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THE NATIONS OF CANAAN.

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In these days of Biblical Criticism, destructive and reconstructive, everything that affects the historicity of alleged facts of Scripture should be of paramount interest to the Bible student. But, as a rule, this is not the case. The historical books have been largely studied, and commentaries have been written upon them, from a purely moral and spiritual standpoint, almost ignoring history. On the other hand, the most diligent search has failed to discover corroborative evidence for antediluvian history as contained in the book of Genesis; the old connections of sacred and profane history have proved, at least in older productions, dismal failures; and the latest school of writers on the story of the Israelites, rejecting the entire book of Genesis, and doubting

the fact of the Exodus, begins with the migration of an obscure Semitic tribe into the land of Canaan in the 13th century, B.C.

The practical individualist asks why we should trouble ourselves with the dry bones of Biblical antiquities, seeing that the Scriptures are above all, a moral dynamis, the power of God and the wisdom of God unto salvation. Even the solidarist regards the historical record as valuable only because it sets forth the spiritual progress of the race under the spiritual guidance of Divine Providence. But there has always been a large class of inquirers, by no means the least earnest and intelligent, who, while recognizing the spiritual power of the Word in regeneration, and delighting in the story of the gradual redemption of the race, have sought to present to their imagination a truthful picture of the ancient life of the chosen people of God and their contemporaries. Very many writers in all Christian lands, and at different periods, have ministered to this lawful desire, presenting in forms, more or less realistic or imaginative, the main facts of biblical epochs, by means of material furnished from sources external to the scriptural narratives. The names of these authors I hesitate to enumerate, lest I should fail to mention some that are most worthy of commendation.

Much of this material has been derived from records or chronicles provided formerly by ancient writers of history, but lately by contemporary monuments in eastern lands. Very great service has been rendered in connection with the physical geography, topography, natural history and antiquities of Palestine and the neighboring countries. But a great deal is yet to be desired. The completeness of these studies in some respects stands in marked contrast to their incompleteness in others; and in no respect is this contrast more decided than in the fulness of geographical detail as compared with the meagreness and utter indefiniteness of ethnographic notice. Not only is this true of the older historical geographies, such as that of Ritter, but also of such recent works as those of Drs. G. Adam Smith and McCurdy. Having made a long and careful study of the nationalities of

Canaan and its vicinity, bringing to bear upon this study much internal biblical evidence, and monumental and philological lore, I propose this evening to present a brief sketch of the ethnology of Palestine.

The common notion entertained in regard to the Canaanitic nations, is, that, with the exception of Israel, and perhaps the Arabians descended from Ishmael, they are extinct, having been at no time peoples of any historical importance as compared with the great races of the earth. This is a fundamental error, first as a matter of fact, and secondly because such a view robs their history of more than half its charm. The fact that their posterity is alive to-day in many parts of the earth and under varying conditions, yet retaining largely the original national features and character and traditions, and, with much dialectic differentiation, their language also, invests their ancient biblical records with an interest that could hardly be enlisted on behalf of a series of mere names destitute of attributes.

The land was called Canaan after the youngest son of Ham, whose descendants, presumably after the dispersion at Babel, migrated westward, and at first occupied the country from Shechem in the north down to the southern desert. The descendants of Ham's other sons, Cush and Phut, seem, by their connection with the Phount and the Ethiopians, to have entered Africa by way of Arabia Felix; but, from the mention of Mizor in the Phœnician fragment of Sanchoniatho, it would appear probable that Mizraim, the progenitor of an unhistorical or ground race, preceded the Canaanites in southern Palestine, whence pressure of an invading population drove them into Egypt to constitute its aboriginal stock. Unlike the Mizraites, Cushites and Phutim, the descendants of Canaan were the two great historical peoples of antiquity. There were but two original divisions of the Canaanites, although that name was generally given to the elder family only, for, according to the Toldoth Bene Noah, Canaan begat Sidon, his first born, and Heth. Since the days of Sanchoniatho, a writer assuredly far older than Moses, Sidon has been recognized as the progenitor of the Phœnicians, who

conferred his name upon one of their chief cities, more ancient than the famous Tyre. But the Phœnicians themselves were merely an offshoot of the Sidonian line. The name of Sidon as an eponym was soon submerged by that of his more illustrious descendant Hor, from whom all that branch of Canaan was called Horite. This is the first Gentile race of which the Old Testament, in Genesis and Chronicles, condescends to give particulars; and it was these particulars, met with by me in the course of Hebrew studies, that first led to my researches into Palestinian ethnology.

Abram found them at Shechem and at Mamre, where they came to bear the Hivite and Amorite names. But Melchizedek, priest of the Most High God, was of their race, with Aner, Eshcol, and Mamre, the warrior brethren, and such were the kings of the cities of the Plain, one of whom, Shemeber, has left his name on a monument in Arabia Petraea. They were also the primitive occupants of Mount Seir, and of Hazezon Tamar on the western shore of the Dead Sea. More important still, the Pharaoh who entertained Abram at Zoan in Egypt was a Horite, belonging to the first historical dynasty of that ancient empire, for the pure Egyptians were neither Mizraites, Chemi, nor Copts, but Hor-shesu, the successors of Hor, and this Hor was at once the descendant of Sidon and the heathen god whom the Greeks called Horus Apollo.

A brother of Zoan or Zaavan, who gave name to the first Egyptian city, was Akan or Yaakan. His descendants were driven out of Egypt, at least in part, and were met by Moses in Arabia Petraea at a place called Beeroth Bene Yaakan. They had exchanged their Egyptian or Horite speech for the Semitic lingua franca, closely akin to the Hebrew, and from the Semitic compound Bene Yaakan, or sons of Akan, came the Phœnician name which they carried at a later period to the sea-coast north of Palestine. So important a stock as the Phœnician, regarded as furnishing a colony to Bœotia, could not remain unknown to the ancient Greeks. Adding the Horite designation to that of Akan, they made of him their Agenor, father of Cadmus. Cadmus himself finds mention in the Bible in a form which our English version reads Etam,

but it begins with the Hebrew letter ayin, and its Egyptian form is Khetam, designating the well known desert on the north eastern border of Egypt. The book of Genesis recognizes the initial guttural, for it makes the Kadmonites a people in Abram's time. Later, on their way to Phœnicia, they occupied and named the plain of Jezreel, a title sometimes confounded with that of Israel by Egyptologists.

When the Cherethites, and the Ammono-Hittites or Hyksos, drove the Horites out of Memphis and other royal cities, some of them took refuge in the vicinity of Thebes, and maintained royal state as the Sekenenras, thus disguising the Yaakan name. It was by a marriage of one of these southern Horite Pharaohs with the only daughter of the last of the Hyksos kings that the new royal race arose which knew not Joseph and enslaved Israel. Since the time of Abraham, Horite and Hittite had contended in Palestine with varying success, the former best known as Amorites, having come up to defy Hittite supremacy from the south and east. At the entrance of Israel into Canaan, these Amorites had two kingdoms east of Jordan ruled by Og and Sihon, the latter of whom had gained victories over Moab that were the occasion of an ancient Horite war song translated into Hebrew in the book of Numbers. The greater portion of the south country to the west was also theirs under a confederacy of five kings, one of whom, Adoni-Zedek, was a descendant of Melchizedek of Jerusalem. To this confederacy must be added the republic of the Gibeonites of Kirjath Jearim, who became the subjects of the Hebrews and served them as the Nethinim. Long before this, however, Simeon and Levi with their followers had wreaked a sanguinary vengeance upon the Shechemites of Hamor and Shechem of the same Horite, Hivite, or Amorite stock.

The prophet Amos must have been in possession of some old tradition of this powerful race when he wrote, "Yet destroyed I the Amorite before them, whose height was like the height of the cedars, and he was strong as the oaks." The Amorite was not all destroyed. Where is he now? Tribal names, traditions, and other data, but above all philology will

tell. Not Phœnician nor Punic philology, nor the lingua franca of the few Amorite tablets of southern Palestine, for the Bene Yaakan with many other Horites became semitized in speech, though remaining Canaanitic in nature, but the language of the Hor-shesu or original Egyptians, and that is what we would now call a Malay tongue. With the Malay must be associated most of the Polynesian dialects, and those of the Kaffirs of Southern Africa. The Horite has fallen from his high estate, and no longer rules the world, save in small places in the Malay Archipelago. The Amorite lives in the Maori of New Zealand, who still calls the sun *ra* as his ancestors did four thousand years ago, but he is in subjection. Madagascar, long independent, has at last fallen a prey; and the Malays of the Philippines are waging almost hopeless war; while the victorious impis of Caffraria have ceased to be. Yet the race, even in its degeneration, has played a part in the arts of peace and war, and in Malay-Polynesia its enterprising stocks have been termed the Phœnicians of the East. Remains of ancient civilization have been found scattered over the whole of their area, and everywhere they have shown an adaptability to receive the lessons of later civilization and of Christianity. In many regions the scattered Horite still exhibits the stature of the cedar and the strength of the oak. His bravery is undoubted, and in hand-to-hand encounter he is now as of old a foeman to be greatly respected. Such are the descendants of the men who built up the first civilization in Egypt, Palestine, and Phœnicia, whose fleets swept the seas and carried commerce to the ends of the then known earth. Ichabod is written over them, their sun is set; but, by the Word which tells part of their ancient story, it yet may rise again.

The twin race that disputed the palm with the Horites was that of the Hittites or descendants of Heth. Their original tribes were eight in number, the Zuzim or Zamzummim, the Hepherites, the Temenites, and the Achashtarites in two divisions, the Chelubites and the Shuhites: the remaining three were the Cherethites, Zocharites and Ethnanites. But even in the time of Abraham, the Hepherites were better

known as the Kenites, and later they were termed Hamathites and Beerothites. The Temenites again were generally called Amalekites, whom Balaam termed the first of the nations. Also the names Chelubite, Shuhite, and Ethnanite were replaced by those of Rephaim, Emim and Kenezzite. Coming from the east and bringing with them in the career of conquest the names of their illustrious ancestors, Heth or Cheth and Ashchur, they pressed upon the Horites who had preceded them, and occupied almost all the country east of Jordan down into Arabia Petraea. Among their tribes smitten by Chedorlaomer, were the Rephaim, Zuzim, Emim, and Amalekites. A little later, Ephron a Zocharite found his way to Hebron on the west side of the river, which he took from its Amorite possessors, and where he sold the adjoining cave of Machpelah to the bereaved Hebrew patriarch. Soon the Hittite tribes swarmed all over Palestine, and the Cherethites, who seem to have led the van, became the first invaders of Horite Egypt. This they did not alone, but accompanied by their Zocharite and Kenezzite brethren. The Cherethite family, with which the line of Ammon was allied, achieved regal power, constituting in part at least the fourth Memphite dynasty. Its head was Chufu or Cheops, the builder of the great pyramid, and Chafra, who erected a smaller one, was his son. So great were the exactions and the cruelty of this line that the people of all nationalities in Egypt rose in revolt against it, and expelled the hated race of the Cherethites from their borders. For a long time they hovered over the north eastern limit, known as the coast of the Cherethites, and made many a raid upon the land of the Pharaohs by land and sea. For they vied with the Phœnicians as sea-rovers, and colonized the island of Crete. A remnant of them bearing the title Anakim, men of gigantic proportions, fought with Joshua's armies, and of their blood was Talmai, King of Gesshur, whose daughter was Absalom's mother. The Cherethites, mailed warriors, served as mercenaries in the army of David, and were faithful when his own people failed him. But the main body had long before invaded Assyria and ruled that land, where, as the Kurds, their descendants, still remain. Their

congeners the Zocharites, called Tokari by the Egyptians, and Teucri by the Greeks, seem to have accompanied the Cherethites in a state of free subordination. But the Kenezzites reigned as Pharaohs, first in far southern Egypt, and afterwards at Tel el Amarna, being known as the line of the Amenhoteps. Their kingdom in the latter seat came to an end about the time of the enslavement of Israel; but, when Moses left Egypt, there accompanied him a prince of this dynasty, namely Caleb, the son of Jephunneh, the Kenezzite. He a Hittite, faithful as the warrior Uriah in later history, was one of the two men of the Exodus to enter the land of promise.

The most illustrious Hittite rulers of Egypt were neither Cherethite nor Kenezzite, but Zuzimite or Hyksos. When the Cherethites were expelled from Memphis, the Ammonites, who had risen to power through an alliance with them, were allowed to remain in Xois in the north-west. There were many rival claimants for the throne of Memphis, some of whom agreed to sink their claims and place a woman on the throne, namely Zobebah, the grand-daughter of Ammon, and queen of Xois, on condition apparently of her relinquishing her paternal estate to her brother Anub, otherwise known as Amenemhe II. Ati, the Zuzimite, who was already the father of the famous Sargon of Agade in Babylonia, and who seems to have been a wandering soldier of fortune, offered his military services to Queen Zobebah, the Cybebe of the Greek story, on condition of her consenting to share the throne with him. To this she consented, and he warred against her enemies with good effect. But he was early assassinated by his guards. Then Mareshah, the Shuhite or Emim, a valiant soldier, whose name, indeed, with or without the honorific prefix *ma*, as in the geographical term Arish, stands for that of the god of war in many lands, as Mars and Ares, as well as the Siberian Arioski and the Huron Areskoui—this Mareshah, the Marsyas of Phrygian story, became the queen's defender, and established her infant son, born after his father's death, upon the Memphite throne, and subsequently over all the Egyptian empire. This infant was called by the

Egyptians Aahpeti, but more commonly Amenemhe III. A king from his birth, he was the Pharaoh of Joseph, who was exalted to be the prime minister of a lad eight years old. As he reigned a hundred years, according to all accounts, he survived his faithful minister the space of twelve. In the Sallier Papyrus he is represented as putting down all heathen worship, and insisting on that of one god, Sutech, supposed to be the Shaddai of the patriarchs. All countries under the sway of Egypt in its most prosperous time seem to have felt the influence of this religious revival, for, besides the Biblical cases of pious foreigners, Job and his friends, Jethro and his clan, Caleb the Kenezzite, and men of knowledge without virtue, such as Balaam, there is a record on the rocks of the Sinaitic peninsula of an officer of the guard who served Sutech. The Bible name of Aahpeti, the wonderful boy who reigned a hundred years, is Jabez or, as we should read it, Yaabetz, and this is his brief record: "And Jabez was more honorable than his brethren; and his mother called his name Jabez, saying 'Because I bare him with sorrow.' And Jabez called on the God of Israel, saying, 'Oh, that thou wouldest bless me, indeed, and enlarge my coast, and that thine hand might be with me, and that thou wouldest keep me from evil, that it may not grieve me.' And God granted him that which he requested." This Bible record is brief, but it is the story of one of the most far-reaching revivals in the world, of which there are many dim echoes in history. He survived his son and his grandson, and was succeeded by his great-grandson, Har-em-hebi, or the Golden Horus, called Mezahab in the Old Testament, and Methosuphis in the Graeco-Egyptian chronicle. It was his daughter Matred, or Mytera, who married Thothmes II. of the old Horite line, and who became the mother, first of Mautemva or Mehetabel, the saviour of Moses, and afterwards of Rameses the great and first enslaver of Israel. By this time Egypt had lapsed back into idolatry, only a few faithful ones like Jethro the Kenite, retaining the religion of Aahpeti and Joseph. One may smile at the Zuzimite name, which enemies turned into Zamzummim or the Buzzers, but the memory of Aahpeti should make it illustrious for ever

The Kenites were a wonderful people. We are told that Balaam looked on the Kenites, who had apparently succeeded the Horites in Mount Seir, "and he took up his parable and said, 'Strong is thy dwelling place, and thou puttest thy nest in a rock.' Nevertheless the Kenite shall be wasted until Asshur shall carry thee away captive." Belonging to the line of Hepher, the Cheper of the Egyptian monuments, they were better known as the posterity of Hemath or Hamath, and they bore the name Kenite because they were a nation of scribes, for the word *ken* meant "intelligent, clever, wise," as it does in Japanese to-day. The Sinaitic inscriptions, which are their work, enlighten us as to their history. A son of Hamath, or it may be of his son Rechab, whence the Rechabites, was Beeri, one of the fathers-in-law of Esau This Beeri was a man of such note that he was deified and his oracle was called Beeroth, which became a famous title of his descendants. The Greeks, from Homer onward to the dramatists, knew his story, and called him Proteus; his wife, Bashemath, became their Psamathe; and his daughter Judith, who married Esau, they termed Idothea, placing the whole family on the shores of Egypt. Now this old man of the sea was really named Be-ur-i, or he of the great water, as I discovered in course of correspondence with the Vicomte de Chasteigner, who sought the derivation of the name Biarritz in the Basque country, amid Kenite verbal memorials. The whole word is a corruption or modernization of the old Beeroth, and means the voice of the great water or of the sea. But Beeroth, Berothai in Hamath, and similar geographical names, give us Beeri as the eponym of the Beerothites of Syria. the Parthians of the Persian empire, the great Bharatan race of Hindostan, and of the Britons or Brython, who were neither Celts nor Saxons, but what historians have been in the habit of calling Picts. They have a large epic to themselves, the Indian Maha Bharata, as well as many a romance like the Brut d'Angleterre.

A son of Beeri and brother of Judith was Bedad, a somewhat Irish name, and he, in the Sinaitic inscriptions, is called Beda Ganibeta. In archaic Japanese, *gani-beta* means a

smelter of copper or any other metal. It appears that Bedad discovered the copper mines in Arabia Petraea, and began the smelting process which gradually, but in the end completely used up the timber that once covered the now barren but beautifully tinted rocks of that peninsula. In Basque, the language of the Euskara or Ashchurites, *ganibet* means a knife, and from this Turanian source were derived the French *canif* and the English *knife*. But originally it only meant smelted or worked metal. I had some interesting correspondence with Dr. Canniff, the well-known U. E. Loyalist and medical authority, over the origin of his Kenite name. The son of Bedad was Hadad who ruled in what afterwards became Edom, and at Avith, and who smote Midian in the field of Moab. Writers from Macrobius onwards have tried to find in the divine name Hadad the number one and a title of the sun. But Hadad is a Hebrew attempt to render the Hittite Otadi, which in Basque denotes a field of broom, whin, or gorse. In some inscriptions from Hierro in the Canary Islands, copies of which were sent me through M. Henri O'Shea of Biarritz by Senor Don Juan Bethencourt Alfonso, of Tenerife, I found more than one obituary notice of a sixth century Otadi, lords of that island. Now Hadad or Otadi reigned in Avith, which is the Egyptian Abydos, some distance to the north-west of Thebes, and the ruling dynasty of Abydos, and in part of Thebes was that of the Usert-sens. But *usert*, or as the Greeks called it *osiritis*, was a leguminous plant akin to the broom and whin, and *sen* denotes a plant or tree. The Usertsens were thus the Hadads or Otadis in Egyptian translation. A common name in the Sinaitic inscriptions and in Syrian history is Hadadezer, meaning "the son of Hadad," as it is rendered in Hebrew at times by Ben-Hadad. The Ben-Hadads belonged to the Hamathite area in Syria, and were fought against by David and subsequent kings of Israel.

Long before, however, we meet with this interesting fact that the husband of Mehetabel, Maut-em-va, or the mother in the boat, who saved the infant Moses and was called Pharaoh's daughter, was a Hadad or Hadar of the Kenite or Hamathite stock, called by the Egyptians, not Usert-sen but

Thothmes IV by virtue of this alliance. She had acted as regent for her brother, the great, but small minded, Rameses. who, on coming to his majority, erased his sister's name from all her northern monuments, substituting his own but clumsily, since the feminine pronoun was left after the masculine name. She carried the infant Hebrew lawgiver to her husband's kingdom of Abydos, and there defied the might of the tyrant of Memphis.

