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Our Graduates' Pulpit.

EVERY NEED SUPPLIED BY GOD.

NEW YEAR SERMON.

By REV. JOHN MACDOUGALL, B.A., Beechridge, Que.

"My God shall supply all your need."—*Phil. iv. 17.*

We pass by the magnificent context. Were we to linger we should find Paul passing through an experience of need which, though borne with such magnanimity of spirit as to win absolute supremacy over circumstances, was yet so deep as to seem to fill' up that which was lacking of the afflictions of Christ; we should find his converts, urged by a motive stronger than the tie of blood, holier than the bond of love, following his course with gifts to relieve his need, until his heart, penetrated to its depths by the Spirit of Christ, sees in their care for him a service to Christ, which God in faithfulness will reward.

But the context with its riches, we pass by, and take the direct statement, "My God shall supply all your need," as our promise for this New Year. O that our hearts, under the Gracious Spirit's touch, may ring responsive as we approach this promise of the Father's love, and that we may, through faith in the Son, rest upon it throughout the year!

Let us consider our needs under three groups, fulfilled respectively in Providence, Grace, and Glory. As our first group we will take the great needs of our present life, Sustenance, Protection, and Guidance. We begin with that want so great, so pressing, as to be called by preëminence our Need, that which finds expression in the first personal petition of the Lord's Prayer. "Give us this day our daily bread."

There was at the World's Fair a piece of statuary by Thorwaldsen, entitled, "The Struggle for Bread." It aimed to portray, in this age of strikes, the cruel race between competing wage-earners for place to earn a livelihood. A gaunt workman holds aloft in one hand a loaf of bread, while with the other he strikes down the rival who would tear it from him. A pinched woman and a meagre boy beseech him for it, but he holds it wolfishly away from all. Thorwaldsen's work was constantly surrounded by spectators, and thousands for the first time saw hunger through Thorwaldsen's eyes. Hunger is terrible to behold! Shall I picture it to you? I see that I need not. With quick imagination you have made my thought your own. Yes, hunger is terrible to behold. But could we, with anointed eyes, look upon the reality around us, we should see that always, only a day distant, stands the grim spectre Want—for the world has never in store a year's supply of food, and were the channels of trade for a few days blocked, our great cities would perish—and we should see also a pierced hand giving us through His laws in nature our daily bread.

We need, though we do not feel our need. Who of us has ever been "an hungered," as our Saviour was when tempted

to "command these stones that they be made bread"? Who among us has ever felt the fearful pain of thirst? None of us perhaps know what these are in their intolerableness. So constantly is the cry of our frame for bread and water met, that it is seldom even a warning is heard, the first admonition of hunger or thirst telling us our wants have been too long unanswered. Thirst seems to us the more easily supplied, the lesser of the two, but thirst becomes a consuming desire, a burning pain, with the shipwrecked mariner adrift on the sea; hunger is less clamorous, and every other desire, every other feeling, is forgotten in the vehement longing of the fevered frame for water. Then men realize their need. But that need is as real, as vital, when supplied as when denied. But when freely met, we heedlessly receive. Our daily bread is given, and we know it not.

Yes, all our daily bread. Every temporal want is supplied. Hunger and thirst and sleep, every normal appetite of the body; sight and hearing and every natural perception of the senses; every intellectual and every esthetic craving; sympathy and companionship and every affinity of the heart, all, all are needs, crying each for its own daily food, and all receiving, when we are true to the laws of nature, of conscience, and of revelation, their daily appropriate sustenance.

And He who supplies is God. The most necessary stores He places nearest at hand, supplying directly of Himself without our aid. Air, the body's vital breath, enswathes us around, it permeates wherever man may go, and by its own elasticity fills the lungs the moment their instinctive movements are made. Water, the major constituent in all organic bodies, the essential vehicle in all transmutations of the animal economy, is fitted in its native state, without cultivation, without care, to quench the thirst. No chemical process, no process of manufacture, is needed to avail us of its refreshment. As it springs from the well, as it flows in the stream, as it falls from the cloud, God's own hand gives us the clear, pure water; and

though we cultivate the corn in our fields, Paul may plant and Apollos water, but God, as well we know, must give the increase. And why then are ye anxious for your living, what ye shall eat or what ye shall put on? Is not the life more than meat, the body than raiment? In patience possess ye your souls, in faith cast all your burden upon the Lord, in simple diligence do your daily work, knowing that He who gave the greater gift, your life, will also give the daily bread wherewith it shall be sustained. In the coming year our God shall supply this your need.

Our next great natural need is protection.

"Except the Lord do build the house,
They labor in vain that build;
Except the Lord the city keep,
The watchman waketh, but in vain."

God's protecting care! how great is our need of this! Mirza's vision of the mystic bridge of human life, with its trap-doors and its Harpies, is true in point of fact, though there is no chance-work in the dropping of the gates. Here, too, we are often hard of heart and dull of brain to recognize our indebtedness. At times we realize our need, and Martyrdom gives expression, O how fit! to our feelings as we sing,

"Our God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home."

But how often do we say, "All is well, O soul, take thine ease!" The gift, to our eyes, is greater than the giver, and we see Him not. Out of His very faithfulness arises our forgetfulness.

He protects, as He feeds us, by natural law, yet His protection is none the less real because not miraculous. Just as in respect of the former need, God seldom gave manna in the wilderness, seldom turned water into wine, yet ever gives sustenance in His own appointed way, so also, though He has seldom sent His angel to close the mouths of lions, seldom filled the mountain with chariots and horses of fire round

about His servants, He ever keeps and guards us by the workings of His providence. And special providences are but special recognitions of all-embracing providence. Either He keeps us all the time or He keeps us not at all. A story, told, I believe, of two Theological Professors in Princeton, illustrates this. One said, "As I rode to college to-day, I had a wondrous escape. My horse became restive and threw me, but, by a miracle, I was saved from death." The other, with truer wisdom and reverence as great, replied, "A still greater marvel of providential care has been mine. For many years I have ridden by the same spot and never suffered an accident." God keeps in both cases alike. Many of the calamities of life, guided by the unerring lines of His providence, come very near to us, yet touch us not. "A thousand shall fall by thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand, but it shall not come nigh thee." And many, many more of the calamities of life are by the same providence kept far from us. "The lines have fallen unto me in pleasant places, yea, I have a goodly heritage."

Such is God's guardian shield about us. Or rather, He Himself is our defence. "Jehovah evermore on thy right hand Himself hath made." Christmas Evans, the gifted and imaginative Welsh preacher, saw but part of the truth when, after preaching on the words, "I will be a wall of fire round about them," he dreamed he saw himself enclosed in a house of steel, through which, as through walls of glass, he could see his enemies assailing him, yet he remained unharmed, for his fortress was locked from above. Those invisible walls of steel are the very person of the Son of God. No storm breaks which breaks not first on Him. "Underneath are the everlasting arms." Seek His care, and God shall supply this your need.

Our other ever-present natural want is guidance. We need not only our daily bread and the guardian shield, but the touch of the Shepherd's crook as well. These three, sustenance, protection, and guidance, are the three-fold perfect support of our

present life. He feeds us, keeps us, leads us, and we have all we need.

Let Jacob, setting out from that exile from which he was to return no more Jacob, but Israel, a Prince with God, voice for us this need. "If God will be with me and guide me in the way that I should go, so that I come again to my father's house in peace, then shall the Lord be my God." This is a veritable need. That we do not hunger with it is because He guides so ceaselessly. But in hours of trouble we reach out groping hands of need, crying, "O Father we cannot see; direct us, for we do not know the way. We need the Shepherd's crook."

There are but three possible views of human life: that it is ordered by Fate, or Chance, or God. If Fate controls—how unbearable—we are the bondmen of inexorable destiny, whose iron sway and immutable law leave no place for human freedom or divine love. If Chance directs—how unthinkable!—law itself is at an end, causation is overturned, and God not only unknowable but impossible. If God guides—how adorable!—then . . . But here hypothesis holds no place. God guides, for His pervading power and purpose are seen in history; God guides, for life is probation; God guides, for conscience answers to Him; God guides, for man is free! Take yet another proof, more clear and loftier far. God has become phenomenal and historical. Before the clear, cold light of modern research, stand firm recorded words of promise and prophecy, and interlaced with these in a thousand ways, events still future when the words were spoken, testify to the unity of power and plan no less than to the moral purpose of Him whom prophecy enshrines. In literal fact, He went before His ancient Israel in the burning Shekinah. And more majestic still, Immanuel came, and touched the secret springs of human life, and hushed the powers of nature into awe, and claimed the spoils of death, and gave a charge which sums up the ages, and took His seat as Son of Man upon the throne of God.

God guides, blessed be God! No truth appeals more nearly to us at the New Year season, than this, "If thy presence go not up with us, carry us not up hence." "And He said, 'My presence shall go with thee, and I will give thee rest.'" As we look back over life we see many a turning where we would have guided otherwise, but we now can say, "He hath done all things well."

"And when this passing world is done,
When has sunk yon glaring sun,
When we stand with Christ in glory,
Looking o'er life's finished story,
Then, Lord, shall we fully know,
Not till then, how much we owe."

Throughout this year our God shall supply this your need.

We come now to the second group of man's needs, the Spiritual. There are those who deny we have such needs. Blind moles! who fail to see what every heathen altar taught, what all crudest superstitions and loftiest philosophies prove, to say naught of God's inspired word. Prodigal Sons! who, when the time of famine comes, assert there is no Father's home!

We need deliverance from guilt. Out of the dawn of human history comes the voice of Job, "How can a man be just with God?" an agonized cry, echoed and re-echoed in tragedy and hymn, surging under the mournfulness of man's life as the deep bass of the ocean underlies all other sounds. Bunyan cried in agony, until men thought him mad, beneath the burden which he afterwards placed in symbol upon his Pilgrim's back. Burns, solemnized by the prospect of death, utters his own and universal experience:

"Is it departing pangs my soul alarms?
Or death's unlovely, dreary, dark abode?
For guilt, for guilt, no terrors are in arms,
I tremble to approach an angry God."

Man appears in the temple of his Maker with the Publican's cry, "God be merciful to me, a sinner."

But how shall such a need be met? A question asked in

vain of poet, philosopher, and sage, answerless until the solution is revealed from heaven. "Plato, Plato," said Socrates, "perhaps God can forgive wilful sin, but I do not see how." God hath answered by a Mediator who makes atonement. And fully does His work supply our need. He is divine, and we feel that He can therefore appear in the presence of God for us. He is human, and we feel His tender sympathy as He comes near to us on God's behalf. As our surety He fulfilled the law which we had broken and makes His righteousness ours by union with Him in faith. As our substitute He bears the awful penalty of our transgression and we by faith in Him stand justified before God. The removal of the burden is complete. Thus ascends the pean of faith, "There is therefore now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus." O burdened soul, look now unto Him, and He shall supply this your need.

We need deliverance from the power of sin. Let the Apostle who had lived after the strictest sect of the Jews' religion, a Pharisee, utter in its intensity this need, "O wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" There are diseased states of the body in which no desire is felt for what the body most needs, yet the body in health craves food and exercise. Why should it be thought a thing unaccountable that there are healthy as well as diseased states of the soul? Though all men do not desire holiness, all the whole-souled do so. Forty years ago an entry was made in a church register in Boston, which is instructive in the light of the after career of its subject. "No. 1079. Dwight L. Moody. Boards 43 Court Street. Been in the city a year. From Northfield, this state. Eighteen years old. First awakened, 16th May. Saw himself a sinner, and sin now seems hateful and holiness desirable. Desires to be useful. His prevailing intention is to give up his will to God. Admitted 4th May, 1856." Such has been his prevailing intention since. Such was the prevailing intention of Pascal, the

mathematician; of Edwards, the philosopher; of Newton, the astronomer; of Milton, the poet; and stronger, nobler minds this age has not produced. Such, too, was the prevailing intention of the four flaming spirits who have enriched mankind more than all others together; of Paul, that throbbing centre of intellectual, emotional, and spiritual activity; of John, deep delver in rich mines of mystery; of David, mouthpiece of the spiritual aspirations of man; of Moses, first of historians and first of statesmen, fertile in dower as Nile-fed Egypt, in influence lasting as rock-ribbed Sinai. Holiness is the aspiration of all healthful natures. The virus of sin is working in our race. How fast evil may rise to a head is seen in the nine recorded generations before the flood. The contagion passed from life to life till every imagination of man's heart was only evil continually, and the poisoned race were by God's swift besom swept away. From such a state we are kept in every age only by the saving salt of moral aspiration. We need deliverance from the power of evil. O friends, covet earnestly this gift. Seek it, seek it, till your very heart and flesh cry out for the holiness of the living God. O that my soul thirsted for purity of heart, that I might see God!

And this need God hath met by the gift of His Holy Spirit. It is His to renew the whole nature of man in the likeness of Him that created us. "KNOW ye not that your bodies are the temples of the Holy Ghost?"

"And every virtue we possess,
And every victory won,
And every thought of holiness,
Are his alone."

Grieve Him not, and God will supply this your need.

We need re-instatement in the Father's house. The Prodigal scarce dares aspire for this. "Father, I am no more worthy to be called thy son; make me as one of thy hired servants." But it is not only one of the deep aspirations of humanity, it is the Father's will for us. He bestows the ring and robe and kiss of welcome. "Behold, what manner of love the Father

hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God! Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be, but we know that when He shall appear, we shall be like Him." Thus we have constant fellowship with God in prayer. Thus we have fellowship with all our brethren in the service of God. Thus is restored to us the dominion lost by the Fall. We are come unto Mount Zion, the city of the living God, and to an innumerable company of angels, to the general assembly and church of the first-born which are written in heaven, and to the spirits of just men made perfect, and to Jesus the Mediator of the New Covenant, and to God the Judge of all." How wondrously doth God supply our need! In these three, justification, sanctification, and adoption, the wants of our spiritual life are fully met.

There remains yet another group of needs. "If in this life only we have hoped in Christ, we are of all men most pitiable." We need immortality. "If a man die shall he live again?" How deep this need lies in our nature cannot be seen in Christian times and lands. Of one verse pregnant with meaning in the hymn called *Coronation*, we are apt to lose all the force,

"Ye Gentile sinners, ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall."

We have forgotten the bitterness of heathenism, and with its other woes the load which lies upon the heart when no answer to this question is known. But heavily did it press upon the sad full heart of thoughtful Greece and Rome.

Cato—"It must be so. Plato, thou reasonest well,
Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
This longing after immortality,
Or whence this secret dread and inward horror
Of falling into naught? Why shrinks the soul
Back on itself and startles at destruction?"

Heavily did it press upon ancient Egypt, and her forms of sculpture and of sepulture, her whole religion, and the very expression of the wistful face of her people bear witness to

its power. And it would press upon us as heavily, but that since Christ came we are convinced the question is forever answered. Man is immortal. But, O friends, it is through the Gospel Christ hath brought immortality to light. Have you accepted this Gospel, that He might supply your need? What though you have gained the knowledge of immortality, if yet you lose your soul?

We need the resurrection of the body. Though some may mock when this is mooted, nevertheless it answers a fathomless human need. We yearn for the union of soul and body in fulness of life. This body is not merely mine as other things are mine, it is part of myself. This yearning is answered in the resurrection. With reverent love we tend the bodies of our dead and guard the spot where they are laid. This deathless affection finds its answer in the resurrection. We look forward to the recognition of our loved ones in the life to come. Our expectation is made sure by the resurrection. They who here in the body have "worn the white flower of a blameless life," or won the martyr's glorious crown, shall in the body there receive their due reward. Did the body rise not, we would enter not on a new stage of being, but a new order of creation. Did the body rise not, the complete person would not be the subject of judgment. Did the body rise not, the grandest incentive to virtue, the strongest deterrent from vice, is gone.

