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THE Presbyterian College Journal

VOL. XX—MARCH, 1901—No 5.

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THE ETHICAL DEVELOPMENT OF CHRISTIANITY.

BY THE REV. PROF. SCRIMGER, D.D.

IV.

CHURCH DISCIPLINE.

In the New Testament it is very obviously contemplated that the chief means for the education of the world in Christian morals should be that of preaching or teaching. The final commission given by Christ to His apostles was to go and make disciples of all the nations, "teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you" (Matt. xxviii., 20). And there is abundant evidence in the Epistles that they understood this to cover the duties as well as the dogmas of the new faith. A large portion of nearly all these epistles is taken up with a statement of the principles which

should govern the different classes of society in their relations to each other. But very little indeed is said on the subject of discipline, and that little relates to the treatment of scandalous cases, such as could hardly be tolerated in any decent heathen society—to say nothing of the Church of Christ.

It was almost inevitable, however, that discipline should soon come to play a considerable part in the administration of an organization such as the Christian Church was. The ethical standard which it proclaimed was on many points higher than that which had hitherto been recognized among Jews or Gentiles, and for the most part it was disposed to take that standard seriously. It could not very well admit into its membership any who did not profess their intention to live in general harmony with it, and when flagrant lapses from it afterwards occurred it could not very well retain those guilty of them in their privileges, without exacting some reparation in the way of open confession and public humiliation. So long as the discipline was administered honestly, fairly and in such a way as to carry along with it the consciences of the members of the church generally, every instance of its infliction would make a deep and wholesome impression. It deepened the sense of sin, and educated the consciences of the weaker or more ignorant, while the forgiveness that was afterwards extended conveyed a valuable object lesson on the grace of God to all those truly penitent. Its effect on the surrounding community would be almost equally wholesome and could hardly fail to increase their respect for an organization which had the courage to maintain its own purity.

But hardly had this excellent system of open discipline made good its place in the church and gained the influence that comes from general approval, than forces began to be at work which ultimately transformed its whole character, spirit and methods. The clergy, finding themselves in possession of a power which greatly increased their influence and flattered their vanity, soon increased the number of offences for which discipline was exercised. Instead of confining it to scandalous sins, they extended it to every petty

fault, and especially to the breach of ecclesiastical regulations which their own order had formulated in the supposed interest of religion, and the importance of which they were inclined very naturally to exaggerate. As the public administration of the discipline in the greater number of cases thus created ceased to be of general interest and was no longer found to be for edification, the clergy yielded to the natural desire of their penitents to have the dealing in private rather than in public. This, of course, deprived the process of some of its dignity and seriousness, but gave it the appearance of being more kindly and Christ-like. Since, however, the clergy had by this time shaken themselves free from the check of lay assessors in the administration of discipline, the change opened the door to a long train of abuses, such as could not possibly have been dreamed of at the outset. It transformed the discipline of the church into the institution of the confessional, and when it finally became compulsory on all the faithful to make a confession at least once a year, there was placed in the hands of the clergy one of the most terrible engines of tyranny that the ingenuity of the world has ever devised. Of course, it is not wholly evil or it could not have maintained itself at all through so many centuries, in the two largest sections of Christendom, the Greek and Latin churches. But it has been the fruitful mother of countless scandals and has kept the masses of the people in a state of permanent tutelage fatal to all genuine progress.

I have no desire, however, to dwell on the sad history of the confessional. For our present purpose it is more important to notice the influence which it had on the development of ethical thought within the church.

On the one hand it must be set down to its credit that the institution of the confessional has led to very great prominence being given to ethical questions in the training of the clergy and in the literature of the churches which maintain it. Inasmuch as the clergy are called upon to hear the constant confessions of their people and adjudicate on the discipline to be imposed for all degrees of faults, as well as to

advise their penitents regarding their future conduct in the minutest details, it is necessary that they should be equipped specially for this duty. The discussion of ethical questions accordingly occupies a place immensely larger in their seminaries for the education of the clergy than in similar Protestant institutions. In looking over any catalogue of their religious publications one is struck by the number of works on moral theology and the great value that is attached to the subject. The discussions in them cover the minutest details and touch the most delicate matters in life. Arguments and opinions, pro and con, are arrayed in the most exhaustive method and conclusions are profusely illustrated by cases of the nature of those that fall to be dealt with in the actual practice of the confessional.

One would naturally expect some worthy result from such abundant labours. We have but to open these numerous works, however, to be cured of any such hopes. In the evolution of life biologists allow a large place to the process of degeneration as well as for upward advance. It is quite evident that the ethical development of Christianity has not escaped the operation of the same law. From the Moral Theology of Thomas Aquinas down to the latest work issued on the subject these treatises are utterly dreary, formal, useless, and vain for any good purpose in the education of the conscience for genuine Christian service. They are as far removed from the large broad free spirit of the New Testament teaching as is possible to conceive anything which professes to be based upon it. The system is detailed even to pettiness, and while some of the ruling principles invoked are sound enough, others are so distorted by the dominant ecclesiasticism as to set the whole structure awry. The interests of the church are uniformly set above the interests of pure morality, and the disciplinary laws of the church as having a higher validity than the most obvious dictates of conscience.

Among the casuists who have laboured most assiduously to bring this system to perfection, the Jesuits of the seventeenth century attained a somewhat notorious pre-eminence and all too plainly revealed the real trend of it. By the dexterous use of recognized principles they showed how the

demands of morality might be let down to a standard, consistent with the easy going convenience of the most worldly-minded society. By the free use of the principles of probabilism, which authorized a penitent to quote the opinion of any reputable theologian in justification of a doubtful transaction, even though condemned alike by his own conscience and that of his confessor, they debauched conscience altogether. They thus brought it about that the ethical standard of the church, which during the first three centuries was greatly above that of the surrounding community, in the seventeenth century fell far below it. The instantaneous success of Pascal's exposure of their teaching on such enormities as secret compensation, mental reservation, and political assassination, showed how unfit they were to be regarded as the moral teachers of the world. Very many suppose that the teaching of the Jesuits on all these points is wholly different from that of the rest of the Roman Catholic casuists, but this is largely erroneous. It is true that some of their more extreme conclusions have been condemned by the church and they have been compelled to profess a somewhat stricter standard. But the truth is that their methods, principles and results are almost everywhere the same as those of other writers who have met with universal approval. Any difference on the part of the Jesuits is simply through their being more thoroughgoing and logical in the application of the recognized principles of the system. As a system of Christian ethics the casuistry provided for the confessional must be pronounced a failure.

Even its own most strenuous advocates are more or less conscious of that failure. An eminent Roman Catholic theologian once said to me, by way of excuse for defects of the system, that their Moral Theology was not a fair representation of the ethical teaching of the Roman Catholic church, being intended merely as a guide to the priests in dealing with the adjudication of cases in the court of the confessional, and therefore somewhat legal in its methods. The real ethical teaching of the church, he added, was to be found in their ascetic works. But inasmuch as the principles inculcated in these ascetic works are such as find their logical outcome in

the monastic system which has already been condemned at the bar of history, they can hardly supply the deficiencies of casuistry or furnish the kind of instruction that is fitted to build up the highest type of Christian character. Both casuistry and asceticism are but caricatures of the sane, wholesome and sublime ethical teaching of the New Testament.

Nor must it be supposed that the defects of the Roman Catholic system of casuistry are caused solely by erroneous doctrines regarding the church and the sacraments. These no doubt play a large part in producing the distortion of sound teaching which characterizes it. But a Protestant system of casuistry would be little better as a means of educating conscience. The effort to elaborate such a system along Protestant lines has not often been attempted. But there is at least one such attempt made by a man as capable as could well have been found, that by Bishop Jeremy Taylor in his *Doctrina Dubitantium*, but it never accomplished any good and is now well nigh forgotten. There is now, and has always been, of course, a call for ethical teaching in the Christian church, and no branch of it can afford to neglect this element in its instruction of the people. But it is the education in great principles rather than in minute details that is needed, the stimulation of the conscience to cherish the highest ideals rather than to occupy itself with hair-splitting distinctions or the excuses that may be pleaded in justification of doubtful proceedings. There is need for discipline in the church, but it should be restricted to dealing with such scandals as bring dishonor on the cause rather than to the regulation of the petty details of every man's business or pleasure. And the best discipline of all would be the creation of such a lofty and spiritual atmosphere of public opinion in the church as would lead to the automatic purification of its membership by the withdrawal of such as were living godless and unworthy lives. In such an atmosphere the average conception of duty would steadily rise and we should find a true ethical development in the church, a clearer sense of the difference between right and wrong, and a keener insight into the as yet unsolved problem of civic duty and social philanthropy.

THE HEBREW SABBATH.

BY THE REV. D. J. FRASER, LL.D.

The best method of understanding any institution is to study its history, and in these days of controversy regarding the true Sabbath-observance it may help us to a clearer conception of our personal duty to trace the development of the Sabbath down through the bible history. This is a task, however, for which the average layman to-day is hardly capable. With the changed views of Inspiration and the authority of the Holy Scriptures which have come to the modern church, it is no longer sufficient to quote some isolated text of the Bible for the settlement of a religious dispute; all references to the disputed question must be collected, and each must be interpreted in its exact historic setting. In the Old Testament we find different ideas of the Sabbath and to introduce order into the mass of references we must trace in the light of Israel's history the growth of this venerable institution. The old-fashioned method was to begin at Genesis and read through to Malachi in the order of the Books in the Sacred Canon; the new method is to begin with the earliest in order of time and to study the Sabbath in the light afforded by the historic criticism of recent years.

The origin of the Sabbath is wrapt in obscurity. It may have existed among the tribes of Israel before Moses organized them into a nation, but it is clearly recognized in the Ten Commandments which belong to the time of Moses; and the form which the Fourth Commandment took in the original decalogue was likely the very simple one: "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy."

To the prophets of the eighth century before Christ we must go for the earliest recorded thought of the Israelites on Sabbath observance; and they clearly emphasize the two elements of humanity and worship. The Sabbath was a day of rest from ordinary toil for the sake of worshipping Jehovah. The local shrines throughout the land brought the worship of Jehovah within easy reach of all the people, and the

religious festivals of the Israelites were observed by joyous celebrations. There were the three great agricultural feasts—unleavened bread, the first fruits, and the ingathering of the harvest; there was also the festival of the new moon; and the Sabbath was regarded as a similar religious festival. It was on an equality with these natural seasons. Hosea groups them all together:—"Her feasts, her new moons, her Sabbaths, and all her solemn assemblies." So does Isaiah: "New moon and Sabbath, the calling of assemblies, I cannot away with iniquity and the solemn meeting." And Amos scornfully represents the people as asking: "When will the new moon be gone that we may sell corn? and the Sabbath that we may set forth wheat?" The Sabbath, then, in early Israel was one of the great national religious festivals—a day for assemblies at the local shrines for the joyous worship of Jehovah and therefore a day of rest from secular toil. It was a beautifully humane institution, a day of feasting and wearing good clothes, a day of good fellowship and gladsome rest. It was also a religious institution. The worship of Jehovah was essential in the prophetic thought of the Sabbath. This was evidently what Hosea meant when he predicted that in the coming exile the Sabbath, along with the other festivals, would be suspended. There could be no sanctuary in exile, no shrine for Jehovah-worship in the country of strange gods, and therefore the Israelitish feasts could not continue. So essential to Sabbath-preservance in Hosea's thought was the idea of worship, that when there would be no church there could be no Sabbath. The Sabbath in the eighth century, then, was a humane institution—a day of rest from secular toil; and a religious institution—a day for assembling to worship Jehovah. It was a holiday and a holyday combined.

In the following century the local shrines were abolished and the national worship was centralized in the temple at Jerusalem. The weekly gatherings for worship were no longer possible for the great majority of the people; an occasional pilgrimage to the Capital was their only opportunity of worship. Under these circumstances, what happened to the Sabbath? To this period belong Deuteronomy and the

Book of Jeremiah, and in their teaching on Sabbath observance we find no command to worship, but only the command to rest. Take the fourth commandment as given in Deuteronomy: "Observe the Sabbath day to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labour and do all thy work; but the seventh day is a Sabbath unto the Lord thy God; in it thou shalt not do any work." Persons are sometimes perplexed at the absence in the fourth commandment of any reference to worship, but the omission is quite intelligible in the light of history. The local shrines had been abolished and it would have been folly to command the average Israelite to go up to the Jerusalem Temple every Sabbath, but the Temple ritual was now the only acceptable mode of worshipping Jehovah. There is the same absence of the worship idea in Jeremiah: "Take heed to yourselves and bear no burden on the Sabbath day.... neither do ye any work." The original element of worship was eliminated, and the idea of its humanity was alone emphasized.

In the sixth century before Christ, when the Israelites had been carried away into Babylonian captivity, the Sabbath did not disappear as Hosea prophesied, but it was simply observed as a day of rest. The traditional religion could not be observed, for there was neither shrine nor Temple of Jehovah in this land of foreign gods. But there was at least one observance left to the people of Israel, by which they might mark themselves off from the strangers among whom they lived, and that was the Sabbath, as a commemoration of their emancipation from Egypt. This was almost all that was left to them of their traditional religion, and it was very natural that they should cling to it most tenaciously and almost exaggerate its significance. It was in this period of exile that the Great Unknown wrote the latter part of the Book of Isaiah and that Ezekiel gave us his prophecies; and in their writings we find this entirely new thought of the Sabbath as a sign between Jehovah and his chosen people. This idea was the natural product of the exile, and affords a pleasing and touching revelation of the passionate loyalty of Israel to Jehovah under adversity.

During the exile, however, the legal minds among the captives had been devoting much attention to framing laws for the organization of their religion when they should return to their own land; and shortly after their return, in the fifth century before Christ, there began the crystalizing of the law and the emphasis on ceremony which characterized the night of legalism. The strong arm of the Civil Law was invoked by Ezra and Nehemiah for enforcing the observance of religious ritual; and in this period, as in all periods of severe legislative enactments, the Sabbath took on a far less pleasing form. Its humanity was neglected and its literal observance was everything. Under this influence the violation of the Sabbath law was made a capital offence. The lighting of a fire on the Sabbath day was forbidden, and so strictly is this observed by the orthodox Jew to-day, that the curious case is now before the American Courts, in which the defendant is charged with slander, because he accused the plaintiff of smoking a cigarette on the Sabbath. A reflection of the severe legislation of this period may also be seen in the story of the man who was gathering sticks on the Sabbath day and was put to an inhuman death. It was in this dark period, too, that there grew up among the Rabbis the mass of petty regulations and puerile literalisms that made the originally humane institution a burden grievous to be borne—the bondage to ceremonial law against which Jesus uttered his indignant protest in his splendid words: "The Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath."

This, then, is the history of the Sabbath among the Hebrew people: (1) Originally the Sabbath was a day of rest and worship. It blended in perfect harmony the two elements of humanity and ritual. (2) The Sabbath became a day of rest, but not for the common people a day of worship. Its humanity was preserved at the expense of its ritual. (3) The Sabbath became a day of worship—of purely ceremonial observance—but no longer a rest, rather a heavy burden. Its ritual was emphasized at the sacrifice of its humanity. (4) Then came the Lord of the Sabbath and by both precept

and example He sought to restore the original Hebrew Sabbath as a day of rest and worship. Its humanity and ritual were again blended in perfect harmony.

Does all this seem to any a dry-as-dust history of an ancient institution, with no practical bearing on our modern life? It is not so. There are those among us who look only at the humane features of the Sabbath—who never use the day for worship, for soul culture, for spiritual edification, who use it solely for enjoyment and resent any interference with their selfish pleasure-hunting. With them it is a festival, but not a religious festival—a holiday, but not a holyday. Others there are with whom ritual is the all-important thing in Sabbath observance. It is a time for going to church and offering religious sacrifices. It is a religious festival with the festive element quite subordinate to the religious—a holyday, but not a holiday. These people are inclined by severe legislation to eliminate the human features of the day and to hinder its ministry to the comfort and happiness of many overwrought citizens. If we remember, however, that the original Sabbath of Israel and the Sabbath of Jesus combined both elements as essential, mercy and ritual, humanity and worship, we shall be in no danger of falling into either extreme. The tendency of the worldling is to secularize the Sabbath and thereby to destroy its religious significance; the tendency of the ecclesiastic is to squeeze the humanity out of this benign institution; but the true disciple of Christ will seek to restore the Sabbath as a servant to man's spiritual culture. Rest and worship, humanity and ritual, there must be room for both in the Modern Sunday, if it is to serve the purpose for which it was given—the all-round development of the individual and the highest welfare of society.

St. John, N B.

AUGUSTINE BIRRELL.

BY ANNA M. SPRINGER, B.A.

Somewhere in his essay on the author of the Bible in Spain, Birrell remarks that "it is not to take a gloomy view of the world to say that there are few pleasanter things in it than a good talk about George Borrow." Without fear of contradiction we may, I think, turn the remark upon the author himself.

To begin with, Augustine Birrell was born on January 19th, 1850, at Wavertree, near Liverpool, one of those "large provincial towns" which he humourously pities for being so barren of literary genius. He is the youngest son of the Rev. C. M. Birrell, of Liverpool, and Harriet Jane Gray daughter of the Rev. Henry Gray, D.D., of Edinburgh.

