

# The Presbyterian College Journal.

Vol. IV.]

MONTREAL, FEBRUARY 23RD, 1884.

[No. 5.]

## THE DEATH OF MOSES.

Moses is dead.—Sad words and solemn these,  
So orphaned Israel thought as low she sat  
Upon the plains of Moab, and forgot  
In that great grief her highest destinies.  
Never, till Shiloh come, shall mortal eye  
Behold a greater 'mong the sons of men.  
Yea, in the circle of this fallen race  
Where can we find his peer? Like lofty peaks  
In Alpine regions rise the Friend of God,  
Bethlehem's Singer sweet, the Well-beloved,  
The Gentiles' Doctor grand—and each in turn  
May seem the highest as we change the view;  
But, take him all in all, Auram's fair son,  
So strangely trained, so sorely tried; so wise,  
So meek, so chivalrous; so clothed with might  
Of heart and head and holy hand, stands out  
Most glorious of the sons of men, to lift  
Our eyes still upward to that Prophet great,  
The Son of God, whom all mankind must hear.  
And he is dead!—but death to him was grand  
Above what words can speak or thoughts conceive.  
Peerless he was in life, peerless in death.  
Since earth became a universal grave  
No euthanasia, for which have sighed  
The sages sad in impotent despair,  
Is earned by mighty deeds or mighty words.  
"From Marlborough's eyes the streams of dotage flow,  
And Swift expires a driveller and a show."  
And so have died earth's noblest, but not thus  
Did mighty Moses bid farewell to time.  
No fell disease, with cruel ravages,  
Ran riot in his frame; nor did the tooth  
Of time relentless gnaw the core of strength  
And make a ruin, vast and pitiful.  
Firm was his foot upon the rugged slope  
Of Abarim. With eagle eye undimmed  
He scanned the distant scene from Nebo's brow.  
No grey hairs waving 'mong his raven locks,  
No weary wrinkles on his lofty brow,  
No ashy paleness on his cheek, bespoke  
The advent of those dark and evil days,  
When life is leaden with monotony  
Of cares and fears, and aches and peevish moans.  
His strength was unabated and his mind  
Unclouded ere it fled its earthly home.  
Witness that glorious book\* which Jesus quotes,  
The great law-giver's legacy of love,  
His commentary on the law divine;  
The Magna Charta of the prophets true;  
The arsenal for every holy war  
That faithful hearts have waged against the false  
And cruel outbursts of the sinful heart;  
The swan song of the poet and the seer  
Who pierced the mists of time, to hail the dawn  
Of that great day when Israel, blessed of God,  
Should dwell secure beneath a Father's eye—  
All sin forgiven and all sorrow past,  
All wanderings ended and all curse removed,  
The law of God deep graven on their hearts.  
Nor did he pass away with vain regrets

And unavailing tears, like victim dragged  
Unwilling to his doom, although his end  
Recalls the greatest sorrow that e'er wrung  
His soul, his agonizing earnestness,  
His plea pathetic, "Lord, Thou hast begun  
To shew me all Thy greatness. Let me go,  
I pray Thee, 'er the river and behold  
The land beyond and goodly Lebanon."  
But that sore struggle and its woe are past,  
With meek submission he resigns his will,  
And crushed by no dismay, he turns his back  
On all that earth contains, as once before  
He counted Christ's reproach his greatest gain.  
Behold him! He has bid a last farewell  
To all the elders of the holy host.  
The eyes of weeping thousands rest on him  
As his majestic presence slow ascends:  
The mothers hold their little ones aloft  
To print for ever on their memories  
The sacred likeness of that man of God.  
A solemn hush is resting o'er the tents,  
Men speak in softest whispers, and each ear  
Seems strained to catch the rustle of the wings  
Of mighty angels, sweeping down to bear  
Him hence. See, see, he stands upon the brow  
Between them and the pure high Heaven above,  
As oft before, God's mediator true.  
And, lo, his hands are raised, he sends them back  
His last good-by, a benediction mute  
Which falls upon the camp like Heavenly dew,  
And melts all hearts beneath Jehovah's hand!  
They wipe their eyes from blinding tears. Again  
They gaze, they see his form no more. Alone,  
Alone, alone, he passes on to God.

Yet ere he leaves the scene of all his toil  
A glorious vision of the goodly land  
Fills his rapt eye and floods his soul with peace.  
From troubled Jordan rolling full in flood,  
The City of the Palm Trees nestling near,  
To where the Great Sea kissed its sacred shore,  
One rich and varied garden, freshly decked  
In all the beauty of the sunny spring,  
Lay smiling at his feet. Its verdant vales,  
Its vine-clad hills and glistening olive groves,  
Its flowery meads, its fertile fields enriched  
With golden promise, and its mountain slopes  
Sprinkled with fleecy flocks, all seem prepared  
To give an eager welcome to God's host.  
The very breezes murmur their delight  
And by them stirred to rapture, every branch  
In every forest claps its leafy hands.

From milky Bashan, with its belt of green,  
To hazy Carmel and its thymy slopes;  
From burning sands where dim mirages rest,  
To cool, clear snowy peaks of Lebanon,  
His eye enraptured flits; and hark, a voice  
Proclaims, "This is the land—the land I swear  
To give for ever unto Abraham's seed!"

Another fond adoring look he takes  
Of that fair heritage. His eye entranced  
Dwells on yon snowy peak of Lebanon,

Rising above the calm blue sea beyond,  
 And, lo, as keen he gazes it dissolves  
 Into a glory far above his thoughts,  
 That snow-capped height is now a great white throne,  
 That calm blue sea, the glorious sea of glass,  
 That rolling flood and smiling land of rest,  
 The stream of life eternal, and oh, sight  
 Of joy supreme, the Paradise of God!

So Moses died. With kiss of love most sweet  
 Jehovah closed his faithful servant's eyes,  
 And gave great Michael charge over his dust,  
 To guard it safe for that transcendent hour  
 When he should stand upon that well-loved height  
 A fit attendant, and a councillor  
 Most glorious of His own transfigured Son;  
 To speak, with great Elijah, of that death  
 He should accomplish in Jerusalem,  
 To open wide through judgment's rolling flood  
 ETERNAL REST, for all who know His name.

\*Deuteronomy.

A. B. MACKAY.

### CONSCIENCE VERSUS CREEDS.

**M**EN'S instinctive feelings are often better than their creeds. In his great work upon Christianity, M. Guizot tells of a Voltairian who, in spite of his scepticism, made this curious confession:—"I am sorry," said he, "that attacks have been made upon Christianity; I do not lament this for my own sake, for, as you know, I am a Voltairian; but I insist upon having order and peace in my domestic establishment. I congratulate myself on my wife being a Christian. I intend my daughters to be Christians. These destructives know not what they are doing. They fancy that their blows reach the churches only. It is not so. They reach our dwellings, and their very innermost recesses." On the same principle the sceptical historian, Sismondi, writes;—"After sending my first sheet to the press, I prayed with fervency and tears. This was a very unusual thing for me, and, perhaps, was not logically consistent, for I deny any immediate action of Providence which can for a moment interrupt the course of affairs. But my heart was full, and I felt a need of prayer." As a similar instance of the inconsistency of unbelievers, it is related that a society of Atheists in Venice, on one occasion sent an address to Victor Emmanuel congratulating him upon the escape of his son and daughter from assassination "through the miraculous intervention of Divine Providence." It is an undisputable fact that all classes, and even those who hate Christianity most bitterly, owe far more to it than they intentionally or unwittingly acknowledge. In the memoirs of R. and J. A. Haldane, it is related that when David Hume was on his death-bed and surrounded by his sceptical friends, "he was cheerful even to frivolity, but when alone, he was often overwhelmed with unutterable gloom, and had in his hours of depression declared that he had been in search of light all his life, but was now in greater darkness than ever." Many a man may think his creed good enough to live by, which conscience declares a poor affair when he is compelled to face death and eternity.

