

PRESBYTERIAN COLLEGE JOURNAL

Vol. II.]

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Our Local Note Book.

A NOTHER session has commenced and the students have again settled down to the ordinary humdrum of college life.

MORE than twenty-six new students have made their appearance; thrice welcome, one and all!

COMMENTS on the new buildings are, of course, the order for the day. All are unanimous in praising the handsome architectural treatment, and in lauding the princely donor.

M. H. AMI is back again with renewed health and vigour, and will complete his course in Arts. Last winter we believe he coached, for an English University, a son of Major de Winton, of the Government House, Ottawa.

MR. MORRICE has given an annual scholarship of \$100 to the Faculty of Medicine in McGill.

DR. DAWSON is always ready to put in a good word for the "theos." At the last convocation of the Faculty of Arts, he mentioned the fact that forty *per centum* of our graduates had taken their degree at McGill and that half of them were gold medallists.

THE Gaelic Congregation in this city presented a purse of \$77 to D. McLean, who during the summer preached in "the language of Paradise" to appreciative assemblies every Sabbath afternoon. Mr. McLean did a good work distributing tracts from time to time to the workmen engaged on the Morrice Hall and Redpath Museum.

W. MCKENZIE'S valedictory in Arts was received by "the boys" with tremendous applause. Congratulations, Mac!

LAST April, D. Mackay met with a pleasant surprise on the evening before his departure from the city to his mission field in Manitoba. The members of his class in Saint Paul's Church Sunday School assembled in the college reading room, and presented him with a very encouraging address and several valuable books.

THE comely countenance of our esteemed Principal beamed from the Moderator's Chair at the last General Assembly. Speaking of this, a leading church organ said:—"None of the seven moderators the Assembly has seen were more prompt in deciding difficulties, or more successful in saving the time of the Assembly than Dr. MacVicar, who holds the reins with a firm hand and drives judiciously."

J. T. DONALD, B. A., our popular "science-man," has been, and is now, editing an excellent scientific department in the *Educational Record* for the Province of Quebec.

WE *must* say it! There's no use trying to conceal it. What? Why, that our athletics are going to the dogs! We need a gymnasium badly; who'll build one for us? A suitable brick structure might be erected at little cost, behind the *old* library. In the meantime those students who feel so inclined may stretch their limbs on that magnificent gymnastic bar—save the mark!—tottering in the mud of the "back-yard," always taking the precaution, however, to insure their lives beforehand, as the affair is somewhat rickety!

By the way, there has been some talk of appropriating the present dining room as a gymnasium. The idea is absurd. The ceiling is far too low, and the room would hardly do even if the floor were sunk several feet. As it is, a man can almost touch the ceiling with his hand! True, it would be better than nothing, but in the name of common sense stick to the truth, and don't call it a "Gymnasium;" rather let it be known as the "NURSERY."

SEVERAL important changes (most decided improvements!) are noticeable in the arrangement and typography of our calendar for this session.

THE Wesleyan Congregational and Diocesan Theological Colleges in this city have each accepted a bursary of \$500 from one Major Mills, which is to be spent in bribing students from the use of tobacco. It will be remembered that our board (very properly we think) declined to accept this "gift." We are afraid that some of our brethren may cause it to end in smoke.

It is rumoured that a wealthy and influential Congregationalist, no doubt influenced by Mr. Morrice's noble example, proposes to erect at his own expense a building for the Congregational College on the lot immediately below the Morrice Hall.

THE Methodists own some land on University street, near McGill College, whereon they intend erecting a building to be used for College purposes. The Episcopalians will likely occupy a large three-storied building on Dorchester street, nearly opposite the Windsor Hotel. Don't misunderstand, it is not St. Peter's, but Mrs. Lay's old Seminary that is to be consecrated to this purpose.

S. RONDEAU occupied the pulpit of Canning street church last summer during the absence of the pastor, Rev. A. B. Cruchet, '78, who was paying a visit to *la belle France*.

ON the afternoon of August 26th, our quiet neighbourhood was thrown into a state of astonishment at hearing peals of strange solemn music issuing from the college halls. The mystery was soon explained. The Wiman Bell had just arrived, and our energetic janitor, obeying injunctions from head-quarters, was ringing out the noisy tidings! The bell, which was cast by the famous "Meneeley Bell Foundery," of West Troy, N. Y., weighs 300 lbs., and is admirably adapted to its purposes, the tone being unusually sound and clear. Verily, it is a great improvement over that old cracked gong!

ON the title page of the revised version of the French Bible, lately issued in Paris, stands the name of Prof. Coussirat, B. D., along with that of the other members of a committee of twelve distinguished scholars, pastors and professors of theology, appointed for the revision by the Paris Bible Society. The *Daily Witness* says:—"It is gratifying to know that one of our educational institutions, and indeed Canada, has been represented in this important undertaking by such an accomplished Hebraist and theologian as Professor Coussirat. And while we gladly recognize the valuable labours of our fellow-citizen in this connection, we may also mention that a recent article from his pen, entitled, 'A Colony of Free Thinkers,' in the *Christianisme du XIX. Siècle*, the journal of the Reformed Church of France, has attracted much attention. It has been highly commended by Mr. Reveillaud, of Versailles, and Mr. Eug. Secrétan, of Lusanne, and is now being republished in pamphlet and other forms."

WHAT has become of the Mount Royal base ball Club? In days of yore it was a thing of very common occurrence to witness a match between the saints and sinners, otherwise known as the Theologues and Meds, but for several years back little has been seen or heard of the club until it was reorganized last session. Come, boys, keep the ball rolling!

REV. T. FENWICK, of Metis, P. Q., whose spicy articles

in the *Presbyterian* have been commanding so much attention of late, is painting a picture of John Knox for the Morrice Hall. It will be a companion to the one of Calvin that hangs at present on our library wall.

THE Alma Mater Society purpose inviting to their next annual banquet, his Excellency the Marquis of Lorne, and other distinguished persons.

THE *Canadian Illustrated News* sent an artist to sketch the laying of the corner stone of the Morrice Hall, but, as the ceremony was of a private nature, the sketches did not appear. Enlarged copies of the views that appeared in the COLLEGE JOURNAL were, however, inserted with an account of the proceedings.

WE welcome back to our ranks Jas. Bennett, who has been taking a course in Medicine at McGill.

THE General Assembly last summer hit upon a happy plan for supporting the colleges. A common fund, to be known as the "College Fund," was established, from which Knox College will draw \$10,000, the Theological Faculty of Queen's \$4,000, and our own College \$5,000. The Rev. Dr. Reid and Rev. R. H. Warden, are joint-treasurers.

OUR talented associate Editor, W. T. Herridge, B. A., during the vacation occupied the pulpit of St. Paul's Church, in this city.

On dit a much needed reform in the curriculum of the McGill Arts' course will soon be brought into effect. By all means push the good work, gentlemen of the corporation!

J. McFARLAND's health, though much improved, will not permit him to resume his studies here this session. He is at present preaching in Durango, Colorado.

"THE powers that be" should (in fact *must*) set aside a room in the new building for the office of the JOURNAL. We have made our choice thus early, and have fixed upon that small apartment at the head of the dining room stairs, which it is proposed to use as a reception room. If the JOURNAL is to be recognized in the Assembly Report and Calendar—as it has been in both—we think it but fair that it should receive suitable accommodation in the building.

