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PHILOSOPHY: ITS RELATION TO LIFE AND  
EDUCATION.

INAUGURAL LECTURE AT THE UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO.

“One seems to hear three conflicting voices throughout the centuries. The response made by one of these is: ‘I can see nothing’; adding, with monstrous inconsistency: ‘I have faith all the same in the inductions of physical science.’ A contrary utterance comes from another voice: ‘I can see the universe through and through.’ These two voices are apt to overbear the third: ‘I see enough,’ it proclaims, ‘to justify the faith that I am living in a universe in which the natural is subordinate to, yet in harmony with, the moral and spiritual order and purpose which my higher being requires; and I also find that the more I cultivate this faith by philosophical reflection, the better I can see the little that can be conquered by practical reason, and the more wisely I can shape my life.’”—PROF. FRASER.

THE popular estimate of philosophy is generally unfavorable. Popular philosophy, metaphysics, is considered the domain of speculation and theory, the subject furthest from human life, the philosopher's excuse for the neglect of the social and political duties of common men. While philosophers in their lives and acts may give countenance to this view, philosophy abjures it and she abjures it both in the name of the task she lives to perform and of the tasks she has performed in the world. Philosophy has been the soul of the world's great movements in history, in politics, in art, in religion; wherever an affair of human interest has gone

deep enough to give color to a nation's development, hindrance to a human wrong, or vigor to the higher aspiration of an individual, there, therein, has been philosophy.

The fallacious popular estimate of philosophy is easily explained ; it is fallacious because it is the popular estimate. Philosophy has for a mission a task which the majority of men take for granted, at the same time that they decry it and its pursuers. Men act on the supposition that the world is reasonable, that knowledge is true, that duty is right, that human affections and expectations are not a mirage of desert hopes, that nature has satisfactions for her own cravings, and that every phase of human emotion has an answering response somewhere : but how many of us could justify these beliefs from our experience? Who of us will endeavor to explain the most legitimate and commonplace affairs of life? When one does this he becomes a philosopher. He undertakes a task in which all men are interested, but in which most men take no interest.

There is an important sense, however, in which the popular opinion of philosophy is true. The nature of the subject with which it deals ; the more or less conjectural hypotheses which may be put forth with dogmatic assurance and confidence and some show of reason—which hypotheses often rest upon individual prejudice or misconception or exhibit dense ignorance of established fact ; the traditional belief that no philosophy is true which does not explain the infinite and eternal, however it may neglect the concrete and empirical ; the unspeakable audacity with which the metaphysician is accustomed to explode his guns above the heads but beneath the regard of the plodding and successful worker in science—all these things have tended to bring speculation into disrepute and metaphysics has become synonymous with fancy. In the language of Clifford, "the word philosopher has come to mean the man who thinks it his business to explain everything in a certain number of large books."

It is against this abuse of philosophy that I wish on this occasion especially to protest, not against the criticism which is aimed at the extravagance of speculation. But in as far as philosophy in its true province and as concerned with its true problem is involved in this criticism, such aspersions are unjust, and they should be vigorously met ; and met on the ground of the

popular considerations which are urged by detractors of metaphysical study.

With a view to such a popular presentation of the claims of philosophy, the problems which it undertakes to solve may engage our attention at the outset, and my first proposition is this: *that philosophical problems are problems of human life.*

For example, what philosophical students call the world-problem; whence the world, what the world, why the world, whither the world? One philosopher answers: Whence the world? It is eternal. What the world? It is matter and mechanism. Why the world? It has no end nor purpose. Whither the world? To extinction or back to eternity. And we ask how his reply bears on human life. He answers, man is part of the world, man results from matter and mechanism, with no purpose or destiny. He eats, he drinks, to-morrow he dies; nature and natural satisfactions are divine; self-sacrifice, generosity, love are illusions; gratification is my legitimate end and happiness alone is worthy of my striving.

Now this doctrine is philosophical and many a man believes it who does not live it out. Convince a man that the mind is a function of the brain, that emotion is the discharge, the equilibrium, the interplay of nervous forces, that the will is the feeling of central innervation or inhibition, and he must think more in reference to his physical personality and its impulses and satisfactions than of the pursuit of ideal things for which his theory gives him no justification—not even a material justification. His conduct must have reference tacitly, at least, to the sphere of the to-him-real, the principle in which he believes the order of things is ultimately grounded and his altruistic part must live more or less under protest or by inconsistent tolerance.

Another philosopher says: What is the world? I do not know. Whence, why, whither the world? I do not know. I am ignorant of all explanation of the constitution, origin and destiny of things, and what is more to the point I flatter myself that I do not care. What bearing has this on human life? This: that the denial and neglect of problems does not banish them. If a man has any intellectual part, any sense of meaning in the events, or even in the dead matter of creation, he must realize the inevitable

interrogation mark which confronts him turn where he will. What is birth, life, death? What is the State? What is capital, labor, civilization? His whole environment presses in upon him like so many goads prodding him on to enquiry. To say I do not know, is to deny himself the stature of manhood, the vigor of developed intellect, to suppress the faculties of invention and imaginative construction, to put his hand to his own throat and choke off the soul-potencies within him. Where were nature-discovery, labor-saving devices, practical conveniences and comforts, to say nothing of ideal things, if an agnostic theory of the world were kept consistently to the fore?

Still another says: What the world? An idea, a dream. Whence the world? From my thought. Why the world? To condition my thought. Whither the world? Back to the place of ideal forms where the subjective idealist loves to lose himself in contemplation. What effect has this on life? This: it leads away from the material, the mechanical, the definite, to the vague, the shadowy, the unreal. Stern conditions are removed in thought, not in fact. Hard surroundings are scorned, not overcome. Humanity is neglected, not relieved. The subjective idealist builds his own world and lives in it, the happiest of men, but not the most useful. Incentive to action, the sting of stern inflexible reality does not penetrate his armor and too often he lifts no effective arm to advance the commonplace utilities of life.

Again, consider the problem of knowledge. Is there such a thing as knowledge? If so, of what. Of an external world, of self, of God? Is there truth?

Answer this with the positivist, who admits no knowledge not of the external world, to whom consciousness has no legitimate voice, to whom the inner world is an illusion, and then take stock of human life. It is then measured in terms of the yard and pound; it is of value as it is brought into relation to the profits and losses of trade or the utilities of material acquisition. Physical science receives all merited attention, discovery in nature transforms society, but the æsthetic, the poetic, the human in any true sense, die out. American civilization is in some of its aspects at once an example and a warning of positivism in individual and national life.

Answer this question with the philosophical skeptic, the pure sensationalist, to whom all that we call knowledge is a fleeting play

of mental states, a panorama of subjective pictures with no reality either in the world or in mind, and estimate again the value of life. The material now vanishes with the ideal ; positive science, conscious incentives, wealth, distinction, glory, fade from pursuit, for the material is a phantom show as mind and its utterances are. And what is left ? Ask Helvetius, Diderot, and La Mettrie and they will answer—sensations, gleams of pleasure, atoms of living, fragments of joy which palls in the quietness of spent desire or grows feverish with desire not yet spent.

But the affirmative answer to the question "Is there truth?" brings back the worth of living. If the senses are true, natural science is true, discovery and invention are leading us on to the ultimate revelation of nature's secret things ; if the mind is true, its intimations of spiritual reality, of emotional satisfactions, of self-realization by self-control and choice of the best, are true, and its assurances of a goal, a destiny, are true. Life has now a meaning where before it was as blank as the wastes of Egyptian sand and as inscrutable as the flinty face that keeps watch upon Egyptian solitudes.

Note further the bearing of the answer of this question upon society and its institutions. Society is a structure based upon rights, rights waived and rights secured, mutually understood and respected. Let the restraints be moved from within, the authority of the voice which teaches me altruism and reciprocity of obligation and duty, and I become an enemy to society, an iconoclast, an anarchist, a political libertine. If morality is custom, why may I not deviate from custom ? Who made custom my master ? If government is a compact, who may say that I am a party to the compact ; and if unwilling, by what authority, my own nature affording no imperative, may I be compelled ? If law is convention, and convention convenience, why not my convenience ? A doctrine which runs to the brink of the French Revolution—a social disintegration due to individualism in philosophy.

We are thus led to see that the problems which the philosophic spirit sets itself are not different from the ordinary questions of our lives. We judge men every day by their philosophy, their views on just those questions which philosophers discuss. My second proposition, accordingly, is this: *that its effects on life are, in the general*

*way and when historically interpreted, a legitimate test of the truth or falsity of a philosophical doctrine or system.*

This position is often denied. We are told we must love truth for truth's sake, and leave the consequences to themselves ; that the enquirer, the philosopher, cannot be responsible for consequences. This is sometimes true ; yet it is surprising in how few cases it is true. It is never true in philosophy. From the nature of the case, consequences enter as a part of the content of the philosophic solution, consequences in experience and life. Philosophy puts the question : How can I explain man and his environment. It is only half a solution to explain either man or his environment. Materialism does the latter, subjective idealism does the former ; but no philosophy is true which leaves out of its reckoning any degree on the arc which measures the mutual relation between personality and nature.

Life is, therefore—to go a little deeper—the sphere of experience, the only storehouse of data for the philosophic solution. And all aspects of experience must have equal right. It is the habit of natural science to magnify law, to deify universality, to disparage individuality, to ridicule heart ; this is the environment aspect of the question. The metaphysician and moralist is prone to magnify individuality, to deny law, to disparage the external ; this is the personality aspect. The balance must be rigidly preserved between the two, yet the latter is and should be popularly emphasized in this generation for several reasons.

In the first place, because the limitation of philosophical data to experience, carries the presumption that nature is always a party to experience, that is, that only is experience which consists in a reaction of man on nature. That this is a false presumption is seen in the larger half of human experience. The overwhelming testimony of life is that its greater part has both had no material reference and is incapable of such a reference. The entire range of higher emotion points to needs which life never realizes, or realizing, only enhances. The postulates of our ethical selves, which untutored intelligence spontaneously reckons the most important, durable, and true of all our experiences, not only run above natural reactions, but often seem to run counter to them. The tendency of natural science is to the refusal to the heart of all share in the determination of truth, the denial to the will of any validity in its requirement of

a principle of regulation more inflexible for man than the principles of nature. Man may deny and violate natural law, bidding defiance to its material compulsion, and preserve that wholeness of inner truth which constitutes his integrity as man ; but who can escape the commandments of his own inner nature, the law of self-realization which tells him : " What thou art, thou shalt act out and wherein thou violatest the right, thou thyself shall suffer loss ? "

But these inner truths should be further emphasized for their own sake ; it is strange that they should ever need emphasis. Why, if all facts are sacred and none are intentionally outraged, why should not facts of mind be as valid as facts of nature ? Why should not all facts of mind be as valid as any facts of nature ? Why is the emotional recoil which all men feel in the presence of cruelty not as good evidence that cruelty is contrary to the order of biological development as is found in the bleeding tissue which is left by a cruel blow ? Why is not the degenerate will which follows an egoistic theory of conduct, as valid evidence that self control is nature's higher law, as the physical effects which follow conduct on this theory ? It is as valid evidence, though in the former case we appeal to consequences and in the latter case to law. But the former is law as much as the latter is law. Biological evolution is based upon a principle whereby needs arise where satisfactions are and satisfactions are not found where no need is ; the economist develops the social organism on the same principle, that supply does not precede but always accompanies demand. Yet what treatment does the man receive at the hands of contemporary science, who claims that an ethical demand is sufficient proof of its own normal satisfaction and that mental intimations of immortality afford presumptive evidence of a future life ? Yet the man of science knows that such inner experiences are facts, that they are experiences, and in the face of such knowledge, sweeps them away as sentiment or illusion and exhorts the man who is as good a scientist and a better philosopher than himself, by reason of a truer theory of experience, to curb his imagination, and not to trouble himself about consequences !

Again the natural sciences demand a further philosophy than the simple postulate of experience ; for the possibility of experience, of a relation at all between man and nature, must have its philosophy. To go no deeper into the question " How is

experience possible?" than the strictist empiricist would follow, it occurs to us to ask by what right he uses experience at all; by what right his conception of type serves him for the generalization of possible experience; by what right he constructs hypotheses which go beyond experience; we ask him why he gives credence to belief in the investigation of nature, why he ever trusts his facts out of his sight—by what right, in the name of all that empirical, he ventures to prophesy in regard to nature. His whole procedure in these respects—which are fundamentally one—is in so far a refutation of an experiential philosophy.