Though the needs which this doctrine meets are natural, they are revived and transfigured by the resurrection of Christ. That fact gives our race a living head, the church a regnant Saviour. It affords assurance of justification before God, enables us to reckon ourselves dead unto sin, brings experience of newness of life, gives an antidote to sorrow, sweeps a search-light over the eternal world, and sets the sign-manual of God on all Christian faith and hope. God hath provided for our need.

And above all, we need to live in the presence of God. The

Bible closes with the utterance of man's last and deepest need in the rapturous words, "Even so, come, Lord Jesus." The great question of the ancient schools of philosophy was, What is the chief good? Socrates said: "The highest good consists in knowledge"; Aristotle, "Nay, rather, in practical activity"; the Cyrenaics sought it in the sensations of pleasure; the Cynics, in the absence of pain; the Stoics, in the rational nature; the Epicureans, in the delights of life. These men gave to the subject the most strenuous human thought: none reached an answer others could accept. We know that we have the answer, the Spirit of God bearing witness with our spirit; an answer upon which we rest in the full assurance of faith, the full assurance of hope, the full assurance of understanding; one which contains the wisdom of God in a mystery, the hidden wisdom which none of the princes of this world knew, namely, that man's utmost need is supplied, his supreme good is found, in the full enjoyment of God to all eternity. All the broken cisterns of life are hewed out in seeking substitutes for this; all the enduring glories of heaven are forgotten in the beatific vision of His face. I would bring together all the wealth of language to tell you of that goal of life; I would exhaust the forces of feeling to utter the beauty of that object of desire, but it would be vain. In its contemplation the mind is overwhelmed; if we attempt to compass it, imagination retires; to express it, language is dumb. But when we shall by grace attain it, when we are called unto the marriage supper of the Lamb, then shall begin the glad New Year, the happy, happy happy-making time when we shall greet each other with an universal kiss, and find all wishes answered in the presence of the Lamb.

Beechridge, January 1st, 1897.

TEXTS THAT HAVE TOLD.

By JOHN CAMPBELL, LL.D.

Dr. James Hamilton, of London, who wrote many books, had it in his heart to write a Bible Commentary, that should be at the same time a Church History, on a novel plan. Regarding the Word not as mere doctrine or history, but as the power of God, whether in the letter that killeth or the spirit that giveth life, as a savour of death unto death or of life unto life, he desired to find evidence, in the general history of the Church and in private biography, of the salutary or condemnatory power of individual texts from Genesis to Revelation. Dr. Merivale, in the introduction to his *Conversion of the Roman Empire*, demonstrates the moral and spiritual powerlessness of ancient systems of religion and philosophy; and a survey of all ethnic faiths leads to the conclusion that, concerning the religion only of which Christ presented the highest type, can it be said, "the words which I speak unto you they are spirit and they are life." It is not claimed that the activity produced by the Word of God has always been healthy, since to the forward He shews himself forward, and, according to the rabbins, He once said to Moses, "Write what I have spoken, and if any man love to err let him err;" but God's Word has always been a power, an ever-moving fan to separate the chaff from the wheat. Let the student of the Science of Religions produce his texts that have told, from the Egyptian Book of the Dead and the Zend-Avesta of Zoroaster, from the Brahman Vedas and the Buddhist Tripitaka, from the Chun-Tseu of Confucius and the Koran of Mahomet, and shew their living power, before he dares to place them side by side with the regenerator of the world.

In these days of exhaustive specialism, Dr. Hamilton's cherished dream may easily become an accomplished fact, presenting to the earnest student a historico-dynamic Bible replete with interest and suggestive of universal empire. Such

a specialist will doubtless find some Manichee or Evolutionist in past time who was converted by the words : " In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth : " and a seeker after Divinity who found faith in the prayer, " Even so come, Lord Jesus ! " He will find the third verse of the first chapter of Genesis moving the poetic soul of Zenobia's prime minister, Longinus, and leading him to write in his treatise on the Sublime : " Thus the lawgiver of the Jews was no common man, who rightly understood and set forth the divine power, writing in the preface to his laws and saying ; ' And God said—What ? Let there be light, and it was. ' " And, in Martin Luther's mind, he will find the ' God said ' awaking the memorable thought : " God speaks not grammatical vocables but existing things, so that what with us is but a sound is with God a thing. Thus the sun and the moon, heaven and earth, Peter and Paul, you and I, are words of God, yea, even syllables or letters in comparison with the whole creation. " He will find the Rabbins of old and the Magi, the Fathers and the Schoolmen even, deeply impressed individually with certain special portions of Divine wisdom, while sceptics, such as Voltaire and Rousseau, Mill and Renan, have not been altogether hide-proof to their beauty and their power. But the historico-dynamic Bible asks for greater things. The following are but a " spicilegium " from many a rich harvest field.

The Bible itself contains many instances of the revelation of one age becoming the power of God in another. One of the most striking of these is that of the Ethiopian Eunuch, whom the words of Isaiah liii., 7, 8, through the explanation of them by Philip, led to the truth and doubtless to the founding of the Abyssinian Church, now sadly fallen from her high estate. In the end of the third century, Antony, a wealthy Egyptian orphan, heard, in a humble Christian assembly, the story of the rich young man in Matthew xix., 21, and at once sold all his possessions and gave to the poor. He withdrew from the world indeed to seek Christ in the desert, but there he was sought out by people of all conditions in earnest about their

souls, and many a time during persecution and Arian troubles he appeared suddenly in the streets of Alexandria to the conversion of thousands. till at the ripe age of 105 he went to his reward. Early in the fourth century lived Gregory, a semi-pagan, and his wife Nonna, natives of Cappadocia, in Asia Minor. Nonna, a devoted Christian, was ever singing from Psalm cxxii. "I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go unto the house of the Lord." He rebuked her, but she would not be silent, and one night he awoke, having dreamed that in a transport of joy he had been singing his wife's favorite words. It was his conversion. He became bishop or minister of Nazianzus, and was succeeded in that office by his more famous son and namesake, Gregory Nazianzen.

Augustine's case is well known from his confessions. Ambrose of Milan had told his mother Monica that the child of so many prayers could not be lost, but the philosophical and dissipated young heathen was obdurate. One day, he and his friend Alypius disputed in a little garden wherein was a summer-house. "When will you seek God?" the Spirit seemed to ask his conscience, which answered with the ravens "Cras! cras!" which means "to-morrow." Then, either as from angels or from children at play, came the words "Tolle, lege!" or lift and read!" On the table in the summer-house, he found a volume of the Scriptures, open at Romans xiii., 13, "Put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ," and conversion came to his life. Very different from Augustine was his Syrian contemporary, the pillar saint, called Simeon Stylites. A young shepherd of Antioch, the words of Luke vi., 21-25, "Blessed are ye that hunger now," made such an impression upon him, that for thirty-seven years, he lived on the top of a pillar forty cubits high, never sleeping, eating but once a week, and preaching repentance incessantly to the multitudes that came to see and hear him. That his construction of the Word was wrong cannot be doubted, but, construed rightly or wrongly, that Word was a power.

The patristic period furnishes us with two deceitful handlings

of Scripture texts, which lie at the foundation of Rome's gigantic system. In Matthew xvi., 18, we read "Thou art Peter." Hermas, Origen, Chrysostom, and Augustine saw that Peter's confession and not his person was the rock on which the Church is founded; but, fifty years after, Hermas, an evil spirit whispered the other meaning in the ear of Victor of Rome, and Tertullian and Cyprian of Carthage, in their opposition to the Greeks, favored the same. In 440, when Chrysostom and Augustine were in their graves, Leo the Great openly made the plea, and secured an acknowledgment of it from the Emperor Valentinian. Two hundred and twenty years later, the Culdee or ancient British Church was called, in the person of the Abbot Colman, to a disputation at Whitby with the Romanist Wilfred, before King Oswy of Northumbria. "Did Christ say these words to Peter?" asked the King. Colman answered "Yes." and was proceeding to explain, when the King cut him short, saying, "I acknowledge him that has the keys, lest, when I arrive at heaven's gate, I shall find no admittance." This text has told. It has made great emperors do penance and homage, and has laid the world at the feet of the Romish see for ages.

The other text is Matthew xxvi., 26, "This is my body." Here we find the two high-churchmen and literalists, Tertullian and Cyprian, holding it to teach a bodily real presence, which the greater Origen, Chrysostom, Ambrose, and Augustine opposed. The erroneous interpretation seemed to slumber for a while, though quietly working like leaven, till the year 831, when Paschasius Radbertus, a monk of Corbey, published what is known as the dogma of transubstantiation, which, after being much disputed by eminent doctors of the Church, was in 1215 acknowledged by the Fourth Lateran Council under Innocent III. For denying this dogma as a test question most of the reformation martyrs suffered. The Lutheran Church does not go so far as Rome, but its doctrine of consubstantiation asserts the actual presence of Christ's body and blood along with the bread and wine. In the Colloquy at Marburg in Hesse,

Zwingli vanquished Luther in argument, but the obstinate Divine of Wittenberg, wrote with chalk on the velvet cover of the moderator's table the words "Hoc est corpus meum," and refused to budge from their literal signification. Thus the union of Protestantism was defeated and wide-spread sacramentarianism inaugurated even within the churches of the Reformation. These two texts have been made a savour of death unto death to millions of nominal Christians. They have told mightily in the diffusion of error to the advantage of the enemies of light and godliness, as parts of the mystery of iniquity.

During the Middle Ages, the text Matthew x., 7-10, "And as ye go, preach, etc.," was blessed to two great men. The first of these was the merchant, Peter Waldo of Lyons. The sudden death of a friend at a convivial gathering, sobered his mind and led him to study the Scriptures, when our Lord's commission to His disciples became the rule of his life. The poor men of Lyons went out two by two preaching the gospel to the poor. At first they met with persecution; then the pope wished to organize them under the Church; and, when they refused to recognize his authority, he let loose the "dogs of the Lord" or Dominicans against them. Waldo heard his commission in 1180. Barely thirty years later, Francis, the son of a rich merchant of Assisi, in Italy, listened to the same injunction, and sold all. He went forth to preach penniless, cursed by his father, derided by the populace, scorned as a madman, living like an angel of mercy in a selfish world. Eighteen years he continued as a mendicant, gathering around him an army of poor preachers of the Gospel, whom, much against his will, the pope formed into the monastic order of St. Francis. He broke down in his set speech before the pope and his cardinals, but, feeding swine, singing psalms and hymns with the birds of the air, or ministering to Christ's poor, his heart was ever full and his lips overflowing. Never had the Divine commission a more humble, loving and laborious disciple.

Coming to reformation days, who does not know the story of Martin Luther's conversion? The monk professor, studying the epistle to the Romans with his students, was arrested by the seventeenth verse of the first chapter, "The just shall live by faith." At Bologna, on his way to Rome, arrested by sickness and anticipating death, the same uncomprehended word rang in his ear. Restored to health, and climbing the steps of Pilate's staircase on his knees, he once more, above the beating of his heart, heard the text of Wittenberg and Bologna, and descended on his feet, full of holy joy, possessed of the doctrine of justification by faith. A little later, in England, Erasmus' pocket Greek Testament with Latin translation came over the sea. Thomas Bilney, the simple-hearted Cambridge scholar, read in it till he came to I. Timothy i., 15, "This is a faithful saying." He had been looking for faithful sayings, and here at last he found one. A sinner saved by Christ Jesus, he went forth to preach to the humble peasants of Norfolk, till blind old Nix of Norwich got a warrant from Sir Thomas More and burned him. A lesser reformation worthy was rough David Stratton, a man of property in Angus. One night, his nephew, the young Laird of Lauriston, invited him to a retired place in the fields, where he read to his unlettered uncle part of Matthew's Gospel. When he read Matthew x., 33, "Whosoever shall deny me before men," Stratton acted like one inspired, confessed his sins to God, and thereafter remained steadfast, even while being hanged preparatory to burning at a spot midway between Edinburgh and Leith. A little later, Lord James Stewart, as prior of St. Andrews, and the Earl of Argyle, invited John Knox to preach in the Babylon of Scotland, red with the blood of many martyrs. In spite of the archbishop, he stood in the pulpit of the cathedral, and preached on John ii., 16, "Take these things hence." The sermon roused all Scotland to iconoclastic zeal. Short work was made of all emblems of superstition throughout the land.

A troublous year in Scotland was 1630, yet Mr. Hance, minister of Shotts, called to his aid at a communion season

young John Livingstone, though a mere licentiate. The communion Sabbath was greatly enjoyed, so much so that the minister and people desired Mr. Livingstone to preach again on the Monday. Much against his will, he did so, taking for his text Ezekiel xxxvi., 25, 26. "Then will I sprinkle clean water upon you." The impression was overwhelming, no fewer than 500 persons owing their conversion to the sermon. On this account, the Church appointed the Monday after the communion to be a day of thanksgiving as it continues to the present time. Towards the end of that seventeenth century, a wealthy Presbyterian lady of London, who had led a fashionable life and was in a depressed state of soul, dreamed that she was in a certain church, listening to a preacher who gave her relief from the text Psalm cxvi., 7, "Return unto thy rest, O my soul." She went all over London seeking the well defined features of church and minister, and at last found them in Mr. Shower and his chapel in Old Jewry. To her attendant she told the circumstances of the dream, and, when the minister gave forth his text, it was the final coincidence. She found rest for her soul. About the same time, Mr. Doolittle preached in another Presbyterian Church in the metropolis. It was the custom in those days to lock worshippers in the pews, as the guards still lock passengers in railway carriages. The minister saw a young man preparing to escape from confinement, and, with his eye upon him, asked an aged Christian brother the question, "Do you regret having come to Christ?" He answered "No, I only regret that I came not sooner." Then Mr. Doolittle asked the restive young man, "Young man, are you willing to come?" After some hesitation, he answered "Yes." "When?" asked the minister; and he replied "Now." "Then stay and hear the text, II Corinthians, vi., 2, "Behold now is the accepted time." Not only was the young man savingly converted, but his father, on whose account he had endeavoured to escape, because he had threatened to disinherit his son if he found him in a Presbyterian Church, was by his example led to the truth.

A difference in the interpretation of a text of Scripture divided the Reformed into two opposing theological camps, the Calvinistic and the Arminian, the sharp lines between which are happily becoming more and more obscure by the prevalence of a scriptural and practical theology. James Hermanns, whose name was latinized into Arminius, was a minister of the Reformed Dutch Church in Amsterdam, towards the end of the sixteenth century. In the course of a series of lectures on the Epistle to the Romans, he came to the text, vii., 14, "I am carnal, sold under sin." This he interpreted as referring to the natural man or to the apostle prior to his conversion, and out of this interpretation was gradually evolved, though not by Arminius himself, the whole system with which we are familiar in Methodism and Morrisonianism. The Dutch Arminians had to pay for their interpretation by cruel persecution. Modern Universalism is a very different creed from Arminianism, but, like it, it had its origin in a text. John Petersen was removed from his position of Lutheran superintendent at Luneburg on account of his peculiar views. Then, he and his devoted wife, both pious premillenarians, set themselves to search the Scriptures with the view of settling the time of our Lord's second coming. The passage in Revelation (v., 13, 14) which states that every creature, even those under the earth, shall praise God, led their minds in another direction, so that, with that great father of the third century, Origen, they believed that all men and even devils will be saved by the mediation of Christ.

Two remarkable geniuses of the eighteenth century in Germany were Oetinger and Hamann, the first of whom was called the Magus of the South, and the second, the Magus of the North. Early piety was screwed on and poured into simple little Fritz of Wurtemberg. His father taught him long prayers on his knees, and his mother, when she went out, set the Bible before him, and told him not to rise till he had learned by rote the prescribed number of chapters. Yet in this hard course of training his eye fell upon Isaiah liv., 11-14,

"O thou afflicted, tossed with tempest, etc." He thought "How beautiful it reads: what if this is for me?" and became decided for religion. With many mystical extravagances, he was yet one of the greatest of German theologians and did much to stem the tide of rationalism. John George Hamann, a Prussian of Königsberg, was leading a dissipated life in London, when one night, taking up his Bible, he read, in Genesis iv., the story of Cain. A voice seemed to tell him "Thou art the man!" Hereafter, during a strangely paradoxical life, he also in a mystical way, preached to thousands, through the press, a theology which made Christ the centre and substance of all truth.

