers on Homiletics to give this as one of the means of rousing up the dormant energies of the thinker or writer. It is impossible for the preacher to win success without the cultivation of the poetic taste. He cannot transfer his thoughts to others except upon the poetic wings of feeling and imagination. Lyman Beecher's two rules to be followed by the preacher were, "Make it heavy, and make it hot." Bare facts, cold logic and unclothed principles will be as heavy to the mind as uncooked vegetables to the stomach; but the heating process will make both to be good and pleasant food. The poetic taste in the preacher is the special medium of infusing the life of the past into the present, and energizing what would otherwise be a moral chaos. Such considerations were doubtless what made Timothy Titecomb say that there were two kinds of preachers: 1st, *the poetic* with warmth of feeling who are always listened to: and 2nd, *the non-poetic* who are not fit to preach. Many preachers have given themselves to a study of the hymns of the church, and in these they have found the incentives their own natures required, as well as the transferring elements which make truth living and powerful to the souls of others.

Again, there is no taste so *readily and easily cultivated* as the poetic taste. Under the cultivation of taste we would refer those studies not so absolutely essential to the multitude, but which nevertheless exalt and ennoble our present existence. Some of these might be enumerated, as sculpture, painting, music, poetry, &c. Such studies have a place in human life, and have this peculiarity, that they exercise the mind without fatiguing it. They lead to inquiries deep and searching but not laborious or painful. The acquisition of necessary knowledge and the investigation of abstract truth is a labor which wearies, but the studies of which we speak serve in comparison as a recreation and relaxation to the wearied mind. They make the hard pathway of science easy and pleasant to tread. And we venture to affirm that the man whatsoever his other acquisitions may be, who has not cultivated some one taste at least, does not possess a well rounded character, and has not fulfilled his duty to himself. There have been those who opposed the cultivation of taste as being opposed to vital religion. But surely Christianity must favor the cultivation of man's whole

nature, excepting always that which is positively evil, simply requiring that the moral and spiritual control and regulate all that is beneath it. With these restrictions religion and culture must go hand in hand in the full development of the race, acting and reacting beneficially upon one another. Now, of all the studies referred to, there is no other so readily accessible to the many as the study of poetry. Few have the wealth and leisure to prosecute painting or sculpture under skillful masters. All have not musical or oratorical talent, at least sufficient to win public applause. But the possession of the poets is within the reach of all, and a short association with them will give an increasing relish for the food they so liberally supply. Poetry, the heavenborn companion of music, than which it requires even fewer teachers, let us cling to it as to a true and constant friend. The man of business cannot be always employed in the daily routine. The laborer cannot be continually beneath the burden. The professional man cannot endure the constant strain of abstract thought. The son of fortune cannot fill all his hours with pomp and pleasure. But just here poetry comes to our rescue, in that it gives us a pleasurable employment subsidiary to the main pursuit. Thus the harmony of life is preserved in a way which is in accordance with the dignity of man. And thus men are rescued from the power of those evil passions which too often overcome those distracted with many labors or compassed with manifold temptations.

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THE CRADLE OF BRITISH CHRISTIANITY.

[It MAY be as well to state that these notes of travel, like those in the December number, and any which may follow, were originally written amid the scenes which they describe, and were intended for a *private* circle of readers, rather than for the public; hence the mold in which they are cast.—J. H. M.]

PICTURE to yourself a happy party on the stern deck—"downstairs at the back of the boat," the Blonde persists in calling it—of the Staffa and Iona steamer. A literary youth in a skullcap sits in the centre of the group reading aloud the "Lady of the Lake," and his fair auditors are all attention. As the reading proceeds, however, the Brunette and Glasgow Lassie whisper that a bearded stranger has been hovering on the outskirts of the circle, listening, surreptitiously but with evident relish, to the ballad,—sparks of Celtic fire flashing from his eye whenever Roderick Dhu stands forth to speak. In such guileless fashion do we while away the time till Iona heaves in sight.

IONA! What peculiar associations cluster round the spot,—the cradle of British Christianity. There the question used to be, not, "Are you going to church?" but, "Are you going to the stones?" and the worship only that which white-bearded Druids mumbled at their ghastly rites within the circular enclosure. But came one day a boat from Ireland and on this solitary strand set foot Columba. At the southern end a mound now stands shaped like his boat to mark the spot. And up there rises on the isle a plain wickerwork structure in which the natives congregate to worship purely and in simplicity the Lord who is a Spirit. Then the question was, not, "Are you going to the stones?" but, "Are you going to church?" Early Protestants Columba and the Culdees must have been, though we really know very little about them; but the mystery of iniquity began to work, and in due time they rang still further changes on the question and asked, not, "Are you going to church?" but, "Are you going to the cathedral?" These tottering ruins tell the story. How strange that Ireland, itself now the heart of broil and spiritual darkness, should have sent the word of peace and floods of light to this lone region. How strange, in turn, that from this region, where now are desolation and decay—melancholy relics of a darkness that may be felt—the Gospel light should have

been sent quivering throughout the neighboring isle and thence in sooth to almost every corner of the earth. A sad commentary on the blasting power of superstition, these ruins on this lonesome spot.

But our reverie is interrupted. Not much opportunity for silent reverie, once you step ashore. A swarm of dirty children in wretched rags hang upon your skirts and coat-tails, importunately pressing the purchase of their wares; colorless rock-crystals; shells on strings; bleached sea-eggs with broken husks;—valueless baubles gathered from the beach which yet acquire a trifling value through historical considerations. Not even the Glasgow waifs can surpass these Iona urchins in persistency. Before, even, the boats touched land they were on the shore trying to drive their bargains at a distance; and not till you leave the isle will you get wholly rid of them. Only threepence for the necklace. Only threepence for a sea urchin. Only threepence for the pebbles. But no, no, you need not offer a *fortune* for a single lock of the dishevelled hair. Only threepence? Ah, if you are more shrewd than charitably inclined, you will defer the purchase; for presently, when the tourists shall have seen the ruins and begin to return to the steamer, the quotations for these gewgaws will fall to twopence; then to a penny; and eventually, as the sturdy Gaels seize their oars, to a paltry halfpenny. You must indeed be poverty-stricken if unable to close in with such an offer. Poor children, well might Wordsworth write of them:—

“How sad a welcome! To each voyager
Some ragged child holds up for sale a store
Of wave-worn pebbles, pleading on the shore
Where once came monk and nun with gentle stir,
Blessings to give, news ask, or suit prefer.”

How sad. And is this all that now remains of the nunnery in which they used most to move with “gentle stir?” Nothing but this grass-grown floor, these roofless walls? Nothing. And yet enough remains to reveal the style of architecture; it was Norman, and the structure was erected in 1203. So the pawky guide informs us. The parish church near by is older by a hundred years; and when we leave it we pass McLean’s Cross, one of the only two that still resist with unbending gracefulness the ravages of time. There it stands at the side of the road. Look at it well; the genuine IONA CROSS, a thing of beauty—alas, that it should also be a thing

of superstition—which you have often seen in miniature at home. Once, there were no fewer than three hundred and sixty such upon the island, a number almost great enough to have enabled the devotees of Rome to kneel, had they chosen, at a different cross on every day in the year. They could not do it, though, in the pilgrimage they *recently* made to the island. Two only now remain intact.

But we had better move on. In our admiration of this beautiful device in stone, we have been lagging behind the party, and can see a few of them leaving the road ahead for the cathedral ruins. We shall have to hurry through the ruins of St. Oran's chapel by ourselves on the way. Why no; we were mistaken; they are all in here, and the guide is trying to squelch a skeptical tourist who has apparently been questioning his authority for having said that one of the windows belonged to such and such a period—no matter which—and while the issue of the debate is still in suspense, a general move is made for the cathedral.

Square, angular, ancient-looking, the gray ruins stand, with the beautiful moss-covered St. Martin's Cross in the foreground; and notwithstanding the ungainliness of all the straight lines and sharp angles in the structure, and the monotony of the square windows in the tall square tower, there is a musty charm about the peeling masonry which makes it seem a very day-dream of the middle ages cast upon this solitary shore.

There certainly was much to attract attention about the ruins; but at least two persons who had landed with us from the steamer had not eyes to see it; or if they had, they would not use them; for they were sitting contentedly on the stone dyke in full view of the cathedral but with their backs turned to it. Perhaps they had both seen it before, and wished to rest their eyes from the commonplace. Perhaps. But they should not, merely because their own backs were turned, have emulated the ostrich with its head buried in the sand.

"Come along, old chappie;" we heard one fashionable youth remark mysteriously to another; "don't look that way—that's modern—we want to look at the antique."

They looked at the antique—and so, I am constrained to confess, did we all—with one eye on the modern. These English (for the Glasgow Lassie would not admit they were anything else), how conspicuous they can make themselves *once they start on a honeymoon*.

The Blonde will doubtless have occasion to remember this couple from an incident which happened at the landing pier at Oban : but of that it is not expedient to speak further.

The water was remarkably calm and when we had reached Staffa, the boatmen, conversing mysteriously in the language of Paradise, pulled us to the mouth of Fingal's Cave and let us float slowly into that wondrous grotto .

"Where, as to shame the temples decked
By skill of earthly architect,
Nature herself, it seemed, would raise
A minster to her Maker's praise!"

As we were dreamily gazing into the green depths, or craning our necks to look at the variegated roof o'erhead and mentally contrasting it with the melancholy wreck of human workmanship we had just been viewing in Iona's solitude some one struck up "God Save the Queen," and we all joined heartily in the anthem. A solemn silence followed.

J. H. MACVICAR.

Presbyterian College.

The Mission Crisis.

A PLEA FOR MISSIONS.

THERE is in the mission field much *hard work yet to be done.* Hundreds of millions have not yet heard even the echo of the Gospel trumpet. Even where the vast firmament of pagandom is most thickly studded with Gospel stations, they are yet, like the stars, centres of vast vacancies. All missionary laborers together form but an insignificant number in comparison to the hosts of the unsaved and untaught heathen. What can one workman do, to minister to a parish of five hundred thousand souls! Among the more cultivated pagans only a bare start has been secured for evangelization. And so enormous is the extent of territory over which the death shade still reigns, that all our missions are but like scattered oases in an immense stretch of desert.

We have occasion for chagrin and alarm at the startling disproportion between our gifts to missions and the openings for missions. While from the four quarters of the world, on the very wings of the wind, there is wafted to us the Macedonian cry, our Missionary Boards bow year after year under a load of debt, which is lifted by a herculean labor, only to be renewed. In the midst of a work calling for enlargement, the workman hears only the fatal cry of "retrenchment." God bore from Israel's unbelief in the desert, not more than He bears from the sluggishness, selfishness and carnality of His Church to-day. He pitches His tabernacle amid our pilgrim tents, and floods it with the uncreated glory of the Shekinah; condescends to go before us in the cloud pillar, leading us by His luminous, though mysterious, Providence; brings us to the very borders of a millennial inheritance; and we hesitate to go up and possess the land, terrified at the giant Anakim that threaten us there, and looking back with longing to the fleshpots, leeks and onions of Egypt.

An awful shadow hangs over our mission work in consequence of the fact, that some of the worst hindrances are the fruits of a so-called Christian civilization. The vessels that sailed from Christian lands brought the leprosy of lust into the Sandwich Islands, with

diseases that no medicine could cure, and introduced "fire-water" among the North American Indians. Nearly half a century ago Britain, as from the cannon's mouth, shot opium into China in the face of the remonstrance of that pagan people now dying of this deadly drug. And China does not forget that when England offers her the Gospel for all time to come, it has planted in the celestial empire a prejudice against Christian nations. The fact is dark with meaning that intercourse with Christendom should have directly brought into pagan lands obstacles like opium and whiskey more serious and formidable than those encountered on the virgin sod of heathendom, so that sometimes the missionary may thank God that the shuttle of commerce has as yet woven no close bond of contact with Christian nations! The North American Indian may have been a savage in his native wilds, but he was not fired with strong drink till the wave of our high civilization swept against his rude cabin, and floated to him the whiskey barrel.

The theosophists go to India to feed the dying flame of paganism with the fuel of rationalism and mysticism. Extracts from Paine's "Age of Reason" are affixed to the walls of Calcutta and eagerly read, while in university cities like Bombay, natives quote Hegel, Strauss and Renan, as glibly as the blatant sceptics of Young America. In Japan, American and European teachers import scepticism, materialism, atheism, and sugar-coat the pill with a seductive science or philosophy! And the solitary missionary sent out by the "liberal" sect of Christians some years ago, to convert the East Indians to Unitarians, himself went over to the famous Brahmo-Somaj, shewing how little heathenism has to fear from a nominal and Christless Gospel.

The main hindrance to missions lies in the *church at home*.