We find, accordingly, that both the facts of personality and the facts of environment must be recast in a deeper metaphysic of experience itself. This problem precedes all the empirical work both of the naturalist and of the philosopher and they are equally dependent on its verdict. But in this more abstruse discussion the mental claims priority and immediacy and nature-science must be content with second place. The physical investigator, therefore, who so loudly declaims against metaphysics and presses it to a preliminary self-defence, in its recognition of anything not subject to gravitation and cohesion, is only insisting on a procedure which must result in a curtailment of his own claims either in the way of an admission of lack of certainty in his results, or of other sources of knowledge than the atomistic and fragmentary reactions of experience. There are those who are modest enough to take the first alternative, and there are also those who are philosophical enough to take the second.

We are led, therefore, both from a superficial view of experience and by a more critical philosophical method, to the view that a system of thought may be legitimately judged by its effects on character. But the further question at once arises: how are these results on character to be estimated? How am I to say what elements of character are due to a man's philosophical opinions and how far he is moulded by the current doctrines of his generation? These are legitimate questions and their proper answer greatly narrows the range of the thesis we are considering in two distinct particulars, one of which is a caution taught us by the student of science, and the other of which we draw from the domain of historical study.

First we may say—and this is where we must love truth for



truth's sake and take no account of consequences—that facts, established truths, are never to be disregarded or denied in view of their results. Facts are sacred, lead where they will. Do they interfere with our views of life? Then our views of life are wrong. Do they conflict with authority? Then authority must go, be it authority customarily considered even more sacred. I would be the last to hamper investigation with a shrinking timidity of consequences. It is the main merit of the new movements in philosophy that they are throwing authority to the winds and letting facts stand for themselves. But this is science, this treatment of isolated facts. Philosophy goes farther in asking how can I interpret these and other facts in a consistent theory? Note carefully—not these facts only, but these and other facts. All facts are equal before law. My theory must neglect none of them. Do they conflict with one another? Then my philosophy is not true, and it is quite possible that I am unable to construct a theory in the particular case that is true. A large number of philosophical questions to-day are in this stage waiting for further results from science and on these questions philosophers should confess ignorance; a modesty which is growing among us, and, which is in striking contrast with the extravagance omniscience of the traditional metaphysics.

Now by consequences in life, I mean actual facts of my life, inner truths which are sacred, as facts. These we must preserve most loyally. But our cherished interpretations of them, our theories of living, these are no more than any hypotheses which serve their day and aid us to live until further truth teaches us to throw them aside or reconstruct them with due reference to our new acquisitions. As far as disregard for consequences has reference to interpretations, it is just, but when it includes fundamental mental experiences, those truths which go to make up my intellectual and moral integrity, it is wrong. It is in the latter interest unfortunately that the criticism of philosophy is usually made; and it is sometimes in the foremost interest, unfortunately, that the consequential argument is appealed to by speculative thinkers.

Again, the bearings of philosophy on life can only be discovered in a broad historical survey; certainly not by a judgment of individual men. In individual cases it is the character that

influences the philosophy as often as the reverse. Yet the history of philosophy studied by epochs and in periods of decided philosophical tendency, indicates results on morals, institutions, general life which are unmistakable. We need no special historical research to inform us that Idealism inspired the mind in the blooming period of Greek art, that Stoicism dominated the martial period of Roman greatness and that Materialism has ruled in the history of French democracy. Whichever be cause and whichever be effect, philosophy and character, thought and life, can never be divorced.

In view of the foregoing, a third position of general interest may be taken: *that instruction in philosophy is an essential element in sound academic culture and that to accomplish his true work in education, the instructor in philosophy must be alive to the essential conditions of progress in each of the great departments of learning.* The consideration of this topic leads me to discuss the position occupied by the philosophical department in the University curriculum and to express the personal opinions and expectations which I entertain regarding its object and development here.

The remarks already made to signalize the limitations of empirical science and its dependence on speculative theory, indicate in part the relation of scientific study to philosophy in the course of university instruction. It is the boast of science that she stoops to small things, to the gathering and preserving of humble details, that she is ready to sacrifice the "lordly theory" to the "paltry fact"; and it is a part of this pride that she should resent and expose the study which too often proceeds in ignorant and arrogant neglect of the truths which she has established by patient and exhaustive toil. The opposition of science, as far as it is reasonable, is not an opposition to philosophy, but to the vagaries in the name of philosophy, which clothe their barrenness in the garments of profound generalization and scout the humane ends of utility which science aims to subserve. With these the true philosopher has as little patience as the true scientist, and it is his purpose as well as his interest to rid his vocation of the stigma which popular feeling and scientific criticism unite in casting upon it and in which the voice of history none too softly joins. Philosophy has been a screen for the scientific

charlatan ; in her marble halls she has sheltered the mystic, the rhapsodist, the dreamer, and her geniuses, the greatest intellects the world has seen, have lost their intellectual birthright and even their good name in the maze of guess-work which the irony of scientific men denominates metaphysics. But this is our misfortune as largely as our fault, and sober thinkers of to-day are at one with the workers in science in demanding the re-statement of philosophical problems in terms which admit of the application of exact methods and imply reverence for the humblest truth.

The return to experience in philosophy is as much needed as the return to philosophy is needed in the sciences of experience. Empiricism will not secure science, and speculation alone will afford no true basis for philosophy. The scientist must needs be a philosopher and because in the past he has realized this need science has made advances ; on the other hand, the philosopher must needs be a scientist and it is because in the past he has not realized this need, that philosophy has not claimed her share in the discovery and application of truth. The philosophical function of the scientist is found in the imaginative construction which foreruns discovery ; the philosopher builds his construction wider, but its foundation is where the scientist has laid it.

The two disciplines are therefore necessary to each other, and their place is side by side in a liberal education. The elements of scientific method should precede abstract philosophy and the later development of speculation should rest at once upon the data of the laboratory and museum, on the one hand, and the gallery of mind on the other, where are found the specimens of the psychologist ; that is in facts within and facts without philosophy takes its rise.

This demand has found fruit and practical justification in late years in the new directions in which philosophy has turned enquiry, and the more exact methods by which many questions, before regarded as simply speculative, have been approached. In psychology the effect has been as marked for its novelty as for its healthful stimulus. Comparative and experimental psychology are the direct outgrowth of the modern scientific spirit, and it is to the merit of contemporary philosophy that the new work is receiving its hearty endorsement. M. Ribot and Dr. Maudsley may see in this movement the decay of speculation prophesied by

Comte, and the *American Journal of Psychology*, posing as the organ of progress, may declare that an organic theory of mental unity seems to be the most probable hypothesis; but other workers insist that no results so far established by physiological psychology give even presumptive improbability to a spiritual and ideal theory of mind. I speak here with the conviction arrived at through earnest study in the laboratory and with the physicist and with the caution which is born of a realization of unsettled problems, and I say that the outcome of neurological and psychophysical research is, in my case at least, a tonic and stimulant to my spiritual beliefs. Run through the problems of physiological psychology and review the organic theories urged for their solution, and as far as they are sober and rest upon established fact, they can be accepted by the introspective psychologist as adding confirmatory evidence to his belief in the essential peculiarity and ultimateness of consciousness.

But further than this, this is just the field in which philosophy may redeem its reputation and show its ability and willingness to handle its own problems in an exact way. Shall I give up my study of the mind because the physiologist challenges me to a searching examination of the points of common interest to him and to me? Shall I abandon the field to him, at the same time refusing to accept the results which he attains by laborious research? However just my refusal of his results may be, it can be justified only after an intelligent estimate of his worth. No, my better part is to join with him in a common effort, rendered more effectual perhaps by the combined gifts of the scientist and the philosopher, and render assistance in the search for truth which is of the utmost importance both for the science of the organism and for the theory of the mind. This active interest in experimental psychology and a personal preparation for such work no professor of philosophy in this generation should lack in justice to his students and to truth. For the questions of neuro-psychology are receiving just now more attention perhaps than the questions either of pure physiology or of pure mental science. Psychophysical laboratories are growing in number and in importance and special organs are being denoted to the publication of their results. No university course in mental science is now complete which does not present at least the methods and main results of scientific

psychology, and the larger eastern institutions are seeking men of proper training for exact and original work. This certainly indicates progress. If the additions which are being made are additions of fact outside the sphere of mind, they are valuable at least for physiology ; but if they bear in any way, however remote, upon the mental, we should be free to enlarge our view of the sphere and aim of mental philosophy.

For this reason I am disposed to urge the establishment of a psychological laboratory in the University, where a beginning may at least be made in the study of comparative and experimental psychology, of neurology as far as it bears on mental interpretation, and of mental pathology, asking the co-operation of the department of biology in affording to the students a fundamental acquaintance with the biological facts which are connected with mental operations. Such a study however should come after the descriptive and introspective study of the mind, and after the principles of logic, especially inductive logic, have been mastered. We shall then expect students who take philosophy freely to be better observers and reasoners than their fellows when they come to more advanced work either in philosophy or in science.

In the study of literature and language the function of philosophy is plain, and its value the philologist and literary critic are generally quite ready to admit. Comparative philology finds its fundamental explanation in comparative psychology, and the latter is only possible on the basis of a training in the interpretation of mental movements. The conjectures of the philologist, and the hypotheses of the anthropologist may sometimes be confirmed or corrected by a simple reference to the psychology of speech and the laws of the growth of conceptions. The study of the child mind, so long neglected by philosophers but now becoming very important to mental theory, throws great light on idioms of speech, grammatical forms and rhetorical rules and is the only source of such information open to the philologist. What is language but the expression of higher mental processes in their different stages, and who is able to interpret its forms and criticise its adequacy better than he who understands the mental movements of which it is the expression ?

A further relation also exists between the student of language and the speculative thinker, namely this : language is a product of human faculty, a record of human experience and achievement, and is itself a part of that general humanity or life in which philosophy finds its problems. Not only then must the student of language in its deeper relations and meaning, see its bearing upon the more general hypotheses which philosophy advances, but the philosopher is true to the conditions of his problem only as he is himself a philologist, or stands in the most sympathetic attitude toward the results of philological study.

Of literary criticism and composition the same may be said but with added emphasis. The canons of literary art and appreciation are, in an intimate way, involved in our developed world-theory. *Æsthetics* can not be scientific unless it be true subjectively ; that is, all aesthetic composition is a matter of the constructive imagination, its ethical worth is a matter of subjective moral judgment, its subjective matter, its poetic form, its adequate execution, all appeal to the ideal estimate to which philosophy seeks to give formulation. The questions which spring up around the aesthetic problem take deep hold upon the relations of life. The points of most lively present discussion in literature and art turn upon our view of philosophic ethics and its relation to our sense of the beautiful, as the lamentable performances bear witness with which self-constituted art critics afflict the public. Who can write with authority on realism in art? Certainly not men who have no knowledge of the notions of ethics in their social applications on the one hand and their relation to mental ideals on the other. I do not mean that literary taste is a matter of learning ; but it is nevertheless true that the critic, the instructor, must be able to throw his canons of taste and execution into form if he would justify the general principles of his distinctive school or if he would instruct the intellect and refine the taste of the student, and all such form is at once the philosophy of literature and art.