I am sorry that I have been able to find only the barest outline of his life, the reason doubtless being that he is still alive and consequently of much less general interest, or possibly, being still alive, is able to protect his private papers from the ruthless hands of those whom Rossetti calls his "most intimate enemies."

The young writer's school days were spent at Amersham High School near Reading. From there he proceeded in due course to Trinity Hall, Cambridge, graduating in 1872, with honours in law and history. He was called to the bar by the Inner Temple in November, 1875, and is now practising in the Chancery Division.

Mr. Birrell has not stood aloof from that most absorbing passion of the modern man—politics. In 1885 he contended the Walton Division of Liverpool, and the next year the Widner Division of Lancaster. On both these occasions he was defeated, but in July, 1889, on the retirement of the Hon. R. P. Bruce, and again in 1892 he was returned to Parliament as representative for West Fife.

He was married, in 1878, to the daughter of the late Archbishop Merriellies, formerly of St. Petersburg, but in the following year his wife died. Nine years later he married

again, and it is interesting to know that his second wife, the daughter of Frederick and Lady Charlotte Locker, and who I believe is still living, was the widow of the Hon. Lionel Tennyson.

Nine years after graduation, that is in 1884, Augustine Birrell published his first bright volume of essays, lectures and papers, gathered together under the graceful title of "Obiter Dicta." The book was sent out into the world anonymously to make its way there by its own merits, bearing only on the title page this inviting quotation—so suggestive of irresponsible literary gossip—"An obiter dictum, in the language of the law is a gratuitous opinion, an individual impertinence, which, whether it be wise or foolish, right or wrong bindeth none, not even the lips that utter it." Unpretending and modest as this may seem, there is in these essays much wise and clear-sighted criticism of authors, literature and the tendencies of the times.

The first—that on Carlyle—is perhaps the best in the book. It is not long, but it is an excellent piece of work. Carlyle strongly compels the writer's admiration, yet his critical faculty is not thereby blinded. He sets about his task in the most methodical way—too methodical, perhaps, but for the ease of the writing—considering first "the invariable indications of Mr. Carlyle's literary handiwork—the tokens of his presence—Thomas Carlyle, his mark ;" then his actual literary work as critic, biographer, and especially as historian ; closing with a word or two on his politics, and saying just a little about the letters and diary, which he thinks Mr. Froude "ought to have read in tears and burned in fire." Such an orderly arrangement is characteristic of Birrell, but shows in this essay unusually clearly.

The other essays in the book are "On the alleged obscurity of Mr. Browning's poetry," "Truth Hunting," the memoirs of Benvenuto Cellini, that charming rogue who so succeeds in "keeping his own atmosphere," that as you read of his crimes so piously told, your moral sense is benumbed until you "smile when you ought to frown, chuckle when you should groan and—O, final triumph—laugh aloud when, if

you had a rag of principle left, you would fling the book into the fire." Next an essay on the "Via Media," full of humorous scorn for half tone principles, and lastly a biographical sketch of Falstaff, which however is not Birrell's, the reason given for including the latter being this unique one that "in order to enjoy the pleasure of reading your own books over and over again, it is essential that they should be written either wholly or in part by somebody else."

In April, 1897, Birrell published another series of *Obiter Dicta* containing essays on John Milton, Alexander Pope, Dr. Johnson, Charles Lamb, "The Office of Literature," and one or two other shorter papers.

In the first four he is concerned almost entirely with the characters, lives and personal influence of the authors. He is very fond of presenting the personality of a writer, and succeeds admirably in doing so. After reading one of his short sketches you feel on almost as familiar terms with your author as after reading a more elaborate life.

He is always sympathetic and anxious to make you see the best side. Even poor Pope, with his petty vanity and his frail body, he handles kindly, though justly, so that you agree with him when he concludes his essay thus: "As for the man, he was ever eager and interested in life. Beneath all his faults—for which he had more excuse than a whole congregation of the righteous need ever hope to muster for their own shortcomings—we recognize humanity, and we forgive much to humanity, knowing how much need there is for humanity to forgive us. Indifference, known by its hard heart and callous temper, is the only unpardonable sin. Pope never committed it. He had much to put up with. We have much to put up with—in him. He has given enormous pleasure to generations of men and will continue to do so. We can never give him any pleasure. The best we can do is to smile pleasantly as we replace him upon his shelf, and say, as we truthfully may: 'There was a great deal of human nature in Alexander Pope.'"

For Emerson, Birrell has no great liking. Carlyle, with his clear, straight-forward way of saying what he wanted to say, is much more to his mind. This is what he has to say of him: "Attracted toward Emerson everybody must be, but there are many who have never been able to get quit of an uneasy fear as to his staying power. He has seemed to some of us a little thin and vague." He hardly succeeds in inspiring confidence in himself as a great author, but is "more like a clever invalid who says, and is encouraged by his friends to say, brilliant things, but of whom it would be cruel to expect prolonged mental exercise."

In the year 1887 Birrell published his longest piece of work—the "Life of Charlotte Brontë." J. A. Noble, speaking of it in the *Academician*, says that it "contains little matter for discussion and much for enjoyment." Reading it, we can but agree with this. It is a charming combination of biography and literary criticism, both written cunningly by a man who knows. The writer shows in it good narrative power, a wise sense of proportion, and an insight into the influence of the events of the authoress's life on her own character and on her novels. On finishing it, one cannot help hoping that Birrell will soon again turn his attention to biography.

1893 saw the publication of another collection of lectures and papers under the title of "Res Judicata." This might make us expect something very different from Birrell's earlier writings, something even solemn and heavy, but apart from the fact that some of the essays are long—that is, long for Birrell—you soon discover that you have met your old friend again; that you have been ushered into his study just as before, where he greets you in his former hearty way, gives you an easy chair, there in that cosy corner, where you may watch the slanting rays of the afternoon sun stealing in through the little stained-glass window, and touching the comfortable backs of those calf-bound volumes in the bookcase opposite you, from which he takes one every now and then, to turn up a favourite passage or illustrate some point.

In this book the authors discussed are Richardson, Gibbon, Cowper, Borrow, Cardinal Newman, Matthew Arnold, Hazlitt, Lamb and Sainte-Beuve.

I wish I could show you—those of you who may not know Birrell's work—something of the charm of these essays. They are written in such a kindly, large-hearted spirit. These men have given them pleasure and he is not ungrateful. He is more than willing to accord honour to whom honour is due, and if he prefers for the most part to write of those he likes and admires, who shall blame him?

The little printer, Richardson, he stoutly defends, complaining that he does not receive full justice now that "the taint of afternoon tea still clings to him," that "The facts—the harmless, nay, I will say the attractive facts—that he preferred the society of ladies to that of his own sex and liked to be surrounded by these surely not strange creatures, in his gardens and grottoes, are still remembered against him." We are annoyed at Richardson, he says, "because he violates a tradition, and if you violate traditions, and disturb people's notions as to what it is becoming for you to be, to do or to suffer, you have to pay for it."

But it is "the delightful, the bewitching, the never-sufficient-to-be-praised George Borrow" whom Birrell loves best—with the love one gives to a winsome but spoilt and wilful child—and of him he writes in his most delightful style. He is, to use his own phrase, a "born Borrowian." Hear what he says, referring to Borrow's attack on the good Sir Walter: "The fact is, there is no use blinking it, mankind cannot afford to quarrel with George Borrow, and will not do so. It is bad enough what he did, but when we remember that whatever he had done we must have forgiven him all the same, it is just possible to thank Heaven (feebly) that it was no worse. He might have robbed a church!"

Again, "For invalids and delicate persons leading retired lives, there are no books like Borrow's. Lassitude and languor, horrid hags, simply pick up their trailing skirts and scuttle out of the room into which he enters. A single chapter of Borrow is air and exercise and, indeed, the exercise is

not always gentle. 'I feel,' said an invalid, laying down 'The Bible In Spain' as she spoke, 'as if I had been gesticulating violently for the space of two hours.' She then sank into a deep sleep, and is now hale and hearty." Truly a tribute this. Of the same book, a page or two farther on he writes, referring to what he calls *its dear deluding title*. "'What have you got there?' has before now been an inquiry addressed on a Sunday afternoon to some youngster suspiciously engrossed in a book. 'Oh, "The Bible In Spain,"' would be the reply. 'It is written by a Mr. Borrow, you know, and is all about—' (then the title page would serve its turn) 'his attempts to circulate the Scriptures in the Peninsula!' 'Indeed! sounds most suitable,' answers the gulled authority—some foolish sisters' governess or the like illiterate—and moves off. And then the happy boy would wriggle in his chair and, as if thirsting to taste the first-fruits of his wile, hastily seek out a streaky page, and there reads, for perhaps the hundredth time, the memorable words: 'I once saw a Frank rider compete with a Moslem on this beach, and at first the Frank rider had it all his own way and he passed the Moslem, but the course was long, very long, and the horse of the Frank rider, which was a Frank horse also, panted; but the horse of the Moslem panted not, for he was a Moslem also, and the Moslem rider at last gave a cry, and the horse sprang forward and he overtook the Frank horse, and then the Moslem rider stood up in his saddle. How did he stand? Truly he stood on his head, and these eyes saw him; he stood on his head in the saddle as he passed the Frank rider; and he cried "Ha! Ha!" as he passed the Frank rider; and the Moslem horse cried "Ha! Ha!" as he passed the Frank breed, and the Frank lost by a fair distance. Good are the Franks, good their horses; but better are the Moslems and better are the horses of the Moslems.' That boy, as he lay curled up in his chair, doting over the enchanted page, knew full well, else had he been no Christian boy, that it was not a Sunday book which was making his eyes start out of his head, yet, reckless, he cried 'ha! ha!' and read on; and as he read

he blessed the madcap Borrow for having called his romance by the sober-sounding, propitiatory title of 'The Bible In Spain.'"

I do not know what effect this had or will have upon you when you read it. As for me, I am determined to read Borrow's books without more loss of time than is absolutely necessary.

Of Cardinal Newman, Birrell writes reverently and of his literary work with much praise. The charms of Dr. Newman's style, he says, necessarily baffles description. As well might we seek to analyze the fragrance of a flower, or to expound in words the jumpings of one's heart when a beloved friend unexpectedly enters the room.

But I shall only prejudice you against my critic if I continue quoting sentences here and there in this disjointed fashion.

In 1894 Birrell published another volume, called essays on "Men, Women and Books." These are shorter and in lighter vein than the earlier essays. When reading them, you know that you are listening to the most delightful literary chit-chat, but they do not tax your thinking powers too heavily. Indeed, Birrell is never profound, nor can we regret the fact very deeply. It is sufficient, if we are seeking profundity, to find it in the authors whom he criticizes. Nevertheless he has a keen mind and is well endowed with the critical faculty. He is a man of wide miscellaneous reading and much mental culture. This has taught him tolerance. "It is not," he says, "an obviously wise policy to be totally indifferent to what other people are thinking about, simply because your own thoughts are running in another direction." Birrell certainly does not pursue such a policy. He invariably writes of an author in a sympathetic way — or perhaps it would be putting it more truthfully to say that he seldom or never writes of an author with whom he is not in sympathy, or in whom he does not see a good deal to admire.

He never tries to pull down a writer from his pedestal of fame. If Birrell does not think he should be set up at all, he leaves it to Father Time to tumble him down. With an eye

only for what is most worthy of praise, he prefers to spend his time and thought in pointing out where the pedestal's foundation is firmest and where the cement holds fast between its stones. There are two reasons for this. Firstly because, with few exceptions, he writes of authors who are now dead, and an author whose works do not die with him—or before him—must obviously have some powers worthy of respect. Moreover, to discuss only those whom he likes and thinks worthy is in perfect accordance with Birrell's idea of what the mission of a critic is. This is that a critic's work is not so much to weigh a book in his literary balance and mete out praise or blame according to which way the needle points, as that, having fitted himself by careful study to see and appreciate whatever is rare and best, he should with as much skill as he may, point out to others those beauties he has learned to see, that they may rejoice in them. This is what he says: "The principles of taste, the art of criticism, are not acquired amidst the hurly-burly of living authors and the hasty judgments thereupon of hasty critics, but by the study, careful and reverential, of the immortal dead. In this study the critics are of immense use to us. Dryden, Gray, Coleridge, Lamb, Hazlitt, Bagehott, Swinburne, reveal to us their highest critical powers, not when vivisectioning a contemporary, but when expounding the anatomy of departed greatness. Teach me rightly to admire Milton and Keats and I will find my own criticism of living poets." And again, in the last chapter of his life of Charlotte Brontë, "It is to be hoped that free and independent readers will never pay respect to any chair of criticism, however well endowed, save so far as its canons are of a constructive character, and teach them not how to sneer at small authors, but how to admire great ones." Again, speaking of those who have been frightened out of their love for poor "Satan" Montgomery: "When they laid down the 'Omnipresence of the Deity' they did not take up 'Paradise Lost.' They simply read no more that day or perhaps for many days, and became duller and stupider in consequence." "Extol great authors if you will, but leave the

smaller ones alone. It is easier to teach the mob to throw a brick-bat at a fool than to worship at the shrine of a saint, but it is a lesson not worth the teaching."

Augustine Birrell certainly has a true gift of expression. One cannot, perhaps, make any unusual claim for originality for him. In truth, it would be difficult in any case to say anything very new about those of whom he writes. But he has a very happy and striking way of putting what he has to say. He is never dull and the reader's attention never flags, even though our critic is writing of an author whose work perchance we do not happen to have read. He has the pleasant habit of quoting freely to illustrate his points, and seldom does he fail to make you feel as if you had had a personal introduction to the author, even though he may choose to discuss him in no more space than ten small pages.

Birrell's language is never grandiloquent. His style is easy, natural and almost conversational. You may wonder *afterwards* if those happy phrases and passages of good-natured humour all bubbled up as spontaneously as they seem to do, but never *while* you are reading. Then you only feel that you are listening to a man of cultured mind who is talking of what he likes and enjoys, and who takes almost as much pleasure in his part as you do in yours.

His method of attacking a subject is that of direct assault. In beginning an essay, he frequently starts out with an oracular sentence or two, with apparently not a great deal to do with the subject. Then, while you are wondering what the connexion can possibly be, with a sudden clever turn, he brings you suddenly out upon the right trail. But once having reached it, you soon find yourself travelling along it with few deviations and at a good rapid rate. It is a little trap to catch your wandering attention and afford you, as he avows, "the pleasant sensation of thinking without any of the trouble of it." You know it perfectly well, of course, but it nevertheless succeeds of its object.

Seriously, however, he believes that a writer should deal with his readers in a straight-forward manner. He tells you so in his essay on Emerson, with whom he finds fault chiefly

because he does not do so. "A wise author," he says, "never allows his reader's mind to be at large, but casts about from the very first how to secure it all for himself. He takes you (seemingly) into his confidence, perhaps pretends to consult you as to the best route, but at all events points out to you the road lying far ahead, which you are to travel in his company. The reader's mind interested from the beginning, and desirous of ascertaining whether the author keeps his word and adheres to his plan, feels a glow of healthy exercise and pays a real though unconscious attention. But Emerson makes no terms with his readers — he gives neither thread nor clue, and thus robs them of one of the keenest pleasures of reading—the living beforehand with your author and going shares with him in his own thoughts."

Of the chief characteristics of Birrell's work, we have already mentioned a few, his clear vision, his generosity and fairness, his fondness for presenting the author's personal character and attitude of mind, his sympathy, and his broad-minded culture, begotten of wide reading. But perhaps the two most marked characteristics are his humour and his strong moral sense.

This humour, of a satirical yet withal a very good-natured sort, is a leaven which permeates the whole of his work, making it always bright and interesting. It is a saving grace which keeps him from extremes and helps him *always* to see men, women, books and things in proper perspective.

He is never afraid to give it rein, for he believes that "literature exists to please—to lighten the burden of men's lives, to make them for a short while forget their sorrows, their sins, their silenced hearts, their disappointed hopes and their grim futures."

There is, however, beneath this humour a seriousness of purpose which is never lost sight of. He can and does speak gravely, when he likes, with a quiet, healthful common sense which makes the reader respect his opinions.

Without intentionally setting out to spread the gospel of "self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control," he makes it perfectly clear what qualities, both in a man and in a book, he

considers worthy of the highest admiration. A strong moral character in an author and the evidence of it in his work never fail to win recognition and praise from him. I do not mean that he cannot judge a book entirely on its merits of conception and style without reference to its morality. He would be a poor critic if that were so. But that his highest praise is only given when he writes of one in whom nobility of character unites with literary genius. "A noble passage," he says, "ought to do more for a reader than compel his admiration or win his assent; it should leave him a little better than it found him, with a warmer heart and more elevated mind."

