



THE

Knox College Monthly

AND

PRESBYTERIAN MAGAZINE.

VOL. XII.

AUGUST, 1890.

No 4.

RUSSEL WALLACE ON DARWINISM.

THE object of Alfred Russel Wallace's book is to give the intelligent reader a clear conception of Darwin's work on Evolution, and an understanding of the power and range of his great principle of Natural Selection, or as Huxley so fittingly put it, the "Survival of the fittest."

The opinion which prevailed prior to Darwin, that each species was specially created, he considers as now obsolete or absurd, and only of interest as exhibiting the mental conditions of the most advanced scientific men, who had not then taken the first step towards a satisfactory explanation of the derivation of species. So Darwin is claimed to be the Newton of Natural History. As Newton, by the discovery of the law of gravitation, established order out of chaos, and laid a sure foundation for all future study of the starry heavens, so Darwin, by discovering the law of Natural Selection, has thrown a flood of light on the process of development of the organic world, and established a firm foundation for all future study of Nature. To prove this position he cites a very large number of most interesting facts, many of which he himself established by experiments.

The theory of Natural Selection rests on two main facts :

1. The power of multiplication is in geometrical progression.

Facts are cited to show that this power is tremendous and almost inconceivable. Then sets in the struggle for existence. One species of weed in your garden will displace another. The very trees are waging a war with one another. The beech, with its thick foliage and tufted bushy top, crowds out the birch, whose branches being more open allow the rays of the sun to pass through. Wild plants battle with one another, so do wild animals, in their struggle for existence, crowd one another out; those best adapted to the conditions of the soil and climate are the survivors. In complex and often unexpected ways each species of animal and plant affects many others. Out of many illustrations we select one: A single flesh fly produces 20,000 larvæ which mature in five days, hence a dead horse would be devoured by three of these as quickly as by a lion. If they were unchecked the whole atmosphere would be dense with flies and all animal food and much of animal life would be destroyed by them. Hence war is waged incessantly against these insects by insectivorous birds and reptiles, by the action of the elements and by other causes, and so we are saved from famine. The contemplation of this terrible warfare, which, thousands of times a minute, sends forth sighs and groans like those heard by Dante at the gate of hell, leads some to believe that there is blood upon the hand which all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten, and that the world can not be governed by what we call Benevolence. Our author, however, takes a different view: Animals suffer no pain in their death, when sudden and violent, have no serious dread even when pursued by enemies; cold produces sleep before death; hunger even is scarcely felt, for when food is scarce the excitement seeking for it is greatest and they die of gradual exhaustion. So he concludes that the struggle for existence brings the maximum of life and of enjoyment with the minimum of suffering and of pain. Given the necessity of death and of reproduction and it is difficult to imagine a system by which a greater balance of happiness could have been secured.

2. The offspring always varies slightly from the parents. So as the fittest survives an improvement takes place. The peculiarity which causes this fitness survives as long as it is found to be useful. But when it reaches the maximum of usefulness and some other quality would help in the struggle, then the individuals which vary in the new direction would survive. Thus, though variation is

slight, yet when taken in conjunction with the past of the rapid multiplication, it becomes great, and a new species may be originated.

This power of variation is vastly greater than we are apt to imagine, the evidence as to its extent and amount becoming more abundant and definite as we pass from lower to higher forms. Then variations are shown to occur not only in the external parts but also in the internal organs, *e.g.*, the length of the alimentary canal, number of ribs, size and proportions of skulls, etc., and as these variations are to a great extent independent of each other, they thus afford almost any combination that may be needed. With these variations of internal and external structure are found changes of habits. Birds give up fruits and berries for a flesh diet often at first as a result of imitation. So are the instincts of animals subject to variation.

Concerning plants the variability is notorious. Even Darwin himself did not fully recognize the amount of variability that actually exists. Take, *e.g.*, the melon. A French botanist devoted six years to their study; there are no less than thirty distinct varieties, which differ in fruits, foliage, mode of growth, size, color, shape and characteristics. A great many examples are cited to show that there is hardly an organ or a quality in plants or animals which has not been observed to vary, and whenever any of these variations have been useful to man he has been able to increase them to a marvellous extent.

