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SOME EMINENT PREACHERS.

(In closing, for the Session, the class of Systematic Theology, Dr. Gordon gave an address on "Some Eminent Preachers," of whom he could bear personal testimony, making reference not to the living but to the dead. The substance of his address is here given at the request of the editors of THE THEOLOGUE.)

THE first great preacher that I ever heard, and in some respects the greatest, was Dr. Norman Macleod. I was a member of his congregation, or, as the Scotch say, "sat under him," during the seven sessions that I attended the University of Glasgow, and I owe him more than I owe to any other of my teachers, next to my mother. It is not easy to give a critical estimate of one to whom you feel so deeply indebted and of whom you might be inclined to speak in words which to others might appear too eulogistic, and yet I think that, by common consent, Dr. Macleod was considered the foremost Scottish preacher of his time. His ministry, with the exception of a few early years, was closely identified with Glasgow, and the city was proud of him. To his fellow-citizens, and indeed to many outside of Glasgow, he was familiarly known as "Norman,"—as if in all the land there were only one Norman—and Ian Maclaren refers to him as "Dr. Bigheart, Chaplain to the Queen, and chaplain to all Scotland." His life has been told by his brother, and it is one of the best written biographies that I know: but I speak of him more from personal recollection.

He was a man of large mould, large in all respects, body heart and brain; physically handsome, although in latter years

rather corpulent, a striking figure, whom, if you met him on the street, you would turn to look at a second time and try to find out who he was. His face was one in which strength and kindness were charmingly blended, so readily responsive to his emotions that it seemed as if he never tried to hide his feelings.

I suppose it was that great heart of his, even more than his splendid intellect and his gift of oratory, that won for him such a grasp over the hearts of others, for in the range of grip with which he laid hold of other hearts he was, among all the men of my acquaintance, quite unrivalled. He was pastor of a very large parish, over whose varied interests he watched with executive ability like that of Dr. Chalmers. His congregation was not of any one class, for, although many of the members were wealthy, yet in the Barony church the rich and the poor met together. Among the labouring classes and the hard-headed mechanics he was greatly loved and honoured, for he drew from them the affection and respect that helpful manliness is sure to win from honest toil. His interest in them led him to maintain for years special Sunday evening services for the working classes, to which none were admitted except in their every day working clothes. He did this because he found that so many would not go to church without their "blacks," and they had no blacks. Those services were peculiarly powerful. The great church was crowded as if by people just out of the workshops. I have known ladies go there with shawls over their heads like mill-girls. I tried to get in one evening but was kept back by the faithful beadle because I had on a black coat. The hearts of many went out to the man who so strenuously sought to reach them, and "the common people heard him gladly."

But he seemed to have the same power over hearts all the way up the social scale. It is well known that after Prince Albert's death, when our good, widowed Queen was inconsolable in her sorrow, after one and another had preached before her, she went to Scotland and sent for Dr. Macleod. In the service that he conducted it seemed as if he quite forgot that she was the Queen and thought of her only as a widow: so he read appropriate passages of Scripture, connecting them with tender, well-chosen words, such as he might have used in visiting the humblest widow in his parish: and thus he was the means of bringing

into her desolate heart the first comfort that she found in her bereavement. The great preacher must be a man of great sympathy, one who, like Wisdom, "rejoices in the habitable parts of the earth and whose delights are with the sons of men;" and his overflowing sympathy, by which he could be helpful brother and son of consolation to every one within his reach, was one of the factors that gave Norman Macleod such great pulpit power.

His other gifts, as well, were his. He was a man of splendid intellectual abilities, although he never took a prize at college. The Highland blood in him made him a lover of poetry, and, like every great preacher, he had a rich sense of humour, although he never allowed his humour any latitude in the pulpit, as Spurgeon and Beecher did. The Scottish pulpit is much too grave for that. He was a writer of fine imaginative glow and of excellent descriptive power; but it is as a preacher I am at present regarding him. He grasped the problems of theology with a strong hand, especially those connected with the Fatherhood of God and the Person and Work of Christ. Doctrinal preaching was with him no mere bringing together of bone to his bone, but the sinews and flesh were upon them, and a heart was throbbing within them; yet the bones were there in their proper place, to give strength and power and right proportion. As to the man himself, all that was in him, of heart and brain and social influence and power to move his fellow men was devoted to his Master.

During the years of his chief renown as a preacher, those in Scotland who most closely approached him in popular favor and influence were Guthrie and Caird. Guthrie was the bright, particular star of the Edinburgh pulpit in those days,—a grand man and a brilliant preacher, although we Glasgow students gave Caird the higher place. But Macleod soared beyond them both. He never seemed to study effect; he was too completely possessed and inspired by his subject to dream of any artifice or trick of oratory; all was so natural with him. Sometimes his discourses were largely conversational in style, especially in his expository treatment of such portions as the Psalms: on other occasions they were marked by glowing and magnetic eloquence. His style was as varied as the style of one man could well be. Sometimes he read his sermons; sometimes he had not a note; often he would adhere for a while to his manuscript and then leave it.

The sermon that lingers in my memory as the greatest that I ever heard was preached by him at an annual service for our Students' Missionary Society. His subject, taken from the words "Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die it abideth alone," was the Loneliness of Self,—the isolation of the life that is not surrendered to God in Christ. He brought to it a wealth of illustration from Scripture, from literature, from the experience of life, till it seemed as if the one who lives for self were shutting out all communion, were exchanging all the blessed possibilities of life for an existence in solitary confinement: and then, swinging round from this loneliness of the soul that has forsaken God and man and that at last must find itself utterly forsaken, he presented to us the life of the soul that is surrendered to Christ.

If I were asked to name the secret of his power, I should place it in his grasp of the Fatherhood of God and his intensely vivid realization of the Person and Work of Christ. This gave him a message for his fellow-men; he wanted them all to know the Father as he knew Him, to see the Christ as he saw Him; and his great throbbing heart, in which the love of God was shed abroad, impelled him to make the message known. You know the difference between first and second-class oratory. They used to note in Athens that when some speaker, who, though eloquent, was not of the highest order, addressed the people, they praised the man and said, "What a wonderful speaker;" but when Pericles spoke they lost sight of the man in his message and cried with one heart and voice, "Let us fight against the Persians." Those who listened most to Norman Macleod were led beyond the man to his message, for he moved them to say, "Let us follow Christ."