Hadadezer, or Benhadad the first, is the Yudhichthira of that great Sanscrit epic, the Maha Bharata. From him came the Parthian family that ruled Persia in the time of our Lord, and for two centuries both before and after some of its kings bore the old name with inversion of parts, calling themselves Tiri-dates. A considerable body of this tribe, probably by way of southern Gaul or northern Spain, migrated to Britain, which they named, bringing with them the worship of their god and goddess, Brith and Brithi. They were known to classical writers as the Ottadeni on the borders of England and Scotland, and their legendary history is contained in the Gododin of Aneurin, a famous Welsh bard. In the course of their migration, they left a lordly branch behind in Anjou in France. one of whose descendants Geoffrey, in the twelfth century, married Matilda of England, and brought to its throne the line of the Otadis, Hadads, or Plantagenets, for Plantagenet or Planta-genista perfectly translates the Egyptian Usert-sen. So the Usertsens of Abydos, the Hadadezers of Edom and Syria, the Yudhichthiras of India, and Tiridates of Parthia, the Gododin of Strathclyde, the Otadis of the Canary Islands, were the Plantagenets, Broomfields and Whinfields of the past, Bedads and Canniffs and Britons all.

Who are the Kenites as a nation now? The Japanese *ken* has explained their name, and Yama-to, the mountain door, the national designation dearest to the Japanese heart, as the Rev. Mr. Baldwin, a missionary of the Church of England, told me a few days ago, is what the Hebrews turned into Hamath. Their ancestors were scribes as well as warriors. Jethro and Hobab were of their race, and what word of life was possessed by Joseph and Moses was known to them and

doubtless to many more of their stock. The rapid advance of the Japanese empire and people is the wonder of the day, for it and they alone of all the Hittite nations, with the doubtful exception of Corea and the Coreans, have preserved their independence and vitality. It is to be hoped that they will emulate Jethro of old and give instruction even to modern lawgivers like Moses that shall be wise and good, rather than affect the treachery of Jael, the wife of Heber the Kenite, though she destroyed an enemy of Israel. There is no people, not even the Greeks, more renowned in song and story than the Kenites of Beeroth and Hamath, whom the Japanese represent to-day.

Time would fail me to tell the story of the other Hittite nations; how the head of the celebrated Rephaim was a Beth-Rapha, or in his own language Hammu-Rabi, a great Babylonian monarch; how his descendants the Rapha-Khita are mentioned with praise on the rocks of Sinai as the cavalry rear-guard of a Ben-Hadad's army; how as the Ribu or Libu they warred with northern Egypt, and migrated in part to Libya named after them; and how the giants of the valley of the Rephaim have at last dwindled down to the Lapps of northern Europe, while the Lappi-gunda of the Esthonian federation combines what is doubtless the truest form of the original Beth-Rapha with the name of his father Eshton. The cavalry of Gustavus Adolphus were Finns. The Circassians and the Basques, and all the Ural-Altaic family of peoples, including Majiars, Finns and other northern tribes in Europe and Asia, are remnants of the old Hittite race in its many divisions, once the most powerful race in the world; and America is not ignorant of them.

To exhaust the ethnology of Canaan would be to exhaust the world of men. There was a nation of which little is said in the Bible, which judges not as other books; but in 1 Sam., xxvii, 10: David, who, in the service of Achish of Gath, should have smitten Gesshurites, Gezrites, and Amalekites, lied to the Philistine king, and told him he had attacked the south of Judah, the south of the Jerahmeelites, and the south of the Kenites. Jerahmeel is a great name. Out of it the Romans

made their fabulous Romulus; and his son, not his brother, Ram, became at once their Remus and the eponym of Rome, a western Rama; while the same race in eastern migration, prefixing a b, called themselves Brahmans and worshipped Brahma, their great progenitor. But the Greeks translated the final *el* of Jerahmeel, turning the name into Erechtheus, and placing a king so called at the head of the royal Athenian line. Yerachmeel and his son Ram were thus the progenitors of the Aryan or Indo-European race. Mayaz, Yamin, and Geker were the sons of Ram, and Yerachmeel had another son of mixed Aryan and Horite blood named On or Onam.

From Maaz or Magaz, whence the Magi, descended the Perizzites or ancient Persians, of whom the Magi were priests, and Abraham married a Perizzite princess Keturah, who became the mother of Zimran and the Midianites. Yamin was the ancestor of the Minyans, from whom came most of the Sclavonic and some of the half Celtic, half Germanic tribes, such as the Belgae, The men of Jemini or Yemini, met with occasionally in early Bible story, are generally confounded by commentators with the Hebrew Benjamites, which is a radical error. From Eker or Geker was named the Philistine city Ekron. The earlier abode of this people was at the foot of the Dead Sea, in a region called Maaleh Acrabbim, or the ascent of the scorpions, and they were the scorpion like warriors armed in brass represented by George Smith in his translation of the Babylonian legend of Izdubar. From this Acrabbim, or really Gekrabbim, form of the name came that of the Greek Cecrops, also an ancient Athenian king, half human, half serpent. It does not appear that the Aryans possessed sovereignty, save in Gerar at first and afterwards in Philistia. The Hebrew writers translated the Aryan title Padi-Shah or Pitri-Rajan by their Abi-melech or father-king, but a later monarch so called bore the personal name Achish, which is just a version of the Spartan Agis.

The Philistines went down into the land of Egypt, and dwelt in a double capacity with the Horite and the Hittite rulers. They were either priests, Brahmans and Magi, and

as such royal advisers, or they were mercenary warriors, Praetorians and Varangians of ancient days. The Ekronites, for instance, were in garrison in the large suburb of Caro-Memphis; and men of Gath or original Goths, born in the land of Egypt, fought on the Hittite side of Hor-em-hebi against Thothmes II. the Horite, prior to the alliance between these Pharaohs. Whatever side these mailed warriors took was almost sure to prosper, and, like the Praetorians of Rome, they changed dynasties when they pleased. Occasionally their priests initiated Horite and Hittite kings and princes into their order and mysteries, and taught them how to compose pre-aryan, Persian or Sanscrit hymns in honor of the gods, such as appear in the Vedas. The Onites occupied On or Heliopolis, in Egypt, and Potipherah, Joseph's father-in-law, was one of their priest-princes. They were the original Ionians, and, when expelled from Egypt with the other Philistines, they occupied not only Ono and other towns in the north, but the south coast, including Gaza, which Stephanus of Byzantium says was originally called Ione. All the places along the coast named on the maps Khan Iounes, and erroneously supposed to denote abodes of the prophet Jonah, were really stages in the progress of the Ionians towards Syria and Asia Minor.

A branch of the Ionians was that of the Pelethites, who served along with the Cherethites and foreigners of all kinds in David's army, which was largely a foreign legion. The men of Gath were ancient Goths or Germans, and they also at times fought in David's wars. The story of Ittai the Gittite, an ancient Otho, is one of the most beautiful and touching in Hebrew story. It has been thus rendered:

The king passed over Kedron's brook,
And up the heights of Olivet,
Barefooted, as when shepherd's crook
He bore through meadows dewy wet;
With covered head, as mourners go,
And weeping eyes, the mount he clomb,
In flight before his dearest foe,
The wayward, handsome Absalom.

Curetes, clashing brazen shields,
'Neath crested helmets, march before;
Well known were they in Syria's fields,
And many a southern scene of war.
With trailing robe, and shouldered pike,
Ionian Pelethites pass on
In serried ranks; men saw the like,
Far down the years, at Marathon.

Six hundred Goths, blue eyed, fair haired,
And stout of limb, the rear-guard form,
Philistia's exiles, who had dared
What man may dare in stress and storm;
Their leader Ittai, splendid chief,
The exiled monarch following,
Silent, respectful of his grief,
Who slew Gath's champion with a sling.

"Go back, friend Ittai," David speaks:
"This is no place for thine and thee;
Return; the king thy presence seeks,
Why should'st thou wander forth with me?
But yesterday thou camest here,
An exile, haste thee from my side;
Yet sundered, be it far or near,
Mercy and truth with thee abide."

But Ittai of the splendid mien,
And Ittai of the eyes of blue,
Makes answer: "As God lives, I ween,
And as King David liveth too,
Where'er my Lord the King is found,
In life or death, whate'er may be
His lot, upon that self same ground
In life or death shall men find me."

It moved the king to his heart's core,
This proof from stranger lips that fell
Of loyalty and truth, far more
Than dwelt in his own Israel.

"Go and pass over!" rang out clear
His voice who now was once again
A soldier. Ittai kept the rear
With his six hundred valiant men.

Adown the ages comes this tale,
How Cherethite and Pelethite,
Mere mercenaries, did not fail
Their monarch in his evil plight;
And how six hundred Goths of old
Rewarded hospitality
With shouts o'er Olivet that rolled,
"We fight for David till we die!"

O world of little gratitude,
Whence chivalry has well nigh fled,
And hearts with self are deep imbued,
In struggle for earth's gold and bread;
Lift up your eyes to your liege lord,
Where'er an exile wandering;
Close round him, with brave Ittai's word,
"I fight, I die for thee, O king!"

The Ishmaelites of course abide in their original home, and as for the Edomites, they were probably merged in the nationalities of Esau's three wives, Horite, Hittite and Ishmaelite. The Ammonites and Moabites became part and parcel of the Horite stock in migration. There remain the Zimrites and Midianites, a mixed race, having the Hebrew Abraham for father and the Aryan Keturah for mother. Some clay tablets found at Tel-el-Amarna prove that the language of those calling themselves Sumerians and Mitanni was Celtic, that the Zimri, Sumerians, Cimmerians or Cymri were the ancestors of the Welsh and kindred peoples, and that the Midianites became African Numidians first, and finally Gaelic Nemedians, the initial *nu* or *ne* representing the article. Ephah or rather Gephah, the eldest son of Midian, is celebrated in Persian story, being Gavah, the blacksmith of Isfahan, who broke the yoke of the tyrant Zohak, and set Feridun upon the throne

of Iran, founding the family of the Gows and Gowans, the Cowans and Govans, and all the smithy clan. The Tel-el-Amarna tablets and the Babylonian and Egyptian monuments furnish us with the names of many Celts who ruled in Babylonia, and the latter furnish representations of the Celtic queens of at least two of the Kenezite Amenhoteps, with rosy complexion, blue eyes and fair hair. One of the Tel-el-Amarna letters in legible Gaelic though archaic, was written to Amenhotep IV by a Babylonian king Tarkhun-Dara or Tarquin the second. This was his dynastic title, his name on Babylonian monuments being Dungi. Driven out of Babylonia and marrying Amenhotep's daughter Ankh-nes-paaten, he became a Pharaoh and reigned at Tel-el-Amarna after his father-in-law's death as Tutankh-Amen. In migration the Kenezzites and Othnielites of Tel-el-Amarna, or some of them at least, accompanied the Midianite Gaels, and became the MacKenzies and MacDonalds of the Scottish Highlands. The Rosses descend from Mareshah or the illustrious Reshah.

I have much more to say on this subject, but time forbids, and your patience. The nations of Canaan were not mean men, nor are they extinct. They live to-day in reduced circumstances all over the world, in Malays, Polynesians and Kaffirs, in Japanese and Coreans, in Basques and Majiars, Lapps and Finns, in Brahmans and Persians, in Greeks and Romans, Germans and Sclaves, and in the Celtic stock, not only of the British Isles and Brittany, but also in the Berber area of North Africa, in the Canary Islands, and in the Peru of this new world.

Marvellous are the ways of God in the education of the race, giving to each division of it its prosperous time of probation, to be almost universally abused. So small a portion of the world as Palestine constitutes a sufficient stage on which to display His wonderful and oftentimes mysterious providence, in the gathering together and in the scattering of the nations, in the abasing of the proud and in the elevation of the humble. The history of the tribes of that small area reveals, only in part, what the favored peoples are slow to believe, namely, the ancient mingling of race with race, so

that none in its pride should stand aloof from the others; but, believing that God has made of one blood all nations of men to dwell on all the face of the earth, all should wish and labor for the coming of the time when all the tribes of Canaan, now wide spread over the world, shall unite in acknowledging Him as Father and Lord of all.

Why didn't you tell us sooner? the words came sad and low,
Oh ye who know the gospel truths, why didn't you let us know?
The Saviour died for all the world, He died to save from woe,
But we never heard the story, why didn't you let us know?

You have had the gospel message, you have known a Saviour's love,
Your dear ones passed from Christian homes to the blessed land above.
Why did you let our father's die and into the silence go,
With no thought of Christ to comfort, why didn't you let us know?

We appeal to you, Oh Christians! in lands beyond the sea,
Why didn't you tell us sooner Christ died for you and me?
Nineteen hundred years have passed since disciples were told to go
To the uttermost parts of the earth and teach, why didn't you let us know?

You say you are Christ's disciples, that you try His work to do,
And yet, His very last command is disobeyed by you.
'Tis indeed a wonderful story, He loved the whole world so,
That He came and died to save us, but you didn't let us know.

Oh souls redeemed by Jesus, think what your Lord hath done,
He came to earth and suffered, and died for every one,
He expected you to tell it, as on your way you go,
But you kept the message from us, why didn't you let us know?

Hear this pathetic cry of ours, oh dwellers in Christian lands!
For Afric' stands before you, with pleading, outstretched hands,
You may not be able to come yourself, but some in your stead can go,
Will you not send us teachers? will you not let us know?

This poem was founded on the appeal of a converted negro to the late Rev. P. Cameron Scott, missionary to Africa.

DOES GOD ANSWER PRAYER?

BY REV. J. F. MCLAREN, D.D.

Before attempting to answer the question, "Does God answer prayer?" we must first of all clearly understand what prayer is. Is it merely communion, or is it petition? Does prayer change the outward universe or does it alter our inward being. Does it work on God, or does it work on us? Not a few in the ministry of the Christian Church regard it as merely a metaphysical process, in which the soul excites itself to greater zeal and holiness. Thus Reville calls it a "gymnastique spirituelle," and in the same line is Robertson of Brighton who says: "What is prayer? To connect every thought with the thought of God, to look on everything as His work and His appointment, to submit every thought and wish and resolve to Him, to feel His presence so that it shall restrain even in our wildest joy—that is prayer." Further on he continues: "Practically then, I say, Pray as He did till prayer makes you cease to pray. Pray till prayer makes you forget your own wish and leave it or merge it in God's will. The Divine wisdom has given us prayer not as a means whereby to obtain the good things of earth, but as a means whereby we learn to do without them."

All this is beautiful and true as far as it goes, but it seriously errs by defect: it comes very far short of the truth in totally rejecting the right of petition. If adopted in deference to the attitude of some natural-scientists, it places its advocate in a more untenable position. Like every half truth it is a flagrant falsehood. For does it not amount to the grossest self deception, because whilst addressing God it is understood that he is unable or unwilling to answer; the soul must respond to itself. If He cannot change the outward how can He change the inward? It is not communion, it is not even devotion; it is simply soliloquy. Therefore, the knowledge of this self-deception is fatal to any earnestness or conviction without which there can be no moral strength. How can one be strengthened by a lie, as it weakens the conscience and

increases the sense of guilt? Moreover, it is utterly at variance with the supreme standard of truth, the Word of God. In it not only is the subjective value of prayer recognized but its objective value is also insisted on. For we are not only permitted but also commanded to ask for rain, health, food, prosperity, deliverance from prison, protection from the cruelty of persecutors, daily bread, length of days, etc. Hence, the position we are considering is a cowardly retreat from the outworks which will be utilized by skilful opponents so as to force a surrender of the whole position. Thus it is that no intelligent man can long honestly remain in that narrow view of prayer, and candid thinkers like Kant soon reach the conclusion that all prayer is superstition or fanaticism. "It is the little rift within the lute that by and by will make the music mute and ever widening slowly silence all."

Another idea of prayer, equally defective, is that to which so many enthusiasts cling, which regards it simply as a means of determining the will of God, a kind of "Open Sesame" whereby the door of Heaven is opened and every precious benefit received as asked for. In other words, they think the value of prayer lies wholly in its certainly securing outward favours. The whole asumption is based on such texts as, "Ask and it shall be given you, seek and ye shall find, knock and it shall be opened unto you." From this they infer that if they only have faith they must obtain whatever is requested at the Throne of Grace. The Christian Scientists carry this out to its logical issue, not only in professing to recover the sick, but also in being able to ward off death for all time to come, and thus securing incorruptibility and immortality now on earth. The error on which the whole theory is based lies in taking faith to be the only condition of successful prayer. There are many other conditions to be taken into account, as reverence, obedience, earnestness, humility and, above all, hearty submission to the will of God, the whole being summed up in the expression "as little children." For while He has in His promises made an answer absolutely certain to all who approach Him by prayer in this spirit, and in the name of Christ, yet as our

Sovereign Lord He reserves to Himself the right to determine the time, place and mode of answer. He has assured us in His loving kindness that if we ask we shall receive; but He does not say when, where, or how the answer is to be given. God's time may not be our time, nor His way be our way, yet the choice He makes will be the best possible for us. For example, it surely was through no want of faith, that although Paul prayed three times to have the thorn in the flesh removed it was not taken away. But an answer was given all the same, not, indeed, in the Apostle's way, but exceeding abundantly above what he had asked or thought of: he received strength to endure it. Even if we say Paul was imperfect in his faith like other people, no Christian will dare say that of the Saviour. Yet, consider His experience in Gethsemane where thrice He earnestly besought His father with strong crying and tears that the cup might pass from Him. But was the cup taken away? Was the prayer therefore unanswered? Certainly not, for while on our behalf He had tried to drink the cup to its bitterest dregs, yet more was granted to Him than was asked for: He received strength to endure it. For what is better, to have the burden removed and so left in weakness, or to be so strengthened that it shall feel no weight. Avoiding these extremes our Shorter Catechism gives the best definition of prayer, viz, "An offering up of our desires unto God for things agreeable to His will in the name of Christ. with confession of our sins and thankful acknowledgment of His mercies."

Dr. Van Oosterzee holds that of all the means of grace prayer is first in importance and first in point of time, standing as it does at the threshold of all the others. Whilst I cannot go as far as that, I regard it of infinite importance. Better for us ministers of the Gospel, if less of our time were spent in reading and more of it in prayer. Any one can see from the Gospels what an important place it occupied in our Saviour's life. And no wonder; it is the only means of direct converse with God. In it we speak to Him as friend to friend, and face to face. It is the Christian's vital breath, his native air. Hence it is no more possible to live religiously

without it, than it is for the body to live without breathing the atmosphere. Dr. Hodge says, that a prayerless man must of necessity be utterly irreligious. If this communication be cut off either by demonstrating there is no God or that He cannot answer us when we pray to Him, our spiritual life becomes wholly destroyed. Hence it is a favourite point of attack by opponents of Christianity. We will now consider these objections to prayer under three groups :—

I. *The Philosophical*, by which is denied the existence of God, or His personality. Thus Atheism, Materialism and Pantheism assert the self-existence of matter, or that God and nature are one and the same. Either of these is equally fatal to the possibility of an answer to prayer. On either supposition there is no one to hear and answer our supplications, and so nothing to be gained by prayer. The most intelligent Christian in addressing himself to God who does not exist or cannot hear, is in this respect no less superstitious or fanatical than the most degraded savage who bows down to a stock or a stone. We have not time to elaborate proofs of the existence of God, but will merely say with David of old, that the man who can survey the abundant proofs in Revelation, History and Nature of a supreme Being and yet say in his heart there is no God, is a fool. But one point deserves to be emphasized. These systems that would seek to rob *God* of His glory, also in the end rob *man* of his glory, by not merely degrading the Christian to the level of the savage but in placing all mankind on a level with the brute creation. For what is the use of Nature planting in us an eye, if there be no light wherewith to see; or an ear if there be nothing to hear; so what is the use of Nature planting in us a spiritual being with aspirations for communion with One far above us in His thoughts and ways, whose arm is almighty, whose mind is perfect wisdom and whose heart is purest love if there be no One who can hear and answer these aspirations. Yet every race of mankind, even the very lowest in barbarism, have had such a groping after God.

II. *Scientific.* Natural science in the hands of Agnostics is brought forward in opposition to prayer, in that whilst

neither affirming nor denying the existence of God, they urge that the order of nature, *i.e.*, of cause and effect is so invariable that the possibility of answering prayer by a change in the outward course of affairs is utterly impossible.