There is lacking in many cases the *principle* of missions. The lesson has not been learned that not only self-government and self-support, but *self-propagation* or extension, also, form a part of the very conditions of vitality in a church. Hundreds of congregations, even in our evangelical denominations, give nothing to missions at home or abroad, and the blanks in the columns of reports face us year by year, causing blushes of shame. Sheldon Dibble used to say that "Every Christian man needs to be converted to an interest in missions, after he has been converted to a saving faith in Christ." And Christlieb echoes the sentiment in declaring the need of a "threefold conversion of heart, head, and purse;" of the heart, to

secure holy affections ; of the head, to assure right convictions ; and of the purse, to assure ample offerings.

Where the principle of missions is not firmly rooted and practically fruitful, not only is the prompt, energetic prosecution of missions abroad prevented, but the home-church is in danger from breathing its own atmosphere. Dr. Duff was right : " The church that is no longer evangelistic will soon cease to be evangelical." The sword of aggressive warfare is at the same time the shield of defensive warfare. Missions are both the dynamics and the apologetics of the church ; the vindication and justification of our faith, the sure means of strength and growth. And therefore nothing is more needed for the sake of the home churches than a true missionary revival, which shall enshrine and enthrone the principle of missions in the *heart* of the Church.

The issues that hang upon a revival of missionary principle and spirit are too vast to be measured. Can we do anything to secure it ?

We need a more complete *organization of church activity*. No congregation, however small and weak, must pass missions by ; the feebleness which is assigned as a cause of such neglect, may be a consequence of it : for nothing keeps a church weak like doing nothing outside of itself. Unselfish effort for a lost world makes its pulse quick and its sinews strong ; self-extension reacts to promote self-support, and if churches that scarce live at all, would nourish and cherish a missionary spirit, they would grow in numbers and graces, in vigor and power. The Moravian brethren with but 20,000 adults have no rival as a missionary body. Out of their poverty they give an average of \$1.10 each annually. From even the smallest church a yearly missionary offering is expected as a necessary feature of church life. Yet even in our great Congregational and Presbyterian churches with all their wealth and culture from one-quarter to one-third yield not one dollar to the great mission treasury !

A greater need than thorough organization is the thorough sanctification of our church life. The smouldering embers of our altars need to be fed with the fuel of abundant and accurate knowledge of facts, and then to become a *zeal* according to knowledge, fanned into glowing coals and consuming fires by the breath of the spirit of God. Otherwise, even where there is the most abundant missionary activity we run what Warneck counts the chief risk of missions, " that missionary enterprise shall glide into routine, missionary zeal

become so much rhetoric and participation in missionary work degenerate into a matter of mere habit, not to say ecclesiastical business."

The revival of the missionary spirit must begin *with the clergy*. "Like priest, like people." The tides in church life seldom reach a higher flood mark than in the hearts of the ministry. The Chinese to this day feel the power of the person of William Burns, because he was himself a living proof of the Gospel. The people will lift the standard of missionary zeal when the ministry burn and shine with that ardor and fervor for missions which is the enthusiasm of Christ, the fire of the Holy Ghost.

The core of the difficulty, the secret of our apathy, is that disciples themselves are not wholly given to God's work, and need a new individual self-dedication. Dr. Duff, the apostle of modern missions said in 1829, just then leaving for India: "There was a time when I had no care or concern for the heathen. That was when I had no care or concern for my own soul. When by the grace of God I was led to care for my own soul, then it was that I began to care for the heathen abroad. In my closet, on my bended knees, I then said to God: "O Lord thou knowest that silver and gold I have none to give to this cause. What I have I give to Thee. I offer Thee myself. Wilt Thou accept the gift?" Such a consecration on the part of all true believers, or even all true ministers, would sound the call for a religious revolution that would turn Christendom itself upside down.

This question of duty to the heathen world naturally presents itself during preparation for the sacred calling. How few carefully and prayerfully weigh these mighty claims: how many dismiss them hastily because not ready for the self-denial of a missionary life! How often carnal considerations give the casting vote, because the fields at home promise a richer harvest in pecuniary returns, in the prospect of promotion and in the gratification of the lust of human praise! Are there no men who turn a deaf ear to the cry from Macedonia, when the Lord calls thither! Throughout the Church are there no Jonahs, as Dr. Herrick Johnson suggests, called by God's providence and spirit to go to Nineveh, but fleeing to Turkish, and who must yet out of the depths of spiritual distress call upon God, before they are cast upon the dry land to go on their true mission? No man who is at heart unwilling to go on God's errand to the heathen abroad will be permitted to win to God the heathen at

home : or, as Prof. Phelps puts it sharply, no man who is "not ready to preach the Gospel everywhere is fit to preach it anywhere."

More than twenty years ago, in common with many others, the writer was compelled to face this question of duty to the heathen world. He heard it talked over among his fellow-students of theology; heard arguments used and motives appealed to as grounds for the choice of home fields which he trembles now to think of as the basis of so momentous a decision. Disguised in the garb of plausible language, often veiled in ambiguity, they were often simply the pleadings of conceit, pride, avarice and ambition. Let us strip them of their disguises. Some of us at heart said, "we have gifts and graces that would be wasted on a mission field—let the rude, rough, uncultured men bear the Gospel to the brutal pagans; we who have refinement, accomplishment, urbane culture will remain at home." Ah, we forgot the grace of urbanity and exquisite polish of a Henry Martyn, a Stoddart, a Riggs, a Jessup; and that some of the heroes of modern missions have been models of manners as well as morals. Others of us argued with ourselves that the home field offers the amplest yield in honors, salaries and temporal awards. The writer of these paragraphs brings no railing accusation against others. He confesses with the deepest humiliation before God that he gave this matter a summary dismissal far too much under control of worldly motives. And he found it in later years a necessary condition of real growth in grace, joy in God and larger service in saving souls, that he should retrace his steps, review the whole question, and reconsider the superficial and shallow decision made in the theological seminary. So far as he knows God has brought him to feel a readiness to go wherever he is sent of Him. And so weighty appear the claims of the foreign field that he would be glad, even now to begin anew and go to the heathen. Since God wrought this simple candid review of duty and this resolve to yield wholly to His will, a great blessing has come to his own soul and in his own work. This alone moves the writer to this confession, this witness, and this exhortation. With some of us there may be even now no real obstacle to a missionary life; and if every minister of Christ on his knees, in his closet, should yield himself wholly to God and candidly consider whether or not he is called to go to those millions yet in the death shade, our churches might be startled from slumber by the resignations of some pastors who could no longer resist the mute appeal of a dying world, but must give up

worldly honors and emoluments for obedience to conscience and loyalty to Christ. To all of us, such radical self-dedication would bring a new inspiration in missionary work. If not transformed into foreign missionaries, we should be transformed into missionary pastors, under whose glowing example, burning appeals and contagious enthusiasm the dull, dead churches would rouse to a new life. We should no longer see congregations leaving more than a thousand millions to perish of soul-hunger, without even stretching out to them a helping hand; no longer see converts gathered by scores and hundreds in times of revival and yet yielding not one new candidate for the ministry or the missionary life; no longer see the monthly concert forsaken, the mission treasury empty, mothers withholding the fruit of their womb from the Lord's service, or abounding apathy as to the vast destitution of a famishing world!

Perhaps some may say, "why this earnest plea for foreign missions?" Has God no work at home? The only answer is this, that in *comparative destitution there is no parallel!* The gulf is simply immeasurable between those who *never heard* of Christ and those who live within the very shadow of church spires, thousands of whom are Gospel hardened. And then in *comparison, the home field is overstocked*; not that we have too many laborers here, but that the supply should be equalized by a fairer distribution.

If we are candidly looking for a field of labor, does not the most *fruitful* soil most invite husbandry? If God withholds large blessings from us in these fields, and pours out His spirit on those, may it not be a call and challenge to the Church to put *more* reapers where the white harvest comes to ripeness so fast and so full? If God's voice is not calling to-day for a new, a full, a glorious self-surrender to Him and His work, we do not rightly read the signs of the times. Never since the first Pentecost were there such herald lights in the eastern sky. Let us have but an aroused and consecrated church, and the world may be subdued before the cross with a speed that no one of us dares hope. But we shall never have a missionary church without a missionary ministry!

ARTHUR TAPPAN PIERSON.

Phila Ielphia, Pa.

A STUDENT'S WANDERINGS IN ALGOMA.

BY the majority of Canadians the District of Algoma is looked upon as a most uninviting region. In our geographies there is hardly a town or village marked in this immense district. And so the impression is left that it is nothing but a barren waste, a rocky, frozen, uninhabitable country. But a visit soon dispels this illusion and proves the district to be much in advance of the ordinary unfavorable picture. The iron road has been laid from end to end and has wrought its transforming influences here as elsewhere. But a few years ago the hundreds of lakes and streams north of Georgian Bay and North Channel were known to few but the Indians who made that district their home and the hardy, active, Hudson Bay trader who gave up the advantages of civilized life that he might make his fortune by exchanging the products of skilled labor for the skins and furs procured by the cunning of the savage. Some of these trading posts may be seen in cosy nooks on the lakes and rivers, but as the canoe has given place to the iron horse as a means of transit, and the stores have been moved to the nearest railway station, these old posts have been abandoned. The railroad that passes through this country is the Sault Ste. Marie Branch of the Canadian Pacific. The line extends from Sudbury to Sault Ste. Marie.

The writer of this article, by the mandate of the Home Mission Committee, took up his abode in Sudbury early last April as student missionary for the summer months and so found himself at one end of this Algoma road. One beautiful morning in August he boarded a freight train with the aim of exploring as much of the region as possible. The first station is Naughton, which name is a railroad abbreviation for McNaughtonville. During the past summer there has been a gang of from eighty to one hundred men working in an immense gravel pit at this place. A weekly service was held here by an Episcopalian student and the writer alternately. Near the station is a Hudson Bay Post where trade is carried on with the Indians of a village a few miles distant, on White Fish Lake. At this Indian village two most devoted Christian young ladies carry on a school and a mission. They have voluntarily taken up their abode among these low revolting people and are giving their lives to raise them to Christian manliness. Every morning between thirty and forty of the little red folks may be seen gathered in a bright

school-room, learning to read English, work arithmetic, &c. It was a pleasure to watch their eager and really intelligent faces as they recited their lessons, but the greatest treat was to hear them sing. Everyone seems to have a good ear for music and they evidently enjoyed the exercise.

But we must move on. Leaving Naughton we pass between low rocky hills which have been burned over and are now covered with green underbrush and black stumps. Soon we cross the Vermillion River by a fine iron bridge and arrive at White Fish. At this station there are about two dozen Protestants, but like very many of the small stations along the C. P. R. it is without any service whatever. A few miles further on we pass the small station connected with the celebrated Vermillion Gold Mine. Passing Fournier, and sighting some fine groves of pine and some desolate region of burned bush, we come to Camp Forty, where another gang of men are engaged in ballasting. We are informed that seventy or eighty men have been working here all summer, but have but seldom seen a preacher of the Gospel.

Leaving Nelson we cross the Spanish River. This is a noble stream flowing into the Georgian Bay and navigable some forty miles from its mouth. Thousands of logs come down this stream year by year, and the tugs of several lumbering companies pass up and down. There are two Presbyterian congregations along this river. The American Company owning the Spanish mills had been in the habit of procuring a student from one of their own seminaries for the summer, but last year they asked to be supplied by the Canadian Church. Mr. J. J. Elliott, of Knox College, was sent, and during the past summer he was ordained and inducted to that field. Further up the river is Spanish River Settlement where there is a small colony of farmers. Most of these men work on their farms during the summer and then spend the winter in the neighboring lumber shanties. This station, with two others a few miles distant, was under the care of a student missionary. A new church was being built and there were other evidences of live interest in Christian work.

The next stream of importance that we cross is Serpent River. The line skirts along its right bank and then along the arm of Georgian Bay into which the river flows, until at the mouth of this bay it reaches Cook's Mills. This concern is owned by a Toronto

firm and is a very fully equipped mill, capable of cutting upwards of one thousand logs a day. The population of the village is about three hundred, all being connected in some way with the lumbering industry. Algoma Mills, a few miles further west, has another large saw-mill from which it derives its name, and is a railway divisional point. Services were held at these two points during the summer by a student missionary. Sabbath schools were conducted at both these places, and the attendances at services and schools was good. The influence of Christian teaching was evident in the quiet, law-abiding character of the people. On account of the small population they are not yet able to support a stationed minister, but the people are generally quite liberal and deserve assistance. We have great reason for thankfulness that the gross immoralities that have disgraced the lumbering centres of the neighboring State have not been felt to any very great extent among ours, and our churches should see to it that they do not lack the means of grace.

A short run brings us to Blind River where there is another saw mill. Here we got a splendid view of the Lake, with Manitoulin Island in the distance. There are a few settlers about Blind River, and another student ministered to them and the people of neighboring districts.