### THE CITY OF THE GOLDEN GATE.

BY J. C. CAMPBELL.

**T**HE Editor of the JOURNAL has invited me to prepare a short article on San Francisco, and I therefore begin to write with brevity definitely in view, at the same time hoping that my fellow-students in Montreal may discover in what I have to tell something of passing interest.

And in the first place just a few facts about California itself. It were almost superfluous to begin by praising the climate. The climate is above praise. You never hear any one in *these* parts say, "I wish it were colder," or, "I wish it were warmer." Not you! for the weather is always at the happy medium. Herein lies the difference between California and Canada. In the former country, if you would have a change in the weather, you must shift your position forty or fifty miles; whereas in Canada extreme vicissitudes may be experienced in close succession when you remain in one place. Yes, undoubtedly the *climate* of California is constant and reliable. Would to God all the *people* were so! The population is rapidly increasing, and while the difficulty of reaching the country winnows considerably the immigration of the poorer elements of humanity, it unfortunately does not altogether prevent an inflow of the more wicked. Still the cause of truth is progressing, and there is reason to believe that the wildest days are past.

Well, what about San Francisco? You know, of course, that it is the capital of the Pacific coast, and is situated on a Bay bearing its name, and vaunts itself of one of the largest, safest, and most beautiful harbors in the world, and has a population of about 300,000 souls—you know all this, and it is only left for me to observe that the city is very regular'y laid out. The streets are wide and clean. The principal thoroughfares are well graded and paved, and, as the place is built on several hills, the system of cable street cars, so interesting to the stranger, forms a quite indispensable feature of the out-door life. These cars are propelled by means of a strong wire rope continually in motion underground, with which connection is made by a sort of powerful brakes. Thus the crowded vehicles ascend and descend the steepest inclines with perfect ease and safety. I feel sure that if the poor horses formerly doomed to public service could only speak they would not be niggardly in thanking the inventor of these ingenious carriages. The various lines are valued at \$6,330,000.

The leading hotels are lavishly furnished. The "Palace," true to its name, is the grandest, and when built a few years ago was considered the largest in the world. I understand a larger one has been built since in Paris. One of the theatres boasts of the greatest chandelier on earth. Education is not entirely neglected. There are some fifty public schools managed by a Board

of Education composed of twelve members. The number of private schools and colleges is over one hundred. But one-fifth of these are managed by the Roman Catholics, and a considerable part of the remainder by other denominations. In size and character they range from the small family school of a few pupils to the flourishing college which counts its students by hundreds.

None of the religious denominations are without representatives here, there being about ninety churches and five synagogues; yet it can hardly be said that these turn the city upside down. Certainly they have great odds to contend against, in view of the fact that there are fifteen miles of grog shops, and that 342 divorces were granted during the past year, to say nothing of the hundreds who embraced the privilege of separation without leave of the law.

The peoples and languages of the principal nations of the world are all represented in the population of San Francisco; but the Chinese especially predominate. It is difficult to obtain exact statistics in regard to these "children of the sun." A moderate estimate makes them 25,000 in number. They occupy ten squares in the heart of the city, which is the oldest part. These odd looking people are not at all Americanized. They all wear their native loose garments, ankle-tight pantaloons, skull caps, and long dangling *cucs*. Here, as in the Flowery Kingdom, they are gregarious to an alarming extent. Every nook and corner, and closet and cellar and loft of their houses literally teems with them, though I am assured that they are not more numerous than the rats and mice. Just imagine a hotel of sixty rooms that are inhabited by 1,500 of these celestials. "Impossible!" you cry. Not impossible; it is a fact. And the most surprising thing about them is their apparent cleanliness as seen on the streets; as a writer remarks, "they seem to come out of their filth, as the eel from his skin." Their food consists chiefly of rice, meat and vegetables. Few of them—very few indeed—bring their wives or children out to America, but they do bring their worship. They have several large and expensive temples full of gods and make loud boasts of their polytheism. One of them remarked to an American who was reviling their system of idolatry, "Chinaman religion heap better than Mellican man's. You go church Sunday little while. You come home and allee weck you lie and steal, and do heap muchee bad things. Chinaman he got gods at home, See him allee time. Chinaman must be always good."

A good lesson here for Christians to learn; but alas! the Chinese themselves are far from being good. They have their houses of sin and haunts of deepest corruption. Little is being done to show them the "way of life." One thing is certain, the public life of Christendom, and especially of San Francisco, will never convert them to faith in the Saviour of the world.

## AMATEURDOM AND ITS HISTORY.

BY VARIETAS.

LIKE Columbus, I once discovered what to me was a new and undreamt-of world, when several years ago I found in my hands a miniature sheet edited, printed and published by two Yankee schoolboys. Then for the first time in my existence I became aware that there was, and is, in America a juvenile Fourth Estate, flourishing under the mystic title: AMATEURDOM. Impelled partly by curiosity and partly by circumstances, I made a brief tour of literary exploration through the kingdom thus strangely revealed to my consciousness, and in the course of a few months' experience picked up many snatches of its history. Here are some of the facts I still remember.

On the threshold of this nineteenth century there lived, or is supposed to have lived, in the city of Philadelphia, a youth known by the name of Thomas G. Condie, or Cundie, who, for his own personal gratification and improvement, and perhaps not altogether uninfluenced by dreams of an editor's proverbial wealth, founded and controlled a small paper which he called the *Weekly Portfolio*. The exact date at which it appeared has been fixed by tradition as 1812, but no being now alive is known to have seen a copy of this, the initial publication of what has grown to be an influential fraternity of amateur journalists; indeed, the early history of Amateurdom is wrapped in such ambiguity that, as an outside chronicler remarks, "alas, for the vanity of all earthly glory!—learned scribes have arisen who have proved in the *Censor* and elsewhere, not merely that, as with Shakespeare, the spelling of our hero's name is uncertain, but that no such person as either Condie or Cundie ever lived, breathed, or edited a paper." One thing is certain; the myth, if it be a myth, is to-day firmly believed in by hundreds of boys and girls who regard themselves as Condie's genuine successors in the journalistic field of amateurs.