But the question now has to be faced, Can new species of animals and plants be produced by Natural Selection?

By a very comprehensive induction he shows that changed conditions, such as climate, soil, etc., bring about whatever change of structure or habit is required in the struggle for existence, so that the fittest may survive; character diverges, new habits are formed, so as to seize upon vacant places in Nature, whether suited to an aquatic mode of life in marshy places, or an arboreal mode of life in the forests. Hence two varieties of wolves are developed—one of which pursues deer, the other of which lives on sheep. And so when species can save themselves by adopting new habits or occupying vacant spaces there is a tendency to a great diversity in organism. When physical or organic conditions change some species increase, others diminish and become extinct. So are

accounted for the great gaps between mammals, birds, reptiles and fishes.

Let us now glance at the main facts on which the theory is based,

1. The enormous power of increase in geometrical progression, hence an inevitable struggle for existence.
2. The great power of variation.
3. Animal and plant population remain stationary.
4. This implies a terrible destruction.
5. Hence favoured races are preserved and the continued action of these laws originates new species. Survival is not determined by chance. The most healthy, active, intelligent or best protected, are the most likely to survive.

He now passes on to consider many popular objections :

1. Variations are too slight to effect much. Ans.—They are not slight. They are very often large.

2. How does variation occur just when required? Ans.—Variations do not occur singly or at very long intervals only, but are very numerous.

3. How are important organs developed, since the first rudiments are useless? Ans.—Darwin said that this objection is most difficult, and “the thought of it gave him a cold shiver.” But it has been shown to be possible in some cases, and further knowledge is expected to throw light upon any remaining difficulty, *e.g.*, rudimentary eyes and mammary glands.

4. Many distinguishing characteristics of species are useless. How account for this? Ans.—Many apparently useless structures are really useful, as shown by fuller investigation, as, *e.g.*, the form, size, colour of plants, the colours and markings of animals. Besides, there may be uses of which we are ignorant.

5. The sterility of hybrids, so long considered an insuperable barrier. Ans.—(1) Sterility is due to physical causes not yet fully traced. (2) Cases of fertility of hybrids can be cited which shows that this objection is founded on a very plausible but too hasty generalization.

6. But one of the most powerful objections for a long time, was that geology gave no evidence of the gradual development of organic forms. Whole tribes and classes appear suddenly and with very perfect organization. Ans.—The geological record is as yet

very imperfectly understood, and in the present state of the science such sudden appearances are to be expected. The rocks are not yet explored. A large portion of the earth is to the scientist wild and uncivilized. As discovery progresses gaps are gradually filled up and difficulties disappear. On the other hand geological science affords evidence, clear and weighty, in favour of evolution. The continuity between the existing fauna and flora of a country and those of the ages immediately preceding is remarkable. In many cases there is just such a change as we would expect from the evolution theory. There is a gradual increase in the size and convolutions, quantity and quality of the brain in mammals, of which the earliest known brains were very small—probably less than those of reptiles. But one of the most noted examples which confirms the theory is that of the horse. The knee corresponds to man's wrist, the hock to the heel, and bones of the foot to the joints of the finger, and the hoof to the nail enlarged and thickened. Of extinct horses there are traces of abundant remains. Indeed, an almost continuous series of modified forms can be traced till we reach a primitive form so unlike our perfected animal that if there were no intermediate links few could believe that there existed any connection. From the size of a fox it varies through forty or more intermediate species, gradually growing larger, losing one toe after another until only the middle one touches the ground, and the small hooflets are completely lost.

Prof. Huxley has enlarged on this example, and Wallace agrees with him in declaring this to be another unmistakable proof of evolution, which demonstrates it as clearly and fully as the Copernican theory was demonstrated.

Having brought the reader up to this point, he adds another chapter on "Darwinism applied to man," because of the immense interest which attaches to the origin of the human race, and of the amount of misconception which prevails concerning the essential teachings of Darwin's theory.

Has man the same mode of origin?

His answer is YES and NO.