Thus Prof. Tyndall, a representative of this class, says: "One by one natural phenomena have been associated with their proximate causes and the idea of direct personal volition mixing itself in the economy of nature is retreating more and more. Science asserts, for example, that without a disturbance of natural law quite as serious as the stoppage of an eclipse or the rolling of the St. Lawrence up the Falls of Niagara, no act of humiliation, individual or national, could call one shower from Heaven or deflect towards us a single beam of the sun." This doctrine is held and stated even more forcibly by ministers in the Christian Church. Thus Robertson of Brighton says: "All is one vast chain from which if you strike a single link you break the whole. It has been truly said that to heave a pebble on the sea shore one yard higher up the beach would change all antecedents from the Creation and all consequents to the end of time. For it would have required a greater force in the wave that threw it there, and that would have required a different degree of strength in the storm—that again, a change of temperature all over the globe, and that again a corresponding difference in the temperaments and characters of the men inhabiting the different countries. So when a child wishes for a fine day for his morrow's excursion and hopes to have it by an alteration of what would have been without his wish, he desires nothing less than a whole new universe. Therefore it is expected that to comply with a mortal's convenience or pleasure, God shall place this whole harmonious system at the disposal of selfish humanity, seems little else than impiety against the Lord of law and order."

Now every intelligent Christian firmly believes in this uniformity of nature, as without it all would be chaos and confusion worse confounded. At the same time this fact may be pushed for more than it is worth, as has been done in the statements just quoted. Surely in them the law of cause and

effect has been driver to the ground. God becomes the creature of His own creation like the genius of Aladdin's wonderful lamp, and is so unable to alter the course of outward affairs as to be inferior to man. According to the dictum of science it is useless to pray for rain, for God cannot give one shower but such as is given in the ordinary course of nature, but man may by mechanical contrivances call down the shower at any time. God cannot or will not lift the pebble one yard higher up the beach, yet a little child may do so. One would think that a simple statement of the exact position of this theory in relation to God would make any intelligent Christian abandon it, exhibiting as it does the amazing folly and sin of such a doctrine. It is to be remembered also that speculative truth is not necessarily regulative truth. Speculation makes mountains of mole hills. What in theory appears an insuperable difficulty on closer inspection turns out to have no foundation in fact. Scientific truth, capable of the most exact demonstration, may be thoroughly false in practice. Thus mathematical science demonstrates the infinite divisibility of matter, but chemistry refuses to acknowledge it, and, as a working basis, is compelled to adopt the Atomic theory. A good illustration of this is to be found in the old problem of the hare racing with the tortoise, the latter having 100 yards start and going at one tenth rate of the hare. Mathematically the hare can never overtake the tortoise, yet practically it does so in a few bounds. The same thing might be shown with regard to the law of correlation and conservation of force. According to that law, the putting the foot down on the ground shakes not only this world but the most distant world in the universe. Practically, the effect on the earth stops the moment the foot touches it. And yet it is by similar reasoning on the law of cause and effect that Tyndall and Robertson object to the external efficacy of prayer. Theoretically, the illustration of the pebble and the shower is correct, but practically they are not correct. A greater degree of storm would not have changed the world and mankind for all time, past and future, nor would one local shower or one hour's sunshine have changed the universe.

Moreover there is another factor seldom taken into account by opponents of prayer. Inanimate nature may seem to be invariable, but there is a power that to some extent diverts nature from its course; the human *will* is supernatural. If there is anything that this century, with all its wonderful triumphs in science and art has taught us, it is most emphatically that physical nature is tributary to man, that he is master of his surroundings. Well-watered districts may be turned into a desert by stripping the land of it forests, and deserts may be made to blossom as the rose by means of plantations and artificial irrigation. The electric flash, that minister of death, has been transformed into the minister of light and life; the fatal disease may be deprived of its sting by the skilful physician; nor can it now be said that "man's control stops with the shore" for even the winds and waves are made subject to him by the powers of steam and steel. If thus finite man, the creature, is so potent in diverting the course of nature, what amazing folly to suppose that God the Infinite, the Creator, has less control. Is man mightier than God? The Scientist pleads, however, that there is no evidence of a higher volition having contravened nature. What then of the evidence of History? What of the experience of Abraham and Eliezer, of Lot, of Jacob, of Moses, Joshua, Gideon and Samson, of Hannah and of Samuel, of David the King and Solomon his son, Hezekiah and Manasseh, of the prophets Elijah, Elisha, Jeremiah, Daniel and Ezekiel: and what of Jesus and the Apostles and the Early Church. The trouble is that scientists of the Agnostic school, like Thomas of old, would rather believe the evidence of their ten fingers than the word of the ten Apostles. But the testimony is not confined to those distant ages, but in our own age and in every calling men have testified to the power of prayer; reformers as Knox, scientists as Newton, artists as M. Angelo, philanthropists as Muller, soldiers as Gordon, missionaries as Paton. Against this Gibraltar of fact all the theories of psuedo-science dash themselves in vain.

III. *Theological.*—Some, believing in the personality of God as we do, urge from His attributes of Greatness, Wisdom and Love, that prayer is needless, that there is no room for it.

(a) First of all, it is urged that if God has a plan according to the doctrine of election, if everything is determined, there can be no need for prayer, since it can never change His plan. But this objection would prove too much, since it would be equally valid against every other means of grace, the Gospel and Sacraments as well as prayer. Indeed, it has been so used against all of these. The truth is, however, that God's purpose is carried out by means even as ours. When we propose erecting a house we do not imagine that the mere intention of itself is sufficient. We require men, money and material. In the same manner God chooses to accomplish His purpose ordinarily in that way. So that there is a necessary place in His plan for all such means.

(b) Again, it is said that God's goodness and knowledge is a guarantee that we shall get all we need without requiring to ask of Him. This objection largely rests on the assumption that prayer is merely asking for favors. Whereas it is only one aspect of prayer; the other and equally important side of it is communion, which is necessary for the nourishing of the spiritual life in us. Further, even the asking for special favors is well pleasing to God, for He who has given it as a privilege has also laid it down as a duty: "Ask and ye shall receive" is not only a promise but also a command. As in the case of the mother delighted with the lispings of her babe, so God delights in the supplications of His people, and with their expressions of sincere gratitude for mercies received. There is much of God's goodness that the prayerless as well as the prayerful enjoy, "For He maketh His sun to rise on the evil and on the good and sendeth the rain on the just and unjust;" yet according to His revealed will there are some things conditioned on the asking for them. It is certain, according to the Gospel, no man can obtain pardon without supplicating for it at the throne of grace, so it is in temporal matters as in those cases of special provi-

dence occurring in the experience of almost every Christian, and which no amount of casuistry can resolve into mere undesigned coincidences.

(c) Lastly it is held that God, being so far above man in dignity, our trifling affairs are beneath His notice, and that it would belittle Him to condescend to hear us when we pray. If this theory is based on the assumption that His knowledge, like ours, is limited, it is utterly inconsistent with the idea of an Infinite Being, a position that cannot be retained for one moment by a sincere student of Scripture. If the theory is founded on the supposed want of condescending grace in God, that for the sake of His glory He will not and cannot stoop down to hear our supplications, then it is the very antipodes of the truth, judging from human analogy. As is well known, the Queen of Great Britain, who takes a deep interest in all the affairs of her people, high and low, loses nothing of her dignity or power in doing so, but immensely strengthens and exalts her position thereby. So it is the true glory of God, that the poor and needy may present their petitions to Him at any time and that He condescends to hear them. Surely He who gave up His only begotten Son to save us from sin is not far from any one of us, but is near to all who call upon Him in truth alone, and that He is both able and willing to save to the uttermost all who come unto Him.

"More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of. Wherefore let thy voice
Rise like a fountain for me night and day.
For what are men better than sheep or goats
That nourish a blind life within the brain,
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer
Both for themselves and those who call them friend?
For so the whole round earth is every way
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God."

Rocklyn, Ont.

Poetry

LOVE AND THE WORLD.

They were two young souls on a summer day
  Went building a home in the meadow lands,
When Love and the World came by that way,
  And paused to look on the work of their hands.

"Your house is a child's play night will end
  "Oh Souls"! said the World, as he shook his head;
"Time lieth in wait to slay and rend,
  "And earth is filled with the graves of his dead."

But, "Nay, not so; it shall stand secure,
  "This house they have builded for me!" quoth Love;
"What hath been done in my name stands sure
  "Nor Time, nor the changes of earth shall move."

"Its beams," said the World, "are the stems of reeds,
  "Its walls are but woven mats of grass;
"When the storm sweeps down on his thundering steeds
  "They will crumble like clay in the floods, and pass!"

"These hands,"—Love smiled as he held them out,—
  "Shall plait new mats of the osier stem,
"And her fresh oak-beams, strong and stout,
  "To be forever a home for them."

"The meadows are strait, and the outland wold
  "A trackless waste where vipers crawl;
"Its ways are steep and its caverns cold— [fall."
  "Mid the brambles and rocks they will stumble and

"I shall be with them in desert places
  "To bind their wounds in sweet leaves and oil.
"They shall lean on me thro' the weary spaces
  "And I will deliver them out of their toil."

"They are babes, and the fields of the earth are vast;
"They will drift apart," said the World, "and forget."
"They shall walk in my steps and come at last;
"Love never has missed one turning yet!"

"The night is long and the dark is dread;
"Their garments are thin, they will starve of cold."
"In my heart there is fire and light," Love said,
"Would warm their dust tho' a century old!"

"I am Lord of life; I am Lord of death;
"I hold these souls in my hollowed hand.
"No change shall smite them with icy breath;
"They shall dwell at ease in a timeless land!"

ROBERT MACDOUGALL.
Harvard University.

PSALM VIII.

O Jehovah, our Lord, how majestic Thy name
In the earth!—all its regions thy glory proclaim:
O'er the land and the sea 'tis displayed to our ken;
And the blue vault of heaven reflects it again.
Yea, and even the child and the babe at the breast
Do Thy power betoken, Thy greatness attest;
And sufficient the faltering praise of the young
To discomfit Thy foes and to silence their tongue.

When compared with the heavens Thy deft fingers wrought,
With the orbs into being Thine ordinance brought,
What is man that Thou bearest his state in Thy mind?
And man's son that Thou should'st unto him be so kind?

For him lower but little than God Thou hast made,
And Thou crownest with glory and honor his head;
Thou hast set him to rule o'er the works of Thy hand,
And subjected the earth to his lordly command.

All its sheep and its oxen, the beasts of the field
And the fowl of the air to his sovereignty yield;
O'er the tribes of the fishes his sceptre he sways,
And the throngs that infest the sea's shadowy ways.

O Jehovah, our Lord, how majestic Thy name
In the earth!—all its regions Thy glory proclaim.

W. M. MacKeracher.

Maisonneuve, October, 1900.

Blessed are the pure in spirit!
How? For they shall see their God,
Blessed are the pure in conscience!
They shall have a great reward.
Keep your soul from stain or blemish,
Keep it clean and pure and right
Only those with spotless garments
Walk with Jesus Christ in white

SOME SOCIAL PROBLEMS FOR THE NEW CENTURY.

REV. GEORGE H. SMITH, M.A., PH.D., D.D.

Each age in human history has been marked by features peculiarly its own. The narrow-minded and short-sighted, who can scan only the present and never revert to the past, are likely to think their own age the worst and to magnify its evils because it is the only age they know. They are equally prone to jump at conclusions regarding the fate of the age, never realizing that they must trace to their origin the straggling threads of the fabric that is being woven for centuries. We never know what sudden turn in the course of affairs may change the whole current of events.

There are certain social conditions marking the present age, which the Christian worker must take into his reckoning. We are in the dawn of a new century, and not living fifty or a hundred years ago. New social conditions arise in nearly every decade. Discoveries and inventions in science have their effects upon human society. Behold the change in literary style consequent upon the telegraph! A new idea, a theory or an ambition seizes the minds of men like an epidemic. All these changes have to be taken into account in efficient church work; for the Church of God must maintain her vigorous life amidst every change. She must lead and not follow; she must control and not be led.

Many are the conditions to which we refer, and they will appeal to different minds in as many ways. If the Elizabethan age has been characterized as one of discovery and colonization, we may speak of the Victorian era as one of commerce and invention. With this as its predominating feature, one may be little surprised to find that the golden calf has been supplanted in worship by the almighty dollar, and we bow down in slavish idolatry as of yore until we hear with fresh voice the first and second words of the decalogue as applicable now as ever. The commercial spirit has seized humanity, male and female, and this has added stimulus to

man's inventive genius. Speculation and investment, profit and loss enter into all our concerns and make "probability" still the guide of life. Everything must be measured by its money value. It seems, of late, that even heathen nations, because they offer no market for civilized peoples, must either be made marketable or be wiped out of existence. If this commercial spirit were properly applied in seeking the greatest good for time and eternity all would be well, but when man becomes so mercenary that the temptation leads him into avenues of selfishness, avarice and immorality, and consequently runs counter to the spirit and teachings of Christ, the expounder of the higher life, and when greed for wordly gain becomes the all absorbing topic, then there is little time for the cultivation of true religion, for the marketable value of the commodity is not at first apparent. Through disuse the family altar has crumbled into ruins, the Bible is a neglected book, the home has been despoiled of much of its sanctity, and religion has little more than a name. Sunday is a day of planning and recreation and is no more the Sabbath. Such, at least, is the picture that may be drawn in places, where a generation ago, such a condition of affairs could not be found. Our state educational systems aim too much at the cultivation of the intellectual to the neglect of the moral and spiritual. How to meet the consequent growing need and to stem a rising torrent is a question for the Christian worker. To overthrow the spirit of the age is all but useless to attempt. Rather, then, seek to control and guide it. We must teach that God lives and takes cognizance of every human thought and act, and that the highest life is that which is lost in Him, and the strongest will is that which has been made His; that the surest guide to successful commercial enterprise and business speculation is embedded in that word of God "which liveth and abideth forever," and which teaches that the best credit is a good name rather than great riches; that the surest investment is a faith that brings peace, and that the safest insurance is that in the kingdom of God; the greatest discovery, the "pearl of great price." For after all, what does the present struggle mean? It is not the

accumulation of wealth for wealth's sake, but the amassing of money for what we think money will buy, namely, happiness. But through the rifts in the clouds that arise from the great struggle we can see that it is peace for which the world longs. The commercial spirit, therefore, must be applied to spiritual attainments and then man will have gained something abiding, something satisfactory. The Bible must be made a speaking book, and God upheld as a living reality.

The stoic indifference with which death has come to be regarded is a singular feature of our age. Death comes as a matter of course and what comes after is regarded with little concern, at least, so it seems, with the great majority. The death of one in high position in a community is rather hailed with a delightsome curiosity in consequence of the shuffling of other positions caused by a vacancy and the scattering of hard hoarded wealth into other hands. No doubt one reason why death has come to be so lightly regarded is a result of the continued and persistent omission in our preaching to-day of the great doctrines of hell and the judgment. "You preachers do not believe in hell as you used to," is the criticism one so frequently hears. "O yes, we do," is the answer, and then comes the final rejoinder, "Then you never preach it." God seems to be popularly regarded as a lax and reckless judge, whose good nature overpowers his good judgment. Hell is only a myth and death means either extinction or happiness for all. The Bible is distinct and emphatic in its teachings of the eternal punishment of the wicked and is in this in perfect harmony with the justice in the nature of God. Let the whole truth be fearlessly, lovingly and uncompromisingly preached. Let there be more expository and dogmatic teaching in the department of eschatology and we feel that great changes will be wrought in many lives.

To even the most casual observer there appears another peculiarity of our age, namely, the want of reverence in the young. No honor for the hoary head, no veneration for sacred things, but the evidence of utter disrespect for teachers and a contemptuous disregard for parents. This is as deplorable as it is apparent. A stranger meeting a mob of

school-children, let loose from the school-room, must run the gauntlet of impertinent staring and must patiently bear the criticisms and personal remarks made for his hearing. The prevailing disobedience to parents from even the youngest member of the family is appalling. "You know my boy is nearly fourteen," said a despairing mother to the writer, "and he has got to that age when we must let him have his own way. We simply can't do anything with him." Poor mother! no wonder; you spared the rod and spoiled your child, and now a heavier rod falls upon you. To those who claimed that the decalogue "evolved," there must appear another stage in the process, for now in practice we read, "Parents obey your children in all things, for this is prudent." "Masters be in subjection to your own servants and thus avoid a strike." The facts daily coming to light are sufficient to cause the greatest alarm. A boy of fifteen threatening with a revolver and shooting his father may remain no isolated and extreme case. But what else can be expected in an age so busy that parents scarcely see their children from Monday till Saturday? What can result from a home training devoid of Bible, family altar or religion? The home is, after all, the foundation of religious and national greatness. If the proper sanctity is assigned to it, and if marriage is taught to be a divine institution and not a commercial speculation; if the teachings of Solomon were more carefully instilled into young minds and if parents and teachers would insist that obedience is the first and most important lesson in life, then there would soon come a stronger desire to obey the Heavenly Father and an ideal age might be looked for. Indeed, in this respect a profitable lesson might be applied in this commercial age from the old commandment, "Honor thy father and mother, that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee."

The thirst for novelty is to-day infinite when compared with that of the Athenians of St. Paul's time. News does not only travel with a rapidity hitherto unheard of, but events, great events, are enacted with equal swiftness. The hero is the man with the new idea. Even the cover page of the popular magazine must change with every issue, and in every-

thing is the desire for some new thing evinced. To the minister it has become exasperating. Some new fad in the form of a society seems ever to threaten like the last straw to break his courage, and he sighs for the return of the good old times one reads about. Hurry, hurry, rush, rush, from week to week. Study is a luxury in which he can no longer indulge, in his desire to engineer the complicated machinery of a modern congregation. Will some daring prophet not arise and tell the church that the minister of Christ is neither the advance agent of a great show, nor the financial manager of a business concern, but that he is a teaching elder in the church of God, and that church is a divine institution. Only as he is allowed to exercise his legitimate vocation will true and permanent success come to the church in the work of uplifting souls to be "in tune with the Infinite," and fit them to bear the burden of everyday life. Is it a wonder that there are not more conversions and that the "dead line" is so soon reached?

The attitude of the "working man" to the church (save the expression) has in some places assumed a peculiar phase. The working man has joined what forms a distinct class in present day society, a class largely antagonistic to the church. This feature has arisen chiefly from the fiery speeches of union leaders and strike instigators. The church, they maintain, is supported by and favors the rich and is consequently no friend to the poor man. Many indeed are led to regard the church simply as a benevolent institution through which bread and work must be obtainable for all and failing this, the church they think, looses her very right to exist. In one of our cities not long ago, it was with great difficulty that a committee from the Lord's Day Alliance, could persuade a certain union that the chief aim of the Alliance is to protect the rights and liberties of this same class. The mind must be cleared of this prejudice and the church must persist in showing that she is the friend of all, that Christianity is in the truest sense the leveller of all castes, that God is the favorer only of the righteous, and that the teachings of Jesus alone can uplift humanity. How to reach the masses has been a question, the solution of which has led the church to do strange things, such as a gorgeous display of decoration

the advertising of sermons by catchy and often ludicrous titles, the turning of the service of the sanctuary into an opera with a sermonette thrown in to make it respectable. There is a great difference between the gathering of a crowd and the building of a congregation. The one can be done by trickery or buffoonery, the other only by the power of God. As Dr. Parker said, "I could fill St. Paul's Cathedral by advertising that I would swallow the pulpit Bible." But the only way by which both to draw the people and to establish a congregation is to follow the advice of the Great Teacher: "And I, if I be lifted up from the earth will draw all men unto me." As long as there are sinners in the world, there will be a demand for the preaching of that gospel that tells of rest for the weary, peace for the troubled, salvation for eternity.

The war between labor and capital has been more or less in evidence since the days of Cain and Abel. Present conditions in society are such that trusts and monopolies have become the most alarming features in the great struggle for life. The worst kind of slavery is that made possible for the present day monopolist, wherein with a despotism that may be worse than that of any Czar, he may enslave the bodies and consciences of his fellow-men, denying them the liberties of every free-born citizen. The present proportions of labor unions and secret orders are largely due to human selfishness, as exhibited in monopolies and trusts, and this is the point to which the commercial spirit has brought our age. Let us hope the pendulum of human tendencies may soon swing towards the opposite direction, and that we may see the ushering in with a new century of the dawn of an altruistic age in which the eleventh commandment may be learned and practised. After all this is the only solution to the problem. When we have learned to love one another we will then find that state vainly sought by anarchists, socialists and political economists.

These are some of the features of the age with which the Christian minister must deal. There are many more. These he must seek to meet. The needs and temptations of humanity are ever the same, and the gospel of Christ remains still the power of God unto salvation unto all them that believe.

St. Catharines.

MISSION WORK IN THE MOUNTAINS.