Borrow and Cellini are charming, but Milton is noble and great; Fielding he admits to be a more gifted novelist than Richardson, but the latter has more of his respect. The stern self-control of Charlotte Brontë's life appeals to him, making him speak as kindly as possible of all her work; but the petty selfish vanity of Marie Bashkirtseff certainly detracts from the literary pleasure he might otherwise have found in her autobiography. Though he does not say it in words, the reader must feel that in Birrell's opinion the moral tone imparted to a book by its author is certainly a matter to be taken into consideration in a literary criticism of its worth.

Poetry

PSALM XLVI.

(TUNE: Ein' Feste Burg.)

A safe stronghold our God is still,
Our help in tribulation.
We will not fear though earth remove
And hills forsake their station ;
 Though swelling waters roar,
 And shake the rocky shore ;
 The Lord of hosts defends,
 The God of Jacob lends
To us a certain refuge.

A river is whose streams make glad
God's holy habitation.
The Lord there dwells ; she'll ne'er be moved ;
He'll early bring salvation.
 The nations stormed and raged ;
 He spake, the earth assuaged.
 The Lord of hosts defends ;
 The God of Jacob lends
To us a certain refuge.

Come see the works the Lord hath wrought.
On earth He doeth wonders :
Makes wars to cease, the chariot burns,
The bow, the spear He sunders.
 Be still and know that I
 Am God exalted high.
 The Lord of hosts defends ;
 The God of Jacob lends
To us a certain refuge.

PAPER FOR THE MINISTERIAL ASSOCIATION,
MONTREAL.

THE DUTY OF THE STATE TO THE CRIMINAL.

READ MARCH 11TH, 1901.

Our subject to-day is a very sad one. It brings before us the very unwelcome thought that numbers of our fellow beings are so closely allied to the ordinary dangerous animal, as to make it necessary to shut them up, and otherwise punish them in order to keep them from injuring their fellows. However the facts are even so, and when such is the case, there is no use in shutting our eyes to the danger, and imagining that it does not exist. The sane reasonable thing for us to do is to look the facts clearly in the face, and discover, if possible, the best means and methods of dealing with this class of people that we call criminal. The first question that we must ask ourselves is, what is a criminal? The answer given by Pollock, the great writer on jurisprudence, is as follows: "A criminal is a person committing an act in violation of a public law, either forbidding or commanding it." Now granted that we have individuals who thus break the law of the land, the enquiry that we must seek to answer is, what should the State do with such persons? Something must be done with them. They cannot be allowed to go unpunished, and with impunity set the laws of the land at defiance, and like vultures prey upon society at large. How shall we punish them? How should we as a Christian State treat such characters? These are the questions that confront us at the beginning of the discussion. They are more easily asked than answered. If they are to be replied to satisfactorily, we must in the first place consider, what are the aims and ends of punishment. There are some who imagine that punishment should be largely expiatory. The day was when punishment of the individual by the State was looked upon as a sort of act of vengeance. I read an article the other day in which the writer argues with

great energy, that the end of all punishment is, not primarily the protection of society, nor yet the reformation of the criminal, but simply to satisfy the ends of justice. I can not, for one moment, hold that view, and contend that *Lex Talionis*, or law of retaliation, cannot be a fit or adequate rule for punishment. It seems to me, that in dealing with the criminal, three great ends should ever be kept in view by the State

- (1.) The protection of society from the individual criminal.
- (2.) The deterring of others from following his example.
- (3.) The reformation of the criminal himself.

The divorcing of any of these elements from the triad is sure to end in the State either wronging the criminal, or society in general. At one time in the history of jurisprudence, the main idea that took possession of the judicial mind was the deterrence of others, with the result, that men were put in the pillory, publicly lashed, tortured in the public gaze, hanged, drawn, quartered, the head placed on a pole in one place, and the limbs of the criminal hung up to bleach on the towers of the different cities. This was not only inhuman and brutal to the criminal, but it was the greatest imaginable injury to society; inasmuch as it tended to make men blood-thirsty and barbarous, and propagated the very crimes it was intended to suppress. At another stage, the idea of RIDDING SOCIETY ALTOGETHER OF THE CRIMINAL, became the predominant note in national courts of justice. Men for the smallest offences were shipped to Botany Bay, Tasmania, New Zealand, and there in those living hells, were corrupted, ruined, and often murdered. So strongly had this idea of completely ridding society of this "civic rubbish," taken hold of the public mind, that at the beginning of the last century, there were over 100 crimes punishable by death. All these penalties were imposed with the mistaken idea, that by such means society could be completely rid of the criminal. Neither of these systems, either in their isolation, or yet in conjunction, will serve the end of a righteous punishment, inasmuch as neither of them takes cognizance of the reformation of the individual, who is a moral agent, responsible not only to men but to God. Now in the United States the pendulum has swung to the other

extreme, and the REFORMATION OF THE INDIVIDUAL is looked upon as the principle, if not the only end of justice. Partially successful efforts have been made there to prevent crime, by extensive evangelization, and reformatory work among the prisoners, and in many places crime is looked upon as a very trivial matter, and as a result it has increased in an alarming manner. If in punishment, any one of these elements, protection, deterrence, and reformation be neglected, the whole social system suffers. This threefold cord must not be broken, else society in general, and the criminal in particular will have to bear irreparable loss. It seems to me, that in the majority of cases, the criminal should be looked upon, and treated, as we would look upon and treat a man, who, by his rashness and indiscretion, had contracted a case of small pox. He must be isolated, society must be protected from him, others must be deterred from following his example, and everything within reason must be done to make out of him a respectable citizen.

Keeping these thoughts in mind, let us come to closer quarters with our subject and examine the different stages at which the State deals with the criminal, and discover, if possible, what is our duty to this unfortunate class.

The first place where the law of the land comes into conflict with the individual, is, when a crime has been committed, and a person is arrested on suspicion. Right here we find that too often the State has committed a serious blunder. Too often perfectly innocent people have been arrested, by officious officers, who simply desired to lay the blame on some one, and an innocent person is hurried off to jail. Only last week, an inoffensive citizen was taken to jail, and had to spend a couple of nights there because forsooth, he would not comply with the exorbitant demands of a foul-mouthed cabman. If no bail is at hand, such persons often have to spend not only nights but days in a horrible prison. About ten years ago, the English Secretary of State, appointed a committee to enquire into the condition of the places where untried prisoners were detained throughout Great Britain. The result of the enquiry was, that the report astonished the public, and

called forth the most indignant protests from all sections of the press. The committee reported that in many of the best court-houses of England, nearly every requisite of humanity and common decency was wanting. It went on to state that the very worst evils of promiscuous association must be encountered for hours and even days by men, women and children, huddled together in dark, damp, cold rooms, deficient in ventilation. And even when put into separate apartments, the cells were like cupboards, less than a yard square, and in many of them no seats at all. Many of these places were the scenes of most horrible indecencies. In such places, under such conditions often for days, children, young women, many of them virtuous and innocent, have been crowded together with thieves, prostitutes, and all manner of vile characters. Even here in Montreal we are not free from this evil. Some time ago a detective arrested a young fellow, and he made this remark to me in reference to his prisoner: "I hate to send him down there among those fellows, he is young and will get contaminated." In more than one instance, in our own city, innocent people have been arrested, and unceremoniously hustled off to jail, and if bail could not be procured, they have had to spend some time in quarters, and among associates, that have drawn from them deepest indignation. Yes, too often the vile associations in the court-house cells and waiting rooms, and on the way to and from the place of trial, have contaminated, and injured, young men and women, and made criminals of our boys and girls. In the same connection we might mention that often the prisoner is arrested and taken away in a non cellular van, exposed to the gaze of every one. To an innocent person, what can be so humiliating and mortifying, as to be carried off to jail, exposed to the gaze of the whole street. And even to the real criminal, what can be more hardening and debasing, than to be thus pilloried before the public eye. Now it seems to me that in order to do justice to our supposed criminals, closed vans should always be used to convey the arrested one to the prison, the rooms where they are to be detained should be comfortable and home-like, the place of trial should be in the same building, and the prisoner

should be taken directly from his room to the Court of Justice and there should be no association with others at all, because according to British law, a man is supposed to be innocent until he has been proven guilty.

The next point at which the law touches the prisoner is when HE IS TRIED FOR THE CRIME COMMITTED. While undoubtedly great progress has been made in the line of securing justice to our criminals, yet it seems to me, that very often wrongs are done them because of the way our courts are at present constituted. In the first place I object to any one man pronouncing sentence upon a fellow being. I care not how clear may be his head, or how judicial his mind, or how impartially he may desire to do the right, no one man is capable of meting out strict justice to all upon all occasions. We are all such one-sided mortals, and so liable to changes in our moods, and temperaments, that it is next to an impossibility for us to look upon the same misdemeanors in the same way. If I were to be tried before a judge who held my destiny in his hand, I would very much like to know what he had for breakfast the morning of the trial. I would, if possible, like to discover if his last attack of dyspepsia had completely passed away. I would like to know if there had been any family jars that morning before he came down to the court-house. Judges are only human beings, mere pieces of clay, as we all are, and some of them exceedingly frail morsels at that, and all these things give color and tendency to the sentences pronounced. Many a poor wretch has got an extra year or two in penitentiary because the judge was in bad humor when his case was tried. To prove my point let me give a few statistics. In Staffordshire, England, a man for brutal assault on his wife, and breaking her leg in two places, was fined the large sum of ten shillings, and that same judge, a few days afterwards, when he was, perhaps, not feeling very well, sentenced an unfortunate fellow to seven years of penal servitude for stealing one shilling. At Warwickshire court a man was sentenced to one month's imprisonment for indecent assault upon a little girl of twelve years of age, and the same judge, on another occasion, shortly afterwards, sentenced a man to

penal servitude for three years for stealing four shirts. In Gloucestershire, a man for repeated indecent assaults, was sent to jail for six weeks, and another man, by the same judge was sent to penal servitude for five years, to be followed by five years longer of police supervision, for the heinous crime of stealing some nails. These examples, and many others, have been collected and published in "Truth" by Mr. Henry Labouchere of England, as showing the shameful inequalities in sentences issued by the same men. At the Toronto Prison Congress in 1887, Mr. Brockway, of Elmira prison, testified he once heard a judge sentence five different felons whose cases seemed to him to be almost similar, to very different punishments. He enquired of the judge the cause of the distinction made in the punishment of the men. The judge was astonished, and puzzled, and exclaimed, "I don't know, ask me something easier." Is it not then a horrible thing to have any poor wretch's fate decided by any one man? Nor do I consider the Jury system of trial satisfactory. You empanel a jury of twelve men, chosen by random from many others. They are perhaps, all men who have been accustomed to earn their living with their hands and not with their brains. They have never been trained to think judicially, logically, or to weigh evidence, and they are largely governed by likes and dislikes, whims and caprices. It seems to me that no man can expect a just verdict under such circumstances. I have seen juries sitting in judgment on some poor mortal in the court-house of Montreal, and knowing as I did personally some of the crooked, warped, twisted, prejudiced material out of which that jury was formed, and scanning the faces of the others, I would as soon expect real justice from the late famous Judge Jeffries as from them. My opinion is that one man is not a safe judge, nor do I put much faith in the verdict of a non-judicial, non-logical, non-thinking jury. It seems to me that the safest way to secure, as near as possible, justice to the criminal, is to have three, or five or more judges try our criminals. Let these men who have been trained to weigh evidence, and think judicially and logically, try the

case, and let them also in conjunction, pronounce what the sentence shall be, as it is not right for one man even to decide what the sentence shall be. These men will complement and offset one another, in such a way as to ensure justice to all.

The next stage at which the criminal is dealt with by the State, is when PUNISHMENT IS INFLICTED AFTER CONDEMNATION.

The criminal is generally sent to prison for a longer or shorter period, and there are three ways in which the State is in danger of sinning against this unfortunate being. It may do so by an unwise Laxity, or by over harshness or by allowing the contaminating influence of sin to spread to those not steeped in crime, and by this means sending them out into the world worse criminals than when they entered. There is such a thing as the State erring on the side of laxity. In the United States so wonderfully has this side of sentimental gush developed, that some time ago a keen American review declared "that the criminal administration of the United States had degenerated into a mere farce." The same writer went on to say that to be a prisoner has become a luxury, and that the career of the criminal has become safe, profitable and agreeable. He declared that the felons of the United States are better housed, fed, clad and comforted than are the laboring poor in any part of the globe. Dudley Warner, in the Princeton Review of some time ago, tells us that in many of the prisons of the United States, prisoners receive lectures on highly entertaining subjects and have readings, concerts, holidays, anniversary dinners, flowers, etc. He further remarks that the bill of fare in one of the leading institutes in New York, consisted of beefsteaks, hot biscuits, butter, pies, preserves, coffee, etc., and would do credit to a good hotel. In the State of Illinois alone, in five months of 1895, there were four tons of tobacco consumed by the prisoners. In Elmira, New York the penitentiary has become a sort of university. About a dozen professors and teachers are engaged to deliver lectures to the prisoners. Courses are given in writing, drawing, designing, German, English, American and British history, business law, arithmetic, economic ethics and practical science.

In fact, so attractive has the prison become, to use the words of the sheriff, many of the prisoners have to be almost kicked out at the expiration of their term, and many of them do something in a short time that soon brings them back to their comfortable home again. Doubtless this is going to the extreme of laxity. Crime is made attractive, and its punishment has disappeared almost entirely. Society may be protected while the criminal is serving his sentence, and forces working for reformation may produce some results in some lives, but in the punishment of crime there is no deterring influence whatever. In the United States this culpable laxity is often exhibited in the pardoning power of the Governor of the State. In the State of New York during the years 1892-3-4 the Governor pardoned 66 prisoners guilty of murder, 74 burglars, 115 robbers, 44 forgers, 20 violators of women and 9 incendiaries. Owing to the abuse of this pardoning power, life imprisonment in the United States averages ten years spent inside the penitentiary. Because of this criminal laxity crime has increased with frightful rapidity in that country, and the private citizens are taking the law into their own hands, hence the horrible tales of lynching that come to us from time to time. Such laxity encourages rather than discourages crime, and the United States is going to reap a fearful harvest unless a change is made in the way she treats her criminals. Do we not suffer somewhat in the same way here in our own land? A short time ago I heard one of the prominent officials of justice relate that when the Inspector of Prisons went to examine some jails not far from Montreal, there were no prisoners to be seen. He asked the jailer where they were and he replied, "One of them is up in the parlor singing, accompanied on the piano by his (the jailer's) wife, and the other one had gone out some days before to have his hair barbered, and had not since returned. All such inflictions of punishment are making but a mock of crime, and defeating the very ends for which our laws were framed. The sooner such dilatory and pseudo-humanitarian methods are relegated to the limbus of oblivion, the better for all concerned.

Now there is the opposite extreme of an *over severe punishment*. In Russia criminals are generally killed before a long term of imprisonment expires. In one year in Russia 3000 persons, mostly guilty of agricultural theft, died from the effects of the horrible knout. When the Czar heard of it he immediately issued orders that it should be abolished. In Chili, South America, prisoners guilty of serious crimes, are often put into living tombs, two feet wide by six feet long, and there they dwell in absolute darkness. Food is shoved in through the wall once a day to them in a pan, and there they remain until death does its work. Solitary and alone he may sleep, rave, curse, pray or dash his head against the wall and end his sufferings by death. Very seldom does the poor unfortunate victim last more than a year. In the United States there are prisons where the convicts are treated with the greatest severity. Oftentimes the sheriff is some political wire puller, and his position is the plum that he has managed to snatch from the political pie. Oftentimes the penitentiaries are just so many foot-balls, kicked from party to party as political power changes, and the sheriff takes little or no interest in the care of his prisoners. In 1895 it was found in an American jail that the prisoners had all been given over to the care of two burly criminals, who robbed and beat them and put them in dungeons as they saw fit. In the Southern States it was at one time the custom to lease out the prisoners for a certain sum to contractors, with the result that oftentimes the prisoners were beaten to death by their cruel taskmasters. In one year, out of a company of 1966 convicts thus leased out by some inhuman, money-grabbing sheriff, 237 escaped, 140 died and nine were killed while trying to obtain their freedom. Of late some of the States have abandoned the cruel practice, in others it still remains a blot upon 20th Century civilization.

Then we have the social crime against prisoners, of *herding all together like so many cattle, and allowing the contamination of evil to spread to all there incarcerated*. There is no doubt but that in many instances criminals are turned out upon society far worse men and women, and far more dangerous characters than when they entered. Experience has

proven that the common dormitory system of punishment is a veritable curse to those confined in our prisons. A young prisoner, not yet steeped in crime, in an association jail is like a man thrown in amongst a lot of men smitten with the plague, he generally catches the infection and comes out of prison a far more dangerous person than when he entered. There are several systems in operation in various countries. We have the congregate plan, where prisoners associate with one another, by day or night or both. This is emphatically, and necessarily bad, because of the contamination of sin which spreads like wild-fire from one to the other, and very often such prisons become veritable dens of iniquity, rivalling ancient Sodom and Gomorrah in wickedness. In Germany where this system prevails, during the last six years, crime has increased 21% while the population has grown but 7%.