The structure of man's body agrees in all its essential features, even as to details, with the bodies of other animals. It only differs in such ways and degrees as other groups of mammals differ from one another. Take *e.g.*, the following particulars: All higher

animals present rudiments of organs which are useless to them but useful to some other allied group, so also man; *e.g.*: muscles for moving or twitching the shin or scath. In the embryonic development there is a great resemblance to that of the animals immediately below him in the scale. In the diseases common to man and the lower animals there is a great resemblance, *e.g.*, in glanders, cholera, catarrh, consumption, apoplexy, inflammation. There is also a striking similarity in the nerve of taste.

The skeleton of the monkey is a distorted copy of that of man. Every tooth and bone are strictly homologous. Sometimes one species, sometimes another agreeing most nearly with ourselves, thus presenting a tangled web of affinities which is very difficult to unravel. Even in the brain there is a successive decrease in the frontal lobe and increase in the relative size of the occipital lobe.

All these facts are inconsistent with the theory of a diverse origin of the body of man, rendering it in the highest degree improbable, indeed, almost inconceivable, though the numerous points of dissimilarity point to a very remote epoch when the race began to diverge. If man has been specially created, *i.e.*, produced in some quite different way from other animals, altogether independently of them, then the rudimentary structures, the animal-like variations, the identical course of development and all the other animal characteristics are deceptive, and inevitably lead us, in making use of reason, into gross error. Hence he rejects the idea of "special creation" as being unsupported by facts as well as in the highest degree improbable.

To the objection that there ought to be geological evidence as to man's antiquity, he makes reply that more extended research or some fortunate discovery will some day bring to light ample remains of early man. No part of the world is so entirely unexplored as this very region where man must have originated and where, therefore, the missing links are to be found. This region is the great Euro-Asiatic continent, whose enormous plateaux, extending from Persia right across Thibet and Siberia to Manduria, afford an area which probably offered suitable conditions for the development of ancestral man. Here to-day is found the primitive Mongolian type, whose descendants spread into Africa, and north-west into Europe, and later into America in very early times; and so climate, conquest and intro-mixture led ultimately to that

puzzling gradation of types which the ethnologist in vain seeks to unravel.

But now our author parts company with Darwin, who derives the moral nature and mental faculties as well by gradual modification and development from the lower animals. Because man's physical structure has been developed by Natural Selection, it does not necessarily follow that his mental nature, even though developed *pari passu* with it has been developed by the same cause only. Indeed, there are in man's moral and intellectual nature certain definite portions which could not have been developed by variation and Natural Selection alone, and to account for which some other agency is required.

Natural Selection fails to explain :

(1) The present gigantic development of the mathematical faculty from the rudimentary faculty of a savage, who cannot count as high as ten, to that of a Newton. What relation has this faculty to the struggle for existence, to the ultimate survival of one race and to the extinction of another ?

(2) So also as regards the musical and artistic faculty, some rudiments of which are exhibited by savages, and which are wanting in a very large percentage of the civilized human race.

(3) So also there are other faculties highly developed in civilized man, but neither necessary nor useful in the struggle for existence, *e.g.*, the metaphysical faculty, the faculty of wit and humor—a great majority being totally unable to say a witty thing or make a pun to save their lives.

Hence we are compelled to recognize for these faculties some origin wholly distinct from that which has served to account for the animal characteristics. Only on the hypothesis of a spiritual nature can we understand much that would be otherwise mysterious or unintelligible. Thus alone can we understand the constancy of the martyr, the unselfishness of the philanthropist, the devotion of the patriot, the enthusiasm of the artist, and the resolute and persevering search of the scientific worker after Nature's secrets. The love of truth, the delight in beauty, the passion for justice and the thrill of exultation with which we hear of any act of courageous self-sacrifice, are the workings within us of a higher nature than that which can be developed by means of the struggle for material existence

There are at least three stages in the development of the organic world when some new cause or power must necessarily have come into action.

(1) The introduction of vitality from inorganic to organic. Complexity of chemical compounds could not produce living protoplasm.