It is scarcely to be hoped that those who have listened to the thrilling accounts which Pringle gave of his work in the far North, or who have been harrowed by the recital of the perils and atrocities which the Honan Mission Staff have encountered and survived, will feel any enthusiasm over the experience which an every-day Home Missionary may have to relate; it is, indeed, not to be expected. Home Missions to many people are, if not of secondary importance, of comparatively little interest. There is not the privation which they experience in the far North, nor is there the possibility of upheaval which in remote lands among alien peoples places the lives of the missionaries in constant jeopardy. Service in the Foreign Field is invested with a heroism and romance not possible at home. Distance lends enchantment.

But just here lies the difficulty. No one can pretend that the Foreign work will long flourish if the Home work be languishing; and to that pass we have come. Fruitless appeals are made from time to time in the church papers for more men; and concurrently with these we had in one paper two consecutive articles on Revival and Present Need. There is something pathetic and significant about this "altogether quiet *fact*"; for a fact it is. We need a revival, and as a natural consequence we need men. The Presbytery of Kootenay needs them at all events. On my arrival here in April last it contained twenty members; and several stations were still unmanned, for the simple reason that men were not forthcoming. Now the Presbytery is, not "decimated," but halved. But let no one mistake. Over the entrance to the Kootenays the church has written, Whoso loveth ease let him not enter here. The man who feared he might not be paid did well in not obtruding; he would have been a cumberer. Slippered ease in a luxurious study is preferable to life in a shack twelve feet square, into which are compressed parlor, study, bedroom, kitchen and pantry without curtains; where the master is his own servant, and must needs sermonize

while stirring porridge and washing dishes. The men needed here must be content to forego the granolithic sidewalks of eastern town and city, to tramp mountain trails and climb granite hills in hob-nailed boots, not for pastime, but on duty.

Some of the readers of the JOURNAL have already asked me by letter the very natural, and to the Kootenayan the somewhat amusing question, Where is Eholt anyway? I shall endeavor to answer. The Presbytery of Kootenay, roughly speaking, begins at the Crow's Nest and extends along the international line. Approximately, it may be taken as a rectangle, with sides as two to one and enclosing an area of about fifteen thousand square miles. Rossland is known the world over; Nelson is the wholesale centre for the interior; Grand Forks and Greenwood are growing rapidly; these are our principal cities. For, be it remembered, the West knows not the petty distinctions of village and town. Cities here are like Jonah's gourd, they rise in a night—and not seldom perish in a night. A year ago and Eholt was spoken of as a city; to-day it is a hamlet. The mines, with one exception, were closed, and its knell was rung. Yet the whole region is one vast orebed, and smelters are built or building at the valley towns, Greenwood and Grand Forks, respectively nine and fourteen miles distant, but in opposite directions. This is the "Boundary Country."

The privilege of pioneering was denied me. My predecessor tented; I am "shacking." On his withdrawal the field was divided; Phœnix, destined to become another Rossland, having in a few months matured to the point of calling, while "Eholt, etc.," was assigned to me. The town was to be merely a base of operations, much the greater part of my labors being hieroglyphically represented by the "etc." The recent depletion of the Presbytery's ranks has given it a much larger meaning, till now I am a mere convenience man, gap-filling here and there as may be deemed expedient, while "Eholt, etc," are touched only at uncertain intervals.

One thing strikes me agreeably, and that is the readiness with which all shades of religious and irreligious opinion will give the preacher a hearing. Once they have well taken his

measure he may prepare for a falling off in numbers, but as a rule, if the impression is a favorable one they will stand by him. Not a few will frankly say that they are not religious but like to hear the singing; and whatever may be said for their love of music or the quality of what they are entertained with, there is little reason to discredit their avowals. It will often be necessary, if the minister has any "go" at all, to visit the bar-room and invite them to the service. On one such occasion, when I stepped up to a group who were treating, I was invited in the pleasant euphonism which they employ to "have a smile." I declined, of course, with thanks, and asked them to come along. Two or three of them did come; but one insisted on taking a special part in the service—there were only six present. As I led the singing of the hymn he joined in with *do, re, mi.* I managed to get through the prayer without interruption; but he interspersed my address alternately with idiotic witticisms and flat contradictions. Were I possessed of fistic skill I should have been tempted to chastise him and let him go; but I bore with him, while the others now and again tried to silence him with "Tom, shut up now." The service was a profitable one, notwithstanding, in increased respect and influence.

Drink, gambling and harlotry; harlotry, gambling and drink! These are the furies of our modern civilization, and they have slit many a life. The withering curse of western mining life, though not limited to mining camps, one goes with the other, weird, fateful sisters. How little can a missionary accomplish among men thus besotted! Yet the Spirit of God works with his Word. It is a hand to hand fight against the united forces of evil; and if one has not strong faith, alike in God and humanity, he will soon find that he has none in either. But there are Christian men "striking steel," as well as writing books and managing banks, and for these I am thankful to God. You cannot easily imagine my joy to find that the off-shift had been practising singing with a view to better music at the service. Imagine a low unceiled log cabin with double rows of bunks on each side, occupied by men in various postures as best

adapted for repose; flickering candles stuck here and there in the bunk posts; the table, gray and greasy from melted drippings, covered over with a spare blanket and adorned with a couple of bouquets, held in gin bottles, over which some of them had some time "smiled;" two candles for the preacher's benefit, the cards thrust away into the window at his back, while they worship God; and you have a fair picture of church at the mine mouth.

There will be something comical to the eastern mind about a Kootenay missionary making pastoral calls; but it is part of the programme, nevertheless. You do not usually sport a gold-headed cane in such rounds, nor indeed any other if you are discreet. But you will be furnished with a carriage if desired. Mine was once and again put to good account. Just fancy sitting astride the cowcatcher of an ore engine (with a copy of the *Witness* under you for necessary reasons), sniffing the purest air that blows, while the huge steel horse rolls his mighty weight down the mountain way, reined in at intervals lest he throw himself and you into a gorge, where trees are pencils and rivers ditches. It is exciting and exhilarating, albeit not what Montreal or Toronto Doctors of Divinity might fancy. Thus the work has some fascinations all its own.

One will not always get a congregation at will, and a little strategy will be perhaps necessary. I once inflicted a sermon perforce on a congregation of ten. Four of them had already come to the appointed place, but in a shack store were a half dozen more whose presence I coveted much. I invited them to little purpose, and asking the four to follow made for the store. I showed them in and standing at the door looked round. One rose to go out, but I motioned him to his nail-keg seat. There might have been a scene but he sat down. There was nothing for it but to hear me out or fire me out. They heard me. I read them the ninth of Luke, in which the sending forth of the twelve is detailed without scrip or needless coat, while they were to shake off the dust of their feet if not received. "This day is this Scripture fulfilled in your ears," I began, and spoke with warmth. Compel them to come in.

It may not be in good taste to relate how once I forded the North Fork, with trousers, socks and boots on one arm and a long stick in the other hand in order to round up the ranching community for service. They appreciated it and I rather enjoyed it. Kiltie fashion without the tartans. A good congregation was the result. But I have trespassed overmuch, both on the JOURNAL'S space and the reader's patience. The linotype has made it immaterial what font may be drawn upon, or to what extent, but I must crave the indulgence of the critic for the frequency with which the third vowel occurs singly. Best wishes for the JOURNAL and the College.

HECTOR MACKAY.

Eholt, B.C.

"Then gently scan your brother man,
Still gentler sister woman;
Though they may gang a kennin' wrang,
To step aside is human:
One point must still be greatly dark—
The moving *why* they do it:
And just as lamely can ye mark
How for perhaps they rue it.

"Who made the heart, 'tis He alone
Decidedly can try us;
He knows each chord—its various tone
Each spring—its various bias:
Then at the balance let's be mute
We never can adjust it;
What's done we partly may compute
But know not what's resisted."

—ROBERT BURNS.

College Note Book.

STUDENT LIFE.

What a pity the man, who writes under the above name and above the under name, were not an invisible force! My dear reader, I must very kindly but firmly inform you that you do not appreciate fully the difficulties of Local Editor, else you would not object to my first statement. If a man were able to write things down like electricity and then become invisible and get away like that subtle fluid, then I could see how his life would be one of comparative peace. Electricity records, simply, the impression received upon it, and so ought the Local Editor, but if he does he must procure a second lock for his door, and rise early in the morning in order to get his outside movements over before the majority awake, so that if attacked he may be able to escape with his life, even if he comes off a poor second. Life is sweet. This thought leads one to the practical conclusion that if he cannot became invisible, he ought to be selected from among the giants. Yet, alas, neither is possible this year. But he has come to this firm decision, viz., to be a martyr to the cause, to record faithfully and without malice aforethought all the deeds and misdeeds which require emphasis.

With the above reminder we proceed.

It is needless to say that work has well begun, but, as yet, to most of us it has been of a mixed character. Thank fortune! committee work on receptions, sports and organizations are fast lessening. Solid work along one desired line is now the order of the day.

It appears evident on all sides that our men have had a successful summer, as far as finances are concerned, for it is some years since the students were so liberal-handed as this year. Established funds and special demands (and their name is legion) have been very satisfactorily met.

It is no use for me to attempt to give you even an inkling of the great fund of stories which have been brought back by the various students from North, South, East and West. People come here and tell us that we have need to go to such and such conventions in order that we may know what other people are doing. Such irony! Few conventions have representatives from as many countries as this college. Our men have labored and travelled in almost all the civilized world.

Among the Freshmen things are as they ought to be, more students in Arts and less in the Literary classes.

Again we record our gratitude to Mr. David Morrice for additional renovations within the College. This time it was the new building which received the painter's brush. The whole building now—corridors, dining hall, dormitories and class-rooms—presents a pleasing artistic effect. Wandering students tell us that our building, inside and out, is second to none of its kind in Canada. It is hoped the students will show their appreciation by not unnecessarily damaging any portion of it.

The election of officers in the Dining Hall for the current session resulted as follows: President, E. Leslie Pidgeon; Vice-President, W. G. Brown, B.A.; Secretary-Treasurer, C. A. Hardy, B.A.; Precentor, Donald Stewart, B.A.; Assistant Precentor, N. V. McLeod.

We are pleased to have among us three men from Manitoba College, Mr. W. O. Rothney, Mr. S. Lundie, B.A. and Mr. W. Bell. Mr. Rothney has taken part of his course in Morin, part in Manitoba and has come here to graduate. Mr. Lundie enters the third year in Theology. Mr. Bell enters the second year. Mr. A. S. Reid comes to us from Morin College. Mr Reid is taking third year in Arts and first year in Theology We desire these men to make themselves at home among us.

We record with pleasure the success of one well known to many of us, Mr. J. G Stephens, B.A., who held many important offices in the Manitoba College during the summer session

just closed. Besides being Associate Editor on the College Journal, he was chosen valedictorian. Neither would we forget W. J. Inglis, B.A., who spent one year with us. He held the distinguished position of Editor-in-chief of the Manitoba College Journal. We wish both of these men a life of successful labor.

The following compose the Reading Room Committee: H. H. Turner, B.A. (convener), J. H. Laverie, B.A., Donald Stewart, B.A., Peter Mathieson, A. S. Reid, J. U. Stewart, W. H. May, A Charron, J. H. Woodside.

The students here accepted an invitation to join in a welcome to Mr. Blyth, a returned hero from South Africa. He is a student in the Congregational College. Mr. Blyth has almost entirely recovered from his serious illness. Following that, our boys invited two "Soldiers of the Queen," Mr. F. H. Dunham and Mr. W. J. Rooke to take tea with us on the next evening. They both belonged to "C. Company," and their homes are in Toronto. Mr. Sharpe distinguished himself in his address of welcome. Mr. Rooke gave a modest and suitable reply.

Our telephone number is "Up 2619."

Be careful young man in your illustrations. Don't have the choir tittering an accompaniment to your unconscious puns. "Peter Cooper was never much of a success," explained the preacher, "until he went to New York, started a glue factory and *stuck to it!*"

He—I have no appetite. There is a rumbling in my stomach like a cart on a cobblestone pavement.

She—Perhaps it's the truck you ate for luncheon.

A. S. R.—"Say, L—re, come into my room till I part your hair."

L.—"Don't you know that all great men have their hair on end."

G. D. C.—"I held a very important position last summer."

Stuart E.—"What was it?"

G. D. C.—"I was in quarantine for three weeks."

W. R.—(enters No. 34, looks at the various doors)—"I'm looking for my room. Is this the elevator?"

D. D. M.—(Election of officers) "Say, L—re, you keep quiet, you'll come in for second Vice"

E. L. P.—"L—re was never known to be second in any vice."

Prof.—"Is Mr. G. W. T. present?"

Chorus—"No."

Prof.—"He keeps to his historic record."

J. H. S.—"When two men are talking about any subject and neither knows what he is talking about, that is metaphysics."

Prof.—"How do you spell your name S-t-u-a-r-t or—?"

D. S.—(Who's summer's work left him in robust health),—"S-t-e-w."

ANNUAL PULL.

There was a sound of revelry by night. Yes, and many met their Water-loo.

J. P. Mac.—"If anybody comes into my room I'll know him in the morning."

W. R. (vigorously)—"I'll see you in the morning."

U. S.—"Burglars! Burglars!! Burglars!!!"

MacK-ll-r—"Say, boys, I'm not a freshman."

MacGou. (about 12.30)—"Oh! Oh!! They have taken my bed!"

1.30.—"I'll sit in this chair till morning!"

2 a.m.—"Are they gone? Is it safe to go to bed?"

M-n-g-e—"Ough! Oh! Oh!! Will some one lend me a dry night dress?"

W. O. R.—"They did not pull me for my feet were knotted in the foot of the bed."

(Overheard on Annual Field Day).

Punch—"The Presbyterians have good wind."

Wiggs (calmly)—"Yes, they are long-winded."

QUERIES.

How much sage tea would one have to drink before he would become wise?

Why did "No. 19" sit with his face against the pane on the night of the "Annual Pull?"

Who put his foot through the fanlight?

Who took the "turkey-run?"

Who was affected with hysteria?

Was it an accident that one of our number accompanied two Miss Lambs to church and preached on "the sheepfold?"

Is it the catechism or oatmeal which makes the Presbyterian students so good on the field of sports?

C. A. HARDY.

REPORTER'S FOLIO.

The second annual field-day of the W.P.D.C. Athletic Association was held on Thursday, October 25th, on the M.A.A.A. grounds and in every way proved a decided success. The weather was mild and beautiful, and wonderfully aided the competitors in establishing new club records. The attendance was good, as the grand stand was well filled by the friends of the different colleges. The following club records were broken by Mr. J. D. Morrow: Half-mile run, two hundred and twenty yards' run and the one hundred yard dash, in which he succeeded in establishing a new Canadian Collegiate record, while Mr. C. Ireland, of the Diocesan College, lowered the half-mile bicycle record by a fraction of a second. There were some very close contests, but the representatives of our own College easily won and so retain the Principals' trophy for another year.

In the evening there was a musical reception at the Wesleyan College, when the prizes were presented by Mrs. Maggs. A very enjoyable programme was rendered. Prof. Abbot-Smith, of the Diocesan College, occupied the chair, and

opened the programme with a short address. The other speakers of the evening were Rev. Dr. Scrimger, Principal Maggs, Rev. Dr. Potts and Mr. J. B. MacLeod, B.A., president of the Association.

The speakers all laid special emphasis on the benefits which were being derived by the students of the different theological colleges in thus meeting together, and the hope was expressed that at some future time our bond of union may be even greater than it now is.

Mr. and Mrs. Cameron, Mr. J. D. Morrow and the students of the Congregational College contributed several musical selections, which were much appreciated by those present. The singing of the national anthem brought this very interesting and enjoyable meeting to a close.

The Association desires to thank the friends of the Colleges who so liberally responded to their appeal for financial assistance in procuring prizes for the several events.

The winners of the various events of the day are as follows:—

1. 100 yards dash—1, J. D. Morrow, P.; 2, A. A. Ireland, D.; 3, W. L. Rowan, W. Time, 10 1-5.

2. Half-mile bicycle race—1, C. Ireland, D.; 2, S. H. Kruger, W.; 3, H. W. Stillman, W. Time, 1.19 4-5.

3. Running broad jump—1, J. D. Morrow, P.; 2, W. L. Rowan, W.; 3, A. Charron, P. Distance, 19 feet 3 inches.

4. 440 yards run—1, J. D. Morrow, P.; 2, Peter Mathieson, P.; 3, N. V McLeod, P.. Time, 53 3-5.

5. 440 yards (open)—1, C. E. Jeakins, D.; 2, McKellar, P.; 3, N. V. McLeod, P.

6. Running high jump—1, A. A. Ireland, D.; 2, D. N. Coburn, P.; 3, R. W. Dalgleish, W. Height, 5 feet 2 inches.

7. 880 yards run—1, J. D. Morrow, P.; 2, Edwin Gray, P.; 3, Peter Mathieson, P. Time, 2.12 1-5.

8. 120 yards, hurdle race—1, A. A. Ireland; D.; 2, R. W. Dalgleish, W.; 3, A. Charron, P. Time, 20 4-5.

9. One mile bicycle race—1, H. W. Stillman, W.; 2, C. Ireland, D.; 3, J. A. Mowatt, P. Time, 2.51.

10. Running hop, step and jump—1, A. A. Ireland, D.; 2, J. D. Morrow, P.; 3, R. W. Dalgleish, W. Distance, 38 feet 7¾ inches.

11. One mile race—1, Edwin Gray, P.; 2, Peter Mathieson, P.; 3, C. E. Jeakins, D.

12. Pole leap—1, R. W. Dalgleish, W.; 2, D. W. Coburn, P.; 3, A. A. Ireland, D. Height, 8 feet 2 inches.

13. 220 yards run—1, J. D. Morrow, P.; 2, W. L. Rowan, W.; 3, J. D. McKenzie, P. Time, 23.

14. Putting 16 pound shot—1, W. G. Brown, P.; 2, A. C. Hoffman, W.; 3, C. Ireland, D. Distance, 30 feet 10 inches.

15. Relay race. Time, 4 minutes.

1. Presbyterian—Edwin Gray, N. V. McLeod, Peter Mathieson, J. D. Morrow.

2. Diocesan—C. Carruthers, Ed. Pownall, C. E. Jeakins, A. A. Ireland.

3. Wesleyan—S. H. Kruger, J. A. McKelvey, R. W. Dalgleish, W. L. Rowan.

TOTAL POINTS.

1. Presbyterian	63
2. Diocesan	32
3. Wesleyan	31

The letters after winners' names signify Presbyterian, Wesleyan, Diocesan and Congregational.

The officials were:—

Referee—Rev. Dr. Barclay.

Judges—W. B. T. McCaulay, Rev. Principal MacVicar, LL.D.; Rev. Principal George, D.D.; Dr. Elder, Rev. Principal Maggs, B.D.; Rev. Principal Hackett, D.C.L.

Timekeepers—James Paton, Prof. McLeod, MaE.

Starter—Dr. R. T. McKenzie.

Measurers—Rev. Prof. Creelman, Ph.D.; J. H. Boulter, Percy Molson.

Scorers—E. H. Croly, B.A.; R. B. Blythe, B.A.; E. L. Pidgeon.

Clerk of the course—C. E. Cragg.

Assistant clerks of the course—J. B. McLeod, B.A.; H. C. Rice, B.A.; F. L. Whitley, B.A.

Committee of management:—
Hon. President—Rev. Dr. George, Congegational.
President—A. W. Coone, S.T.L., Wesleyan.
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OUR GRADUATES.

It would seem as if some of our graduates take very little interest in the welfare of our JOURNAL, especially this portion of it. Former writers of this column complain that they have received few responses to the many letters sent to our graduates, asking for information which would be of interest and value to others. While in these college halls we are drawn together by a common aim, and are bound by common sympathies. Why then should our interest wane when we go out into the world? We are proud of our college, of our professors, of our alumni, and we are proud of our JOURNAL, which has received the highest commendation from every side. It is through the JOURNAL that we can communicate with one another, and learn of each other's doings. It is through the JOURNAL that the public learn of our college life, and of our life after we leave the college. The success of our graduates is of interest to our friends and is inspiration to the students in these halls. Finally it is through this column that graduates will learn the whereabouts of each other, and what each is doing. Thus though scattered to distant parts of our country pleasant recollections may be brought to mind and helpful relations renewed.