THE story is told of a Freshman, who was admiring the "Scotch Thistle" in the college arms over the corridor. A friend who was with him of course explained that the "thistle" in question is an architect's or stonemason's idea of what the *burning bush* looked like!

THE will of the late Joseph MacKay, of this city, bequeaths to this college \$10,000 toward endowing a chair.

MOODY the revivalist visited the city last month, and addressed large audiences twice on the only day he remained. Those students who were in town turned out *en masse* to hear him.

AND now the JOURNAL hastens to congratulate A. Lee,

of the third year, Arts, upon carrying off a scholarship of \$125, tenable for two years. Also A. A. Mackay, of the second year, Arts, upon taking an exhibition to the value of \$125. Both these gentlemen, it will be remembered, took similar honours last session.

We must confess that the College Choir has not been up to the mark of late years. Why not practise regularly this session? When a preceptor of such experience as Prof. McLaren kindly volunteers his services, we think every student should avail himself of this unusual advantage for the study of music. Let the singers step forward and show themselves.

STUDENTS (resident or non-resident) in attending lectures are expected to wear gowns appropriate to their academic standing. So saith the Calendar, and a Freshie wants to know if a new gown is exclusively "appropriate" to a man in the First Year and an old torn one to a member of the Graduating Class. He should enquire of the Registrar, who is an authority on all such matters.

OUR exchanges, after passing through the hands of the exchange editor, will be placed in the reading room for a month, and will then be filed away. Students will please see that none of them are removed from the room.

A RECENT number of the *British and Foreign Evangelical Review* contained a very learned article on the "Culdee Colonies in the North and West," by our Professor of Church History. The subject is handled with great ability. Its treatment is as interesting as its matter is instructive and important.

THE JOURNAL'S warmest thanks are tendered J. H. Higgins for his valuable aid in canvassing for advertisements with the local editor.

WHY was that crying baby, at the opening lecture, like a good resolution?—Because it deserved to be carried out.

THE students who occupied mission stations in Manitoba last summer, viz.: J. Mitchell, D. Mackay, R. Hyde and J. B. Stewart, have all returned with glowing (sic) accounts of the country. Among the many attractions they mention are the mosquitoes, the adhesiveness of the mud, fording creeks up to the waist, and walking sixty miles to make two pastoral calls.

AT the last meeting of the Presbytery of Manitoba, held in Winnipeg, on 28th September, thanks were given to the Student's Missionary Societies of Knox College, Toronto, and the Presbyterian College, of Montreal, for the deep interest they have taken in the cause of missions in that province by sending each a student for the past summer to engage in mission work. The field occupied by our society's representative was the Cypress River district, about one hundred miles west and somewhat south from Winnipeg.

The Opening Exercises of the College Session 1881-82.

WE had hoped that this lecture would have been delivered in the Morrice Hall, but, as the latter will not be completed before February next, we were compelled to intrude once more upon the kindness of the city churches, and met in Erskine Church on Wednesday evening, 5th inst. The building was well filled by the good people of Montreal, and a large number of students. We would respectfully suggest that, at such assemblies, the students should sit in a body in the front of the hall. What a grand impression it would make if all our 70 undergraduates turned out arrayed in academic dress, and filled up the front seats! Among those present we noticed Principal Macvicar, Profs. Campbell and Coussirat, Revs. J. Scrimger, J. Y. Cameron, A. B. Cruchet, '78; A. B. Mackay, J. Reid, '81; G. D. Bayne, '81; T. Black, and Messrs. Morrice and Stirling and J. McLaren.

Mr. David Morrice, Chairman of the College Board, opened the meeting by calling upon the assembly to sing the 67th Psalm, beginning "Lord bless and pity us."

Principal Macvicar then read a portion of the 1st Chapter of the Epistle to Titus, and the Rev. Mr. Patterson, Moderator of the Presbytery of Montreal, led in prayer, after which Professor Campbell, the lecturer of the evening, delivered the following lecture in his own happy style:—

THE SEARCH FOR GOD;

THE THEME OF THE CHRISTIAN APOLOGIST.

The term "apologetic" as denoting a theological science, by its obvious significance, carries us back to the days of primitive Christianity. Then, while the Church was smarting beneath the blows of calumny and writhing under state oppression, it behoved such men as Aristides before the emperor Hadrian, and Justin Martyr before Marcus Antoninus, to face, with bold humility, the ruler of the world and lay at his feet an apology for the exercise of the Christian religion. A few centuries passed, and then it was not Christianity but Heathenism that played the apologist, as Justinian swept away the last relics of Athenian pagan philosophy from his dominions. The Christian apology became a Christian polemic; the humble suppliant for toleration developed, with the throne at his back, into a fierce advocate of intolerance. The peaceful monk in quiet cell was but too ready to emulate the conduct of the rear-guard at Roncesvalles, when "Archbishop Turpin shined them clean and for penance bade them go smite the pagans." Another change took place. Theology in the hands of the scholastic doctors became a science, a system of argument and proof, in which logic took upon itself to do what it never was logic's mission to accomplish, namely, to call into existence beings and facts. The Apologist to human reason demonstrated to his own satisfaction the being of God and the verities of the Christian faith, with many so-called dogmas of the Church for which neither the Law nor the Gospel was in any way responsible.

Still another change, the mightiest of all, and Protestantism in many lands affirmed the Bible to be its religion. The Protestant Apologist found his theme in what are commonly called the Evidences of Christianity, or, in other words, the scientific system which proposes to establish the authenticity, the credibility and the divine inspiration of the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments. These evidences are the great fortifications that encompass the citadel of the faith and frown defiance upon the sleeping foe. But now the foe is awake, in arms, upon the battlements, in the very citadel itself, and like Zion's enemies of old, they seek to break down the carved work of the sanctuary with their axes and hammers, to cast down the dwelling place of God's name to the ground. Where the foes are there are the defenders, disputing every inch of ground, driving them back or smiting them to the earth, breaking their weapons or turning them against themselves, making inroads into the invader's camp and bringing back rich spoils of victory. Would that with all this warfare, this modern polemic

which has linked theology with every science and branch of human knowledge and made it the true *scientia scientiarum*, would that some way might be found to the enemy's heart, enriching Christendom with that which is of more value than all increase of human knowledge, that very heart itself. They tell, in more than one old story of hand to hand engagements, of a sister who, seeing the battle go hard with her brothers, dashed into the fight weaponless and threw her arms about their knightly antagonist. He dared not strike a woman, nor could he free himself from the unwelcome embrace that pinned his sword-arm to his side; so he fell, an honored guest rather than a prisoner, into the hands of his enemies, and, when he went forth again, rejoiced less for his liberty than that his captor had become his bride. Something of this kind we need in the apologetic warfare of to-day, if indeed this day be in such respect different from any other day in the world's history; something that the enemy's manhood will not let him strike and which will cling to him with such a tight embrace that he will be content to link his fate with it forever. You have read the old Arthurian legend that Tennyson has versified, how Galahad and Bors, and Percivale and Lancelot went forth from the hall of Camelot to seek the Holy Grail, and after many a dread experience were rewarded with the wondrous vision. But you nowhere read of Galahad beating Gawaine to his knees, and at the sword's point, bidding the unbeliever swear that he had seen the cup of Arimathea. Again it was the woman, the nun, the sister of Percivale, that with a gentle woman's voice sent him and Galahad on the sacred quest of what she had herself beheld. The heart of Christianity beats in Exegetics, for analyse as you will your Hebrew and Greek constructions you cannot eliminate the grace of the Incarnate Word; in Dogmatics, for all dogmas revolve about the doctrine of the Divine Love as the planets about the sun; in Ecclesiastical History, the record of lives made sublime by faith, hope and charity; in Homiletics, the gift of the golden mouth for winning souls to Christ. Why should Apologetics differ from its sister sciences and arts, and remain beside these graces a cold, stony-eyed Minerva, with crested helmet and dreadful Gorgon's head and threatening shield and spear?