The same power of the highest kind, as a speaker, belonged in a very wonderful degree to Spurgeon. I don't know whether I would have enjoyed hearing him every Sunday as much as Macleod, but I never heard him without delight and benefit, for no man could speak with greater singleness of desire to exalt Christ. He was a marvelous preacher, in some respects the most wonderful on record. He began his ministry in London at nineteen years of age; he leaped almost at one bound into renown, soon taking by common consent the foremost place among the

preachers of his day, and continuing to hold that position in the world's metropolis for over thirty-five years. He knew how to speak to an average audience of his fellow countrymen, and to "hit the bull's eye" every time as no other minister has ever done. His work was not confined to preaching, although it was a marvelous performance to hold an audience of some 6000 persons twice every Sabbath; but, in addition, one of his discourses was published every week to the average number of 25,000 copies. He had a gigantic Colportage Society for placing wholesome literature among the thousands who never attended church; he had an Orphanage where hundreds of street waifs were reclaimed; he organized and maintained a College for training pastors, from which he saw nearly 1,000 go forth to the ministry; he wrote many books; and yet, with all this work, he seemed always ready to lend a strong helping hand and voice to a host of institutions as they secured his sympathy. Apart, however, from those multitudinous labors and the wide reach of his printed sermons, it is as a preacher we are now regarding him; and yet he could not have been the preacher that he was had he not been willing, as far as in him lay, to reach out into those other activities that brought him into touch with so many of his fellow men.

When you first saw Spurgeon as he rose to speak, you would certainly be surprised at his appearance. He looked so heavy, so unintellectual, so unattractive. As soon as he spoke, however, you felt the charm of his voice, that matchless voice that could fill with ease a building where few others could, by any effort, be distinctly heard, and yet that, because of its perfect modulation, seemed even for the smallest building to be none too strong. But it was not merely the peerless voice that held and swayed such multitudes year after year. He, too, had a message and it was for the sake of his message that men thronged to him. Take a volume of his selected sermons, such as he found had been most successful in soul-winning, see the firm, strong grasp he has of the truth as it is in Christ, the thoroughness of his own conviction about it, the directness of his purpose in presenting it, the apt and homely illustrations by which he explains it, the clear style and simple power of speech that he employs, the language of our English Bible and of Pilgrim's Progress, and we

can see how, though not the favorite of the cultured few, he was fitted to be pre-eminently the preacher for the great average mass of his fellow-countrymen.

Milton says, "Fit audience let me find, though few;" Spurgeon's object was to reach the largest possible number, because to him all hearts were in need of the Saviour whom he preached. He had confidence in the power of God's Word to reach the masses if only they could be induced to listen to it, and if only the truth and the light and the comfort of it could be fairly presented to them. He was willing, therefore, that people might either smile or sneer, as they chose, at himself or at his methods, but through all his one desire was to witness for Christ, to exalt and magnify Christ, to bring men to Christ; and it was this singleness of purpose that kept him steady and safe and strong on that height of popularity during all those years. A man with such love of his fellow-men could not be sectarian or bigoted. He was a Baptist, but he had no sympathy with the close communion Baptists, who, in their exaggerated regard for immersion, are extreme ritualists. He welcomed to his communion all those who love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity. Although his early education had been defective from a university standpoint, he more than made up for this by faithful study and wide reading; yet his great storehouse was the Bible, which, through familiarity, became to him like an armoury where he could always find a weapon to suit him, while for supply alike of topic and of illustration it was like the widow's cruse under the hands of the prophet, pouring out oil enough to fill all the vessels that might be brought.

There were many who preferred the polished style of such a man as Canon Liddon, in his day the foremost preacher of the Church of England, just as there are many who prefer the well-arranged and aptly worded forms of the Book of Common Prayer to the unwritten devotional services of non-liturgical Churches. Spurgeon was not of that cast of mind that could have profitably used a liturgy. Some can: others can not: let not him that useth no liturgy despise him that useth one, for "God fulfils Himself in many ways." But no one could listen to Spurgeon's prayers without recognising that, in the language of Druntochty, he was "far ben" and that he spoke with the

Lord as with a friend. In his prayers, as in his preaching, he magnified Christ, and I question if he ever preached a sermon that had not some earnest message by which he tried to win sinners to the Saviour.

Let me say a few words about the greatest of American preachers, Henry Ward Beecher. I never heard one who was a more consummate master of the art of handling an audience than Beecher. I have heard him address an ordinary congregation, and I have heard him address one of the most educated assemblies that I ever saw, when, in 1873, the great gathering of the Evangelical Alliance in New York was held spell-bound by him as he spoke about the Pulpit of the Age, and, wherever he was, he seemed to wield the same facile mastery.

He was a man of leonine courage: you had only to look at his face to see that: and yet there was about those mobile lips and those rich lustrous eyes a wealth of emotion that spoke of heart-depths which might respond to the great heart-needs of his fellow-men. I suppose no one will question Beecher's right to be regarded as the greatest pulpit orator of America. His sermons were not in the popular mould of Spurgeon's: they had not such a grip of the Gospel, and, to use an old-fashioned word, they had not so much "unction;" and yet they were often marked by deep spiritual insight and far-reaching flashes of truth. He had not the clear, unswerving Calvinism of Spurgeon, although he once told the students of Princeton that he was the kind of Calvinist that he thought Calvin himself would be if he were alive in New York to-day. If he was possessed of the same all-absorbing devotion to Christ that inspired the service of Macleod and of Spurgeon, it took form and expression different from theirs; yet he had great elements of power that were peculiarly his own. There was a many-sidedness about Beecher, and he brought to his pulpit ministrations a large interest in public and political affairs. Indeed, he did not profess to confine himself to preaching, for he was almost as familiar with the public platform as with the pulpit, and he regarded it as his duty,—a duty that he was peculiarly fitted to perform,—to discuss the subjects of general national interest and to contribute what he could to their wise and righteous settlement. Thus he threw himself with all his manliness and courage into the fight against slavery; he was

a strong supporter of popular education : he was ready in pulpit or on platform to discuss matters affecting the welfare of the country ; and, when the civil war broke out, he was one of the most powerful and patriotic advocates of the Union. One of his most remarkable achievements, and his greatest triumph as an orator, was the course of public speeches he delivered in Great Britain during the war, in advocacy of the rights and conduct of the North. Sympathy at that time in the old country was largely with the South,—foolishly, no doubt, yet very strongly,—and the great audiences that assembled to hear Beecher were very often hostile and in some cases packed for the very purpose of opposing him. Never did his power of mastering an audience shine out so conspicuously. In city after city he turned indifference into sympathy and enmity into friendship : he let in light to dispel misunderstanding ; and he did more than any other American, perhaps even than the whole U. S. Government, to influence British opinion. It was a splendid service to render to the cause of his country and of righteousness.