The Inspector of Prisons for Canada, when recently reporting to the Minister of Justice, at Ottawa, made the following statement concerning our prisons, "Society has found by terrible experience, that her jails and prisons, when under the congregate system, has too often turned out to be the largest factor, and the most successful machine, in the fabrication of the very evil she was seeking to destroy." Recently the Governor of Ohio, and several other gentlemen made an investigation of the prison system of the States, and reported that wherever they found the congregate system in operation they found a moral pest house, a veritable school of crime.

Then there is the solitary system, the opposite extreme, under which all prisoners are debarred from all associations either good or bad, and where they are deprived of labor, books, and even adequate exercise. This also is bad inasmuch, as it generally makes the prisoner morbid and gloomy, and too often ends in wrecking the criminal's mind as well as his body.

Then we have also the *silent system*, where the prisoners are allowed to associate with one another and yet no talking is permitted. This is not satisfactory either, because the silence is generally merely nominal, or simply the absence of noisy conversation. If real silence is enforced, it is an unnecessary cruelty, and unfair to the prisoner.

Then there is what is called the separate *cellular system*, under which the prisoners are kept from one another, but they have numerous visits from officers, chaplains and other suitable persons from outside. To put it shortly, it is isolation from all bad associations and throwing wide the door to all company and influences that will tend to make the prisoner better. It also means the giving of industrial occupations to the person confined, books, instruction and daily exercise. With such ameliorating conditions, prisoners can enjoy health of body and mind, and at the same time be free from the blighting influences of bad company. Separation is in this case, more merciful and yet more severe than the other systems. It is always preferred by the better class of prisoners, and hated by the vilest. Hand industry, in the individual cell, or the learning a trade of some kind, are undoubtedly the best means of employment, as it occupies the mind of the person, improves their chances in the future, and does not compete with outside labor. The advantages of the separate Cellular System may be briefly summarized as follows: (1.) It has more deterrent power than the congregate or semi-congregate system. (2) Infinitely more of reformatory effect and of freedom from corrupting influences. (3) More economy to the State, by reason of the much shorter terms of confinement necessary under it. (4) A better reception of religious and secular instructions and more encouragement to reflection and prayer. (5) General exemption from contagious and epidemic diseases. (6) Greater security from escape. (7) Greater security against being injured afterwards by being recognized by other prisoners when at liberty. (8) Greater eligibility for employment and a far more effectual qualification for a successful and useful career afterwards. These are some of the reasons for my coming to the conclusion that the *cellular system* is by far the best ever yet tried. When a criminal has been under this system of treatment for some time, the strong probabilities are that he will come out of prison improved in every way, from what he was when he entered.

It seems to me that another duty that the State owes to the criminal is to adopt the *progressive system of sentences*. It is unfair and unmerciful to one who has proceeded but a little distance in the way of crime to visit him with a severe chastisement. If a first sentence is followed by a repetition of crime, it is obvious that a more effective impression needs to be made upon the offender, both for his own sake and that of the community. This second offence shows the beginning of a bad habit, and time is required to check the evil tendency. There is no doubt but what the repetition of short sentences on habitual offenders is worse than useless, a scandal to administrative authority, a positive encouragement to evil-doers, and an utter failure both as to deterrence and reformation. When drunkards, prostitutes and other criminals are committed to prison twenty times in a year, and perhaps the same sentence imposed each time, the law becomes to the breaker a mere farce and the poor wretch is encouraged to become a habitual offender by the very perversion of the law itself. There are cases on record where a prisoner has been sentenced 300 times and nearly always the same sentence has been imposed. Such work is extreme folly and generates the feeling that the law can be trifled with, and all fear of it departs. It seems to me that for habitual misdemeanants the first sentence, especially for a petty offence, should be very light. Then let there be a progressive increment of a fortnight upon each sentence, and the gradual application of this cumulative principle would work up into years, and the misdemeanant would have, at intervals, abundant opportunity for reformation. In such cases, educational and moral and religious influences might be specially brought to bear, that might not be wise in the cases of persons guilty of serious crime. This system has been tried in several places in England, not only for misdemeanants, but for more serious criminals, and has been pronounced a decided success.

In dealing with the criminal, many substitutes have been tried for imprisonment, with more or less success. We have, for instance, punishments by fines or restitutions, which in some cases are good, and in other cases no punishment at

all. Oftentimes the rich and poor are dealt with in the very same way, and a certain sum demanded of each for a certain crime. Supposing a man worth half a million dollars commits a crime, and is fined \$500, what punishment is it for him to pay the money? None whatever. He never misses it. But when that fine is imposed upon a poor man, working for his day's wage, it is a very hard, bitter punishment. It seems to me that a more just and efficient method might be found, in taking as a standard the amount of a man's income, as indicated by his salary, wages, or ordinary assessment for taxation. Thus, if—instead of fining rich and poor alike so many dollars for a particular offence—the punishment consisted of so many days' income, or so much percentage on the regular taxation, a very strong objection to punishment by fines would be removed.

In dealing with substitutions for imprisonment, another point I wish to touch for a moment is that of corporal punishment. I know well that many condemn the lash as an inhuman, degrading form of punishment. Under ordinary circumstances I think this is correct. But I believe there are extraordinary cases in which it should be used.

Solomon knew what he was talking about when he said: "A rod for the fool's back." For wife beaters, professional tramps, men who outrage children, and other vicious and habitual offenders against law, order and public decency, a good liberal application of the oil of hazel, or birch, well rubbed in, is about the best and most effective medicine. A short time ago, a man was brought before court, and it was proven that he had given his poor dying wife a brutal beating and had kicked her, because he had not found her dead when he came home at night. When she tried to crawl into bed, he took up his child, and threw it at her with all his might, injuring not only the woman but the child as well. Another case came to my notice some time ago, where a ruffian commanded his little brother of twelve to go out and beg for him. The boy refused, and was immediately taken by this fiend, stripped naked, lashed to a post, and received

34 strokes from a large strap with a buckle on it, and was left till rescued from his position some fifteen hours later. What is the use of talking of degrading such a brute as that? What but the laying on of a lash hard enough to bite into his toughened hide can bring such a person to a sense of wrong-doing? What is the use of sending such men to jail, with its warmth and comfort, its enforced idleness and plenty of food, and opportunities for intercourse with other vagabonds? As our criminal laws are now administered, they have few terrors for the wife beater and other of the lowest order of miscreants. Such wretches can only be reached through the hide, and the best plan is to set up the whipping post, and give them a taste of their own medicine.

Did time permit, I would like to speak of the duty of the State to organize "Discharged Prisoners' Aid Societies." These organizations look after those just discharged from prison life, support them till they obtain employment, and do all they can to secure for them work, and keep over them an oversight until such time as they have somewhat established their characters. In England during recent years there has been a large decrease of certain kinds of crime, and competent authorities attribute it to the splendid work being done by the "Discharged Prisoners' Aid Societies" of Britain. The British Government distributes annually over \$20,000 among the various branches of the society, and an equally large sum is raised by public beneficence.

A last question I desire to ask, viz.: What is the duty of the State to the criminal in the matter of depriving him of life for his crimes? Is it right, is it the best thing for society, and for the individual concerned, that for certain crimes the criminal should be taken up to the scaffold, and there, with a black cap drawn over his face and a rope fastened around his neck, should be launched into eternity--hanged by the neck till dead? For a moment I would desire to look at this question in all seriousness. Well I know that many people settle the question with a dogmatic affirmative. Well I know that many imagine that while it furnishes a good subject for a theoretical debate in the high-school class-room or college

hall, it is really not worthy of serious discussion by thinking men. Of course it is right for murderers to die, and that settles it. Now I hope you will bear with me for a moment, while I endeavour to adduce reasons why I believe capital punishment should be abolished.

What are the ends to be kept in view in punishment? One of the principal aims of punishment, as stated in the first part of the paper, is to reform the criminal. Does capital punishment accomplish this end? There is but one answer. Not only does it not meet this end of justice, it absolutely defeats it, if there is no probation beyond the grave. The poor wretch is hurled, all unprepared into Eternity, and is at one blow put beyond the reach of all reformation. Am I not right when I say that this end of punishment is not only not met, but absolutely defeated by the death penalty?

Another end of all punishment, as mentioned before, is the deterrence of others from committing the same crime. Is this end of punishment obtained by execution? I will admit here that there is a very strong diversity of opinion among equally competent men. A Royal Commission was appointed some time ago in England to secure opinions upon the subject from competent authorities. Conclusions were pretty equally divided. On that occasion Sir George Denman, one of the most prominent judges in Britain, made the following statement to the Commission: "My own experience is that the law of capital punishment, as it exists, does not operate at all, and that if you take into consideration all classes there is more done on the whole by capital punishment to induce murders than there is to prevent them." This non-deterrent effect is not to be wondered at, when one considers the circumstances under which murders are generally committed. The man commits murder either after he has coolly and deliberately laid his plans, or in the blind rage of passion. If in the first frame of mind, the death penalty will not have any deterrent effect, as he does not intend to be caught. If he did he would not commit the deed. No murderer, when about to take life deliberately, ever expects to pay the penalty for his crime, therefore the death sentence does not affect him

one way or the other. If the deed is done in blind rage, future consequences are not taken into consideration at all. In his moment of temporary insanity it never enters his mind whether capital punishment is inflicted or not.

Again, experience has proven to nations that death has no deterrent effect whatever. At the beginning of last century there were over 100 crimes in England punishable by death. It is a well known fact that as the death penalty was removed, the crimes decreased. Of course, other forces have been at work, but according to statistics those crimes are not nearly so prevalent to-day as they were when men were hanged for committing them. To-day there are many nations who have abolished capital punishment, and who have suffered no loss. Holland abolished it in 1860, Belgium in 1868, Finland in 1824, Italy in 1876, Portugal in 1843, Switzerland in 1865. Several of the United States have also followed in the same line, although two have gone back to the death sentence again. In discussing the question in connection with the States, Tallack, the great statistician on prisons, makes this statement: "By far the largest proportion of American murders take place in the States where capital punishment has been retained." I have not been able to procure statistics from the countries mentioned as to the number of murders committed, but have no reason to believe that they are at all larger than those where capital punishment is still inflicted. Switzerland, a non-capital-punishment country, has the fewest murders to the population of any Christian nation. Now, all this seems to me to prove fairly conclusively, that capital punishment does not deter the murderer. Another question, *Does it Protect Society?* This, you will remember, was another aim of punishment laid down in our thesis. I claim that not only does it not meet this demand of punishment, it actually defeats it. Why? Because every year scores of murderers are turned out upon society, absolutely free, because capital punishment is in operation. There is a jury of twelve men trying a man for murder. A verdict of guilty means the hanging of the man, not guilty means his liberation. The evidence is circumstantial. No person saw

him do the deed, yet that jury feels morally certain that the man committed the murder. Rather than run the risk of sending the man to death, they will acquit him, and he is turned out upon society again. Some years ago, five men were arraigned before an English jury for an atrocious murder. To the public amazement and indignation, they were acquitted. One of the jury, when remonstrated with on the subject, replied: "We were almost sure of the guilt of the accused, but not quite. The law did not permit us to bring in a verdict of manslaughter, involving imprisonment, that we should certainly have given. But we felt that nothing short of absolute certainty would justify us in sending five men to death, therefore there was no alternative but acquit them," and five men, presumably murderers, were allowed to go their ways. Some years ago in Montreal I attended a murder trial. I felt morally certain that the accused had committed the deed, but had I been a jurymen I would not have sent him to the gallows. Had the punishment been life imprisonment, I would have pronounced him guilty, and waited for further light, but I could not have sent him to death, beyond recall. Then, besides all this, there is such a natural repugnance to killing a fellow being, that the law is continually set aside and brought into real contempt. In France in one year 198 people were sentenced to die, only 93 suffered the extreme penalty of the law. In Sweden in one year 32 were sentenced to death, only three were executed. In Bavaria, out of 249 murder trials, only seven were hanged. In England and Wales, during the period of 12 years, out of 2,105 tried for wilful murder, only 181 were executed. In the United States in one year 9,800 murders took place. Only 131 legal executions followed. So terribly has this law been travestied and trampled under foot in the States, that private citizens take law in their own hands, with the result that in the above mentioned year, while there were but 131 legal executions, there were 193 lynchings. And, after all had been done, 29 murderers out of every 30 escaped the death penalty, showing that the natural aversion to this punishment has turned the law into a complete farce. All this

proves that not only does capital punishment not meet the ends of justice, it actually defeats them. When a law is on the statute book, far better that it be struck off altogether, than that it should be broken with impunity every day.

Another end of justice is to make reparation to the ones injured by the crime. Does capital punishment do this? No, it commits two murders instead of one, leaves two widows, perhaps, instead of one, leaves two families mourning instead of one. In summing up, I would say, there is not a single end of punishment met by the death sentence, and in the majority of cases the aims and ends of justice are clearly defeated.

Another reason why it should be abolished is because of judicial murders that are continually being committed in the name of justice. No jury is omniscient, and over and over again people have died on the scaffold protesting their innocence, and it has afterwards been discovered that the State had committed a foul murder. Some years ago, in the United States, five men were arrested, tried, condemned and hanged for killing an old man. Years afterwards, an old woman, dying, confessed that she had committed the murder, and that she stood there on the day of execution and had seen those five go up on the scaffold and die for her crime. Such cases are of daily occurrence. If the sentence of imprisonment might be inflicted, it would be easy in such cases to set the wronged one at liberty and the State could make all reparation possible, but when the fate of the innocent one is sealed and he has been sent beyond recall, there can be no restitution, and the blood of the murdered one cries at the door of the nation. And many a murderer, when his life has been spared, has afterwards become a Christian. Thus, even the soul has been saved by this postponement of death.

But perhaps someone says, "Did not God in the Old Testament command that the murderer must die?" Yes, but we must look at the command in the light of the times in which it was issued, and the people to whom it was given. God commanded the infliction of the death penalty for the breaking of all the commandments right up to the eighth. Men had to be killed for idolatry, blasphemy, disobedience to parents,

Sabbath breaking, murder and adultery. When Christ came to the world, and these laws were hurled at him, he said: "Moses said an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth, etc., but I say unto you —" and he laid down the law of love. When the woman taken in adultery was brought before him and Moses' death penalty invoked by the Jews, what said the Saviour? "Take her out and stone her till dead," was that His reply? No. "Woman, go and sin no more." I don't think he would have said that with a murderer, for he would know well that society must be protected from such a person, but I do not think, from what I know of the character of Christ, that he would have said, if the murderer had been brought to him, "Take him out and hang him by the neck till dead." I firmly believe that capital punishment defeats the ends of justice, wrongs the person on whom inflicted, often commits a second murder, and that it is contrary to the spirit and teaching of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, and that the day is not far away when it will be abolished in all Christian nations.

In closing, I feel that while the State has a duty to perform to the criminal, it also has a very imperative duty, in doing all it possibly can to *prevent* men and women from becoming criminals. This dealing with men and women only after they have become criminals is like a child trying to root out the weeds from its garden by cutting off the tops. What the State must do is to get down at the root of the trouble, and as far as possible obliterate the conditions that make criminals. Crime arises from ignorance, from the absence of virtuous education, from intemperance, from overcrowding in cities, and from ungodliness. If we are going to check the streams of vice, we must cleanse the fountains. Let the State then put into operation educational forces, and make them compulsory, and by positive teaching dispell the clouds of ignorance and vice. Let her legislate the liquor curse out of existence, and a large amount of crime will disappear. Let the State see that her citizens have good, decent houses in which to live, and that each person within her borders performs his quota of work to the common welfare of society; let her see that the religious influences of the Gospel of Jesus

Christ be brought to bear upon all, and the result will be that criminality will be reduced to a minimum. Especially would I emphasize this last point. I believe that the great cure for all human woes is the Gospel of Christ. If we could only get men to accept Him, and live out His life before the world, there would be no criminals. Well has Horace Bushnell said: "The soul of all improvement is the improvement of the soul." Both in the reformation of the criminal and the prevention of crime, the Gospel must ever be the great reforming, regenerating, preventing power. Hope in Christ is the soul of all philanthropy, and of individual, national, administrative and penal amelioration. This has been the great energizing power that sent out such philanthropists as Howard, Clarkson, Wilberforce, Peabody, Morley and Parkhurst. These men, and many others of the same stamp, have ever based all their hopes for prevention and reformation upon the power of Christ. For this reason I believe that while prisoners are under the care of the State, every effort should be continually made to bring them under the power of the Gospel, and that they should be so circumstanced as to give them every opportunity for reflection and prayer. No heart is too hard for Christ to enter, no life is too bad for him to cleanse, and no soul is too degraded for Him to save. When He takes hold of the life, criminality for that person is at an end. We must ever keep in mind that it is men and women, made in the image of God, our brothers and sisters, with whom we have to deal. We must ever remember that they have souls to save as well as we have, and that God loves and pities them. We must not forget that if perhaps we had been in their environment, and born with their dispositions, we might have sinned even as have they. And we must never forget, in our work with these outcasts of society, that

" Down in the human heart, crushed by the tempter,
 Feelings lie buried that grace can restore,
 Touched by a loving heart, wakened by kindness,
 Chords that were broken will vibrate once more."

It is ours, then, ever to go after the lost, in the same spirit as did He " who came to seek and to save those who were lost."