We do not need now to plead for toleration, for the world is very long suffering with many aspects of Christianity. The Church itself has grown weary of an oft unprofitable and never ending polemic, the weapons of which, after a short flashing and clashing in the light, find their limbs in the cobwebby corners of the bookseller's shelves. Life is too short and men are too busy for the scientific systems with their demonstrated propositions that exercised the ingenuity of subtle minds in bygone days. The Apologetic that we need, scientific or in other words truthful, for truth is science and science is truth or it is nothing, scientific in every feature, must be at the same time an art, the noblest of all the arts that call for exercise to the greatest powers, the most cultivated minds of an earnest, vigorous utilitarian age, the art of leading souls to God.

This art is one requiring great wisdom and great pains, but it is far from being encompassed with the difficulties that many Christians and more unbelievers imagine they behold. It would be hard indeed to take in hand a number of careless and half educated opponents of the Truth and make them accurate reasoners or intelligent metaphysicians, scientists or critics. A man or woman may stand very well in the kingdom of God without any such qualifications, valuable as they may be in themselves. This is not the aim of a true Apologetic. The apostle of advanced thought charges the Christian teacher in general with seeking to revive an ancient superstition, to renew a contest over a dead issue, to institute a search after an exploded theory. True it is that Peter the Hermit would find a difficulty in mustering a corporal's guard for a 19th century crusade, and Ponce de Léon would be as badly off in a modern attempt to discover the Fountain of Youth. He might fare little better who should assert the inspiration of the Hebrew vowel points, or the twenty-four hours' duration of the six days of Genesis. But the relation of the soul to God is the same yesterday, to-day and forever. Nor is the Apologist's theme a new thing, calling for constant agitation that men may become habituated to its sound. He is to be no

"Poet hidden
In the depths of thought,
Singing songs unbidden
Till the world is wrought,

To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not."

It has the sympathy, felt if not always expressed, of every human heart, for its very theme is the yearning of humanity from the beginning. Let Paul stand on the world's Areopagus and tell us what was truth to the Athenians of 19 centuries back:—"God that made the world and all things therein..... hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth, and hath determined the times before appointed and the bounds of their habitation, that they should seek the Lord if haply they might feel after Him and find Him, though He be not far from every one of us." Man was made to seek God as he was made to see and hear, to smell and taste, to feel and speak. He is the friend of man who aids him to find the true object of his search, and he is his worst enemy that would either persuade him to desist from seeking, or endeavour to satisfy him with something less than that which he has been formed to obtain.

That the natural instinct of man leads him to seek the presence of

God, even the positivist, great enemy of the supernatural, is forced to confess. The world, we are told by Comte and his followers, in its progress in knowledge, has passed through two great stages, and has now entered upon a third, that, namely, of positive science, in which no place is found for anything but phenomena, and these the phenomena of the senses. Thus the positivist, who is just the materialist of to-day, believes in no soul, no immortality, no heaven, no God, for these are not things that appear to our sensuous nature. Yet he confesses this is not the original nor the common belief of humanity. The first stage of human thought was the Supernatural, when man saw God in everything, when events in national and individual history were regarded as the interpositions of the world's great judge and benefactor, when He, who is not far from everyone of us, rode upon the wings of the wind and uttered His voice in thunder, or lifted up the light of His countenance in the clear shining after rain. For thousands of years men were content to live in this stage of thought, believing in present divinity immanent in phenomena, whom, however, they degraded by every unworthy conception, until, some seven centuries before the Christian era, philosophy arose in the great seats of old world learning, and a few out of earth's teeming millions of thinkers entered upon the stage called Metaphysical. They did not deny divinity, with a few exceptions, but they removed the supernatural from the sphere of the present in space and time. Phenomena after all were but natural phenomena, yet, natural though they were, they must have a great first cause, and that great first cause was God. The mythologist, the poet, the sculptor, the heathen priest had degraded the heaven-born notion of divinity, but it was reserved for the philosopher to complete that degradation. They indeed had never severed from that notion personality and theophany or revelation, but the philosopher relegated the divine existence to a region far beyond human ken and made it an abstraction, a metaphysical entity, an impersonal thing for logic to conjure by, the unseen and unknown cause of phenomena. It is no wonder that the Positive stage was reached by such a process and the work that metaphysics had commenced completed by the entire removal of God from the sphere of human knowledge. The metaphysician's God is the creation of logic, and by logic it can be annihilated. The God of Locke was overthrown by Hume, and the God of Descartes received its death blow from Kant. The Positivist is perfectly welcome to the graves of all the metaphysical divinities that ever owned a paper existence. But for all that there is a God, whom, through all so-called stages in knowledge, the earnest and truthful are seeking after and finding.

The agnostic now divides the field with the ordinary materialist or positivist, and stretches forth a disuading hand to stop the search for God. He does not deny the possible existence of the unphenomenal, but maintains that for all practical purposes, as far as we are concerned, it might as well not exist, inasmuch as by our very phenomenal nature we are utterly incapable of comprehending it. Does it not seem a contradiction in terms that there should be a God, an omnipotent and all-wise Creator, and that He cannot make Himself known to His creatures? But let us take the question on the agnostic's own ground. Are we not capable of knowing that which manifests itself in phenomena, and of declaring its existence, though itself be not phenomenal? Does not the very word biology, denoting the great science of the materialist, the positivist, the evolutionist, present to the mind as a subject of knowledge that which no sense can apprehend and which no language can define, what in plain English we call Life? Is life a phenomenon? Can you picture it, analyze it, resolve its forces, store it up in your laboratory, or artificially create it? The manifestations of life are phenomena, but not life itself. The poet is right who sees in life something as unphenomenal as God:—

"Flower in the crannied wall,
I pluck you out of the crannies;—
Hold you here, root and all, in my hand,
Little flower—but if I could understand
What you are, root and all, and all in all,
I should know what God and man is."

Then do we not know the life? Most certainly we do. We know the incomprehensible life, the simplest child as well as the greatest man of science. What have the senses discovered in this connection? They have found protoplasm, the physical basis of life, that which is as necessary to its manifestation to our senses as the rails are to the motion of the locomotive and nothing more. Protoplasm is not life.