(2) The introduction of Consciousness. No other explanation can afford mental satisfaction.

(3) The existence of man's most characteristic and noblest faculties, his intellectual and moral faculties especially can find an adequate cause only in the unseen universe of spirit.

Hence we do not suppose that all the slow growths of our race struggling towards a higher life, all the agony of martyrs, all the groans of victims, all the evil and misery and undeserved suffering of the ages, all the struggles for freedom, all the efforts towards justice, all the aspirations for virtue and the well-being of humanity shall absolutely vanish, and like the baseless "fabric of a vision leave not a wrack behind." But the universe is a grand consistent whole, adapted to the development of the human spirit in association with the human body, of whose growth even evil is a most efficient means. For as the noblest faculties of man are strengthened and perfected by struggle and effort, it is by unceasing warfare against physical evils that energy, courage, self-reliance and industry have become the qualities of the Northern races; by battle with moral evil in all its hydraheaded forms the still nobler qualities of justice, mercy, humanity and self-sacrifice have been steadily increasing. Beings thus trained and strengthened by their surroundings, and possessing latent faculties capable of such high development, are surely destined for a higher and more permanent existence, and we may confidently believe

That life is not as idle ore,
 But iron dug from central gloom,
 And heated hot with burning fears
 And dipt in baths of hissing tears,
 And battered with the shocks of doom
 To shape and use.

W. A. HUNTER

A COMMONPLACE HOLIDAY.

IT was a commonplace day. There was nothing in it of novelty or adventure ; no dizzy heights or fathomless depths ; no thrilling experiences or hair-breadth escapes ; nothing but a clear sky, a bright sun, a mossy bank, a restful shade, a lazy stream, and the small life of stream and tree and grass all stirring and vocal. A commonplace holiday and a commonplace story, you say. That is because its pleasures are always within your reach and you may enjoy them when you will. Your ideal holiday is among the islands of the Northern Lakes, or down by the sounding sea, or with the selfish herd of tourists crowding the historic places of the Old World. You must spend time and thought and money, suffer annoyance, imposition and fatigue. That is your holiday. But mine was not like that, and its very commonness made it an uncommon holiday. I may talk freely about it to others who cannot ease their shoulders from the yoke for more than a day at a time. I would that something of its spirit were breathed into sentences that when the August sun is most merciless some reader may forget the narrow streets and blistering pavements and winds hot as the breath of a blast-furnace, and hear the brook babbling over the stones, the red squirrel and the chipmunk, the robin, the peewee, the industrious woodpecker and the mournful crow.

It was only yesterday I left the city. All day the hot sun overhead looked down pitilessly on the busy streets, as if bent on forcing the worn, pallid toilers and mammon-worshippers of the city away to the quiet lanes, the green fields, the woody shades where Nature still would speak to man as friend to friend, nourish his better life and salve the wounds of hand and heart and soul. Already hundreds had left the city : some for Britain, some for the seaside, some for Muskoka, some for fashionable resorts nearer home. But to most of them it is only a change of fashion,—the fashion of the city for the equally exacting fashion of the water-

ing-place. They are no nearer Nature than when they sat in their artistic parlours or hurried along noisy streets between hideous piles of stone and brick consecrated to the cruel goddess Commerce.

But so did not I. I did not take the sea voyage, or the wearisome overland journey. The very first time the railway train stopped I alighted. Presently I found myself, although scarcely an hour's drive from the heart of the city, in as quiet a rural spot as can be seen anywhere. It is a country manse, with large airy rooms and spacious grounds. The church stands near at hand, a red-brick structure half hidden among the trees. Beyond the church is the old cemetery, where three generations sleep. On three sides runs a hollow, which, being thickly wooded, is the nearest approach to a glen we have. At the bottom of the hill, winding tortuously through undergrowths of pine and spruce, cedar and birch, maple and elm, ironwood and butternut, all interwoven in one tangled shade, a creek of inconsiderable size flows on through summer's heat and winter's cold. Away beyond the wealth of changeful green is varied by the gold of the now ripening grain.