Further on we cross a beautiful stream known as the Mississagua. Near the place where the railroad crosses there is an Indian village. From the car window may be seen a little Roman Catholic church built and owned by a wealthy Indian who lives close by. This dusky trader is said to be worth upwards of \$200,000, showing that there are some Indians who know how to save. The land is more level about this district, and from here to Sault Ste. Marie we pass through many districts where before long there will no doubt be hundreds of very fair farms. Between the Mississagua and Thessalon there is a stretch of nineteen miles of road perfectly straight, with the exception of a slight curve about the middle, and almost perfectly level. In this run we pass two stations which represent settlements of farmers a few miles from the road.

Thessalon is a small village on the North Channel, and is the headquarters of Rev. D. H. McLennan, a graduate of this college. He has a number of preaching stations, and a field which covers parts of seven or eight townships.

The next station is Bruce Mines. One hardly expects to find old ruins in Algoma district, but here they are in truth. The village of

Bruce Mines is on the lake shore opposite St. Joseph Island. Looking at it from the lake you see in the foreground a number of crazy looking old wooden houses built along the one street, which curves in a line parallel to the shore. There are a few modern looking buildings, but most of them have a forsaken appearance. Back of these you see the immense chimnies of the now silent mining furnaces. On closer examination we find large wooden structures, weather beaten and rotting down. Immense boilers and gigantic machinery lie there rusting, the memorials of disappointed hopes and frustrated ambition. Some miles back from the village there is a large settlement of farmers where a student missionary was engaged during the past summer. His field included six preaching stations.

The farmers throughout the whole district work in the neighboring lumber woods during the winter, and so get possession of some ready money, which assists them to improve the condition of their farms. They reported very good crops this year, having had more rain than many of the older parts of the province.

Between Bruce Mines and the Sault, there is a settlement of Highland Scotch farmers at Tarbut which was supplied only occasionally by the missionary from St. Joseph's Island.

The Canadian Sault is a pretty village, extending for some distance along the bank of the St. Mary river. It is growing rapidly, quite a number of new houses having gone up this summer. A fine hotel has been built, and is probably now open to the public. The decision to go on with the construction of a canal on the Canada side has attracted attention to this village, and a large influx of population is certain. Here Rev. Mr. Rennie has been lately settled as minister. This genial pastor is much encouraged in his work, feeling that he is connected with a growing cause.

Crossing the splendid international bridge which spans the St. Mary River, we arrive in Sault Ste. Marie, Mich. At once we find ourselves in an American city furnished with all the modern improvements. Electric lights, street cars, fine hotels, park, &c., and can hardly realize that a few hours before we were in the heart of the Canadian backwoods.

This sketch will give our readers some idea of one section of our extensive Home Mission Field. All the congregations here at present require some assistance. But are we not bound as loyal Canadians to see to it that those who are facing the hardships of pioneer life and opening up this beautiful country for settlement, are not left without the advantage of religious ordinance and religious instruction.

C. W. WHYTE.

A LAYMAN'S PLEA FOR SYSTEMATIC GIVING.

MY appeal is to *Christians*, not that they may give, but that they may give *more and systematically* for the extension of Christ's kingdom.

I would not think of urging those who make no profession of religion to give, because their attitude towards Christ and His kingdom nullifies the force of what I am about to say, although it does not remove their responsibility or accountability as creatures.

But *Christians* should admit God's proprietary right *in all things and persons*. "The silver is mine and the gold is mine, saith the Lord of hosts." "Every beast of the forest is mine, and the cattle upon a thousand hills." "I know all the fowls of the mountains, and the beasts of the field are mine." "The world is mine and the fullness thereof." "The earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof, the world and they that dwell therein." And God looks for His proprietary rights. He has given us the *portion* of eternity we call time, but exacts a seventh as a minimum *in recognition of the giver*. The silver and the gold he has given us *the use of*; we cannot take it hence. He claims a tenth as a minimum. Our wills are *given* to us, and God claims our hearts. "Son give me thine heart." His claims are *in kind*. He has given us time. He wants an account of our time. He has given us more or less ability to make money. He looks for a return *in kind*. He has given us individuality; He claims individual consecration to Himself.

Giving is a part of worship, a material recognition of God, with thanksgiving, not differing in essence from our proper recognition of Him with thanksgiving in higher forms. What then is the trouble? Are Christians cold and indifferent? Yes. Rich and well-to-do and poor, but especially the rich as a class. In fact Christians as a class have lost sight of the proper incentives to giving. Hence the endless, ingenious devices to raise money. A *quid pro quo* every time, and moreover the solicited aid through these questionable devices, of those who do not believe in your religion,—people of the world. These give from every motive, mercenary to superstitious, with the calculation that in the long run it pays. What then is the trouble? It is this. The majority of *Christians* even do not make God's claims their first obligations.

He says: "*Seek ye first the kingdom,*" and yet we have to be *drawn* to it or driven to it. And as in our paramount relations to God, so in our subordinate. We offer God the leavings. Hence we get the crumbs and miss the banquet. "*If I were hungry I would not tell thee.*" It is not because God *needs* our help. It is because we need the discipline. It is not the value of our gift, but the moral value of our action that is important. Our *aid* is relatively as the aid of a toddling child to a husbandman in harvest. And yet, too, Christians are the visible medium through which the world is to be won, and in winning the kingdom for God and for His Christ they are partakers in His glory.

Let us give then. Give systematically. Give first, not last. Give as worshippers. Give as co-workers with God. Give for the benefit and blessing to ourselves. Give for our Lord's sake, that the world may be won for God and for His Christ, and that we may be participants in the result.

J. MOODIE.

Eschol Grace Farm, Winchester, Ont.

OUR PRAIRIE CHILDREN.

NOT very far, as distances go on the prairie, from Moosomin was the Indian Mission of Round Lake, and a student's summer in the Northwest would have been incomplete without some knowledge gained of our Foreign Mission work as carried on there. So when the Indian children were returning to the school in September, one Monday morning found me setting out with my broncho across the prairie.

The prairie! no mere chequer-board of coarse grass, but rolling, flecked with willow, flower covered; gardens, fields and woods in one; opening vistas endlessly varied, of poplar bluff, and grassy glade; in the intervalles miniature lakes poplar-palisaded, beyond the gentle eminences many miles of sunlit plains; everywhere fresh as its very breezes and bright as its own sky; enticing, satisfying, surprising. After passing over some fifty miles of billowy prairie the Qu'Appelle Valley is reached and Nature's aspect changes but loses not its loveliness. The trail leads down one of the deep winding coulees, and, anomalous as it may seem, though descending, we are at once in mountain scenery. The coulée is a narrow precipitous gorge, down which our unshod broncho in a twelve minutes' walk carries us three hundred feet below the level of the open prairie. Its sides are studded with gnarled oak and slender cherry, festooned with climbing and trailing vines, and flushed a rosy hue with the ripening hips of thousands of rose-trees. The beetling banks soon cut off the sun, escarpments become cliffs, and before we gain the valley, so near and yet so high are they that the summit of each fell appears a mountain peak. The river seems quite small as it threads its winding way along the centre of its magnificent valley. Here, we are once more on prairie ground, a narrow mile of it, with mountain walls on either hand. Grandeur and grace mark the alternate sides. On the north rise hills broken and rugged, ending in a firm line at the upper tableland. Torrent and landslip were the forces which carved foreshortened foothills, spur and terrace and detached peak. To the south is a forest scene. Bluff and barrow and gentler slope are wooded as they rise with easy breaks and graceful folds from bosky dells up to the crest of tree-crowned headlands. A few miles' drive beside the Qu'Appelle brings us to Round Lake, a gem of lustre worthily set. Here we are within the Indian Reservation.

Nature was beautiful, but Man! for we are among the Heathen. At the school Mrs. Jones told me of them, with another of the missionaries, Mr. Hugh Mackay, I visited them in their teepees; I was among the veriest ruins of mankind. In company with the Missionary I went to their secluded burial place and saw the graves of their great ones passed away. Here rests the once feared Loud Voice. Above the chief lay his flint-lock with many notches in its stock, the token of his physical prowess, and other emblems of more dreaded powers as a mighty Medicine-man. Around the grave were offerings old and recent from the tribesmen to the spirit of their departed chief. Death is sad, but life may be piteous with a deeper sadness. We went to the Teepees.

A missionary may go to the untried sphere of his future labours willing to suffer, strengthened to subdue many a feeling inwrought in the heart, and yet, even though like Judson 'susceptible of a passion for missions,' many a one must recoil when first brought face to face with his task of more than seeming lowliness. The degradation of the heathen Indian is a thing of which those encircled by the diffusive blessings of Christianity simply cannot conceive. As I beheld the life of those among whom our missionaries labor, I thought that if we at home realized more how much they are called on to resign and to endure, our sympathy for them would be more vivid, aye, and our prayers would ascend oftener for them.

Of some of the Indians' squalor I do not care to speak; of many of their evil doings I must not. But I would tell of some things, and if the Christian reader is shocked, remember that our missionaries' feelings suffer daily. While we were sitting on the ground in one of the teepees a boy whose lower limbs were useless came creeping in. I saw at once that his spine was injured. Mr. Mackay inquired about him. The parents had done nothing for him when hurt, had not even kept him still that nature might heal. On being asked why they had not brought him to the mission, they—the ones who had given him life—laughed. It wasn't worth while, he was only a papoose and not a brave.

In another part of the encampment we noticed strips of meat drying in the sun. A dialogue in Cree ensued between Mr. Mackay and the braves. "Ah, Nitché, good meat. Beef?" "No, shaganapi." "What, surely you are not hungry now, that you kill pony to eat?" "No, it had died on the prairie."

But it is useless to give details. Things which prove greatest

trials cannot be given. And one must see, not read, to know how low a man may be yet be a man. But as I thought on what a missionary may be called upon to resign and endure, another picture rose before me. The degradation of the Indian in sinking below our civilization is but a type of the degradation of our race in falling from the image of God: and that even the noblest of a redeemed race should lay aside all dignities and all superfluities is but a faint reflection of the infinite emptying of Himself that was undergone by the Son of the Blessed for our redemption.

One of the missionaries is to tell us, through the JOURNAL, of the school with its busy daily life, and on the province of her abler pen I do not mean to intrench. The work is not without results. A child who recently came to the school was asked by Mrs. Jones if she *prayed*, and answered yes. Her teacher did not know whether or not to think that the little one understood what the question meant, and inquired what she said when she prayed, and the child, just come from a heathen home, replied: *O God give me a clean heart, for Jesus' sake*. She had never been at the mission before, but two elder ones going home for the midsummer months, had taught their younger brothers and sisters this prayer.

An Indian lately told Mr. Mackay that he should have to become a Christian yet. As they have to be made to weigh their words, Mr. Mackay said, "What! and be separated from the spirits of your forefathers in the spirit world?" The Indian thought in silence, as Indians will, for a while, and then exclaimed: "It is bad, it is very bad, to be parted from one's ancestors, but it is far worse to be separated from one's children, and I see plainly that my children are going to take the white man's religion." This of course did not imply on his part any perception of a Saviour, but it meant at least this, that he will become a hearer of the Gospel.

In the school room the children gathered round the organ and we sang together, "To our Bountiful Father," and again, "They Shall Shine in Their Beauty, Bright Gems for His Crown." Need I say it was with deep emotion that the words were sung? I had seen the Indian in his low estate: but in Christ we sang as indeed children of one gracious Father. His grace can take from these despised, degraded, prairie tribes, bright gems for our Immanuel's crown.

JOHN MACDOUGALL.

IN THE FAIR PROVINCE OF QUEBEC.

FRENCH Evangelization is promoted by three chief means, the canvassing of Bibles, the school, and the mission station. But these three ways are not independent of one another, for sometimes the colporteur is a teacher and even a preacher: on some occasions the teacher is canvassing, and very often the student-missionary, whose object is chiefly to preach and visit, will try to distribute as many Holy Scriptures as a colporteur.

I shall give some few incidents from my own little experience and from these you will be able to have a certain idea of the manner in which the work is carried on. Some four years ago the committee sent me to open a school not very far from Namur. I opened it in a log shanty somewhat like the one on Philips Square last carnival. All the Roman Catholics around were invited to send their children on the ground that in past years we Protestants were often glad to send our children to their school, and now were pleased to testify our gratitude. But the priest spoke, and not one came. I was nearly discouraged, and principally when a woman told me her priest had forbade her, saying it was better to keep her children ignorant rather than to have them instructed in a Protestant school where they would become able to read in any book and by that to lose their faith. But I said to myself: I must try to win their confidence to myself and toward the Protestants; a matter difficult but indispensable to success, and not impossible when the Lord is helping us.