College Note Book.

STUDENT LIFE.

Last JOURNAL contained a brief description and biography of four of the graduating class. This time you may find the remaining six. I cannot tell you all the thoughts which passed through the minds of those four, but as far as the Local Editor is concerned, they took it like gentlemen.

It is true that in some cases it may have been, relatively, too severe. It is difficult to be impartial. No one is perfectly so. I offer this consolation to those who feel as if they received more than their share, that it is not those who are worst who get the severest raps.

The Local Editor never attempts to treat incurables. If you are hit hard, remember it is fully believed that in this quality or fault you can better yourself. Put it another way.

The peculiarity of which you are owner is of late growth and can be nipped in the bud, while others have the same faults so ingrained in their whole make-up that to treat it with any kind of a caustic would be to make a *permanent* running sore.

We begin this time with Mr. Edward Leslie Pidgeon, a man from the East.

He came into consciousness at New Richmond, Quebec, something more than a quarter of a century ago. He went to school and played leap-frog, etc., much like other boys, till education and strength of years bore him to the Model School. From the Model he came to the Presbyterian College, Montreal, where he spent one year. Next year he sought change by going to Morin College, Quebec, in which he spent four years. At the end of his second year in Arts, he went to B.C. for the summer and occupied the mission at Langley. He returned to Morin and after one year in Theology he went to Lake Megantic for the summer. Then he took a third year in Arts at Morin and his summer's vacation on the mission of Grandmere, afterwards a full year at Massawippi and Hillhurst.

He came next, to Montreal and has here taken his second and third years in Theology. In his second year he secured one of the scholarships in the Honor course.

This year he holds the distinguished positions of President of the Literary Society and President of the Dining Hall.

Leslie was naturally fairly fond of himself, but has, in his contact with various peoples, East and West, learned to conduct himself with modesty. In that respect his college course has been beneficial to him. He is not afraid to acknowledge it.

If you wish to put him into perfect raptures of delight, bring along a beautiful horse. Mr. Pidgeon is pretty well prepared for his chosen profession, but prides most in being able to guide even the most fractious of the asinine tribe to any given point.

He is full of energy and is sure to do good work. His brother, Rev. Geo. Pidgeon, B.D., is stationed at Streetsville, Ont.

Mr. George Cowan Maclean was born on the Island of Barra, Inverness-shire, Scotland. He attended Castle Bay public school, where the seeds of ancient and modern lore were firmly planted in his mind. Not being able to avoid it, he grew up,—i.e., he loved his boyhood.

At the early age of fourteen Old Castle Bay must be left behind, and we find our hero on his way to the Athens of Scotland, Edinburgh. Here he and his brother attended High school together, where he spent five busy years. Next step was into the University of Edinburgh, where he laboured four years in Arts. Having successfully completed this, he proceeded to Aberdeen Free Church College. He completed three years there, and by this time had acquired a habit of looking at the map of the New World, to which friends were beckoning him.

Not many months after arriving here, he decided to secure recognition from the Canadian Church, by taking the final year in Theology in our college.

It is doubtful whether he will remain in this land or not. His stay with us has been short—a little more than half a

session—but already he is well and favourably known among the boys. He is naturally unselfish and kind—regular in his habits—easily approached—not the least tendency to scheme or wriggle, which is a most admirable feature, rarely found in these parts.

The advice to G. C. M. is, prepare to meet the circumstances of the New World, where, more than anywhere else, one must “paddle his own canoe.”

G. C. now aids on the JOURNAL staff, being Reporting Editor.

Mr. Archibald G. Cameron was born at Beachburg, Ont. He is a son of the Manse. He, naturally enough, spent his early days at home and school. His father died in '87. Archie then went into business at Ottawa, where he spent seven years. He there acquired a knowledge of men and things which will be a continual help to him in his chosen profession. He did not forget, while in this work, to fill his mind with the best literature, keeping a course of study in view.

He came to the Presbyterian College and worked faithfully for six years. Last year he secured one of the scholarships, besides a prize for public reading. He spent most of his vacations on mission fields in various quarters. Last year he took a trip to the Pacific Coast.

He is the sole Benedict of the graduating class, having been married at Christmas, 1897.

He has always taken a good share of the honour and work in our societies.

Last year he was president of the Missionary Society, as well as treasurer of the JOURNAL, and this year he is one of the Associate Editors.

Mr. Cameron's special gift is music, and he has not been backward in giving us the benefit of it. He is already chosen to fill the congregation at Bear Brook and Navan.

He is sensitive, but not to all appearances combative, yet he sometimes gets his own way, in a quiet roundabout manner, showing his business tact.

His likes and dislikes are fairly well marked in his own nature, but he has a wise way of concealing them. We'll watch his life and work with interest.

Next we pass in review Mr. George William Thom, who became aware of his ego and non-ego in Appleton, Ontario. He claims to be of Cameronian stock. His school days were uneventful but for a "golden rule" which sent home those who were more than ten minutes late. Could you blame him for coming late more than two mornings in succession, when the weather was just right for fishing, etc.? He did it once too often, and one day was not sent home, but housed with the teacher for a brief space of time. Whatever passed between him and the dominie is unknown, but George was always on time after that. After securing a good education for ordinary life, he spent some years at manual toil. Strongly desiring a knowledge of the why and wherefore of things, he entered High School and from there came to McGill.

After one year in that institution, he decided to study French and went to Pointe aux Tremble School. From there he came to the Presbyterian Collège and took the full preparatory course, followed by three years in Theology. He spent most of his vacations in French mission work.

During his course he held several positions on the JOURNAL staff, being successively Reporting, Corresponding, Local and Exchange Editor. Moreover, last session he was secretary of almost everything in the institution.

Mr. G. W. T., as JOURNAL readers know well, was good material for the Local Editor, but this year he was unfortunate in being laid aside with typhoid fever, from which he is now recovering.

Owing to his ability to look on both sides of things, he has always been popular. There is no underhand wriggling in his nature. Honesty in thought and work is his forte.

Mr. James Douglas Campbell came to our halls some six years ago. He hails from Toronto. Besides taking the ordinary education necessary for all youths of that country, he spent a

while at manual labor. This did him good. He is a hard worker and took a good Literary course. While some spent hours of useless chatting, J. D. stuck to his note-book.

He occupied various mission fields during his vacations and did faithful work.

He possesses good health and is cheery and bright in his manner, but is rather chary about spending much of it on the students. He felt that he had cause for doing so. He filled the position of vice-president in the dining hall for the session of 1899-1900. He obtained one of the scholarships in his first year Theology. His prospects for the future are good.

Last, but not least, we record a *few* facts concerning Mr. Harry Herbert Turner, B.A., who was born at Appleton, a pretty village on the Mississippi River, Ontario. His early days were passed in the ordinary routine of school work and games. 'Tis recorded of Harry that he never was punished in school. If you knew him you would likely agree that, if there were two in it, he would escape, for he possesses the most marked ability of exonerating himself.

Before entering High School he spent two years at home. If you ask what he did during these two years, the reply is, he grew.

From Carleton Place High School he entered McGill in the year '94, and graduated in '98, with honours in Philosophy. In his third and fourth years in Arts he obtained the University scholarships. He has led his class, so far, through his Divinity course and obtained all the scholarships given to first place. Has taken the Honour course; and if nothing unforeseen happens will have a gold medal and B.D. on the third of April. He is also Valedictorian of his class.

He has held various positions on the JOURNAL staff and this year is one of the Associate Editors. He has taken a keen interest in all the affairs of college life, sharing in sports as well. His chief characteristic is his ability to concoct plans and carry them out. He can do that to a nicety. He is not at all mean with his money, in fact he is liberal, but is very careful that no one gets anything from him for

nothing, and he scarcely ever fails to get the best of a bargain. Naturally keen minded, he is a master of repartee. Harry is very energetic and ambitious, but never flinches or turns sour when he does not obtain his end. The latter is a good quality and springs from his natural optimism.

Mr. Edward Turkington is now compelled to stay in his cot. He fractured the small bone in his right ankle and suffered keenly for half an hour. It occurred in a very simple way on the evening of the 25th of February.

Dr. Shepherd was only a few minutes putting it snugly into plaster of Paris.

We'll do all we can to make his forced stay in his room as pleasant as possible. Mr. Turkington is one of the most genial men in the college, and we are sorry that his smiling face and merry laugh are confined largely to one room. However, he thinks that he will be able to move about before many weeks elapse.

C. A. H.

REPORTER'S FOLIO.

We are indebted to our esteemed Corresponding Editor, who is also one of our best hockey players, for the following report of the doings of the club during the month of February. "On Feb. 20th and 25th two very exciting hockey matches were played on the McGill rink between the denizens of the New Building and the denizens of the Old. These matches stirred up no small excitement—a healthful medicine at this time of the year. There were many dark horses on both teams, high kickers, chargers, sprawlers, and even sweepers some turned out to be. The matches were, however, very stubbornly contested, and, what a team lacked in combination, was remedied, to a certain extent, by its defence. These matches proved to the onlookers, however, that Presbyterian hockey is faster than many Presbyterian Church goers. They also proved to the hockey club that in distant regions of the north flat, and west wing, lived much valuable and untried material for our hockey club. Hockey playing, if kept within bounds, is an invaluable aid to study

and to physical development. In the matches which took place the contortions and physical endurance of the players were the admiration of all. Each team won a match, so that the cup, which we hope may yet be the reward of the champions, will have to be decided at some future date." All that Mr. Laverie so well says in this report we heartily endorse. Hockey playing certainly serves a good purpose, as he points out. We are now approaching the close of the present season, but we see no reason why its existence should not be continued next year, and we heartily wish it success.

On Friday, Feb. 1st, the regular meeting of the Philosophical and Literary Society was held in Class Room No. 1. The programme was a long and an interesting one, including instrumental and vocal duets and solos, which were highly appreciated. The subject of debate was—"Resolved that free competition in business is the condition most conducive to the general welfare." The affirmative was taken up by Messrs. Greig and Tucker, and the negative by Messrs. N. V. McLeod and Rondeau. The critic was Mr. Yule. The debate was a lively one. Some of the speakers went occasionally off the line, however, though on the whole the debate was good, and showed that the subject had been carefully studied. The vote resulted in favour of the affirmative. The next meeting of the Society was held on Friday, 22nd, at 8 o'clock. At this meeting a date was fixed for the various competitions in public speaking, &c., and judges were elected. Nominations were also made for the various offices of the Literary Society and JOURNAL staff.

Owing to the Inter-Collegiate debate in McGill, only one meeting of the Missionary Society was held during the month. This was on the evening of Feb. 15th, Mr. J. B. McLeod, president, occupied the chair. The meeting was for the purpose of hearing reports from the missionaries of the Society, in connection with their work on the various fields last summer. Messrs. Cameron, Laverie, Pidgeon and Greig delivered short and interesting addresses, and the meeting was closed by singing the Doxology.

G. C. M.

OUR GRADUATES.

Rev. D. N. Keith, B.A., B.D., of Leamington, Ont., has received an unanimous call to Watford, Ont.

The Rev. D. N. Coburn, B.A., was inducted into Lunenburg, Presbytery of Glengarry, Ont., on the 28th February.

Rev. Jas. A. Wheeler is at present supplying Harcourt, N.B. We are pleased to report that his health is improving.

Rev. D. M. MacLeod, B.A., of last year's graduating class, has accepted an unanimous call to Billings Bridge, Ont.

Rev. Hector Mackay, B.A., also a last year's graduate, has been supplying Rossland, B.C., during the months of February and December.

We regret to report the death of the Rev. R. Henderson, of Auburn, Ont., and a graduate of 1888. He died very suddenly on the 27th of February, having preached the Sabbath before.

We are pleased to notice that the Presbyterian cause is growing in Moose Jaw, Man. Rev. S. Maclean, B.A., pastor of Moose Jaw congregation is at present arranging for the erection of a new and larger church.

On Tuesday, Feb. 19th, the Rev. L. Beaton, lately inducted into the charge of Moose Creek and Roxborough congregations, Ont., was presented with a substantial purse of money by the members and adherents of his charge. This gift was for the purpose of securing a horse to assist him in his pastoral work.

The Rev. D. D. Millar was inducted into Hawkesbury, Ont., on the 19th Feb. A large congregation assembled at the induction services. The Rev. J. W. H. Milne preached. After the induction the Rev. Mr. MacLaren, of Plantagenet, addressed the pastor, and the Rev. D. M. Ramsay addressed the people. We extend to Mr. Millar our best wishes for a prosperous pastorate.

Mr. W. P. Tanner, a graduate of last session, was ordained and inducted into the pastoral charge of Sawyerville, Que., on the 7th Feb. The Rev. D. Macleod preached the induction sermon, and the Rev. W. Shearer, of Sherbrooke, addressed the minister. The Rev. C. A. Tanner, of Windsor Mills, Que., father of the pastor-elect, addressed the people.

We feel assured from contact with Mr. Tanner in the many ups and downs of college life in these halls that he will do good work in Sawyerville.

We learn that the Rev. T. A. Mitchell, of Cote des Neiges, has received a unanimous call to St. John's Church, Almonte, Ont.

J. H. L.

Truth, crushed to earth, shall rise again ;
The eternal years of God are hers ;
But Error, wounded, writhes with pain.
And dies amid his worshippers.
—*Bryant.*

TALKS ABOUT BOOKS.

Institutions that are worth their salt, or whatever else they season life with, like nations, have their eventful epochs, which ought to be chronicled. This College, after an existence of thirty-four years, has produced a theologian. Among its alumni are to be found some of the best preachers of the Church; its most devoted missionaries, home and foreign; several cultured and forceful prose writers; and not a few poets. Whether most of these came into being out of our teaching or in spite of our teaching, is for themselves and posterity to decide. But we claim the theologian, and the *we* means the College as a whole, who recognize in him a man after our own heart. He has almost attained his majority, for it will be twenty-one years ago, next April, that the Rev. J. F. MacLaren, D.D., Gold Medalist and Mackay Scholar in Theology, left our academic halls to pursue his unpretentious but useful and studious career as a country parson. As Dan Chaucer says :

“ But rich he was of holy thought and werk.
He was also a lerned man, a clerk,
That Cristes gospel trewely wolde præche.
His parishens devoutly wolde he teche.
Benigne he was, and wonder diligent,
And in adversite ful patient.”

Far from the madding crowd and the strife of systems, secure in the esteem of his brethren and the affections of his people, he has taken advantage of the golden opportunity to learn, what comparatively few grave and reverend divines do know, or they would think and act otherwise, namely that *pectus facit theologum*. The first candidate for the degree of Doctor of Divinity by examination in the department of Dogmatics, he swept every paper of the ten at high water mark, thus evidencing his extensive theological learning; but now, in his thesis, he turns from the accumulated lore of the ages to declare himself as one of God's latter

day interpreters. That thesis is "The Spiritual Influence of John's First Epistle," by the Rev. J. F. MacLaren, D.D., 78 pages 12 mo., cloth, published by William Briggs, Toronto.

Dr. MacLaren regards this epistle as the cope-stone of the Bible edifice, and has a fine indignation for Calvin and other logicians who look upon it as an old man's incoherence. He knows and has carefully weighed every word of its simple Greek text. He has read all the authorities on the subject, Alexander, Alford, Ewald, Farrar, Fausset, Haupt, Huther, Lange, Plummer, Stevens, Westcott, as well as the systematic theologians, whose views on various dogmatic points call for mention in his exegesis. But, while expressing his preference for the views of some, and his admiration of others, he blindly follows no man, being John's interpreter, and not the disciple of any hermeneutical school. He finds in John more poetry than dialectic, and shows how the reformation lawyers lost their way by looking for logic where there was none. He does not quote Drummond so far as the Talker remembers, but he would certainly agree with him when he says, "I go the length of holding that you never get nearer to truth than in a metaphor." So he declares in this way God's triune personality, as Light, Love, and Life; and his opposite, the evil one, who abides in darkness, hate and death. Let it not for a moment, however, be imagined that Dr. MacLaren's treatise is in the remotest degree vague or lacking in logical sequence. A more exact and orderly presentation of the contents of the epistle could not be desired. He maintains that the apostle's method is synthetic, not analytic, but this does not hinder him from giving a most minute and complete analysis of the sacred document. His calm judgment never gives the reins into the hands of imagination, nor does his enthusiasm for the Johannine spirit blind him to other Scripture. Nevertheless, his work does not belong to the Canadian school of over-caution, founded partly on slavish fear of a supposed ignorant and bigoted majority, partly on ignorance itself. It is bold and fearless, bringing Patton, Shedd, Strong, and other unevangelical and uncultured irreconcilables, before the judgment seat instead of on it, and condemning

them for their false measure between the justice and the love of God. Dr. MacLaren sees a certain evolutionary merit in the sacrificial and legal theories of the atonement, but supersedes them with the missionary view, which he contends is that of John, a view which separates the much confused kingdoms of light and darkness, and enables one to understand John i, 5, "And the light shineth in darkness; and the darkness comprehended it not," or 1 John i, 5, "God is light, and in him is no darkness at all." Then the darkness of the crucifixion was not God's darkness, any more than that at Sinai.