But the present juvenile Fourth Estate claims to have sprung up more directly as the result of a mutual agreement made by some boys in Boston, New York, Philadelphia and Washington to print journals for the express purpose of exchanging with one another. It was a happy thought, this, and no doubt, in addition to the healthy intellectual and mechanical amusement that would naturally accrue from the novelty of the enterprise, it afforded much practical instruction in various departments of activity; and although the circle of embryo literateurs formed in this way was at first somewhat contracted, its expansion was assured by the invention of boys' printing presses, the manufacture of which has now come to be quite an industry in the neighboring republic. With the increased facilities of amateur printing offices, the new pastime rapidly sprang into popularity, so that in 1875 Amateurdom exceeded the present extent of

College Journalism, to which in some respects it is analogous, and gloried in the publication of some three hundred sheets. But these were the days of small things, literally and figuratively; for "the cause" kept steadily gaining strength, and in 1876, the centennial year, as many as five hundred journals appeared in a month, thus ushering in the glorious period of prosperity that is still referred to by enthusiasts as "halcyon days." Then it was that the mails of the States and Canada were flooded with boyish efforts ranging all the way from untidy scraps the size of a post card and less, to well conducted magazines of nearly mammoth proportions; a flood which kept on increasing until in 1877 there were over six hundred distinct periodicals falling more or less regularly from toy presses. Here, however, the tide began to ebb, for troubles suddenly arose from an unexpected quarter, and blackened the amateur horizon.

[To be continued.]

#### MISSIONS IN PALESTINE AND INDIA.

THE religion of Christ is essentially a missionary one. Its founder came to this earth to seek and to save the lost. "Behold I bring you glad tidings of great joy which shall be unto all people," was the angelic announcement to the shepherds on Bethlehem's plains when the Prince of Peace was born. His whole career was one of self-denial and self-sacrifice. "He came not to be ministered unto, but to minister and to give His life a ransom for many." Having finished the work given Him by God to do, after spending forty days with His disciples on earth after His resurrection from the dead, and just before His ascension to the Land of Glory from which He had come, He gave to His disciples the glorious commission "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature." These went abroad (after the promise of the Spirit's outpouring had been fulfilled), and began to make known throughout all the eastern portion of the then known world, the knowledge of the way of salvation through the Crucified One. It had been well for the Church and the world were the Divine Master's commission followed out; and had like zeal as pervaded the early missionaries of the cross been displayed by all succeeding generations of ministers, so much of the world-wide field would not yet remain to be possessed.

Each century of the Church's existence has been marked by noted features, either of advance or decline, and it is noticeable that whenever there was a general awakening to the importance and reality of unseen and eternal things within the Church itself, then, also, a desire to make known to others, what yielded themselves so much joy and peace characterized its ministers. Even as late as 1796, however, in the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, a minister had the hardihood to affirm that to spread abroad the knowledge of the Gospel among barbarous

and heathen nations, seemed to him highly preposterous, while in the same assembly, a learned Principal went so far as to declare "the missionary societies with their united action and common fund, highly dangerous in their tendency to the good order of society at large." That, however, was during the dark days of Scottish church history. With the dawning of the Nineteenth Century came, also, to the various churches of Britain and America, an awakening from their torpor and indifference, and an earnest concern for the propagation of Home and Foreign Missionary work.

Naturally enough, the regions around where Heaven's great missionary lived, laboured, died, and ascended, were among the first looked after. The mission to Syria was commenced in 1819 by three American Missionaries. These landing at Smyrna, found the people in a deplorable state of intellectual and moral darkness, the religion of the False Prophet having overspread the land, and left the people, as all false religions do, in a most unenviable hopeless position. Many prejudices had to be met, many obstacles overcome, many dangers boldly faced, and much persecution endured for Righteousness sake; but the work of God progressed. He owned and blessed the labours of His servants. The devotion and zeal of these noble workers were, in the course of time, amply rewarded, and we are, therefore, not surprised to find that in 1881, about 72 years from the time the mission was commenced, the number of foreign labourers in Syria and Palestine was 191, added to these there were 581 native teachers and catechists, 26 churches, 140 preaching stations, 1,700 communicants, 302 schools with 14,624 pupils and 12 medical missions. During 1882, 21,000,000 pages in Arabic were printed at the Beirut Press, so that now in that land you have the press, the church, and the schools all in operation: the first, disseminating useful information and instruction broadcast throughout the land; the Church, through all its variety of agencies, making known God's way of salvation; the schools busy teaching the youth of the land a great variety of useful knowledge. With all these in active operation, it is to be hoped that, ere long, we will hear of the complete regeneration of that most interesting, and until recently, so very degraded land.

Turn we next to India. Here, also, we have very decided and striking proofs of the power of the Gospel of Christ and its incomparable superiority to all other systems. In 1834, the American Presbyterian Church chose William Read and J. C. Lowrie as their first Missionaries to that benighted land. They established four Presbyteries by 1842. Other workers were sent out from time to time. The Established, Free, and United Presbyterian Churches of Scotland, in the course of time, all sent out Missionaries, as did also the Baptist, Methodist and Episcopal Churches. When the latest tabular state-

ment was made of all the missions, it was found that there were 160 Foreign Missionaries in India, 112 native missionaries, catechists, Bible readers, &c., 52,000 communicants, and about 70,000 boys and girls attending schools. As casting some light on what one man may be able to do for the redemption of our race, it may be mentioned that Dr. John Murdoch has laboured in India for nearly 40 years, during 25 of which he has devoted himself chiefly to the preparing of educational works for the young. These works are permeated from beginning to end with great moral and scriptural truths, and are known to have been blessed by God to the salvation of many. They have been translated into 18 different languages, and have been issued to the number of 10,000,000. They are accepted by 31 societies of all denominations. Dr. Murdoch has made the tour of India and Ceylon 21 times, travelling in all about 250,000 miles, and visiting all the Missionary schools and colleges. Who can estimate the good accomplished by this faithful and devoted labourer?

The total number of Protestant native Christians in India is now considerably over half a million. To us that may seem but a small number indeed, but when we take into account the existence of such strong class and caste prejudices, and also that the religions of India can plead a hoary antiquity in their favour, what it costs a man or woman to cast their lot on the side of Christ and Christianity there; in almost every case having to separate from all near and dear to them; having to wrench the tenderest ties of kindred and affection; to stand continued persecution, insults and dangers, and in many cases to yield up their lives; when we take all these things into account, the wonder is not that so few turn, but that any at all do, and that those who do so maintain their course unbroken to the end.

While these statistics are fitted to encourage the hearts of all who feel an interest in Indian Missions, let us not forget that there is another side we must look at. The latest statistics upon religion in India collected in 1882, show that out of the total of the population of British India, which is given at 254,899,516, the various sects of Hindoos make up no less than 187,937,450; the Mohameddans, 50,121,585; Nature Worshipers, over 6,000,000; and Buddhists, 3,418,844. Who can estimate what these figures mean, or form any idea of the amount of work yet required to be done ere the Great Master's command—even substituting "India" for "the world"—is fulfilled? Surely those who go out taking their lives in their hands to these dark regions, have strong claims upon us,—upon our thoughts, our prayers, and our sympathies. We may not be able to do much for them, but surely we will do all we can. The world is not slow to honour its great heroes and its mighty warriors, its masters in science and philosophy; surely we will not forget the heroes of the cross. Have not some of the

missionaries been among the very noblest of earth's heroes? Men of strong faith, powerful intellects, large, loving hearts, who faced dangers and trials, which many who have been crowned with garlands, never dreamed or thought of. Who can think of Hans Egede, leaving his home in Norway, and enduring all the privations of life among the perpetual frosts and snows of Greenland, out of love to the souls of the Esquimaux, without feelings of admiration. Think of Alexander Duff, the Prince of Indian Missionaries, and all he did for benighted India; of what David Livingstone and Robert Moffat did for Africa; of what John Williams (of whom we heard so recently in our own class-rooms) did for the Islands of the Southern seas; and scores of others, though perhaps less noteworthy, and surely it is fitted to cause each heart to thrill with admiration for these noble men. Have they not been truer civilizers than all the armies that ever were sent forth?