As a beautiful day rapidly fades away so passed the summer, and the time for a general gathering of the parents to examine the children arrived. Once more the Roman Catholics were invited to assist at the examination and to take dinner with us. This last part, and their curiosity, brought about twenty of them. They were all amazed to hear the children answer the many questions on sacred history, the life of Jesus, on geography, recitation, etc.

They found we were not bad people after all, but rather that we were much more advanced than they; and I was told that they were ashamed of having their children so ignorant, and regretted not to have sent them to the school.

They spent the winter silently in their humble homes considering

these facts. Early in the spring a teacher was sent, and some of them placed their children in the school in spite of all the priest had said, and the teacher had the pleasure of having on the roll as scholars 13 of these unfortunate children who were so nearly losing all opportunity of ever getting a word of instruction.

This is once more a proof that we should never discourage ourselves. At first it may seem useless to try, but the work of the Lord is a mysterious one, and to us our duty is always to strive faithfully.

The following summer I was sent to Hartwell both to teach and to preach. At first only two Catholics came to school and none dared to attend the service. After a few weeks, during which I visited all the families, I asked some of the children to come to the Sunday-school, telling them I was to speak of some strange things, as the adoration of a white elephant by some men who wear one long tress of hair. What was my surprise when their father and one of his neighbors came with them, and being pleased, they all remained after the Sunday-school to the service. After this we had a quiet discussion on purgatory. I was using a Roman Catholic Bible, and they were most surprised to learn how it was possible to prove clearly from their own book that they were led in a wrong way.

When their wives heard I was using a Douay Bible they would have been glad to come, but did not dare to on account of their many acquaintances they would have to pass to reach the place of meeting. So I decided to hold some services in a Protestant house situated in a very retired place that they might come. They did so, and after the service, which was attended by eleven Catholics and eleven Protestants, the mother of my two little school boys said: "Mr. Vessot, the next time do you come to preach in our house and we shall be glad to hear you. I hope also that many of my friends will come." So the next Sunday, a marvellous thing, I was preaching in that Roman Catholic house. Before the Fall they sent their abjuration of catholicism to the priest; and now this husband, his wife, three of their children and one of his neighbors, are good Protestants, attending the meetings very regularly, and the school has also ten Roman Catholic children on the roll. So you may see that the mission schools, that are now to the number of thirty-one in the province, are a powerful means of good to advance the Kingdom of God among them.

The Summer before last my lot was cast to go on the North Shore of the Gulf near Tadousac. There the Protestants are few and the Roman Catholics very bigoted. But we can make friends with them easily enough in comparison with the first missionaries, who were often obliged to sleep out of doors. In order to give you an idea of their great bigotry, permit me to tell you the following incident: One day we were at a large gathering of Catholics and Protestants, when suddenly a young man came and asked for an old lady to go and cure a man who was sick. I would inform myself if she had medical skill, and some of the Roman Catholics answered me: "O yes, she has a statue of St. Joseph which she is to put into the cellar of the house where the sick man is, and she will tell St. Joseph: Now Saint Joseph, you must cure the sick man before you may have any hope to come out of there." This is quite credible when we know that my father, who was one of the first missionaries, was obliged to show his feet in order to prove false the priest, who had said that the colporteurs had cloven feet.

These bigoted people like to hear us preach, whenever they have a good excuse to give their priest for their presence at our cottage meetings. When they are in a Protestant house at the time of the family worship they will gladly remain. One day one of them after the service changed his mass-book for a Testament, and said that the priest was but just a liar to have made him believe that our religion was the devil's one.

When we consider that all I have said is but a few facts, and that by every missionary colporteur and teacher and student, as much or even more has been done every year, and is now going on, and when we include the mighty work of Pastor Chiniquy and the other ministers, and the dissemination of French evangelical literature, and add the work done by other denominations, we must convince ourselves that the Gospel is making progress in our Roman Catholic province of Quebec, progress which has already shaken the strongholds of Rome, and I am convinced, will before long shake the entire world by her fall before the bright rays of the sun of truth; and the banner of Christ shall float over every Canadian town, house, and heart, and our great aim to the glory of God shall be attained.

CHARLES H. VESSOT.

Poetry.

A CHRISTMAS LULLABY.

The restless clock is ticking out
The hours that go before the dawn,
And icy moonbeams dart about
The snow that shrouds the slumbering lawn,—
The lawn that SANTA CLAUS must cross
Ere he shall reach my baby's cot,—
Ah! who shall measure Bertie's loss
Should SANTA CLAUS come not!

Sleep, softly sleep, my pretty one;
I hear the prancing of the steeds,
Good SANTA CLAUS has just begun
His round of kindly deeds.

What has the little man for thee,
My precious babe who slumb'rest there?
He brings a gift that comes from me,
A mother's love, a mother's care,—
A mother's care that shall not wane,
While hands can toil or brain can think,
Until that day shall come again
When thou shalt cross life's brink.

Sleep, softly sleep, my pretty one;
I hear the prancing of the steeds,—
Good SANTA CLAUS has just begun
His round of kindly deeds.

He brings a cross, he brings a crown,
And places them on either hand,
Upon the cross thou must not frown,
For some day thou shalt understand,—
Shalt understand the preciousness
That to the sombre cross pertains,
And thou wilt hold the crown far less
Than of the cross the pains.

Sleep, softly sleep, my pretty one;
I hear the prancing of the steeds,—
Good SANTA CLAUS has just begun
His round of kindly deeds.

He brings the greatest gift of all
 In bringing thee bright Christmas Day,
 The deathless love it doth recall
 Of Him who took thy sins away ;
 And when no more thy mother's care,
 Can guide thy footsteps, baby mine,
 Thy steps shall be secured eachwhere
 By love of One divine.

Sleep, softly sleep, my pretty one ;
 I hear the prancing of the steeds,—
 Good SANTA CLAUS has just begun
 His round of kindly deeds.

ARTHUR WEIR.

Montreal.

THE CHILDREN'S CHRISTMAS EVE.

" Deus conspicuus factus est in carne."

FOR THE JOURNAL.

O children circling the mother's knee, looking up with asking eyes,
 That fain would see what gifts there be in the morrow's mysteries,
 Yet, seeing naught, who know them there, with a knowledge born of love,
 Come lift these eyes to the Father's care, who dwells in Heaven above.

He reigns o'er the realm where comes no death, nor aught that destroys or
 harms,

Yet this sin-sad world all underneath are his everlasting arms,
 And He sees and hears and feels for all that is done beneath the sun,
 And deep is His joy when the children call to that Great and Holy One.

He has no form nor earthly parts, the Light that knows no shade,
 The Infinite, longing for human hearts, the hearts Himself has made,
 Then, to win the love that His word invites to echo His love again,
 How shall He come near and His delights be with the sons of men ?

He cometh not in the storm wind's might, nor in thunders of His ire,
 Nor yet in the light of His glory bright, the sinner's consuming fire,
 But He comes with a power that is mightier far than all that lies in them,
 As the babe who rests 'neath the guiding star in the manger of Bethlehem.

So the God whom neither earth nor heaven, nor all heavens can contain,
 As a child is born, as a son is given, in the children's hearts to reign,
 Doubt not, ye are children of God's own love, nor marvel that this should be,
 For the Glorious Lord was Himself the son of Mary of Galilee.

And had you been dwelling in Judah's land on that first Christmas day,
 And entered in with the Shepherd band where the Lord of Glory lay,
 Your arms might have held the wondrous child, who, for all His mean abode,
 When into your face He upward smiled, revealed the love of God.

Aye, more than smiles that love made known; there were sympathizing tears,
 And constant loving-kindness shown through sad long-suffering years,
 And the sorrowful way of Calvary, o'er which our sins He bore
 To the land where eye shall never see their condemnation more.

Then children, circling the mother's knee, looking up with asking eyes,
 Longing to see the gifts that be in the morrow's mysteries,
 Your Father has for you a gift unpriced this blessed Christmas tide,
 'Tis the gift of His love, the gift of His Christ, and with Him all things beside.

Montreal.

PILGRIMS AND STRANGERS.

We're a pilgrim band
 In a stranger land,
 We are marching from Calvary;
 Where the wondrous cross,
 With its gain and loss,
 Is the sum of our history.

There we lost our stand
 In a death-doomed land,
 As children of wrath by the fall;
 There we gained a place,
 As the heirs of grace,
 At the feast in the Heavenly hall.

We read of our guilt
 In the blood man spilt,
 And we weep o'er the crimson flow;
 We joy in the grace
 Of the unveiled face
 Of a Father whom now we know.

And as sons of God,
 Redeemed by His blood,
 We hasten from Egypt away;
 We march o'er the sand
 To the pleasant land,
 And the joys of an endless day.

Our home is with God,
 Our path has been trod,
 By the faithful of ages all,
 And us He will bring,
 As on eagle's wing,
 To our place in the marriage hall.

Then, then shall we sing—
 The Bride of the King—
 The blood that has brought us so nigh ;
 To bask in Thy blaze,
 Oh Ancient of Days!
 At the throne far above the sky.

Then sing while we haste
 O'er the wide world's waste,
 Of our Home by the crystal sea,
 Where the waving palm,
 And the swelling psalm,
 Fill the air of eternity.

A. B. MACKAY.

Montreal.

THE ZEPHYR.

"The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh and whither it goeth."—John iii. S.

Sweet and low,
 Soft and slow,
 Blowing out of the tinted West,
 Where the sun sinks down, and the stars, to rest,
 The Zephyr comes stealing on ;
 Breathing over
 The scented clover,
 It bends the golden rod's tufted plumes,
 And kisses the dew from the daisy blooms,
 For a moment, then is gone.

A passing quiver
 Startles the river,
 Where the drooping willow bends and weeps,
 Where the cloudlets bask in the crystal deeps,
 And shatters the mirrored scene.
 The ripples sink
 On the grassy brink
 Of the ruffled stream ; the clouds re-pass,
 The willow returns to its watery glass,
 And the river flows on serene.

Whispering words
 Of love to the birds,
 It stirs the leaves on the oak-tree's crest,
 And ruffles the down on the robin's breast,
 Then rocks it to sleep again.
 It comes,—it goes,
 And no one knows
 If the Zephyr awakes in its secret birth
 From the ocean, the air, or the swarded earth,
 The forest or wind-swept plain!

Zephyr, Zephyr,
 Mystery ever,
 Tell me what song you are conning over,
 As you rise in the West, or trip thro' the clover,
 And breathe where the dew-drops dwell!
 Breathing, sighing,
 Sinking, dying,
 Why do you startle the river's heart,
 And lull it to rest as you depart
 With a kiss? O Zephyr, tell!

I bent to hear,
 But my waiting ear,
 Caught back no sound from the passing wind
 Save its musical flow. But there came to my mind
 Christ's words to the waiting Jew
 Who would fain be taught:
 Nay, marvel not
 For things on earth, the similitude
 Of the Spirit's work, are not understood—
 That ye must be born anew!

ROBERT McDUGALL.

Presbyterian College.

Partie Française.

ÊTRE ET PARAÎTRE.

CHACUN jour je m'améliore. Un léger mensonge sans grandes conséquences me reste à présent huit jours sur la conscience, tant je me repents de l'avoir proféré et d'avoir ainsi dérogé à mes principes. Tous devraient le reconnaître, il faut à l'homme des principes qui le dirigent. Les plus petites choses en amènent de grandes. Un pas souvent décide de la vie.

Puis la sincérité, n'est-ce pas la tranquillité de la vie ; n'est-ce pas la vie heureuse, la vie sans troubles et sans craintes, la vie juste et honnête ? La sincérité n'est-elle pas la pleine possession de soi-même ? Ne maintient-elle pas l'homme dans sa propre sphère ? Et qu'y a-t-il de mieux ? Qu'il cherche à s'élever ! Il est en peine ; mal à l'aise. Qu'il se dégrade ! Il n'ose plus lever la tête.—Tandis que dans sa place, il est chez lui, maître de lui, sans peur ni reproches ; il va pour le mieux et comme il peut ; il paraît ce qu'il est, sans mensonge ni hypocrisie. . . . Qu'est-il ? Rien moins qu'un homme de bien, c'est-à-dire, un homme agissant en homme.

Ainsi, vous arrivez dans une ville étrangère ; vous faites des connaissances ; vous êtes introduit dans maintes familles. Tout aussitôt, l'on s'informe des motifs de votre arrivée. Bien vêtu, bien élevé, vous donnez bonne opinion de vous. Vous venez passer l'hiver, dites-vous ! Voilà un homme qui a les moyens, pense-t-on, un homme de bonne famille, un riche visiteur. Avez-vous fait bon voyage, demande-t-on ? Y avait-il beaucoup de monde avec vous (en première classe sous-entendu) ? Vous êtes arrivé de nuit ! Aimez-vous ces Pulman Cars ? etc., etc.—et vous voilà tenté de conserver votre position supposée. Si vous avez crû bon de mentir à propos de quelqu'une de ces questions, vous allez mentir sur toutes. Quel embarras, si le but de votre visite est autre ; si vous n'avez pas les moyens ; ou si les ayant, vous ne voulez pas tenir ce rang qu'on vous suppose !