The annals of Methodism teem with tales of texts that have told. John Wesley himself visited Epworth, his native place, and, when the church of which his father had been minister was shut against him, he preached in the churchyard to a great concourse of people. His text was Matthew v., the Sermon on the Mount. For three hours, not counting the flight of time, he pressed his message home. Not a single person, however careless, to whom his father or himself had ever spoken was able to resist the truth that day. So vast a multitude Epworth never saw before, as he gathered in the harvest of his father's planting. Southey tells of a number of rough men met in a beer-shop, who for sport personated Methodist preachers. A Bible being brought in, they preached their ribald discourses in turn. The fourth took for his text Luke xiii., 3. "Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish." No sooner had he begun, than his hair stood on end and his whole frame was convulsed; then, collecting himself, he delivered a wonderful sermon on repentance which brought at least one of his comrades to his knees. He afterwards said that if ever he preached by the Spirit, it was then. Hervey, the author of the Meditations, a friend of Whitefield and Wesley, though a chaste and elegant scholar, was unawakened by all appeals till God attracted him by the sight of Luke x., 27. "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart." A little later was

that strong Calvinist Toplady, the author of "Rock of Ages." He was converted in 1756, when only sixteen years of age, by hearing an ignorant layman preach in a barn at Codrington in Ireland on Ephesians ii., 13. "Ye who sometimes were far off are made nigh by the blood of Christ."

When Whitefield visited America in 1739, he preached for a time in the episcopal churches of Philadelphia with acceptance, but his doctrine of imputation was distasteful to his brethren, so that he was compelled to take himself to other fields. The sermon which created the breach between him and his brother clergymen was on Jeremiah xxiii., 6, "The Lord our Righteousness." It was blessed, however, to the instruction of many souls. The remarkable revival of 1740-45, which followed his ministrations and those of like-minded men, had many objectionable features of a hysterical nature, and several pious ministers, such as President Edwards and David Brainerd, deplored them and protested against them. Such a man also was Mr. Fish of Stonington, Connecticut, who, though a warm friend of revivals, found his own church-people full of hysteria, love of outward signs, and spiritual pride. To cure this he preached on Ephesians v., 1, "Be ye followers of God as dear children," in which sermon he endeavoured to shew the difference between the real following of God and excited imagination. As in the case of our Saviour, "From that time many of his disciples went back and walked no more with him." Thus the Word was a fan winnowing the threshing floor.

The world was dead in regard to the great subject of Missions when William Carey, cobbler and schoolmaster of Northampton, sought to rouse it by many a spoken and written word. In 1788 he became a Baptist minister at Leicester, but not till 1792, when his association held an anniversary and asked him to preach, had he an opportunity of pressing his views. With a beating heart he took the text, Isaiah liv., 2, 3, "Enlarge the place of thy tent, etc." The discourse moved the association, and a missionary society was at once formed. When a man was asked for, he offered to go down into

India's mine if his brethren would hold the rope, and thus began the great work in which his name stands so high. Perhaps no missionary story is more familiar than that of Greenland's conversion. Long the Esquimaux held out against the pleadings of Hans Egede, who sought to teach them the Scriptures in their chronological order. But when the Moravians came they obtained the help of the chief, Kaiarnak, in translating John's Gospel. At length they came to John iii., 16, "God so loved the world," and were proceeding, when the chief cried "stop, let me hear that again, for I would fain be saved too." The result is that there are now no heathen in Greenland's icy mountains. A few years ago a young Japanese in translating the New Testament read the same verse with the same happy effect, and many through him rejoice in the truth.

One of the heroes of the London Missionary Society was John Williams. At Atiu, one of the Hervey Group of islands, he preached among idolatrous savages in the open air. His sermon was on Isaiah xliv., 15-17, "Then shall it be for a man to burn, &c." He played upon the native words, "moa" and "noa," the former meaning "gods," and the latter "things eaten or profane." At once, as in the case of Knox's sermon at St. Andrew's, the idols fell throughout the whole island, and other islands, learning that "moa" were "noa," gave up their idolatry. That same missionary society to which Williams belonged, undertook a Siberian mission in 1819. The Calmuc language and character were only understood by two Buriat nobles, and they, with their Lama'or priest, were sent by the people, who contributed 2,500 dollars, to the Russian Bible Society, to have the New Testament translated into their language. They arrived in St. Petersburg and set themselves to their labour of love. When they had proceeded as far as Matthew xxiii., 37, "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem!" the thought of the Saviour's wonderful pity broke their hearts, and they gave themselves to the Lord and to His work among their fellow-countrymen.

These are but a few instances in which the Word of God has

proved itself a power, although not always a power to save. Its texts have been arrows, or, to suit the language of the day, bullets fired by masters of weapons of precision. The curious have been known to stray over battle-fields, and examine the dead and wounded, in order to learn what weapons had proved most deadly. So one would like to learn in what proportions the missiles of Scripture met their mark and killed rebellion in the human soul. This sketch may come in the way of some student who has time, aptitude, and love for such a work as Dr. Hamilton had in view, and who, multiplying the examples given by thousands, may let the Christian teacher know that, while all Scripture is profitable, there are texts that have told more than others, and on skilful lips may tell again and again for man's salvation and God's glory.



Poetry.

THE DEATH OF THE OLD YEAR.

Full knee-deep lies the winter snow,
 And the winter winds are wearily sighing
 Toll ye the church-bells sad and slow,
 And tread softly, and speak low,
 For the Old Year lies a-dying.

Old Year, you must not die !
 You came to us so readily,
 You lived with us so steadily,
 Old Year, you shall not die.

He lieth still—he doth not move—
 He will not see the dawn of day ;
 He hath no other life above—
 He gave me a friend and a true true-love,
 And the New year will take 'em away.

Old Year, you must not go !
 So long as you have been with us,
 Such joy as you have seen with us,
 Old Year, you shall not go.

He frothed his bumpers to the brim :
 A jollier year we shall not see ;
 But though his eyes are waxing dim,
 And though his foes speak ill of him,
 He was a friend to me.

Old Year, you shall not die !
 We did so laugh and cry with you,
 I've half a mind to die with you,
 Old Year, if you must die.

How hard he breathes! over the snow,
 I hear'd just now the crowing cock.
 The shadows flicker to and fro ;
 The cricket chirps: the lights burn low:
 'Tis nearly one o'clock.

Shake hands, before you die !
 Old Year, we'll dearly rue for you:
 What is it we can do for you ?
 Speak out, before you die.—*Tennyson.*

ON NEW YEAR'S EVE.

The wintry moon was streaming
Through the window, silvery-clear,
And I sat in my study, dreaming
Sweet dreams of the coming year.

There was no sound save the laughter
Of flames on the gusty hearth,
As hour followed fleet hour after
To welcome the Year with mirth.

Then, sharp through the solemn quiet,
I heard in the gloomy hall
The scamper of mice run riot,
And I heard them in the wall.

I leaned on my hands and listened
To hear the cravens go.
While paler the moonbeams glistened
And the fire on the hearth burned low.

And was I awake or sleeping,
That, close by the door, I heard
The voice of a woman weeping,
The sigh of a farewell word?

And was it the night wind mocking
That tapped and opened the door,
Or was it a woman knocking
And a light step on the floor?

I saw at my side a maiden
With tears in her gentle eyes,
And her shapely arms were laden
With gems from time's argosies.

On her brow was a white star shining,
On her breast was a lily fair:
But of rue was a sad wreath twining
Among her golden hair.

From my chair to her dear side springing,
I greeted her with a kiss,
For I thought her the New Year, bringing
New uncut jewels of bliss,

She blushed at my warm embraces
 And joy in her sweet face shone,
 As sunlight a shadow chases
 While a summer cloud floats on.

I said: "I have long been yearning,
 New Year, to behold thy face."
 Pale grew the maid, and, turning,
 She shrank from my close embrace,

And wept: "Oh! thou fickle hearted,
 The depth of my love to prove,
 Yet ere from my bosom parted
 To sigh for an untried love.

"I brought thee the rarest treasures
 Time's treasury could bestow;
 I sated thy days with pleasures,
 And guarded thy heart from woe.

"Thy wish I refused thee never.
 I granted thee love and peace;
 Yet thou scornest me now, or ever
 My labor for thee doth cease.

"See, here are the gifts I showered
 Thy life's pathway upon,
 And now that thou hast been dowered
 With all, canst thou wish me gone?"

"O thankless heart, wilt thou never
 Be satisfied with thy lot.
 Or must thou be pining ever
 For joys that as yet are not?"

"And turn from my fond embraces
 An utter unknown to greet,
 As a child a butterfly chases
 Treading flowers beneath his feet?"

Then, like the great sun springing
 Through night to a tropic dawn,
 My heart, to the Old Year clinging,
 Yearned for the joys nigh gone.

And oh, what a wave of sorrow
 Passed over my grieving soul,
 As I thought of the new to-morrow
 That led to some unknown goal!

"Oh, stay" I cried, soul-shaken,
 "Heed not the flight of time,
 Oh stay,"—But I was forsaken,
 And heard the New Year chime.

Montreal.

ARTHUR WEIR.

THE BLESSEDNESS OF NOT KNOWING.

A NEW YEAR'S MEDITATION.

The dawn of a new year brings us face to face with the very familiar truth that we "know not what shall be on the morrow." There are hours, especially in childhood, when we rebel against this limitation, and seek to push the veil aside which hides the future from our ken. But experience soon teaches us that ignorance of the morrow is one of the benedictions of life.

The blessedness of not knowing is experienced in the pain from which our ignorance delivers us. A sudden, unexpected sorrow often carries with it a certain narcotic power, which dulls our sensibilities and enables us to pass through the fierce fires of affliction with surprising fortitude. The foreseen sorrow is intensified a hundred-fold. It is no small part of the murderer's punishment that he foreknows the time and manner of his death. It is the coming and anticipated pain that casts the darkest shadow across life's pathway. The burden of the Man of Sorrows owed something of its oppressive weight to the fact that the agony of Passion Week was foreknown. Life would become unendurable, laughter would no longer be heard on our streets, if all the sorrows which wait for the coming of our feet were disclosed to our childish hearts, even

though we were taught that out of these hours of tribulation abiding blessings would come.

How much of the felicity of life has its root deep down in our ignorance of the morrow. Hope, God's sweet-voiced angel, could sing no song of trust within our hearts, if the future were an open and easily read book. It is surprising, when we come to think of it, how we get strength and comfort from the unexpected rather than the anticipated events of life. The letter we did not wait for, the chance meeting with the dear friend, the unlooked-for discovery, these and sweet surprises of like nature, have done more to add to our real felicity than the carefully planned-for and eagerly anticipated hours, out of which we had hoped to derive so much joy and profit.

But the blessedness of not knowing is most clearly demonstrated when we consider how ignorance of the future contributes to the development of character. We walk by-faith, and to this we owe what strength of purpose there is in us. But faith would be made void through absolute or even comparatively certain knowledge of what the morrow will bring forth. How many noble enterprises would die in their birth, if their promoters could foresee how slight their share in the achievement of the wished for good must be. How many noble deeds would remain undone if their apparent futility were revealed to the consciousness of the actors.

A brave youth recently resigned his chance of escape from death by drowning that his companion, a married man, might be saved. Alas, for his self-sacrifice, the man for whom he gave his life perished with himself in the cruel waters. Had that youth foreseen the future, his act of self-forgetfulness would never have been performed. And how regrettable that would have been. The young man would thus have missed his great opportunity to enter into fellowship with the Christ who pleased not Himself, and who would not save His own life that He might become the Saviour of others. And we should have lost the moral tonic which his heroism has supplied.

Few men are heroic enough to covet the success of high failure, and most of us must therefore move forward to duty under the inspiration of a hope which after results do not always justify. If nothing were undertaken save what proved successful after human standards of success, the world would be much poorer than it is. It has been seen again and again that occasions arise when nothing succeeds like failure. But if we could know how cold is the Jordan of temporary failure that lies between us and the Canaan of eternal success, many of us might refrain from the necessary plunge. Character is developed through suffering, which, foreknown, would drive some of us from the highway of duty.

It may seem paradoxical to add that the blessedness of not knowing must be rooted in knowledge. Ignorance of the future would be a small benefit if we knew nothing of the character of Him to whom there is no to-morrow. It is because we know whom we have believed, that we can trust ourselves upon the trackless ocean of unknown to-morrows, not with fortitude so much as with peace. In lines often quoted but always fresh and inspiring, Whittier gives expression to this truth :—

“I know not what the future hath
Of marvel or surprise,
Assured alone that life and death
His mercy underlies.

* * * * *

I know not where His islands lift
Their fronded palms in air,
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond his love and care.”

S. P. Rose.

NEW YEAR GIFTS.

Bring to the New Year faith,
 Out of the Old Year's wraith,
 Faith in the Father wide over all,
 O'er lilies that wither and sparrows that fall,
 Out of ill who gives goodness, turns bitter to sweet,
 And makes wealthy places for weary feet;
 Faith that shall find Him near,
 Making a glad New Year.

Bring to the New Year hope,
 Changing to sunny slope
 Of pasture green, with bright flowers bedight,
 Time's nearer pathway and distant height,
 Where the Sun shines ever from out the gates
 Of the city unseen where your glory waits;
 Hope that shall make soul cheer
 Through all the glad New Year.

Bring to the New Year love,
 Best gift of realms above,
 Into your hungering heart that fell
 When it opened to welcome Immanuel.
 To bless you with more than the angels find,
 And make you Heaven's blessing to all your kind;
 Love that casts out all fear,
 God's life in the glad New Year.—C.

THE OLD TESTAMENT, AND THE NEW SCIENCES.

By REV. PROF. SCRIMGER, D.D.

III.—GEOLOGY.—*Continued.*

The last paper dealt with the geological requirement for long ages of time in order to allow of the earth being brought into its present form as a fit place for human habitation, and with the order of events as compared with the Biblical cosmology. In this paper I propose to deal with the geological problem raised by the Biblical story of the deluge. It is desirable to give it some prominence, not so much because the difficulty presses on men's minds at the present time, but rather because the matter has passed so largely out of the public thought that the present position of the question is not generally understood.

Against the possibility of a deluge in itself, geological science has no objection to make whatever. So far from that, it is part of its own teaching that there have been many deluges in the past history of the globe. Every part of the dry land now visible on the earth's surface has been, at one time or another, under water, most of it repeatedly so. And geology furnishes no reason to suppose that the causes which produced these submergences previous to man's appearance might not also occasion one subsequent to that time. In fact, it is known that the same causes are still at work, constantly changing the relative altitudes of sea and land, and they are likely to continue in operation as long as the earth stands.

But to such a deluge as that which seems to be described in the Bible geology has objected on various grounds :

1. That there is no evidence of a universal submergence of all the existing continents at any one time, either before or since man's appearance on the earth, save, perhaps, in the primeval chaos out of which all things have come into shape. Ever since that time some part of the earth's surface seems to have been always above water, though not always the same part.

2. That it would be contrary to all analogy that a universal submergence of the continents should be brought about within the space of a few weeks and that they should emerge again sufficiently for man's occupation before the lapse of a year. Such changes have proceeded slowly for the most part, by centuries rather than by days, by millenniums rather than by weeks. If a widespread convulsion such as seems to be indicated in Genesis, had been compressed into a year, it would have made such a commotion that no ark or ship of any kind could have lived on the surface of it, but would inevitably have been wrecked a hundred times over.