Let us see to it that among the petitions we from time to time present to Our Heavenly Father's Throne, the Missionaries to all lands shall often have a place. Prayer is within the reach of all, and as Hugh Miller well said, "It is so mighty an instrument that no one ever thoroughly mastered all its keys. They sweep along the infinite scale of man's wants and God's goodness." Our God is the prayer-hearing God, and will, in His own time, send such an out pouring of blessing in reply to earnest believing prayer, that the mouths of our miserable missionary revilers and sceptical critics shall be closed with shame and confusion. Let us read of mission enterprises, interest ourselves thoroughly in them, pray for missionaries and all agencies at home and abroad that seek, by ways and means in harmony with God's mind and will, to spread abroad throughout the earth the glad tidings of great joy, through the crucified Redeemer, and thus hasten the time when God's will shall be done on earth as it is in heaven, when no man shall need to say to his brother Know the Lord, but when all shall know Him, from the least even to the greatest.

M. McK.

#### THE SONG AT EVEN.

All along the western sky  
The clouds hung, steeped in glorious light.  
From the shadowy sward, near by,  
There rose a bird of plumage bright.  
Up, up it soared—its happy heart  
Bursting forth in melody.  
The woodlands all were hushed in awe  
To hear such heaven-born ecstasy.  
O emblem of Hope on pinion strong  
Cleaving the mists thy way along—  
Filling the dusky atmosphere  
With thy melody sweet and clear,  
Tell me where the fountain is  
That fills thee with such perfect bliss! T. J. B.

## The Presbyterian College Journal.

Published MONTHLY throughout each Session (from October to April, both inclusive) by the ALMA MATER SOCIETY of the PRESBYTERIAN COLLEGE, MONTREAL, P.Q.

J. H. MACVICAR, *Editor-in-Chief.*  
 W. A. MCKENZIE, B.A., J. H. GRAHAM, B.A., *Assistant Editors.*  
 J. L. MORIN, B.A., S. A. A. THOMAS, *French Editors.*  
*Business Managers:*  
 W. FRASER, B.A., W. M. ROCHESTER, J. H. HIGGINS.

### RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION:

For the Session, 60 cts., and two copies, \$1, invariably in advance.  
 Single copies, ten cents; Extras to subscribers, five cents each.  
 All communications and exchanges should be addressed to THE PRESBYTERIAN COLLEGE JOURNAL, 67 McTavish Street, Montreal, P.Q., Canada.

MONTREAL, P.Q., FEBRUARY 23rd, 1884.

### WANTED—SEVERAL RELIABLE ROPE LADDERS.

During its short career the JOURNAL has been extremely gratified to find that suggestions thrown out in its pages indicating desirable improvements in the management and equipment of the institution whose student opinion it seeks to express, have eventually been acted upon with beneficial results. It is satisfactory to be able even thus early to recognize fruits of the midnight work bestowed on our ephemeral publication, and the consciousness that our influence has been not altogether a minus quantity, affords us no little encouragement this month in calling the attention of the authorities to one particularly urgent need which has hitherto been overlooked. We refer to the necessity of some kind of fire escape in our dormitories. This necessity is manifest to all who have inspected the buildings, and noticed the lack of adequate precaution against fire. It is true that the supply of water from the hydrants in the street is not likely to disappoint the demands of the fire brigade; but inside the buildings there are no such conveniences. With the exception, perhaps, of a small Babcock extinguisher, which, in passing, is credibly supposed to be eccentric in its operations, and also leaving out of consideration the tin basins in the washrooms—all of which receptacles, as well as the extinguisher, belonging to the older portion of the buildings—there is positively no provision made for quenching an incipient conflagration; and should such suddenly break out one of these nights, a supposition by no means improbable in a place where so much midnight oil is burned, and should it gain rapid headway, the absence of fire escapes from every part of the residences would place the students in an alarming position, especially those who occupy dormitories in the Morrice Hall and West Wing; for it is not only possible but highly probable that the passages and stairways leading to either of the quarters mentioned would speedily be rendered impassable by flames and smoke. Indeed we have long considered the dark tunnels referred to as features of architecture deserving of the strongest condemnation, for they may one day prove veritable fire-traps. Under these circumstances

great risk is incurred by neglecting precautions which might save the residents from a horrible death. It were superfluous here to remind the authorities of the urgent necessity of immediate action in the matter. They are men of experience, and cannot doubt the wisdom of being prepared for a contingency of which warning is given almost daily, and while we all sincerely trust that our beautiful Morrice Hall may never be reduced to ashes, still it were misplaced confidence to fondly dream that our commendable wishes are incapable of disappointment; it should be remembered that the ruling characteristic of the fire fiend is that he comes when least expected. It would be a good thing therefore, and we believe we echo the opinion of all who are directly concerned, if a sufficient number of reliable rope ladders could be provided for the various flats of dormitories; and in case nothing more elaborate can be afforded, a few strong ropes might even prove serviceable as a means of escape; they would at least help to break the fall from a window to the ground, a feat of no startling appearance in itself, but one nevertheless, which would be attended with serious results to an intrepid acrobat, even did he fortunately tumble into a snowbank. We seriously hope the College Board will give this subject consideration.

### CRISPNESS.

It has been suggested, and with some show of plausibility, that the reason why certain classes of literature, missionary biography for instance, receive but little favor at the hands of the general reading public, is the prevalent overstrained effort to *tell everything*. It is a pity that works of this kind should be so marred, for in reality nothing in the page of romance can exceed in dramatic interest the wild episodes that go to make up the life of nearly every foreign missionary; it is only when these adventures come to be recorded for the public eye that their attractiveness is diminished, and often entirely lost sight of, in an unnecessary collation of minor circumstances. Such prolixity is almost invariably fatal to success. It was sober truth that Professor Lowell spoke when he said that the "art of writing consists chiefly in knowing what to leave in the inkpot;" he simply recognized the fact that men nowadays are hard pressed for time, and cannot afford to wade through acres of boggy language before being able to arrive at an understanding as to how, say a community, comes to be just what it is. It is evident that the times demand a style of the utmost conciseness consistent with clearness, and writers who would be popular must avoid the fault of prolonging a composition till impatient readers are forced to cry out upon its tediousness. Brevity is the soul of power, as of wit. It will have been noticed that the *short* articles in magazines and newspapers are usually the first and best read; and the short discourses in the sanctuary are often the longest remembered. Aim then at crispness.