C'est l'hiver ! On va vous demander : 'Êtes-vous allé hier au théâtre, voir Carmen ? Non ! Irez-vous demain ?' Vous voilà

dans la nécessité d'y aller ; si vous ne le pouvez, de dire : " Je n'aime pas le théâtre. " On donne une soirée, un bal, vous y êtes invité ; l'habit de cérémonie est de rigueur et vous n'en avez point. Il faut vous en faire faire un, ou dire : " Je n'aime pas la danse. " Ainsi de suite. Après un premier mensonge, vous allez en faire un millier. Eh, qu'arrivera-t-il ? Finalement on va vous juger pour un drôle d'individu, qui n'aime rien ; un misanthrope, qui n'aimera pas non plus la ville—car faute de moyens il vous faudra la quitter.

Supposez au contraire, que vous arrivez tel que vous êtes, disant : " je suis tel et tel : franchement voici le but de ma visite, je fais telle et telle chose. "—de suite on est fixé sur votre caractère, votre état, votre visite. Aucune des questions que l'on vous fera, ne vous embarrassera. On ne vous demandera pas des choses impossibles ou inutiles. Vous serez à l'aise et aussi libre qu'on peut l'être, Vous resterez là et tout ailleurs aussi longtemps qu'il vous conviendra, parceque tout ce qui vous concerne est connu de vos amis. Ceux-ci loin d'être cause de votre fuite, seront à même de vous aider effectivement en mainte occasion.

Vous le voyez, cette sincérité franche est une grande cause de bonheur pour l'homme. Elle lui assure la tranquillité tant en lui-même qu'au dehors ; la liberté de se conduire comme il faut, conformément à ce qu'il est ; elle lui assure avec l'estime et l'approbation de tous, une marche toujours progressive dans la société. Car jamais, quoiqu'il arrive, il ne pourra descendre d'une position aussi bien établie. Tout pas qu'il fera, sera un pas de fait vers un bonheur toujours plus grand, un calme toujours plus parfait, une jouissance toujours plus pure.

Voyez encore, en arrivant vous avez dit : " Je veux passer l'hiver. " Vous n'en étiez point sûr. Après deux mois, à bout de moyens, forcé de quitter, qu'allez-vous faire pour sortir de là ? Il faut un motif à votre départ ! On vous croit riche, vous l'avez dit, ou donné à entendre ; il faut un nouveau mensonge ! Vous n'allez pas alors avouer votre état ; vous voilà dans un embarras sans pareil. Vous mentez. Vous partez. Voilà tous vos amis perdus ! Faut-il toujours les perdre ainsi ?

Comment seriez-vous heureux, si en toute occasion, au lieu d'agir pour vous, vous ne cherchez qu'à plaire aux yeux du monde ? Rien ne s'adapte à votre position, comment pourriez-vous être à l'aise ? Il vous faut fuir le monde. Vous êtes comme un homme maigre et délicat, qui aurait endossé l'habit d'un géant, et qui pour paraître à

sa place dans ce costume serait sans cesse forcé de le gonfler à droite ou à gauche, du côté où il est en vue, pour éviter les risées du monde. Ce travail va durer jusqu'à ce qu'il puisse se débarrasser de ce déguisement.

Ah, menteurs ! il est des trous à vos habits que vous devez cacher. Il est des actions à votre vie qui vous ferait connaître et qu'il faut soustraire au jour. Vous mêmes, vous êtes pleins de pensées que vous étouffiez en vous. Vous vous mourrez de serremments de cœur. Quel travail ! Et dans quel but, je vous le demande ? Dans quel but ? Vous courez à votre perte et vous l'ignorez. Vous perdez votre temps et tout ce qui peut être en votre possession ; l'estime de vos amis, de ceux qui vous connaissent, vous perdez vos amis eux-mêmes. Privé de tout, abandonné de tous, vous descendez toujours. Etes-vous heureux ? L'avez-vous été un seul instant ? Non, jamais !

Tu aimes une femme, instruite, fortunée, bien placée dans la société ; elle te convient. De suite demande-toi : puis-je marcher de pair avec elle ? Si c'est non, repousse ton amour. Car vas-tu tenir son rang pendant que tu la fréquentes, la tromper ainsi jusqu'au jour du mariage ? Mais là, tout devenant commun, te voilà jugé comme tu dois l'être. S'il y a déception pour ta femme, c'est un malheur : fini de l'accord, fini de cette belle vie à deux, fini l'amour ; te voilà malheureux pour la vie. Tandis que possédant ce qu'elle attendait, elle est heureuse ; le bonheur va croissant, dure est pour la vie.

Réalité, réalité, rien ne plaît plus que toi ! Et chose curieuse, nous mentons sans cesse. Pourquoi ? Par orgueil ; pour être, je veux dire pour paraître ce que sont les autres. Nous ne voulons pas nous avouer, qu'ils valent mieux que nous. Nous voulons faire ce qu'ils font, et c'est notre ruine, notre malheur, la cause de nos mille embarras, de notre agitation fiévreuse qui ne nous laisse que peu de repos. Sans cesse surgissent de nouveaux besoins, et c'est tout un travail que de les satisfaire, à moitié souvent. Après ceux-là, en voici de nouveaux, jamais nous ne sommes en paix, jamais une minute de vrai bonheur ; il y a toujours quelque arrière pensée à ce bonheur artificiel. Nous et notre manière de vivre sont deux choses opposées.

Nous vivons dans la plus grande aisance, bien logés, bien vêtus, bien nourris, conduits en calèche, servis par des domestiques ; mais notre âme est misérable, affreusement torturée, jamais satisfaite.

Louvrier, au contraire, souffre souvent de maux divers, mal vêtu, mal logé, mal nourri, accablé de travaux, fatigué ; mais son esprit est généralement calme ; un rien le transporte de joie. Riche tu vis trop bien ; pauvre tu travailles trop. Riche, toi seul peux devenir plus heureux ; pauvre, tu ne peux rien, mais nous voulons t'aider. Ne mentons plus ! Le mensonge est funeste ; pour être heureux, il faut l'éviter. D'ailleurs, si toujours nous disons la vérité, on nous croira aussi sur parole et jamais le mensonge ne nous sera nécessaire.

Opposons-nous d'autre part aux mensonges d'autrui ; notre liberté en dépend. Ne nous fions pas aux apparences. Usons d'attention et d'étude afin de démasquer l'orgueilleuse et rapace fourberie de ceux qui, se prévalant de vains titres et de fortune sans nom, cherchent à passer pour ce qu'il ne sont pas. Ils obtiennent, hélas trop souvent, de l'ignorante et peu clairvoyante multitude de remplir des charges pour lesquelles ils sont indignes. Ils deviennent ainsi pour la société des oppresseurs et des tyrans. Les gens sincères, au contraire, méritent toute notre estime. Ils ont moins de préjugés, moins d'orgueil, par cela même qu'ils cherchent toujours à être vrais,—vrais à eux-mêmes et à autrui. Ils sont davantage dans la réalité. Actifs et travailleurs, ils deviennent réellement capables, et sont pour leur pays une source de progrès, de bonheur et de liberté.

Honnêtes gens, si vous voulez conserver les libertés qui vous sont chères, exigez toujours de l'homme, qu'il soit et se montre tel qu'il est et qu'aussi il devienne ce qu'il voudrait paraître. Qu'il vous importe peu qu'il soit noble, si c'est de par son père : ni qu'il soit riche s'il n'a jamais su gagner un sou. Ah ! Tu es le fils de tel grand savant, ou de tel grand législateur ! Très bien ! As-tu vécu longtemps avec ton père ? S'est-il occupé de toi ? Tu en as le nom, la ressemblance un peu de sang, mais en as-tu aussi quelques-unes de ses capacités, de ses talents ? As-tu un esprit aussi développé, clairvoyant et bon juge ? Que peux-tu faire ? Parle, prouve et tu prendras sa place. Mais ne te contente pas de tirer de ta poche les titres de ta famille, d'étaler ses richesses à mes yeux, de me parler de la gloire et des honneurs mérités par ton père : tout cela ne prouve rien pour toi. Les titres et les richesses il te les a laissés en héritage, c'est l'habitude des pères pour leurs enfants. Mais l'estime, le respect, les égards, tous les honneurs que nous rendions à ton père, l'ouverture des portes que nous ordonnions partout devant lui, c'est notre possession, nous en étions les libres dispensateurs. C'est à l'instruction,

c'est à l'éducation, c'est à la science que nous rendions ces honneurs : c'est à ton père. Mais non à toi, à moins que tu ne le méritasses.

Tu es fils d'un homme : tous le sont. Mais comment as-tu grandi sous ses yeux ? As-tu suivi son exemple ? En es-tu la copie exacte ou approchante, en énergie, volonté, savoir-faire ? Quand au nom que tu as d'autres que toi le portent. La ressemblance et le peu de sang qu'en fils légitime tu possèdes, d'autres en fils naturels et sans prérogatives attachées à leurs noms, les possèdent aussi : et s'ils n'existent pas, ils pourraient exister et aussi les posséder. Il te faut plus que cela. Il faut que tu aies profité du bon exemple que t'a donné ton père, que tu l'aies compris et suivi. Alors ce qu'était ton père, tu l'es ou tu le deviendras. Honneur à toi ! Tu mérites de prendre la place qu'il occupait lui-même.

Homme, sois content de ton sort, ne porte envie à personne, travaille à imiter les grands exemples, développe tes capacités, occupe-toi beaucoup de toi-même, néglige les apparences, (elles sont un accessoire qui accompagne toujours la réalité). Ainsi tu paraîtras toujours ce que tu es et tu seras heureux. Tandis qu'acquérant les apparences seules, tu serais comme un acteur sur la scène, un vulgaire polichinelle : vêtu en savant, sur un siège de savant, avec un esprit ignorant tout.—un costume riche et un estomac affamé,—roulant en voiture et chez toi au pain et à l'eau.—souriant avec un intérieur plein de remords et de douleurs.—assistant un jour à une grande cérémonie coûteuse et par là forcé de te priver de tout pendant un très long temps.

Non mon ami, va ton petit chemin bien doucement : joue ton jeu sans le cacher, sans tricher. Tu jouiras de tous les avantages qui sont propres à ta condition : tu iras longtemps et loin, très-loin, et tu seras toujours heureux. Marche avec connaissance, avec assurance et non en écerelé. Marche dans la voie de la vérité.

G. CHARLES.

Collège Presbytérien.

L'idée d'association en germe parmi les étudiants français n'était qu'une graine semée sur un terrain mal préparé. Un vent du Nord, violent sans doute, l'a emportée jusqu'à l'église du Sauveur, où elle a pris racine. A l'heure qu'il est, la jeune plante, dans cette serre chaude, est sous l'influence d'une dense atmosphère de littérature qu'un habile et vigilant jardinier a su lui préparer. Elle prend les plus heureux développements. Avant un an elle aura fleuri et produit de la graine. Les étudiants, on espère, en reviendront les poches pleines.

Editorial Department.

OUR DUTY TO THE JEWS.

WE cannot unduly magnify the benefits which the Gospel of Christ has conferred upon this world. Civilization, refinement, invention, progress, commercial enterprise, political freedom, social purity and domestic happiness have dispelled the gross cruelty and vice of heathenism as light scatters darkness. To the individual soul it has brought salvation full, free and eternal.

What is the channel through which these blessings have flowed to mankind? "Salvation," with all that it implies, "is of *the Jews*." Theirs are "the adoption, and the glory and the covenants, and the giving of the law, and the service of God and the promises." Theirs "are the fathers and of them as concerning the flesh Christ came." "To them also were committed the oracles of God." But how are the mighty fallen! How sad the degeneracy of those once honored as the depositories of divine truth and blessing! The natural branches have been broken off and lie scattered far and near over the whole earth, whithersoever they have been driven by successive tempests of persecution. The oracles of God the Jews still indeed, possess; but their eyes are blinded by the thick veil of narrow pride and stubborn unbelief, so that they cannot read them; and that veil the Jews themselves are unable to remove. It is done away only in Christ. "But how shall they call on Him in whom they have not believed" to take the veil from their eyes? "And how shall they believe in Him of whom they have not heard? And how shall they hear without a preacher? And how shall they preach except they be sent?" Salvation is not only *of* the Jew, it is also *for* him. Christ taught this, and bade His disciples undertake the evangelization of the world "*beginning at Jerusalem*." And the greatest of the apostles following closely in the footsteps of his Master, said "to the Jew *first*." How far has this injunction, expressly stated by Jesus and implied by Paul, been fulfilled by the Christian Church? To come nearer home, how much has been done by the Presbyterian Church in Canada for Jewish missions? With-

in the past decade a grand missionary revival has swept like a mighty billow from the Atlantic to the Pacific, baptizing with unwonted zeal almost all our congregations. Thank God for this gracious fulfillment of His promise to send times of refreshing from His own presence. May this be but a foretaste of better things to come!