The graduating class of April, 1900, are stationed as follows:

Rev. L. Abram, St. Valier, Que.; Rev. H. Ferguson, Fitzroy Harbour; Rev. J. G. Hobman, La Riviere, Man.; Rev. H.

Mackay, B.A., Eholt, B. C.; Rev. D. M. MacLeod, B.A., Florenceville; Rev. J. T. Reid, M.D., Sifton, Man.; Rev. J. A. Stuart, B.A., Wemyss, Ont., Rev. W. P. Tanner, Sawyerville, Que.; Rev. W. D. Turner, B.A., Golden, B. C.; Rev. J. A. Wheeler, Poltimore.

Rev. L. Abram spent the summer in Cornwall. He dropped in to see the old Halls on his way to pastures new. He looks greatly improved in health.

In the opening number of this volume of the JOURNAL, we have much pleasure in recording an interesting event in the lives of three of our graduates. During the summer months Rev. Geo. H. Smith, M.A., D.D., of St. Catharines, was united in marriage with Miss Maud Cawthorp, B.A.; Rev. J. M. Wallace, M.A.,of Inwood, Ont., with Miss M. Thompson; and Rev. S. D. Jamieson, with Miss J. Graham. The JOURNAL extends its best wishes for their future welfare.

Rev. H. Ferguson, of Fitzroy Harbour, was in very poor health this summer. We trust that with some one to take care of him his former good health may be restored.

We hear good reports of the four of our graduates who went West last spring. They are all doing good work among a very needy people.

Rev. J. T. Reid, M.D., a graduate of April, 1900, is laboring among the Galicians and Doukhobors in Manitoba. He has built a small cottage hospital among these people, which will help much the preaching of the gospel. Through the generosity of Lady Minto and other friends who take great interest in these people, the hospital has been equipped with drugs, etc. All who know Dr. Reid believe that he has chosen the work in which he will do the most good. Energetic pains-taking, self-sacrificing we have always found him to be, and carrying these qualities among the Galicians we look forward to great results.

Rev. Jas. Wheeler, a graduate of last session, has been very sick with typhoid fever. He was ordained and inducted into Poltimore and Glenamond early in the summer and was doing

splendid work in a heavy field. About two months ago he was stricken down with a very serious attack of fever, from which he is very slowly recovering. Fortunately he was taken care of by another graduate of our college, to whom much credit is due for his recovery. Mr. Wheeler has gone home for a few weeks' rest.

Rev. Dr. Wright has resigned his pastorate at Portage la Prairie. He has been appointed to work in connection with the Century Fund.

Rev. Arch. Lee, B A., has been inducted into Hemmingford, Que. His departure from the West occasioned much regret.

Rev. A. S. Grant, B.A., B.D., after doing yeoman service in connection with the Century Fund in the east, has returned to his work at Dawson City. He did great work for the cause of Christ, when it was most needed in the Klondyke, and we trust that he may do much more after his sojourn in the east.

Rev. H. C. Sutherland, B.A., B.D., was presented with an address and purse of $117 on the occasion of his departure from Carman, Man.

Rev. Andrew Russel, R.A., of Lunenburg, has accepted a call to Chesterville, Ont.

We learn that Rev. Hugh Crozier of Tarbolton, Man., has received a very unanimous call to Melville Church, Scarboro. Mr. Crozier is a graduate of '99.

Rev. C. Houghton was inducted into the charge of Russeltown and Covey Hill on the 11th October.

Rev. W. Patterson, B.A., of Buckingham, is now very sick with typhoid fever. He was stricken down after having been very helpful to Mr. Wheeler in his most critical state. We trust that ere this time he may be making satisfactory progress towards recovery.

Since the last issue of the JOURNAL, Rev. W. W. McCuaig has been settled at Port Hope, Ont.

Rev. M. Byron has been called to Mille Iles and Shawbridge.

Rev. J. F. Maclaren, D.D., who took a very high standing in his Doctorate examinations last session, has returned from a trip to Europe.

Rev. J. T. Scrimger, B.A., a former editor-in-chief of the JOURNAL, has been inducted into East Gloucester, Ont.

Rev. R. J. Douglas, B.A., has been settled in Annapolis, N. S., a former associate editor of the JOURNAL.

We very much regret to record the deaths of three of our graduates. Rev. A. Currie, B.A., of Wawanesca, Man., died on the 8th May; the Rev. J. Bourgoin, principal of Pte. aux Trembles schools, on the 10th Sept., and the Rev. D. C. Johnson, of London, on the 21st June.

Rev. E. H. Brandt, for some years assistant teacher in the Pte. aux Trembles schools, has been appointed to the principalship of these schools in succession to the late Rev. J. Bourgoin.

Rev. Murdoch MacKenzie, one of our graduates, passed through Montreal on his way to India. He is one of the refugees from China, where he labored as a missionary of our church. He has been sent out to India as a missionary, and we trust that his well-known abilities will have their full influence in the disturbed condition of affairs there. We bid him Godspeed in his new sphere of labor.

On Sabbath, Sept. 30th, Rev. Arch. Lee, B.A., of Hemmingford, conducted the services in connection with the 11th anniversary of the opening of St. Andrew's church, Sherbrooke. Rev. Mr. Lee was formerly pastor at that church, and it was during his pastorate that the church was built and opened. The services on this account were more than usually interesting and attractive, as is evidenced by the splendid collections taken up. The contributions at both services amounted to $815, and a concert and a social on the Monday evening brought the amount up to $1,000. Rev. Mr. Shearer, the present pastor and a graduate of our college, has done splendid work during his pastorate of ten years, and it speaks well for his congregation that they so liberally respond to their pastor's efforts to advance the cause of our church in Sherbrooke and adjoining districts.

J. H. LAVERIE.

TALKS ABOUT BOOKS.

While still a university student, finding myself with a few more college men in a remote backwoods settlement, where nevertheless there was held a religious service on Sunday, I agreed to attend it. Changing our camping outfit for good clothes, we made for the wooden school-house, and modestly sat on the unplaned boards supported by tree-stubs nearest the door. There is no denying that in attire and general appearance we were a contrast to the rest of the congregation, and the local preacher took the situation in with a strong determination to improve it to the best of his ability. His text was I Cor. ii., 14, the inability of the natural man to discern spiritual things. He illustrated this by means of the senses of sight, hearing, taste, smell and touch, shewing the uselessness of presenting to the atrophied in these organs the objects that generally appeal to them. The good man's language was something in this wise: "If, my brethren, a man is so blind that he can't see at all, that is to say, if he is stone-blind, you might hold the loveliest photygraphs and picturs of art up to his gaze, and, if he is really stone-blind, they wouldn't do him no good at all. Likeways, my brethren, if he is so deef that he can hear nothing, that is to say, if he is deef as a post, you might discoorse the sweetest music of orgin, harp, and pianner in his ears, and if he is really deef as a post, it will awaken no echo in his sowl." So he went on to discuss the man without a palate, him of the nasal polypus, and the paralytic, demonstrating the sad inability of each to discern tastes, odours, and contacts. Next he referred to literary and scientific tastes and in this connection abused the majority of his hearers, whose life of eating and drinking, sleeping, and mere manual labour, was "not much to choose from the existence of pigs and sech like creeturs." "But," he exclaimed in a rising tone, with a proud glance toward the blushing and most uncomfortable group near the school-house door, "but, my brethren, there air men of guygantic minds, that go on a unrollin', and a unrollin' of their thoughts, and

a committin' on 'em to paper." We put our collection money on the tin plate, and fled, to have our hearty laugh away out in the silent bush, along with the blue-jays, woodpeckers, and squirrels, and far from the busy haunts of men.

Now, sometimes I fear that I have lost, if I ever had it, the theologico-intellectual sense that revels in printed sermons and so-called evangelical literature. I have read my Bible, or heard it read, almost every day of my life since I can remember anything, and the more I read it, the more I like it. I enjoy hearing a good sermon; but to read sermonic literature in print is, to me at least, a weariness of the flesh and spirit. I do not care to re-read even my own productions of that nature which have gone through the press; but I hope, for the sake of the publishers, that others do, such especially as sick and old good people, and those who are debarred from the services of the sanctuary. Yet it is useless to deny that there is a great demand for this sort of thing, and some of it is really original and stimulating, therefore, worthy of attentive perusal. As a well-diluted gospel, it answers the purpose of milk for spiritual babes on Sunday afternoons. Also, if one is in sympathy with the theological trend of the author of such a book, the generally inexpensive gift of the volume to a sober minded young man or woman may do something to keep them in what one deems the right track of religious thought. Our forefathers had much heavier burdens to bear, in Baxter's Call, and Saint's Rest, Boston's Fourfold State, Doddridge's Rise and Progress, Booth's Reign of Grace, Romaine's Life, and Walk, of Faith, Quarles' Judgment and Mercy, Edwards' History of Redemption, Alleyne's Alarm, and a whole library of similar books that are little opened now-a-days. Yet they were good books too, and, in spite of my atrophied theologico-intellectual sense, I know more about all of them than their mere names. This preface is deemed necessary, lest the publishers and others should think the spirit of evangelical appreciation lacking in the Talks.

The Fleming H. Revell Company, between whom and the JOURNAL there has been a mutual debt during several years, call themselves publishers of evangelical literature; but their publications, many of which are scholarly and of wide theological

sympathies, attest the liberal construction they place upon the word "evangelical." They send four books for notice, the term "review" being too extensive for the brief work of these pages. One is "The Spirit of God," by the Rev. G. Campbell Morgan 12mo. cloth, pp. 246, price a dollar and a quarter. This is a plainly got-up, but dignified looking book, and the matter of it is in accord with its external appearance. The Talker had occasion recently to take exception to some things in Mr. Morgan's revival addresses. Here is something entirely different, revealing, along with the devout earnest Christian, the sober-minded theologian and master of the Word of God, and, with the fresh and vigorous thinker, the cultured student of language and literature. In the introduction, Mr. Morgan touches on The Signs of the Times, such as the revival of spiritualism, though often false, on the ruins of materialism, illustrated by the case of Mrs. Annie Besant; and present erroneous views of the reception of the Holy Ghost. He says: "With the revival of interest (in the work of the Spirit) there have been launched a number of wholly unauthorized systems, which have brought bondage where the spirit would have brought liberty... It is asserted, for instance, that a man who is converted may be baptized of the Spirit, if—and then after the *if* comes the statement of certain conditions which constitute a legalism as disastrous as was that of the Judaizing teachers among the churches of Galatia. We are told that if a man will abandon this, that, and the other—and in many cases will cease to observe laws of life which are purely natural—he may be filled or baptized with the Spirit. All this is contrary to the teaching of the New Testament. The baptism of the Spirit is always used in the New Testament with reference to regeneration, and never with what is often spoken of to-day as *the second blessing.*"

Thereafter, Mr. Morgan, in seven books, each containing from two to four chapters, discusses the Spirit of God, as to personality and relation to the Trinity; Ideal Creation; The Spirit prior to Pentecost; The Teaching of Christ concerning the Spirit; The Pentecostal Age; The Spirit in the Individual and The Practical Application, under three heads of exhorta-

tion, namely : " Ye must be born anew,"—" Be filled with the Spirit"—" Resist not, grieve not, quench not." In book seven, which regards the Spirit in the Individual, the author considers the Baptism of the Spirit, the Filling of the Spirit' and the Power of the Spirit. All of the chapters to a devout mind are deeply interesting and fitted to instruct, but the most important or the touchstone of all is the Teaching of Christ. The literature on the subject of the Holy Spirit, past and present, is very large, but Mr. Morgan hardly refers to it, so that his work is rather hermeneutical and dogmatic than critical and controversial. On this account his chapters are plain, unencumbered reading, yet far from destitute of flowers of thought and gems of literature. He has a happy knack of presenting great truths in brief analysis, most useful to the serious student. Thus he sums up the teaching of Christ on the subject : " Gather up these four results : Christians are not orphans, and therefore not desolate. Peace is theirs—peace which Christ gives, as the world cannot give, through the ministry of a Person ever present. In the strength of that peace they become His witnesses, because they have a perpetual vision of the Lord... The teaching of Jesus is unified truth ; and the interpretation of all that follows must ever be in harmony with the principles laid down in these most wondeeful discourses." Were I to transcribe all in the volume that might prove of service to the readers of the JOURNAL, I should be guilty of literary piracy by quoting the entire book. It is written in a strain of gentle reasonableness that is convincing, and well fitted to enable the believer to realize the indwelling of the Comforter.

One more passage I must add, because many very real Christians do not recognize its truth. "Everything that is pure and beautiful in poetry, art, music and science is the direct outcome of the revealing Spirit of God. Men sometimes affirm that Shakespeare was inspired ; and they are right—by no means in the same sense in which the Bible is ; but he was inspired nevertheless, and that by the Holy Spirit of God. All pure genius is inspired—not in the same degree as the Scriptures, because not for the same purpose, but by the same

Person. All the heights of vision granted to the strong pure poet are created for his seeing. Wordsworth, for instance, because he was pure in heart, saw God. All mental magnificence that is pure is an inspiration of the Spirit of God. There may be a prostitution of a Divine gift in this realm also; and a man upon whom God has bestowed the gift of vision, may abuse that gift, and debase it to the purposes of hell. The power to see, whether it be exercised in poetry, art, music, or research, is not born of evil, but is the child of heaven, the flaming, glorious proof of the touch of the Spirit of God upon the mind of man." These are true words, and are particularly applicable to the successful class work of the student, and to the perfection of a sermon in loftiness of thought, chasteness of style, culture of delivery, and convincing power. These also are gifts of the Holy Ghost.

The Revell Company's second book is "So, the Gospel in a Monosyllable," by the Rev. George Augustus Lofton, D.D. 12mo. cloth, pp. 230, price a dollar and a quarter. Its author is a Southern Baptist, and first published its material in the Tennessee Baptist paper, in a series of articles which were enlargements of a sermon delivered at Waco, Texas, during the session of the Southern Baptist Convention in 1883. So he states in his introduction, in which he professes to take his stand on the Old Theology. The Rev. J. J. Van Ness, D.D., literary secretary of the Sunday School Board of the Southern Baptist Convention, writes an epistle to the reader recommending the book in qualified terms. He says: "While neither the writer nor the reader of these lines may hold all the views of the author, they can but be stirred to renewed thought and stronger faith by a reading of this book." Dr. Lofton's text is "God SO loved the world," a magnificent theme for a gospel discourse, but which he makes a vehicle for the baldest Calvinism ever preached, including Divine sovereignty, total human depravity, limited application of the atonement, and everlasting punishment. To these he adds his belief in an intermediate state, and in premillenarianism; but, while he regards adult baptism as a physical act of obedience to Christ, he is liberal enough to see

that it is not on a par with faith as essential to salvation. The provision of grace he holds to be universal, while its application is divinely, not humanly limited, and he maintains that divine sovereignty and human freedom are compatible though he cannot tell how. Here are forms of his beautiful dogmatism: "The redemptive benefits of God's love cannot be extended to an adult sinner independent of faith in Jesus Christ; and not even faith in God out of Christ can save." "The hell of the Bible can only be predicative of total depravity, and the cross of Christ can only be predicative of such a depravity and such a hell." "Christ's atonement was a vicarious offering of himself for sin, having all the aspects of a moral, commercial, legal, sacrificial, substitutionary and propitiatory immolation of the Lamb of God upon the altar of divine justice for the sin of the world."

There is much truth in "So." The Baptist brother is in dead earnest, and wants to magnify the love of God. But he entirely fails to see, what the Lord's prayer, and the whole history of Christ and His Church teach, that, while God is no doubt sovereign *de jure*, so far as this world is concerned, He is not such *de facto*. In his idea of the atonement and allied doctrines, he sets the harmonious Trinity at variance; in total depravity he deprives man of the subjective condition necessary to receive divine influences; and in salvation by faith, instead of grace (Ephesians ii. 5, 8,) he puts all Old Testament saints out of the pale. Dr. Loftons' book is not dull. There is a certain spring and sprightliness in it, by which it will commend itself to disciples of Hodge and believers in the blood theology. No literary culture or elevation of thought are visible, and its poetical quotations are commonplace. The author seems to be a theologian and nothing more, which no great theologian can possibly be. The contrast between this volume of his and Mr. Morgan's is immeasurable, but I can fancy some good people preferring the crude dogmatism of the former, and glorying in their preference.

Another Revell book is entitled "How to Pray." It is a 130 page 12mo. in cloth binding, and it sells for fifty cents,

but in paper cover may be had for fifteen. Its author is the Rev. R. A. Torrey, superintendent of the Moody Bible Institute, Chicago. This is a popular manual, dealing with the importance of prayer; its relation to the persons of the Godhead; its various forms and times; its accompaniments, such as thanksgiving and obedience; its hindrances; and its relation to general revivals. Mr. Torrey cites Mr. Finney, the great revivalist of seventy years ago, as an authority for the efficacy of some very abnormal and apparently insane forms of prayer exercise. At the same time he says: "We have religious excitement gotten up by the cunning methods and hypnotic influence of the mere professional evangelist; but these are not revivals and are not needed. They are the devil's imitations of a revival. *New life from God*—that is a revival." In regard to hindrances to prayer, the Psalmist said long ago, "If I regard iniquity in my heart, the Lord will not hear me;" and in a broad sense we gladly accept this truth; but what prayer of man is perfectly pure in the sight of God? Mr. Torrey says: "I well remember a time in my life when I was praying for two definite things that it seemed that I must have, or God would be dishonored; but the answer did not come. I awoke in the middle of the night in great physical suffering, and great distress of soul. I cried to God for these things, reasoned with Him as to how necessary it was that I get them, and get them at once; but no answer came. I asked God to shew me if there was anything wrong in my own life. Something came to my mind that had often come to it before, something definite, but which I was unwilling to confess as sin. I said to God, "If this is wrong I will give it up;" but still no answer came. In my innermost heart, though I had never admitted it, I knew it was wrong.

At last I said:

"This is wrong, I have sinned. I will give it up." I found peace. In a few moments I was sleeping like a child. In the morning I woke well in body, and the money that was so much needed for the honor of God's name came." Mr. Torrey does not tell us what was his secret sin, so that he may be

correct in his conclusions. If, like many small things that good people with over-sensitive consciences worry themselves about, it was no real sin, but only a conventional one, for he objects to theatre going, dancing, and the use of tobacco, then his conduct was a case of bribery, equivalent to the propitiation of the heathen, the old Hebrews, and the Romanists of to-day. The idea that God can be made favourable to our petitions by our going without dessert at dinner or by our walking a mile with parched peas on the soles of our feet, is entirely opposed to the spirit of the gospel. But, on the other hand, the forgiveness of sin sincerely repented is the prelude to all other Divine blessings, as the words of our Saviour on several occasions testify. Mr. Torrey is inclined to be pessimistic in his view of the church at the present day, charging the ministry with infidelity and mere professionalism. He is going to answer biblical critics with prayer. "It was not discussion but the breath of God that relegated Tom Paine, Voltaire, Volney and other of the old infidels to the limbo of forgetfulness; and we need a new breath from God to send the Wellhausens and the Kuenens, and the Grafs, and the parrots they have trained in England and America to keep them company." Not being one of these gentlemen's parrots in any sense, the Talker does not feel called upon to take up the cudgels in their defence, but he is sure that many professors and ministers who have accepted some of the advanced views of the critics, have done so after earnest prayer for Divine illumination. Charity, Mr. Torrey, is of more importance than giving your body to be burned; but when will the believers in a uniformly inspired Bible learn that chief of lessons? There is a great deal that is true and valuable in the teaching of this devout yet lively manual, and a few things that mark the extremist, which those who read it, will easily find for themselves.