3. That even if they could be gotten together, no ark could ever be built large enough to contain representatives of all existing land animals, with the necessary provision for such a mighty collection, numbering, as they do, tens of thousands of species.

These or similar objections have been regarded by not a few as decisive against the historical character of the Biblical narrative.

Some scholars of eminence are therefore disposed to look for the key to its origin and meaning in an altogether different direction. The Biblical narrative is supported by the traditions of almost all the great families of mankind throughout the world. But so far from regarding this fact as a guarantee of its historical truth, they find in it an argument that the whole story is nothing more or less than a nature-myth. The general theory of myths is that when stories of similar tenor are found current at widely different points, they are but poetic renderings of some familiar fact of nature everywhere observable. The sun, moon and stars have constantly been personified and their changing phenomena presented as the varying experiences of sentient beings, either human or divine. Some natural fact, therefore, they urge, such as the sunset amid clouds or the appearance of the crescent moon above the cloudrack like a boat carrying a passenger across the waste of waters, must lie behind all these stories of a deluge. The rest

is the half-conscious invention of a child-like age, not to be treated more seriously than any other myth current in the folk-lore of the world. Something like this is the view suggested by Canon Cheyne in the last edition of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*.

But though it is quite possible that in some of the forms which the tradition has taken there may be mythological elements, as is not unfrequently the case in stories based on actual historical events, it can hardly be said that the Bible account finds a very satisfactory explanation by that method. It is too sober and circumstantial in its details to be so easily disposed of, and there is no obvious natural fact sufficiently suggestive of the story to account for it. Not many reverent Bible students, at any rate, will be content to accept that explanation of the Genesis narrative, save as a last resort after everything else has failed to remove the objections against it. Certainly the way out of the difficulty in this case is too easy to make such a violent device necessary.

The whole force of the scientific objections, it will be observed, lies in the supposition that, according to the Bible narrative, the deluge is absolutely universal over the whole of the earth's surface. If we are allowed to suppose that it was of a local character, confined to a limited area, the scientific difficulties at once disappear. There would be no impossibility in constructing an ark or vessel large enough to house the domestic animals of such an area, together with such other species as it might be necessary to perpetuate there for man's use in the future. Of the rest, some might perish, while others near the edge of the submerged region, might save themselves by flight. The great bulk would be in no wise endangered.

The space of a year might seem a short time for a geologic event of such magnitude as would correspond even moderately to the demands of the narrative, though not a few geologic catastrophes, such as earthquakes and tidal waves, have been sudden enough. But that period of a year which appears in

the story may represent only the last stage of a geologic subsidence which had long been going on, and the beginning of a new emergence above the waters, which continued for a considerable time after man had found a dry place on the higher ground. The Bible itself furnishes some hints to that effect. It represents the earliest man as being driven from Eden long centuries before the deluge. If Eden was situated somewhere near the head of the Persian Gulf, as most believe, it may well be that this expulsion was caused by the waters of the gulf already beginning to encroach on the land. Then again, it was apparently only at a considerable interval after the deluge that the Babylonian plain was occupied anew by man (Gen. xi., 2), perhaps because the lower Euphrates valley was so much later in becoming high enough for human occupation. The deluge as described in Genesis, may have been simply the crisis which marked the somewhat sudden termination of the movement of subsidence and the beginning of the re-emergence. That the catastrophe was not without premonitory sign of some kind for those who had eyes to see it is indicated by the fact that Noah is represented as warning his generation of coming danger long years before it occurred. When the crisis at length came the steadily rising waters, even though lashed by the storm of rain from above, may not have presented any greater danger to the safety of a vessel borne upon their bosom than would the inundation of Holland to-day by a slight breach in the dykes that keep out the sea. It is worthy of note that on both sides of the Euphrates valley there are considerable regions even now below the sea-level. If the Caspian Sea on the one hand, and the Dead Sea on the other, were not protected from the ocean by mountain ranges, large areas of what is now dry land would at once be flooded. Ever so slight a rift by earthquake in the continuity of these mountain ranges would cause them to be speedily submerged. Even if there were no positive evidence that the region between these two inland seas, the Euphrates valley, which happens to connect with the ocean by way of the Persian Gulf, had once been

similarly below the sea-level, it would require no great stretch of the geological imagination to suppose it to have been so, and to believe the Bible story true.

For on the supposition that the human race was still confined within the Euphrates valley, the submergence of that limited area, a few feet below the sea level, would sufficiently meet all the requirements of the Biblical narrative. It is true that universal terms are employed to describe it. "All the high hills that were under the whole heaven were covered. Fifteen cubits upwards did the waters prevail, and the mountains were covered. And all flesh died that moved upon the earth, both of fowl, and of cattle, and of beast, and of every thing that creepeth upon the earth, and every man."—(Gen. vii., 19-21.) If one were bound to interpret these terms strictly as the absolute assertions of omniscience, then, of course, no such local submergence would answer its description. But in matters of history we do not usually regard the statements even of inspired writers, as based upon a special revelation from heaven. They are rather supposed to rest upon ordinary human testimony. We would be abundantly satisfied if we could be assured that this narrative rested directly upon the statements of any one of the known eye-witnesses. But it is at once obvious that even an eye-witness could not possibly make universal statements of his own knowledge, and there was no one to give him any such information. He could tell only of what he had seen, and he could see but a limited distance. Amid such a watery disturbance, which must have filled the atmosphere with dense cloud and mist, the range of his vision would be even less than usual. Without the submergence being geologically extensive, the land might easily have disappeared on all sides as far as he could see, and the horizon might have revealed only an apparently boundless waste of water. The exact depth of fifteen cubits given for the water above the tops of the mountains seems at first sight a little puzzling, but it has been suggested that this figure probably represents nothing more than the ascertained draught of the ark, which floated

freely over everything in its way until it came to the foothills of Ararat, in the uplands of Armenia. There is nothing to countenance the traditional fancy that it rested on the highest summit of Ararat, only when the waters had considerably assuaged. Ararat was a range or a region rather than a single peak. Our witness speaks the ordinary language of men and tells us what he saw in all good faith. It is wholly gratuitous to make him responsible for any statement of facts that must have been beyond his personal knowledge. Read in that reasonable and common sense way, the difficulty between the Biblical narrative and geology disappears.

We might perhaps leave the matter here as freeing the devout reader of the Bible from any further embarrassment from this quarter. This, however, does not quite represent the whole position of the question at the present time. Such a solution might be sufficiently satisfactory if geological considerations were the only ones to be taken into account. But the problem is complicated by archaeology which now presents us with evidence that the age of man on the earth is somewhat greater than had generally been supposed, and that his dispersion at a very early period had been considerably beyond the limits of the Euphrates valley. Prehistoric remains of very great antiquity have been found, not only in Egypt, but even in western Europe, as well as in Babylonia, and no local deluge could have affected such out-lying tribes. In order that these should be destroyed, we would need to suppose a submergence of enormous extent, if not absolutely universal.

In view of this fresh aspect of the matter, the ground might be taken that from the Biblical narrative we have no more right to conclude the absolute universality of man's destruction than that of the other land animals. The terms used are similar. It would be sufficient to suppose that so far as the occupants of the ark knew, they were the only survivors. If there were others outside of the submerged area, they never learned of their existence. In any case they would be few in number and would be concealed in the recesses of distant

forests. The possibility of such sporadic survivals outside the limits of the submergence would also simplify the solution of some rather perplexing ethnological questions which need not be specified here.

The necessity of resorting to such a supposition, however, in order to meet the facts of archaeology is now being removed by the most recent deliverances of geology, which not only supports the Biblical statement as to the deluge, but offers to tell us something as to its extent. It is now believed by such writers, for example, as Professor Prestwich and Sir William Dawson, than whom there are no higher authorities living, that at the time of man's appearance on the earth the existing continents were considerably larger than they are at the present time, that since then there has been an extensive subsidence which must have submerged all the lower levels and left nothing but the mountain ranges appearing above the sea, and that this was followed shortly after by partial re-elevation of the land. It has long been known that large portions of the Mediterranean and of the waters on the west coast of Europe are comparatively shallow. An elevation of a thousand feet would carry the shore line far out into the Atlantic. This would represent the difference between antediluvian and post-diluvian Europe. But between the two the sea must have covered most of the present dry land as well, for under the deposit left by its waters have been found not a few remains of man and of animals ever since extinct throughout that whole region. In the meantime, the evidence is mainly confined to Europe, but there is little doubt that similar data would be furnished by a careful study of the geology of Western Asia and Northern Africa. However widely man wandered, he would be sure to occupy first the lower lands near the sea level, and so be doomed to destruction by this extensive submergence of land over three continents. The deluge, though not universal, would still be co-extensive with man's dispersion, and in every essential fact correspond to the Biblical description of this judgment that overwhelmed a guilty world.

THE RELIGIOUS ELEMENT IN THE EDUCATION OF THE YOUNG.

By REV. N. MACKAY, D.D.

The necessity for the religious element in education is indisputable. It springs from the very nature of our constitution. The educational process does not alter the elements of our nature. It merely unfolds and develops that which it finds there. Every department of our complex nature must participate in the unfolding process, or the result will be malformation and disfigurement. Our development will be unsymmetrical and ill-balanced, and we shall be placed at a disadvantage in the battle of life.

How to provide for the religious element in the education of the young is one of the most perplexing questions at this moment claiming the attention of our public men. It is needless to say that for many years it has formed the most stubborn and disturbing factor in our public affairs. Most of our public men have regarded it simply from a political standpoint and seemed willing to move in the line of least resistance, that is, parallel with the prevailing current of public opinion. The aim of the politician is to discover the trend of public opinion, and shape his course in the line of his conclusions thereanent. We are aware that this is not statesmanship. We are not talking of statesmen, but of politicians, whose guiding principle, if it may be dignified with that name, is the trend of public opinion. It becomes, therefore, a matter of the greatest practical importance that a just and enlightened public opinion should be formed on all public questions. The present paper is a humble contribution towards the formation of right views on the subject of religious education.

The chief hindrance in the way of enlightened ideas on this question consists in the diversity of opinion as to what religion really is. The several denominations have all, more or less,

fallen into the deplorable mistake of supposing that religion consists in mere ecclesiasticism and narrow dogmatism, or in the recognition of certain books and symbols. Some have fallen into this ditch more deeply than others; but few, if any, have entirely escaped it. The chief offender has been the Church of Rome. Away back in the fifties, when the government of Prince Edward Island introduced a free school system, that church strove persistently to secure legal recognition and provincial support for schools taught by members of the religious orders, teaching the dogmas and ceremonies of their church, and wholly under ecclesiastical control. When these efforts failed, the Roman Catholic bishop demanded that the public schools be made "godless." While this imperious demand was not wholly complied with, yet in deference to the prejudices of so large a section of the community, the religious element in the curriculum of the schools was reduced to a minimum. In framing and especially in administering the school laws of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Ontario, the same minimising policy was pursued, until the amount of religious teaching found in the public schools became scarcely worth mentioning. Let it be distinctly understood that this policy of excessive economy in religious matters was resorted to in deference to the wishes of Roman Catholics. In this way, Roman Catholics have succeeded in largely banishing religion from the public schools; and then, with hands uplifted in horror and indignation at a godless system of education, they boldly demand separate schools, into which they may be permitted to introduce their own ideas of religious teaching.

In the Province of Ontario this demand was conceded, and separate schools were organized; but after many years of trial the method fails to work satisfactorily. In the other provinces mentioned, compromises of various kinds were resorted to, and a *modus vivendi* was secured. But it is safe to say that the practical aspects of the question are unsatisfactory in every province of the Dominion. Manitoba is aflame with its con-

frict on the question, and even from Quebec, where the dominant party has hitherto had the matter in its own hands, the mutterings of the storm on this question are distinctly heard. The question, as yet, is nowhere satisfactorily settled. Indeed, it is doubtful if the grounds upon which it can be finally set at rest have yet been seriously considered.

It is at all events amply clear that our present methods are inadequate, and that the education of our youth has been seriously prejudiced by our plan of minimising the religious element therein. The moral nature is as much a part of our being as the intellect, or the bodily organism. Provision must therefore be made for its culture; if a healthy balance is to be maintained. This culture must be had during the formative period of life, otherwise there must be dwarfing and warping and permanent injury. The culture of the whole nature must proceed concurrently, if we are to secure the best results. It will not do to educate a man physically till he is ten years old, intellectually till he is fifteen, and then morally till he is twenty. Nor can the state afford to depend for the moral culture of the young upon outside agencies, be it either the family or the church. In the family the parent is often immoral and incompetent, and even when competent, his absence from home or his occupation at home may hinder him. And, though it seems a hard thing to say, it is undoubtedly true that the religious denominations are to some extent incompetent also. To cram the memory of our youth with distinctive doctrine and saintly legend, to inspire them with reverential regard for musty rags and mouldy bones, under the name of relics, to cultivate a profound sense of the deference and submission due to cassock and cowl, cannot in any adequate sense be considered moral culture. It is painful to mark how little is made in such circles of the love and mercy of the Divine Father, and of the Priesthood and Mediation of our Elder Brother. The higher teaching is set aside for the influence and power of the earthly priest and the accessibility and compassion of the so-called

"Mother of God." This is the sort of thing that is made to do duty for moral culture in many of the separate schools of this Dominion. An intelligent Roman Catholic gentleman, a journalist, recently informed the writer that he had spent four years in a separate school, and considered that he had thrown his time away. Being asked if he had not learned anything, he replied, "Yes, plenty of catechism and religious history; but nothing that was of any use to me in the battle of life."

Some notion of the ideas of religious culture possessed even by prominent ecclesiastics may be gathered from the following, the truth of which may be easily verified. In a certain city of the Maritime Provinces, there are many costly and commodious school buildings, which, in every class room, have a tawdry picture of the Saviour hung upon the wall. These pictures are harmless, and probably resemble the Sultan of Turkey as much as they do the Son of Mary. But these pictures have a history. The local School Board was not Catholic, and its chairman was a heretical Presbyterian. The Bishop could not acknowledge the school. His conscience would not permit him to do so, for those schools were unclean. After much meditation and prayer, no doubt, the Bishop called upon the Chairman, who, despite his heresy, was a personal friend, and a wide-awake educationalist, and intimated his willingness to recognize and approve the schools if he were allowed to hang a picture of the Saviour in each room. The chairman saw his opportunity, and offered to assist the Bishop in placing the pictures. The pictures, therefore, are on the walls, and young Catholics are receiving a legal education in the classes; but there is little religious teaching except the object lesson from the wall. Had the good bishop put the Sermon on the Mount and the ten commandments in those schools, he would have provided a surer portraiture of Christ and done a better service for the schools.

It would be easy to show the impracticability of supplying the religious element in education by any of the Protestant

denominations, or any combination that they might form. But to do so would unduly lengthen this article. Even if the pupil attended Sunday School on every Sunday in the year, what that is worthy the name of moral culture could be achieved during these limited and intermittent opportunities? Two things seem very clear to us :—(1). That moral training is indispensable, and (2). That we are not likely to obtain it by our present methods. Is there any better course open to us? We humbly think there is.

Some day this question will be considered from a broad Christian standpoint, independently of all denominational prejudices and limitations. It will yet be discovered that religion is more than ecclesiasticism, and that Christianity is broader than the sects. It will be remembered that, common to all the sectional divisions of Christianity, there is a golden group of beliefs and vital principles which are a thousandfold more important than the comparative trifles on which they differ. When these are sorted out of the rubbish of mere human inference and additions, by which they have been so long thrust aside and buried out of sight, they will furnish the Divinely appointed materials for religious education. They will be so truly catholic, and free from sectarian bias that all will be able to accept them who acknowledge themselves Christians. With practical unanimity the people of this Dominion agree upon such points as the following :—The Personality of God; the Trinity; the Holy Scriptures; the Incarnation; the Atonement; the Resurrection of the body and the future life. A similar consensus of opinion prevails in relation to the great principles which make for the formation of character and the regulation of conduct; the goodness and love of the Common Father; the Brotherhood of Men; truthfulness, honesty, purity, charity, fidelity, obedience, sympathy and benevolence are held in esteem by all true men, so is the entire class of cognate virtues. All regard these to be, not merely matters of social or economic convenience, but of Divine authority and of the very es-

sence of true religion. Is there any reason why these elementary truths, which are the common heritage of all Christians, should not be taught in the public schools? It is unmitigated nonsense to object to such teaching on the ground that it is sectarian. Such teaching is of infinitely more value in forming character and preparing for good citizenship, than any conceivable amount of catechism or ritual.