In consequence of this awakening the income of Home and Foreign Mission schemes has been greatly augmented: and men and women, clad in the whole armor of God, are hurrying forward to the help of the Lord against the mighty in the strongholds of heathendom. China, India, Japan, Africa, the islands of the sea and our own "Great Lone Land," have all felt the influence of this movement. But what of the eight millions of the seed of Abraham with face still set against their promised Messiah? Aided, doubtless, indirectly by the prayers of believers; but so far as any immediate effort to "enlighten their minds in the knowledge of the truth" is concerned, left out in the darkness of hollow Judaism. Our Church seems to have been trying to spell that important word of the apostle "first," *U-er-st*.

By a motion of the General Assembly of 1886, Jewish Missions were allowed a place among our schemes: but no provision was made for aggressive work further than a decision to transfer any contributions our people may make for this purpose, to other "society or societies sending missions to the Jews." This appears to us like an attempt to do by proxy what should be done personally. The Gospel injunction, "to the Jew *first*," is exceedingly personal and definite, and not to be discharged in any roundabout way. It is no objection to this project that sufficient funds are not on hand to inaugurate and carry it on. Give greater opportunity for our people to subscribe to this particular scheme, let the claims of the Jews be intelligently presented, grant some assurance that the sums contributed will be disbursed directly by a Committee of the Canadian Church, and the money will come. The amount recently transmitted to a Jewish Missionary Society in the motherland, in accordance with the resolution above referred to, would have formed a convenient nucleus for this fund. Our acquaintance with the membership of the church is limited, but it embraces at least one devoted servant of Christ, who is anxiously waiting and earnestly praying for some such scheme as this to be set on foot in order that she may express her gratitude to the God of Israel for

His redemption of the Gentiles, by offering at this shrine the savings of an honored and successful life. This is, in all probability, not a solitary case. There may be many others whose thoughts God has turned in the same channel. Should the church not see to it that the channel is unobstructed ?

It may be objected further, that the church's hands are already full, that her energies are now taxed, and that she has all she can attend to in the fields at present occupied. In reply to this the words of the Master are conclusive : " These ought ye to have done, and not leave the other undone."

Of the history of Jewish Missions we have only space to say that their success has been such as should inspire us all with thankfulness and hope. The Jewish mind has lately undergone a marvellous awakening through which it is enabled to view more candidly the Scriptures of the New Testament, and thereby divest itself of much of its exclusive prejudice against Christ and Christianity. Even this long unpromising field is whitening to the harvest.

Come, then, all ye blood-bought reapers for eternity, bond servants of the heavenly Husbandman, gratefully acknowledge your obligation to those through whose full salvation has come to you, enter in, and with your sickles of truth, of prayer and liberality, gather the sheaves for the great Harvest-Home.

" Give to Him who gave the Bible,
Think from whence it came to you !
Do you love your precious Bible ?
Then restore it to the Jew."

A MISSIONARY ALCOVE.

PROFESSOR Cave recently wrote a book which gives an accurate and elaborate outline of theological science. One of the best of its many fine features is the citation of the notable books on each subject ; works which mark epochs in treatment or present results in maturest form. But when the author comes to deal with the literature of missions he dismisses it with the remark " a good work on the history and treatment of missions has yet to be written," and names none.

Were anyone to look into our college library he might think that not only was a scientific treatise still a desideratum, but that for the young volunteer there were no beacons in the past, no finger-posts for the

future. Quite lately a single shelf held all our mission books. None of the recent standard histories, Christlieb nor Pierson, nor Warneck, nor Young, were to be found, Brown and Huie alone were there. The whole wide field of missionary biography was wanting. The non-Christian religions, a knowledge of which is so necessary to the missionary—but why enumerate departments of literature, since there is the same painful account to make of each.

We wish to see in the library, and soon, a missionary alcove. There are works of sterling worth to be had. The touch of genius has perhaps not made this field its own, but better than artistic grace is moral force. The men who have translated the Scriptures into many languages represent no mean band of literary workers. We could name some hundred standard works, each of historic value or of present utility, which if placed in the library would become at once a practical missionary power.

A little has lately been done. Mr. James Croil has given several bound sets of periodicals; P. S. Ross, Esq., has contributed a number of works on missions; the final class in theology transfer some from their own shelves, and several of the city ministers have offered their quota.

And now we make a bold request. And if, to those who read our JOURNAL and whose aid we ask, any apology is needed, let this be ours, that some who hope soon to go abroad have felt the want of such works, and desire that younger students now volunteering may be better qualified for their future abors than they feel themselves to be. Our request is this: That if any of our readers have books on missionary topics, which they have already perused and would now care *to invest*, they would send them to us. And some we hope will give us the means of *purchasing* further additions, for in this way only can we hope to obtain works of a less popular character.

College Note Book.

STUDENT'S THOUGHTFUL HOUR.

MEDITATION. All men meditate. A man's meditations decide what he is. The manner of his meditations largely determines what he will become. Subjects on which to meditate are numerous and suggestive.

God's works. David meditated on *all* His works. He contemplated God's glory as seen in the starry heavens and teeming earth. Jesus commands us to "consider the lilies of the field how they grow," to "behold the fowls of the air," how God provides for them. Nature's works speak to man concerning Nature's God. The book of Nature was the first Bible which man studied. Study of it will give much pleasant recreation, valuable information, and genuine happiness.

God's ways. God is in history. His presence in the world makes history. There is a bright and a dark side to His doings. His ways perplex men. They call for patient examination, prayerful and profound study. They will teach us many practical lessons, and show us the leading of a Father's hand, the working of a Divine power in men's hearts.

God's word. It reveals His character, unfolds His purposes, manifests His love. It tells us what man was, how he fell to where he now is, the means by which he can rise to his true position. The Bible gives man truest history, profoundest thoughts, safest guidance. It shows us also when, where, and how men of God meditated. Meditation on these subjects amply repays us. Reflecting on *God's works* we will see new beauties in them; on *His ways* we will discover design in them; on *His word* we will see and know its hidden excellencies.

OILEANACH SMUAINTRACHAIL.

The end of the journey is only a few steps off, and it matters little if the path is rugged. A few tumbles, made in earnest service, will seem very trivial in the light of eternity.

H. C. S.

The best of people find the least fault with their brethren, and are most ready to find excuse for other's failures.

J. S. M.

Men do not think so much of what a man *has not done* as they do of what he *has done*. Many a man has failed in what he proposed to accomplish, but yet has risen above his failure, and in consequence his seeming want of success has given him more energy and greater diligence.

A. C. R.

"Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled." The conditions of physical hunger and thirst are a healthy physical life; the conditions of spiritual hunger and thirst are a healthy spiritual life.

D. C.

Before the finger of God human calculations shrink into nothingness. Let us follow the Divine leadings though the signal be a pillar of cloud. We are sure to end our pilgrimage among the vines and fountains of the land of promise.

S. F. M.

Christ conquered the world. His Gospel has done so likewise. We, seeing so many dead in sin, are prone to think otherwise. The great, the crucial test of the energy, power, and efficacy of Christ's religion is that it overcomes in the sinner's heart, surmounting every obstacle, uplifting, establishing and sanctifying the most debased. The ultimate triumph of the Gospel over the nations is merely a question of the fulfilling of times.

K. McL.

True consecration is threefold; of thought unto devotion, of word unto confession; and of deed unto service. We must feel our love, tell our love, show our love. Our physical life must be consecrated to God by living *for* Him, in using our bodily faculties in His service; our mental life must be consecrated to Him by living *with* Him, in publicly acknowledging Him and giving our thoughts to the furtherance of His kingdom; our spiritual life must be consecrated to Him by living *in* Him, in giving ourselves into His keeping and drawing our nourishment from Him. We find in Him our power, wisdom and reward.

R. McD.

I think we hae ower muckle wark tae dae in ae session.

J. R.

STUDENT LIFE.

"Bright and blessed is the time,
Sorrows end and joys begin,
While the bells with merry chimes,
Ring the day of plenty in!
But the happy tide to hail
With a smile or with a tear,
Heigho!
I hardly know—
Christmas comes but once a year!"

"Happy is the country," one has said, "which has no history!" and happy the college which has no locals to publish; but alas for historian and alas for editor if country or college lack the stir and turmoil which give rise to both. Then alas for me, for every one is busy preparing for exams and each pursues so earnestly the noiseless (f) tenor of his way that nothing—really nothing—is being done, from a reporter's point of view.

"The darkest hour is just before the dawn": examinations before Christmas. And before the examinations—work! But won't some one do something—besides work! The editor feels like the gentleman who longed for a more eventful life and made the polite request, "Would wan of yez be so koind as to step on me coat-tails?" I'm spoiling for—a subject to write up.

The graduating class in theology have made arrangements for their class group. The interior of the college library will form the background for the picture, around which the members of the class will be appropriately grouped. The photograph will be taken on a dull day, presumably to correspond with the characters of the pictures, and to avoid any jarring contrast which might appear between their internal equipment and classic surroundings.

Mr. R. Johnston, B.A., has been chosen to deliver the valedictory at the graduating ceremonies of his class next spring. Should the orator on that occasion look down on his fellow-students we can assure them that it arises not from any unseemly pride but from sheer inability to get down to their level.

Mr. J. Robertson has been chosen valedictorian for the graduating class in Arts. In connection with this we may mention his election to the presidency of his year as well, notice of which was overlooked earlier in the session.

Charon, leaning from the prow of his skiff on the margin of the sombre stream, scanned the waiting souls and asked, "Who next?" Christmas has become the favorite season for weddings among our students, and the holly finds a fresher beauty mingled with the bridal rose. Standing on the brink of Christmastide and gazing out over the waves of the incoming year and remembering those who, during the past year have taken unto themselves wives, we scan the waiting souls and wonder who next shall push his skiff out upon the troubled *tide*.

The wives of the principal and professors of the college are in the habit of inviting parties of students from time to time to spend the evening with them. Dr. Warden, who has moved into his new residence on McFavish street, following the pleasant social custom, held a most enjoyable At Home a few weeks ago. The genial doctor's home is most advantageously situated for the purpose, since the more studious or retiring after spending a pleasant hour may slip over to the college in a few moments, while those who make it a rule to return home by way of a house down town may delightfully prolong their stroll.

The subjects appointed in the competition for the annual prizes offered in the name of the Literary Society have been posted up by the committee. They are as follows:—English Essay, "The Bible in Literature"; French Essay, "La Bible dans la Littérature"; Public Speaking, "The Time and our Duty"; English Reading, Hab. iii. and "A Wild Night at Sea"—Dickens; French Reading.

During the past few week's sickness has been somewhat prevalent in the college. Several students have been confined to their rooms and one was compelled to give up his studies for a few weeks. We ourselves confess to have been *sic sum* a week or two ago.

The Missionary Society has decided to hold a public meeting during the second term of the session. Arrangements are being made in reference to speakers and other details of the programme. Such a meeting seems especially suitable in view of the fact that several members of the graduating class have the foreign field in view, two of whom have already the prospect of being sent out next summer.

A number of the boys went out to Lichute on the evening of the 20th ult. to assist in an entertainment got up by Mr. S. F. McCusker in aid of the Cote St. Gabriel Church. Mr. McCusker manipulated the Phantasmagoria magic lantern, and the other boys did the talking and singing. We believe that it was a financial success.

GRAND CONCERT!

We are glad to be able to state that the movement in connexion with Reading Room, hinted at in an editorial in the last number of the *JOURNAL*, has assumed a practical shape. Arrangements have been made to hold a concert in the David Morrice Hall, on the evening of January 14th, 1889, at eight o'clock. Some of the very best talent in the city has been secured, and we feel sure that any lover of music will be well repaid for the small sum of twenty-five cents necessary to purchase a ticket. The M.A.A.A. has been invited to furnish some choruses, and a favorable answer is expected. The students quartette will give a selection. Tickets may be procured from any of the students, and will be for sale by the booksellers and others throughout the city. All connected with the college will be cordially thankful to Mrs. Prof. Campbell and the ladies who are interested in this effort to provide something in the form of a comfortable sitting room for our college, which in every other way is so well equipped. Our thanks are also due to the talented ladies and gentlemen who have so kindly consented to furnish the entertainment. We hope that it may be a grand success.