Here is a bold statement regarding the supersedence of the Johannine school of Asia Minor by those of Africa and Syria. "A race of patristic theologians arose who knew not John. An age of bitter controversy set in; keen polemics were in vogue. Gradually attention was directed to externals, and whilst the fathers of the church deserve all just praise for defending the faith against Jewish, Pagan, sceptical and especially heretical attacks, yet the conflict resulted in placing intellect at a premium, logic rather than spirituality, and from that day to this Paul's dogmatic influence has superseded John's spiritual influence to the immense injury of the church in life and doctrine." This is true. In the whole of Augustine's *De Doctrina Christiana* there is not a single quotation from John's important epistle. Why is this? It is because John's writings lacked the mechanical technique of the schools. Celsus, and other opponents of Christianity, objected to its scriptures that they lacked method: and ever since their time the scholastics, working along the lines of Aristotelian logic, have striven to impart this deadly method to them. They have, as Dr. MacLaren shows, succeeded only too well. The Talker is tempted to give many quotations of lively, almost startling, passages from this book, full of vigorous and earnest thought, but it is so accessible to every reader of the *JOURNAL* that he rather recommends them all to possess themselves of it. Its importance is not to be denied. While other lands have sent forth many protests against obsolete stereotyped forms of nominal Chris-

tian doctrine, "The Spiritual Influence of John's First Epistle," is the first work of our Canadian Church to restate, without fear or the seeking of favour, the unadulterated revelation of Divinity to the mind of the Disciple whom Jesus loved. May many such witnesses for the truth go forth from our academic halls, to leaven the whole community with a living Gospel; and may this volume, rich in promise for the present generation of ministers and thinking Christians, be but the first-fruits of an abundant harvest, to cheer the souls of teachers, whose greater part of life lies in that which is passing away. Especially must the Principal, and Professor of Systematic Theology, rejoice to see his teachings in Martensen and Van Oosterzee reappearing in this work of an ever thoughtful and conscientious student, whom he has helped to equip as a champion for the truth once delivered to the saints

The Fleming H. Revell Company sends five books for notice, one of which is "The Influence of Christ in Modern Life," already reviewed in February's Talk. Another is "Bible Characters, Joseph and Mary to James, the Lord's Brother," by Alexander Whyte, D.D., 245 pages 12mo., cloth, price a dollar and a quarter. This volume presents the well known virtues of Dr. Whyte's character sketches, with the difference that his subjects are taken from the New Testament instead of the Old as in the case of preceding volumes. They are lively and vivid, and replete with spiritual instruction of a personal kind. The sketches are original too, and so attractive by their originality and the cock-sureness of their dogmatism, that the question of their fidelity to fact is apt to be overlooked. Dr. Whyte regards Nicodemus as an old skulker from John's baptism, whom Christ on that account rebuked. The Talker's view, which he held long before he knew that it was Mr. Moody's also, is that Nicodemus was born again when he realized that Jesus was a teacher come from God, inasmuch as the Holy Spirit revealed this truth to his willing mind. Dr. Whyte is very hard on the mother of Zebedec's children, but cherishes a large hope in favour of Pontius Pilate. His worst fault is in his last sketch, where he

says: "For James was, actually, the Lord's brother. Not in a figure of speech. Not mystically and spiritually. But literally and actually—he was James the Lord's brother. Jesus was Mary's first born son, and James was her second son." This is very dogmatic, but it stands upon no tittle of evidence, internal to the New Testament or external. James was the son of Mary and of Alphæus or Cleopas, who was Joseph's brother. At the death of the reputed father of Jesus, this Alphæus or Cleopas became the head of the family, and Jesus was legally counted his son. It would have been a scandalous thing for John, the son of the Virgin's sister Salome, to have taken her to his home, if James had been her younger son. Dr. Whyte makes a fine picture of the relationship and the contrast between Jesus and James, but, no doubt unconsciously, at the sacrifice of historical truth. There is no evidence anywhere that Mary, the mother of our Lord, had any other children. Because the Church of Rome presents this universal tradition, the Protestant Church is not called upon to deny it. All that Romanists believe is not necessarily false, and all that Dr. Whyte states is not necessarily true. His moral and spiritual teaching, if at times a little morbid, is however true and valuable.

The subject of the L. P. Stone Lectures delivered in the Theological Seminary at Princeton, in the session 1898-99, is "Calvinism," by Abraham Kuyper, D.D., LL.D., M.P., Professor in the Free University, Amsterdam, and Member of the States General of Holland. This volume of 275 pages 8vo., cloth, is sold by the Revell Company for a dollar and a quarter. Its six lectures are on Calvinism a Life System, and Calvinism and Religion, Politics, Science, Art, and The Future. For the work of a foreigner, they are very well written, and make far from uninteresting reading. The ecclesiastics who think, with President Patton, that the Presbyterian Church is set for the defence of the Calvinistic system, rather than for the searching of the Scriptures and living the life of Christ, will rejoice in this book; although that British born subject, the President of Princeton, must have winced, when, in the close of the first lecture, the Hollander

extolled the Boers, and rubbed in to his not over sensitive soul Majuba Hill and the Jamieson fiasco. It was perhaps fitting that the representative of a state church, which, after the Synod of Dort, expelled from their pulpits and banished hundreds of ministers, imprisoned the great Grotius, and executed the aged patriot Oldenbarneveldt, should, under the aegis of the prosecutor of Professor Swing, defend the system of him who connived at the burning of Servetus: but it was not pretty. Anthony Froude, as Lord Rector of St. Andrew's University in 1871, thought to please his audience by a eulogy of "Calvinism," in which he did not believe. In some ways, this is a very hollow world in which we live, and the defenders of Calvinism may well think of the French proverb, "Qui s'excuse, s'accuse." Not only in common charity to the children of the same Father, but in respect for the theological attainments of those in other communions, the growing churches are drawing towards one another in faith and practice, when, behold some conservative firebrand steps in to kindle anew the flame of discord over a worn out theological system.

Dr. Kuyper is a well-read man, but a shallow thinker. He fights Modernism, by which he means evolution in ontology and theology, with Calvinism, the main features of which are Divine Sovereignty, Absolute Predestination, and Irresistible Grace. Like Froude and others, and unlike Tolstoy, he harks back to the warlike Old Testament Theocracy, and entirely forgets that Jesus said, "My kingdom is not of this world." I wish that loud voiced talkers, who never struck a blow for the truth but when they were sure of large backing and no personal danger, while they extol the valour of Reformers, Puritans, and Covenanters, would only remember that they are Christians in name, and that Christ said, "I say unto you That ye resist not evil." This bragging up of Calvinism is religious jingoism, unworthy of a follower of Jesus Christ. The Calvinist on the opposition benches was a useful factor for liberty: in power he was a cruel tyrant. The virtues Dr. Kuyper credits him with are the virtues of Protestantism, not of Calvinism; but, when he condescends to particulars, and

says the Calvinists "put a distinct veto upon three things, *card-playing, theatres, and dancing,*" he forgets that the Methodists, who are Arminians, go far beyond the Calvinists in this respect. The Talker has not indulged in these amusements for nigh forty years, but, if it became necessary to make a protest against Dr. Kuyper's Calvinism, in favour of Christian liberty, he would do all three to-morrow, if it were not Sunday. Calvinism in relation to politics was Popery under another name, the ruling of the state by cloister bred men, hardly fit to rule their own families. From many a mouth has the Talker heard the pathetic statement, "I can get justice from any court but a local church court." If John Calvin were premier of Canada, human liberty would be safer in the empire of the Czar.

Calvinism in theology is essentially the form of Augustinianism taught by Thomas Aquinas, including a Divine Sovereignty that, equally with Christian Evolution, makes God responsible for all the ills and sins of the universe; an absolute particular predestination and redemption, that necessarily involves fatalism; and an irresistible grace, that denies free-will, the most prominent fact in human consciousness, and makes man an irresponsible puppet in the hands of the Almighty. Its virtues are the virtues of Mahometanism, no less and no more. Huguenots, Netherlanders, Puritans, and Covenanters, were brave soldiers; so are the Turks and the Soudanese. I don't know that Christ wants that sort of soldier in his army. His life and death reveal something very different. Dr. Kuyper tries to flatter the republican Princetonians by presenting Calvinism as a democratic system. Calvin himself was an autocrat. The Reformed Dutch Church began with the people, but made no headway till the nobles took it in charge. The Reformed Church of France claimed the most illustrious princes and princesses of the land from the beginning; and Scotland was reformed by the Lords of the Congregation as much as by the ministers. As for Calvinism in science, it culminated in Jonathan Edwards, whose God of terror is now universally regarded as the unholy caricature of a monomaniac. Calvinism in art has no existence;

it died before Calvin's birth, when realistic artists painted scenes from Dante's *Inferno*. Calvinism and the Future will be a decently made grave, with a stately marble monument above it, saying, 'Here lie a man and a system that fought bravely and successfully against the giant tyranny of Rome, with the best weapons of their imperfect age. The living present recognizes its debt to the dead past, and honours the reformer too much, to perpetuate in the manhood of religious liberty the system of the child.'

I thought I had got hold of a book of the age in the Stone Lectures for 1900, 'Christian Life and Theology, or the Contribution of Christian Experience to the System of Evangelical Doctrine,' by Frank Hugh Foster, Ph.D., D.D., Professor of Theology in the Pacific Theological Seminary; but I was mistaken. This 286 page 12 mo, in plain cloth, is sold by the Revell Company for a dollar and a half. Dr. Foster wrote on "The Fundamental Ideas of the Roman Catholic Church," which was favourably reviewed in the *JOURNAL* some time ago. Dr. J. S. Black, of Halifax, is the author of a volume on Christian Experience, also noticed in these pages, which is much more radical than that of the Pacific Seminary professor. The first experimental theologian was the Apostle John; next comes Augustine; then Bonaventura; and, after him, the Mystics. Schleiermacher is the father of modern experimentalism, his successors being Thomasius and Frank; but we generally connect this form of theology with the name of Ritschl, who looked away from his own personal experience to that of humanity, and especially to that of the writers of the New Testament. Dr. Foster confines himself largely to the views of the Ritschlian school as expounded by Professor Kaftan, while occasionally allowing Professor Stearns of Bangor Theological Seminary to speak. His book, therefore, is an indication, though somewhat one-sided, of Kaftan's attitude regarding the relation of revealed truth to present day consciousness. After a historical introduction, it considers the Originating Source of the New Birth, Sources of Christian Experience outside of the Individual Christian, the Person of Christ, the Work of Christ, and the Church. The book is

well enough written, and its matter is learned in a way; but it is disappointing. The thoughtful reader plods on, allured by hopes of meeting some development of Bible truth that will lift him to a higher spiritual plane; and, at the end, finds himself in the same old ruts, with the chariot wheels driving heavily.

In treating of the Work of Christ, Dr. Foster becomes an advocate of Calvin, who said that "God is an enemy to men till by the death of Christ they are restored to His favour," and of the Westminster Confession. Read the first verse of the fiftieth chapter of Isaiah, and see if God is an enemy. He backs this view up by quoting many hymns, which he holds embody Christian experience. They embody forms of Christian dogmatism, as the hymns of Arius and other heretics set forth their peculiar doctrines. There is no end of scholastic dogma in some hymns, all of which pass current among good people, so long as they contain nothing that has a distinct air of Roman Catholicism. A whole treatise on the Atonement lies in an otherwise beautiful hymn:

"The Father lifted up His rod,
O Christ, it fell on Thee."

This is no Christian consciousness. It is a thing learnt and memorized, a legal figment of the Schools. Christ came into the world, in obedience to the Father's will to reveal a God suffering from sin, and to deliver the victims of sin, and thus He offered Himself a sacrifice to God. The Psalmist prayed, "Deliver my soul from the wicked, which is thy sword." In the same sense, Judas Iscariot, Pontius Pilate, Caiaphas, the Sanhedrim, the Jewish people, and the Roman soldiery, with Satan and all the devils of the pit at their back, might be called the Father's rod; but it is a very precarious figure of speech, and apt to obscure the relations of the Blessed Trinity, while blaspheming the Father. Christ never said that man by his sin falls under the scourge of an angry God, but, "He that committeth sin is the servant of Sin." And Paul expounds the same truth in this form: "Know ye not, that to whom ye yield yourselves servants to obey, his servants ye

are to whom ye obey; whether of sin unto death, or of obedience unto righteousness." There is a rod for sin, and it exists by Divine permissive law, arising out of human freedom rather than out of Divine sovereignty; but the work of God, Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, is to deliver man from the rod, and save him from the consequences of his voluntary departure into the realm of evil. Ritschl's theology finds man in a world which, from his position in the scale of nature, he should dominate, but which dominates him, and thus infers the necessity for the existence of a God, who will comfort him in the present with hopes of emancipation and will finally set him on the world's throne again. How Kaftan, if it be really Kaftan, and Foster, *et al.*, can evolve the legal view of the atonement out of these premises, save in obedience to the conservative sages of Princeton, it is hard to see. Although our writer comes to such a lame conclusion, there is much in his lectures that is worthy of attentive perusal: but he has undertaken to exploit Christian experience from the standpoint of unmitigated dogmatism. He is in the position of the priest who requested his bishop to permit him some liberty of theological expression, and who was told he could be as liberal as he liked within the scope of the decrees of the Councils of Trent and the Vatican. It is strange that, among the theories of redemption, one of Christ's own finds so little favour: "When a strong man armed keepeth his palace, his goods are in peace: but when a Stronger than he shall come upon him, and overcome him, he taketh from him all his armour wherein he trusted, and divideth his spoils." This is the Rescue or Militant view of the Atonement, set forth in Genesis iii. 15, Psalm lxxviii. 18, Colossians ii. 15, and in many other places, overlooked by sacrificialists and legalists, as well as by Christian evolutionists. It harmonizes with the Ritschlian postulate of the Divine existence founded on the necessities of man's environment. It is contained in the first Old Testament passage applied by Christ to Himself in His public ministry (Luke iv., 18), and Dr. Foster will find it as an item of Christian experience in all the battle hymns of the Church, including the nineteenth and thirty-ninth para-

phrases. The very first element in Christian consciousness is that of warfare, the contest in the heart of the "wretched man"; and, when it ends with the conquest of the last enemy, that same Christian consciousness becomes eloquent in, "Thanks be to God which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." This is a more picturesque, a more practical, a more true view of the work of the Saviour than the cold legal, governmental and sacrificial theories which try to satisfy the intellect but have no hold upon the human heart, and, therefore, certainly could not originate in the Divine.

I have read "In the Time of Paul; How Christianity entered into and modified Life in the Roman Empire;" by the Rev. Edward G. Selden, D.D., Pastor of the Madison Avenue Reformed Church, Albany, N. Y., 151 pages 12 mo., illuminated cloth, sold by the Revell Company for seventy-five cents. The substance of this book is to be found in Neander's Planting of Christianity, Merivale's Conversion of the Roman Empire, Conybeare and Howson's Life and Epistles of St. Paul, Farrar's St. Paul and many similar works, English, French, and German. It is, however, much briefer than any of these, and, while not lacking in historical insight such as the scholarly may appreciate, its argument is so presented as to be clear to the popular mind. Its topics, after an introduction on Paul and His Times, are The Task assumed by Christianity, The Political Structure of the Roman World, The Social Life of the First Century, The Religious Condition of the Age, The Moral Standards of the Period, The Intellectual Tendencies of the Time, and The Inevitable Conflict and Victory. These exhibit chiefly the atmosphere into which came the breath of Christianity from the lips of Paul and other early evangelists, but also include to a certain extent the method of its operation upon the living beings nurtured in that atmosphere. The breath of course was the Spirit of God, taking of Christ's, and bringing it home to Jews, Pagans, and philosophers through the personality of the apostles. Dr. Selden has performed his task in a very satisfactory manner, within so brief compass, and in a catholic spirit that can offend no school of Protestant

theological thought. His chapters would form an excellent theme for higher bible class study, and are far from uninteresting reading.

Mr. Drysdale contributes five books to the Talk, one of which, however, is "The Solitary Summer," noticed last month. A theological work is "A Young Man's Religion," by the Rev. George Jackson, B.A., 256 pages, crown 8vo, cloth, published by Hodder and Stoughton, London, and sold by Mr. Drysdale for a sum unindicated. This volume, dedicated to Dr. Alexander Whyte of Edinburgh, contains sixteen essays or discourses on a variety of topics touching on beliefs and personal religion, treated in a manly and sympathetic way, with much evidence of literary culture. The first is on The Love we feel and the Love we trust. Next Mr. Jackson takes for a text Tennyson's, "Old News and Good News and New News." A very striking discourse is that on The Difference Christ has made. In the second of these our author writes: "One explanation of the revolt against Calvinism, one reason why that ancient creed has lost the hold that once it had on the minds and hearts of men, is to be found, I suppose, in this: that it limited or seemed to limit, the grace of God. Some of our Nonconformist forefathers used to sing,

" We are a garden walled around,
Chosen and made peculiar ground ;
A little spot enclosed by grace
Out of the world's wide wilderness."