These are undoubtedly the lines on which this perplexing question must ultimately be set at rest. Our present methods intensify and multiply difficulties, instead of removing them. A change, such as proposed, would go far to restore peace. It is because the Romanist insists that submission to the Pope is essential to salvation, and that Protestants must be damned because they do not acknowledge him, that Protestants are hostile to Catholic teaching in the public schools. It is because Protestants insist that the Pope is Antichrist, and all his followers have the mark of the Beast, that Catholics refuse to send their children to Protestant schools. Let both call a halt, and revert to the more important truths held by both in common. The result would be better Christian teaching in the schools, and more of the Spirit of Christ among the several classes of His disciples. Would to God that we had statesmen, large-hearted and discriminating, who would turn a deaf ear to sectarian clamor and give us school legislation stript of the mistakes of the past, with the principles of our common Christianity duly recognized and honored. Such a system would give peace upon earth and good will among men. It would give some results more precious than peace. It would in due time give this country a population free from the mutual animosity and mistrust, which are the natural outcome of our present system—a race more fully imbued with the fear of God and the love of their fellow men.

Chatham, N.B.

Modern English Poets.

AUSTIN DOBSON.

The subject of this sketch is a member of that school of poets whose poetry, for which the speech of England has no precise name, is termed, *vers de société*.

Under this title may be included all witty and satirical songs and metrical humorous banter. It was cleverly utilized in satire and parody during the early part of the Victorian period by such writers as Aytoun, in his "spasmodic tragedy," of Firmilian; in humor by Thackeray, in "Love Songs Made Easy," and by the inimitable Hood, in his exquisite lyrical ballads and imaginative "Odes and Addresses," "Whims and Oddities," or in his unique satiric poem, "Miss Kilmasegg."

But the restrained manners of the present period, and the uncompromisingly severe criticism to which every verse is subjected, has wrought a marvellous change in this class of poetic verse. One of the most noticeable and commendable features has been the universal demand for the more finished styles of society verse. This transformation in literary taste, has had the effect of giving this class of verse a subtle charm, which at once gratifies its votaries and elevates it to a more dignified place in the gallery of poetic art.

True society verse is marked by humor, by spontaneity, which find expression in the most polished language, and especially by a delicacy of touch in its peculiar nature almost indescribable, yet in effect readily discernable, and pleasing to the keenest literary sensibility. Originality, however, is often absent, or kept in the background, even in some of the finest selections of the cleverest artists.

Austin Dobson is recognized by the best authorities as the most popular living exponent of this interesting school.

Although comparatively little known on this side of the Atlantic, he is a writer of no mean merit. He is an Englishman by birth and education, and first gazed upon the things of time at a period in the history of his native country which will ever be memorable on account of the remarkable movements which were then disturbing the social, political, and ecclesiastical circles of the British Isles. But these agitations do not seem to have played any part in moulding the artistic mind of the young poet. His birthplace was Plymouth; he was educated for his father's profession, an engineer, and received his training in Wales and Strasburg, but on his return from the continent, he gave up all notion of following in his father's footsteps. On obtaining a government appointment in the Board of Trade, a position ever since held by him, he turned his attention during his spare moments to literature. At the age of twenty-five he attracted attention in the literary arena by his numerous sparkling contributions to the leading literary periodicals, and proved himself a worthy apostle for the revival of what has since proved to be the most definite phase of "British Minstrelsy," for the last quarter of a century. To the success of his efforts is no doubt largely due the remarkable progress of this style of verse, under its more modern form. Few, if any, of its most interested admirers would have ventured to prophesy, when the first signs of its revival were visible, that in a few years it would form the basis of a new lyrical period, in which it would flourish. Its popularity is strangely significant, and the history of its rise and progress both in the Old and New Worlds, is closely identified with the life and writings of its pioneer already referred to.

Dobson's literary fame was practically established with the publication of one of his earliest volumes, entitled "Vignettes in Rhyme." This work earned the applause of a host of admirers and won for him a place among the first writers of this school, a position peculiarly difficult to hold, not so much because of its importance, but rather on account of the secret of his success. While there is perhaps no class of poetry, if it

reaches the standard, which calls forth more enthusiastic applause, and obtains a more hearty welcome than this pleasing verse, there is none with which the fickle fancy of its worshippers sooner becomes satiated, and without a twinge of conscience they withdraw their patronage, forget their former idol, and turn to offer their oblations at the shrine of a new found favorite, who has tuned his bewitching lyre in another key. Thus it is readily seen that a poet of this school to be able to retain his popularity, and charm the ear of his votaries, must not only have the power of maintaining the quality, but he must also manifest himself an adept in varying the chords. Of this Dobson has abundantly proved himself capable, and has even ventured into other fields of literature with equal success; he has dabbled in biographical and critical sketches, which have added not a little to his literary fame, and illustrated his thorough knowledge of human nature, and facility in expressing in graceful terms the results of his wide research.

The peculiar excellencies of his style and diction which give his poetry its fascinating aroma, will be best illustrated by a few selections from his most popular volumes. The themes with which he deals may be simple, even commonplace, yet how dignified the garb they assume after passing through the hands of this graceful poet. Who has not read with delight some of those brief numbers from that volume, "Old World Idylls"; it would be difficult to find their equal for beauty of language and pathos of feeling. Take, for example, that matchless little gem, "Good-night, Babette." When the aged vicxbois, bewailing his age and infirmity, asks Babette for a song, she replies, low chanting the sweet song of the Angelus:

" One had my mother's eyes,
 Wistful and mild :
 One had my father's face ;
 One was a child :
 All of them bent to me,—
 Bent down and smiled !"

Or that little poem, "The Child Musician," which has had

so many imitators on this side of the Ocean, simply because its pathetic tone touches a tender chord in the human heart,

He had played for his lordship's levee,
 He had played for her ladyship's whim,
 Till the poor little head was heavy,
 And the poor little brain would swim.

And the face grew peaked and ecrie,
 And the large eyes strangé and bright,
 And they said—too late, "He is weary,
 He shall rest for, at least, to-night!"

But at dawn, when the birds were waking.
 As they watched in the silent room,
 With the sound of a strained cord breaking,
 A something snapped in the gloom.

'Twas a string of his violoncello,
 And they heard him stir in his bed :—
 "Make room for a tired little fellow,
 Kind God!" was the last that he said.

For grace of diction, no finer example can be found in his lyrics than his clever paraphrasing of Gautier in "*Ars Victrix*."

Model thy Satyr's face
 For bronze of Syracuse ;
 In the veined agate trace
 The profile of thy muse.

Painter, that still must mix
 But transient tints anew,
 Thou in the furnace fix
 The firm enamel's hue ;

Paint, chisel, then, or write ;
 But, that the work surpass,
 With the hard fashion fight,—
 With the resisting mass.

Dobson was one of the first to introduce into English poetry the old French lyrical poems, and it is possibly owing to this class of his ballads, that he has exposed himself to the criticism of lacking thought in some of his most pleasing verses. One critic has said that, "While his language is faultily faultless, annoyingly finished—it lacks thought to inhabit the words."

This failing, if such it may be termed, is well seen in that neat little volume, entitled, "At the Sign of the Lyre," which includes one of his earlier collections, known as "Vers de Sociétié," in all of which he has, however, displayed that grace of manner and skill in treatment which always attracts and entertains with surpassing pleasure.

Perhaps this poet more than any other has influenced the style of the younger writers of the American school, and if imitation has any literary significance, Dobson has abundant reason to feel flattered by his numerous followers, both in America and England. His position among English lyrists is already a worthy one; and though he may not have fingered the lyre as gracefully as Praed in the estimation of some, his music has sounded no less sweetly to others. While he may have failed when he attempted to soar in the region of the romantic and heroic, as a lyrist he will ever be regarded by those who have been charmed by his art, as in his own sphere a finished artist, an "exquisite poet," always displaying the same acute and refined sense of observation, gliding lightly over the surface of things, handling with delicacy the "harmonious frivolities of by-gone ages," like the skilful touch of some classic "Maestro" upon the worn strings of an ancient harp.

GEO. WEIR.

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ODDS AND ENDS.

Very much of what one encounters in travel hardly admits of being arranged in strict logical order for a formal essay or newspaper article. This is true of the pleasures and vexations one meets. The sublimest aspects of nature, for example, defy description or delineation by pencil and brush. They can be felt and intensely enjoyed by the receptive soul, and they cast into obscurity the best efforts of Art. As Emerson has truly said: "Give me health, and an hour to walk afield, and I beggar the wealth of palaces." So have I found it repeatedly. To attempt to report the experiences of such moments and visions with logical sequence and in cold prosaic sentences would be atrocious. Life is not logical, but full of eccentric variety; so are the majority of people you meet in your journeys. It is not amiss, therefore, to take note, as I propose to do in this paper, of odds and ends as they occur.

Having busied myself for more than a quarter of a century in the college lecture room, and having taken an active part for nearly the same time in the management of secondary public education, my attention is naturally arrested by everything that concerns schools or schoolmasters. In this respect I have been greatly pleased with the state of things in Scotland. I do not say that my fellow-countrymen have reached perfection. No. This has not been attained anywhere in educational matters, as the future will certainly demonstrate; but they are doing well north of the Tweed, and their motto is "Excelsior." Many of their schools, in point of modern improvements, furniture, discipline, and methods of instruction, are equal to the best in Canada and the United States; with this advantage in our favour, that we enjoy greater freedom in discarding the obsolete past and adopting the best that scientific discovery can suggest. This is the true line of educational and national progress.

It is far from being followed in many of the rural districts and towns and villages of England and Wales. There conservatism and mental stagnation have reigned among the lower classes for centuries. Do-the-boys Hall and its celebrated head master, Squeers, may be things of the past, and may have no surviving friends to defend them, but there are still not a few educational establishments under Church and School Board control that deserve the same oblivion. I speak of what I have seen. Fancy a schoolhouse consisting of one long room, with correspondingly long boards for desks, and backless benches of uniform height for pupils of all ages to sit upon. A blackboard about a yard square, set on an unsteady stand in the side of the room. A tattered little map of Britain on the wall. A sort of stove-like heating box in one end of the long room, by which pupils near it are scorched and those at a distance are allowed to shiver in an atmosphere approaching the freezing point. Three masters and as many assistants all simultaneously teaching various subjects to some two hundred pupils, with such noise and confusion as baffle description! One wonders how such an institution passes government inspection, but it does; and what is equally surprising, is the dogged confidence with which it is believed to be all right, and vastly better than anything that exists in the Colonies.

It is a hopeful omen, however, that just now leading men are discussing this state of things. They begin to see the need of reform, which may be slowly accomplished, unless defeated by bitter contentions among religious and political parties. It is a great step in advance to be able to acknowledge imperfections. Not long ago Earl Spencer declared publicly that he had seen better schools in Japan and Canada than those of England.

Sir John Lubbock, in a speech delivered on the 11th inst., complained of the cost and the character of the education given in the London schools and English universities. He said, every Board School child cost £3 8s. 3½d., while those of

the Voluntary Schools (Church Schools) cost £2 6s. On the other hand the examinations seemed to show that the education was about as good in the one as in the other. There were 600,000 children in the London Board Schools, and 230,000 in the Voluntary Schools, so that if the latter were extinguished, the Board Schools would be correspondingly increased in number, thereby involving an addition of £700,000 to the rates. Beyond this, he did not see why England should not be on a par with Scotland in regard to class subjects. Education, for good or evil, went on through life, nor should it be limited to mental training; in most of our schools science and modern languages were sadly neglected, the result of a mere classical education being that boys left school with no love of the classics and little knowledge of anything else. The London University was the only one in Great Britain which required some knowledge of science; while at the other universities, science was actually discouraged, only 40 out of 500 scholarships being given at Oxford for science.

The struggle now in progress over educational matters in England is likely to last for some time, and is full of significance in many respects. Its true inwardness is very manifest. High churchmen, and especially the Romanizing clergy, are determined to get the education of the youth of the country wholly into their own hands, and in seeking this they seem prepared to cripple or ruin the Board Schools. The designate Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Temple, is the champion of this movement, and Nonconformists, whose rights are in jeopardy, are rallying their forces in opposition. They are supported by a considerable number of Evangelical churchmen, and if Methodists, Baptists, Congregationalists and Presbyterians hold together, they may be able to check the growth of a reactionary ecclesiasticism which threatens to drag the nation back into mediaeval sacramentarianism and superstition. There is great encouragement, too, in Earl Spencer's bold announcement that the Liberal party will certainly resist any

endowment of denominationalism, and if assistance it to be given to Voluntary Schools from public funds, they must insist upon popular representation in the management of them and in the appointment of teachers. The latter point is of special importance in at least nine or ten thousand parishes in England, where only one school, a denominational one, exists, and where, without such a provision, the children of Dissenters would be excluded from these schools and from the teaching professions.

The public schools of Italy are to-day in a more satisfactory condition than those of England. They are entirely under government control, and are as well equipped and managed as our best schools in Montreal. Teachers are all required to hold diplomas certifying their professional attainments and skill. The inspectors are men of collegiate education, who discharge their duties with zeal and fidelity. About three-fourths of all children of school age throughout the whole country attend these national schools, while the church schools, which are similar to the Roman Catholic schools of Quebec, command only one-fourth of them. The back-bone of ecclesiastical rule is broken. The people know themselves to be free, and the progress they are destined to make in the next generation can hardly be anticipated. The vital matter now is to give them the pure gospel of which they have been so long deprived by their religious teachers.

A great work is being done in this direction. In Rome, under the very shadow of the Vatican, as well as in many parts of the Kingdom, it is being prosecuted with much energy and success. The Presbyterians are well represented in the Eternal City by Dr. Gray, and the Baptists by Dr. Taylor. The Episcopal Methodists of the United States have a strong establishment there, which cost over \$300,000, and consists of two beautiful and commodious churches, one for Italians and the other for English-speaking citizens, a High School, with a collegiate department, a printing office and a Theological

Seminary, attended by ten students preparing for the ministry. Dr. Gray's church being closed during my visit, I worshipped in both these Methodist chapels, and was delighted to see over three hundred devout and respectable-looking Italians join in the service.

In Florence I found a solid old building, which was for centuries a Romish Monastery, now in possession of the Presbyterians, and used as a church, a school, and a training college for missionaries and ministers. The methods of work followed are substantially the same as those adopted in the Presbyterian College, Montreal, more than twenty-five years ago. The aim is to train pious native Italians to evangelize their own country, and at present a class of six students are in attendance, with the prospect of a much larger number in future. Dr. MacDougall, one of our own alumni, to whose ability, liberality and untiring energy very much of the success of this promising work is due, was from home while I was in Florence; but nothing could exceed the kind attentions shown me by his indefatigable colleagues, the Rev. C. S. Fera, general Secretary of the Evangelistic Church of Italy, and the Rev. G. Rodio, Professor of Systematic Theology.

The largest evangelistic work in Italy is carried on by the old Waldensian Church, whose fidelity to the truth of the gospel from the days of the Apostles, is a well known matter of history.