In some respects Beecher is one of the most encouraging examples to young ministers. He had a wonderfully expressive and well-modulated voice. As you listened to him you could not fail to note how flexible and melodious it was, how perfect an organ for expressing one's thoughts and feelings. And he used it most effectively, as if there was no emotion or shade of meaning that he could not exactly bring out, the voice seemed to be so perfectly responsive to his call. Of course we all recognize how desirable is such a gift, as much for reading and speaking as for singing, and we know how to mourn the lack of it. But the special encouragement in Beecher's case is that it had not been always thus with him. In his lectures to students he tells us that this control and modulation was the result of patient training and persistent work. In student life and in his early ministry he would retire day after day to the barn, or elsewhere, and there shout or speak in all the notes of the gamut until, by long practice, he acquired a compass, flexibility and modulation of voice that increased indefinitely his power of clear and persuasive expression. And if singers go through that kind of training why should not those also who wish to make the reading of God's Word or the proclamation of His message as effective as

possible? After the power had been acquired it was not thought of when being employed, but came like the skilful, easy touch of one that plays well upon an instrument.

Another encouraging feature in him was his wealth of illustration. When you heard him, or as you now read his sermons, the force and fitness and beauty of his illustrations impress you as one of the sources of his power and charm. They seem to pour out as naturally as song from a bird or as fragrance from a flower. Yet it was not always thus with him; far otherwise. He tells us that, at the outset of his ministry, from studying our Lord's method of teaching by parables, he became convinced that he *must* use illustrations, but that it was the hardest thing in the world to find them. It took him three weeks to compose his first illustrated sermon, and then he felt as if he had exhausted the whole field and could find no more. But he bent himself to his task; he determined that nothing was properly stated by him to his hearers unless it was aptly illustrated: he worked along that line, seeking illustrations from Scripture, from history, from literature, from nature, laying the whole world of his acquaintance under tribute, until by degrees he came almost to think in illustrations, or, at least, to regard no subject as clearly thought out by him unless he could illustrate it. And, really, as we reflect on the power that an apt illustration has, and on the need of our using every proper means to ensure for our message an entrance and a permanent place in the memory of our hearers, we should count no effort too severe that may enable us to feather our arrows in such a way as that they shall find openings in the joints of some hearer's harness.

Dr. Gordon concluded his address with a few words of farewell to the graduating class, expressing the hope that, as they went forth to their ministry, it might be under the deep conviction that they had a message from God for their fellow-men, and that there is nothing the world needs as much as the Gospel of redeeming grace.

THE CURE OF SOULS—IAN MACLAREN.

REV. A. S. MORTON, B. D.

THE *Cure of Souls* is a charming "talk" on the ministry, its experiences and ideals. It bristles with epigram,—even to a fault. One finds one's self turning over the leaves to pick out the *vens mots*, which one quickly discovers are in the bracketted paragraphs. Little touches of humanity (the old lady, for example, who had heard Dr. Watson in a strange church, and got good from it, and would like to borrow five shillings, or the people who used to sleep at church but now sleep at home), enliven the reading, and help us to think of uncomfortable things in an easy and pleasing way.

The type of clergyman brought before us is Watsonesque—to a fault. Indeed it has been cleverly said that the book is an *apologia pro vitâ suâ*. So we are not surprised to find that the strong point is the sermon, and the weak point the theology.

The writer devotes three chapters to the sermon and its problems—"the most critical and influential event in the religious week." The sermon must be a prophetic utterance. The clergyman is not to indulge in a pure piece of teaching or defining, or, we may add, scolding, but "that minister who receives a body of people more or less cast down and wearied in the great battle of the soul and send others forth full of good cheer and enthusiasm has done his work and deserves well of his people."

If the sermon is a prophetic utterance, it must be delivered with "*a divine passion* which breathes through the thought, and is full in the marrow of the bones."

One is sorry that Maclaren touches so lightly upon this "divine passion"—that intensity that means almost everything in the sermon. One would have liked some discussion as to its virtue. Of course it is not a rhetorical garment to the sermon and born at the moment, nor is it any premeditated out-burst. It is rather an intensity of Christian conviction, born of life and experience,

with the sermon and in it. It is the heart of the sermon—the thought is the muscle and bone. The minister can no more put this on than he can fit himself with a new diaphragm for breathing purposes. What Bi-hop Brooks calls “the great utterance of great truths” is born of the Spirit in the greatness of the heart.

Ian Maclaren goes on to describe the genesis of the sermon. First comes the process of *the selection* of fitting subjects which will come in for use some day and the noting of them in a book,—a most commendable method. He who is wedded to this process escapes the shame of searching the surface of the Bible for a stray text, much as a fowl scratches the ground to find a stray worm. He does not fit the limbs of his sermon together with a care not unknown to a carpenter over a table, but the idea of the sermon grows like an organism in his mind, gets its life from his life, takes on the tone of his experience. “It is an inspiration, not so much dead stuff laboriously fitted together, but a tree whose leaf is green, which yieldeth its fruit in due season.”

The growth of the plant is carefully noted in a book, where are many other plants, and whence comes Sunday’s sermon. So shall a man be delivered from the shame of living from hand to mouth.

The second process in *separation*. This choosing of the subject for the particular Sunday and the bringing out of the *single idea* which is to dominate the sermon, and consequently the minds of the people. Ian Maclaren lays much stress upon the unity of the sermon. “It is one thing for the preacher to woo and win a single idea and to set up house with it in undisturbed company, and another to have all his wife’s relations landed on him.” “He’s a good preacher”—a Highland game keeper was describing his minister—“but he scatters terrible.” “It must be a single rifle bullet and not a charge of small shot.” There is nothing for persuasiveness and power to equal this “one crisp, clean-cut, complete idea.”

The process of *illumination* consists in strewing all the light of one’s experience and knowledge on one’s subject. Then comes the use of the lost art of *meditation* bringing “depth of experience, and an atmosphere of peace.” Then one *elaborates*, and

writes a long introduction which one is to carefully tear up because "it is really getting up steam and there is no use in inviting passengers on board till the vessel is ready to start." After a *revision* one is ready for the pupil.