The relation of this department to political and economic theories is also close and important. The theory of government is one of the most difficult and philosophical problems, and its solution waits upon the decision of the psychologist and moralist. The most potent criticism, urged against the social visionary are

drawn from psychology : we say that his Utopia is impossible while man is constituted as he is, that is while mental laws, passions, impulses, temperaments, are what they are. We go to the philosopher for the foundation of a political and social system under which man can work out his destiny. Society itself and the state are developed products of the human mind and so the philosophy of human life must explain and justify society and the state. There is no other department of thought which takes so deep a hold upon popular morals and brings so prominently into view the popular character as the political. We cannot divorce our politics from our morals nor our estimate of political desert from our judgment of personal character. But at the same time uninstructed popular movements are nowhere more damaging and extravagant and nowhere else is there such a field for the arts of logical and emotional sophistry. Hence the necessity for the codification, the unification, the philosophy of duties and rights which is law. Individual thought and impulse is not law, individual conscience is not law ; but how do we know this, if not by the recognition of a universal of thought and a universal of conduct, two great departments of philosophy. The economist and the legislator must understand human motives if they would construct a policy or form a statute opportunely. The only capable student of political and general history and the only safe guardian of natural franchise is the man who knows something of the historic development of the human mind as seen in institutions and knows on the other hand how to lead the popular thought of a constituency to a higher plane of political theory. The dreamer in politics is perhaps more dangerous than the dreamer in philosophy, but he is always a dreamer in philosophy before he becomes a dreamer in politics ; and, on the other hand, the safest exponent of political progress is the man who studies most closely the laws of motive in conduct and the growth of ethical conceptions among the people.

Such, in brief and defective outline, is the place and function of philosophy in the modern university, and, certainly, such a theme or aggregate of themes, is broad enough for a host of workers. No one man can, by any combination of gifts or courses of preparation do justice to this program and at the same time do

justice to himself. Hence three separate chairs are now devoted to this work in the larger institutions, chairs of Psychology including Logic and Pedagogy or the Science of Teaching ; Ethics with *Æsthetics* ; and General Philosophy or Metaphysics. It is a cause for congratulation to the department that two full professorships have now been established here and that the work is soon to be divided.

The magnifying of philosophy, in view of what has been said, is therefore not the magnifying of one branch of study at the expense of others, or of one mode of intellectual discipline in contrast with another ; it is rather the magnifying of study and discipline. Its concern is to reach the statement of facts which underlie all knowledge and of all rules for the conduct of the understanding in the various lines of research. It aims to make men vigorous thinkers, awake to alternatives, patient of hypotheses, cautious of conclusions, able in attack and defence, liberal and catholic in opinion. Excessive study of language makes men to a degree crude, pedantic, near-sighted to truth ; excessive scientific study makes men to a degree positive, syllogistic, unsympathetic to the more problematic bearings of truth ; philosophical study makes men, or should make men, judicial, tolerant, alive to the infinite possibilities of truth and full of reverence first of all for truthful thought and truthful life.

The position which I seek to emphasize finds a concrete illustration in the philosophy and personality of my predecessor in this chair, the late George Paxton Young. If influence is to be judged by its reach and extent, certainly his was a mighty influence ; and if personality is to be judged by its influence, then his was a lofty personality ; and if character is to be judged by manifest personality, then his was an elevated and noble character ; and if philosophy, which is my main contention, is to be judged by its effects on character, then his philosophy, in its spiritual conception must be true : for it is at this point that philosophy has its main bearings on life and though a single case may not be sufficient to establish the principle yet certainly a case of such eminent fitness as this may well be used to illustrate it.

On an occasion like this when the attempt is made to command the more difficult and abstract conceptions of a special department



of study to the popular interest and sympathy, what could be more forcible or more beautiful than the memory of one in whom the popular and the special by common consent so admirably blended? My personal regret is that I did not know him, but no one could appreciate more fully than I the qualities which rendered him successful as a teacher in a department where the conditions are such as to make success so difficult. However his teaching and my own may differ in method, in points of emphasis, and in detailed results, yet in the great object of it all, its educational significance, I could have no higher ambition than that the department should retain in some measure the important place which it has occupied in the university in the past.

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## FAITH CURE.

"FAITH-CURE" is not identical with its twin brother "Christian Science," or "Metaphysical Healing." The disciples of the former trust absolutely to prayer by a Christian as a vehicle for the cure of physical disease. It ignores the stereotyped phrase "if it be God's will," and holds that it is a divine law to always cure when all the conditions are complied with. These are: (a) The Christian (b) Prayer, (c) Believing Prayer, (d) Persistent Prayer, (e) Cure. If failure should occur, it is because of some of the requirements having been omitted. "Christian Science" ignores the body altogether, and scorns with contempt the idea of there being any body or bodily disease. All bodies so called are merely phenomena of mind, simply these and nothing more, hence all diseases are resolved into mentally weak or morbid conditions. One of the founders of this belief says "Divine science shows that matter and mortal body are the illusions of human belief, which seem to appear, and disappear to mortal sense alone," (Mrs. Eddy).

In one of the text books used in the college, instituted by these "mind cure" professors, is a prayer to be used by a dyspeptic, as given by Dr. Hazzard, the president of the school in New York. An extract is as follows:—"We know, Father and Mother of us all, that there is no such thing as a diseased stomach; that the disease is the carnal mortal mind given over to the world, the flesh and the devil; that the mortal mind is a twist, a distortion, a false attitude, the *Harmatia* of thought (what ever that may be), shining and glorious verity. We recognize the great and splendid *fact* that the moment we really believe the *truth*, *disease* ceases to trouble us. The *truth* is that there is no *disease* in either real *body* or *mind*; that in the *mind* what *seems* to be a *disease* is a false belief, a parasite, a hateful excrescence, and that what happens in the *body* is the shadow of the *lie* in the soul. Lord, help us to believe that *all* evil is utterly unreal; that it is silly to be sick, absurd to be ailing, wicked to be wailing, atheism and denial of God to say 'I am sick.' Help us to stoutly affirm, with our hand in *your* hand, with our eyes fixed on *Thee*, that we have no dyspepsia, that we will never have

dyspepsia, that there is no such thing, that there never was any such thing, that there never will be any such thing. Amen."

Then again it is said, "The sick man suffers only as the insane suffer, from a mere belief. The only difference is that insanity implies belief in a diseased brain, while physical ailments (so called) arise from a belief that some other portions of the body are deranged. The entire mortal body is evolved from mortal mind." (Mrs. Eddy). These are specimen extracts from their authenticated works, and are not a travesty of them.

These "mind cure" advocates ignore faith as a medium of cure. They state in all seriousness that in will power "it is as easy to affect a person in the interior of Africa by mental influence as in the same room." It seems distance is annihilated by their psychic cure-all potency.

It will be noticed, however, that faith is needed in both schools. Only "Christian Science" confines its influence to the agent who is exercised, but "Faith Cure" demands it in the diseased, looking towards the God in Christ. The centre of healing power lies absolutely in the one class without *ab extra* aid, but the other class lays no claim to inherent power. In the diseased "Christian Scientist" the cure may be slow, seeing it needs repetition and enlightenment to raise the devotees to the necessary ideal, but in answer to prayer the "Faith Cure" is instantaneous, if at all. The one system implies a working through nature's laws, but the other is not satisfied with anything short of immediate miracles in direct answer to faith. The former holds that disease is only supposed and has no substantial existence; the latter includes and acknowledges physical disease, and believes in material existence. These two creeds are thus put in juxtaposition in order to show their radical differences, as many assert they are one in essence and in experimentation.

"Divine Healing" appeals to the Bible for its methods, authority and successes. It takes Scripture in its literal sense, and brands as infidelity the idea of any secondary interpretation. It holds to the absolute idea that Christ came into the world not only to save from sin but also from physical disease, if all the conditions necessary to this dual salvation are complied with. It shows that in Old Testament times Patriarchs and Prophets sought the Lord because of physical diseases, and He healed them. The

leprosy, the plague, the pestilence, and many general diseases were stayed or driven away in answer to the prayer of faith. Even children were cured because of the faith of the parents in those days of miraculous interposition. The wicked Jeroboam was not privileged in this way in respect to his sick child. Hezekiah is a noted example, and is put in striking contrast to poor Asa, who sought not the Lord when he had sore feet, but went to his physicians, and it is added—it is to be hoped, not sarcastically—that “Asa slept with his fathers, and died.” At the dedication of the temple Solomon put in a plea for healing in answer to prayer. The great atonement chapter in which Christ is said to be foreshadowed as being “bruised,” and not only “took on him our infirmities,” but also “bore our sicknesses,” is quoted.

Moses warned the grumbling Israelites that if they would only hearken to the voice of the Lord he (Moses) would put none of those diseases upon them, for the Lord healeth.

In New Testament times the record is quite clear. Christ is said to have “healed all that were sick.” Not only so, but he gave a commission to the twelve apostles, and later on to the seventy, to heal diseases as well as to preach, and they did so—(Acts, chap. ix and x.) The power in this respect was only circumscribed by unbelief. The great text of the “Faith Cure” advocates is found in James v., 14 and 15: “Is any sick among you? (that is believers) let him call the elders of the church, and let them pray over him, anointing him with oil in the name of the Lord; and the prayer of faith shall save the sick, and the Lord shall raise him up; and if he have committed sins (as a cause of the complaint) they shall be forgiven him.” Then there is found the statement, “What things soever ye desire when ye pray, believe that ye receive them and ye shall have them.” The rendering of these modern disciples is given so as to take no unfair advantage of them. These are a few of the strongest texts they present, and this is a synopsis of their belief. It will be seen, then, that these believers adhere to a literal rendering of these and cognate texts. Now, by a fair analogy, this rule of interpretation must apply to all Scripture. No man has the right to apply literal exegesis to one part and deny it in other parts, where didactic statements are made, and where we know from the connection that they are not parables, images, visions, nor dreams. Let us see how this rule

will work in only a few examples. Take the doctrine of temporal death, said to have been included in the penalty for Adam's transgression. Put it alongside of the promise, "As in Adam all die, even so in Christ all shall be made alive." Literally this is not true, for saint and sinner die physically, irrespective of moral or spiritual conditions. Typhoid fever, diphtheria, cholera, yellow fever, small-pox, surgical injuries and old age unto death make no distinction in respect to victims or mortality. This is an absolute promise, yet "Christian Scientists" and "Divine Healers" suffer pain, and help to fill our graveyards with their dead and decaying bodies. The Psalmist tells us that thousands may fall from disease by the side of the righteous, yet the pestilence shall not come near him. This is, strictly, not true, as it has afflicted the good more or less in common with the wicked throughout the centuries, and at the present time is no respecter of persons. Disease is inexorable in exacting the uttermost farthing from its debtors, even from the generations following. "What a man soweth, *that* shall he also reap." "Our fathers have sinned and we bear their iniquities." "Visiting the iniquities of the fathers upon the children." It is said that those children who are obedient to parents shall have their days long in the land. In its literal sense experience knows of no such universal law. The nations which put to death according to usage aged parents, or allowed them to die most cruelly, were as long-lived as Christians who tenderly cared for aged parents. Scoundrels of the deepest dye will live to a good old age, if they should be of regular habits—as many of them are—even were they the worst of sons. "To him that believeth all things are possible." No one would assert that such a statement is unreservedly true. Those who have the weakest faith only equal to a grain of mustard seed in size, can remove mountains and cast them into the sea. Texts of this positive and explicit nature could be quoted by the hundreds. Surely these literalists would not assert that the faith and prayer of any human saint has reached or can accomplish these sublime ideals in an absolute sense. Why not, if these theorists are correct? The texts quoted are of equal pointedness, plainness and force as are those of these medico-religious fanatics or impostors. There is no doubt many of these theological charlatans are honest and in dead earnest, but the acceptance of these

theories either indicate a degree of mental weakness, or a stock of unwonted credulity, or a blindness to the logical results of their own opinions, which approaches the miraculous or delusional.