Is there anything unscientific, unphilosophical in seeking the source of life—not the metaphysical cause—not that which is itself not life but the creator of it—but the great life which is the infuser of all the minor vitalities that manifest themselves in the world of phenomena? You can watch the upbuilding of the curiously wrought plant or animal as you can trace the growth of an inanimate crystal form, and tell to a nicety whence came all its constituent elements; but whence comes the life, the vital spark? The plant, the living creature, decays, and the chemist will account for every element decomposed; but who shall localize the departed life that bound them all in one? Life again is a thing of degrees—the vegetable, the animal, the rational. It manifests itself in intelligence and will, in taste and morality, and in a spirituality that energizes toward God. Whence these higher forms? They have been evolved out of the lower through countless ages of biological progress, we are told. We go back as far as historic monuments take

us, and find all man's powers—physical, intellectual, artistic, moral, spiritual—in full development then; or, farther back to pre-historic times, and the remains of primitive humanity leave nothing to be desired in manly form or brain capacity. But, granting this evolution from the zoophyte up to man, how will science account for it, for surely it is a scientific principle that *ex nihilo nihil fit*, out of nothing nothing comes? How comes the less to be the efficient cause of the greater? They answer, because the primitive matter from which all things proceed was possessed of infinite potencies. Is this phenomenon, this crude matter, not even protoplasm, this mud or slutz that holds in embryo not merely every natural form and mode of life, but the art of a Phidias, the will of a Napoleon, the intellect of a Newton, the morality of a Jesus of Nazareth? It is not; it has never appeared to any human sense; it is as purely the offspring of a perverted intellect as the logical god of the metaphysician. We seek to find the source of life through the highest manifestations of that life, as they, in that which is lower than the lowest. Their source, matter endowed with infinite potencies, is no less unphenomenal than ours, a god of infinite perfections. We have a right, therefore, to seek for and to help men to seek for God, a right that no philosophy or science can consistently dispute.

(To be continued.)

Weekly Lectures.

There was a large attendance of students at the first of these lectures on Friday 21st inst. The Principal presided and gave the address. He congratulated professors and students on their return to collegiate work, and on the large number, twenty six, added to the roll this session. He urged all:—

1. *To realize their vocation and position as students*—Students in Law, Medicine and Science have a high calling, but students in Theology a still higher one. They not only profess to be Christians, but to be specially consecrated to God—"Called of God as was Aaron"—anointed with the Holy Ghost as was Jesus Christ.—commissioned by Him as He was by His Father. Their voluntary obligations to pastors and presbyteries, by whom they were certified to the College, as well as their secret vows to the Lord should be maintained inviolate. They should have a conscience void of offence in these respects.

2. *They should make the most of their time and opportunities.*—How to do so was a question of the highest moment, but how not to do so required no thought or effort. To reach this melancholy result they needed only to dream of doing some grand thing to-morrow, or next week, or next session without beginning to do anything now, to be satisfied with thinking what a glorious thing it is to be learned without learning anything, to entertain the conviction that they may be men of genius undiscovered, possibly possessed of great mental powers without testing them. This was how not to make the best of their time. Instead of this they should listen to the Holy Ghost, whose temples they profess to be, and who says "Redeem the time." If they did so every passing moment would be so filled up with needful rest, recreation and honest, energetic toil, as to secure them something worthy of that moment. They were in college for *work* and not for dignified idleness, and they might expect him and the Faculty to regard and treat indolence as no small offence. He looked for work carried to such a degree as would be followed by a feeling of fatigue, which gives an exquisite satisfaction to be gained in no other way. "Let every man prove his own work, and then shall he have rejoicing in himself alone and not in another." This was the divinely appointed remedy for grumbling christians, who were often miserable because they were over-fed and under-worked, and students might be overtaken with the same calamity. To make the most of their time they needed to lay out their work in systematic order, and

sternly resist all interferences with their plan. There must be time set apart for religious meditation, reading and prayer, and this must not be sacrificed at the shrine of secular study, and time for review and thorough assimilation of mental resources, etc.

3. They should watch and pray against special temptations coming upon them through their intellectual, social and religious natures. Methods of resisting such were indicated and enforced.

4. They should use proper means to preserve and promote physical vigor. Such turned upon food, fresh air, work, rest, recreation, etc.

5. They should cultivate right mental habits from the outset, specially rapidity, accuracy and completeness of thought.

6. They should not be in a hurry to finish their studies. They would do well to consider the example of their Divine Master who spent thirty years in obscurity as preparatory to His public ministry of three years.

Further remarks were made by Professors Scrimger, Coassirat and Campbell.

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 Montreal, Canada.

MONTREAL, P.Q., OCTOBER, 1881.

THE COLLEGE JOURNAL of last session, owned and edited by our enterprising young friend, has now passed from its condition as a private venture and become the official organ of the Alma Mater Society of this College. It now appears as one of the recognized institutions of our Seminary, *vide* Calendar for current Session, and report of the Faculty to the last General Assembly.

In making our *début* under new auspices, we would remind the gentle reader that ours is a college journal, that is, a record of college events. We do not, however, consider that, though thus moving within the circle of the learned, it gives us liberty to indulge in bad Latin jokes and abstruse classical allusions, nor make our pages a mosaic of languages, living and dead. It would be well, also, to bear in mind that it is a Theological and Presbyterian institution which we represent. This need not excite undue alarm, for we assure our readers its pages will not be used as a literary "line," on which to air passages of surpassing beauty in elegant sermons, which might not otherwise be handed down to a grateful posterity; nevertheless, the tone and character of our JOURNAL is determined by its connection. There will be nothing permitted within, which is not strictly consistent with, and correspondent to, the title without. As an organ of student (Theological) opinion its columns will be open for any communication of an appropriate character. We invite short articles of a practical description on mission work, especially in the home fields during summer; spheres of

usefulness in our cities during the winter session; methods of study, special subjects of study, and elective courses; the B. D. degree; past graduate courses; female missionary education, etc, etc.

Our desire is to be useful—practical rather than ornamental. This object can only be attained by the united sympathy and support of our fellow students. We plead for your suffrage, and shall expect your subscriptions, especially do we look for co-operation on the part of our graduates.

Alma Mater Society.

THE membership of this Society is drawn from alumni, including graduates of this College, and graduates of other Presbyterian colleges, who have received part of their theological training in this College, and from students, including regular students in theology, and students on the roll of the College, who are pursuing their literary studies.

The great object of the Society is to foster among the members a spirit of loyal attachment to the College, and to promote its welfare by such means as may be desired from time to time.

Meantime the Society has on foot three projects: First, in time, as in general interest, is the annual banquet held at the close of the session, where the graduates *sub* and *post* together with the professors, city ministers and college patrons, with their wives, discuss good cheer, and felicitate each other. Second, a scholarship of fifty dollars for proficiency in oriental studies known as the alumni scholarship. Third, the COLLEGE JOURNAL, whose object and claims are stated above.

Manitoba Visited.

Is this the land upon whose name
 My thoughts in early days oft pondered,
 Can I believe this is the same
 To which I now at length have wandered?

Is this the happy hunting ground
 I pictured in my boyish fancy?
 How strange the contrast I have found,
 'Tis changed as by some necromancy.

No more the noble red man roams
 In quest of elk and moose and bison,
 We see nought but the white man's homes
 Rising against the far horizon.

The plough upturns the virgin soil,
 And fields of grain are densely growing
 To recompense the settler's toil
 And all the cares of spring-time sowing.

The telegraph and railway tram
 Are working wonders in their motion,
 Linking us with an iron chain
 The eastern and the western ocean.

My thoughts turn from the dreamy past
 To active scenes now of the present,
 And future times would fain forecast
 With scenes of life e'en still more pleasant.

When all this wide extended plain
 Shall teem with human habitations,
 Where peace and righteousness remain
 The strongest safeguard of the nations.