The chapter on "the technique of a sermon" deals with treatment and style under the six canons of *Unity* ("Three detached sermons do not make one sermon.") *i. e.* artistic repetition, *Lucidity*, *Beauty* ("The people's desire is the language of the home and market place varied to its highest power and glorified." One is to beware of taking down the quotation book, like a pepper-caster, to flavour one's own sentences with literature!) *Humanity* ("The divinity of a sermon is in proportion to its humanity") *Charity* ("It seemeth to us, when we are still young, both clever and profitable to make a hearer ashamed of his sin by putting him in the pillory and patting him with epithets. As we grow older and see more of life, it seems easier to put a man out of conceit with his sin by showing him the handsome and perfect form of goodness.")

There is something less satisfactory in the chapters on theology, as "The Theory of Religion" and "The New Dogma." The defence of theology as a part of our training and the back-bone to our work as preachers is only just. If theology is the science of religion, it has as much right to exist as any other science. If it be that the facts and religious experiences of ourselves and our race interpreted by thought, it must be welcomed by every thoughtful Christian man as bringing the evangel to him in an intelligent form.

So Ian Maclaren meets the argument of men of the Evangelistic school. ("Distinguish between evangelical and evangelistic; the former is a genesis word, the latter specific, the one covers a country, the latter defines a province.") "That everything like ordered thinking is a foe to spiritual life."

"We are all apt, as preachers, to be awed, beaten and reduced to silence by the impudent assertion that an average audience has no interest in theology and will only listen to us upon the astounding condition that we do not give them the one thing we are supposed to have thoroughly learned." In support of his argument Ian Maclaren cites the large circulation of many books treating of the truths of theology. "The Story of an

African Farm," "John Ward, Preacher," "Robert Elsmere," Kidd's "Social Evolution," Balfour's "Foundation of Beliefs," "Lux Mundi," etc. The people is interested in theology but, then, it must be a theology instinct with life.

We are now led on to a treatment of the different phases in theological thought leading up to the New Dogma. The first is *Mysticism*, in which "the Christian believes in Christ and lives with Him and learns of Him and follows Him unto death, because Christ has loosed the power of his sin or comforted his sore heart."

The second step is *Dogmatism*, when after free discussion the church formulates her dogma. Then follows *Scholasticism* when "doctrine becomes a mere intellectual proposition, which if a man hold, he shall be saved." Then in the age of *Criticism*, the building is razed to the ground and men examine the foundation. Then the work is begun again. Our fathers were under the power of *Scholasticism*, we are in the period of *Criticism*, and *Mysticism* will soon be upon us, nay is upon us, and the reign of the *New Dogma* is at hand.

There is something uncomfortable in this perpetual turning of the wheel. One feels like a squirrel in a cage. One is haunted by the feeling of the prisoner on the tread mill and led to ask what is the good of it. The fault really lies in Ian Maclaren's conception of history. With him one age is very loosely connected with the other and preserves little of its treasure. A true conception is that of Turgot,—“The human race is an immense whole, which, just as in the case of each individual, has its infancy and its growth.” Should we not conceive of the infancy and growth of the church as not unlike that of the individual? She had her years of infancy when she walked with Christ before God in child like simplicity and devotion. As she grew out of her early youth in touch with Greek life she grew thoughtful. The truths she felt she now feels *and thinks*. She believes now she has thought out and knows all things, and is more than mystic, or dogmatic. She is scholastic, and would force her thought upon the world. The spirit of criticism arises and she learns that she is not yet infallible. Imperfections have passed for perfections. The form has been sometimes confounded with the inner spirit. Thus through the

experience of the centuries she has learned to see deeper into her faults and to make subtle distinctions in her thought, but through it all she has been true to herself and her Lord. She has kept her mystic devotion to her Lord; her early thoughts of that Lord still are her muscle and strength, and if she is visited with fresh devotion, and fresh strength, a new mysticism and a new dogma, she can be but her past Self, feeling more deeply, thinking more truly, feeling and thinking with a larger love.

Ian Maclaren is so far aware of this as to see that Clement's idea of the fatherhood of God, and Augustine's sublime conception of God as our King must be welded in the new theology, but he fails to impress us with a sense of reverence for those eternal truths which have made the church, in spite of all the changes, the same from the beginning, the Bride of Her Lord.

The remaining chapters (vi. to the end) are devoted to the pastor's work and the congregation. They contain much that is foreign to the genius of our Canadian church, and hopelessly impracticable. We are tickled at the idea of a church in every city for "cranks," over whom a minister who has wrecked two congregations presides with becoming dignity. Such homeopathic-treatment, it is suggested, would be an infallible cure to minister and people alike. As you would expect from the author of "The Bonnie Briar Bush," there are some pretty touches in the picture of the pastor in his study and at the bed-side. The chapter on "The Public Worship of God" contains an interesting discussion of the merits of a liturgy.

The last chapter, "The Minister's Care of Himself," written by a minister, is naturally sympathetic! Health must be seen to, and home comforts. It is pleasing to learn that a wife is a matter of choice, and that a bachelor, "being free from worldly care and social entanglements—can give himself without reserve to the work of the Evangel!" One turns over the pages quietly. There are warnings against the prevailing temptations of the clergyman's life, laziness, unmanliness, professionalism. One hastens on for the last page will surely be good, and so it is. To meet one's duties and overcome one's temptations, the one strength, protection and defence is the presence of the Lord. To the writer the symbol of that presence is the head of the risen

Christ, "full of majesty and peace" by Andrea Del Sarto, hanging in his study, "If he consults his own ease and refuses some irksome duty, or through fear of man, keeps back the wholesome truth, then is the face of the master clouded with sadness and disappointment; if, being moved by the Divine Grace, the minister has during the day humbled himself or done some service at a cost, to one of the disciples, then is the face lit up with joy, and the eyes of love bid him welcome on his return. The Christ is not in the poor print but in that minister's soul, and it is within we find the Lord before whom at every moment we stand to be approved or condemned."

*THAT IS A CHRISTIAN FOR YOU! OR, REFLECTIONS
OCCASIONED BY LAPSES IN CHRISTIAN
LIFE.*

THESE are few things in life that wound more deeply the heart of the earnest Christian worker than the lapse of some one who has long borne a prominent part in religious circles. For it is ever made the occasion of scoffing remarks, not only by those who are without the church, but also by those who are within. Let me give an example coming within my own observation during this past year. A. B. was for twenty years or more a professing Christian. He led the prayer-meeting, and was foremost in all manner of Christian enterprises. He was a business man and possessed the confidence and esteem of many. Suddenly he left the country, and an investigation revealed, not only that his assets were nil, but also that in the most fraudulent manner he had robbed the old man, the widow and the helpless orphan. His conduct aroused a storm of indignation, and frequently we heard men exclaim, "That's a Christian for you!"