It is also noticeable in the history of our race, that faith in something, pure and simple, has been the means of curing many diseases. No one denies this potent fact. It is everywhere recorded in the archives of medicine what wonders have been done through apparently inadequate causes, and through the mental modes induced. Hope is a powerful mental and physical stimulant. Religious fervor rising to ecstasy annihilates worry, trouble and pain for the time, and often does so permanently. Despair is a great depressor of vitality. This is a law of our nature, and is independent of any direct Divine agency. It is an inherent principle of the human constitution, as we know from our own subjective states, as well as from observation of these conditions in others. This element of natural cause and effect must, however, be ruled out of court in discussing "faith cure," for this condition of life exists with or without faith, prayer, goodness or piety. Miraculous cures have indisputably been wrought by savages and semi-barbarians through the medium of the rites and superstitions of Voodooism among the Africans, Fetishism among the wild men of the islands of the sea, Shamanism among the Siberians, and the mystic ceremonies of our American Indians testify to the powers of the imagination, fear and ignorance, upon bodily conditions. These are the statements of missionaries, explorers and scientists. They accord with our own experiences in analogous ways, among the civilised and educated races. Faith, hope and mental excitement are powerful factors to determine our weal or woe in this world without any reference to the Christian religion. Medical men have recorded thousands upon thousands of instances of marvellous recoveries, based upon mistaken notions of patients in respect to the supposed efficacy of medicines and various medical appliances. The writer can recall a number of instances in his own experience. There were no prayers, no faith, and no Christian character in many of those cases. All simply believed in the power of the remedies, and because of these, subjective effects were produced. There is no doubt as to the wonder-working power of a simple but powerful belief in the thousands of instances truthfully attested to, through

the supposed intercession of some favorite saint. Lourdes and its waters, Knock Chapel and its altar, have cured thousands. Toronto has its examples of cures in this respect from Lourdes. Crutches are found there in stacks, left by the lame who threw them away, having no longer any more use for them. It is just to say that in two instances in this city new crutches were needed when the ardour, fervor and white heat of devotion had allowed hysteria to resume its sway. St. Anne's, in Quebec, has its devotees, and cures the crowds daily, going away rejoicing from its penitential and potential shrine. In some of the Rhenish Provinces of Germany, in the year of grace 1889, on the first day of the holy Appollonia, crowds of peasants throng to the Cathedral of Bonn to seek relief of the toothache through the intercession of this saint, her speciality being to cure this "hell o' a' diseases." The holy Virgin of Kevlaar receives at the present day scores of waxen hearts, arms and legs from the sick, who believe that by such offerings she will be induced to cure correspondingly ailing members of the body. If the testimony of honest people is worth anything, the cures are annually beyond ordinary belief. A roaring trade in waxen limbs is carried on there. A poetic wag puts the matter as follows :

"The mother of God at Kevlaar,  
 Her best dress wears to-day  
 Full much she has to accomplish,  
 So great the sick folks array ;  
 The sick folks with them are bringing,  
 As offerings fitting and meet,  
 Strange limbs of wax all fashioned,  
 Many waxen hands and feet ;  
 And he who a wax hand offers,  
 Finds cured in his hand the wound ;  
 And he who a wax foot proffers,  
 Straight finds his foot grow sound ;  
 To Kevlaar went many on crutches,  
 Who now on the light rope skip ;  
 And many a palsied finger  
 O'er the viol doth merrily slip."

Christendom is filled with such shrines, where diseases disappear of a nervous class because of the fervor, concentration of thought, and intensity of devotional states of mind, which only such resorts

can produce in ardent devotees. Protestantism can fling no stones at her sister church in this respect, as its various folds are full of theological cranks, who promulgate all kinds of mad speculations and specious doctrines of the most absurd kinds, of which "Christian Science" and "Faith Cure" are only some of the latest manifestations.

Now all these genera have a common origin in "credulity." Here we have uniform, or at least similiar results, from no faith; faith in idols, incantations, presumed and harmless remedies for disease, the invocation of saints, and the assumption that God in Christ cures disease directly and immediately in answer to prayer in contravention to His natural law. God as a law-giver is ignored in these creeds, which allow no conditions except absolute results, based on false assumptions as to the functions of prayer and faith in the plan of salvation. It is worthy of notice that the large number of invalids cured in this way are women, in whom nervous diseases, especially hysteria, do most abound. It is safe to say that at least 75 per cent of the whole are such weaklings. Women are more religious than men; they are more emotional, more sensitive and as a result are more impressionable, the imagination is more active, the sympathies are more intense, in fact the mind is more receptive in aught appertaining to occult agencies, for good or evil, acting upon these aptitudes and natural belongings. In such constitutions, the religious element produces, of necessity, great physical as well as mental exaltation or perturbation. The grandest types of lofty religious character blended with well-balanced intellects and keen intuitions, are found among women, and they are not by any means few in our day. Yet the general statement remains unassailable, that advantage is taken of the nervous and devotional sides of their nature by guile and craftiness.

The classes cured and said to have been cured demand attention. They may be ranked as follows, viz.,

1st. The nervous and emotional class. The most common form is hysteria. We have hysterical spinal disease, hysterical joint disease, hysterical heart disease, hysterical paralysis, hysterical dyspepsia and dozens of other imaginary diseases.

We have the hypochondriacs, who think they are about to die, and have about as many final exits as there are days in the year. They are the dread of doctors, and the daily Jeremiahs become



monotonous to friends. We have those who are afflicted with nervous weakness merely, and yet may be in good health apparently, outside of a sense of ill-being.

All such classes are doubtless benefited from faith in any seen or unseen agency, be it magnet, magic, stone, idol, orgies, saint or Deity.

2nd. Those persons who may not have a nervous organization, but from early training in ghostly beliefs, being naturally superstitious and intensely devotional, such may be so influenced as to produce great and healthy activity in one or more of the bodily organs, and by secretion, excretion, and stimulation, bring about normal action in diseased parts, not by miraculous interference, but along physiological lines under natural law. Medical history is full of examples of this kind.

3rd. Those who are pretenders and assert what is not true, in regard to their condition, either because of being ashamed of seeking such aid, and who cover their retreat with falsehood, or it may be because they have a pecuniary interest in such schemes as well as having their reputation and consistency at stake.

4th. Those who are not cured but obtain temporary relief from want of usual feeling, because of unusual excitement. For example the pugnacious boy never feels his bruises in a fight because his blood is up; when he cools off he then begins to nurse and feel his sores. Many a tooth-ache takes its everlasting flight at the dentist's door on the way in. Wounds, even serious ones, are not felt for a whole day during a battle, if not so severe as to incapacitate. Not long since on the site of the new City Court-house, a huge doctress in a wagon, and with a brass band, pulled teeth by the thousands, in the presence of a great multitude, without pain; sent off many well who went with crutches, and cured for the time almost "all the ills which flesh is heir to."

The class of diseases said to have been cured by faith methods, include only those about which there may be doubt in respect to curability or otherwise; as regards the organs affected, whether organic or functional, or those which may be obscure as to origin and natural results. Many diseases disappear without prayer or physician if only let alone. All these varieties have been the strongholds of medical quackery and deception, as well as the refuge of hobby-riding theologians, who take advantage of the general and

often ambiguous statements of Scripture to bolster up theories, which have been conveniently preconceived, as are seen in the medico-religious interpretations of Scripture in these latter days. It is such crass ignorance shown by would-be leaders of religious and medical thought, which drives many medical men into infidelity. Lord Bacon's statement has great force when he says:—"A smattering of philosophy leads to atheism, whereas a thorough acquaintance with it brings us back to religion." Dr. Chalmers severely says that "because of theologians condemning ignorantly scientific truth, therefore infidelity stands indebted for her triumphs among the scoffers and superficialists of a half learned generation."

It is very suspicious, but what might be expected under all the circumstances, that only such a class of diseases are said to be cured in this way, as have been described. Surgical injuries are ignored altogether, although any cure of say, a hernia, an undoubted cancer, a broken leg or a well assured dislocation would settle the controversy at once and forever. It is not asked even that a new limb should grow out of an amputated stump, nor that new eyes should be given to the blind, and new aural apparatus to the deaf. We would be content with much less startling testimony. No reason has been presented, so far, why the Almighty would restrict His power to the cure of diseases through faith alone around which cling ambiguity, and ignore those most distressing to the afflicted. Is the Lord's hand shortened in such needy cases, so that he cannot save? The miracles of Christ were not thus restricted. He healed leprosy; He cured epileptics; He stayed issues of many years' standing, and gave instead healthy flesh; He cast out devils; He put on and healed a right ear that was cut off; He restored the paralytic; He made the maimed whole, and even raised the dead. Here was surgery and medicine miraculously practiced without distinction. On the other hand, Paul had a "thorn in the flesh," which he prayed to get rid of, but it remained. He possibly had not as much faith as have these modern healers. When Timothy had cramps in the stomach or dyspepsia, Paul very considerably prescribed a little wine for the stomach's sake. A modern prayer of faith would have cured the young preacher. Such Christians as these two ought to have been ashamed of themselves, with so little faith as not to have been able to remove these diseases by a simple appeal for deliverance. It

has been left for nineteenth century "Faith Healers" to find out "a more excellent way."

If a prayer of faith is necessary, is it vicarious in its effects? If not, then children, idiots, imbeciles, and the insane must be excluded from receiving the alleged benefits of these "Divine Healers." The most helpless and most needy of God's humanity are not considered as being in the ranks of the elect to receive these benisons of gracious and special favour. The conditions required are not within their competency, hence they have no heritage in this much lauded Christian boon. To the credit of heathen methods, Mahomedanism and some Christian systems, the sinner is said to find succor from physical disease at shrines and in pilgrimages. Even "Christian Science" does not exclude him. "Faith Cure"—according to its principal advocates—must have a Christian putting forth earnest and believing prayer, to constitute the central condition of cure. The contrast between the great work of Christ among all kinds of diseases, and these exclusive pretenders, is very striking. Surely

"This is not an inspiration of grace  
To work exceeding miracles."

DANIEL CLARK.

*Medical Superintendent,  
Asylum for Insane, Toronto.*

## OUR COMMAND OF THE PAST.

“ And there I saw Mage Merlin, whose vast wit  
And hundred winters are but as the hands  
Of loyal vassals toiling for their liege.”

—TENNYSON: *Idylls of the King*.

WE are accustomed in these days to large forces of men and much skilfully contrived machinery employed in carrying out vast enterprises. In all such undertakings there is need for the direction and control of a wise and skilful leader. The result will depend very largely upon the ability of the leader to combine and guide the efforts of his subordinates and the mechanical forces at his disposal, so that each one of these efforts and forces shall contribute as much aid as possible to the realizing of the object aimed at.

The poet in the lines I have quoted, brings before us a combination of forces, quite as wonderful as those displayed in any of our great modern undertakings. Merlin brings to the service of the king his “hundred winters.” Every winter of the hundred that have passed over his head is now marshalled at his bidding, to do battle for his lord. The magician holds the rank of a centurion. He commands the past as well as the present.

And this is not mere fancy. It is a true description of what men can do. It is possible for us to bring up our past years to aid us in our work and battles. For if we had lived true lives, every year in passing has given to us some new power to add to our stock. Our powers are an accumulation. School days, college training, intercourse with men, the successes and the failures, the prosperity and adversity of life, have all left behind them some addition to our vower of effort or endurance, which we can thenceforth call our own and employ under the control of our will. The results of this personal training are of far greater importance than the means used to give it. What matters it after all, whether school-days have been long or short, whether college training has been perfect or imperfect, whether our years have brought to us joy or sorrow, so long as every experience has called into play some new power, intellectual or spiritual, or has increased some already existing power. The varied experiences have passed away. Their results remain with us,

and are ours in enduring possession. All these powers, hard won many of them, and costly, are at our command to do our bidding.

A man's fitness for his work depends upon his possession and command of these accumulated powers. It is often the case that very important interests depend upon the amount of stored up physical strength we can rely upon in ourselves. And it is no less true that if we are to stand in times of testing, we must have well in hand all the intellectual and spiritual forces that have sprung up or developed during our past years. The "captain of fifty," the man who can bring the accumulated results of fifty years experience to bear upon his work, is the one to depend upon in important emergencies.

It is well for us to understand how we may be able at any time to draw upon the gifts bestowed upon us by past years, in the way of personal training and development. And this it is not difficult to find out. No one has improved upon Aristotle's method of learning to play the harp. Now, as in his day, we learn to play the harp by playing the harp. And if we wish to be able to play the harp skilfully twenty or fifty years from this time, we must play the harp during each year that intervenes between now and then. That is, if we, at the end of twenty or fifty years from this, wish to be able to marshal at our command, all the powers acquired or developed during each of those years, we must keep in constant use and exercise every newly acquired power. Otherwise our acquisitions will be lost as soon as made. If our strength of arm be not exercised daily, it will soon give place to weakness. Idleness will soon rust away our accumulated stock of power. But if our strength is used then "to him that hath shall be given."