## OUR LOCAL NOTE BOOK.

SIMULTANEOUSLY with the conclusion of Montreal's Winter Carnival, the Great Urwashed have vanished from our streets, and some sort of rational quiet again pervades the city. Theological and other students shared in the general excitement, and even some of the "reverend clergy" are supposed to have lost their senses in the mad whirl of pleasure seeking, one at least, going so far as to dismiss his prayer-meeting out of deference to a pyrotechnic display. Another minister, however, with characteristic courage, held a special service in the very heart of the festival, and preached a powerful evangelical sermon on the New Jerusalem as described in Revelations, that topic being naturally suggested by the famous structure on Dominion Square,—an idea of suggestiveness, by the way, which has been crystalized in the following verse of Mr. John Read's carnival rimes on Winter:—

Out of 'is frozen torrents  
 We carve a glittering mass,  
 And raise a dome whose fairy charms  
 E'en Greece could not surpass.  
 Upon its fair proportions  
 Men gaze in silent awe,  
 As those who in a dream behold  
 The streets of pearl and gates of gold  
 Which John in Patmos saw.

Of course we all went to hear and see His Excellency at the reception in Molson Hall; and of course we all came away highly pleased with ourselves and with the new Governor-General and his Lady; and of course we were all delighted when some vinegar visaged reporter characterized our innocent jollity as "undergraduate horse-play." *Horseplay indeed!*

The truth is that the McGill students were never better behaved than on the occasion referred to, as well as throughout the week of festivities in which they took no inconsiderable part. In their procession on the gala night, as far as we can learn, there was little if any roughness, a consequence no doubt of the persuasive efforts of gentlemanly marshals. This unwonted inclination to gentleness was duly chronicled in most of the daily papers.

In fact, University students are only beginning to receive the public attention they have long merited. On the evening of January 31st quite a number from the various colleges responded to the kind invitation of the Young Men's Christian Association to a reception in its commodious building. An excellent entertainment was provided, which included selections by an instrumental quartette, vocal solos by Mr. Thomas, Miss Macmaster, Mrs. Whitman and Miss Lusher; rousing songs by the medical quartette and McGill students; a violin solo by Mr. Reichling; a capital reading by Mr. Smith, B. C. L.; addresses by Mr. Hague and Drs. Osler and Campbell; and, by way of climax, a sumptuous repast served by the ladies.

A similar reception on a smaller scale was tendered to our Glee Club on January 28th by its esteemed conductor and trainer at his home on University street. After a good solid drill in singing, Mrs. Becket thoughtfully provided refreshments, and a very enjoyable evening was spent.

The first regular meeting of the Celtic Society was held in the David Morrice Hall on January 25th, Dr. Macvicar in the chair. The President, Dr. Macnish, delivered his inaugural address, which was a profound treatise on the history of the Celtic language. The President, at the conclusion of his speech, assumed the chair, and an interesting discussion on various pertinent topics ensued.

Children ought not to meddle with things they cannot understand. The following incident is merely by way of exemplification: In one of the dormitories of a region familiarly known by a name suggestive of its altitude, there is a wonderful instrument which, in times gone by, was warranted to flash electric signals to the fire station in case of conflagration, or to the police station in case of burglary, or to the cab stand in case locomotion was desired. Now, tradition declared that this wonderful instrument having been long out of use, had become disconnected and was no longer capable of fulfilling its responsible functions; but a meddlesome Artsman has recently found to his cost (twenty-five cents in silver) that tradition cannot always be relied upon. It happened thus. He was very curious to know if the thing really worked, and with a grim determination to settle the matter with experimental proof, touched the signal for a cab. History fails to explain why he preferred to experiment with a cab rather than a fire-reel or squad of policemen; it leaves us only to imagine his chagrin when the Jehu promptly demanded his fare at the door a few minutes later!

At the regular meeting of the S.M.S. on the 18th ult., very interesting verbal reports of winter missionary work were given by Messrs. J. W. McKenzie, B.A., and Murray Watson, and an earnest missionary paper was read by Mr. Murdoch McKenzie. At the last meeting of this society, February 8th, besides some instructive matter from the news committee, a long and well-sustained discussion took place in reference to the fields to be taken up next summer.

What becomes of the old magazines in the reading-room from year to year? Occasionally we catch glimpses of stray copies here and there in dusty recesses of the library shelves, and we have often wondered if some more permanent use might not be found for them. It has been suggested that after a certain period they should be sold to such students as express a desire to possess particular papers or numbers. It is a glaring fact that our supply of magazine literature is meagre and unsatisfactory; and were some arrangement come at for holding an auction

sale say about the beginning of each session, additional though limited funds might in this way accumulate wherewith to replenish and improve the reading-room both as regards furniture and periodicals. It is perhaps too much to expect any more assistance from the authorities than is already ungrudgingly accorded; for further improvements we must look to ourselves.

We have pleasure this month in inserting another sketch from the pen of Mr. J. C. Campbell, whose health, we are glad to learn, steadily improves under the influence of a Californian atmosphere. He is at present engaged in mission work in connection with the Rev. Mr. McKenzie's Church in San Francisco, and will in all probability remain there during the summer.

A feeble imitation of the famous anecdote told of Prof. Blackie, of Edinburgh, has been perpetrated in our own halls. One of the lecturers had occasion to post a paper on the noticeboard, stating that he would be "unable to meet his classes" for a week. Some anonymous wag came along, and scratched out not only the first, but the first two letters of the word "classes." That the joke did not lead to assassination is astonishing.

Mr. J. C. Smith, B.A., contributes an article to the January number of *Knox College Monthly*, which presents a graphic picture of an "Evening in the Literary and Metaphysical Society." As the description proceeds we discover many striking resemblances between the Knox College meetings and those of our own Philosophical and Literary Society—indeed, at certain points so strong is the resemblance that one would almost imagine the article to have been written in Montreal. There is the same occasional confused discussion among them as among us, as to the distinction between *receiving* and *adopting* a report, and the same inevitable cluster gathers at the head of the stairs after the meeting to re-handle the debate, when "some compliment the speakers; others differ with the decision, and others criticise the critic." Mr. Smith mentions as a somewhat modern subject for essay writing at Knox, "The Grievances of Freshmen." Here again we might hint at remote analogy were it not for the extreme delicacy of the subject. The Knox Society differs from ours, however, in two noticeable respects. In the first place, the roll is called at the close of the meeting and not at the beginning; while in the second place, the debates are decided according to the verdict of the chairman, and not by a vote of the entire meeting. With these exceptions the sketch is a pretty close portraiture of an ordinary debate of a Friday evening in Principal Macvicar's classroom.

THE CONVERSAZIONE.—Although a great deal of drudgery was entailed upon luckless committees and sub-committees appointed to prepare for the conversazione given by the P.L.S. on Friday, the 1st instant, yet one universal

endeavor was made to ensure an enjoyable evening. Nor was it made in vain.