Now why is this? Is it true? The answer to the second question is easy enough; not so the answer to the first.

I am persuaded a principle underlies such thinking, and it is false, if not even vicious.

It is that our salvation is the result of a magical force acting upon us, whose operations are unseen and inexplicable, and which produces only infallible results. It is the idea that conversion and regeneration are the effect partly of magic and partly of force, and not the issue of intercourse had between free personalities. It is riddance of evil by exorcism, and not the weaning of the affections from hurtful lusts and the *gradual* appropriation of the Good, the Beautiful and the True, thro' the vision of the Soul's true satisfaction and ideal in the face of the All-Loving-One. And it has as its corollary, that the new convert or believer is put upon exhibition as one who is to be an object

lesson, for all who care to observe, of what faith in Christ can do for a human soul.

That I am within the sphere of actual occurrence I am persuaded, for that is what my pastor said in effect to me and others received into the church on that occasion, and I have heard it repeatedly since then.

Now my object in penning these words is to raise a humble protest, and direct the attention of those whose deep concern it is to this question.

If it were only Christians who were aimed at, the matter would not be so serious. But what is aimed at them is, in the last issue, directed against their Master. And for this condition of things Christian teaching of the past and present seems to be largely responsible. What it is desirable to protest against, then, is a loose use of certain terms, expressions or themes which renders this possible.

The first is a perversion of *final perseverance*, whereby some conceive that the doing of what is wrong or falling from grace is not permitted to any one who believes; for that one is kept in the narrow way at all times by the secret influence of the Invisible Power. Is it not true that of such final perseverance in actual life we know nothing whatever? Yea, rather, are we not only too painfully conscious of the opposite? But this naturally resolves itself into the second occasion of stumbling which is—"Ought not Christians to be better than others?"

The invariable and oftentimes thoughtless answer by all classes is "yes." But to such a question there can be no direct answer, since it contains a fallacy which must first be unmasked. The fallacy arises either through lack of definition or want of respect for the condition of the terms used. That is, underlying the question, especially when it is asked by non-believers, there is the tacit assumption that the terms "Christian" and "church member" are synonymous and that all non-church members are also non-believers. And hence it can be easily shown that many who are outside the church lead better lives than those within. And so there results on the one hand a pitiful confusion both within and without the church as to who are the believers on Jesus, and on the other hand discredit is thrown upon the saving power of faith in Christ.

Nor can we wonder at this. For has not uniting with the Church been for many the *sole* method of confessing Jesus? And have not other tests than that of love to the Master been applied to the exclusion of many? Are not Nicodemus and Joseph N. T. examples to the point? They failed to associate themselves openly with the society of Jesus, but they are present and take the lead at His funeral, whereas they who were loudest in His praise while He prospered are conspicuous by their absence. Given all else equal, the man who has Jesus must be a better man than he who has Him not, the man who confesses Christ better than he who does not, and confession in some sort is the inevitable accompaniment of such union or faith. But what is the unmistakable evidence of true "possession," of sincere "confession?" Is it not the ever growing Christ-like disposition and life which is ever to be distinguished, though not necessarily or even invariably detached from the idea and act of visible church membership. This brings us to the third confession of thoughtful persons arising out of the supposed obligation of being an example "Christians are to be examples to others." Is it not Christ's mission to redeem characters that are run to seed, souls lying waste, as well as to perfect the cultured and morally upright? And is it not unfair to our beloved Master to put such a one as the first forward as an example for the last named, or to tell the ordinary man that the first having become a believer is a better man than the second who as yet does not believe; seeing that the former is *really* a better man only because he is *ideally* such, and that the ordinary mind neither cares for nor is capable of such fine distinctions.

I am aware that Paul speaks of himself as an example and urges Timothy to be such to the flock. So does Peter. But even for them Jesus is the great exemplar, in whose shadow they ever strive to keep themselves, and when they do cite themselves as followers of Jesus, and urge others to become such as they are, are not their thoughts full of Jesus and his love, and is not desire to honour Him before men their only motive?

Why should a lower motive be appealed to than that we live ever in "our great Task-master's eye." If our souls be rooted and grounded in the love of Jesus, will not the life we lead of *necessity* be honouring to Him. It seems to me that being an

example to men and living to please Jesus for "one's own sweet sake" are related to one another as pleasure is to activity. Seek pleasure for its own sake, we fail of it; earnestly engage in some course of activity—pleasure is ours. So, try to live before men that we may always appear to be Christians, we make a sorry failure; but strive to live in thought or by Jesus, and our characters and lives shall ever witness for Him.

In conclusion I may say that the above considerations which have been occasioned by practical difficulties encountered in the work are necessarily imperfect and are of the nature of gropings after the Truth. But they are submitted to my fellow-students of Pine Hill in the hope that they may occasion such reflections on the relation of Doctrine to Life, as shall enable each one of us to obey the precept, "Quit ye like men; be strong."

"K."

VALEDICTORY.

BY RALPH G. STRATHIE, M. A., B. D.

Reverend Principal and Professors, Fellow-Students, Ladies and Gentlemen,—

ON behalf of the members of this graduating class I come before you to say the few words they would have me say on an official occasion like this. And you will pardon me if again I say what probably my predecessors in office have all said before me, that it is with somewhat mixed feelings of joy and sadness, of hope and regret, of anticipation and fear, that we pass through to-night's duties, bidding adieu to the past in a sense in which we never did it before, and trying to welcome the future. You, Mr. Principal, have presided over many convocations past; and during the score of years that our church has had the benefit of your professional abilities, you have graced these yearly gatherings with your presence. You have seen new faces entering each autumn; you became acquainted with them for a little while; and each spring you have seen them vanish again as they go to their life's work, trained for the Master's service. It is no new thing for you to have to listen to such words as I am to speak to-night. And I doubt not the most of those who are gathered in this building on this occasion have been present at many past convocations. They have seen one class after another go out into the world. They have heard their praises sung by good hearted professors. They have heard the good-byes as echoed in what might seem to them the formal utterances of the valedictorian. And possibly it is a tax on their patience to have to listen to what they have already so frequently heard. And yet I crave you to remember that although this situation is old to you, it is very strange to us. You have heard such words as these before, but *we* have never uttered them. You have seen other classes going forth, but it was not this class. We are in a position altogether new. We have attended convocations before,

but never in the capacity in which we attend this one to-night. We have said good-byes before but never with the same feelings that swell up in our hearts as we repeat our farewells to-night. And so we ask that you will bear with us as we let you see a little of the mind that is within us on this convocation evening.