There is abundant room in the field for all these Christian agencies, and the great matter for them is to see eye to eye, and with united purpose and heroic courage to fulfill the vast mission which God has put into their hands. They need help, and they should receive it freely from America, and especially from the British churches whose people have a plethora of wealth which is spoiling for want of being laid out in Christ-like enterprises.

I have thus followed the one line of thought so far as to leave little or no room for incidents by the way. Every time

I cross the Atlantic I am more and more impressed with the increasing number of people from our continent to be met with everywhere, many of whom are becoming permanent residents in all the great centres. There is much need of them especially in connection with the running of railways and hotels. One longs for the disappearance of the tyranny of vexatious and even barbarous customs in this connection. What discomfort and unjustifiable expense is imposed upon travellers by antiquated ways of handling baggage and by the universal begging practised by servants who should be paid righteous wages by their employers and not be obliged to supplement their income by watching guests for gratuities. One requires to have his pockets constantly supplied with appropriate coins, especially on the eve of departure from every place. You are met at the door of your room by a servant with his or her hand held out to receive your bounty, and by another at the top of the stair, and a third at the foot—still another at the door by which you make your exit, and one at your cab door, holding it open with one hand, while the other is extended to receive your parting gift. But this is not the end of it. You drive to your destination, and pay your cabman full fare, but his hand is open "pour boire," which, freely rendered, means, for grog. You may as well give it cheerfully, without thinking of the risk of his getting drunk on your pence, otherwise you may be characterized in terms more forcible than polite.

No one should object to paying the full price of all he receives in the form of service, food, and shelter, but why should he, in addition, be subjected to this petty annoyance. Away with the genteel pauperism. I am thankful we have nothing of the sort in Canada. The Queen abolished it long ago among her servants at Windsor Castle, and her good example should be followed in all Britain and Europe.

When one is from home, contrasts of a broad and specific nature frequently force themselves upon him. Many such

have passed through my mind during the last six months, some regarding matters of detail and others respecting our whole country. Canada has been belittled in my hearing more in Britain than elsewhere. Why it should be so is difficult to understand. What have we done to merit this treatment, unless it is that we have in some ways shown too little self-respect. Do we not constantly express our loyalty to "the old flag" in most ardent terms? Well, in spite of being thus occasionally reminded that we are only a colony which England would not mind parting with any day, give me Canada as my home, as a land where social order and comfort, true freedom and modern enlightenment, prevail, and where still greater progress, material, intellectual, and moral, is yet to be enjoyed under a well regulated system of self-government.

D. H. MACVICAR.

Paris, France,

November 18th, 1896.



Partie Française.

DE L'USAGE DES BOISSONS ALCOOLIQUES DANS
SES RAPPORTS AVEC LA MORALE ET LA
RELIGION.

[Suite.]

Mais les ravages des boissons ne s'arrêtent pas au corps qu'ils ruinent; ils s'attaquent aussi à l'intelligence qu'ils affaiblissent et que parfois ils éteignent.

L'antique maxime : *Mens sana in corpore sano* trouvera toujours sa confirmation dans l'expérience. On doit donc s'attendre à ce qu'un mal qui apporte le désordre dans l'organisme physique altère aussi la raison. Car les facultés intellectuelles ayant leur siège dans le cerveau, il est évident que les spiritueux ne peuvent détériorer celui-ci, sans troubler celles-là. Stimulées, surexcitées, elles semblent au premier abord gagner en puissance et en lucidité, mais ce ne sera que pour tomber bientôt dans la faiblesse. L'intelligence subit en conséquence une dégradation extraordinaire sous l'influence de l'alcool. L'ivrogne n'est plus capable d'application sérieuse; la pensée devient paresseuse, la réflexion pénible ou impossible; la mémoire s'envole, l'imagination se déprave et l'âme tout entière devient insensible à tout ce qui pouvait l'émeouvoir. Ainsi, pour peu qu'on en abuse, l'alcool produit sur les facultés intellectuelles les mêmes effets que dans le corps. Il promet, il donne même pour un instant force et vie, puis c'est la faiblesse et la mort. C'est un trompeur qui joue auprès de nous le même rôle que joua le serpent ancien auprès de nos premiers parents.

Qui pourrait calculer les pertes que le buveur inflige à la société, à sa patrie et à sa famille en particulier? Comment pourrait-il remplir ses devoirs de citoyen, de père, de chrétien ainsi affaibli dans ses facultés mentales? Aussi que de

familles ruinées, déshonorées, par le fait seul qu'elles dépendent d'un chef dont la raison a été voilée comme d'un nuage par les vapeurs alcooliques !

Mais l'intelligence n'est pas seulement obscurcie par l'alcool elle est encore anéantie. Les faits, du reste, se chargent de démontrer péremptoirement que la folie provient du vice de l'intempérance plus que de toute autre cause. Le Dr. Browe, de l'asile de Crichton à Dumfries, dans un mémoire sur l'aliénation mentale déclare que de 57,920 cas de folie qu'il a étudiés et qui ont été traités dans les asiles, 10,717 étaient dus à l'ivrognerie. Dans ce nombre ne se trouvent pas compris les aliénés gardés à domicile, ou dans des maisons de santé particulières. A Londres, le Dr. Broomfield, d'après les statistiques recueillies sur le compte de 1,271 aliénés, en a trouvé 649, ou la moitié environ, qui avaient perdu la raison à la suite de l'intempérance. Ces chiffres sont assez concluants. Adorateurs de Bacchus, profanateurs du temple du St-Esprit, vous qui éteignez le flambeau de l'intelligence, la main de Dieu qui traçait l'arrêt de Balthazar, écrit sur vous la terrible sentence : tôt ou tard vous serez frappés et précipités aux pieds de votre souverain juge, ne portant plus sa divine image sur votre front, parce que vous avez immolé votre raison sur l'autel de l'intempérance. Voilà ce que fait l'alcool pour ses amis. Cette intelligence qu'ils avaient reçue du ciel pour s'y élever et que la morale aussi bien que la religion leur enjoignaient de conserver, de cultiver, de développer, eh bien ! notre ennemi mortel l'abaisse, l'avilit, la perd ! C'est ce qui faisait dire à l'éloquent Channing : " L'intempérance est l'extinction volontaire de la raison. L'ivrogne se dépouille pendant un certain temps, de sa nature raisonnable et morale ; il perd conscience de ce qu'il est et l'empire sur lui-même. Il produit en lui la démence, et par la répétition de cette folie, il dégrade de plus en plus ses facultés intellectuelles et morales. Il pèche d'une manière immédiate et directe contre la raison, le principe divin qui distingue la vérité du mensonge, le bien du mal et qui sépare l'homme de la brute. C'est là l'essence du vice, ce qui

en fait l'horreur et le danger, ce qui devrait principalement frapper quiconque travaille à le détruire. Les autres maux de l'intempérance ne sont rien en comparaison de celui-là; presque tous en viennent, et il est juste, il est désirable que tous les maux s'y joignent et l'accompagnent."

Mais ce que notre ennemi opère dans l'être physique, le mal qu'il fait à l'intelligence, il le perpète par une logique fatale, dans une sphère plus élevée, dans celle des facultés morales, de la volonté, des sentiments, de la conscience. ,

Les facultés morales ont des rapports si intimes avec les facultés intellectuelles, elles sont unies par des liens si étroits qu'on ne peut porter atteinte aux unes sans léser aussi les autres. Si donc l'intelligence subit une effrayante dégradation sous l'influence de l'intempérance, n'est-il pas trop évident que le cœur se dépravera? Hélas! c'est là une loi de la solidarité, qui lie non seulement les individus, mais aussi leurs facultés.

La volonté, énergie vitale, source de toutes nos actions morales, est le moyen le plus actif dont l'homme peut disposer pour réaliser la destinée que la raison lui révèle et que le cœur lui fait pressentir.

C'est elle qui fait notre dignité en nous constituant êtres libres; mais c'est aussi notre grand danger. C'est une arme puissante avec laquelle nous pouvons nous couvrir de gloire, mais que nous pouvons aussi tourner comme un instrument homicide contre notre vie morale.

C'est ce qui arrive quand la volonté s'évanouit au milieu des passions et des habitudes vicieuses. L'homme alors abdique le contrôle de lui-même et devient l'esclave de ses mauvais penchants. Mais comme il renonce volontairement à l'empire qu'il avait sur lui-même, il reste responsable des actes que le pousse à commettre le nouveau maître qu'il s'est donné.

Or de tous les vices aucun n'enchaîne la volonté et ne la fait tomber dans l'impuissance aussi complètement que l'intempérance. Que de pauvres malheureux ivrognes gémissent sur leur état déplorable et confessent qu'ils ne peuvent plus entrer

en possession d'eux-mêmes et briser les chaînes qui les retiennent au fond de l'abîme.

Si encore après avoir abdiqué sa liberté, l'ivrogne conservait ces instincts naturels du cœur qui attirent l'homme vers le bien, on pourrait s'attendre à le trouver quelquefois sur le sentier de la vertu; mais tel est le pouvoir du vice qui le domine que ce vice pervertit, anéantit même les sentiments naturels et fait de l'homme un monstre dangereux.

Pour l'ivrogne sont morts désormais les sentiments d'humanité, les tendresses de l'amitié, les doux épanchements de l'amour. Que de fois on l'a vu arracher des mains de son enfant affamé, le dernier morceau de pain et aller l'échanger contre un verre de boisson! N'a-t-on pas aussi vu l'enfant, les lèvres encore humides d'alcool, se précipiter sur son père, le frapper, l'aterrer et lever contre sa mère une main parricide; le mari déchirer sans pitié l'épouse qu'il chérissait? Alexandre le Grand, le vainqueur de l'Asie, l'élève, le protecteur d'Aristote, lui, si magnanime en temps ordinaire, assassine, dans un excès d'ivresse, Clitus, son meilleur ami!

S'ils sont heureusement rares les gens auxquels la boisson enlève à ce point les sentiments naturels, on en rencontre trop souvent d'autres qui les ont perdus à un moindre degré et qui deviennent pour leurs proches et leur entourage une source de malaise, de trouble et de chagrin.

L'homme bon et affectueux dans ses rapports domestiques et sociaux devient, sous l'influence des boissons, tyrannique dans sa maison et cruel à sa femme et à ses enfants. Il n'y a pas de dissolvant plus actif pour les liens de la famille que l'alcool. Il altère promptement dans le cœur des époux l'amour qui les unit, et dans le cœur des parents les sentiments de paternité. Il fait de la demeure où régnaient la paix, la joie et toutes les affections de famille jointes à la plus tendre amitié, un repaire que hantent la discorde, les querelles, la misère et la maladie. Car ce n'est que quand la sobriété s'assied au foyer que le bonheur domestique l'habite.

Sous l'influence de l'usage abusif des boissons enivrantes, le caractère s'aigrit; on contracte inévitablement une humeur chagrine et hargneuse. A la moindre contrariété et même sans provocation, on s'irrite, on s'emporte et on fait éclater sa colère sur la tête de ceux que l'on chérissait le plus. Il semble que l'ivrogne noie dans son verre toutes ses affections, sauf celle pour le verre lui-même. Et lorsqu'il s'est enivré il lui reste, une fois revenu à lui-même, comme une ivresse prolongée de mécontentement, de mauvaise humeur et d'irritation chronique. De là ce besoin passionné, cette fureur de boire de nouveau pour retrouver quelque gaieté. Malheur à quiconque succombe à cette tentation ! De chute en chute et à mesure qu'il se rend insupportable à ses proches il finit dans certains cas par devenir insupportable à lui-même, par fuir la société de ses semblables ou par ne s'associer à eux qu'autant que poussé par son instinct dépravé à chercher la satisfaction de ses appétits déréglés. Alors viendra l'angoisse, la mélancolie, la manie du suicide.

Quelle cause prépare plus souvent cette triste fin que l'abus de l'alcool ? C'est ce que confirment les statistiques. Partout où l'abus des liqueurs spiritueuses prévaut les cas de suicide sont élevés. En Allemagne on attribue à l'alcool plus de la moitié des suicides qui s'y commettent et à Londres on en a constaté trois cents cas en un an dus à la même cause. Qui ne se sent frémir d'horreur à la pensée de tant de malheureux qui s'arrachent des bras de l'orgie pour se précipiter dans les mains de Dieu !

Mais longtemps avant d'en arriver là l'ivrogne a étouffé les accents réprobateurs de la conscience et les grandes clameurs du remords dans la coupe de l'ivresse, qui émousse le sens morale et efface la distinction du bien et du mal. L'homme qui, étant sobre, reculerait d'horreur à la pensée de commettre un crime, étant sous l'empire des boissons se rougit les mains dans le sang innocent sans ressentir l'aiguillon du remords. Le plus souvent, c'est à l'exaltation que cause l'alcool que le scé-

lérat a recours pour combattre le cri de sa conscience et se donner l'affreux courage dont il a besoin pour perpétrer son crime. Ainsi, ayant fait taire la voix de Dieu en lui, ayant chassé cette sentinelle qui se tient la dernière debout sur les ruines de notre nature morale, l'ivrogne, livré désormais à la puissance du mal, se plonge avec une joie infernale dans le boublier de tous les vices. La pudeur et la honte, dernières traces de notre divine origine, succombent aussi aux attaques de l'intempérance. Quand l'homme n'est plus sous l'égide de ces anges gardiens et vengeurs du bien qui peuvent le retenir dans sa course effrenée vers l'abîme, dans quels sentiers tortueux ne se fourvoiera-t-il pas ? Rien ne l'empêche plus de devenir un héros dans la carrière du crime que sa propre lâcheté. Il est vrai qu'il fait souvent preuve de témérité et "qu'il se précipite où un ange craindrait de marcher," mais il est incapable de vrai courage et d'actes héroïques, car aucun sentiment généreux ne saurait faire vibrer son coeur endurci. Il est étranger à ce qui exalte et ennoblit notre nature. "Pour lui plus d'harmonie dans la nature, plus de printemps, plus de nuits étoilées qui font rêver l'âme, plus de ces sublimes extases qui emporte la pensée au delà de ce monde pour l'abreuver de délices jusqu'au sein de Dieu même."

Que peut-on attendre sinon des actes répréhensibles, d'un homme aux mauvais penchants qui a enchainé sa volonté, étouffé la voix de sa conscience, et dont le coeur est devenu le tombeau de tous beaux sentiments ? Aussi quels sont ceux qui profanent le saint jour du repos, qui troublent la paix des villes et le sommeil de leur paisibles habitants par leurs débauches nocturnes ? Quels sont ceux qui, effaçant de leur front le sacré caractère de leur dignité et le rayon divin qui s'y reflétait, tournent vers la boue leur regard destiné à contempler le ciel et se vautrent dans la fange ? Ce sont ceux qui ont noyé dans la coupe de l'ivresse leur conscience, leur raison et leur coeur.

J. L. MORIN.

LE CERCLE LITTÉRAIRE.

Ce journal est publié sous les auspices du cercle littéraire du collège presbytérien. On peut donc y dire un mot de ce cercle.

Le débat annuel entre les étudiants du Knox et ceux de notre collège a eu lieu à Toronto dans les premiers jours de décembre. Nous y avons été noblement représentés par MM. F. W. Gilmour et N. D. Keith. Le tournoi terminé, le fil électrique nous transmettait les paroles aussi brèves que significatives du vainqueur de Pharnace au sénat romain : *Veni, vidi, vici.*

Nous n'attendions rien moins des braves auxquels nous avions confié notre vieil honneur.

Mais parler ainsi, c'est peut-être le privilège exclusif de nos camarades anglais. Nous ne pourrions pas nous associer à leurs succès si nous nous rappelons que par choix nous restons étrangers parmi eux. En effet, nous ne prenons aucune part à leur gymnastique intellectuelle. Nous sommes membres du cercle littéraire, mais seulement pour écouter et applaudir. C'est traditionnel.

On comprend aisément que ce rôle ne donne pas grand éloquence.