Towards nine o'clock a lively buzz of conversation filled the hall, only to be hushed by the silvery voice of the chairman, Rev. J. S. Black, who announced that the time had come for the performance of the programme. The first number was an overture by the Sixth Fusiliers' Band, and was followed with a solo by Mr. Campbell, his piece being "The Creole Lover's Song." It was marred somewhat by the constant shuffling of feet in the hall, as well as by a subdued hum of voices. This annoying interruption was noticeable throughout the rendition of the various other items. The Students' Glee Club, under the direction of Mr. Becket, sang several times with much acceptance, all the parts doing credit to themselves and their trainer. Miss Featherstone displayed her vocal powers to advantage in spite of disturbing whispers from the audience; and Miss Coul's instrumental solo, likewise, showed an artistic mastery of the keys. In his song, "I fear no Foe," Professor McLaren did better than usual, his rendition evidencing thoughtful study and effectively interpreting the sentiment of the words. Miss McLaren played his accompaniment. At the close of the programme, in response to an invitation to inspect the buildings, the audience passed out of the brilliantly lighted room, and ere long a babbling stream of ladies and gentlemen was circulating through the halls and passages, flooding the lecture rooms and dormitories: persons here conversing with old acquaintances and making new ones—persons there admiring the comfortable quarters of the sedate seniors in the Morrice hall, or commiserating the humble juniors in the old building—now promenading the main corridor—now visiting the octagon library and marvelling at its many empty shelves or examining the relics of heathenism in the galleries—now passing down the broad staircase to the dining room to partake of refreshments—now ascending once more the darksome shaft that leads to the blissful realms of the Theo. Here, there, and everywhere the happy concourse flowed. Nowhere were any particularly careworn faces to be observed—nowhere perhaps but behind Mr. Joyce's groaning tables.

And now the last lingering guest has passed out into the surrounding darkness. The blaze of light subsides. One by one the escorts come straggling in. Place is made for them in the student circles congregated in the dormitories, and the great conversazione is discussed in all its aspects. A favorable verdict is over and over again pronounced, till in the wee sma' hours the gas is suddenly turned off at the meter, and a sleepy murmur comes floating down the corridor bidding all "Good night."

The *Presbyterian Record*, like the Phoenix, has risen from its ashes to shine with increased splendor, and, for one thing, the typography has certainly not degenerated



since the destruction of its printing house by fire. The small type used in the February number admits of a greater variety of reading matter, and, with special reference to its opening pages, that issue well repays a careful perusal.

Mr. W. A. McKenzie, B.A., is the happy choice of the class of '84 for valedictorian. It is only three years since he enjoyed a similar honor in the university, and the memories of his humorous sallies and clever hits on that occasion still linger in the minds of many.

McGill is going to have another song book. All the available talent has been enlisted in the enterprise, and it is expected that a volume in every way superior to the former limp production will be the result. The movement is timely, and should be extended so as to embrace some attempt to improve the singing at convocations and other public meetings. "To the ears of Freshmen," remarked the *McGill Gazette* not long ago, "'The Bulldog,' 'Litoria' and 'Alouette' are delightful; but to those who have emerged from that hobbledehoy stage of existence, and, as a consequence, have heard these songs not less than hundreds of times, they become more wearisome than the music of 'Patience' or any other hackneyed operas to the general public." No doubt this state of affairs will be materially remedied by the appearance of the new song book, but, as an incentive in that direction, it is to be hoped that the music for all the parts will accompany every song. Positively some sort of action is called for to subdue the earsplitting absence of harmony predominant in undergraduate street singing. Indeed, it might even be deemed a prudential measure to include the full score of the instrumental accompaniments to the choruses, in order that performers on the fish horn, who at present seem to play entirely from ear or memory, might thus be enabled to introduce their startling effects with greater scientific expertness.

Somehow the meetings of the Philosophical and Literary Society have been a failure this term. The attendance has all along been demoralized, and the debates and discussions spiritless in the extreme, of course excepting the few occasions on which "burning questions" of a local nature came up for consideration. The ordinary meeting on the 15th of February began with a very fair assembly, but ended with barely a quorum. A tedious discussion as to the method to be adopted in awarding prizes in reading led to much confusion. After several revolutionary schemes had been defeated, one member in the last throes of mental agony gave notice of motion to suspend the constitution. At this stage of the meeting the president and a large number of members retired to keep other engagements, and Mr. M. L. Leitch was voted to the chair. Mr. A. Lee, B.A., gave an English reading in a manner that revealed considerable dramatic ability, and Mr. E. F. Seylas gave another selection in French; after

which Mr. J. H. Graham, B.A., read a portion of his prize essay on Temperance, and the meeting adjourned.

---

#### SCRAPS ABOUT GRADUATES.

With the influx of visitors in Carnival week came a number of our graduates, such as Revs. W. M. McKibbin, M.A., '75, J. Munro, B.A., '79, J. B. Stewart, '82, and R. McNabh, B.A., '83, none of whom neglected to revisit the scenes of their student days, even though so many counter-attractions conspired to make them for the time oblivious of their Alma Mater's existence.

'76.—Rev. T. Bennet, of Carp, Ont., who left this institution in '76 as Gold Medallist, and John Redpath, Scholar in Theology, was presented on the 21st of January with an address and well filled purse. Mr. Bennet, we hear, is very popular in that section of the country, and this is only one of the many expressions of regard received by him.

'79.—We are pleased to learn that the Rev. C. E. Amaron, M.A., of Three Rivers, has received an invitation to become Principal of a Theological school for training young men for French mission work. The call is from an important city in the United States. While we shall be sorry to lose Mr. Amaron, we are pleased to be able to make such a worthy contribution to the educational institutions of the United States.

'84.—Mr. A. Lee, a member of this year's graduating class, and who so ably edited the JOURNAL last session, was, not long ago, presented by the Russeltown Presbyterians with a splendid coon-skin coat and a purse of money. Mr. Lee has preached at Russeltown many times during his collegiate course, and his family are at present occupying the manse there. We believe steps are being taken to secure his ministrations as settled pastor.

'80.—The following is from the reports of Whitechurch, and Calvin Church, East Wawanosh, congregations, under the pastoral charge of Jas. A. Anderson, B.A., for the year ending December, 1883:—Number of families, 95; Communicants, 203; Added during year, 31; Removed, 10; Contributed to College Fund, \$62; Home Missions, \$73; Foreign, \$72; French Evangelization, \$40; Aged and Infirm Ministers, \$16; Widows and Orphans, \$8; Assembly Fund, \$7; Other benevolent objects, \$26; Total for all purposes, \$2,577. During the year the minister's salary was raised \$100.

---

#### OUTSIDE NEWS AND OPINION.

The *L'Avance* has its gibe at the self-sufficient English lecturer;—"Matthew Arnold does not believe in numbers—they do not attend his lectures."

It is rumored that a benefactor, whose name is not yet revealed, intends to build a Science Hall for McGill similar to the Redpath Museum.

Last year 1,065 religious services and 140 educational classes and lectures were conducted under the direction of the Y.M.C.A. of this city. The building is found to be too small for the present uses.

The students of Princeton Theological Seminary this session impress the observer as being above the average in intellect and piety. They are more than reverent, Many are tender in their feelings and easily moved in prayer and praise, showing that their fellowship is close with God.—*Philadelphia Presbyterian*.

David Pryde in his "Highways of Literature" says that the study of biography will cure men of affectation and conceit, and that the local poet, when he has entered thoroughly into the grand conceptions and divine harmonies of Shakespeare and Milton, will take the hoarded newspapers containing his once-cherished verses, and make a bonfire of them.