I have been told by men who have been some years in the ministry that when a student reaches such a position as it is ours to attain to-night, then he has reached a crisis in his life's history. And one can well believe it even though his experience lies all on one side of that event. We do not forget that as yet we are untried men. Our days of toil, our work in class room, the poring over books and the writing of examinations, what are they but skirmishes of a longer and harder struggle yet to come! Not always is he who wins in the skirmish he who wins in the battle. Not always can we determine the last by the first. We are as yet untried men. We stand on the threshold of our life's great work. There was a time when we looked forward through long years to this night, and thought that then our cup of joy would be complete. But these were the days when we proudly trod the halls of a university as freshmen. Then the seven years study seemed a long thing. But oh! the glory of it when the end did come. Oh! the honors that would be ours. B. A's. and M. A's. and B. D's.; white hoods and scarlet hoods and purple hoods; scholastic attire and flattering speeches; admiring people and parchment diploma. All were mixed up in one great medley, and the only thing that stood out clearly was the glory halo of a youth's imagination which surrounded the whole. Alas for freshmen dreams! No, Mr. Principal, I take that back. I will not say, "alas!" These dreams had their place; let them be. We are wiser to-night; at any rate we are older and we ought to be wiser. We are different from what we thought we would be. We feel differently from what we thought we would feel. For after all, we have found that this goal is not *the* goal. It is only the summit of a little hill—reaching higher, it is true, than any other which we have traversed, but after all only a little hill. And from its top we have opened to our view a long stretch of country over which it is ours to journey. Rough and rugged no doubt we shall find it to be. Full of pitfalls, full of unexpected turnings, full of obstacles. But we have to set

forward on our journey, and as we step out from this building to-night, we will have taken the first step down the hill towards the sphere of our life's labor. We take it perhaps with fear; we look before us with eyes that are misty; our hearts beat the faster because of the newness of our experience. And yet we are not mere weaklings that we should hesitate to put one foot before the other. It is true that we will meet trouble and disappointment, but who is there that has not met them? We will meet trial and difficulty, but are not our shoulders broad to bear the burdens? We have God before us. We have Him with us. And what need we fear?

Perhaps in saying the words I said a few moments since, I am wronging some of the brethren whom I represent to-night. I trust that we have all looked upon our scholastic training not as an end in itself merely. It is of value in itself, but I trust that for us there is a higher value that we put upon it. We are not our own, we are bought with a price. So it is with the fruit of these years so pleasantly spent amid such pleasant surroundings. Our knowledge is for high ends. To a noble calling have we been called. As ambassadors of Christ do we go forth. Perhaps we have longed for the time to come when we could go forth with the sword of God; and only the thought that the years spent here were teaching us the better how to use this instrument, has kept our impatience within bounds. And so after all this, for us, *is* glory-night. This is the night which proclaims the beginning of a new day, when the chains are knocked loose from our feet, and we leap forth as heralds of the cross.

Are we then so glad that these years are all past? Do we rejoice because our student days, so far as they are connected with halls of learning, are finished? Is there no note but one of joy in our hearts to-night? Were that so, my voice might as well cease to speak, and I might as well have saved my message of farewell. No one wants to hear farewells when he who utters them is heartily glad to be able to say them. There must be the tie of sympathy that knits heart to heart. There must be the bond of friendship that to some extent bespeaks a community of interest. And these feelings, I am persuaded, dwell in full measure in our hearts to-night. No matter how attractive the voyage before us may seem to be, yet in the journey that is

finished, our toil, our joy, have been so full that it is not possible to cut adrift from it with light hearts. Like a traveller who has journeyed through a strange land, are we. He has had to strive, he has had to toil, he has often been footsore and weary. Sometimes perhaps he has felt as if he would like to lie down and give up this weary tramp towards the distant city. But he has met friends as well. He has met those who gave him encouragement. He has met those who have helped him over many a hard place and guided his way through what otherwise would be for him a trackless wilderness. Ah! yes, and the joy! Who can appreciate a little pleasure so much as one who has had much of weariness? Who can enjoy a joke so much as one, the soberness and severity of whose life stand back as a foil? The man of even temperament does not know life. He cannot fathom its depths and heights. Life is an easy monotonous thing with him. But our traveller has known the weariness and because of that he also knows the joy. And when the end of his journey comes, sadness and regret that it is all over, will rise to the top as that feeling of which he is most cognizant. Citizens sometimes wonder at the wild pranks of students. In the light of the even tenor of their way they cannot understand them. Foolish, they call them—senseless, perhaps. And it is just possible that in after years when our life gets down to a sameness, as we look back we may be inclined to use the same adjectives. But even as we speak of them there will come a kind note in our voice, a touch of feeling in our utterance, a distant look in our eye, and a smile playing around the corners of our mouth. And when other things have been long forgotten, these pranks of student days, bright and vivid because of their contrast with the strain and struggle of student life, will stand out as what we cherish most lovingly of the days that end with this night.

But after all, these days are not ended. We cannot, and we would not if we could, put aside the past of our lives so easily. Years hence the memories of these college days will still be strong within us. Our lot will then be in the busy bustling world. But in the quiet of some twilight hour as we sit before the flickering light of an open fire in a country manse, tired somewhat, perhaps, of the day's duties, visions of the past will rise before us. In

the light of that open fire the then present will fade away. Our study desk will vanish, and in its place there is a plain table whose ink-stains we tried to hide with a cloth more brilliant in color than delicate in texture. Books are piled up carelessly in student fashion. There is nothing very elaborate about the furniture—only two chairs and a book-case besides our trunks. Little things about the room will catch our eye. The mantel is the repository of all the small things we have. Pictures on the walls, trophies and memorials of the past, a photograph of a football team, a group of chums, a university diploma, which, in a moment of pride, we had sent to the picture dealer to get framed, they are all present in our vision. Our fancy brings us out into the wide halls. Again we surround the central railing, witty words and quick reply flash back and forth giving rise to laughter strong and hearty. Or we listen to some weird plaintive tune set to some familiar psalm, and strong rich voices carry the notes high and inspire our soul. Or in a lighter strain there comes the refrain of some college song, and at this distance its jingle seems music in our ears. So we roam back and forth as fancy brings us hither and thither. The twilight deepens around us, but we are lost in the past, until the last flickering flame of the dying fire fades away and with a sigh we awake to the present responsibilities of ministerial life.