J. B. S.

Our Graduates.

REV. G. D. Bayne, B.A., '81, has accepted a call from Wakefield (\$800 and manse). He was ordained and inducted on September 6th, and was received very cordially by the people.

REV. S. J. Taylor, B.A., '79, who had a two years' engagement as ordained missionary at Mattawa, on the eve of his departure this summer was presented with a very flattering address. During July he occupied the pulpit of St. Joseph street church in this city.

REV. G. T. Bayne, '81, is settled as an ordained missionary over a large field, including Eganville, Grafton and Stafford, in the Upper Ottawa district.

REV. J. W. PENNAN, '79, who recently resigned his charge at Carp, Ont., was in the city in August and preached in Chalmers' Church.

REV. T. A. Bouchard, '80, is settled at Grenville, O.

LAST August Rev. D. L. McCrae, '79, visited the city for the benefit of his health, and returned home greatly invigorated. Mr. McCrae, who is one of the editors of the JOURNAL, was known when a student as the "College newspaper man," and has since had extensive journalistic experience in connection with the *Toronto Globe*.

REV. A. B. Cruchet, '78, spent his vacation wandering through Europe. He favoured the readers of *L'Aurore* with descriptions of the places he visited. We hope to see some of his impressions imprinted in our French column.

THE Rev. T. Brouillette, '74, of Laguerre, Que., has accepted a call to the French Canadian Protestant colony of Washington Territory.

LAST session an item appeared in the JOURNAL to the effect that the Rev. C. E. Amaron, M.A., '79, was urging his people to pay a debt of \$3,000, which had burdened them for several years. We now heartily rejoice to see by the *Presbyterian* that the debt has been paid through the liberality of one or two members, and by a united effort of the congregation. We congratulate the pastor and his people upon this happy release from their difficulties.

REV. A. H. MacFarlane, '80, of Farnham Centre, was present at the exhibition last month, and revived student memories by paying a visit to his Alma Mater. He is as energetic as ever.

J. REID, B.A., '81, who was licensed by the Montreal Presbytery on the 5th inst., will spend a year in Edinburgh, Scotland, attending classes in the Free College there. He proposes taking the degree of B.D. at the Edinburgh University. We wish him a *bon voyage*, and hope he will not forget that our columns invite a long letter from Edinburgh.

R. V. MCKIBBIN, B.A., '81, was in town last week. He and J. Henry, '81, were licensed by the Presbytery of Quebec on the 21st ult.

THE Rev. A. B. Cruchet, '78, pastor of Canning street Presbyterian Church, has been presented by the members of his congregation with a crayon portrait of himself as a mark of the high esteem in which he is held by them.—*Herald*.

The Corner Stone of the Morrice Hall.

IT will sound rather like announcing that the Dutch have taken Holland to inform our readers at this late date that the corner stone was laid by Mrs. Morrice on the 7th of June last.

So we won't inform them. Of course they read all about it when it took place in the newspapers, and by this time have almost forgotten that there was a corner stone laid at all.

But, before they do, let us place the event on record in the pages of the youthful JOURNAL.

It was one of those glorious days in June, and the morning was not far advanced when the ladies and gentlemen assembled on the foundation of the buildings. The flashing sun lit up the genial and well-known faces of the princely donor and his noble wife, and of most of the Faculty and Senate, and their ladies. But one face was wanting to complete the picture, and it was that of the public; for, at the donor's expressed desire, the ceremony was of a private nature.

The meeting was called to order by the Principal, and appropriate prayer was offered by the Rev. Robert Campbell, M.A.

Mrs. Morrice was presented with a handsome silver trowel, and, stepping forward, spread the mortar in true mason's style. Amid profound silence the stone was swung into position; then, with her trowel she struck it several blows, and Mr. Morrice, speaking for her, pronounced the words, "I declare this stone well and truly laid."

Speechifying followed. Before stepping out of the former editorial rooms of the JOURNAL, the writer had armed himself with pencil and paper, and took most elaborate notes. But, as several months have elapsed since then, it may be as well to let them slumber peacefully in his note book.

Suffice it to say that the Rev. A. B. Mackay made a short and pithy address; that Dr. Jenkins, in his usual impressive manner, offered congratulations; that Principal Dawson complimented the College, and that Principal Macvicar eulogized Mr. Morrice, who, by request, spoke a few words, in the course of which he said that his only object in making the donation had been to further the cause of Christ, and if his object was attained he would be more than satisfied.

The benediction was pronounced, and the builders, who had suspended work for the time, took up their tools again and proceeded to hurry the structure to completion.

Some of the students may be curious to know just where the stone is situated, and we would therefore say that it forms the pedestal of those two miniature granite pillars on the western side of the entrance to the hall. The jar placed in it contained the following:—

A copy of the revised version of the New Testament.

Narrative of the Rise and Progress of the College.

Minutes of the General Assembly, June, 1880.

Annual Calendar of the College from 1872 to 1881 inclusive.

The PRESBYTERIAN COLLEGE JOURNAL, volume I., 1881.

Presbyterian Record, June, 1881.

Canada Presbyterian, June 3rd, 1881.

Report of the French Canadian Mission, 1881.

The following Montreal daily papers for June 6th, 1881, viz.: *Witness*, *Star*, *Herald*, *Gazette*, *Le Monde*, *La Patrie*, *La Minerve* and *Le Courrier*.

The following coins: *British*—Half-crown, 1878; florin, 1872; shilling, 1879; sixpence, 1874. *Canadian*—Fifty cents, 1872; twenty-five cents, 1881; one cent, 1881. *United States*—One dollar, 1880; half-dollar, 1877; quarter-dollar, 1878; dime, 1877; half-dime, 1872.

J. H. M.

Off the Chain—How to "do" Italy.

NOTES OF A CLERICAL FURLOUGH.

After a journey by rail from Paris of about 48 hours, I reached Rome on Wednesday forenoon, the 6th of March, 1878. The weather was balmy, and I now saw and felt that France and Italy had not only a bright and clear atmosphere, but a mild and delightful climate. The former had the poetry of loveliness in it, and the latter the pulse of genial sentiment. Along the route, from the capital of France to the capital of Italy, there were many objects that were interesting to the traveller. The country through which, for the first two hundred miles, I journeyed, was diversified with hills and valleys, but the valleys predominated. Trees in many places skirted the railway track, and were seen in clumps and plantations in the distance. Spring was spreading its first sweet greenness over the scene, and operations were going on in cultivating the fields and vineyards. There was evidence everywhere in France of the division of the soil amongst its rural population, in the patchwork or draught-board appearance of the land and crops. There was an exception to this at Fontainebleau, where there were long and deep tracts of woodland, in which, in the palmy days of royalty, the kings and nobles once hunted. France is a beautiful country. It has many a noble river. It is rich in soil, rich in wealth, and is rich, too, in its political, intellectual, æsthetic and religious influence over Europe and America. In the cars the writer saw representatives of many of the classes of the community; quite a number were soldiers, who were going to Fontainebleau to be drilled. That France should keep up such a large army