We should almost as soon think of wearing Elizabethan ruffs as of singing a hymn like that, so completely has the fashion of our religious thought changed. And, indeed, the whole tendency of modern thought, not only in religion, but also in social and political life, has served to throw into sharper relief the great universal words of the Christian Gospel. They fit the mood of the age, we accept them without argument like the axioms of Euclid, but they no longer fill us with wondering awe and exulting praise. Yet it was not always so. Around this very truth, which to-day we assume with such careless ease, there raged the first and one of the sharpest of the controversies of the Early Church."

While stoutly maintaining that Love is the essential characteristic of the Divine nature, Mr. Jackson deems it necessary to write a sort of saving clause to the statement in the discourse, "Is there anything in God to Fear?" Answering this in the affirmative, he heaps up texts from the Old Testament and the New which set forth the wrath of God. Some of these are appropriate, while many are misunderstood. As Delitsch and other divines have shown, the kingdom of wrath, attributed, like everything else, to God, is primarily that system of evil of all kinds into which beings fall by departure from Him. So far, as a rule, from being a divine energy, it is a negation of the divine blessedness, and, as punishment, the natural offspring of sin. Sometimes even it is the operation of diabolical power, permitted by God, but not, therefore, to be immediately attributed to Him. Mr. Jackson quotes, "Be not afraid of them which kill the body, but are not able to kill the soul; but rather fear him which is able to destroy both soul and body in hell." He writes "him" with a capital h as if it meant God. God does not do this sort of work. Besides, Christ, in the context, says "Fear not" over and over again. Alford agrees with Mr. Jackson, but Alford is not infallible. He who destroys souls and bodies is the devil, a being greatly to be feared by saints as well as by sinners. God does not make hell. It is made, as a state, by departure from God. He has better work to do than the making of hells. But the everlasting fire, in hell, prepared for the devil and his angels, that is His; for our God is a consuming fire. There are two things the sinner ought to fear; one is coming into the power of the devil or into hell; and the other, sharing the fate of the devil, or the everlasting fire. For the saint there is no fear of God, since perfect love casteth out the fear that hath torment, and he that feareth is not made perfect in love. Mr. Jackson is unnecessarily troubled, lest a one-sided consideration of God's great attribute should lead inquirers to regard Him as indifferent to sin; forgetting that God in His triune personality suffers from it continually. Whether many young men will read it or not, "A Young Man's Religion" is a very

thoughtful book, and a safe theological guide. Indeed, the chapter just referred to errs, if in anything, by over caution, for every one who is at all conscious of sin must dread its infallible punishment, when the atonement, which relieves his conscience, does not declare the wrath, but the love of God.

There is a pretty book in three pale blue volumes in a cardboard case which calls for peculiar criticism. It is called "The World Beautiful," and is written by Lilian Whiting. The volumes or series, as they are termed, consist on an average of 200 pages 16mo. each; they are published by Little, Brown and Co., Boston, and sold by Mr. Drysdale for something between three and four dollars. As these Talks, although that is not their purpose, are the means of leading readers to send orders to booksellers, it would be to the interest of the latter to be explicit as to prices. Few people care to buy a pig in a poke, even if the poke be only a question of money value. If the Talker were conversant with literary gossip, such as fills some interesting lives, he would know all about Lilian Whiting, whether matron or maid, with her place of residence, and her religious associations. She is a facile, cultivated, and generally sensible writer, a woman of catholic sympathies and a devout mind, a New England thinker of the Emersonian school, who dedicates her volumes to the memory of Bishop Phillips Brooks, to Charles Gordon Ames, Minister of the Church of the Disciples, and to Dr. E. W. Donald, Rector of Trinity Church, all, it is to be supposed, of Boston. While two of these dedications indicate Episcopal leanings, such as harmonize with the quiet grace and dignity of many of the author's pages, there mark the culture of the gentlewoman, other pages reveal a Unitarian cult of Theodore Parker, a New Church or Swedenborgian attitude more marked than Miss Phelps' "Gates Ajar," and a Spiritualism of the extremest faith or credulity. Lilian Whiting is a devout woman, and her essays are full of Scripture and of love towards God and man.

The object of her volumes is to declare the world that she has found beautiful, and to guide others to the same discovery. She finds this beauty in the cultivation of high ideals, in the

recognition of the spiritual, not only in the Divine presence and in the best of living humanity, but also in the practical annihilation of death through intercourse with the near living souls of the worthy departed. One would expect in such a case to meet with the incoherences, even the ravings, of the enthusiast; but there is nothing of the kind. If all the author's work cannot be called sensible, it is all calm and deliberate, and full of earnest conviction, pleasingly expressed. Many of her lessons on the conduct of life are admirable. Such are contained in the chapters on The Duty of Happiness, The Enlargement of Relations, Exclusiveness and Inclusiveness, The Woman of the World, The Potency of Charm, The Heavenly Vision, etc. Here is a fragment of excellent common-sense writing from the first volume: "There is a phrase much in use in the world of letters, that of creative criticism. It is a branch of literary art second only to that of poetry; and when a literary review or art criticism is written by a master in this phrase of expression, the reader gains not only a clear and discriminative idea of the work discussed, but also much collateral knowledge of a positive kind. The merely negative writing that points out errors or failures is of little value in comparison with the positive kind that, while revealing these, also discloses the accompanying excellences, and the means and measures of a true success. The analogy holds true in life." This is indeed the truth. For one person who is capable of appreciating the good quality of your performance, there are ten ready to denounce its defects; for ten who will rejoice in your success, there are a hundred who would gloat over your fall. If you allow yourselves to be discouraged by the multifarious negative critics, whose assumed accumen is often a combination of ignorance and the malice of envy, you will fail to run the gauntlet that lies between almost all public effort and an achieved reputation. Even then, you need not be greatly amazed should the meaner among the snarlers dog your heels to the very grave. To be magnanimous, to see the good in other people and in their work, is a divine gift. Occasionally one meets with an inflated wind-bag, which in the interest of truth must be

pricked ; a fraudulently built up reputation, the baselessness of which must be exposed, lest it overshadow real merit. But these are exceptions. Otherwise, it is better to follow the example of the charitably minded old lady, who, being reproached by her grandchild as likely to find some good in the devil, replied, "No doubt he deserves credit for his perseverance."

There is a good deal in the third series on Miss Field's use of Planchette for opening communication with her father in the world of spirits. The Rev. Edward White, and other disinterested and trustworthy authorities, believe in the reality of such communications, but relegate them to the domain of the unseen world of evil, remarking that these messages are always trivial, sometimes blasphemous, and that they persistently deny the existence of the devil and his angels. Mr. Stead and his school contend that the spirits are intelligent and orthodox, and this seems to be the view of the Fields and many more of the author's friends. The Talker regrets that space will not permit that full quotation of revelations which would interest some, at least, of the JOURNAL'S readers. Those who are curious on the subject should procure and read for themselves "The World Beautiful." Here is an extract: "Replying to a question (evidently to Mr. Field's spirit), Planchette wrote: 'My dear child, remember that I am conveying my ideas through your mind, and the consequence is that the combination thus formed cannot always be correct.'

Mrs. H. asked: "If spirits can communicate with us, why have they not done so before?"

"The time was not ripe. Why was not the Atlantic cable laid years ago?"

Another lady present asked: "Are we to be swayed by what Planchette says?"

"Not by any means. God forbid!"

"Are we to heed it?"

"In a measure; but, for heaven's sake, do not relinquish your own judgment. If advice be good according to your conscience and conviction, take it; if not, put it aside."

"I see no good to arise from what is called Spiritualism," remarked one present, to which Planchette replied :—" It will bring heaven and earth nearer together ; it will revive the old belief in spiritual communication, and will force the sceptical to believe in a future existence, besides bringing immense comfort to those who lose their friends."

Miss Field's record continues :—

We asked Planchette whether any poetry was written in the other world. This question was put after we had been told that Poe was present, and Planchette wrote :—

"We think in this existence. No writing. Poetry is thought, conceived, communicated, but not written."

"Perhaps this may account for the terrible work Byron and others make of verse when they revisit the scenes of former conquests, and attempt to lisp in numbers. They are out of practice."

There are some remarkable revelations in this volume of a theological kind, some of which are lofty and beautiful in character, while others betray a Unitarian denial of the personality of the Holy Ghost, and the dogma of the annihilation of the finally impenitent. Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace says, "The phenomena of Spiritualism in their entirety do not require further confirmation. They are proved quite as well as any facts are proved in other sciences; and it is not denial or quibbling that can disprove any of them, but only fresh facts and accurate deductions from these facts." The Talker is not a Spiritualist, and has too much to do on earth to make any attempt to communicate with the unseen world; but he believes there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in his philosophy, and would be far from dissuading any person of ripe intelligence from reading Lilian Whiting's fascinating volumes because they in part transcend his field of observation. It is well to know what other people, who are cultivated, pure-minded, and lovers of God and His Word, think, and profess to know. How else is progress in knowledge possible? "Prove all things; hold fast that which is good."

A unique book of its kind is, "A Club of One; Passages from the Note-Book of a Man who might have been Sociable,

with marginal summary by the Editor, A. P. Russell, 254 pages 12mo, illuminated cloth, gilt top, published by Houghton, Mifflin and Co., of Boston, and sold by Mr. Drysdale for a dollar and a quarter. This amusing and really clever diary of a valetudinarian, claiming every kind of bodily ill, yet through whose chronic grumbling and cynicism come gleams of humour, humanity, and a large acquaintance with and love-of books, purports to have been selected from manuscripts that filled "a pretty good-sized drawer, locked and padlocked." In his preface the Editor says: "I have presumed to give them the title they bear, the author of them having departed this life. It is very evident they were not designed for the public. They were written purely for occupation, there is not a doubt of it. The author, a reader and thinker, though an invalid, could not be idle. He read and he thought, and sometimes he recorded. He has said some things that have not been said before, and has said them in his own way." Doctors will hardly agree with the hypochondriac. "No wonder the apothecary rides in his carriage, and impecunious doctors, like the one I have just discharged, carry pocketfuls of Habanas. The latter have only to supply themselves, at convenience, from the cases of the generous druggists who compound their prescriptions." The social reformer fares no better. "A man called to ask me to sign the Total Abstinence Pledge. He seemed to be a man of sense. I begged him to stay till I prepared a little pledge for him to sign. He went away. As if pledge-making and pledge-taking were not for two! As if anyone existed who could not be embarrassed by a pledge of some sort. As if any man on earth could subscribe to the Ten Commandments and the Sermon on the Mount without reservation or qualification. As if—" He quotes Sir Roger L'Estrange: "You will find in the Holy Scriptures that God has given the grace of repentance to persecutors, idolaters, murderers, adulterers, etc., but I am mistaken if the whole Bible affords any one instance of a converted hypocrite." Talleyrand comes in. A distinguished personage remarked to him, "In the upper chamber at least are to be found men possessed of

consciences." "Consciences," replied Talleyrand, "to be sure; I know many a peer who has got two." One need not go far to find in a church court some brethren of Anthony Trollope. "Anthony Trollope is said to have been very fond of disputation for its own sake, and once at a dinner to have roared out to some one at the end of the table, "I totally disagree with you. What was it you said?" Then says the writer, "I hate disputation." The last words are: "My wife— But I have scrupulously refrained from gossiping about her in these hours of my idleness. She herself is too wise to keep any sort of personal record. As was said of the Duchess de Praslin's murder, "What could a poor fellow do with a wife who kept a journal but murder her?"

The last of Mr. Drysdale's books, innocent of a price, is "Canada Under British Rule, 1760-1900," by Sir John G. Bourinot, K.C.M.G., LL.D., Litt.D., 346 pages 12mo., illuminated cloth, The Copp, Clark Company, Toronto. It has a frontispiece representing the author in his official robes, and eight good maps. This is by no means Sir John's first work on Canadian history, of which he has made a specialty. I see that Dr. Armstrong Black, on the occasion of the Queen's funeral services in Toronto, prophesied a time of conflict and trial for Canada, as an inevitable necessity for the making of a great nation. Let him, a stranger to our history, and a new-comer to our shores, read this book of Sir John Bourinot's, and learn about Canada's wars of 1775, of 1812, of 1837, of 1866, of 1885, of her U. E. Loyalists and other hardy pioneers, of her contenders for civil and religious liberty, of the blood of her sons freely shed for the integrity of the Empire at home and abroad. Baptism of fire, forsooth! We have had our baptism of fire, such as the stay-at-home Briton knows nothing of.

"Ah, who shall tell the struggles dire
Which that brave people stood,
When battle raged with sword and fire,
And frost and famine spent their ire;
And who shall mete their outpoured blood,
Their patient, dauntless mood?"

"Canada Under British Rule" is well written, in a fair, judicial spirit. It is not a mere record of political events, but a series of picturesque views of Canadian life and progress. Its brief but telling sketches of men and manners, its literary illustrations, its philosophy of causes, its evolution of legislation and many more features almost peculiar to it, make this book, for its size, the fullest and most interesting history of Canada ever written. Occasionally the author strikes a personal note, taking the reader into his confidence, as on page 182, speaking of Louis Joseph Papineau, where he says: "The writer often saw his noble, dignified figure—erect even in age—passing unnoticed in the streets of Ottawa, when, perhaps, at the same time there were strangers walking through the lobbies of the parliament house, asking for his portrait." Canadians are only beginning now to appreciate the heroism that gleams, in one form or another, from every page of their history; and through this appreciation comes the true historic spirit, which breathes patriotically in the words of the Clerk of the House of Commons and Honorary Secretary of the Royal Society of Canada.

The Rev. Charles M. Sheldon has not yet finished telling commonplace stories to his evening congregation of the Central Church, Topeka, Kansas, which consists to a considerable extent of students of Washburn College. Since this Talk was well under way, The Fleming H. Revell Company has sent his latest, "Edward Blake: College Student," 281 pages 12mo., cloth illuminated, price fifty cents, in paper, twenty-five cents. It is the story of a farmer's son, who, on the day of entering a college career, is recalled home by the sudden death of his father. After a while matters turn out so favourably that both he and his sister go to college, where they succeed in their studies, make friends, and join in the amenities of student life. A bright student, who has been a generous friend to Edward Blake, though inclined to dissipation, enlists, fights in Cuba and the Philippines, and returns to college to avow his love for Blake's sister, and continue his downward career. Many of the male students, Blake included, meet their expenses by selling newspapers on certain

city beats ; and his sister for a time does the same by acting as maid-servant to the wife of a professor. A new college president raises the tone of the institution, which had sunk very low, and Blake, who loves truth and rectitude, and has inherited a few religious customs from his parents, helps him in so doing. Studies, athletics, college debates, petty unfairnesses, rough students' horse play, and the practical Christianity of a Y.M.C.A. young man, who is a poor student, but goes round with a bible all the time under his arm, fill up the pages. Blake makes a fall by going to a somewhat vulgar theatre for a week or so, but repents and abjures the histrionic. Yet he refuses to join the church, spite of his mother and sister, the president and the Y.M.C.A. man, who nursed him through a bad illness ; and Mr. Sheldon leaves him in his self-righteousness, with a hope of better things to come. The book is very American, true, no doubt, to a kind of college life we don't know, utterly unelevated, but written with a good purpose.

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

Editorial.

A PORTABLE LIBRARY.

There is much truth in the adage "He who works without tools is twice tired," and we understand its force when applied to the artisan. Its application, however, is not to be confined merely to industrial arts, for it is equally true of every phase of human activity. The student even, whether a beginner or an advanced scholar, knows that unless he provides himself with suitable "tools," which in his case are books, he cannot possibly do the best work with comfort or success. In other words the student's library is his tool-chest. This must be kept in good order and well furnished with the best and most useful books for his particular branch of study. The average rural pastor, and even many whose fields are more compact, thus affording them more opportunity for study, find it impossible to devote more than a small portion of their time to reading. To accomplish anything, therefore, it is necessary to make a judicious selection from the multitude of publications now on the market, for Bolingbroke's famous saying in regard to histories is true of books in general to-day—"Some are to be read, some are to be studied, and some may be neglected entirely, not only without detriment but with advantage." In this the minister is aided by the careful reviews in the various magazines, such as the interesting "Talks About Books" with which our readers are familiar; but after all, when this selection is settled there remains a greater difficulty, especially to those whose financial resources are somewhat limited. For many of those with meagre means the purchase of costly books is an impossibility, and those who have good books do not care to lend, nor is the position of the borrower an enviable one. So not a few struggle away without up-to-date tools "twice tired," and perhaps unsuccessful, as they endeavor to keep abreast with the times. Many plans have been devised to bring within

reach of the younger and poorer clergymen in remote districts where there are few library privileges the advantage of a carefully selected collection of books representing modern movements in religious thought, but few of these have ever been carried out. The Clerical Loan Library formed in connection with All Souls Church, in New York, some few years ago, was a move in this direction. We feel that much might be done for our brethren who are too frequently unfortunately settled, as far as the advantages of a good library are concerned, and suggest that our graduates discuss the subject in our columns and at the meeting of the Institute. If our ministers are to be rendered more efficient they must be brought into closer touch with the stimulating thought of the day, for "Reading maketh a full man."