There are two kinds of old age. There is one to be admired. It is the old age of one who year after year through a long life, has made diligent use of his yearly increasing stock of intellectual and spiritual power, keeping his armour bright and always knowing where to lay his hands upon it. Such a man is now in possession of the accumulations of a life time. All that every year of his life has brought to him of knowledge and wisdom, is now ready at his command, to be used as he wills. He is now able, as never before, to guide others and give wise counsel, and is sure to be listened to with reverence.

The other kind of old age follows a life in which no proper use has been made of original and acquired powers. As a result of this want of proper use many of these powers have been lost. There is less of intellectual vigor and spiritual power now than earlier in life. Instead of a large increase in the resources at command, there has been a decrease. The beginning of life has been better and stronger than its close. The flower has not fulfilled the promise of the blossom.

The price to be paid for the ability at the end of many years, to bring all the past of our lives to the furtherance of any object aimed at by us, is fidelity year by year in the use of what the years bring; whatever that may be.

DELTA.

## Missionary.

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### FROM NEEMUCH TO THE HIMALAYAS.

#### I.

**F**EELING the necessity of a change and rest, we left Neemuch on the 20th of August, reaching Indore the next day, where we waited for a short time, as Mr. Wilson had to attend a meeting of the Mission Council there. On the morning of the 23rd we really got away from all work, and started on our trip to Darjeeling, the hill station at which we were to spend September and October, the most trying months of the whole year in India. The rainy season is almost over by the first week in September, though there may be heavy showers even in October, and the sun, almost as powerful as in the hot season, shines down on the rain-saturated ground, and malarial vapours rise from damp earth and decaying vegetation. During these two months both Europeans and natives suffer much from fever.

Soon after leaving Indore the railway passes through a most picturesque piece of country. Here we cross a spur of the Vindhya Mountains, and after the dead level of the plains the sight of high hills, and deep gorges, and mountain water-falls and streams is very charming. The first time we passed over this route (five years ago this month) in the cold season, when all was brown and bare, the scenery was striking and beautiful. In August, when everything is clothed in green, when the trees, with which the mountain sides are covered, show their loveliest foliage, and the swollen waters descend in rushing cataracts over rocky precipices, sending up from the pools into which they empty themselves clouds of snowy-white spray, then flow swiftly away by a stony, tortuous channel in a shining greeny-grey tinted stream, the scene is beautiful beyond description.

At Khandwa, the southern terminus of the Malwa-Rajputana Railway, we changed to the Great Indian Peninsular, and had a long and rather uninteresting run to Jubblepore, which we reached

about midnight. I had for companions in my carriage three Mahratta women and two children, who, with all their bags and bundles, not to speak of the smell of the cocoanut oil with which their hair was saturated, mixed with the odours of the spices they were constantly eating, filled the coach rather unpleasantly for a good many hours. I tried to speak to one of them but could make nothing of her tongue, so resigned myself to an uncomfortable cramped position and bad atmosphere with as good a grace as possible! Some *Mail* editorials on the Jesuit question in Canada helped to pass time. My feelings had a little relief once, when some man belonging to the party dared to enter a carriage reserved for females. You would need to know something of the half contemptuous, half impudent manner of some Mahratta men towards women to understand the pleasure I took in turning that man out of the car. One does not need to know the language of an aggressor of that sort in order to do the business satisfactorily.

At Jubblepore we changed to the East Indian Line, and from here to Allahabad, which we reached next morning at nine o'clock, had a most comfortable journey. Travelling first-class in India is most comfortable, even luxurious; but if from "defective arrangements as to the pay of the clergy," as Norman McLeod put it, one must take a lower class, then your journey may be pleasant or may be extremely the reverse. Not only because one must often travel with natives, whose habits are repugnant to us, but also because the coaches on many lines are very dirty, and the smell of the other than human companions sometimes overpowering. First-class passengers extol Indian railways as the perfection of comfort; second-class passengers are not so much in love with them.

We had intended staying at Jubblepore to see the famous white marble rocks on the Narbudda River, but were told that at this season the approach to them is very difficult, if not impossible.

We spent several days at Allahabad with the Scotch chaplain, an old Mhow friend, who for some years conducted services once a month in Necmuch for soldiers, in addition to his chaplaincy work at Mhow.

Allahabad is situated at the junction of the Ganges and Jumna, and here for the first time I saw that famous holy river about



which I had, as a child, heard and read so many stories, fascinating by the horror of them—of mothers throwing in little children to be devoured by the alligators, and of the dying being carried by their friends to the sacred banks, and if death lingered and did not soon enough release the poor victim, then his friends, taking matters into their own hands, either placed him where he would be covered by the water, or smothered him with mud. The English Government put a stop to the former cruel heathen rite. It is said that even yet many are murdered by having their mouths and nostrils filled with the sacred mud.

I knew that the Ganges was a large river, but until I saw it did not realize its size. Its waters were much higher than usual on account of the late heavy rains, still at the lowest it is a river which even an American need not despise. It was very wide at the point at which I first saw it, and the great body of water, over which the evening sun was setting, looked more like a large lake than a flowing river.

Being situated at the junction of these two sacred rivers, Allahabad is a great resort of Hindoo pilgrims. Mr. Wilson happened to be in Allahabad two years ago, during the time of a great *mela*, when it was estimated that more than a million pilgrims and devotees were gathered there. During this *mela*, which lasted six days, there was a procession on three different days of about five hundred native *faquirs*. The processions were started by the Deputy Magistrate, and were headed on their way to the river by a Magistrate of the District, an Englishman! "It was an unwilling service rendered by this gentleman," writes one of the American Pres. Missionaries, "as I was informed by one of them; but they were obliged by the Christian Government which rules India to perform it. It was truly a sad and revolting sight, witnessed by crowds of women as well as men. Some of the women were seen to take up the dust from under the feet of these naked *faquirs* to carry with them to their homes."

The part of Allahabad in which Europeans live is of great extent and beautifully laid out. The bungalows are surrounded by well-wooded compounds, and the public roads are planted with fine shade trees, making lovely avenues for driving and riding. I do not speak of walking, for such exercise seemed to me out of the question in so trying a climate. In Central India we had been

wearing light woollen dresses, even using jackets and shawls in the evening. Here nothing but cotton or muslin was comfortable, and day and night *punkas* were a necessity. Whenever the *punka* stopped waving for a moment you were bathed in perspiration. A little sewing, knitting, writing of letters or such trifling work quite exhausted me. The pale faces of the Europeans, particularly of the women and children, tell of the exhausting nature of the climate, in spite of the fact that some people prefer this moist heat to the dry furnace-like heat of Central India and Rajputana.

The American Presbyterians have a very successful mission in Allahabad. Rev. Messrs. Alexander and Lucas, the two missionaries in charge, have their hands full judging from last year's report of their mission work. Evangelistic work in the city and suburbs, itineration in the districts of Fatepur and Allahabad, work in connection with the Katra church, educational work, visitation of out stations, charge of the Jumna Boy's School, work in connection with Jumna church, editing of the *Makhzan-i-Masihi* (a Christian Urdu paper), charge of Blind and Leper Asylum, bazaar preaching, not to speak of literary work done by them, give a large enough field to tax the energies of any two men, even though assisted by good native workers.

The two native churches, called respectfully the Katra and the Jumna, are about three miles apart, and together have about four hundred (400) Christian adherents. One Sunday morning we attended a service in the Katra church, and enjoyed very much joining in worship with those Christian men and women, who had come out from heathenism and become followers of the one true God. The service was conducted by Babu Ram Chandra Bose, a name familiar to all friends of Missions in India. Mr. Bose was converted to Christianity while under Dr. Duff's training in the Calcutta Free Church College. He is a man of good ability, and has written some books on Hindu Philosophical Systems, most useful to missionaries. On this Sabbath morning Mr. Bose preached on the marriage at Cana of Galilee. In preaching, as in lecturing, Mr. Bose employs the simplest language. The thoughts are so logically arranged, and the sentences so short and concise, that one can follow him with the greatest ease, even when the subject may be a difficult one. He lectured in English one evening while we were in Allahabad, and we were interested to see

so large an audience of Bengali young men gathered to hear him. When the lecture was finished those in the audience who wished to ask questions or seek explanations on any points, were invited to do so, and three or four young men, speaking also in English, availed themselves of the opportunity, and showed by the questions asked, and objections raised, a good appreciation of the lecture. Mr. Bose answered in his peculiarly clear and easy style, and so brought the meeting to a close.

We met Mr. Bose at breakfast one morning during our stay at Allahabad, and found him a delightful conversationalist. I was much interested in some of his remarks on the Ayra and Brahma Somaj sects. The Ayras are undisguised enemies of Christ and Christianity, as all missionaries who come in contact with them know. I did not know, however, that the Brahmas are at heart as bitterly opposed to the Christian religion, and was surprised to hear Mr. Bose say so. They wish to be thought liberal and advanced in their religious views, and like to follow the crowd in admiring and exalting the human character of the Christ of the Gospels. This is fashionable in other places than India, is it not? But the Christ whom they profess to adore is not the Son of God and the Saviour from sin, but a sort of mythical man, who lived a wonderfully self-sacrificing life, and who may be in a vague way worshipped along with other heroes among men. Many among the Brahmas do not even allow the personality of Christ. They use the name to describe a sort of religious influence, and so by the use of Christian phraseology delude those who do not know their system into the belief that they are almost Christians as we understand the word. I once asked a missionary lady whether a certain family whom she visited were Christians "Well," she said "you can't say they are not Christians, they belong to the Brahma Somaj."

I was glad while in Allahabad to have an opportunity of visiting Mission, for I had heard a great deal about it since coming to Miss Seward's Dispensary in connection with the Am. Pres. India. Miss Seward is at present (or was two months ago), in America, and the Dispensary was in charge of Miss Symes and Miss Christian, the latter, a lady who has been Miss Seward's assistant for many years. After working for a long time in a rented native house, as our lady doctors are now doing in Indore City, a good site has at last been obtained in Allahabad for Hospital and

Dispensary, and Miss Seward hopes to raise enough of money among friends in America to pay for buildings. In 1888 the number of women who attended the Dispensary was 9304.

There is also a Girl's Boarding School in Allahabad in charge of Mrs. Newton, a widow lady, whose husband was for many years a missionary. In some ways this school is quite in advance of what we shall aspire to in our boarding school about to be erected at Indore. Some girls pay the whole cost of their board, others are charged according to their means, none being received under four rupees (₹. 4) a month. Tables and chairs, knives and forks are provided for the dining-room, and, if I remember correctly, the girls do no cooking. In the Nasirabad School, one of the best I have seen in India, and where are a number of our own Mission girls, all, no matter what fees they pay, sit on the floor at meals, and every day three or four are "told off" to assist the cook, and learn this most important branch of domestic economy. Of course a school must in a measure make its arrangements according to the class of girls in attendance, and probably the majority of those in Allahabad School are children of men receiving good incomes, while many of those in Nasirabad are able to pay but very little towards the support of their daughters, and it would be a mistake to train the girls so as to unfit them to take their places contentedly in their own humble homes.

We left Allahabad on Thursday, September the 29th, and reached Sahebgunge, where we crossed the Ganges, on the afternoon of the 30th. The whole country between Allahabad and Sahebgunge, was flooded by the overflowing of the Ganges. Bengal, through the entire breadth of which the river flows, is very flat and low, and every year during and after the rains the country for miles on either bank of the stream is under water. Rice is extensively cultivated, and in this Province is the staple food of the mass of the people. This year the river has risen to an unusual height, and it is feared that the rice crop may be injured,—too much water being just as hurtful to it as too little—and that there may be much destitution among the poor villagers, who depend so much upon it for their food. On either side of the railway was "water, water everywhere," far as the eye could reach. Here and there rose the little villages, built on the highest bits of land to be found on these flat plains, each village forming a little island, shut off from

communication with the outside world, except by boat, by the dreary stretch of waters. In many villages the lower houses were half under water, and in some entirely submerged.