Est-ce à dire que nos voisins nous interdisent l'accès de la tribune? Non, mais la difficulté du langage se dresse devant quelques-uns. D'autres possédant trop de modestie, ou peut-être trop de goût, jugent bon "d'imiter de Conrart le silence prudent." Bref, tout le monde se tait, comme à l'académie des silencieux.

Cette attitude est-elle légitime, camarades? Me voici tout prêt à soutenir la négative en jetant un *meâ-culpâ* sur le passé.

"Il faut préparer le sujet à discuter; il faut se préparer en anglais: cette préparation exige du temps, et nous sommes déjà surchargés de travail." Tout cela est vrai! Mais, se pencher jour et nuit sur quelque livre pour passer de bons examens et négliger les débats, c'est peut-être faire

.
Jeu de prince :

On respecte un moulin, on vole une province.

Nous n'aspérons pas tant à devenir des encyclopédies que des hommes. Tous nous connaissons les avantages qu'il y a à être membre actif d'un cercle littéraire. Des adversaires à combattre, tels ont été les cailloux de la plupart des Démotènes: et ces cailloux-là abondent à la salle des débats. Il y en a de toute forme et de toute dimension.

Ajoutez qu'il est bon de se mesurer.

Se créer des difficultés pour que leur esprit s'exerce à les résoudre; s'habituer à raisonner juste; à donner du relief à leur pensée en l'habillement convenablement; en un mot développer toutes leurs facultés pour prêcher l'Évangile avec intelligence et succès, telle est la fin que poursuivent les membres de la société dont ce journal est l'organe. Le savons-nous?

Il faut avouer que nous perdons au collège de précieux avantages. Plaise à Dieu que nos cadets ne les perdent pas! Plaise à Dieu qu'ils entrent en théologie en s'exprimant aussi bien en anglais qu'en français!

ED. CURDY.



College Note-Book.

STUDENT LIFE.

Poets have sung the delights of solitude and philosophers depict the ideal life as one of quiet meditation in retirement from the haunts of men. The admonition of Thomas à Kempis is, "Fly the tumult of men as much as thou canst." And there have been times when we heartily approved the sentiments of the poet and the philosopher—those were the times when, our spirits weighed down by the thought of an unfinished Greek prose, we were assailed by a thousand noises imitative, more or less, of the humble denizens of the farm-yard, yet leaving considerable scope for the imagination in the matter of determining the intention of the performers. Then, indeed, we sighed for the pleasures of solitude. But it is different when college halls are deserted as they are to-day; one would give anything to hear a genuine college yell, and a visitation from the farm-yard would be a great treat. It is the height of aggravation to wish "a merry Christmas" to a student who cannot get home for vacation.

"O solitude, where are the charms,
That sages have seen in thy face?
Better dwell in the midst of alarms
Than reign in this terrible place."

The vexed school question is settled, the ominous Venezuela cloud is dispersed, and last, but not least, the difficult Chinese problem is now, thanks to the efforts of Messrs. F. W. Gilmour and N. D. Keith, B.A., in a fair way to a satisfactory solution. The victory of our representatives at the inter-collegiate debate held at Knox College, with the Hon. A. S. Hardy for adjudicator, is something of which we have good reason to be proud.

W. M. M.—“Why is Mac’s nose like a new house?”

Omnes.—“Give it up.”

W. M. M.—“Because it is partly plastered.”

At a recent meeting of the final year, Mr. Major H. MacIntosh, B.A., was unanimously elected valedictorian.

A certain theolog., commenting upon the defeat of the promoters of the conversazione at the first mass meeting called to consider the question, is reported to have said, “We were sat on, and we didn’t know we were being sat on.” The defeat, however, was only a temporary one, and at a second meeting of students it was decided to have a conversazione on the 22nd of January. A strong committee, of which Mr. George Weir, B.A., is convener, is at work, and a great time is anticipated.

James E.—“The bed is shorter than that a man can stretch himself on it; and the covering narrower than that he can wrap himself in it.”

Our gratitude is due Dr. Barclay and the session of St. Paul’s for the invitation to their social on Nov. 17th. Those who were fortunate enough to be able to accept the invitation refer to the occasion as being all that could be desired.

We wonder what his worthy hostess thought of that 2nd year theolog. who, on being roused from his slumbers at 5.30 a.m., Monday, as pre-arranged, ejaculated, “Go on, will you! I want to sleep.”

He apologized profusely when he realized that instead of being on the Dean’s Flat, he was enjoying the hospitality of one of the elders of the congregation he had been preaching to the previous day.

With the return of Mr. J. A. Cleland, whose services during the summer at Albany, Oregon, were much appreciated, the ranks of the Third Year are complete.

The Twenty-Eighth Annual Report of the Students’ Mis-

sionary Society has just reached us. It is neatly got up and reflects credit upon the officers of the Society.

Well, boys, (North Flat, "Boys?") gentlemen, I beg pardon, (N. F., "That's right") I am glad to be here (derisive cheers). I spent four years on the North Flat, boys, (N. F., "What's that?") I mean gentlemen, (N. F., "Go on.") A man's education is not complete without a North Flat training. (Loud applause and kicking on the barrel.) Thank you for your kind reception, (N. F., "Come again!") I must go now. (Barrel topples over, "excutitur pronusque 'orator' volvitur in caput.")

Pepper and Cress :—

W. M. T.—"How much a dozen for engagement rings?"

D. S.—"Where are you?"

D. J. S.—"D'you moind!"

A. M.—"That's Sam."

S. Y.—"I want to cool off."

H. G. C.—"What's haddo?"

J. D. C.—"That's right."

J. G. STEPHENS.

REPORTER'S FOLIO.

The Philosophical and Literary Society held its last meeting for the old year on Friday evening, December the 4th, the President, Mr. Graham, in the chair. After some matters of business were disposed of, the programme for the evening was taken up. The principal item was the debate on the question "Resolved, that woman has exercised a greater influence in the moral advancement of the world than man."

Mr. W. T. B. Crombie, in an able manner, opened the discussion on the affirmative. This was Mr. Crombie's maiden speech before the Society, and that it should be on behalf of maids, old and young, he considered a very natural coincidence. He regretted the complete absence of the fair ones whose

cause he was to champion, but he hoped that his hearers would approach the question with that manly fairness and candor which it deserved. His definition of "Moral Advancement" was concise yet comprehensive. In a clear and able manner he showed the falsity of the arguments used by some in comparing the influence of woman with that of man. He pointed out the only true and consistent methods of comparison, and by a series of subtle and forcible arguments, conclusively proved that the influence of women in the moral advancement of the world has not merely been greater than that of man, but has been the only influence; man's influence for good being but the outcome of woman's influence brought to bear upon him.

Passing from the domain of cold logic, Mr. Crombie in a humorous manner appealed to the experience of his hearers, and assured them that only reflection and experience are necessary to convince them of the truth of this resolution. The manner in which the question was handled by Mr. Crombie showed that he is not only a logician and philosopher, but also a man of wide experience, and inspired by the firm conviction that the influence of woman is the most powerful factor in the moral advancement of the world.

The first speaker on the negative was Mr. Mahaffy. Although this was his first appearance on the platform, the skill with which his arguments were arranged, and the ease with which he spoke, would have been creditable to a debater of wider experience. He was followed by Mr. S. Young, who upheld the affirmative. He pictured in an interesting manner the influence of woman. His apt poetical quotations were loudly applauded. He spoke of the influence of such writers as Harriet Beecher Stowe, in the moral advancement of the world, and in fitting terms referred to the world-wide influence for good exerted by our Gracious Sovereign, Queen Victoria, during her long reign. The last speaker on the negative was Mr. Shaw. He spoke with characteristic eloquence, and advanced some strong arguments in support of his side of the question.

After the first speaker had given a summary of the arguments on the affirmative, Mr. G. D. Ireland gave an interesting criticism of the evening's proceedings. The Society adjourned until after the holidays.

The regular meeting of the Students' Missionary Society was held on Friday evening, December the 11th, the President in the chair. After the opening exercises, the President read a communication from Dr. Scringier, asking the Society to send a student one Sabbath each month, to conduct services in the Homoeopathic Hospital. The Society agreed to grant the supply required, the appointments to be made by the President. Mr. Wallace gave notice of motion with regard to the changing of the hour of meeting from 7.15 to 6.45 p.m. The advisability of setting apart one day in each month for the discussion of missions was then considered by the Society, and a committee consisting of Mr. J. M. Wallace, Mr. S. D. Jamieson and Mr. Murray was appointed to confer with the faculty with regard to the matter. As the attendance was very small, the programme was laid over until after the holidays. The meeting closed with the benediction by the President.

D. M. MACLEOD.

OUR GRADUATES.

The Rev. M. L. Leitch of Stratford, delivered an able sermon to the members of St. Andrew's Society, in St. Mary's, a short time ago.

The Rev. J. R. Munro, B.A., of Antigonish, Nova Scotia, has met with a much felt loss in the death of his wife. Mrs. Munro was a daughter of the Rev. H. B. Mackay.

A call having been extended to the Rev. J. W. Penman, Little Harbor, Pictou, he was inducted on the 8th of December last. Mr. Penman was formerly at Windsor Mills, Que.

The Rev. D. J. Fraser, B.D., has accepted a call to St. Stephen's Church, St. John, N.B. Dr. MacCrae, the former pastor of this church, is now Principal of Morin College, Quebec.

The Cedarville and Esplin congregation is to be congratulated on obtaining the services of the Rev. D. H. Hodges of Oak Lake, Man. Mr. Hodges enjoyed a successful pastorate of nine years in Manitoba.

One of our graduates of last spring has received a unanimous call from the congregation of Banks, Gibraltar and St. Andrew's, in the vicinity of Collingwood Mountain. From the remarkably good feeling in favor of Mr. Lindsay, we may expect his work there to be attended with success.

The friends of the Rev. M. MacLennan, B.D., of Kirkhill, will be pleased to hear of his call to St. Columba Free Church, Edinburgh. The call was extended to him during his studies in that place, and whether Mr. MacLennan accepts it or not, it certainly reflects honor on his Alma Mater.

The Rev. Murdoch MacKenzie, has been engaged in lecturing and preaching since he came home from China. Last month he spoke to the members of the Missionary Volunteer Union of this city in the McGill Y.M.C.A. His discourse was most interesting and earnest throughout, giving both the dark and bright sides of the work among the Chinese of Honan.

A splendid indication of the harmony which exists between sister denominations, is manifest in the city of Sherbrooke. While the Rev. W. Shearer, of the Presbyterian Church, is enjoying his vacation, the Rev. Dr. Williams, of the Methodist Church, takes one of Mr. Shearer's Sunday services, who, in turn, preaches for Dr. Williams in his absence.

We are pleased to relate the following event in connection with one who has recently graduated. The Rev. A. MacCallum, of Glen Sanfield, was married, about the end of November, to Miss Margaret MacLean, of Goldfield, South Finch. The

ceremony was performed by the Rev. J. W. MacLeod. The happy couple were tendered a very hearty reception by the congregation, and Mr. MacCallum was presented with a handsome fur coat and a well-filled purse. Congratulations.

The Pottersburg Mission of St. Andrew's Church, London, Ont., of which the Rev. Geo. Gilmore has charge, dedicated its new church on December 13th. The morning service was conducted by the Rev. Robt. Johnston, B.D., a graduate of '89, who took for his text Joshua iv., 6: "What mean ye by these stones?" His subject was the purpose and work of the Church of Christ. An enthusiastic audience listened to Mr. Johnston, who is an energetic speaker, and makes good use of his gift of eloquence.

Knox Church, Milton, Ont., recently celebrated the first anniversary of the induction of the Rev. A. Mahaffy, B.A. Since his settlement there the work has steadily and harmoniously advanced. All the services are well attended, and as Mr. Mahaffy is a thorough student, his discourses are interesting and well prepared. Mrs. Mahaffy ably assists him in his work in the community, and all things augur a bright future for pastor and congregation.

J. A. McGERRIGLE.

Editorials.

A TWELVE-MONTH AND A DAY.

Once again the year closes behind us. Another link in the chain is almost closed; only a few more grains in the sand-glass left to fall; only a few more lines to write ere we close the chapter and blot the page, and think—"The End." Let us take it and try its worth before it goes from us, and so weigh the loss or gain we have sustained. Change there has been, either for good or ill, for an inner life never pauses, but grows with the years. Our wills are ours to use and strengthen in the using. Those who shun the fight and drop into a languid neutrality between the antagonistic forces of the world, must become the slaves of evil where they might have been free helpers of the good. The closing year must find us nearer or farther from the goal of life. To none has the year been altogether joyous or successful. There is much in it we would wish undone. The high resolves with which we entered on it have too many of them been shattered. We look upon the wreck of hopes which were once bright, of plans and labours which have borne no fruit. To some there come memories of dear faces which have "passed into the gloaming land where setteth pain." Little wonder, then, if the chimes which herald in the birth of the New Year seem to have an undertone of sadness; or even if the sadness swell and drown the joyous peal and all the voices of the universe joining in one wail of lamentation for the things of yesterday, seem to whisper:—

Toll ye the church-bell sad and slow,
And tread softly and speak low,
For the old year lies a-dying.

But listen! The sound changes to one of gladness. The troubles and sorrows of the past fade and the shadows are

lifted from us. In their stead all that was good and beautiful in the old year rises before us and passes with us into the hope and promise of the new. The present and the past are ever mingling. Past and oblivion are more of thought than of reality, since the mind can cast beyond itself and live again days that are gone by. We cannot fling our words and deeds from us as lifeless things. They do not die, but go on increasing through all time, creating forces of wondrous potency for good or evil, which forge the characters of to-day and of to-morrow. Thus the past lives within the present. There is no separation from it, and but one way to freedom from its bondage. The power to break its shackles comes from without us. "Force is from the heights." If a man seek it, it is freely granted, and thus by a power other than his own he may draw himself "bright from his own dark life" up to the side of Him who gives the power. Only His words of promise and the comforting assurance of His infinite and unchanging love could give significance to our good wishes for the New Year. A week ago we celebrated the birth of the Christ through whom men live, and now we celebrate the beginning of a period in which we look to Him anew for help and guidance; and the hope and promise of the new year are possible only through the first Christmas. So with trusting hearts we may welcome the joyous sound of the New Year's chimes, and, turning our faces towards the rising sun, follow the light before us, bearing our part of the common burden, and working out the destiny we in part determine. Thus when the history of life is ended, and we write of it as of the old year—"It is finished"—there may be in the words some consciousness of work well done, of life attained, which may make them sound a far-off echo of that triumphant cry which sealed the sacrifice through which men hope.

The "Journal" sends the season's greetings to its readers with heartiest wishes for a happy and prosperous New Year. And, further, as good advice to all, it sends this quaint old

verse, which on New Year's Eve aforetime broke the midnight silence of many a Mediaeval town :—

All you that doe the bel-man heare
The first day of this hopefull yeare,
I doe in love admonish you
To bid your old sins all adue.

THY KINGDOM COME.

'Tis now nineteen hundred years since the King came, to the music of heavenly hosts, to inaugurate the era of peace and good will. He came to lead men into a kingdom of light and love and power, where all things are possible. For nineteen hundred years the light has shone, the love has blessed, the power has been manifest. Like the waves of the rising tide of ocean, the powers of goodness have advanced and receded, and all the while the tide of Truth has been rising. The world is ever growing better, the Kingdom is coming. More glad hearts have united in singing the Christmas carol of rejoicing for heaven's gift to men this Christmas than ever before. Men of every race and tribe and tongue have united their voices to swell the grand anthem which earth sends up to God. The Kingdom spreads from shore to shore.