Finally, from the same company comes, "As it was in the Beginning," a 121 page 12mo., in cloth, selling for seventy-five cents. Its author is Edward Cridge, D.D., and he I think is the Rt. Rev. Bishop Cridge of Victoria, B.C., who

received his degree from this College. In his preface, the bishop says: "The subject of the following pages, as of all Bible teaching, is "the testimony of Jesus;" and their object, to draw from the very beginning of the Bible the truth that by him, Jesus, were all things created; and not only so, but also that by and through him, as his Angel or Messenger, God ruled in the affairs of men in their divers dispensations." The book is dedicated to Bible students, and is a spiritual commentary on Bible history, from the beginning till the time of Abraham, by topics. Dr. Cridge also adds a criticism of Moses as an historical authority in three chapters, and another on Joshua. Dr. Cridge writes in a plain but pleasing way, and has quite a number of original ideas, such as that of Adam being created an infant and ministered to by angels, that Satan appeared to Eve as a divine messenger, that nature before the Fall was, as nature is now, mortal, and so on. Some of his notions, as he admits, belong to the sphere of speculative theology, and some appear to me to be logically untenable. There is no attempt made in the volume towards critical historical study, and references to other authorities are wanting. Bible-class and Sabbath-school teachers will find the bishop's work suggestive along lines of orthodox thought, and other students may find profit from its perusal.

The first batch of books from a city source was sent in by Mr. Chapman. It includes Dr. Hillis's "Great Books as Life Teachers," and Mr. Matham's "Comrades All," which were both passed in review during last session. Next comes a notable Canadian book "The Remarkable Story of the Hudson's Bay Company," by the Rev. George Bryce, M.A., LL.D., professor in Manitoba College, 501 pages, 8vo., with 36 illustrations and maps. This is a work of special and very thorough research among original documents in many quarters, systematized and made popular, so as to appeal to every class of readers. It is, therefore, a much more complete and valuable history than Mr. Beckles Willson's "Great Company" noticed last January, which is largely a made up book or compilation. Along with the history of the Company drawn from its own records from its inception, Dr. Bryce gives

accounts of the French traders of North-Western Canada, and of the three rival companies known as the North-West, X.Y., and Astor Fur Companies. Among the French traders the earliest and most important were Radisson and Groseilliers, concerning whom the author gives the completest details yet published. Owing to his long residence in Manitoba, to his extensive reading, and to the special opportunities open to him for original research, Dr. Bryce has written a most useful and trustworthy history ; but he has also succeeded admirably in reducing his great mass of material to historical form and clothing it with very taking diction. All his forty-seven chapters, including the last two, which deal with the present status of the Company, and the future of the Canadian West, are replete with important information interestingly conveyed. And at the close of the volume, which by the way is well indexed, are appendices of note, setting forth authorities and references, and other matters ministering to laudable curiosity on the part of the lover of Canadian history. This is undoubtedly Dr. Bryce's *magnum opus*, and it is one of which he may well be proud. It is a great satisfaction that a task so worthily performed should be that of a minister of our own church. Winnipeg appears to be a good atmosphere for literary work, presenting in the ministry alone the names of King, Bryce, and Gordon. On matters millitary Dr. Bryce is qualified to write from experience, as he, Dr Robertson, and the Talker are the only ministers, so far as I know, who wear the Canadian medal with Fenian Raid clasp for service in action at Ridgeway. He has not given an account of military events subsequent to the flight of Riel, but the story of his rebellion and of the causes leading thereto forms one of the most graphic parts of a book that is never dull.

The talk of the day a short time ago was Marie Corelli's "The Master Christian." Like Dr. Bryce's book, it is published in Toronto by Dr. William Briggs, and is a good-looking 12mo. of 634 pages, which, bound in gilt cloth, sells for a dollar and a quarter. It is dedicated to "All those churches who quarrel in the name of Christ," and is a story of that

abounding corruption that Mr. R. A. Torrey, in his "How to Pray," discovers in the churches of his native land. Marie Corelli finds an exception in a holy man, Cardinal Archbishop Felix Bonpré, whom she brings upon the scene on a visit to the old cathedral town of Rouen. He is humble, charitable, and full of labours of love. but has grave doubts as to the Christian claims of his Church. He hears in the great cathedral weird heavenly music, the refrain of which is "When the Son of man cometh, think ye He shall find faith on the earth," and in vain seeks to discover its source. But the question startles him as he thinks of infidel France, and the practical unbelief and spurious Christianity of many churches and lands. After an interview with the worldly archbishop of the place, whose scepticism shocks him, he hears the wail of a child outside of the cathedral walls, and seeks him in the dark. The boy says he weeps because he is left alone, and for him the world is empty. Nobody wants him, and even the cathedral is closed against him. The Cardinal takes the beautiful and thoughtful boy, who calls himself Manuel, to his humble lodging, and lays him in his own bed. Thereafter he becomes the companion of his life, the dearest being to him in all the world. The Cardinal goes to Paris, to London and other places, and the heavenly lad goes with him. Under his benign influence fall Angela Sovrani, his niece, an artist who paints a wonderful religious picture, Aubrey Leigh, the American socialist, and his wife Sylvie, Countess Hermenstein, with minor characters. They are much persecuted by the Church of Rome in a series of villainous attempts against property, honor and life, revealing hidden depths of wickedness on the part of ecclesiastics. But the book ends with the wedding of Aubrey and Sylvie, which is unconventional but somewhat dramatic, and with the death of the excommunicated holy Cardinal in Aubrey's plain shelter for the London poor, where at midnight the boy Manuel is revealed as the child Christ, Immanuel, God with us, who receives him into glory.

I came to the study of this novel prejudiced by more than one review I had seen before I read it, but as I read on, the

prejudices one by one died away, and I rejoiced in a heavenly message much needed in this sinful world, if that world will only listen to it. Marie Corelli is not only a Protestant, but, as her appendix shows, a protester against Anglican ritualistic practices. I read in the papers the other day a sermon preached by a high church American divine in a ritualistic church in this city, which upbraided the congregation for not adorning the sanctuary with gold and jewels, and hardly believed my eyes, for I had thought the one redeeming feature of the sacerdotalists was their good works. Manuel said, "I cannot understand why the church should keep jewels."

"That is because you are ignorant," said the priest roughly.

Manuel returned quietly, with a little gesture of his hand "These glittering baubles you show are out of place."

So Marie Corelli shews that arrogance, pride, ostentation, self-seeking, found in the humblest ranks of the most plebeian communion, as well as among princes and dignitaries of the Church, strutting alike with chin in the air, are out of place in Christ's fold; that the pharisaism which deals out ecclesiastical censures, hunts heretics, and publicly cleanses its own skirts from all contamination, is a whited sepulchre concealing dead men's bones and all uncleanness; and that envy, leading on to every form of malicious and murderous thought, word, and deed, is roused by the spectacle of real goodness and honesty, in many a pretended shrine of Christian virtue. The author paints a true picture, but errs in making it too universal. This, however, was necessary for the purpose of her art. Our Saviour Himself frequently employed the idiom of exaggerated contrast. There are many Bonprés in the world, though she could only find one, many Leighs, and more Angelas and Sylvies, gentle, kindly, Christ-loving and man-loving souls. The novelist thinks perhaps that her book is the inauguration of a reform in religious life and morals. It is really the echo or outcome of such a reform, now spreading abroad widely in cultured Christendom, not among the vulgar of common life nor

among the still more vulgar of so called society, but among the cultured in mind and heart, be they rich or poor. The tendency of vulgar church life with its selfish worldly mechanism, its conventional formalism, its fads and cranky notions, its cruel strife and bickerings, and its all uncharitableness, has been to drive people with a high Christian ideal out of its communion, be they Bonprés or Leighs, Tolstoys or Marie Corellis. Even Holiness Conventions become scenes of strife and debate, and pious authors who write about prayer, the Bible, and the Holy Spirit, must have somebody to abuse and declaim against. At the wedding of Leigh and Sylvie the congregation sang Dr. Charles Mackay's stanzas, of which there is only room here for one, the first, although the other two are as good :

"If thou'rt a Christian in deed and thought,
Loving thy neighbour as Jesus taught,—
Living all days in the sight of Heaven,
And not *one* only out of seven,—
Sharing thy wealth with the suffering poor,
Helping all sorrow that Hope can cure,—
Making religion a truth in the heart,
And not a cloak to be worn in the mart,
Or in high cathedrals and chapels and fanes,
Where priests are traders and count the gains,—
All God's angels will say, "Well done!"
Whenever thy mortal race is run.
White and forgiven,
Thou'lt enter heaven,
And pass, unchallenged, the Golden Gate,
Where welcoming spirits watch and wait
To hail thy coming with sweet accord
To the Holy City of God the Lord."

The objection made to Marie Corelli's book is that there is too much preaching in it and too little plot, but the preaching on the whole is sound, and the purpose of the story is a holy one.

"In connection with the DeWilloughby Claim," by Frances Hodgson Burnett, is a 445 page 12mo, in illuminated cloth,

published by Charles Scribner's Sons of New York, and sold by Mr. Chapman for a dollar and a half. Judge De Willoughby of Delisle County, Tennessee, was a southern gentleman, full of strange oaths, and proud, able to be courteous to women and brutal to men. The story is concerned with two of his sons, De Courcy, the handsome and polished, Tom, the big, clumsy, good-hearted giant. De Courcy staid at home, became a lawyer and a colonel, married the beautiful girl Tom was in love with, took to spirits and opium, broke his wife's heart, and was finally led about by a black servant, and his handsome son Rupert who hated him, until he died. The judge, his father, possessing some thousands of acres of wild land, found out shortly before the rebellion that there was coal in the acres, and mortgaged his all for expensive machinery to work the mine. The war broke out, and the rival armies knocked the machinery to pieces; so the old man died, leaving his grandson Rupert a bankrupt. Long before this, Tom, disappointed in love, and a failure in medicine, had left home for Hamlin County, North Carolina, where he opened a store and country post-office. He was lazy as became his huge bulk, but prospered moderately. To his kith and kin he was as one dead. A dark and uncomely man of wild aspect came to him one night to get help for a sick woman. He went, and brought his medical training to aid; but the mere child of a girl died, leaving an infant daughter. The dark man, frantic with grief, yet giving indications of being or having been a minister, fled after the funeral, and big Tom adopted the infant. She throve and grew to be a very beautiful girl; and Tom and she loved one another with a wondrous love. Tom had named her Felicia, because he meant to give his life to make her happy; but the Hamlin people called her Sheba, after the kingdom of the Arabian Queen of old. While a little girl, she had a chance meeting with Tom's nephew Rupert, in which they were mutually attracted. When grown to womanhood, she saw Rupert again, who, in his distress, heard of the whereabouts of his lost uncle Tom, and sought him out. Then they were more attracted and whispered love.

Tom, Rupert and Felicia went to Washington to push their claim for war damages to the mining plant, inasmuch as the old judge had been a union man. There also went a wretched little creature from Hamlin County, named Stamps who had a bogus claim against the government, and had been kicked for proposing to Tom to make money out of the secret of Felicia's birth. Thither, too, came the reverend brethren, John Baird and Lucien Latimer, the latter being the man who fled from the grave of the mother of Tom's adopted daughter. He was her elder brother, who had concealed her shame, and written false letters from Italy about her decline to her mother. He accompanied John Baird, a great lecturer, whose chief theme was repentance, and who had thrust his friendship on Latimer, to the capital. They often talked together of the fate of Margery Latimer, and this conversation evoked feelings of remorse and gloomy theological opinions. Yet John Baird, a man of pleasing personality, helped to push the DeWilloughby claim. As it neared a successful issue, involving millions, and Baird was about to deliver his famous lecture, his friend Latimer came into his retiring room, with two letters in his hand, for which he had paid the consumptive Stamps five hundred dollars, They were Baird's letters to his sister Margery. Then the morbid Latimer drew a pistol, and, crying out that for him the world was empty, shot, not the seducer but, himself. Baird lived, cared for Latimer's aged mother, visited his illegitimate daughter but did not reveal his identity, and preached repentance. The De Willoughby claimants continued happy and became rich.

Many morals may be drawn from this story, such as "Behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth;" "The way of the transgressor is hard;" "Suffer us not to be led into temptation." Unsophisticated novel readers may wonder that Christian ministers are chosen as the villains in such cases, and may set it down to clerical antipathy on the part of the writers. But it is not necessarily so. Hawthorne's Scarlet Letter, The Silence of Dean Maitland, George Macdonald's Salted with Fire, and many other works of fiction, in which there is no animus against the ministry, tell the same story.

The fact is that the minister, if personally attractive, is, by virtue of his office and the trust reposed in him, more liable to temptation of this kind than almost any other man. Religiously disposed and affectionate women will allow themselves an intimacy with a minister which they would be slow to accord to one of any other profession. Instead of wondering at occasional clerical falls in this direction, we may well magnify the grace of God that they are proportionately so few. So few, let us say, that come to light and receive open condemnation; how many are there of which the world hears nothing, nor, through repentance and Divine grace, will hear perhaps even at the Judgment Day? Mrs. Burnett is well known as a facile writer. She has a great command of American dialects, New England, Hoosier, Virginia, Cracker, and Negro, which gives variety to her many conversations. Her character portraits, especially that of big Tom De Willoughby, the hero of the story, are admirably drawn. Her profane language, however, is excessive, and page after page is disfigured by the objurgatory use of the Divine name. Yet her written morals are good, and the reformation of the boy Rupert, when freed from his father's evil influence, is a pleasing feature in the story. The plot is well worked out, and the denouement, though suspected before it comes, is artfully concealed till the end.

Mr. Chapman's last book is "The Girl at the Half-Way House," by E. Hough, published by W. J. Gage & Co., Toronto, 371 pp., 12mo., paper, price unindicated. This is a mere thread of a story running through scenes of pioneer life in the southwest of the United States chiefly. In Louisbourg, a fabulous southern city, dwelt two aristocratic families named Fairfax and Beauchamp. Young Henry Fairfax was betrothed to Mary Ellen Beauchamp, and he fell, when the defending lines of the city were carried by the Northern troops. Then the cavalry band major, at the head of forty trumpeters on black horses, ten abreast and four deep, led the victorious army into the conquered city, such a thing, I venture to say, as never took place during all the civil war nor in any other in modern times. A Northern officer, Captain

Edward Franklin, riding over the battle f. d to inspect the carried entrenchments, saw among the seekers for their dead Miss Beauchamp and her betrothed's mother. The war over, Franklin studied law in a western village called Bloomsbury, and, at the request of an old comrade in arms, the Irish Colonel Battersleigh, moved out to the vicinity of Ellisville, beyond the Missouri river. There he made some useful acquaintances, and had encounters or adventures with cowboys, Indians, buffaloes, and desperadoes. Thither came Major Buford, his wife, and his niece, Miss Beauchamp, all of whose near of kin and property had been lost in the war. By the advice of a rough but good-hearted stage-driver, the Major set up a hostelry called the Half-Way House, many miles from Ellisville, where Franklin sought Miss Beauchamp out, and endeavoured to engage her affections, which were buried with her dead lover. Far on in the story, full of totally irrelevant anecdotes or sketches of rough border life, containing much that is brutal, comes an unparalleled snow storm, which engulphs the hostelry. Franklin, his Irish friend, and the stage-driver, rescue the girl, but find her friends frozen to death. Then Miss Beauchamp goes back to the south-east to live with a distant relative, and Franklin, who has prospered, follows her thither, speedily overcomes her scruples, and they are married. There is some good writing in the sketches, some rough and occasionally brutal humour, realistic pictures of wild reckless life, and a good deal of general crudity, while there is not a word calculated to excite the affections or the moral and religious senses. It is a purely mechanical sketch book of southwestern settlement life, which, to do Mr. Hough justice, he seems quite familiar with.

Mr. Drysdale contributes no fewer than seven volumes to the Talker's desk. As fiction is on the *tapis*, "The Isle of Unrest," by Henry Seton Merriman, may lead the way. It is a 344 page 12mo., in illuminated cloth, with six illustrations: it is published by William Briggs of Toronto, and sells for a dollar and a quarter. This is a more or less trivial story of Corsica and France about the time of the Franco-German war. It opens with the assassination, at Olmeta-di-Tuda in the island,

of the Italian steward of Mattei Perucca, one of the chief proprietors of the neighbourhood. Mattei dies suddenly of apoplexy in presence of Colonel Gilbert, commanding the troops at Bastia, and his property falls to Mademoiselle Denise Lange, who, with a clever but very plain featured old lady, Mademoiselle Brun, taught a school for girls in Paris. The adjoining property to the Perucca land was that of the Count Lory de Vasselot, a Parisian and young cavalry officer, and member of the Jockey Club. Although the conditions of life in Corsica, owing to the vendetta between the Perucca and de Vasselot families, were to say the least uncomfortable the Colonel is very anxious to buy out either or both of the proprietors, which excites the curiosity of Mademoiselle Brun, and of the sharp Abbé Susini who lives in the neighbourhood. Intermediary characters are the millionaire and benevolent Baron de Mélide and his wife, who bring the Corsican proprietors together in the French capital, and act generally as their good angels. Each of the latter goes to Corsica, and on the outbreak of hostilities de Vasselot returns to France, and is severely wounded at Sedan. Denise Lange and Mademoiselle Brun return later, and while the latter does some hospital nursing in the search for De Vasselot, the former stays with the Baroness in the south. Colonel Gilbert had sought the hand of Denise, and so, on his partial recovery, does De Vasselot, but both unsuccessfully, not because she did not love the brave cavalry man, but because she had been told of some unknown person dear to him living in his Corsican Casa This was his aged father supposed to have been dead thirty years, but this she does not know. They return to Corsica, and Denise is about to sell her estate to the Colonel, when the death of the elder De Vasselot puts into his son's hands papers which shew that the Perucca estate in his, and a landslide between the properties reveals to Mademoiselle Brun abundance of gold nuggets and the motive of the astute Colonel, who has all along been inciting the rival parties to deeds of violence, including the burning of the Casa de Vasselot. The Colonel is checkmated, and goes off with the Count to join the army of the Loire. He is killed in action,

and De Vasselot so crippled as to be unfit for further service. So the Baron procures his parole, and takes him to Fréjus, where he once more meets Denise and all is well.

"Jess, Bits of Wayside Gospel," by Jenkin Lloyd Jones, is a 312 page 12mo., in cloth binding, published by the Macmillan Company, and sold by Mr. Drysdale for a dollar and a half. Mr. Jones or Dr. Jones is evidently the minister of All Souls Church, Chicago, who, having received the gift of a saddle horse from some of his people, undertook holiday riding tours in the country. The results of his observations and thoughts during these excursions he embodied in eight lay sermons, which he delivered, whether on Sundays or not he does not say, and which he now prints. The first is on Jess, the name of his mare, and thus gives title to the book. Others bear such headings as A Dinner of Herbs, The River of Life, The Religion of the Bird's Nest. They are thoughtful, at times scholarly, and well written essays, replete with popular natural science, a combining of Thoreau and Emerson, but their theology, though most have text headings, is usually hard to discover. He handles Scripture rather freely, as when he says: "I am persuaded that there is some mistake in the story of Joshua and his contest with the Amorites. I do not believe that the sun stood still upon Gibeon or that the moon halted over the valley of Ajalon in order that the hosts of Israel might avenge themselves upon their enemies. The sun and moon are awfully impartial. Their indifference is sublime. Even the writer of the old record realized what a strain upon human credulity was this claim of partiality on the part of the sun and moon, and he hastened to say: 'And there was no day like that before it or after it.'" It is needless to remark that the verdict of Mr. Jones, based upon his observation, would apply to the miraculous altogether, and would virtually make the sun and the moon eternal.

"Winning Out," by Orison Swett Marsden, is a book for young people on the formation of habit and character. It is a 251 page 12mo. with gilt top and sides, published by the Lothrop Company of Boston, and its price is not mentioned. I may add that it contains portraits of Washington, Greeley

Grant, Edison, Livingstone, and Lincoln, one Scotchman to five Americans. The volume is packed full of anecdotes derived from a variety of sources, illustrating in a bright, cheerful way such subjects as honesty, physical and moral courage, triumph over difficulties, self-education, and moral culture Occasionally Mr. Marsden trips, as on p. 27, where he places the feast of cherries in Hamburg instead of in Bamberg in Bavaria. This however is but a mote in the sunbeam. Few better books of the kind could be put into the hands of a boy, and teachers who have occasion to make use of good homely anecdotes will find in it an abundant store.