At a place called Mokameh we changed carriages, and still following the line of the Ganges reached Sahebgunge. Sahebgunge was formerly a little fishing village, but now that the railway here touches the great river it has become a flourishing town, from which the produce of the surrounding country is conveyed to larger markets. We crossed the river in a neatly built little steam ferry. We were more than an hour in crossing, and until the ropes were thrown over the boat did not know where we were to land. Even then we did not *see* how the landing was to be effected, for the men who caught the ropes were under water, and they had some difficulty in finding the ring bolts to which to attach them. The passage of the Ganges is, during this season, difficult if not dangerous. The bed of the river is constantly changing through the quantities of silt carried along being deposited, and forming shifting sand-banks most troublesome to navigation. Soundings were being taken constantly while we were crossing. We sailed to within a few feet of what had been the bank of the river in the past dry season, and it almost looked for a time as though the intention was to "tie up" to a tree, we passed so closely to numbers of them showing their heads above water, and apparently the only fixed points of any kind to which the boat might be made fast.

After about an hour's delay at Munihari (the landing place) we got our train, but found that on account of "wash-outs" on the line we were only to make a two hours run, and then put in the night as best we could at a small station about fifteen miles from Munihari. We arrived at Katihar about nine o'clock. The station master was very polite, and gave us permission to occupy a couple of first-class carriages for the night, and, as in most Indian railway stations, there was a fine bath room off the waiting room, we were quite as comfortable as in a hotel. Here, too, we got a good dinner, well cooked and nicely served—a dinner we thoroughly enjoyed, for since leaving Allahabad we had not had one "square meal." I have found that, as a rule, wherever in India an Englishman goes you find a good bath tub and a good dinner.

At nine o'clock next morning we left Katihar, and about ten at night reached Siliguri, at the foot of the Himalayas. The country between Sahebgunge and Siliguri was covered with water, though not to so great an extent as the land along the course of the Ganges, and as we neared the Himalayas the landscape gradually changed and assumed a more tropical character. Groves of bamboo and banyan and mango, festooned with magnificent creepers, made the most beautiful of sites for the little villages that nestled in their shade. The little hamlets, instead of being built of mud as in many parts of India, were of grass and reeds and raised on piles to escape the floods of the rainy season. Many of these huts were quite covered with lovely vines, and the mingling of the pale yellow or brownish coloring of the walls, and high pointed roof with the pale greens, touched here and there with brilliant red and yellow, of the wreathed creepers, and the darker and richer tints of the giant trees which made so lovely a home for the tiny frail-looking habitations, would have delighted the eye of an artist. As night came down, the woods were brilliant with myriads of fire-flies, and I thought that if the dwellers here only did *fujū* to beneficent fairies instead of ugly, ill-tempered demons, one would not wonder at their belief.

During the day there were several heavy showers of rain, and I noticed that almost all the people we saw, even though they might be without a vestige of clothing, carried umbrellas. I saw one man, whose only garment was the smallest of waist-cloths, squatting on a little heap of earth just big enough to make a seat in the midst of a field covered with water, crouched under a big umbrella smoking his pipe. The rain was pouring in torrents, and in the dusk of the evening his surroundings looked the dreariest possible. Yet there he sat happy as a king, raised, I suppose, by the beloved hookah above all feelings of discomfort or of dreariness.

Through being delayed a night at Katihar we reached Siliguri on Saturday night, instead of on Friday as we expected. Trains do not go up to Darjeeling at night, so we had to put up at the dirtiest dāk bungalow (and I have been in some very dirty ones) I had ever seen, with the prospect of spending a day and two nights in it, for of course we rested the Sabbath day according to the commandment. The beds were so dirty looking that we hesitated

to use them, but several days and nights of railway travel reconcile one to almost anything, and I never had a sweeter sleep than on those same dingy mattresses. It rained nearly all day on Sunday, but the rest after so much travelling was so pleasant and the air so cool, that we almost forgot the discomforts of the house. Mr. Wilson went out on a tour of exploration after breakfast, but could find no sign of a mission house or church. We heard later that there is a mission church about seven miles from Siliguri, a church in connection with the Darjeeling Church of Scotland Mission.

When we reached Darjeeling surprised was expressed that we had ventured to linger a day at Siliguri, for it seems it is notorious as a fever center. It is on the edge of the *Tarai*, or great belt of jungle that skirts the Himalayas throughout almost their entire length, and *Tarai* fever is most fatal to Europeans. Lady Canning, wife of an Indian Governor-General, and an enthusiastic botanist got her death through lingering in the *Tarai* gathering specimens of flowers, etc. This great belt of jungle, about thirty miles in breadth, is inhabited only by wild aboriginal tribes, and it is the home of the tiger, elephant, and other wild animals. On Monday morning we passed through it, and here saw for the first time the jungle of my imagination. Enormous trees hanging with wild creepers, tall rank grasses, growing to a height of fifteen or twenty feet, dense brushwood and gigantic ferns, form an almost impenetrable thicket, looking, in spite of its luxuriant beauty, a fitting abode for man-eating tigers and deadly snakes.

MARGARET CAVEN WILSON.

*Neemuch, Central India.*

## CIVIL WAR.

TO be attacked by enemies from without is necessary at times to clear the political atmosphere, and develop the strength and independence of a nation, while civil war, on the other hand, is winged like an Eastern pestilence, and sweeps by, leaving only disease and desolation behind. If this civil warfare were confined to nations alone its evils might be bounded, but, alas! it finds its way into homes and society, and what is stranger still, into the Church of the Living God, whose members claim to be, beyond all other sons of Adam, subjects of peace.

We have had dreams of foreign missions, and have been carried at such times under Morpheus' arm half round the globe. In the panorama about us were coral strands and palms, and cedar glades. Wondering, we saw peering from among the bamboos dusky-looking savage features. Then, quick as thought, they flashed by, thousands upon thousands, countless in number, armies greater than Alexander's on the quick march to Eternity. Enough to shroud all Christendom in mourning! At last, with some relief, we saw what we looked for. In the darkness there was after all a refuge, beautiful beyond description, a ray of light from Zion's Hill.

We saw mission homes and Christ-like men and women. These were busy warning the multitude of dangers ahead, pointing them up the pathway to eternal glory, steadfast beneath the burning sun, trampled down by the heathen mob, dying of famine and fever and nakedness, stepping where comrades fell, side by side aiding and assisting, whispering to the fallen words of encouragement.

Then we passed into the homes. As the priest entering the Holiest, we held our breath, for Jehovah's presence was there. Such light! Such liberty!

I wondered if they were Methodists, or Presbyterians, or Baptists, but could find no clue. In an out of the way corner I did come upon a number of denominational garbs, but these were



so disfigured by moth and spider that no trace of their original personality remained. I thanked God for one place where denominational destruction had reached a fitting end, and like their father Herod had been eaten up of worms. Waking or sleeping, that happy home was still in mind, a rest on earth for weary ones, a stepping stone to Paradise.

Some of us who have slept are awake now, and find this dream only partly true. The landscape is correct, the alien race, the multitude with all its surroundings. The chief difference lies with the missionaries. Instead of being shoulder to shoulder, and working like brothers, we find them separated, each company wearing a peculiar kind of dress which distinguishes them one from the other, and which certainly looks burdensome and useless in such a hot land as this. We find, however, that we have been mistaken in our ideas of its usefulness, for it serves as a coat of mail, to defend them against shots, not from the heathen but from each other. Looking closer, we find earthworks thrown up, and siege guns levelled at the opposite companies, primed with denominational powder. We have heard some heavy firing, too, these days, but cannot get an exact account of the killed and wounded. If you had a chance to examine more carefully into the supplies on hand, you would find Baptist bombs, Methodistical torpedoes, and Presbyterian shot and shell.

This warfare becomes known to the native on his way by. He stops for a moment, takes a look at the situation, says "'Igo!' there's danger here; let's get out!" and disappears, as if by electricity, over the nearest hill top.

This *saure qui pent* of the heathen is counteracted by signs posted up in all quarters, telling them to beware of every other denomination, and to come at once to the "Amo Kyo" (any denomination) camp, where they will be entertained and fed and clothed, and told the only sure and safe way to eternal life.

These missionary bands are not always separated. They meet together and sing and call each other "brother," but I notice they go armed to the teeth in case of emergency. I have even heard in time of prayer, and when the Scriptures were being read, a sudden discharge of firearms, which quite wakened up the sleepy members, though fortunately by unskillful manufacture rather than intention, the cartridges were blank.

The reader may rightly demand an explanation of all this, so I shall endeavor to give it as far as possible, not in my own words but in the words of others :

A Commissioner of Customs, who has been seventeen years in China, tells that he has lived all this time near the missionaries, has many dear friends among them, but has seen such unholy strife and warfare, that he has no desire to join their band. He is careful to say that they are not all like this, but that a sufficient number of them are thus engaged to destroy the power and influence of the whole work. "What is the reason do you think?" "Quite easy to understand that," he says "one denomination wants to outnumber the other, and send home great reports." This is the opinion of an onlooker, who by education and nationality, is friendly to missions, but who has been taught by long experience to view them with suspicion.

A few weeks ago I met the captain of the largest British cruiser in the Eastern Squadron. He addressed me something in this way, "I'm sorry to find you, a British subject from Canada, out here a missionary. I have no faith in the work at all. Coming south this trip, I dropped anchor for a little in front of the island of H——, but was mighty glad to get away again. The missionaries there are all fighting like cats. They war among themselves and consequently their converts are a pack of scoundrels. I would not have one of them aboard my ship. Good bye."

I had no chance to reply at all, and felt that if this was the last I was to see of the captain, there was very little British fair play about him ; but a day later, before the ship was to sail, he called. "I've felt dreadfully mean," said he "for pitching into you the way I did yesterday, especially when you are all alone in such a place as this." "That's all right Captain, but how about this missionary work?" "Well," he says "I've been all round the world, and I know that the fighting that goes on among missionaries is enough to make the work a complete failure." I made reply that that was the fault of the men, and not of the work they were in, as we get no liberty to fight from the Bible. "That's true, that's true," he said "I'm only speaking of things as they really exist. I believe that good may be done if missionaries would quit this denominational rowing and get down among the natives. But they won't do that, so we had better stop it altogether." He had no dislike to

missionaries in general, for he made me come aboard his ship, and have dinner with him, and was exceedingly kind.

What do we make of his views? They must either be wilfully false, or else he has no wit or judgment to know what he is talking about. As to the former objections I need scarcely say, that one of the subordinate officers, a glorious Christian fellow, confirmed with sorrow all the captain had said, and no one would dare raise the latter, when we remember that to the prudence and foresight of just such men, British interests are entrusted amid all the complications of the Far East.

Let me mention another rumour of this civil war, which reached me only two days ago. There is a foul city some hundreds of miles from here, that is teeming with heathen people, a national cess-pool for every kind of impurity. Two of the christian denominations are largely represented there, and are carrying on extensive work, and yet it is only a drop in the sea when you take into view the monster city. How glad we imagine each to be at every new effort of the other, whether in preaching or healing, but unfortunately our imaginings are exceedingly Utopian.

A lady physician in one of these denominations, known for her earnest and successful work, finding it beyond her strength to be in daily attendance at a hospital some miles away, decided to open a new one near her own home. Denomination number two hearing of this at once sent asking if it could possibly be true, that they even meditated anything that would be so detrimental to the success of their work. On receipt of full explanation and a reply in the affirmative, the chief of number two sent a sort of papal bull of excommunication, calmly saying that in case they set up this hospital, it would break off all friendship between the two missions. "Alas, for the rarity of Christian charity under the sun!"

What can be the reason of this? There is only one reason in all Christendom, and that is a denominationally selfish one. The new work of number one might draw a few patients from number two, and tend to quench the flaming reports that are sent home to societies and religious papers.

Let the reader wait just a moment before he condemns. The fault does not lie with the missionaries. If it did I should send no letter of this kind to the MONTHLY, or any other magazine. The cause as well as the cure is with the church at home.

We live in an age of mathematical Christianity, when men measure their work by the rule of three, and give you the exact amount of their influence and results almost to six decimal points. This booking of just so many converts quarterly and half-quarterly, for the kingdom of Heaven, has an unscriptural ring about it. On the word of the oldest missionaries I have met, it is an utter failure out here in the East.

And yet to-day missionaries are being sent out, to Korea for instance, with orders to establish a Methodist, or Presbyterian Church. If Mr. So-and-So does not send home reports at once, corresponding with others, the board is said to question the propriety of keeping him in the field, or to ask among themselves if this thing is paying.