R. McDUGALL.

REPORTER'S FOLIO.

PHILOSOPHICAL AND LITERARY SOCIETY.

A meeting of this Society was held in lecture-room No. 1 of the college on the evening of November 30th, the President, Mr. J. H. MacVicar, B.A., in the chair. After opening in due form the following programme was proceeded with:—Reading, a selection from the poem "Evangeline," by Mr. D. MacVicar; an essay upon the subject "Acadia," by Mr. H. C. Sutherland; French reading, Mr. McLaren. Then came the debate of the evening, the subject of which was "Resolved that the expulsion of the Acadians was justifiable." The speakers on the affirmative were Messrs. J. McIlraith and J. Robertson; those on the negative, D. L. Dewar and R.

McDougall. The discussion was a very interesting one throughout. The subject was so enthusiastically discussed throughout that the audience refrained from giving a decision.

The next meeting of the Society was held December 7th. A reading was given by Mr. Guthrie. The debate was an open one. Subject: "Resolved that Denominationalism has hitherto tended to promote the welfare of the Christian Church at large." Mr. J. A. McLean, the leader on the affirmative, argued upon his side that men are so constituted that all could not hold the same views of a subject, and therefore it is natural for them to differ on spiritual as well as secular affairs. He endeavored also to show that denominationalism was a sign of activity. He considered that the progress which Christianity has made since the Reformation was due to men differing in opinion, one laying more stress upon a particular phase of Christianity than others. Mr. Kalem led upon the negative. He showed Denominationalism to be injurious upon three accounts: Materially, because of the additional expense it entails; socially, because it builds walls of separation between Christians; and spiritually, because it is contrary to the spirit of Christ, and opposed to the prayer that His followers might be one. The subject was then discussed by different members of the Society in an historical point of view. The decision was given in favor of the affirmative.

STUDENTS' MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

A meeting of this Society was held on December 14th, Mr. J. MacDougall in the chair. After devotional exercises, the business of the meeting was proceeded with. A resolution, to hold a public meeting during the second term was passed. As the evening was devoted to the consideration of the French Mission School System, Mr. Vessot read a very interesting paper upon the work in which he had been engaged. This led up to a general discussion regarding the school which the Society has undertaken to erect in St. Jean Baptiste. It was felt incumbent that the Society should bring to completion what it has undertaken before entering upon other schemes. Several students offered to advocate the scheme wherever openings could be found. It was further resolved that the French-speaking students should give information concerning the actual work done at prayer-meetings, etc., wherever it might be wished by the friends of the Society. Mr. Vessot and the President were appointed to make arrangements for carrying this out.

D. L. DEWAR.

TOMAKEWAW.—A PARODY.

“Give me of your fruit, banana !
Of your yellow fruit, banana !
Growing on the tropic islands,
Fertile islands in the ocean ;
I a little trick will play me,
Play it on the darkened staircase,
Where no light has late been burning,
Where the students walk in darkness,
Walk on foot, perchance on shin-bones !”

“Lay aside your fruit, banana !
Quickly lay your fruit aside you,
For the eventime is coming,
When the stairs are wrapt in darkness ;
And I've yet to waft me distant,
Many leagues o'er land and ocean,
To a famous school of learning,
In the land of the pale faces,
In the city of the mountain !”
Thus aloud cried Tomakewaw,
Chief of all the imps of darkness,
On an island in the ocean,
In the wide Pacific Ocean.

And the tall tree shook its branches,
Shook with mirth its laden branches,
Saying with a burst of laughter,

“Take my fruit, O Tomakewaw !”
Then its fruit he picked with gladness,
Gathered it with exultation,
Sped across the wide Pacific,
Over mountain, over prairie,
To the shores of the great river,
To the banks of the St. Lawrence,
To the city of the mountain.

Here within the school of learning,
Sought he out a student's chamber,
Where he peeled the fruit delicious,
Cleft the yellow rind asunder,
Ate the fruit but saved the peeling.
And he then with quiet movements,
Took up the banana peeling,
Issued out into the darkness,
Noiseless glided through the passage,
Till he reached the darkened staircase,
Where, upon the topmost step he
Placed with care the oily peeling,
Placed the smooth banana peeling.
Later on we have “The Sailing.”

Our Graduates.

PERSONAL.

The Rev. D. L. McCrae, '75, of Coburg, has received and accepted a call to the pastorate of the congregation of Jamestown, New York.

At a promenade concert held recently in the Town Hall, Goderich, Rev. J. A. Anderson, B.A., '80, was presented with a beautiful pulpit gown by the ladies of Knox Church.

The Rev. J. F. Langton, B.A., '88, who is settled at Rockburn, Quebec, gave us a call the other day. We are glad to see the old boys now and again, and to find them enjoying the great life work upon which they have entered.

The Rev. M. Leitch, '85, who has been settled for the last three years at Valleyfield, has received and accepted a unanimous call to the congregation of Elora, Ont.

A letter comes from another of our students. It will give the majority of those who are in the halls to-day, as well as those who have passed from them during the last six years, great pleasure to learn that Mr. Colin McKerchar is vigorously engaged in mission work in the North-West, and that he has improved considerably in health since leaving us.

It is feared that Rev. J. A. Townsend, '81, of Manitou, Man., will be compelled to resign his charge through ill-health. He thinks of going to Colorado. Mr. Townsend will leave an attached people among whom he has been very successful in the Master's work. Should he go we hope that he may find the health he seeks and congenial employment in his new home.

Rev. J. A. Morrison, '82, of Danville, Que., paid a short visit to us during the past month. He has been actively engaged in the Temperance campaign in Richmond County, Quebec, in which the Dunkin Act has been sustained by a large majority. He also reports much encouragement in his congregational work.

We are glad to know that Rev. F. H. Larkin, B.A., '88, is enjoying his work among our American cousins in Lowell. Mrs. Larkin has just recovered from a very severe illness and Fred is happy.

GRADUATES' REGISTER.

(Continued.)

Class 1879.

- AMARON, CALVIN ELIJAH**—Born de Ramsay, Que., Sept. 4, 1852. Arts course in McGill College, obtaining B.A. '77, M.A. '80; Theological course Presbyterian College, Montreal, and obtained B.D. '84; Mission work at Howick and English River, De Ramsay, Aylmer, Montreal, New Glasgow, St. Hyacinthe, Que., and at Grand Bend, Ont. Ordained by Presbytery of Quebec, Oct. 15, '79; Minister at Three Rivers, Que., '79-'84, Lowell, Mass. (French Congregational church), '84-'86; founded French Protestant College, Lowell, '85; appointed Principal, '86—. College removed to Springfield, Mass., '88.
- INTERNOSCIA, ANTONIO**—Born Italy. Priest of the Roman Catholic Church; took Theological course in Presbyterian College, 78-'79; received as a Minister of the Presbyterian Church in Canada, '79. Italian Missionary in Montreal, '79—.
- MATHESON, JOHN**—Born Inverness-shire, Scotland. Arts course in McGill College, obtaining B.A., '76; Theological course Presbyterian College, Montreal; Missionary at Lake Megantic, Que., Teeswater, Bruce, East Hawkesbury, Ont. Ordained by the Presbytery of Glengarry Nov. 18, '79; Minister at Martintown and Williamstown, Ont., '79—.
- MCCRAE, DAVID LAMONT**—Born Dumfries, Scotland, 1850. Literary course in Presbyterian College and McGill College; Theological course in Presbyterian College; Mission work at L'Amable and Bayfield, Ont. Ordained by Presbytery of Glengarry, July 29, '79; Minister of St. Matthew's Church, Osnabrock, Ont., '79-'82, Cobourg, Ont., '82-'88; Jamestown, N.Y., '88—. Took post graduate course in Illinois Wesleyan University, obtaining Ph.B., '83. Contributor to daily and weekly papers.
- MULLINS, WILLIAM**—Born Potsdam, N.Y., July 19, 1838. Literary and Theological course in Presbyterian College, Montreal; Mission work at St. Jean Chrysostome, Laprairie, Que. Ordained by Presbytery of Manitoba Jan. 14, '80. Ordained Missionary at Headingly and La Salle, Man., '80-'83, Dufferin and Marais, Man., '83-'84, Neche, Dak., '84—.
- MUNRO, J. R.**—Born St. John, N.B. Arts course in Dalhousie College, obtaining B.A., '76; Theological course in Presbyterian College, Montreal, taking gold medal; Mission work at Thanet and Ridge, L'Amable, &c., Ont. Ordained by Presbytery of Ottawa, Aug. 19,

'79; Minister at Manotick, Ont., '79-84, St. James Church, Antigonish, N.S., '84—.

PENMAN, JOHN WESTLAND—Born in Fifeshire Scotland, 1848. Literary and Theological course in Presbyterian College, Montreal; Mission work at Bathurst, Ont., and Aylwin, Que. Ordained by Presbytery of Ottawa, April 5, '80; Minister at Carp, &c. Ont., '80-81, Nissouri, Ont., '81-86, Blackheath, Ont., '88—.

SCOTT, MATTHEW HENRY—Born in Eramosa, Ont., Dec. 27, 1847. Arts course in McGill College, obtaining B.A. in '77; Theological course in Presbyterian College, Montreal; Mission work at Chateauguay Basin, River Desert, Massawippi, Richby and Coaticook and Montreal east. Ordained by the Presbytery of Lanark and Renfrew, Oct. 2, '70; Minister at Bristol, Que., '79-85, Manotick and S. Gloucester, Ont., '85-88; Principal Ottawa Ladies' College, '88—.

TAYLOR, SAMUEL JOHN—Born at Cartwright, Ont., Oct. 20, 1853. Arts course in University College, Toronto, obtaining B.A., '76; Theological course in Presbyterian College, Montreal, and post graduate courses in Paris, Geneva and Berlin; Mission work at Riverside and Hopewell, N.B. Ordained by Presbytery of Lanark and Renfrew July, 23, '79. Ordained Missionary at Mattawa, Ont., '79-'81, Moosejaw, N.W.T., '81—.

Class 1880.

ANDERSON, JAMES ALEXANDER—Born Nepean, Ont., Feb. 9, 1853. Arts course in McGill College, obtaining B.A. '77; Theological course in Presbyterian College, Montreal; Mission work at Eden Mills, Elderslie, Ont., and Massawippi, Que. Ordained by Presbytery of Maitland, Oct. 7, '80; Minister at Whitechurch and Fordyce, Ont., '80-'88; Knox Church, Goderich, '88—.

BAILLIE, JOHN KING—Born at Aylmer, Que., Aug. 24, 1853. Literary and Theological courses in Presbyterian College, Montreal; Mission work at Huntsville, Poland, Drummond and Pakenham, Ont. Ordained by Presbytery of Barrie, Oct. 12, '80; Minister at Innisfil, Ont., '80-'82, Osnabruck, Ont., '82-'87, Massena, N.Y., '87—.

BLAKELEY, MALCOLM D. M.—Born at Bristol, Que., Nov. 27, 1850. Arts course in McGill College, obtaining B.A., '78; Theological course in Presbyterian College, Montreal; Mission work at Adamston, Castleford and Dewars, Ont. Ordained by the Presbytery of Lanark and Renfrew, Oct. 5, '80; Minister at Ross and Cobden, Ont., '80—.

BOUCHARD, THEODORE A—Born at Chicoutimi, Que. Literary and Theological course in Presbyterian College, Montreal; Mission work Port-au-Persil, Que., Montreal, Belle River, Ont., Lapraire, Laguerre,

Que. Ordained by the Presbytery of Montreal, Nov. 21, '81. Ordained Missionary at Grenville, St. Martin's, Namur, Que.

MACFARLANE, ALEXANDER H.—Literary and Theological course in the Presbyterian College, Montreal. Ordained by Presbytery of Montreal Nov. 2, '80; Minister at Farnham Centre, Que., '80-'87, Ashton and Beckwith, Ont., '87—.

MCLAREN, JAMES FRASER—Born Perth, Scotland, Jan. 21, 1853. Literary course in McGill College; Theological course in Presbyterian College, Montreal, obtaining gold medal, and in '82 degree of B.D.; Mission work at Toledo and Newbliss, Riversdale and Enniskillen, Temple Hill and Holland, Ont. Ordained by the Presbytery of Owen Sound, Dec. 8, '80; Minister of Temple Hill Church, Ephrasia, and Knox Church, Holland, Ont., '80—.

MACLEAN, CHARLES—Born at Murray Harbor, P. E. I., May 27, 1847. Literary course in Dalhousie College, Halifax, and in McGill College; Theological course in Presbyterian College, Montreal; Mission work at Ripley, Thanet and Ridge, East Hawkesbury, Ont., and Lingwick, Que. Ordained by Presbytery of Glengarry, Sept. 7, '80; Minister of Knox Church, Roxborough, Ont., '80-'82; stated supply at Laurel, Iowa, '84-'86, Jesup, Iowa, '86-'87, Pembina, Dak., '87—.