"is pity, and pity 'tis 'tis true." The burning question of the day, which public opinion, that empress of modern times, is putting, in tones everyday becoming louder, to nations and their rulers, is "What is to be done for, and what are you going to do with, men?" Surely the answer will be not to make them soldiers, but men with a head and a conscience, and not merely a hand. The greater part, however, of my fellow-travellers were civilians. I entered into converse with some of them, who were in the same compartment with me. A gentleman sat beside me for a time, who had a railway guide of the route. He kindly gave it to me to look over, and after I had done so he asked me if I was a German? I said no. He asked next if I was going far? Yes, I replied, to Rome. Was I going to see the Pope? (At this time Pio Nono had just been buried.) I answered no, and continued I was a Scotchman and a Protestant. He then gave me a look, became silent, and assumed a saturnine aspect of countenance. When he left the cars a little further on, he wished me "*bon voyage*," with the urbanity and politeness of a true Frenchman. At Macon, famous for its wines, another gentleman came in and sat beside me. He appeared to be a student, as, after seating himself, he took out a book and began to read. Hailing as I did, from "Free America," I was anxious to know what book he was reading with such rapt interest, and so I asked him its name. He handed it to me, and I was astonished when I found it was a portion of Shakespeare in French. He had been reading Henry the 5th, and had reached that part of the play where the king addressed his troops at Harfleur. I shall never forget how the Frenchman's eye sparkled, and his features seemed deeply moved at my rendering of that stirring royal appeal, but whether from delight or laughter of his soul I never knew, even to this day. Forward the cars rolled past copse and brake, over river and fertile field, leaving behind in their sweep many a row of poplars and olive groves. By the evening there was a perceptible change in the temperature, and our course was now in a more easterly direction. We were approaching the Alps, whose outlying sentinels guarding the treasuries of ice and snow were already visible. We passed Culoz, the Rhine and Lake Bourget, and were soon amongst the Alps. It would be futile in me to attempt a description of them in their height, variety, extent, design and general magnificence. They must be seen to be appreciated. I had thoughts too deep for expression as I gazed upon them in the mild and mellow light of twilight, and also in the clear medium of the starlight. Verily, they are the white-robed apostles of nature—the hoary fathers of Europe's mountain ranges. Early on Tuesday morning we were at Modane, where we stopped for some time. Here our impedimenta, and railway tickets were examined by Italian custom-house officers, for Modane is the Italian Island Pond to the traveller from France to sunny

Italy. After a short delay we were again in motion, rushing through the Alps of Savoy. We slackened speed as we entered the Mount Cenis Tunnel, and passed through its two long galleries. When we had done so the morning broke, and in the valley, or rather gorge through which we passed, we had the ghost of a sunrise over the Alps. What a light blue there is in the streams and rivers that flow down the slopes, and at the base of these historic mountain barriers! What an air of loveliness and wildness and romance about the villages that nestle in the hollows, and the castles that, in the good old times when might was right, kept ward and watch over their passes! What tufts of green grass, plots of cultivated ground and vineyards, diversified with shrubs and trees, on the uplands; and what unspeakable majesty in the snow and ice-crowned monarchs that, at intervals, were visible towering over all the scene. The track of the railway was now alongside the bed of a river, and continued so for many miles. Before, however, many hours had elapsed we steamed into the station at Turin. Here there was a change of cars, and as I had a circular ticket, I elected to go to Rome by the eastern and to return by the western route. We were soon rattling along over the River Po (the Eridanus of the classics), but still within view of the Alps. The passengers were all strange to me, and French and Italian were the languages they used. I felt at times very lonely, but the language of Nature is always the same, and I understood her. Everywhere along the valleys there were vines, and here and there a tuft of pines and olives. Men and women were busily engaged in tying the "marriageable arms" (as Milton designates them), of the vines around the trees and rude trellis work used for their support. The implements of husbandry seemed to be of the most primitive description. Oxen instead of horses were used in drawing the Virgilian plough. We passed many a village and town, crossed the country between the Alps and the Apennines, and skirted for many a mile the eastern slopes of the latter. We had a glimpse at Bologna, famous once for its scholars, students and university, but now noted for its leaning towers and burying ground. It was here Luther in his journey to Rome rested, and heard in his soul the ringing words of the Bible: "The just shall live by faith"—the clarion blast and soul cry of the Reformation. The next city at which we drew up for refreshments was Florence, on the Arno, called at one time the Athens of Italy, because of its artists and art treasures, its orators, scholars and reformers. Its glory has in part departed. It was here the Medici flourished and ruled for a time. It was of the bronze doors in front of its Cathedral that Michael Angelo said they were worthy to be the "Gates of Paradise." Here, too, Savonarola preached and suffered for his boldness in the cause of virtue, truth and liberty. And here in the modern days Victor Emmanuel, after his departure from

his capital Turin, set up his court and government for a few years before he went to Rome and made it the true, as it had long been the historic, capital of Italy and the ancient Roman world. Again on board we resume our journey, and enjoy the Italian landscape, and note the marked refinement of manners of the Tuscans, so far as opportunity will permit. The sun sets in burnished gold behind the Apennines. The shades of evening deepen and lengthen into the darkness of the night, and we see little more of Tuscany than a dim outline. Romagna, or the territory of the Church, is entered, and when the morning advances we are on the campagna within, twenty miles of our destination. We pass right across it. From the broken pillars and mounds of ruins everywhere we see it had once been thickly covered with stately structures, and a large and probably aristocratic people had for many a year lived there. Now it is comparatively a desert. Here and there we saw the humble cabins of the men who eke out a scanty living by sometimes acting as guides to tourists, by attending to the gray and large-horned cattle that browse in its coarse pastures, and by cultivating a little of its soil, from which a sickly crop is reaped. Over the Tiber we several times pass, leaving the ruins of a long aqueduct and stately mansion behind, when, after a shrill whistle from the engine, we find we are within the walls, and are at the railway station on the Querinal Hill in Rome.

J. B. M.

(To be continued.)

Outside.

ACCORDING to the *Presbyterian Record*, Toronto can boast of over one hundred theological students.

THE Halifax Presbyterian College commences work one month later than usual. Its session will hereafter begin in November and end in May.

THE cost of the new wing of Manitoba College is estimated at \$41,000. The plans were furnished by Mr. John James Browne, the architect of our Morrice Hall.

WE are in receipt of a beautifully printed pamphlet entitled a "Prospectus of the Toronto Baptist College." Dr. Malcolm Macvicar, a brother of our Principal, has, we understand, lately been appointed a Professor in this institution. "McMaster Hall," the gift of Senator William McMaster, of Yorkville, would seem to be a little students' paradise in itself! There are four lecture-rooms, chapel, parlour, library, reading-room, two dining-rooms and a gymnasium, besides chambers and study accomodation for fifty-four students, allowing three rooms for every two students—a study-room in common and separate chambers. The College has the power of conferring the degree of B.D.

THE cost of College education is becoming something almost frightful. At Harvard quite moderate men say they cannot keep up appearances in the best society there for less than \$1,500 a year, and at Yale it costs \$1,200 to

get on creditably. Where are the sons of poor men to get an education at this rate? Members of the College Faculty ought to put down the brakes on the growing expensiveness of students' habits. Should like to see the College expel any student who spends over \$500 in a College year.—*N. Y. Express.*

MOODY is a shrewd man at answering questions. "What do you think of the present system in our theological seminaries?" asked somebody at one of his meetings. "I have no opinion about it," was the sensible reply. "I never went through a theological seminary, and I never talk about anything I know nothing about."