Such imprudence as this is giving rise to crowds of hastily baptized heathens, whom missionaries are mourning over now, causing strife and envy that is holding us up to ridicule before the world, breaking all communion with the Master, and marring the beauty of Christian life.

We see this undue haste illustrated by letters to denominational papers. Let me give an example :

Last spring a Korean convert asked to be sent down south to work among his people. As this end of the peninsula has never yet been entered by gospel preachers, the missionary accepted his offer gladly, promising to give him for faithful service so much per month. Time passed and letters came telling of the dangers and hardships that this son of the Hermit had endured. These were forwarded at once to America and published there, reading like a revised edition of the sufferings of St. Paul. With autumn our friend returned, still in the body, but, as he said, footsore and weary to claim his wages. Unfortunately for him the oldest missionary was treasurer, and thither he must go to present his claim. "My good brother," says the old man, "you look very white, as though you had seen but little of the sun this summer. How is this?" The Korean tried to patch up an answer, but it was of no use. The wisdom of the old man had seen right through him. His case was like some points of Mark Twain's European trip, he had not gone himself but had sent his secretary instead. This added to the glowing account published would make it read somewhat oddly.

Let us not be unkind, but really all such foolish blunders seem to arise out of a childish desire to excel others, and please some at home who, in an unfortunate way, are rushing missions.

A year's experience, short as it is, will teach one that the chief care is not in the multiplying of converts or holding great meetings, but in living closer and closer to Christ, in dwelling among these heathen as one who knows of Paradise, lifting with pity the poor and the fallen, telling those in sorrow of the Home where tears shall be wiped away, returning often oneself to the feet of Jesus to be cleansed from sin, and encouraged by His promises. After these things let every mission board unanimously enquire!

We hear a good deal now-a-days about the cutting down of salaries, and the sending of men who have no education. Certainly these things are not to be commended in themselves. The circumstances of the case alone can justify them. Whatever their importance may be, they are of small account compared with questions of war and peace.

Our greatest missionaries have done but little in the way of building denominational castles or counting converts. Livingstone said nothing of his. He gives no record of any church that he established; some have even said that he quite gave up all missionary work when he undertook exploring. Surely such have never read this line, almost the last that he wrote, "My Jesus, my King, my Life, my All."

In the midst of present denominational competition, we might do well to study a little the methods of this plain old Scotchman. No one can ever claim to understand savage races better than he, for he lived alone for years where an average man, as history shows, would have lost his life before the day was over. He was not given to theories. His only method was life. Down low among the people, he ate their food and spoke their language. He played the part of the Friend who sticketh closer than a brother. We read his life, but it is only a wave on the surface. The world will never know the depth of that loneliness, and hardship, and suffering. His record is written down on imperishable pages by an immortal Hand. In Jesus' Name he gave his life, and gave it all for Africa.

This kind of work for every man is what we need to quiet

unholy warfare. The cure can be brought about only by good Christian friends at home teaching their missionaries to cover up denomination, and live on every occasion as it is written in Mat. v, 39-42. It is enough to read that outward show amounts to nothing, that the truth of the kingdom is in righteousness and peace and joy.

Surely this is not too much to expect in this nineteenth century, when Burns could sing of it a hundred years ago :

“ Then let us pray that come it may,  
 As come it will for a' that ;  
 That man to man the world o'er,  
 Shall brother be and a' that.”

JAS. S. GALE.

*Fusan, South Korea.*

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#### ANOTHER NEW DEPARTURE.

IN one of the class-rooms of Knox College there hangs a map, showing the mission stations of all the missionary societies of the world. In another room there is a chart, showing in black and white the proportion of Christians and heathen in the world at the present time. These two maps represent with sufficient clearness the extent to which the Church has fulfilled her Master's command, to preach the Gospel to every creature. They take no account, however, of the immense army of heathen that have died without God and without hope, without an effort on the part of the Church to reach them. They show clearly enough, though, that the agencies now at work, so far from evangelizing the world in *this* generation, and thus discharging *our* duty, will never convert the world. The Presbyterian Church in

Canada stands in the very front rank, second to none but the Moravians, in her missionary activities and zeal; but a glance into the "Minutes of the General Assembly" will soon remove any grounds for boasting on our part. No doubt great advances have been made since the "Students' Missionary Uprising" either gave birth to, or gave expression to, the increasing missionary zeal of the whole Church. But a Church that gave in 1888 for Home Missions \$44,816, for French Evangelization \$28,134, and for Foreign Missions \$77,921,—a total for the three Missionary schemes of the Church of \$150,871, out of an income for all purposes of \$1,942,723, cannot afford to congratulate herself upon her appreciation either of her duty or her privilege. The Convener of the Committee on Finances says, in Appendix No. 29, page vii., "The Lord hath done great things for us." Does it not look as if we believed that He did all these great things for our own sake,—that He has given all these good things to us unconditionally, and that we are not after all His stewards and representatives, appointed and equipped to carry out His designs and complete the work He began on earth?

To every generation of Christians has come the obligation to evangelize the heathen of their own time. That our ancestors and predecessors have not obeyed the Divine command is no excuse for our refusing to obey. Christ never sent out His representatives to perform impossibilities. That the task was perfectly feasible, and that the duty was clear, is demonstrated by the conduct of the early Christians, who penetrated to every corner of the then known world within a generation. Compare that handful of fishermen with the millions that constitute the Lord's army to-day—compare their resources and prestige, and, remembering the promise, "Lo I am with you always," answer the question, "Cannot the Church preach the Gospel *in this generation* to every creature?"

There are those who think that they fulfil the command of Christ by ministering to a congregation at home, who are willing to wait for a spiritual revival as a *result* of the building up of the Church in intelligence and Christian duty. They deprecate the giving of large sums for foreign work, and the consecration of men of piety and ability to that work as a loss to the Church,—a tendency, at least, that will check the growth of the Church, and thus delay the time when the Church may be fully prepared to do

her duty. "Let us," say they, "evangelize the masses at home, and thoroughly instruct our people in Christian doctrine, and then we shall be able to do something for the outside world." In some congregations there is no such thing as "The Monthly Missionary Concert," and what is worse, special addresses on missionary subjects are not allowed to interfere (?) with the ordinary weekly prayer-meeting. These pious people overlook *two* important facts. First, that *our* duty is to the *present generation*, and that preaching the Gospel to the present generation is the best possible way of converting succeeding ones. Secondly, that we are called by our Lord to *service*. It is only through exercise that we can ever acquire strength. This is a natural law which obtains in the spiritual world. We shall never become better able to preach the Gospel to the heathen, *except by preaching the Gospel to the heathen*. And, besides, we are nowhere commanded to *convert* all the world, either at home or abroad, and there is no ground for believing that all will be converted, no matter how much they are preached to. As some are born blind, so some seem to be born without a spiritual faculty.

Furthermore, the indifference to the condition of the heathen on the part of the Church is a great hindrance to the work now carried on abroad. The one objection to Christianity that I have had difficulty in answering in India has been, "If you Christians believe us Hindus lost without Christ, you would be more anxious to save us." I have heard it scores of times, and have never been able to satisfy the objector.

But we have made a new departure. The Colleges of America have offered more than 4,000 workers for the foreign field. Already over 200 of these have completed their studies, and entered upon their work. The next three or four years will witness the real beginning of the movement. Already, however, before the coming of the shower, at the appearance of the first drops, we hear that the zeal of the *laborers* has outrun the liberality of the givers. Offer after offer of service in India and China has been declined through lack of funds. Some of the candidates have been waiting years, one for three years, for the means to send him.

Now it is evident we need *another new departure*. Dr. Gordon says "The Lord never made a pair of shears with one blade." If He calls a man to do something, He will also find the means.



Some, I know, would reverse the proposition and say that if the Lord has not provided the means, it is an indication that they have not been called. But what shall we say of such an inference, when we remember that "The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof." The means, in some cases, may not be forthcoming at once, but no true Christian can possibly doubt that the Lord will provide the means necessary to do the work so near his own heart. It may be that our Master wishes to prepare His messenger for His work by trying, for a time, his faith. Our own Donald Macgillivray, though tried at first, eventually found the means, and it is safe to say that there are dozens of congregations that would to-day be proud of such a representative in India or China. One great reason for the lack of funds for Foreign Missions is the lack of earnestness on the part of the would-be missionaries. If the Church had confidence in her candidates for service, she could and would provide the means for their support. The China Inland Mission, without appealing for funds, receives from the Lord every year enough to support more than 300 missionaries. The Lord did not fail them when they, in 1887, sent out 100 new missionaries without the pledge of a single cent for their support. The American Board (A.B.C.F.M.), appeals *this year* for 150 new missionaries to strengthen their 22 different missions in all parts of the heathen world, but they have no guarantee of the funds for this large increase, beyond the Lord's promises and their own experience of His truthfulness.

Let us, then, have *another* new departure, a resolve that nothing shall stand between the missionary and his privilege, for it is far more than a duty, and we shall hear no more of the lack of funds. Congregations will vie with one another in their efforts to secure representatives, and many will follow the example of the Church at Antioch, that sent out two missionaries, men separated by the Holy Ghost for the work whereunto they were called.

JAMES SMITH.

## THE IDOLATRY AROUND US.

IN pursuance of the duty of a young missionary to familiarize himself with the idolatry of the people among whom he is to labor, a visit to and study of the Ni To Ssu, on the outskirts of Lin Ching, proves interesting and instructive. This temple is Buddhistic. Its ample grounds and triple halls under separate roofs afford an illustration of the usual style and furnishings of such buildings, when the people are rich or zealous enough to build to their gods a liberal dwelling. Of course Buddha has myriad temples, with only one room and a few feet of territory, but much money must have been given by the rich and some by the poor to build on such a scale as the present, although now it seems in the usual faded decline of Chinese religious structures elsewhere. But the casual observer must not too readily conclude that the religion it represents is also declining in its power over these millions.

Our vigorous knocking at the great door facing the main street was at length rewarded by a voice far within, telling us to go around to the rear, where we should find an open door. On entering, we found the inclosure to contain perhaps an acre and a half. The ground not occupied by buildings is planted with vegetables of all kinds. The lessee of the ground, whose voice we had heard within, was busily engaged in watering his luxuriant plants from a well by means of a windlass and conduits. The greed of the priesthood has thus marred the sacred enclosure by profane uses. The visitor's mind seeks relief from the prosaic details of a market garden by remarking the solemn stillness which reigns, broken only by the weird sighing of the wind through the tops of the fine old pines. What a splendid place for quiet meditation on the precepts of Buddha! But now there are no resident recluses. The lazy priests, intent on contemplation only of the gastric centre, attend on the first and fifteenth of the moon to burn incense and chant the mongrel jargon of their prayers. At such times the irregular booming of the temple bell is borne down not unpleasantly on the night air, reminding us that the priests are doing a little work.

As soon as we enter the first temple we see before us, squatting on a high platform, the gilt image of the Coming Buddha, a jolly

personage, his hand resting pleasantly on an unusually protuberant front. At the present time Shakyamuni rules the Church. This is his successor, who will have an avatar or appearance on earth 300 years hence. At that time "the earth will be purified of its five evils." I asked my teacher why he was represented with so large an abdomen. He said in substance that this Buddha was to possess infinite knowledge, an answer scarcely pertinent, unless one remembers that the abdomen is regarded by the Chinese as the seat of learning. This corpulent individual does not sit with half closed eyes in Nirvana contemplation or absorption as the other Buddhas do. He looks as if he were going to enjoy life when he appears. And this coarse harlequin is their conception of the coming Messiah! On each side of the room two on each side, are the colossal images of the four great kings, who were four brothers killed in battle. The first, with blue face, holds a sword, which if brandished, so runs the story, would cause a wind to rise in which 10,000 spears would pierce the bodies of men. The second, with white face, has a guitar; if he touch the strings fire and wind issue forth. The third, with red face, holds an umbrella which can shade the universe. Turn it and there would be earthquakes, open it and heaven would be chaos, earth darkness. The fourth, with black face, holds a bag, and in the bag a mystic rat. Turn it loose and it would be like a white elephant with two wings flying against the enemy. Around his hand also twines a serpent. These kings are supposed to govern the continents on each side of Mt. Sumern, the centre of the Hindu Cosmogony, and to guard the portals of Tartarus. In front of these mighty personages lies a large coffin which some Chinaman "preparing for death," has bought and stored away against that day in the sacred place. The gardener, with crass worldliness, has not feared to stack away his long millet stalks under the very noses of the kings. Worse still, notwithstanding the mighty powers they could exercise if they only would, they have allowed the aforesaid gardener's hens to peck off the skin of their majesties' legs half way up to the knees, which is as high as the hens could reach. Such is the Chinese reverence for their gods of mud!