A volume as important as any yet noticed, if not more so is "Studies of the Portrait of Christ, vol. 2," by George Matheson, D.D., etc., 357 pp., 12mo., cloth gilt top, published by Hodder & Stoughton, London, and sold by Mr. Drysdale for a sum unindicated. This second volume contains twenty-four chapters covering the second part of our Lord's life, beginning with "The Fading of Christ's First Hope," and ending with the question, "Has the Crown superseded the Cross?" Dr. Matheson, as is well known, is a chaste writer, and a clear and original thinker. His present volume is full of admirable thoughts well expressed. His treatment of the case of the woman taken in adultery is worthy of serious attention: "And here there occurs a remarkable scene—a scene which has puzzled the commentators. As the accusers are speaking, Jesus stoops down and writes, with His finger, on the ground. What does He mean? The popular answer has always been, 'He wants to show that He is paying no attention,' I cannot accept that answer. It was not a case for paying no attention; it was a case for very great attention indeed. Jesus had been appealed to as the guardian of social morals. Was such an appeal to be treated with contempt, or even with the appearance of contempt? The Pharisees had proposed a grave problem—had, as I think, honestly proposed it. They had brought before Jesus a matter which was near to their hearts; was Jesus to adopt a gesture which would indicate that they were speaking to the empty air? We must seek a *better* solution of the hand-

writing on the ground. And I think we can find it. Moses had written on stone his law of death against unchastity. Jesus by His gesture said: 'I write this day another law. The law which I write on this pavement is "none but the pure can sentence." I demand a new *jury* for the old law of Moses—a jury of the first-born in heaven. Shall this woman be judged by men who have avoided her temptation only by a counter sin—who have escaped the overflow of feeling by suppressing feeling altogether! She has done wrong to society by too *much* passion; have *they* done right by too little? Are there no poor around their doors unfed, no sick before their gates untended, no souls within their bounds untaught?' And He lifted up His eyes and said: 'Let him that is without sin among you cast the first stone at her!'"

"The Happy Life," by Charles W. Eliott, LL.D., president of Harvard University, is a 30 page 12mo., cloth, published by Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. of Boston and New York. It is addressed to the young, and deals pleasantly with the pure pleasures of the senses, the love of nature and of the home and family, of labour including brain work, of books and society. Beliefs he mentions as going to make up happiness, especially that which is optimistic, but he does not touch on religion or the relation to God which ought to be the crown of a happy life. Here is Charles M. Sheldon again, with "For Christ and the Church," 42 pages 12mo., illuminated cloth, published by the Fleming H. Revell Company. It is the story of two interviews the Devil had with a minister, but with a valuable interval between. In the first, the prince of darkness tries to drive the minister to despair on account of his small prayer meetings, and the lack of Christian Endeavourers at them. On Sunday, the minister tells his congregation of the interview, with varied effect on his hearers; but the prayer meeting that week was larger than ever before, and the whole Christian Endeavour Band was there. So, when his sable majesty, who had been away "visiting a church up in Wrangleville where there has been an interesting scandal,' returned to the study, the minister met him with a joyous face

and finally with holy boldness, shewed him to the door. This little book might do good if brought to the attention of lax church members and endeavourers.

John Dowden, D.D., Bishop of Edinburgh, appears as the author of the Bishop Paddock Lectures for 1896-7, entitled "Outlines of the History of the Theological Literature of the Church of England, from the Reformation to the close of the Eighteenth Century." This is a 214 page 12mo., in bevelled cloth, and is published by the S. P. C. K., London. It is a well written, and apparently carefully prepared addition to literary history. It is no bald catalogue, but a work of entertaining and instructive criticism. Dr. Walker of Carnwath performed a similar imperfect service for the Church of Scotland, in his Cunningham lectures on Scottish Theology and Theologians. I observe that the bishop says regarding a book I have always thought highly of: "Though much has been done in our own day in the study of Christian Antiquities, Bingham's volumes are still essential in the library of every clergyman."

Editorials.

THE JOURNAL.

"The best apologetic of Christianity is its success."

The place which the PRESBYTERIAN COLLEGE JOURNAL has obtained among the theological periodicals of the country makes an apology of its existence quite unnecessary as it now sets out on another volume of its history.

Returning volunteers tell us of the feeling of nervousness that seized them when they realized for the first time that they were face to face with the real duty of a soldier. It is with much the same feeling that the present staff of the JOURNAL put their untried hands to the plough in their humble efforts to guide it in that same liberal and impartial way that has crowned with success the efforts of their worthy predecessors.

Let all remember that this is primarily a theological college journal, and as such it seeks to promote, not only the interests of the college which it represents, but also the cause of truth, by every means within its power. In order to do this we need the hearty support of professors, graduates, students and friends. This has been willingly given in the past and we believe it will not be withheld during the present session.

On several occasions we have heard complaints both from graduates and business men who support the JOURNAL that its articles have been too long and unreadable for ordinary mortals to enjoy. Believing that we should profit by the experience of others and accepting these complaints as having some foundation on fact, we shall endeavor to remove them as far as possible. With a view then of accomplishing this we propose to devote the first part of the JOURNAL to "articles" on Theological subjects. The length of these should be about three thousand words, so that three such

articles may appear in each number of the JOURNAL. Besides this, several pages will be given to contributions and correspondence, which, we hope, will furnish lighter reading as well as much valuable information about the work of the church in the various fields of labor to which our graduates have gone.

Following the example of the *Presbyterian Record*, the last page of reading matter will be devoted to short pithy sayings which contain a great deal of truth in a nutshell. Lastly, but by no means least, Prof. Campbell has kindly consented to continue his "Talks on Books," which we are assured are appreciated by all.

It may seem to some that in this number we have departed from the model already outlined, but exceptional circumstances require exceptional rules.

We have no hesitation in printing in full the opening lecture by Prof. Campbell. The result of ripe scholarship and of philological research, we feel sure that this article will be valuable, not only to those who are directly interested in this subject, but to all who use such articles as works of reference in the study of kindred subjects.

We are also forcibly reminded of the fact that printing is more expensive now than in previous years.

With these explanations and an appeal for literary and financial support, the JOURNAL makes its bow and launches out on this, the last volume of this great century, which is rapidly drawing to a close.

HOME AGAIN.

The revolving wheel of time has made another turn and we are again at the beginning of another college session. From the far West, from New Ontario and from the fields in the more immediate neighborhood of Montreal, we have come once more to our College Home.

Our hearts are filled with gratitude to the Great Giver of every good and perfect gift in allowing us all to return, enjoying the blessing of health and strength.

Varied have been the experiences on the mission field, many hardships to encounter, many difficulties to overcome and many blessings received in the performance of our duty. No one can forget the first mission-field where it has been his privilege to work. But while we do not like to say farewell to our friends on the mission-fields, we are glad to meet one another again and to make the College halls ring with the life that is within us. We welcome the sturdy men from the West, all of whom express great satisfaction with the life and work of the College. We welcome the freshmen, whose commendable diligence betokens a thorough training in the higher course of study upon which so many of them have chosen to enter.

We thank the energetic Board of Management for the tidy appearance of the College halls

We are glad, not only to meet one another, but also to meet our professors, in each of whom we feel we have a tried and true friend. We welcome back Prof. Ross from his extended visit to the land of Palestine and other countries. The lectures in practical theology will be more interesting than ever because of the many side-lights thrown in such an interesting way upon the geographical allusions that come up in the study of the New Testament. The energy and earnestness of all the professors seems to be contagious, and is manifested in the better life of the students as a whole.

EVERY ONE HAS HIS PART.

These are the days of the home-coming of the soldier boys from the prolonged struggle in the far-off land of South Africa. Canada is proud of the fact that she can produce

men who will defend their native land and uphold the cause of liberty and justice of their fellow-men in the far-off fields of South Africa.

She has good reason to be proud, not only of her men of might, but also of her men of means. We heartily join in the welcome extended by McGill University and by the city of Montreal to Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal, the "Grand Old Man" of Canada.

Hardly have the people recovered from the anxiety caused by the war till they are thrown into a fever of excitement over an election campaign. Party government has its disadvantages, but it would seem that this is the only form that is practicable under present circumstances.

The thoughtful minister will study the influence of war and politics on the public mind, and will naturally ask himself the question, "What part am I playing in the development of this great country of which I claim to be a citizen?" It is encouraging and inspiring to hear our worthy Principal, whose word is respected throughout the Dominion, answer this question, maintaining his position that, "True ministers of Christ are the most efficient men in promoting the good of the state and are its best citizens." Few will dispute this claim of the minister in Christian lands, and the splendid address delivered in this College by the Rev. Murdoch MacKenzie shows that, in spite of the statements of Lord Salisbury, the same can be said of the Protestant missionaries of the disturbed land of China. May the blessing of God follow this, our distinguished alumnus, to India, his new field of labor, and may ministers everywhere arise and meet their responsibilities and thus do their part in the development of the country which they call their own.

We take this opportunity of congratulating our fellow students of the Wesleyan College on the appointment of their new principal, the Rev. Dr. Maggs. He comes highly recom-

mended from across the water and should add prestige to the professoriate of the four theological colleges as well as prove a great addition to the ministerial staff of the city.

One by one the sturdy men, who guided three of these colleges in their younger days, have been called to give up their post of duty. May the same spirit of friendship and brotherly love be manifest among the younger men as was characteristic of the men upon whose labors they have been called to enter.

Pactie Francaise.

A QUOI SERT LE LATIN ?

Par M. le professeur D. Coussirat, Docteur en Théologie,
Officier de l'Instruction Publique.

Question importante, fort controversée, sur laquelle la lumière n'est pas faite encore et ne se fera peut-être pas de longtemps.

Je n'ai pas l'ambition de la le'soudre en quelques mots ; je ne veux que la poser et la préciser.

Écartons d'abord deux solutions extrêmes : le latin sert à tout,—le latin ne sert à rien.

Il fut un temps où le latin servait à tout dans les écoles : c'est en latin qu'on enseignait et qu'on écrivait, c'est le latin que les savants de tout pays parlaient entre eux ; cette langue, quoique morte en apparence, était véritablement universelle au sein des peuples civilisés.

Ce temps n'est plus. Les idiomes dits vulgaires sont devenus des langues classiques à leur tour, grâce au génie des écrivains qui en ont fait usage et à l'importance politique des peuples qui les parlent ; ils ont conquis peu à peu la prépondérance sur le latin devenu langue morte définitivement et sans retour. Il ne s'agit plus de savoir si le latin est indispensable à toute culture littéraire et scientifique ; on se demande s'il ne vaudrait pas mieux en supprimer complètement l'étude pour le commun des élèves de nos universités.

N'est-ce pas aller un peu loin et un peu vite ?

Le latin est encore fort utile dans les carrières libérales. Le jurisconsulte en a besoin pour vérifier les anciens textes de loi. Le théologien, pour peu qu'il ait souci d'approfondir les sujets qui sollicitent son attention, ne saurait s'en passer. Le médecin lui-même ne l'ignore pas sans compromettre son prestige aux yeux de ses confrères ou aux yeux de la foule.

Ce sont là des faits acquis, qu'aucun juge compétent n'a jamais niés.—On reconnaît aussi qu'un peu de latin n'est pas inutile aux hommes du monde pour comprendre et au besoin

placer une citation. On convient encore que cette étude, si élémentaire soit-elle, placée à la base de toute instruction dans les pays chrétiens, sert de lien entre des peuples que l'ambition et les intérêts divisent sur tant de points.

D'un autre côté, on concède généralement que l'ouvrier et l'artiste, le négociant et l'industriel peuvent réussir sans se donner la peine d'apprendre cette langue, puisque leur métier n'est pas de parler, mais d'agir. Ils ne perdraient rien assurément à la savoir, mais elle ne leur est pas d'une utilité apparente.

Faut-il conclure de là, comme le font quelques-uns, que le latin ne saurait plus prétendre au rôle qu'on lui assigne encore dans nos programmes universitaires, et que l'étude exclusive des langues modernes pourrait lui être substituée avec profit, sauf dans des cas spéciaux qu'il serait facile de déterminer ?

Ce n'est pas notre avis, Le latin, indispensable à quelques-uns, est utile à tous ceux qui aspirent à faire de bonnes études littéraires ou scientifiques.

A quoi sert-il ? demande-t-on.

Mais il sert précisément à apprendre les langues modernes par lesquelles on prétend le remplacer. Ce n'est pas un but, mais un moyen. On n'enseigne pas le latin pour l'amour du latin, mais pour l'amour du français, des langues romanes, de l'anglais, de l'allemand. Il est certain que les langues modernes, dans la composition desquelles le latin entre pour une part essentielle, s'apprennent *plus vite* et *plus à fond* à l'aide du latin que par toute autre voie. Ici, c'est gagner du temps que d'en perdre.

Je ne parle pas, bien entendu, des savants de profession, des érudits, ou même des simples curieux qui aiment à puiser aux sources, ou à contrôler les assertions courantes et souvent contraires. J'ai en vue la moyenne des élèves de nos collèges, élèves qui se vouent plus tard aux affaires ou à l'industrie, et à qui les langues modernes sont indispensables.

Prouvez, ne dira-t-on, que celle-ci s'apprennent plus vite et plus à fond à l'aide du latin.

Je ne m'y refuse pas si vous m'en donnez le temps. Il ne me faut qu'une dizaine d'années. L'expérience sera concluante

alors, ou sera manquée, Il est cependant permis de croire à un résultat satisfaisant, si l'on considère la nature de nos langues et si l'on tient compte des succès déjà obtenus.

Si je ne devais pas me borner à cette simple esquisse, je me ferais un plaisir de reconnaître l'urgence d'une réforme dans les méthodes d'enseignement du latin. Celle qu'on pratiquait dans mon enfance et ma première jeunesse était trop longue. Avec moins de temps et moins de peine, on aurait pu tirer plus de profit de cette étude. Mais l'abus n'exclut pas l'usage, et le latin réduit à des proportions plus modestes, enseigné par les bonnes méthodes déjà en honneur, mérite toujours d'occuper la place que les anciens maîtres lui avaient assignée. Il reste la clef des principales langues modernes.

Quand donc on nous demande : A quoi sert le latin ? Nous ne répondons pas : A tout ; ou : à rien ; mais : à quelque chose. Cette réponse est plus compromettante qu'elle n'en a l'air, car, en y regardant de près, on voit que ce quelque chose est fort important.

D. COUSSIRAT.

UNE HEURE DANS UNE GALERIE DE TABLEAUX.

Il y a un an, je visitai la modeste exposition de l'Association des Arts de Montréal ; poussé par une foule qui vous entraînait quand vous vouliez vous arrêter, on vous retenait prisonnier, quand vous vouliez avancer, j'en avais reçu et conservé une impression confuse, plutôt agréable pourtant qu'autrement.

Je m'étais dit : je reviendrai seul et pourrai dans le calme et à loisir observer et contempler.

J'y suis retourné, et ma première impression est celle de la reconnaissance envers les fondateurs de l'association.

Dans un pays neuf, comme le nôtre, on trouve des philanthropes pour ériger et doter des hôpitaux, des orphelinats, des universités : pour l'encouragement des Arts, fort peu.

Pour s'occuper d'Arts, *il faut* du loisir, et on est trop occupé de faire fortune, *il faut* du goût, et il n'est pas encore développé; cependant il y a de rares exceptions, Mr. Benaiah Gibb

en est une. Avec un goût prononcé pour les belles choses, il avait réuni dans ses salons plusieurs œuvres d'arts de grands prix qu'il légua à une association destinée à jouer un rôle important dans l'éducation artistique de la province.

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Organisée et incorporée en 1860, l'Association des Arts de Montréal ne prit une importance rèelle qu'en 1877 époque où Mr. Gibb l'enrichit de sa collection de tableaux et la dota d'une forte jolie somme. En 1879 et en 1892 d'autres dons vinrent donner un nouvel élan à l'Association, ce n'était pas trop tôt le besoin s'en faisait sentir ; car dès que l'on eut ouvert des classes pour faciliter l'étude des arts, elles furent suivies par un nombre fort encourageant d'étudiants dont quelques uns ont voyagé—visité et fréquenté les studios d'artistes à la mode. Si elle n'a pas encore produit de génies c'est qu'ils ne se produisent pas—on les rencontre.—Elle a formé quelques bons imitateurs.

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Je n'avais jamais compris le plaisir que l'on peut goûter à être seul, en présence d'œuvres d'arts, les produits et l'exposition de tant d'émotions et de pensées.—Je me plaçai donc de manière à observer les moindres détails—essayai de deviner la pensée de l'artiste.

Je suis un peu comme tout le monde ; j'aime ce que je ne comprends qu'à moitié. J'aime la peinture, cette poësie du regard.—Et j'aime aussi la musique, cette poësie de l'ouïe.—Si toutes deux procurent de bien vives sensations, la peinture à l'avantage de les prolonger dans l'âme et de les faire goûter plus longtemps. Quel art que celui de savoir fixer sur une toile une idée invisible et de lui donner une forme tangible ! Celui qui représente fidèlement un objet quelconque, a tout simplement trouvé un moyen de transmettre une idée et est en voie de devenir un grand artiste, tout comme celui qui écrit grammaticalement, peut devenir un poëte.

Cette manière nouvelle et très antique, d'exprimer une idée, d'une acquisition difficile—tout en dilectant

les sens, parle à l'intelligence.—Et les traits qui caractérisent un artiste sont pour lui, ce que sont pour le poëte, la rime, la mélodie, la précision et la force.

Un homme n'est donc et ne peut être appelé un grand peintre qu'en autant qu'il sait exprimer avec force et précision dans le langage des signes la pensée qu'il veut transmettre.—Par exemple Thomas Fœd (Anglais 1826) veut démontrer l'ubiquité de Dieu qu'on peut adorer au fond des bois aussi bien que sous les voûtes d'une cathédrale.—Pour y arriver.—Il nous ouvre la hutte d'un colon, isolée de toute civilisation—par un dimanche matin—le voisin qui vient probablement d'assez loin est venu se joindre à la famille. L'artiste nous montre onze figures dans des positions diverses autour de la chambre et recueillies devant Dieu—un homme aux traits rustiques—avec une belle et forte tête sur les épaules, lit dans un gros livre ; La mère avec un bel enfant adossé à ses genoux s'efforce d'en calmer un autre dans les bras de son mari ; un fort garçon endimanché est debout dans l'attitude religieuse de quelqu'un qui prie ; une belle jeune fille blonde, faible et malade est penchée dans une berçante ; deux autres brunes, debouts laissant voir l'élégance de leur taille et la beauté de leur expression —Cette simplicité de goût—ces expressions recuillies et heureuses, trahissent la présence d'un être invisible qu'on adore sans voir.—On devine bien vite la pensée de l'artiste et l'on se dit: après tout l'église qui est utile n'est pas indispensable

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Le plaisir que nous procurent les œuvres d'art, provient il me semble, de diverses sources : des idées de puissance, des idées de vérité—de beauté ou d'imitation qu'elles expriment.

Le spectateur découvre dans le tableau qu'il observe, une force physique ou morale, et il en éprouve un sentiment de fierté ; ou bien il aperçoit des traits de beauté dans la chose produite ou dans celle qu'elle suggère et il admire ; ou bien il perçoit des indices de fidèlité et de vérité dans l'expression d'un fait reproduit et il en ressent une impression de confiance qui le réjouit—; ou bien enfin il reconnait que la chose produite ressemble à quelqu'autre chose connue et il en éprouve une douce satisfaction.

1ère—*Idée de puissance.*

La force peut se manifester dans le développement des muscles—dans les gigantesques assises d'un édifice.—Mais quelquefois elle se cache derrière ses manifestations.

Ainsi Gaston Roulet, peint sur une grande toile: *La baie des morts* sur les côtes de Bretagne—c'est un rocher qui se prolonge dans la mer en forme de promontoire, entouré de pointes qui comme les arêtes d'énormes poissons, surgissent de la surface des eaux — Le jour s'enfuit—La lune éclaire de sa pale et paisible lumière—Les flots soulevés par la tempête viennent se briser avec fracas sur la grève—Et le marin imprudent, qui oublieux du danger vient s'y heurter, est rejeté sur la plage où au matin des mains amis viennent recueillir sa dépouille—En rappelant un évènement de sinistre mémoire, l'artiste remarque ce calme au ciel et la puissance quelque fois cruelle de la nature, contrastant avec la faiblesse de l'homme.