NELSON, THOMAS ABBOTT—Born at Merivale, Ont., Sept. 20, 1856. Literary course in Presbyterian College, Montreal, and (one session) Knox College, Toronto; Theological course in Presbyterian College, Montreal; Mission work at Wyoming, Port Stanley, Darling, Ont., Coaticook, Que., Taylor Church, Montreal, and Plantagenet, Ont. Ordained by Presbytery of Brockville, Sept. 7, '80; Minister at Dunbar and Colquhoun, Ont., '80-'85, Windsor, N. S., '85—.

ROSS, PETER R.—Born, Oxford Co., Ont., August 7, 1854. Literary course in McGill College; Theological course in Presbyterian College, Montreal; Mission work at Farnham Centre, Que., Woodlands, Shakespeare and East Hawkesbury, Ont. Ordained by Presbytery of Montreal, Feb. 24, '81; Minister at Côte des Neiges, Que., '81-'83, St. Andrew's Church, Ingersoll, Ont., '83—.

SHEARER, WILLIAM—Born at Kingston, Ont., March 26, 1857. Literary course in McGill College; Theological course in Presbyterian College, Montreal; Mission work at L'Amable and York River, Chalk River and Des Joachims, Ont. Ordained by the Presbytery of Ottawa, Jan. 10, '81. Ordained Missionary at Bearbrook, Ont., '81-'82; Minister at Aylwin and Desert, Que., '82-'87, Morewood, Ont., '87—.

Talks about Books.

THE Science of Religion or, as it might more properly be called, the Comparative Study of Religions, has of late years come into great prominence, due largely to the attention which has been drawn to it by Professor Max Muller. That learned Sanscritist and pleasing writer of English hardly displayed the cloven foot in his *Chips and Lectures on the Science of Religion* delivered at the Royal Institution, but in his more recent Hibbert Lecture he has come forth as a believer in the evolution of religion. The consequence of this is that there is no revealed religion properly so-called, and that the Christian faith differs from others in degree simply and not in kind. Max Muller is guilty of the same absurdity as evolutionists in general, who, without any interfering cause, predicate a point at which originally homogeneous matter started into differentiation and heterogeneity; for out of a state of absolute thoughtless atheism he pictures mankind as advancing to and into one of religious belief, independent of any external impulse. As well might one say of a stick or stone; "This object is dead and motionless; let it lie long enough and, by virtue of the law of its own nature, it will acquire life and motion." The author of the Hibbert Lecture is a Pantheist of the Hegelian school. Human thought and real existence are the same thing, because they are equally the logical evolution of the divine mind. But as the physical parts of this evolution are not conscious that they are divine emanations, so also the spiritual. When that spiritual evolvment known as the human soul or partial *ego* rises to a consciousness of the totality of being through phenomena, then it becomes religious. It is true that Max Muller fights bravely for the essential spirituality of the *Pan*, and would thus be disposed to call in question the religiousness of Lucretius and Dr. Tyndall, perhaps even of Spinoza, but it is questionable if the world-soul that rises into consciousness of its existence through and in the puerilities and abominations of individual heathen creeds is much to be preferred to their apotheosis of mud.

From an early period in the history of the Christian Church the enemies of revealed religion have made use of the comparative study of religions for the purpose of discrediting Christianity. Celsus, Porphyry and Julian compared that pure faith with heathen creeds, and endeavoured to show their common genesis, but Hierocles in the fourth century, by presenting the life of [the juggling sophist, Apollonius of Tyana, as a parallel to that

of Christ, virtually laid the foundation of the present spurious science of religion. In the middle ages the unbelief that reasoned *de tribus impostoribus*, placing Moses, Christ, and Mahomet on a level, was of the same nature. In the 17th century, Blount the English deist translated the life of Apollonius and published it with the same end in view as Hierocles. But it was not till Zend, Sanscrit, and Chinese studies had opened up to the mind of the western world the literary treasures of the east, that materials were furnished in Zoroastrianism, Brahmanism, Buddhism, and Confucianism, for a more complete comparison of competing creeds. Now by virtue of numerous and readily accessible translations of the sacred books of these religions it is in the power of any schoolboy to institute such a comparison. Most of the books dealing with these creeds in relation to Christianity and one another have been hostile to revelation, such as General Porlong's enormous waste of research and intelligence, entitled Rivers of Life. Some Christian writers, like Archdeacon Hardwick, the author of Christ and other Masters, have taken the apologetic side, and many learned missionaries, dealing with individual heathen systems, like Spence Hardy in his books on Buddhism, have exhibited the marked contrast between the teachings of heathen hierarchs and of Him who said "All that ever came before me are thieves and robbers." But there has been no general literary movement in this branch of Christian apology, because the enemy's strength was misjudged, and because the more respectable assailants, such as Professor Max Muller, cloaked their purpose under a mask of spurious piety and apparent respect for Christianity. Now, however, when Buddhism, Aryanism, Oriental Theosophy, and other worn out spiritual garments of the east are being flaunted on the persons of shameless shallow-pates in Christian lands; now when the Science of Religion men have let slip the sheep's clothing in their eagerness as wolves to devour—an attempt is made to remedy the error of past neglect.

The American Presbyterian Board of Publication has just issued a work of the kind required for attaining a knowledge of heathen systems and of their imperfections. It is entitled *The Religions of the World*, and its author is the Rev. D. J. Burrell, D.D. Dr. Burrell states in his preface that the essays constituting the book were originally composed by him for a young men's bible class, and that he has since made use of them, with revision, for university students and ministerial associations. They proved useful, and, at the request of those who were his auditors, Dr. Burrell has had them published in this form. The ten essays or chapters on the Religions of the World are on Fetichism, Zoroastrianism, Buddhism, The Norsemen, Islam, Ancient Egypt, Brahmanism, Greece, Confucianism, and The True Religion. Giving an interesting sketch, illustrated from original sources, of these religions, the author sets forth their sacred books, theology, morals, the central thought of each system, and the answer they afford to

the question "What shall I do to be saved?" Fetichism and the religion of ancient Greece give no response; that of ancient Egypt says, Observe the moral code; the reply of Zoroastrianism is, Repeat the *Patet*; of Brahmanism, Be absorbed in Brahm; of Buddhism, Be sublimely indifferent to everything; the old Norsemon said, Fight a good fight, right or wrong; Confucianism tells its votaries to be good citizens of China; and Islam cries, Do your duty and stand by the five pillars. All of the systems reviewed by Dr. Burrell have had their historical developments, and to these the author has alluded so far as he was permitted to do by the limits of his book. One would have liked a little more on Magism as a form of the Zoroastrian creed, on the Vedic period of Brahmanism as contrasted with the later Trimurti, on the relation of Buddhism to Brahmanism as a Turanian revolt against Aryan pretensions. Nevertheless Dr. Burrell has done a good work, and has done it well. The book is creditable to him, and, as a work of art, to the Board by which it is issued. Messrs. Drysdale & Co. are the agents of the Board in Montreal. They will be glad to hear from ministers and sabbath school workers who want light on The Religions of the World. Its price is \$1.25.

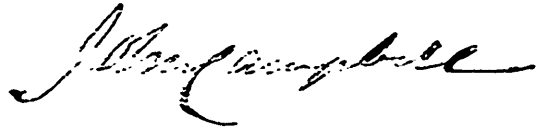
Now materials for reconstructing the early history of the world are constantly coming to light. This time Egypt supplies these materials, which, however, are not hieroglyphic but cuneiform. In the winter of 1887-88 a number of cuneiform tablets were offered for sale in Egypt by private dealers and were picked up by various students of oriental history for museums in Egypt, Prussia, Austria and England. Copies of some of these fell into the hands of Professor Sayce of Oxford and Mr. Wallis Budge. Most, if not all, of the clay tablets were found in the ruins of Tell el Amarna in Central Egypt, a place famous in Egyptian history as the abode of the heretical Stranger kings of the 18th dynasty, who transplanted the seat of their empire from Philae and Elephantine to that region. They are inscribed in Babylonian script, similar to that found on the clay tablets of Cappadocia, and their language is Semitic. The latest volume of Proceedings of the Society of Biblical Archaeology contains two articles on these tablets, the one by Professor Sayce, the other by Mr. Budge. The latter, whose communication is the most complete and interesting, gives an account of the 81 tablets purchased for the British Museum, and furnishes complete translations of some of them, together with the cuneiform texts.

The tablets are despatches and letters from officials and royal personages in Mesopotamia, Syria, and the neighbouring countries, to Amenophis III and Amenophis IV of Egypt, and testify to the existence of Asiatic states possessing no small degree of literary culture, during the time that Israel sojourned in the land of bondage. Many of them are yet untranslated, so that many historical surprises may arise out of their decipherment. Burra-burias, King of Babylon, is the writer of one document, in which he appears.

as the contemporary of Amenophis IV, thus furnishing a valuable synchronism of the histories of Egypt and Babylonia. Others are from a king of the hitherto unidentified country of Alashiya, and from Abissarri of Phoenicia. But the most interesting tablets so far read are letters from Tushratta, King of Mitanni, to Amenophis III, who is the Stranger king also known as Ai, Eesa, Ishi. Tushratta speaks of himself as the father-in-law of the Egyptian monarch. He was thus the father of Queen Taia, whom Lenormant and other Egyptologists describe as a beautiful woman with light hair, blue eyes, and rosy cheeks, altogether unlike the ordinary type of Egyptian princesses. The letter is one of introduction, its bearer being Tushratta's grandson Giliya. The site of Mitanni is undetermined by the document. In the Izdubar legends, translated by George Smith, Heabani, the Chaldean Pan, offers to bring to Erech a Midannu of the desert who should contend with Izdubar. The word Midannu has been unnecessarily translated, tiger. The desert of the land of Mitanni is mentioned by Tiglath Pileser I, the Assyrian contemporary of the Israelite Saul, as a region in northern Mesopotamia. Between 1600 and 1100 B.C. great changes of population took place in Palestine and the Euphratean countries, so that the Mitanni of one period may have been geographically remote from that of the later date. In the Bible, the Sinaitic peninsula is called the land of Midian. The Persian geographer, Sadik Isfahani, refers to several Madains in Irak Arabi, one of which was the work of the ancient King Tahmuras. Irak Arabi is Babylonia. Another region in which Mitanni may be sought is the field of Moab east of the Dead Sea, where Hadad the son of Bedad smote the Midianites. It is more than probable that the people of Mitanni were the Midianites who, beginning their national life in Arabia Patrea, the land of Midian, spread northwards into Moab, and were afterwards driven into the Arabian desert between Gilead and the Euphrates. Moving eastwards, they established a Babylonian kingdom, which Berosus calls the Median dynasty of Babylonia. Expelled from the banks of the Euphrates, they took to the desert once more, and, in the time of the Judges, overran Palestine, whence Gideon, the Abiezrite drove them forth with great slaughter. Then, taking refuge in Mesopotamia, they inhabited the desert of the land of Mitanni in which Tiglath Pileser found them. As the Midianites were confederate with Moab at the time of Israel's entry into the land of promise, they were probably not far distant from that country in the time of Tushratta and Amenophis III.

The tablets open up a great field of historical research, which when thoroughly explored will revolutionize current notions regarding the peoples mentioned in the earlier chapters of Bible history, and reveal the fact that the history of Israel was in contact with that of all the nations whose careers are worthy the attention of the student. The fair features of the Mitanni as exemplified by Queen Taia, if they be identified with Midian,

will go far to prove what has long been conjectured, namely, that their mother Keturah was of Japhetic birth, so that through the Shemitic Sarah, the Hamitic Hagar, and the Japhetic Keturah, all nations, in a temporal sense, have been blessed in Abraham. Archæologists look with impatience for the publication and translation of the remaining documents of this series in the British Museum, and of the still larger number in the museums of Europe and Egypt. Whatever they may contain, they will, judging from past experience, be found confirmatory of that Sacred Book, which even now stands alone as the only trustworthy connected history of the world's early ages. These and similar documents will tend to loosen the clutch of the destructive critics upon the historical books of Scripture, by revealing the contemporaneous nature of the narratives to the facts recorded in them, and will sooner or later gain the great victory that fact must achieve over imagination falsely called criticism, and truth over fictions of the brain. An ounce of fact is worth more than a ton of reasoning. Truth is that which is, not what man thinks ought to be. Ought is a word that has no significance outside of Morals, and even in the evolution of ethical systems in the world's history it is often hard to localize it. Better one clay tablet from Tell el Amarna than Ewald's History of the People of Israel.

A handwritten signature in cursive script, likely reading "J. B. Campbell". The signature is written in dark ink and features a prominent, sweeping flourish at the end.