Fifty years ago, John Geddie, the pioneer Canadian missionary, left our shores, bearing with him the trembling hopes of Christian hearts. Twenty-five years ago, G. L. Mackay was sent to bear the message of the Kingdom to the Island of Formosa. What things hath God wrought with the passing years! To-day the doors of the nations stand open to receive the gospel, and the sense of responsibility is awakened in Christian lands. What soaring imagination shall venture to picture the joy of earth at Christmas-tide, when for fifty years more there hath ascended from fervent Christian hearts the prayer, "Thy Kingdom come."

EDUCATION AND RELIGION.

We direct attention to an article in this issue of the Journal, entitled, "The Religious Element in the Education of the Young." The writer makes a bold stand against what is becoming, in many quarters, the prevailing opinion, namely, that the eventual outcome of the educational difficulties in this country is to be the establishment of national schools, from which all religious teaching shall be excluded. In Canada at the present time we see illustrated the different stages in the struggle for national schools. In Quebec, where separate religious schools exist, the first mutterings of the contest are heard: in Manitoba, the struggle is in mid-course; in the Maritime Provinces, national schools are established and the question seems to be set at rest, but there religious teaching is practically excluded from the curriculum.

Is the matter indeed thus set at rest? May it not be that that the establishment of national schools shall prove to be only one stage in the development of the more excellent school system of the future—a system which shall provide alike for the training of the intellect and for the development of the character. For, after all, character is the chief thing. All history goes to show that national prosperity and enlightenment, apart from the development of true character, are the precursors of national shame and ruin. The moral character of the people is a nation's strongest shield and brightest glory. If this be true, no book should be accorded a higher place in our national schools than the Bible, for its teachings lay the foundations of true character. We English acknowledge that we owe what is strongest and best in our national character to the influence of the teachings of the Bible, and why should it lose its place in the national education while we retain the heathen classics and the materialistic philosophies?

TALKS ABOUT BOOKS.

The Fleming H. Revell Company of New York, Chicago and Toronto, have sent three books to the Journal. The largest of these is an Introduction to Theology, by Alfred Cave, B.A., D.D., Principal and Professor of Theology of Hackney College. It is published by Messrs. T. & T. Clark of Edinburgh, has 610 pages, and sells for four dollars. Principal Cave, like Dr. Paton Gloag, is an old B. and F. Evangelical Review man, and, for an independent or congregationalist, he is very conservative. His book now under review is a second edition, largely rewritten. In the preface, the author says, "Upon its first appearance in 1886, a unanimous chorus of approval greeted this manual because of its lists of books." Dr. Cave is very fortunate in having his work greeted with a unanimous chorus of approval, and is, perhaps modest in ascribing it to the lists of books his Introduction sets forth. Most of the books he mentions are found in the libraries of Hackney College, and he has carefully examined them all. As they amount to several thousands, in a great many languages, ancient and modern, this must have been no slight task. That Dr. Cave has carefully read them all, Bible versions and rabbins, fathers and scholastics, reformers and puritans, ethnic scriptures, neologians, reformers and modern divines, is simply impossible, and he lays no claim to omniscience. Yet a true student can get through a great many books in from twenty-five to forty years. Even the Talker has read a great many works that have no place in the author's lists, yet he dare not charge the Hackney principal with incompleteness, since he says, "Obsolete books have been weeded out; new books have been inserted." Nevertheless, the principle on which the selection and weeding out have been made is hard to find. Dr. Cave accepts Luther on Galatians, but rejects his commentary on Genesis; and similarly discards Schroeder on the

latter book, while giving a place to his Deuteronomy. Hasse's curious little volume on Jude, he apparently does not know. In church history, he ascribes that of the Protestant Church in Hungary to Merle D'Aubigny, who, in reality, was only its editor. He makes no mention of Philaret's *Geschichte der Kirche Russlands*, Laing on the German Catholic Church, Southey's *Book of the Church*, Hodge's *Constitutional History of the Presbyterian Church in the United States*, Brandt's *Life of Arminius*, Scultetus' *Annalium Evangelicorum*, and the same is true of a very large number of works in all departments of theological science. Why is this? Because they are not in the libraries of Hackney college. If our librarian were to make a carefully classified catalogue of all our books bearing on Theology, and to prefix to each division a definition and description of the same, he would not, indeed, provide a book equal to that of Dr. Cave, because our library, valuable as it is, is not equal to that of Hackney, but he would furnish one built on the same model. We have but few German books, but quite enough, unhappily, for all their readers. Dr. Cave's library has very many, but it is apparently innocent of the French authors, Fleury and Tillemont, Saurin and Claude. These are serious omissions.

In his *Prolegomena*, Dr. Cave sets forth generally the character and utility of his Introduction, and, in the first part of his matter proper, he enquires into the place of theology in a classification of the sciences, as Lord Bacon did long ago. Thereafter come the six divisions of theological science, namely, Natural Theology, Ethnic Theology, Biblical Theology, Ecclesiastical Theology, Comparative Theology, and Pastoral Theology. Of these Biblical Theology has by far the larger treatment, for it embraces Introduction, Canonics, Textual Criticism, Philology, Archaeology, Literary Criticism, Hermeneutics, Exegesis, and, under the head of Exegesis Applied, Biblical History, Dogmatics, and Ethics. As a classified catalogue of Theological Literature, this work is of very great

value, so much so that he who masters its plan and definitions will find he has attained a roundness and completeness of theological knowledge indispensable to a truly scientific divine. Dr. Cave's introductions to his several departments are learned yet entertaining, blending history and criticism in a devout and reverent spirit. As a guide to the library committees of theological colleges, and to ministers and students in their selection of books in special departments of study, the book is invaluable. But every student would do well to read the text, which is no inconsiderable part of the volume, and thus learn how vast is the domain of the queen of all the sciences, of which he is a votary. Unclassified learning is better than none at all, but it is a store hard to make use of, armour difficult to wield, a formless mass hardly worthy the name of erudition. On the other hand, bibliothecarius and doctus are two distinct words, and one book thoroughly studied is worth more to its possessor than the titles of a hundred. As an introduction or key to knowledge, Dr. Cave's work is admirable. It is rather a bunch of keys, with many different wards to fit the key-holes of as many massive doors that bar the way to the halls of science, wherein the student must dwell long before he becomes a learned theologian. Yet a benediction may fitly fall on the head of the careful and patient toiler who furnishes the keys.

Messrs. Revell's second book is *Bible Characters, Adam to Achan*, by Dr. Alex. Whyte of Edinburgh. This 300 page volume, neatly printed and bound in the style of *Bunyan Characters*, sells for a dollar and a quarter. It has all the peculiar characteristics and excellence of Dr. Whyte's character sketches, and is marked by the directness and overmastering earnestness of its applications. The reader who expects to find history, literary or moral criticism in the book will be disappointed. Dr. Whyte is a modern Christian Theophrastus or La Bruyère, and he takes a character to point a moral which is not always the most appropriate. But, listen to this, in a lecture on Esau, who sold his birthright:

"My own son! ring my bell to-night, and I will talk with you and tell you the rest. I have not lived to grey hairs in a city, and been a minister to city families, and city young men, without learning things about birthrights and their sale and their redemption too—things that cannot be told on the housetop. No minister in Edinburgh knows more or can speak better about these things than I can do. If you have no minister who can and will tell you about Esau, and about himself and about yourself, and about Jesus Christ, ring my bell! It will be late that I do not open the door! I will be busy that we do not have another hour over Esau—you and I." Happy Dr. Whyte to have had the confidences of repentant sinners! How many of our ministers have been blessed with this reward of the true lover of young souls? Here is what Dr. Norman Walker takes the author to task for. "Praise the talents, the industry, the achievements of our very best and dearest friend, and it is gall and wormwood to us. But blame him, belittle him, detract from him, pooh-pooh and sneer at him, and we will embrace you, for you have put marrow into our dead bones, you have given wine to him that was of a heavy heart. Praise a neighboring minister's prayer, or his preaching, or his pastoral activity at another minister's table, and you will upset both him and his listening house for days and years to come." This is apropos of Cain. It is pretty rough, as the boys say, but it contains a large element of truth, in spite of Dr. Walker. The worst sin in all the world is envy, for it leads to murder, even to the murder of the Christ. All Dr. Whyte's morals are wholesome, and if one must read sermons, which, as a rule, are very indigestible pabulum, his character ones are worthy of commendation.

How many writing Farrars there are I do not know, but Messrs. Revell's third book is by F. W., the Dean, and is entitled, *The Young Man Master of Himself*. It is an oblong duodecimo of 150 pages, tastefully got up, and may be had for half a dollar. It has four chapters besides the last, which

bears the heading of the title, and these are on the young man in the Home—in Business—in the Church—and Young Men and Marriage. I am no longer a young man, yet I have read the Dean's five talks, through with great pleasure, for they are pleasantly written, full of appropriate illustration, and are straightforward and manly all through. The young man master of himself is one who has conquered natural selfishness in all the spheres indicated, that selfishness which makes him a bear at home, a dishonorable man in business, an idler in regard to the Church, a thoughtless self-pleaser in marriage, and a slave to his own evil impulses. The young man at college might have had a chapter to himself. Perhaps some member of the Journal's staff may supply this want, and warn students against the special forms of self-seeking to which they are supposed to be most liable.

The Presbyterian Board of Philadelphia is credited with two volumes, of which the first is *American Presbyterianism*, by Robert M. Patterson, D.D., LL.D. The fuller title of this thin octavo of 132 pages is *American Presbyterianism in its Development and Growth*. It gives a brief history of the early days of the Church in Pennsylvania, and afterwards in the nation, and proceeds to tell of its various divisions, with their statistics, and comparative tables with other Christian denominations. Within brief compass, it provides an exceedingly useful hand-book of Church statistics in the United States, but our Canadian Church, which is also American, is not represented in it. Yet is it no mere dry, tabular presentation of numbers. Patriotism, education, and many other laudable things are set forth as the good fruit of Presbyterian influences.

The other Board publication is *Alice and her Two Friends*, by the Rev. Charles S. Wood. It has 290 well printed octavo pages, and some illustrations in a gorgeous green and red cover. One hardly feels that a man wrote this book; it is so weak in plot, incident, and small talk. It is good and healthy, but disjointed, nevertheless, miles beyond the Sunday School

book that used to be. The best part of it is where the lame girl saves the express train, while a photographer unconsciously takes the portrait of the villain who put the obstacle on the track, and the company rewards the heroine with three bonds of five hundred dollars each. This is grand! Virtue triumphs to the tune of \$1,500 dollars, and the accessories of the train saver get gold watches. Jules Verne will be nowhere after this. We shall have our Sunday School scholars playing hookey to watch railway lines, like the candidate for heroism in St. Nicholas, who spent his life, with a lantern and hammer, travelling along the iron rails in pursuit of a broken tie. But I really think that the majority of good girls, say from ten to fifteen, would heartily enjoy this book. It is good itself, without being oppressively so, and its tender mercies are far from cruel.

Two books come from Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., of Boston and New York. They belong to the domain of literature as distinguished from theology and philosophy, history and science. One of them, written by Arlo Bates, is entitled *Talks on Writing English*, and consists of twenty two lectures originally given to the advanced students in English Composition of the Lowell free classes. These lectures are very unlike the chapters in ordinary books on English composition. They are friendly talks, full of illustrations drawn from the experience of the writer and others. He has in view the making of critics of English literature, and of writers of the same, from the newspaper reporter to the full fledged author. To enumerate the titles of his twenty-two chapters would be alike tiresome to the pen that writes and to the eye that reads. They deal with structure, diction, quality, means and effects, classification, exposition, argument, description, narration, character and purpose, translation, criticism, and style. While teaching purity of diction, and reprehending all that savours of high falutin. Mr. Bates takes exception to artificial rules of composition, such as that which cries out against end-

ing a sentence with a particle, be it preposition or adverb. A professor under whom the Talker sat four years, insisted on that negative precept, and wrote sentences that covered an octavo page. Another of his professors, in his rebellion against rules of all kinds, allowed the frequent repetition of the same word in a short speech or composition, which made his style very clear, but as bare of exhilaration as a jug of reservoir water. To begin a sentence with a conjunction is bad and slovenly, and to pile up synonymous adjectives indicates a lack of strength; but *I must stop or somebody's cow will be gored*. *Poeta nascitur non fit* is sometimes true if scriptor take the place of poeta, but not always. As Demosthenes struggled with his impediment and overcame it, so young writers, brought up in an atmosphere of careless, unkempt speech, by observation, attentive reading, and repressive practice, may purify their style and become models of literary propriety. Good diction, however, is more the outcome of soul-culture than of imitation, or of rules laid up in the memory. Great words that do not express great thoughts are easily seen through and deceive nobody but a novice. Mr. Bates's lectures aim at producing in others the simple naturalness of writing which is the highest art, and, while some of his canons, such as that which objects to pointing a moral, may be objected to, his book is worthy of high commendation.

Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.'s other volume is *Mere Literature and other Essays*, by Woodrow Wilson. This handsome volume of 247 pages is a collection of articles that have appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly*, the *Century*, or the *Forum*, together with a hitherto unpublished one on Burke, called *The Interpreter of English Liberty*. They are literary and historical. To the first class belong *Mere Literature*, the *Author Himself*, *An Author's Choice of Company*, and a *Literary Politician*: to the second, *The Truth of the Matter*, *A Calendar of Great Americans*, *The Course of American History*, and the essay on Burke above mentioned. Mr. Wilson's

papers are gracefully written, and indicate a man of literary culture and discrimination. He has views of his own regarding the subjects he treats, whether in defending mere literature from the sneer of science, in deriving the author himself from the country rather than from the town, in glorifying Walter Bagehot as a literary politician, in analyzing the list of United States presidents into American and un-American, and in shewing that the course of American history has run from east to west. You do not derive a great deal of information from our author, but he gives you eight pleasant one-sided conversations from a cultivated and well informed man, each of which may pass an agreeable hour in which you have nothing more serious to do. Mr. Wilson does not bore you with any importunity or excess of zeal, nor tire you with abundance of fact and wealth of illustration. He is an easy and restful writer of mere literature.

There is some connection, to the Talker unknown, between the American Baptist Publication Society of Philadelphia and Colonel C. H. Banes of the same city, who jointly publish a good looking 374 page book, entitled, *For the Other Boy's Sake, and other Stories*. The author of this book is a Canadian lady, who calls herself Marshall Saunders, and who is known as the writer of *Beautiful Joe*. Her present book is dedicated to Colonel Banes, a warm friend of children and to humanity. Of *Beautiful Joe*, 200,000 copies have been sold. The ten illustrations of *For the Other Boy's Sake* are not beautiful, but some of the stories are. The leading one, which gives title to the book, might be placed anywhere, but the story of the dog, *Poor Jersey City*, belongs to Halifax; the *Little Page*, to Ottawa; the *Two Kaloosas* to Nova Scotia; *Her Excellency's Jewels*, *Bunny Boy*, and *Ten Little Indians*, to New Brunswick. Hence we have a Canadian book, and a very good Canadian book. The *Little Page* is a grateful tribute to Sir John Macdonald and his baroness. The author displays genuine sympathy with children and young people

in their various moods and tenses, and her humanity extends to animals that, with her skilful handling of them, can hardly be called dumb. There is humor in her book, and pathos also, and an insight into human nature such as betrays a warm, loving heart. It is pitiful that books like this have to go to the States to find a publisher. The Canadian publisher looks for his profit, not to the general public, but to the unhappy author, who thus has to pay sweetly for giving to the world the fruit of his hard labor. Most of the best efforts of Canadian minds have had to find their market abroad, and in this way not a few of our promising writers have become lost to Canada. There is a lack of bookselling enterprise and patriotism in this, such as reflects no credit on our Canadian publishers. They blame the book-buying public, but the fault really lies in their own blindness of literary appreciation and want of energetic push. The Philadelphia Baptists are wiser, and know a good thing when they see it. By all means put this book on your shelf of Canadiana.

A handwritten signature in cursive script, reading "J. M. Campbell". The signature is written in dark ink and is centered below the main text.