The *Lariat* says there are 156 college papers published in the United States.

Hymns and Psalms and Spiritual Songs.

By J. MacLaren, Professor of Sacred Music, Presbyterian College.

THE service of Praise is founded on divine authority is universally admitted throughout the Presbyterian denomination. Whether heartily engaged in, or otherwise, all are prepared to admit the propriety and importance of the exercise, not only as a matter of duty, but as a means of expressing the devotion and adoration of the renewed heart. The acceptable sacrifice of praise implies the indwelling of the Holy Spirit, the regeneration of the heart, and the consecration of the whole nature, without which the service, however tastefully performed, is but a solemn mockery.

In no branch of our communion is this service dispensed with entirely; wherever we have a duly constituted church, there is to be heard ascending the voice of Praise. Therefore, on divine authority and example, and on the fact of its being universally adopted by us, and adapted to us as a means of communion with God, we unhesitatingly affirm it to be the duty, nay, the high privilege of every member of our church to engage heartily, intelligently and devoutly in the service of praise in the sanctuary.

The page of revelation supplies the sublime refrain of the songs of the celestial choristers, but our spirits yearn in vain to catch their lofty strains, for "whilst this muddy vesture of decay doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it;" and thus the songs of our pilgrimage are but the groanings of sin-burdened spirits, "earnestly desiring to be clothed upon, that mortality might be swallowed up of life." Yet, blessed thought, the feeble efforts of our stammering tongues are a 'pleasing sacrifice;' when, assembled with one accord in the temple, we, with hearts attuned to the melody of heaven by the divine harmonist, uplift our voices in praise to God. Thus wave after wave of earth's militant song is borne aloft to the throne of the

Eternal, and, blending in perfect unison with the harmonies of heaven, becomes an odour of a sweet smell—"a sacrifice well-pleasing unto God."

Our duty then as a church and as individuals is very obvious. We should seek to have the music of our church services as heartily joined in as possible by everyone; and to this end it is manifestly indispensable that an individual acquaintance with the art of music should be as universal as practicable. It is true that this knowledge implies training, as well as the possession of a certain amount of musical taste, and an appreciation of Time, Tune and Force—the three primary elements of music; but these qualifications will be found to be more generally distributed and more easily developed than, perhaps, at first sight we might be inclined to believe.

To our ministers and students this subject is of the utmost importance, and should commend itself to their special attention. The amount of good accomplished in our church through the untiring zeal of her music-loving ministers cannot be over-estimated; indeed, nothing can be more helpful to the service than music from the pulpit, and nothing can be more cheering to the hearts of the psalmody reformers of our church than the marked and steady increase in the number of gospel-singing preachers of the word. That this increasing interest in singing, on the part of our ministers and students, will lead to further improvement in this direction is self-evident; that further years shall witness our Church Courts devising means whereby the standard of our psalmody may be elevated is a consummation devoutly to be wished, worked and waited for, by every active member and adherent of our Canada Presbyterian Church. With abundance of latent power on every side; with increased and ever-increasing facilities for acquiring musical knowledge; with the "New Canadian Psalter and Hymn Book" placed in our hands; with a staff of musical missionaries and teachers who might be set apart to the oversight of the psalmody of our church, we may yet find the singing in all our congregations raised to a standard of excellence hitherto unattained. If two laymen, by means of gospel-preaching and gospel-singing, have moved all christendom, what glorious results might we not expect if our beloved church would rise to the dignity and responsibility of her calling in the service of praise? God being thus loved, honored and served, we may expect the spirituality of the congregations to be developed, the missionary staff increased, the evangelization of the world assured. These grand results cannot be attained except by divinely appointed means, such as gospel preaching and praying in the pulpit, and earnest and spiritual worship and singing with melody of heart in the pews; and thus each congregation becomes a power, and all the churches of Christ a mighty power for making conquests in the heathen world, until the whole race shall be brought under the

banner of peace borne along in triumph by the "Captain of our Salvation."

When this grandest of all consummations shall be reached we cannot tell, but one thing is certain, that all along the line of our future achievements the songs of Zion shall be rendered with ever-increasing volume and enthusiasm, till at length all the sons and daughters of the Lord God Almighty shall be found lifting up united hearts and voices in the pure and inspiring service of praise.

Philosophical and Literary Society.

The first regular meeting of this society was held on the evening of the 14th inst., at 7.15 p.m. Mr. J. B. Stewart, President, in the chair.

The names of the following gentlemen were added to its membership:—Messrs. Currie, Cameron, Macvicar, Briol, Waddell, Dewar, McKerchar, Martin, Blair, Wallace.

The President delivered his Inaugural Address, in course whereof he showed the object of the Society to be the intellectual improvement of its members and that its advantages are the contact of different minds upon a common platform. They have in view the same object in life and pursue the same methods.

No one at the present day questions the necessity for a high standard of literary attainment in the ministry. We live in an age in which the treasures of science and literature are within the reach of the poorest; and he would be guilty of no small arrogance who would set himself up as a teacher of others without some acquaintance with the culture which is open to every one. But culture and learning are to be subordinate to piety and knowledge of spiritual things, and while we seek these as elements of prime importance, let us give all diligence to advance ourselves in the others, remembering that we are preparing ourselves for a high vocation—the highest in which the powers of men can be employed. Let us seek to realize this more fully, and we shall need no urging to the acquirement of the most efficient equipment for our life-work.

Mr. Thomas sang the song entitled "Alsace et Lorraine," which was received with cheers.

Gray's "Elegy" was rendered by Mr. Campbell, reader for the evening, and received a very favorable criticism from members.

Mr. Lee, essayist, read an essay on "Language." In treating his subject the essayist gave an interesting introduction treating of language, as seen in inanimate nature and the brute creation, and rising from this lower plane he discussed language in relation to man.

He entered at some length into the theory of the origin of language, and seemed to favour the view that language, full and entire, was at first given to man, but capable of development as his ideas increased.

In treating of spoken languages he showed the important part it had played in the world. He described the effects the burning words of prophets, orators, minstrels and lovers had achieved.

Under language of signs he gave a number of illustrations showing its use and power. The essayist closed with a wish and belief that the English tongue would spread its conquests further than England's sword.

Mr. Robertson being called on sang "The British Lion," being encored he sang "Nannie will ye gang wi' me," amid continued cheers.

After new business was disposed of the meeting closed with Benediction.

Exchanges.

WE wish to place on our exchange list, and to receive regularly, every college publication in the Dominion, from Queen's College Journal at the top of the ladder, to King's College Record at the foot. Our American cousins will always be welcome and (we trust) frequent visitors.

The Halifax *Presbyterian Witness* is an organ held high in our estimation. The editorials discuss in a vigorous and spicy manner all subjects—political no less than religious. The selections are particularly well-chosen and interesting. We noticed that the gentleman who flourishes the scissors forgot to credit us with a report of Prof. Campbell's address on the "Troublers of Israel." It was an oversight of course. The *Witness* is a redoubtable champion on college matters, and has done much for all our Canadian institutions, particularly for those in Nova Scotia.