But I am afraid I am trespassing too much on your time, and I had better apply myself to the duty particularly at hand. Of course we are proud of our college; we are proud of her prosperity. The number of steps forward which she has taken since first we came to Halifax are far too numerous for mention here. But we have seen nearly all the great changes. We have seen her faculty increased; we have seen her students more than doubled; we have seen new buildings erected; we have seen her course of study improved. But this is only a fore-taste of what is to come. This jubilee year of Her Majesty's reign will perhaps be another advance. Soon there will be a new building for library and class rooms. And when we come back some years hence we will scarcely know the place, so many will have been the changes.

Our class? Yes it is a goodly class. We are more than an apostolic band. Its numerical strength will be something to re-

member this year by. This is jubilee year for our college, for never before did the graduate so large a class. We thought at one time that it would be larger than it is, but a temporary loss of health has taken two of our brightest lads from us. But what is our loss is another gain. And one at least, though separated from us by thousands of miles, is still united with the class of '97 inasmuch as this spring, in the far distant state of Colorado, he has been licensed to preach the gospel of Christ. But not in our numbers is our only boast. And yet I had better stop and allow time and the adversity which time will bring with her, to prove our worth. Our past is behind us, open to the gaze of all. The future is before us, as yet untried. The past is shewn by our position to-night. The future no man knoweth.

Our friends of Halifax—we would not be doing right were we to leave this city without publicly acknowledging our indebtedness to you for your many kindnesses to us. Man is a social being as well as intellectual. And for a minister, for one who is to be a pastor to his flock, an education along social lines is as necessary as one dealing only with the intellectual. We thank you for the warmth with which you have greeted us to your homes. We thank you for the hearty welcome ever accorded to us. We thank you for your forbearance toward our student idiosyncrasies. We shall remember the bright spots you caused to appear in our lives. We shall remember your homes! where so many pleasant hours have been spent. We shall remember your churches, and your ministers. And you would have a perfect right to think us most ungrateful should we ever forget your socials. Believe me, our associations with Halifax and Halifax people will always be warmly cherished.

I turn to those worthy men who have faced us in the classroom every day for three years. Seeing that you are bound up with us in such a fashion, how can we ever think of our college without thinking of you? The cold face of John Knox daily looked down upon us, but you have tried to instil into our hearts the principles which ever guided Knox in all the fiery activity of his life—a love of truth, and absolute fearlessness in its proclamation. You have borne with us in our weakness, in our slowness to learn. You have brought us on step by step and day by day, so that we might better be able to carry out the will of Him

who has called us to such a calling. You will, I am sure, take these feeble words as indicative of deep regard in our heart of hearts. And whatever measure of success it may be ours to attain in life, you will have the consciousness that, under God, it was due to your patient efforts or training.

Fellow students, you have been with us during many of the winters that are now past. We have sometimes called you by an uncomplimentary name in contrast to the regal title we assume for ourselves. But we assure you that hereafter we will never associate you with any of the powers or beings eduved from our studies on Demonology. We pray you not to think of us merely as censors of college morals, because at times we reminded you that it would be better for your health to sleep at night and play in the day time. You have sometimes nearly convinced us that the human voice can rival the thunder. We have sometimes sat up in bed thinking an earthquake had passed over our land. We hope you will have something equally interesting to remember us by. We part with you now, but it is only for a little time. You too will soon come and join this noble army into whose ranks we are now passing.

My class-mates, I have done your bidding. I have tried to express publicly some of the feelings with which you regard to-night's proceedings. What I have left undone you will have to do individually. To-night we separate. We have journeyed the years in company and have got to know each other as man is seldom known to man. Now we go each one to his own work. But we do not go our own way, nor yet in our own strength. The Eternal God is above us, and He shall watch over us when we are absent the one from the other. And in the consciousness of His presence let us be strong rightly to perform every duty, stoutly to resist every foe. We carry with us a magnificent message. It is the everlasting Gospel of Christ, whose we are, whom we serve.

CONVOCATION NOTES.

ANOTHER session has reached its close; another convocation has been held; another class has graduated, and again we repeat "the best in its history." Convocation was held in St. Matthew's Church and a large audience was in attendance, representatives being present from all parts of the Maritime Provinces. Professors, students, relatives and friends assembled to look for the last time upon the graduates of '97 as a class. Its members have now passed beyond the college walls and are henceforth to be elders, feeding and taking oversight of the flock of God.

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THE graduating class in many respects has never been surpassed. In point of numbers it is the largest in the history of the college, including fourteen members. The standard of scholarship is high—five have obtained the degree of B. D., eight hold the degree of M. A., and two that of B. A. Evidently our presbyteries know the value of these men as they have already secured their services. All remain in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. The names of the graduates are as follows: A. D. Archibald, M. A., A. H. Foster, M. A., B. D., D. A. Frame, M. A., A. L. Fraser, B. A., B. D., E. W. Johnson, B. A., G. F. Johnson, B. A., B. D., C. D. McIntosh, M. A., John McIntosh, M. A., B. D., L. H. McLean, M. A., W. W. McNairn, M. A., Robert Murray, Edwin Smith, B. A., R. G. Strathie, M. A., B. D., and Archibald Williamson.

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DR. CURRIE presented the report of the Senate. He spoke of the general good health of the professors and students, and of the high order of work they had been enabled to accomplish. The college societies supplemented the work done in the classroom. These meetings dealt with the practical issues of ministerial work, and the debates were participated in by both students and professors. Two bequests have been left to the

college during the present year, one by Dr. Burns and the other by James Thompson. Forty-six students were enrolled during the year.

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HISTORY repeats itself, and it is now looked upon as a matter of course that the honorary degree of D. D. will be conferred, on such occasions, on some worthy Father. This year the man whom the Senate delighted to honor was Rev. Alexander McLean, Hopewell, Pictou Co., N. S.

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ANOTHER pleasing feature of the evening was the presentation of a volume of the Expositor's Bible to each member of the graduating class. Senator McKeen was the donor, and Mr. Fowler in a happy speech made the presentation.

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R. G. STRATHIE was the valedictorian of the class, and he performed his trying task well. His words were well chosen, and his thoughts were bright and well received. As the valedictory will be found in the proper place in this issue, we leave the reader to judge its merits.