Mr. Croil, in his "Missionary Problem," thinks it may be said that, as water naturally seeks its own level, and stays there, so the missionary spirit in the pew is not apt to rise higher than the same spirit in the pulpit. Instead of a missionary sermon once or twice a year, he asks, might not a place be found in every sermon for at least some reference to "The March of Christianity?"

College Journalism, for the comparatively short existence it has had on this side of the Atlantic, has made rapid strides, and its importance is becoming more generally recognized. In the United States it has taken a more substantial form, and in many cases the editor is relieved from a part of the work regularly set down in the college curriculum, the college authorities deeming that the work so performed is a just equivalent.—*Acta Victoriana*.

All the colleges of the Free Church in Scotland are this winter in a hopeful condition. The attendance at New College, Edinburgh, is unprecedentedly large, 166 students being enrolled, and the quality is said to be as marked as the quantity. In Glasgow the attendance is 111. A marked feature in these colleges is the academic *dinner table*, toward the expense of maintaining which the students are required to pay a stipulated sum. The amount thus asked is not expected nor intended to meet the outlay.

A recent book on etiquette tells this story to enforce a rule recommending the reader to avoid noticing the vulgarity of persons who drink from their saucers: It is related that at the table of an English prince a rustic guest poured his tea into his saucer, much to the visible amusement of the court ladies and gentlemen present, whereupon the prince quietly poured his own tea into his saucer, thereby rebuking his ill-mannered court, and putting his guest in countenance.

In the apocrypha of one of our universities it is written that an undergraduate once replied to a question concern-

ing Esau that he was a Hebrew who wrote fables and sold the copyright for a mass of potash. The ingenious descendant of Esop who constructed the above admirable little fable erred, like Mr. Shappira, on the question of age. He should have made his hero thirteen years old, and not twenty, and then all who know anything of the effects of our modern system of cram on the mind of the average British schoolboy would have accepted the anecdote as authentic.—*The Saturday Review*.

Spurgeon thus speaks of the misrepresentation of clergymen: "As surely as any of you speak for the Lord you will be misunderstood. That is not the worst of it. You will be wilfully misrepresented. They will turn your words upside down. As for me, it is utterly impossible for me to say a single sentence which some fool or another cannot twist into mischief; and I give patent and license to everybody to do so that chooses to do it, as far as I am concerned. The thing that was farthest from our mind, and which our soul abhorred, has often been made to be said, when we neither said nor thought anything of the kind."

One wet Sunday, Rowland Hill, noticing some people who had taken refuge inside his chapel from the rain, remarked, "I have heard of people making a cloak of their religion, but this is the first time I have ever known them to make an umbrella of it." A stroke of humor from the pulpit will not only arrest, but will often impress when even impassioned oratory would fall flat. If you cannot make men ashamed of doing wrong, you may make them afraid of being ridiculous; a man that does not feel that he is sinful, may often be convinced that he is absurd.—*Rev. R. H. Haveris*.

There is great complaint in America of the falling off in the supply of young ministers, but in Germany the tide turns the other way. It is stated that since 1876 the number of theological students in the nine Prussian universities has more than doubled. Great as this increase is, it seems all the greater when compared with the increase in other than the theological faculties. The number of students of philosophy and of law in the Prussian universities last year increased less than two per cent. each, and of medicine less than 15 per cent., while the students of Roman Catholic theology increased in number nearly ten per cent., and those of Protestant theology more than twenty-one per cent.

"It cannot be denied," says a writer in the *McGill Gazette*, "that there are those amongst us who would think themselves greatly lacking in a sort of manliness if they could not distinguish themselves by taking their 'whiskey straight.'" He considers it "an inexplicable anomaly that those endowed with a liberal education and mental culture should be found indulging in a practice so far removed from everything that savours of refinement and strength of character."

## PARTIE FRANÇAISE.

## L'ÉTUDE DES LANGUES MODERNES CONTRIBUE-T-ELLE PLUS AU DÉVELOPPEMENT DE L'INTELLIGENCE QUE L'ÉTUDE DES LANGUES VIVANTES ?

On a souvent affirmé que l'étude des classiques fortifie l'intelligence, et qu'aussi elle contribue grandement au bien de l'humanité. J'admets qu'elle fortifie l'intelligence, mais dans une seule direction. Le savant latiniste et helléniste se trouve trop souvent dans la position de ces ouvriers qui n'ont appris à faire qu'une partie d'un soulier. Ils tailleront parfaitement une semelle, mais ils ne peuvent aller plus loin. Il leur faut un compagnon pour pouvoir réussir à gagner leur vie. La même chose arrive à nos savants. Quand ils réussissent c'est lorsque le hasard ou plutôt la Providence leur fait trouver une place où leurs lacunes sont comblées par leurs collègues. On ne leur confierait pas volontiers toute l'éducation de nos enfants, mais on leur donnera de grand cœur une heure ou deux par jour, pour l'enseignement de cette branche classique, dans laquelle ils sont si forts. Le professeur de latin et de grec a besoin, comme complément, du professeur de mathématiques et quelquefois du maître d'orthographe—car il n'est pas rare de rencontrer ici et là de bons latinistes qui ne savent ni parler ni écrire correctement leur propre langue.

30. Remarquez bien que je ne nie nullement l'utilité des études classiques, mais j'affirme que la première place doit être donnée à l'étude des langues vivantes. Nous nous piquons de haute civilisation, et cependant, il n'y a pas longtemps, quand Mr. Song-Long, respectable Chinois de cette ville, se trouvait, par l'influence du sort contraire, amené devant le mandarin de la Cour de Police, dans la foule d'avocats présents, il n'y en avait pas un seul qui sût au juste comment assermenter le prévenu—bien moins comment lui parler dans sa langue maternelle. Aujourd'hui que l'Asie semble vouloir déverser son trop plein de population sur les rivages américains; aujourd'hui que les églises chrétiennes semblent commencer à réaliser qu'il y a 300,000,000 à 400,000,000 de mongols et de barbares à évangéliser,—il nous semble qu'une chaire chinoise ne serait pas aussi inutile dans nos collèges, qu'une chaire classique. D'ailleurs, si nous tenons mordicus au latin et au grec, à cause de leur antiquité, que sont ces langues comme clef de la philologie, et de l'ethnologie au prix du sanscrit ou de tel autre de ces dialectes qui ont pris naissance avec l'humanité dans son berceau oriental ?

On dira que pour le voyageur, le latin, par exemple, est la langue la plus indispensable. Dans tous les pays civilisés cette langue est plus ou moins comprise. Les traités scientifiques les plus précieux sont en latin. C'est une économie immense de temps et de travail d'apprendre à bien parler latin. Ceci est vrai en partie, mais seulement en partie. En voyageant, pour un savant, vous rencontrerez

dix mille ignorants. Les cochers des diligences, les gardes des convois, les aubergistes, les domestiques, et tant d'autres à qui le voyageur le plus affairé ne comprendront pas le premier mot même du plus simple latin de cuisine. Si vous savez dessiner, vous vous ferez mieux comprendre par ce moyen que par celui du langage. Et pour un traité scientifique en latin il y en a cent en langues modernes. D'ailleurs, la prononciation latine diffère tellement d'un pays à un autre que pour se comprendre deux savants même auraient à causer par écrit.