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Ou bien encore regardez ce tableau, de l'Ecole hollandaise *Une tempête sur terre.* L'artiste dont le nom n'est pas indiqué est dans le voisinage d'une ferme—Il voit à sa gauche un rocher—à sa droite des arbres superbes bordant une prairie—tout à coup il entends le sifflement du vent dans les branches voisines—les arbres se balancent—la tempête se déchaîne—un chevrier, poussé par le vent, se hate de rentrer, des chèvres suivent à la file, la tête basse et la vache loin derrière: regarde inquiète et prend le chemin de la maison que l'on suppose être derrière le rocher—En regardant se déchaînement des forces de la nature, on met instinctivement la main à son bonnet—En présence de ces manifestations d'une puissance occulte, l'intelligence d'abord surprise, éprouve ensuite un mouvement de vénération et d'adoration.

Mais cette faculté de percevoir ce qu'il faut de force pour produire de tels effets, fait souvent défauts—Il faut ou de la pratique ou de la réflexion.

Peut être, peut on, par la sensibilité et le jugement, arriver à distinguer ce qui est beau ; mais il est impossible, sans pratique et sans connaissance, de distinguer ce qui est simplement

excellent—on parle d'excellente musique et non d'excellentes fleurs parce que les fleurs étant le produit de la même puissance doivent être également excellentes.

Tous peuvent admirer ce qu'il y a de beau et de vrai dans les œuvres de Titian, mais l'artiste seul comprendra ce qu'il a fallu de persévérance pour arriver à ce degré de perfection.

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2ème—*Idée du beau.*

Il y a une autre source de plaisir pour le spectateur—c'est la découverte du beau, dans l'objet observé.

On a fait bien des définitions du beau; peut être s'accordera-t-on sur celle-ci.—N'est il pas vrai que tout objet dont la vue me procure quelque plaisir sans effort de ma part, doit être vraiment beau ; Un esprit cùltivé peut trouver du plaisir à regarder une toile représentant un objet, non parce qu'elle le représente bien, mais parce qu'il en ressent une agréable sensation, dont il jouit comme du parfum d'une rose.

Celui qui n'en ressent aucun plaisir manque de goût.—Et ici il est bon de distinguer le goût du jugement.—Le jugement est une expression générale pour désigner un acte quelconque de notre intelligence.

Le goût au contraire est cette préférence non raisonnée de notre nature pour un objet plutôt qu'un autre. Les idées de beauté sont des plus nobles qui puissent se présenter à l'intelligence humaine.—Elles exaltent et purifient, selon qu'elles sont plus ou moins bien saisies par celui qui les observe et s'y arrête.—Il est probable que Dieu a voulu nous plaire sous leur bienfaisante influence, puisque la plupart des objets qui nous entourent sont susceptibles de nous les communiquer.—C'est en les recherchant que nous arriverons à la connaissance de l'idéal,—un arbre n'est qu'un arbre pour la plupart des spectateurs,—un ruisseau n'est qu'un ruisseau.—Mais l'artiste verra dans la forme de l'un, dans les contours de l'autre,—dans ses accidents, dans ces pierres qui en dérange le cours, une vraie beauté, qu'il jette sur sa toile et puis plus tard, en contemplant son travail artistique, on entend jusqu'au murmure des eaux

qui s'en vont en chantant la nature.—Une montagne n'est qu'une montagne, mais l'artiste s'élève avec elle à des auteurs ou un esprit non cultivé se perd.

Depuis des milliers d'années, la lune se lève et traverse le ciel dans l'ombre.—Il n'y a que l'artiste et les amoureux qui en comprennent toute la beauté.

Idée de vérité.

Nous avons dit qu'il y a pour le spectateur une autre source de plaisir, dans la fidèlité des faits reproduits.

Le mot *vérité* appliqué à l'art est l'expression fidèle d'un fait dans le naturel.—C'est peut être le moment de faire remarquer en quoi elle diffère de l'imitation. L'imitation se contente de reproduire les traits matériels, tandis que la vérité dans l'art sait communiquer aux traits, les émotions, les impressions et les pensées.—Il y a une vérité morale et une vérité matérielle,—une vérité d'impressions et une vérioé de formes

De plus la vérité peut être rendue par des signes ou des symboles, qui ont une signification dans la pensée, quoique ces signes ne soient pas des ressemblances.

Il y a quelques années je reçus à l'occasion d'un renouvellement d'année, un petit aquarel représentant un beau terreneuve assis sur un rocher au bord de l'océan—on dirait qu'il veut perser l'horizon ou attendant son maître—plusieurs auraient été surpris de recevoir un tel cadeau, un chien ! je ne le fus pas—j'y vis un avertissement—une félicitation—une consolation—une espérance. La solidité du roc—la fidèlité du chien qui attend son maître à l'approche de la nuit—tout parla à mon cœur.

Un artiste représente l'automne par deux jeunes filles cueillant des fleurs—un autre qui prend pour sujet: *Un plaisir volé*—l'illustre par une cuisinière qui cachée derrière une porte goute le vin de son maître—Si le titre est original—le fait l'est moins.—Il aurait pu illustrer son sujet de bien d'autres manières.

Tout ce qui peut éveiller dans la pensée la conception de certains faits, peut faire naître des idées de vérité.

L'artiste a un double but:—1° Faire pénétrer dans la pensée du spectateur la fidèle conception de l'objet. 2° Et puis

le guider vers les objets qui méritent le mieux son attention et lui communiquer les pensées et les sentiments qui l'ont animé.

Dans le 1er cas le peintre met le spectateur à sa place, devant le paysage où l'objet qu'il a vu et le laisse seul.—Le spectateur peut suivre ses propres pensées. comme il ferait dans la solitude de la nature—ou rester inconscient et alors il n'a rien appris—rien senti de nouveau.—L'artiste est pour lui un moyen de transmission, *non* un compagnon—un cheval *non* un ami.

Dans le 2ème cas, l'artiste parle avec le spectateur—partage avec lui ses sentiments et ses pensées—l'arrache à ce qui est petit, et l'entraîne vers ses élans d'enthousiasme vers les régions du beau et le laisse plus heureux, ennoblis et instruit, sentant qu'il n'a pas seulement contemplé une scène nouvelle, mais a été en communication avec une intelligence nouvelle et une ame nouvelle; il a joui pour un moment, des vives perceptions et des émotions d'une intelligence élevée et pénétrante.

Dans le 1er cas, peu importe le choix, l'artiste prendra l'un de ces sujets qui en tout temps plaisent à tout le monde. Dans le 2ème l'artiste choisit ses sujets pour leur signification, plutot que pour leur beauté et s'en sert pour élucider quelques pensées qu'il veut transmettre. Dans le 1er cas, l'artiste peut produire des œuvres qui exerceront une heureuse influence sur l'esprit humain ; mais il est sujet à dégénérer et peut être tenté de faire des concessions à la moins noble partie de la nature humaine.

Mais dans le 2ème cas, l'art ne fait pas appel aux sentiments de l'animal humain, mais aux facultés les plus élevées de notre être et éveille la pensée individuelle.

Les œuvres d'art exposées dans nos modestes galeries, que les sujets soient historiques ou symboliques, sont de nature à élever la pensée en la purifiant ou à rappeler les souvenirs dont on s'honore.

J'aurais pu compléter mon sujet, et vous parler de l'imitation dans l'art, je ne le ferai pas, du reste, l'imitation est du domaine de la photographie, de la gravure et de la caricature, je vous renvoie pour cela à nos journaux quotidiens, et aux publications humoristiques.

Je ne vous parlerai pas de la mort de Wolf, qui vous transporte sur les Plaines d'Abraham, et vous rappelle des scènes d'héroïsme, et vous laisse indécis si l'on doit prodiguer son admiration, au vainqueur ou au vaincu.

Mais arrêtez-vous un instant devant la *Récolte* de Wyatt Eaton—c'est le temps de la moisson—un champ de blé s'étend jusqu'au pied d'une chaîne de montagne. A quelque distance un homme, les manches retroussées, la faucille à la main et le dos au soleil s'avance et laisse derrière lui les belles javelles, tandis que la cigale fait entendre son chant en fusée et que la souris des champs, mise à découvert par le moissonneur, va se cacher sous la gerbe. Mais au premier plan, la mère fatiguée, assise, appuyée sur sa main gauche, tout en sommeillant, entoure de son bras droit un gros garçon que l'on n'a pas baigné ce matin, les bas rabattus sur ces souillers, son air de repos, tout est bien rendu jusqu'à la fatigue empreinte sur les traits et augmentée par cette position sans appui ; vraiment on voudrait lui tendre une botte de paille ; on se croirait dans les champs de Booz, vers les campagnes de Bethleem. Et puis ne sent-on pas un cinspiration dans le tableau de W. Adolphe Bourgereau de la Rochelle, ce sont deux jeunes filles pieds nus, au corsage rustique, l'une déposant sur la tête de sa jeune sœur une couronne de fleurs sauvages ; toute la grace n'est pas dans les salons, ces fleurs retenus dans les plisde sa jupe, l'expression de sa bouche, la finesse des traits, le calme profond de leurs yeux noirs vous retiennent et vous obligent à les regarder.

Et puis ce *Lever de Lune* en Floride. Et ce *Tableau historique* du jeune *Mozart jouant devant le prince de Condé.*

Et les *Derniers rayons du jour* de McDonald, ou des oies paissant sur la pelouse ont envie de vous avertir de leur présance, où les eaux pluviales se sont frayé un sillon sur la pente du coteau, laissant à découvert un sable fin. Et ces dernières lueurs d'un soleil qui s'éteint, à tout cela il manque un peu de vie, c'est un peu trop vert, on voudrait voir sortir quelqu'un de ce beau cottage, un char ramenant les ouvriers des champs ou un carosse revenant de l'église un dimanche soir,—quand même cela fait du bien, rien qu'à regarder ce paysage qu'un critique appellerait peut être un plat d'épinard.

Hoorne en Hollande avec son architecture flamande intéresse. Ou bien cet *Auberge en Flandres* où se sont arrêtés des fermiers montés sur de superbes chevaux, harnachés pour le travail; l'un descendu de sa mouture est venu s'assoir sur un perron en pierre où il attend la fille de l'aubergiste qui (entre parenthèse est fort jolie) lui apporte une shop de bierre, et laisse deviner bien des choses fort légitimes.

J'ai commencé par exprimer un sentiment de reconnaissance, je veux finir par un souhait.

Quand vous visiterez ce petit temple de l'art à Montréal, vous trouverez bien des noms français, belges, allemand, russes, italiens, ce sera un peu du parfum de la patrie; ce ne sera ni Amsterdam ni Paris, ni LaHaie ni Versailles, ce sera, exilés volontaires un quelque chose qui ne vous fera pas oublier la patrie mais qui vous fera aimer le Canada. Je voudrais tant vous le faire aimer mon pays.—Je voudrais vous voir entrer dans les diverses compétitions de la fortune, dans les nombreuses explorations de nos ressources nationales et que vous puissiez dire: il nous a été bon d'être venus.—Je voudrais que vous fissiez non comme nous mais mieux que nous, et qu'heureux vous mangiez du plus gras et buviez du plus doux.

R. P. DUCLOS.

ENCORE EN FAMILLE.

La cloche du retour a sonné et le moment est arrivé de quitter la délicieuse campagne pour reprendre le chemin du collège.

Il en coûte de laisser cette œuvre que nous avons appris à aimer, ces amis qui ont été les témoins de nos peines, de nos découragements et de nos joies. Mais heureux est celui qui s'est efforcé de bien répandre la semence de vérité.—Il n'a qu'à être confiant le Maître sera fidèle.

Déjà le bruit se fait entendre dans les grands corridors et les livres, retirés de leur prison d'été, indiquent que l'étude a repris son cours.

Notre petite famille française est presque complète, un seul de ses enfants, M. L. Abram, n'a pas répondu à l'appel. Licencié

au printemps dernier, il est allé grossir la cohorte des aînés qui nous ont devancés dans la vie pratique. Appelé à travailler dans la vigne, d'abord à Cornwall, il est allé planter définitivement sa tente à St. Valier.—Bonheur et succès mon frère.

Un de perdu deux de retrouvés. Nous souhaitons la bienvenue à deux des nôtres qui, après une longue absence, sont de retour au foyer: M. A. Rondeau qui, l'automne dernier, avait jugé à propos de s'accorder une année de repos. Il nous revient plein de courage. Je n'ai pas peur, dit-il, pas même des quatre heures d'hébreu.

M. J. Demole, après un séjour de deux ans au milieu des fleurs, revient signer un nouveau crédo et lutter encore avec les langues mortes

Que les bénédictions d'en haut soient sur notre chère famille et que chacun de ses enfants se souvienne qu'il doit être un ambassadeur du Roi des rois.

C. F. C.

REDACTION.

Nous avions espéré, dans ce numéro de notre journal, donner une esquisse biographique de M. J. Bourgoin, le directeur regretté des Instituts de la Pointe-aux-Trembles et gradué de notre collège. Mais le travail accumulé des jours d'été, et aussi pourquoi ne le dirions-nous pas? le manque de certains détails indispensables nous forcent à renvoyer au mois prochain la publication de ce travail. Ce que nous nous sentons pressés d'exprimer, sans plus de retard, c'est notre sympathie profonde pour tous et chacun des membres de la famille du défunt.

Nous le savons heureux, mais nous ne pouvons oublier qu'il pleure ceux.....qu'il a laissés derrière lui.

M. le pasteur E. Brandt, ancien élève de l'École Normale de Glay (Doubs) France, gradué du Collège Presbytérien, a été nommé par le comité de l'Évangélisation française de l'Eglise Presbytérienne en Canada, principal des Instituts de la Pointe-aux-Trembles.

M. Brandt, par ses succès antérieurs dans l'enseignement, assure tous les amis de l'œuvre qu'il est à la hauteur de sa tâche.

Que Dieu lui donne la sagesse et les forces nécessaires pour l'accomplissement de la grande et belle œuvre à laquelle Il l'appelle.

Nous apprenons, avec plaisir, qu'un de nos aînés, M. le pasteur E. Curdy a obtenu, en Europe, le titre de bachelier ès-sciences. Nos félicitations à notre ami.

M. Curdy est un travailleur de renom. Il le prouve par un ouvrage qu'il vient de publier : *Le Pardon Evangélique et sa contrefaçon*.

M. le Docteur Coussirat, dans l'*Aurore* du 18 octobre, en donne une critique qui fait honneur à l'auteur.

Pour montrer la valeur de ce livre, nous laisserons parler le savant professeur : "Ai-je réussi à faire sentir que ce livre est une œuvre originale, personnelle, qui met en lumière un aspect peu connu, nouveau même pour le grand nombre des lecteurs de l'important sujet du pardon ? Je le souhaite vivement. Protestants et Catholiques trouveront à le lire autant de plaisir que d'instruction et d'édification. La librairie Fischebacher en a jugé ainsi, puisqu'elle a fait à M. Curdy l'honneur (très rarement accordé à un débutant) de publier la première édition de cet ouvrage à ses propres frais."

—Pauvre L.... il a eu bien peur des chiens.
—Surtout d'un petit qui était bien fâché, j'ai failli le plumer

—L.... joyeux de revoir son ami : D'où viens-tu père Abraham ?

—Pouvez-vous me dire à quelle heure part le train pour C ?
—A 7.30 heures.
—Il n'y en a pas un avant ?
—Non, ils sont tous à vapeur.

STUDENTS' DIRECTORY 1900-1901

I—STUDENTS IN THEOLOGY

Post Graduates

Name	Home	Address City
Rev. D. D. Miller,	Ottawa.	Room 29.
Rev. F. J. Worth, B.A.,	Wellington, B.C.	Room 27.

Third Year

Anderson, F. J., Montreal.	128 Paris St.
Cameron, A. G., Montreal.	33 Greene Av.
Campbell, J. D., Toronto.	50 Victoria St.
Lundy, S., B.A., Monaghan, Ireland.	324 Cote St. Antoine
Pidgeon, E. L., New Richmond, Que.	Room 1.
Rothney, W. O., Leeds Village, Que.	Room 31.
Thom, G. W., Almonte, Ont.	Room 30.
Turner, H. H., B.A., Appleton, Ont.	Room 28.
Yule, Geo., Bankfoot, Scotland.	Room 45.

Second Year

Bell, W., Ireland.	324 Cote St. Antoine
Brown, W. G., B.A., Athelstan, Que.	Room 24.
Cruchon, C. F., Druillat, France.	Room 33.
Greig, J. G., Westmount, Que.,	400 Cote St. Antoine.
Lapointe, C., Terrebonne, Que.	13 Burnside Place.
Laverie, J. H., B.A., Lauzon, Que.	Room 32.
Lee, H. S, B.A., Hemmingford, Que.	Room 11.
MacLeod, J. B., B.A., Springton, P.E.I.	17 Mayor St.
Stewart, D., B.A., Laguerre, Que.	Room 22.

First Year

Hardy, C., B.A., Fortune Cove, P.E.I.	Room 20.
MacLeod, N. V., Granby, Que.	Room 52.
MacMillan, C. J., B.A., Charlottetown, P.E.I.	
Mathieson, P., Forester's Falls, Ont.	Room 12.
Reid, A. S., Lemesurier, Que.	Room 19.
Rondeau, A. G., Hull, Que.	Room 9.
Turkington, E., Ireland.	Room 13.

II—STUDENTS IN ARTS

Undergraduates, Fourth Year

Lochead, A. W., North Gower, Ont.	McGill College.
MacLeod, A. B., Springton, P.E.I.	17 Mayor St.
Mowat, J. A., Montreal.	41 Luke St.

Third Year

Jack, M., Chateauguay, Que.	Roc n 18.
Reid, A. S., Lemesurier, Que.	Room 19.

Second Year

Davidson, M. B., Ottawa.	159 Stanley St.
May, W. H., Forester's Falls, Ont.	Room 17,
Mowat, E. E., Montreal.	41 Luke St.

First Year

Bright, A., Montreal.	1003 St. Catherine.
Gray, E. H., Montreal West.	McGill College.
MacGougan, E., Glencoe, Ont.	Room 10.
Mackenzie, A. D. M., Hartsville, P.E.I.	70 City Councillorsst
Mingie, G. W., Point St. Charles.	Room 23.
Stewart, J. Ure., Goderich, Ont.	Room 4.

III—STUDENTS IN LITERARY COURSE

Third Year

Morrow, J. D., Toronto, Ont.	Room 44.
Touchette, W. F., Huson, Montana.	Room 6.
Robertson, H. D., Almonte, Ont.	Room 55.

Second Year

Bourgoin, S., Pointe au Trembles.	Room 3.
Charron, A., Namur, Que.	Room 8.
Laurin, A., Ste. Dorothée, Que.	Room 5.
Mackenzie, J. D., Inverness, Que.	Room 56.
McCutcheon, O. F., Leeds Village,	Room 51.
Melieres, E., Pointe au Trembles,	Room 7.
Mitchell, G. S., Linden, N. S.	Room 14.
Sharpe, J. H., Clydesdale, Ont.	Room 16.
Tucker, W., Sorel, Que.	Room 15.
Woodside, J. H., St. Sylvest West, Que.	Room 21.

First Year

Ross, W., Uptergrove, Ont.	Room 50.

"Give me a teetotal army and I will go anywhere and do anything with it."—Lord Roberts.

"It is not Chinese Christians but Christian Chinese that we want."—Murdoch Mackenzie.

"The corruption of the best is the worst."—Ian MacLaren.

"Trifles make perfection but perfection is no trifle"

"The great art of learning much is to learn little at a time."—Locke.

"Man's unhappiness comes of his greatness."—Carlyle.

"In the playing fields of Eton the battle of Waterloo was won."—Wellington.

"The soul of all improvement is the improvement of the soul."—Bushnell.

"There has never been or there never will be a good war or a bad peace."—Benj. Franklin.

"Stumbling-blocks may become stepping-stones to those who profit by experience."

"What you are speaks so loud that I can't hear what you say."—Tennyson.

"No man apprehends what vice is so well as he who is truly virtuous."—Milton.

"Fancied knowledge is the enemy of all real knowledge."—Socrates.

"Knowledge that cometh not in action soon passeth away."—An Arabic proverb.

"Man is the mouth of creation, Christ is the mouth of humanity."—Lange.

"Christian morality is the palladium or safeguard of civil liberty."—Washington.

"Never judge another man till you have been in his place."—Jewish proverb.

"Tell me what Oxford and Cambridge are to-day and I will tell you what England will be to-morrow."—A British Statesman.

When Sir Walter Scott was dying he said: "Give me the book." "What book?" said some one standing by. The great man replied, "There is but one book, and that book is the Bible."