* * * * *

THERE is little wonder that the addresses given by Messrs. A. Rogers and T. Stewart were full of hope. The history of our college is enough to convince and cheer the most doubtful. Great things have been done and we all look for great things yet to be accomplished. The plea for another professor to aid those now overworked, for a special bursary fund to aid in higher education, and for a fire proof library building will not long be unanswered.

COLLEGE NOTES.

AGAIN farewell!

R. G. STRATHIE has been called to the congregation of Newport. He supplies for Mr. Rankine of Sydney, C. B., till the end of June.

REV. A. W. MACKAY, M. A., has been licensed and is now preaching at Hasting, Col. Mr. M. F. Grant has returned from his trip South much improved in health.

The Editors of the THEOLOGUE for 1897-'98 will be—W. R. FOOTE, M. A., J. R. Douglas, B. A., R. L. Coffin, B. A., D. M. McOdrum, B. A., G. A. Sutherland, B. A., F. H. Macintosh.

SINCE our last issue two of the students, E. Smith and A. F. Robb, received the sad call from their homes that their fathers had passed away. We wish to extend our sincerest sympathy to them and to the families thus afflicted.

THE annual supper of the Alumni Association was held in the College building on the evening of Tuesday, 27th inst. Quite a number of graduates were present at this reunion. Interesting addresses were made by several, and all were gratified at the Progress the College is making.

WE wish to congratulate the Pine Hill students who have been successful in securing the degree of M. A. from Dalhousie University. W. W. McNairn, D. A. Frame, L. H. McLean, A. D. Archibald and C. D. Macintosh of the class of '97, and Rev. W. H. Smith, B. D., '96, were the winners.

ON the evening of April 29th in St. John's Church, Halifax, Messrs. Foster, G. F. Johnson, McNairn, Murray, Smith, Strathie and Williamson were licensed. Rev. Thos. Stewart presided, Dr. Gordon led in the ordination prayer, and Rev. G. M. Clarke ordained the licentiates in a very practical and helpful discourse.

AT its meeting held on the 10th of March the Theological and Literary Society had the pleasure of listening to a carefully pre-

pared and spicy paper from the pen of Mr. Foster. The subject was "The Place of Fiction in the Minister's Study." The paper evinced the writer's grasp of the subject and elicited an interesting discussion.

WE regret to have to chronicle the death of Rev. T. C. Murray of Lawrencetown. He graduated from this college eleven years ago and has since done successful work in various fields in the Synod. Though he has been ill for the past six months yet the end was unexpected. We extend our sympathy to the afflicted family in their sadness.

WITH this issue another volume of the THEOLOGUE is ended. We have tried to make it of interest to the public as well as an exponent of college views and a reflection of college life. We have failed in realizing in full our ideals and would have done so much more but for the kindness of our contributors. We wish to thank those who so readily and well have contributed to our journal. When our work will pass on to other hands we wish for them only such hearty response on the part of those whom they ask for matter.

DR. POLLOK presented the Library with a volume entitled *Christian Worship*, which consists of ten lectures delivered in the Union Theological Seminary, New York, last winter, delivered by as many divines. The book is an exposition of the methods of worship in use in the chief religious bodies of Christianity with the history of their growth. One of these lectures was delivered by Principal Pollok on "The Book of Common Order and the Directory for Worship." These lectures should prove of interest to Presbyterians in view of the present interest manifested in the subject of liturgies.

THE most of the graduating class have accepted work in mission fields as ordained missionaries: A. D. Archibald, at Selina, N. B.; A. H. Foster, Riverside, N. B.; D. A. Frame, Wallace; A. L. Fraser, Port Elgin, N. B.; E. W. Johnson, Caraquet and New Bouden, N. B.; G. F. Johnson, Digby, N. S.; C. D. Mackintosh, Grand Banks and Jerusalem; L. H. McLean, likely to Hastings; W. W. McNairn, Sheet Harbor, N. S.; Robert Murray, Lawrencetown; and Edwin Smith, Shediac, N. B. A. William-

son and John Mackintosh supply for May at Barrington and Gravel River respectively. Their further destination is undecided.

THE Symposium held on the 31st of March was of more than ordinary interest. The question as to "How far the Subscription to the Westminster Confession implies its literal acceptation" was treated in two addresses by Rev. Dr. Black and Rev. J. McMillan. Besides the professors several of the ministers of the city were present and took part. This excellent meeting closed a very successful programme in the history of this Society. The following is the programme for next session (1897-'98):—

Nov. 10.—Opening Lecture, Dr. Gordon.

" 17.—The development of the Nicene Creed, W. R. Foote,

" 24.—Church Liturgy, Rev. R. Murray.

Dec. 1.—Missionary.

" 8.—"The Ministry of the Spirit," A. D. Stirling.

" 15.—Plagiarism, Dr. Black.

Jan. 12.—Wordsworth, A. H. Denoon.

Feb. 2.—Missionary.

" 9.—An astronomical discourse.

" 16.—The rise and abuse of the MS., Rev. J. Carruthers.

" 23.—Rise of the Jesuit Order, Loyola, A. F. Robb.

Mar. 2.—Missionary.

" 9.—Revivals and Evangelists

" 16.—Rise of the Franciscan Order, St. Francis, J. R. Douglas.

" 23.—Missionary.

" 30.—Symposium.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS.

Principal Pollok, \$2.00 ; Prof. J. G. McGregor, Rev. Jas. Carruthers, Rev. Dr. Gordon, Rev. G. S. Milligan, Rev. W. H. Smith, John S. Smith, Rev. C. Munro, Dr. Isaac Murray, \$1.00 each. Frank Reardon, \$3.00. Jas. Reid, Rev. A. McMillan, Rev. Thos. Stewart, Rev. J. D. McKay, Rev. Jas. McLean, Rev. J. A. McKenzie, Thos. M. McKelvie, H. R. Read, Rev. A. J. McDonald, Rev. McLeod Harvey, E. E. Archibald, Rev. G. C. Robertson, Rev. Willard McDonald, Mrs. J. J. Irving, Rev. G. P. Tattrie, Rev. J. W. Falconer, Rev. E. D. Millar, Rev. Dr. A. W. McLeod, Rev. J. H. Kirk, Rev. W. P. Archibald, Rev. J. A. Forbes, Rev. J. P. Forbes, 50 cents each ; Rev. Dr. Sedgwick, 75 cents.

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