UNCONSCIOUS INFLUENCE IN LIFE.

George Eliot, in her portraiture of the beautiful Millicent Barton says: "You would never have asked at any period of Mrs. Amos Barton's life if she sketched or played the piano. You would perhaps have been rather scandalized if she had descended from the serene dignity of *being* to the assiduous unrest of *doing*."

Is it not rather by what we *are* than by what we *do* that we exert our strongest influence? And is our hurried modern life, whether in home, church or society, favourable to that quiet assimilation of mental food which results in healthy being and therefore healthy living? Ambition is a good thing, aspiration is far better. The one seeks attainment, the other walks by insight. Wordsworth believes

"That we can feed this mind of our's
In a wise passiveness."

Some of us who are most in earnest defeat our ends by too hard working, as Shumann lamed his hand for the piano by too much practice. It is said that one of the first—and

perhaps one of the last—lessons the pianist must learn is to “subdue the hand,” to let the muscles work unrestrainedly, to gain power by doing things easily. Then and not till then does the tone become singing, deep and resonant, a surprise often to himself, and always a joy.

In Christian life the same process is indispensable. The meek spirit is the stronger one and the most powerful in its influence, it is the least conscious of its own activities but the most persuasive and powerful.

If Moses communes on the mount his face must needs shine. If the Lord walks among men, virtue must of necessity go out of Him. This self which we treat so cruelly, dwarfing and pressing it out of the symmetry designed for it, will inevitably reveal the sad effects of our work.

And just so certainly may it shed blessed peace upon all with whom it comes in contact—simply by being childlike, faithful, receptive and brave.

To honor God, to benefit mankind,
To serve with lofty gifts the lowly needs,
Of the poor race for which the God-man died,
And do it all for love—oh, this is great!
And he who does this will achieve a name
Not only great but good.

L'ÉRABLE.

(LU DEVANT LE CERCLE LITTÉRAIRE DE MONTRÉAL.)

Puisqu'il faut rendre à César ce qui lui appartient, je dois dire que l'intéressant travail que M. Duclos nous a lu à notre dernière séance, m'a fourni ou plutôt suggéré le sujet que je desirais traiter devant vous ce soir.

Le castor dont il nous a parlé m'a fait penser tout naturellement à nos armoiries nationales où l'on voit toujours figurer ce quadrupède entouré d'une guirlande de feuilles d'érable.

Si notre blason réunit ces deux emblèmes il ne faut pas, me suis-je dit, les séparer dans notre cercle ; et la saison du sucre battant maintenant son plein, il n'en fallait pas davantage pour me décider à mettre ce soir une guirlande de feuilles d'érable autour du castor dont M. Duclos nous a déjà chanté les vertus.

Depuis quand ces emblèmes, le Castor et la feuille d'érable, figurent-ils sur nos drapeaux, nos armées et tous nos insignes nationaux ?

Voilà une question qui n'est peut-être pas sans quelque intérêt historique pour quelques-uns d'entre nous, et à laquelle je veux d'abord répondre à l'aide des recherches de quelques-uns de nos historiens.

M. l'abbé Verreau nous signale la première mention connue du castor comme symbole du Canada, dès 1673.

A cette date, le gouverneur Frontenac conseillait au ministre du roi de placer un castor dans les armes de la ville de Québec.

Un castor figure sur la médaille frappée en 1690 pour commémorer la défense de Québec.

En 1736, dit encore M. Verreau, la Nouvelle France et les autres colonies françaises de l'Amérique portaient sur leurs armes trois fleurs de lys d'or.

Pas de castor.

L'histoire de la Nouvelle France du Père Charlevoix, imprimée en 1744, porte une vignette sur sa page de titre qui

représente une ruche d'abeilles et deux castors placés sous des branches d'arbres.

Selon l'*Antiquerian* v. III, 290 (publié à Montréal), une institution financière appelée *Canada Bank*, existait en 1792.

Sur l'un de ses billets, qui nous a été conservé, on voit un castor rongant le pied d'un arbre.

Décidément le castor paraît avoir orné notre écusson depuis très longtemps. Vers 1815 M. le commandeur Viger avait fait dessiner un castor dans un écusson de fantaisie.

Avant 1830 il le fit mettre dans les armes de la ville de Montréal.

“J'ignore, ajoute M. Verreau, (de qui ceci est encore emprunté) si Québec eut jamais sous le gouvernement français des armes particulières.”

En tout cas, le castor que Frontenac voulait lui donner est aujourd'hui à Montréal.

Dans le *Canadien* du 29 nov. 1806, on trouve un indice du choix que les Canadiens auraient déjà fait de l'érable comme arbre national.

C'est à propos des attaques francophobes du *Mercury* :

L'érable dit un jour à la ronce rampante :
 Aux passants pourquoi t'accrocher ?
 Quel profit, pauvre sot, en comptes-tu tirer ?—
 Aucun, lui repartit la plante ;
 Je ne veux que les déchirer.

Rare partout ailleurs, l'érable a dû frapper agréablement l'étranger dès la découverte du Canada.

On peut supposer que les colons français lui prêtèrent une attention particulière et s'accoutumèrent à le regarder comme l'arbre canadien par excellence.

Au premier banquet de la Société St-Jean-Baptiste, qui eut lieu à Montréal le 24 juin 1834, on remarquait dans les décorations de la salle, dit *La Minerve* de ce temps-là, un faisceau de branches d'érables chargées de feuilles.

En 1836, dit l'Almanach de la Société St-Jean-Baptiste de l'année 1884,—la fête nationale fut chômée à Montréal, à St-Denis, à St-Ours et à St-Jacques de l'Achigan.

Ce fut encore M. Viger qui présida au banquet national à Montréal.

Les convives étaient nombreux.

La salle du festin avait été magnifiquement décorée de fleurs et de feuilles d'érables.

Déjà la feuille d'érable avait été adoptée comme emblème des Canadiens.

En effet, en proposant le toast de la fête nationale, M. Viger s'exprima ainsi au sujet de l'érable : " cet arbre qui croît dans nos forêts, sur nos rochers, d'abord jeune et battu par la tempête, languit et arrache avec peine sa nourriture du sol qui le produit ; mais bientôt il s'élançé, et, devenu grand et robuste, brave les orages et triomphe de l'aquilon. L'érable, c'est le roi de nos forêts ; c'est l'emblème du peuple canadien."

Rien de surprenant donc que nos poètes l'aient chanté : voici quelques strophes de l'un d'eux :

L'Érable si haut dans l'espace
Dresse son faite audacieux,
Que le rossignol à voix basse
Y parle avec l'oiseau des cieux.

Il est plein de sève et de force ;
L'ouragan ne peut le plier ;
Pourtant les fibres de son torse
Sont aussi souples que l'acier.

Il est rugueux comme le chêne
Et plus droit que le peuplier ;
Une balle l'entame à peine :
Son écorce est un bouclier.

Il peut protéger de son ombre
Le troupeau le plus nombreux :
En été des oiseaux sans nombre
Chantent sur son front onduleux.

Son feuillage à la mi-septembre,
Au souffle du vent boréal,
Se couvrant d'or, de pourpre et d'ambre
Brille comme un manteau royal.

En avril, le paysan perce
 Son flanc qu'amollit le dégel :
 Par sa blessure l'arbre verse
 Tout le mois des larmes de miel.

Ces larmes sont une richesse :
 Elles font faire bien des pas.
 Mais la ferme est dans la tristesse
 Si l'érable ne pleure pas.

Parce qu'il est fécond on l'aime,
 Et nos aïeux dans leur fierté,
 Ont pris sa feuille pour emblème
 De leur nationalité.

W. CHAPMAN.

Oui, on l'aime l'érable au Canada, non seulement parce qu'il est l'emblème de notre nationalité, qu'il fournit dans la plupart de nos parcs publics, l'ombre réconfortante de son épaisse ramure à nos pas alanguis par les ardeurs du soleil ; mais on l'aime surtout parce qu'il est fécond, comme dit le poète, fécond en larmes de miel, fécond en souvenirs encore plus doux pour celui qui a joui d'une promenade à une de nos nombreuses *sucreries*.

La sucrerie est une institution si particulière au Canada qu'on a dû créer un grand nombre de termes qui en expriment les différentes parties ou le fonctionnement.

À l'une des extrémités de sa propriété, notre colon a le soin de laisser un bosquet de quelques centaines de beaux érables dans l'intention d'y établir une sucrerie.

Au lieu d'immoler sous les coups de la hache ces superbes vétérans de la forêt, il vaut mieux, se dit-il, les faire prisonniers pour en tirer la plus forte rançon possible.

À cette fin, il improvise au beau milieu du bosquet une petite cabane de bois rond, et après quelques jours employés à compléter son assortiment de *goudrelles*, de *cassots*, d'auges et autres vases nécessaires qui, d'ordinaire, sont préparés durant les longues veillées de l'hiver. Un bon matin lorsque la croûte sur la neige épaissie par la gelée de la veille porte fermement, notre homme va s'attaquer à ces quelques cents érables qui l'attendent de pied ferme.

Armé de sa hache il pratique une légère entaille ou incision dans l'écorce et l'aubier de l'arbre, à 3 ou 4 pieds du sol, et au moyen d'une gouge, il fiche au-dessous de l'entaille la gouderelle ou coulisse de bois, de manière à ce qu'elle puisse recevoir l'eau sucrée suintant de l'arbre et la laisser tomber goutte à goutte dans le cassot placé directement au-dessous.

Cette opération terminée, il attend, comme l'agriculteur après les semailles, que la nature et la Providence lui fassent voir des fruits de ses travaux.

Sa patience n'est pas mise à une longue épreuve, car lorsque la température est favorable à l'écoulement de l'eau, il peut en recueillir assez au bout de 24 heures pour faire une bonne *brussée* de sucre.

C'est alors un jour de réjouissance. La chaudière en fonte bien lavée est suspendue à la crémaillère sur un grand feu alimenté par des éclats de cèdre dans un foyer établi au milieu de la cabane, puis remplie au trois quarts d'eau d'érable destinée à être transformée en sucre.

Il ne s'agit que d'entretenir le feu jusqu'à parfaite ébullition du liquide, d'ajouter de temps en temps à la sève déjà bouillonnante quelques gallons de sève nouvelle, de veiller enfin avec une attention continuelle au progrès de l'opération : tâche facile et douce pour nos rudes *sucriers*, comme on appelle ceux qui font le sucre. Au bout de quelques heures la sève prend quelque consistance, se charge de sucre et est déjà très douce au palais.

Alors les visiteurs venus du voisinage sur leurs raquettes, entourent le grand chaudron, et y plongeant une écuelle de bois en tirent le sirop encore clair, et s'en font une *trempe* en y émiettant du pain.

Pendant que les convives savourent ainsi leur *trempe*, la chaudière continue à bouillir et l'eau s'épaissit à vue d'œil.

Le *sucrier* y plongeant de nouveau sa *micouenne* l'en retire rempli d'un sirop doré presque aussi épais que le miel.

Puis vient le tour de la *tire*.

Notre homme prenant un lit de neige en couvre la surface d'une couche de ce sirop devenu presque solide et qui, en se refroidissant, forme la délicieuse *sucrerie* que nous avons

baptisée du nom de tire, sucrerie d'un goût beaucoup plus fin et plus délicat que celle qui se fabrique avec le sirop de canne ordinaire.

La fabrication de la tire, qui s'accomplit au moyen de la manipulation de ce sirop refroidi sur la neige, est toujours une occasion de redoublement de réjouissance au milieu des convives.

On badine, on folâtre, on y chante, on y rit. La gaieté fait sortir les bons mots de l'esprit.

Pendant la chaudière continue à bouillir,

Et de la densité suivant les promptes lois,
La sève qui naguère était au sein du bois
En un sucre solide a changé sa substance.

Le sucrier s'aperçoit bientôt aux granulations du sirop que l'opération tire à sa fin, et il annonce par un hurra qui retentit dans toute la forêt que le sucre est cuit !

La chaudière est aussitôt enlevée du brasier et déposée sur des branches de sapin où on la laisse refroidir lentement, tout en agitant et brassant le contenu au moyen d'une palette ou *mouvette* de bois ; puis le sucre encore mou est vidé dans des moules préparés d'avance.

On en fait sortir quelques heures après plusieurs beaux pains de sucre d'un grain pur et clair.

Ce résultat fait grandement plaisir à notre sucrier agriculteur, car c'est pour lui la première récolte de l'année, présageant, quand elle est bonne, une abondante moisson pour l'automne.

Il éprouve aussi une satisfaction d'un autre genre. Il se trouve à compter, dès ce jour, au nombre des producteurs nationaux.

Il vient d'ajouter à la richesse de son pays, en tirant du sein des arbres un aliment d'utilité publique qui, sans son travail, y serait resté enfoui.

Il regarde ces beaux pains de sucre avec plus de complaisance que n'en met le marchand à contempler les riches étoffes étalées sur les tablettes de sa boutique, ou l'écrivain à admirer ses ouvrages en volumes sur les rayons de sa bibliothèque.

Les érables continuent à couler pendant environ cinq semaines, donnant chacun de un à deux gallons d'eau par jour.

Quatre à cinq gallons de sève font une livre de sucre ; mais vers la fin de la saison, la sève en vient à ne pouvoir plus être convertie en sucre parfait, et avoir un goût : c'est alors que l'on fait ce qu'on appelle du sucre de sève.

Ce sucre est légèrement amer et adhère d'une manière tenace comme une substance gommeuse aux instruments dont on se sert pour la couper.

Quand cela a lieu, le temps de quitter la sucrerie est arrivé, et le cultivateur retourne à la maison avec le fruit de son travail en faisant résonner les échos d'alentour d'un refrain imprégné de l'odeur du terroir et des fumées de sa cabane :

L'Érable est l'arbre d'abondance ;
L'Indien l'adorait autrefois :
Et nous l'aimons comme la France
Aime le vieux chêne gaulois.

J. L. MORIN.

LE MARÉCHAL BOSQUET ET LA BIBLE.

Le maréchal Bosquet fut, sans contredit, l'un des plus brillants officiers des armées d'Afrique et de Crimée. Ceux qui l'ont connu personnellement nous le dépeignent comme un homme taillé vraiment à l'antique : caractère de bronze, intrépidité superbe, sang-froid que rien ne pouvait émouvoir, électrisant ses soldats au feu ; et avec cela, bon, juste, humain, sympathique. Mais ce qu'on ignore généralement, c'est que Bosquet était un croyant. Ce cœur de héros était animé d'une foi chrétienne presque enfantine. Sous sa tente, en campagne, il lisait la Parole de Dieu. La Bible était son livre de chevet.

Un jour (c'est lui-même qui le raconte à sa mère dans une lettre datée de Kalylie, 2 juin 1853), un jour le père Régis, abbé général de la Trappe, étant venu le voir, fut très surpris de ne trouver dans sa tente qu'un seul livre : la Bible.

— "Comment ?" s'écria le père Régis, "un soldat avec la Bible ! Et moi, abbé de la Trappe, je n'en ai pas !"

IMMORTALITÉ.

*Lettre de Victor Hugo à une mère qui avait perdu son fils,
jeune homme d'un mérite supérieur.*

“ Madame,

J'aimais votre fils ; je dis mieux, je l'aime. Il existe toujours pour moi. La mort n'est qu'une absence de la terre. Le monde est à l'âme. L'éternité admet l'immortalité !

Nous reverrons votre fils ; nous reverrons ce grand cœur, ce noble esprit, cette heureuse et généreuse figure de tout ce qui est honnête et bon. Pleurons-le ici-bas ; sourions-lui Là-Haut.”

SOUPIR D'UN IMBERBE.

—On nous a dit, aujourd'hui, que quelques mois seulement à l'école de Jésus-Christ, comme jadis les apôtres, nous donnerait certainement droit de licence.

—Quel bonheur si cela se pouvait!!! Je me m... rierais au printemps.

Elève.—Ne peut-on pas se sentir dépendant sans que ce soit nécessairement de Dieu ?

Prof.—De qui alors, du diable ?

WISE WORDS.

"He is a wise man who always knows what to do next."

"Not only strike while the iron is hot, but make it hot by striking."—Cromwell.

"The human heart refuses to believe in a universe without a purpose."—Kant.

"Thought is the action of men and action is the thought of the people."—Mazzini.

"The philosophic mind is ever compelled to seek a reason for the realities of the world."

"A man's ideal, like his horizon, is constantly receding from him as he advances toward it."

"Now let me burn out for God." — Entry in Henry Martyn's diary on his arrival in India.

"The true greatness of nations consists in those qualities in which the greatness of individuals consists." — Charles Sumner.

"I don't believe that the way to make a man love heaven is to disgust him with earth. Let us love all that is bright and beautiful and good in this world."—Beecher.

"Be a bold, brave, true, honest man. If you know a thing is right, do it. If you have a solemn conviction, dare to utter it in the fear of God, regardless of the wrath of man."—Gough.

It is doubtless needful that popular theology, which, like everything else, tends to settle down into mere formulas, should thus be shaken up from time to time, and measured and adjusted by its eternal standards.—Gladstone.