Some over-zealous friends, not knowing that Montreal is a great French centre, and that a number of our students *parlent français*, have been enjoying a quiet laugh at the expense of our French column. The *Emory Mirror*, Oxford, Ga., inquires with a sarcastic smile, "Why not an occasional brief Greek and Latin exercise?" Well, of course, down there in Georgia, French may read like Greek or Latin, but it so happens, friend *Mirror*, that you have the monopoly of our circulation in your particular district! You see (as you *would* have seen had you been able to translate the French article in our last number) a great many of our students are Frenchmen, and we think it but fitting that the two languages be linked together in the COLLEGE JOURNAL. Hereafter be assured that we do not pay our printers to set up French articles merely for the purpose of puzzling any unfortunate exchange that does not happen to be versed in the language of Bossuet!

As a church organ, the *Canada Presbyterian* is perhaps without peer. It is sometimes inconvenient, however, to hunt up a paper-knife and cut the pages before we can plunge in *mediis res*. Might not this be altered for the better?

Quoth the *Sibyl* from a young ladies' college in Elmira, N. Y.:—"The chief feature of the PRESBYTERIAN COLLEGE JOURNAL is strong sectarianism." Fair play! The Presbyterian College, Montreal, is a Theological Seminary. Many thanks, ladies, for your praise-worthy wish that we "may live long to be credit to colleges and to college journals." Amen.

Every one of our many graduates should at once send 3 cents to Bengough, Moore & Co., Toronto, for a specimen of the *British-American Workman*. This new venture compares most favorably with English publications of the same class, and is a credit to Canadian Manufacture. Next summer is a long way off yet, but we advise the students when it comes to try and introduce the *Workman* into their mission stations. It will prove a valuable aid.

The October number of the *Sunbeam*, a bright little sheet from Ontario Young Ladies' College, Whitby, lies on our table. The contents and general get-up reflect much credit upon the fair editors. We heartily applaud

their generosity in reducing the subscription price 50 per centum to ministers of all denominations, and trust that many gentlemen of the cloth have cheerfully sent along their 25 cents. Would the ladies pardon us, should we suggest to the Exchange Editor the propriety of further developing her department.

NOT TO BE DISPOSED OF.

(Scene—Manse of west coast parish minister, who (the minister not the manse) is understood to preach in Gaelic in the forenoon and English in the afternoon of every Sunday, and who receives a visit on Monday morning from one of his Gaelic parishioners.)

Parish Minister—Well, Donald, what is the matter this morning?

Donald—She'll want to know what pe your reason for no preachin the Gaelic for the last three Lord's days?

P. M.—Because the beadle told me that not one of you came to hear me preach it.

Donald—Oh, but she was there waitin' eevery day, and she'll shust come to inform you that unless you preach the Gaelic on the Lord's morning once a day evermore, she'll go to the Free Kirk where she'll get the Gaelic twice a day.

P. M.—Very well, Donald, and as an inducement for you to go I shall pay your seat rent in the Free Church.

Donald (shaking his fist at the P. M.)—Ah, you'll no shust get quat o' her so easy's that.

[Tableau, triumphant exit of Donald, and despair of the parish minister.]—*Ex.*

CONNECTED WITH THE UNDERSTANDING.

VARIATIONS ON POPE—THE PAD ON THE PAD.

Could I but pad from pole to pole,
And pad the ocean like a swan;
I would be measured by my sole,
The foot's the stand, hard of the man.—*Ex.*

Sonnet on Language.

Though beauty fairer than the rosy morn
Should spring and bloom from Nature's bounteous hand,
Though freshness should the smiling plains adorn,
As spring's sweet charms the fairy scenes expand.
And as the day steals slowly into night,
Should shining orbs more glorious deck the sky,
Should moons more pale shed forth their silvery light,
And could even man be blessed to never die.
Though in the shady groves the birds should dwell,
With colors varied as the rainy bow,
Though thoughts celestial in each heart should swell,
Tho' genius on each brow should brightly glow.
Though all these things were so, yet language gone,
No change of thought would brighten earth's dull tone.

A. LEE.

Accent Tonique.

C'est à tort que l'on dit qu'il n'y a pas d'accent tonique en français. Dérivée du latin, où l'accent était très prononcé, notre langue a conservé ce caractère interne qui révèle son origine et qui se retrouve dans toutes les langues néo-latines ou romaines, comme les appellent les Allemands.

Il ne fait de doute à personne que l'accent tonique de la langue latine ne persiste en italien, en espagnol, en portugais et en valaque. Or, ces langues se sont formées du latin d'après les mêmes lois de transformation qui ont aussi présidé à la formation de la langue française. Ne doit-on pas conclure, en se basant sur l'analogie qui n'est jamais un guide plus sûr qu'en linguistique, que notre langue n'est pas dénuée non plus de cet accent qu'on nomme à juste titre l'âme du mot, puisqu'il en fait la physionomie propre? Il a si bien persisté en français aussi, cet accent tonique, qu'il sert à M. Brachet comme de pierre de touche infallible pour reconnaître les mots d'origine populaire et les distinguer des mots d'origine savante. Ce qu'atteste la philologie, cette histoire naturelle du langage, l'expérience le confirme. Si vous soumettez au scalpel de l'analyse le charme qu'exerce sur vous la parole de ceux qui parlent bien le français vous constaterez que de tous les éléments dans lesquels se résout ce charme le moindre n'est pas l'intonation de la voix sur telle et sur telle syllabe. Il en résulte une cadence harmonieuse, ce qui faisait dire qu'il y avait dans la parole une espèce de chant. Ainsi donc, quoique bien moins emphatique que dans bien d'autres langues, l'accent ne laisse pas d'exercer un rôle très important dans la prosodie française. Cependant, quantité de personnes qui se piquent de parler le français à la parisienne le négligent ou le méconnaissent entièrement. Il n'y a guère lieu de s'en étonner puisque bon nombre de grammairiens et de lexicographes écrivent à l'envi que le français a su se défaire de ce tyran du mot, pour la bonne raison, disent-ils, qu'on ne peut le concilier avec l'accent oratoire qui a pris sa place. Les intonations, les inflexions de la voix doivent être libres et au choix de celui qui parle, sans quoi, ajoutent-ils, il ne saurait y avoir de vérité dans l'élocution. Alors comment se fait-il que les Anglais concilient très bien dans leur langue ces deux accents que les grammairiens nous disent incompatibles dans la nôtre? D'ailleurs, il n'y a qu'à se rappeler la nature de ces deux accents que l'on veut mettre aux prises pour voir qu'ils ne s'excluent pas. L'un s'exerce sur les syllabes dans l'intérieur des mots; l'autre s'exerce sur les mots dans l'intérieur des phrases.

Je comprendrais qu'on voulût supprimer l'accent prosodique en français s'il était aussi vagabond qu'en anglais où on ne peut le soumettre à aucune règle et où il ne connaît aucune limite, constituant ainsi une des plus grandes difficultés de cette langue. En français l'accent ne porte jamais que sur deux syllabes: il affecte la dernière si elle est sonore, c'est-à-dire si la terminaison est masculine (*montagneux, chanter, finir*), et la pénultième quand la terminaison est féminine: (*Montagne, chantré*). Cicéron nous a donné, à un mot près, la définition et les règles de l'accent français quand il a dit: "Ipsa enim natura, quasi moduleratur hominum orationem, in omni verbo posuit acutam vocem, nec una plus, nec a postrema syllaba citra tertiam." Lisez *secundam* au lieu de *tertiam* et vous rendez applicable au français ce qui avait été si bien dit de sa mère.

J. I. M.