Prenons deux étrangers arrivant dans notre bonne ville de Montréal. Tous deux parlent français, mais l'un a fait des études classiques et l'autre s'est appliqué de préférence à l'étude de la langue anglaise. Lequel des deux trouvera plus facilement à se placer ? Le dernier, c'est clair. Il a deux chances en sa faveur, l'autre n'en a qu'une ; car les avantages que lui donne sa connaissance du latin et du grec ne sont pas de ceux qui peuvent immédiatement lui servir. Combien n'en avons nous pas vu, de ces hommes de haute éducation sous le rapport classique, végéter toute leur vie, faute d'éducation pratique, faute d'avoir appris ce qui est nécessaire tous les jours ! Ah ! si un homme a des rentes, si l'objet principal de sa vie c'est l'étude, pour l'amour de l'étude elle-même s'il n'est pas ramené de force chaque jour face à face avec les froides réalités de la vie—avec cette nécessité implacable "de pain et de beurre" comme on l'a appelée ; si aucune fatalité ne l'oblige de penser à des choses aussi prosaïques que le logement, le vêtement et la nourriture, alors, je l'avoue, il peut, par les études classiques, s'enivrer de jouissances que l'ignorant ne comprend pas plus que l'aveugle ne comprend la lumière du soleil. Il peut développer son intelligence dans la direction qui lui est chère, et s'il ne fait pas grand bien dans le monde par ses études, au moins il n'y fait pas de mal ; mais même alors, ses amis plus au fait que lui de la politique du jour, des découvertes modernes, des inventions récentes, des voyages lointains, s'apitoieront avec raison sur ce penchant d'un bel esprit, à tenir plutôt compagnie avec les ossements qui nous restent des sépulcres de l'antiquité qu'avec les hommes vivants de nos jours.

Je me résume. Remarquez bien que je ne prétends pas que l'utilité des études classiques soit nulle. Je voudrais seulement les mettre à leur place ces études, et cette place, selon ma thèse n'est pas la première. Que des intelligences supérieures, des jeunes gens doués d'excellente mémoire et de capacités hors ligne approfondissent l'étude des langues mortes, c'est juste, mais imposer au commun des mortels, trois ans d'école supérieure et quatre ans d'université pour qu'il puisse au bout du compte faire un peu de mauvaise prose latine, il me semble que c'est gaspiller un temps précieux qui serait mille fois mieux employé à presque toute autre étude, mais spécialement à l'étude de sa propre langue. Il est

notoire dans l'église à laquelle nous appartenons, que nos prédicateurs les plus populaires ne sont pas les plus savants sous le rapport des classiques. On s'aperçoit souvent trop tard de ses erreurs, et plus d'une fois je me suis dit "Ah! si seulement les jours perdus à scander des vers latins avaient été employés à l'étude de la botanique, de la médecine, ou même des opérations commerciales, comme j'aurais été mieux préparé à remplir les devoirs actuels de la vie!—Profitez, mes jeunes amis, de mon expérience tardive. Z.

Ministers cannot blame people for making very stupid comparisons between preaching and other forms of public speaking as long as they do so themselves. Nothing is more common than to hear ministers say, sometimes not in the best temper, "Oh, you can sit for hours and listen to political speeches, but you can't listen to the Word of God forty minutes." The comparison is most unfair. Would these same people listen to one hundred political speeches a year? No, nor fifty, nor twenty. Very few of them would go ten evenings to hear the best political orator in Canada. There is a vast difference between doing a thing regularly and doing it once or twice in a number of years. There is nothing that holds men like religious services when reasonably well conducted, and a minister never does a weaker or more foolish thing than when he asserts the contrary.—*Canada Presbyterian*.

Idleness is the root of all newspapers. On taking them up again, after an interval of abstention, two things are clear to me. First, that I have lost absolutely nothing by losing the daily papers; secondly, that the world to which I have come back for a time is, as represented in them, a world of lunatics. One of the phrases which most amuses me is that of the "power of the press." As though the mere fact of putting nonsense into print gave it any more power with reasonable people than it had before, or as though it were necessary to put it into print in order to get it into the heads of unreasonable people. The only power the press has is that of making silly persons believe that it has power, until they discover the contrary.—*T. G. Beck*.

#### NOTICE.—PRESBYTERY OF MONTREAL.

Candidates for license applying to this Presbytery at its meeting in April next will be examined as follows, viz:—

1. In Latin—Augustine's "Doctrina Christiana," fourth book, first seventeen chapters.
2. In Greek—The Gospel according to Luke.
3. In Hebrew—Genesis, chapters 1st, 2nd and 3rd; Psalms, first to tenth; Isaiah, chapters 52nd and 53rd.
4. In Philosophy—Caldwell's "Handbook of Moral Philosophy," or Pelissier's "Philosophie Élémentaire."
5. In Systematic Theology.
6. In Personal Religion.

The requisite certificates will be called for, and the examination conducted in writing.

JAMES WATSON, *Convener of Examining Committee.*

## S. CARSLY'S

### —GREAT KID GLOVE STORE—

is now offering tempting inducements in the KID GLOVE DEPARTMENT. 4-Button soft, elastic Kids for 35c pair. 4-Button Kids, sold elsewhere at \$1.50, are but \$1.00. Lot of fine quality Kid Gloves for 25c pair.

### NEW EMBROIDERIES!

See S. CARSLY'S New Embroideries.

See S. CARSLY'S Cheap Embroideries.

See S. CARSLY'S Reduced Embroideries before purchasing elsewhere.

### FUR TRIMMINGS!

Purchasers say that they have never seen Fur trimmings so cheap as are now being sold at S. CARSLY'S, all first quality.

### OVERSTOCKINGS!

The best selection of Ladies' and Children's Overstockings will be found at S. CARSLY'S.

Orders taken, executed, and delivered in a few hours.

S. CARSLY.

### MANTLE TRIMMINGS!

MANTLE FRINGES, MANTLE ORNAMENTS, in Chemise, Satin and Bagle, finest selection in the city.

S. CARSLY.

### HAND-KNITTED UNDERVESTS!

For Ladies and Children, in all sizes.

S. CARSLY.

### SASH RIBBONS! FANCY RIBBONS!

Immense reductions have been made in the above. Ask to see Sash Ribbons, even though you are not wanting them.

S. CARSLY.

## S. CARSLY'S,

365, 397, 399, 393, 395, 397, 399 Notre Dame Street.

## ANDREW McDOUGALL,

*Merchant Tailor,*

104 BLEURY STREET,

MONTREAL.

A CALL SOLICITED.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

FIRST PRIZE AND DIPLOMA, EXHIBITION 1881.

## W. G. MARTIN, PHOTOGRAPHER.

MR. MARTIN has deservedly earned a reputation for superiority of work. All the latest improvements of the *Art*, have been adopted by him, including the *Instantaneous Process*, which last enables him to catch a life-like and natural expression.

Calls from students respectfully solicited.

Composition Groups, Enlargements and Life-size Oil Portraits.

Telephone communication.

W. G. MARTIN, PHOTO.,

141 ST. PETER STREET, MONTREAL.