Leaving this sight, at once ridiculous and disgusting, we pass out through the rear door to the second Temple, not however before noticing outside a peculiar little structure next to the wall.

An official had lately died, and his friends waiting for a suitable time to transport the coffined dead to the distant ancestral cemetery, had covered it in the mud and wattles, secure from sacrilege. The second Temple contains in the body of the room three large gilt images of Buddha, representing the Past, Present and Future Buddhas. Their eyes are closed in Nirvana dreamlessness, cross-legged they sit upon the sacred lily, the flower of Paradise. Let no one be surprised at the number of Buddhas, even a single Temple contains "The thousand gods and the ten thousand Buddhas," so runs the current phrase. Ranged on each side of the room sit the eighteen Lohans, who came early from India to propagate their faith in China. Their faces are mostly foreign, and my companion has a curious fancy that he can detect the face of the Apostle Thomas among them. Be that as it may, the breviary of the Malabar Christians ascribes the conversion of China to Thomas. The appropriate mild benevolence of the faces of sixteen is painfully jarred by two exceptions, jet black and scowling. It is hard to conceive how these two could have been missionaries. The comfort and safety of the Lohans is provided for by the Kang-like nature of their seat, under which, in damp weather, a fire may be lighted, and so the mud be the better preserved.

Passing through the door behind the images of Buddha, we notice a number of ancient stone tablets, some resting on the back of stone tortoises. These tablets all relate to the building and repair of the Temple at different times. One of them is 467 years old, as is determined from the Emperor's name and time of reign, according to the clumsy Chinese method of indicating dates. By the same method a stamped brick in the 3rd Temple is found to be 497 years old. Two inverted bells which the priests strike during prayers, were found to be 294 and 172 years respectively. The instruments of devotion do not require often replacing.

As we approached the third and most honorable Temple, a building twice as lofty as the other two, our guide told us that no one dared to enter this place alone, as it held as denizen an immense snake which some had seen drink at the river near by. High under the eaves gold lettered labels call upon the approaching worshipper to rejoice, for he is coming before the Goddess of Mercy. You step across the threshold and look up, and the eye is at first bewildered with the excessive profusion of bright colors, which fill three sides of the room clean up to the lofty roof. In the

centre is the truly colossal gilt image of Kuan-Yin, the Goddess of Mercy Buddha, one of the most popular in China. On either side, but further back are two equally large female idols. All by skilful placing and iron rods, seem to float in the air.

Under the side images were, in the one case a recumbent white elephant, by an artist who had never seen one; in the other a lion. Images of men and gods, dragons, tigers, birds, shrines, bridges, water, mountains, and clouds, in endless variety fill the space. The goddess herself is surrounded by attendants, who stand in clouds. Below her feet rolls the sea, a tempest tossed sailor is seen praying to her to save him. Other gods may wear a scowling mien, but her countenance is ever radiant. In old Buddhism, Shakyamuni the original Buddha was chiefly worshipped. Now Kuan-Yin or "Taking away fear Buddha" occupies the place of honor. We are told that all this work is made of clay brought from the province of Shansi, and thereby hangs this story. Years ago a wealthy seller of cloth from Shansi passed this way. The priests intoxicated by the lust of wealth, seized him and confined him beneath a large bell which rested in the ground. The goddess, perhaps hearing his cries, had pity on him and by some means attracted the notice of a passing mandarin, who came in and rescued the imprisoned man. In gratitude for deliverance he resolved to decorate her temple and for this purpose brought earth from Shansi, which is said to be much more lasting than the ordinary clay. Going in behind the screen we see his own image high up facing a little window. It will be noticed that this tale is to the honor of the goddess and to the disgrace of the priests, whom the Chinese are ever ready to ridicule, as witness many proverbs. On one of the pillars is an announcement of theatricals to be held in honor of the goddess. Strange to say, however, the grounds have no permanent stage for that purpose, as other large temples have. This temple is evidently the product of an age which beheld Buddhism more flourishing than it now is. In our trips in China we see new temples, but they are small in comparison with the old. After spending some time in examining the details of the decoration, we slowly wended our way homeward, thinking of the coming time when all the idols He shall utterly abolish, when these irreligious multitudes will flock to the feet of our Merciful One, and temples shall rise to the Living God.

D. MACGILLIVRAY.

*Lin Ching, China.*

## Here and Away.

“Richard is himself again.”

There is sufficient resemblance, at all events, to make recognition on the part of old friends probable.

Nearly all the students, who fell victims to the popular epidemic, have reported themselves as ready for work again. P. J. McLaren and J. McNair have had the hardest fight.

The students need to make the best of their time and strength. The “sough” of examinations is heard already, and the inevitable elections—Literary, Missionary *et. al.*—are within sight.

The twelfth public meeting of the Knox College Students' Missionary Society will be held in Convocation Hall on Friday evening, Feb. 28th. Addresses will be given by T. G. Malchess, a member of the Society, on “The People and Customs of Macedonia,” and Rev. R. N. Grant, Orillia, on “Motive Power in Mission Work.”

Although the smoke has not yet cleared away, the news of the burning of the Toronto University buildings has reached graduates and friends in all parts of the world. Poor old 'Varsity! But there is no use mourning. The better part will be played, and before many months the buildings will be ready for use. A special call is now made on graduates who have not made themselves poor by giving to their *alma mater*. The loss is not altogether irreparable. Of course, many valuable books cannot be replaced, but generous friends will now have an opportunity of properly endowing the Library, and in time this great loss will turn out to the furtherance of the University's interests. This calamity may call forth the liberality of hundreds of graduates who have forgotten the claims of their University, and if it does that the price paid may not be too great.

The burning of the University buildings is a warning to the managers of other public institutions. The authorities of Knox College have caused an examination to be made of their fire-protection appliances, and much needed improvements will be made at once. The boards of other colleges are moving in the same direction.

During the present month a change of printers has been made. This has disarranged our work considerably and delayed the publication of this number of the MONTHLY. But everything is now in good running order, and in future the magazine will appear the first week of each month.

Do you recognize the MONTHLY in its new dress? It is printed from a new font of type and on English paper of much finer quality than that used before. Many people do not know the difference between English and Canadian paper, but readers of this magazine will support the publisher in his efforts to make the mechanical part of the work creditable. The vile paper used by many newspapers and periodicals is an offence against good taste and a disgrace to high-class journalism. The present advance made by the publisher is in order to keep step with the editor. The special articles and series of papers prepared for the current year deserve the best treatment at the hands of printer and publisher.

We have never seen a copy of the *Lin Ching Advertiser*, but if such a paper is published, and if the Honanese are as much interested in "Births, Marriages, Deaths" as Canadians, it might have had the following:—

BORN.—At the Canadian Presbyterian Mission Compound, Lin Ching, Dec. 19th, the wife of Rev. Jonathan Goforth of a son.

The letter which brought the above item, dated Dec. 26th, was received just as the last form of this issue was ready for press. We make room for another paragraph. Mr. Goforth's tone was so cheerful that we forgot to remonstrate with him for sending a duplicate copy of his "Second Tour in Honan" to the *Presbyterian Review*. But all contributors, home and foreign, should know that the MONTHLY will publish nothing that has already appeared in the newspapers. A newspaper, because of its much wider circulation, may publish from a magazine, but it would be editorial folly for a magazine to reprint from a newspaper. For this reason Mr. Goforth's "Second Tour," a duplicate of which was sent to the *Review*, did not appear in the MONTHLY.

The Literary Society has had another public meeting. It was a decided success—"so the folks say." The evening was unfavorable, but the weather never has any effect on a Knox "public." Convocation Hall was crowded. Rev. S. Lyle, Hamilton, made an acceptable chairman. Singing of glees and a quartette, a short essay on Tennyson by W. D. Kerswell, and the recitation of that somewhat overworked selection, "Lasca" by Prof. Neff, occupied the first hour. "Lasca" has been recited so often in Toronto within the past two or three years that hoof-marks of that "sea of steers" may be found in every hall and lecture-room in the city, and, on this occasion, the encore "that would not be put by" was a tribute to Prof. Neff's excellent style. Perhaps the chief interest of the meeting centred in the debate on "Should the Confession of Faith be revised?" The case for revision was argued by W. Muir and T. M. Logie; in opposition were J. Drummond and J. A. Macdonald, the latter taking the place of T. H. Rogers, whose sudden illness prevented him shewing face.

The debate was pronounced worthy of older heads. The audience gave the speakers the closest attention, and displayed an interest in the question, an appreciation of fine points and a knowledge of the whole subject for which some are not disposed to give the laity credit. The revision arguments were well presented. Nothing radical was proposed. The system of doctrine was accepted, preterition, election, elect infants and all. Indeed, the progressives poured some hot shot into the ranks of their friends, exposing the fallacy in argument of many ardent revisionists—in New York presbytery e.g.—and their rank and blundering Arminianism. They argued for revision, however, and made out a case—so the chairman said—against the Confession as being too long, too metaphysical, too scholastic, too indefinite, too disproportionate in doctrine. All these charges the defenders of conservatism combatted, some of them with success. But they had head winds all the way, and a heavy sea, and when the captain took his bearings he decided that the good old ship, that has weathered so many tempestuous storms, should be lightened.

There was somewhere above ground a few weeks ago a man who should have heard this debate on revision. He signs himself "Senex"—a venerable old name, suggestive of caution born of experience. Senex is not cautious, however, and, forgetting the rules of journalistic etiquette, he poured into the ears of another journal his Jeremiah-like lamentations over the heretical tendencies of so orthodox a magazine as the KNOX COLLEGE MONTHLY. He is much exercised about the quantities of "Dodism" (whatever that may be) to be found in the editorial mind. But that debate would have settled him. Here and Away would have paid his fare all the way from the blind-line of the township of Fossildom—if he lives in that locality—for the sake of seeing him open his eyes when the editor of the MONTHLY took the floor against revision. The poor old man might have taken a fit. But, bless his heroic soul, he meant the MONTHLY no harm. He was alarmed over Prof. Campbell's arraignment of Modern Theology, and, thinking that original sin and total depravity were in danger, he took up the cudgels and began striking out at large. The editor was the first man he chanced to think of, and as editors have no feelings he started with him. It was a stinger; but we forgive you, Father Senex, we forgive you. But take warning. If you go throwing stones and mud at editors from behind some other man's back fence you may get hurt. Editors have a way of shooting round a corner, and in a twinkling your wife would be a widow. Then don't worry about the MONTHLY. Whatever we may think about Marcus Dods and the Higher Criticism, we are with you on total depravity. Indeed, we are a little doubtful about your own orthodoxy on this point. Editors are all hyper-Calvinists on the doctrine of total depravity—they see such evidences of it in anonymous correspondents.

Now that we are at it, we would like to say, once for all, that the MONTHLY was not established and is not conducted for the purpose of ventilating the editor's opinions, theological or otherwise. It is the organ of no man or party, and is bound by the swaddling bands of no school. While bearing the name of Knox College, it is as untrammelled as any magazine published. The college authorities are its fastest friends, and recognize its usefulness and power as a vehicle for the free discussion of great questions. It is for the Church, not for the College, and to go back to college leading strings would be journalistic stultification. So long as the MONTHLY is under the present editorial management, it will be open to all the theological colleges of the Presbyterian Church, and will strive to represent fairly all schools of thought. The editor's dogmatic opinions will go but a little way in the examination of articles. What is required is an important subject, well thought out, intelligently discussed—with due regard to literary style—and above all reverence for Truth. Did the MONTHLY take any narrower outlook it would be untrue to the name it bears, unworthy of the thought and care spent in its production, and would long ago have found its proper place in a forgotten grave.