Early this morning, before the sun was hot and while the dew still sparkled on the grass, I sallied forth. Over a primitive rail-fence, down a steep bank, and I was in a jungle. The sun struggles through these matted growths of evergreen. A little farther on and all is quiet. The sights and sounds of outside life are excluded from this retreat. On the low flat top of a huge stump I found a seat and here I mused.

But Nature is coy as an artful maiden, and will not answer our first rude beckonings. We are too coarse of soul; she will not blab her secrets in our ears. We are too much with the world, early and late, getting and spending. To the world we have given our hearts, and now our sordid souls find nothing in Nature that is ours. The meadow, grove and stream, the earth and every common sight have lost the light celestial that was the glory of boyhood's dream.

It is not now as it hath been of yore :—

Turn wheresoe'er I may,
By night or day,

The things which I have seen I now can see no more.

We have forsaken Nature, nay, we have despised her and treated her as a slave. We made her hewer of wood and drawer of water to our utility. Forgetting that man shall not live by bread alone, we have hewed down every goodly tree, furrowed and lacerated the face of every fair field, and every stream, whose waters kept pure from our garbage and foulness might have been life-giving as those of angel-troubled Bethesda, we have turned into hard, unnatural channels to grind our corn and run our factories. All this we have done, not to give seed to the sower and bread to the eater, but that our barns might be full, our presses burst out with new wine, and in the pride and fatness of our hearts our splendours pluck the slavish hat from the villager's head. All this we have done blasphemously as Nebuchednezzar, without saying to Nature, *By your leave*. And for all this greed and selfishness and sin the curse of Cain is on us. Nature shrinks from us because of our wanton cruelty, and looks sternly on our fair seeming or turns sorrowfully away. We think ourselves deserving of Heaven because we scorn the heathen worshippers of Nature. We think it a great thing that we are not what we call pantheists, and that Nature speaks not to us in leaf or rill or ray of glancing light. There is not in all our sordid selfishness enough of soul to make one pantheist. We have crushed the beauty and the poetry out of life; the visionary gleam is fled; "there has passed away a glory from the earth." We think our religion scientific and sensible.

Great God! I'd rather be
A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn:
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn,
Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea,
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathèd horn.

But Nature, because we have gone after many lovers, is some times stern of countenance and shy as a jilted maiden. If we would woo her again we must be very penitent and very patient. And we will not find her implacable. Her face will soften into smiles, her voice melt into music, she will come close to us as a mother and tell to our sensitive souls the thoughts of the groves and the waters.

When you go a-courting Nature you need not go alone. You may take a boon companion. Burroughs, who lives on intimate terms with Nature, takes with him a boy or a dog, or one with whom, as with boys and dogs, he can be alone and yet have company. In any case do not take "Peter Bell, the potter." I saw him this morning. He passed where I sat in the shade on a bank by the stream, and he glanced askance at me for a little, thinking me daft or disconsolate. Let him go by. He is blind as a mole to the beauties about him. "A primrose,"—he thinks it a weed and destroys it. Take not a scientist either, for he will give you unspeakable names for the flowers, shred them in pieces before you and burden your soul with the load of his book-borrowed knowledge. Take with you a poet of Nature: he will be both a priest and a prophet. With Eckermann you may learn the names of the birds and the lifeless facts of ornithology, but with Goethe the birds themselves will come near you and tell you their meaning and message. Take with you a poet like Lowell or Bryant, or, better than either, John Burroughs; John Ruskin will talk, when you ask him, of clouds and colours; but the one true poet of Nature, now sadly neglected, is Wordsworth. The song of such singers will quiet your pulse, and fit you for listening to music which cannot be heard by those who are restless and fearful; even as on Sabbath morning, before the minister enters the pulpit, the organist calms your turbulent spirit, and calls your thoughts from the world and its business and trouble, and fits you for worship.

Presently all was astir. The life of the grove showed itself. It is wonderful in our Canadian woods—which at best are not very stirring; and in the bush-land, far from the primeval forests, there seems no life at all—it is wonderful how many forms of insect and bird life come round one if one sits still and waits their coming. I had not long to wait before ants and bugs and flies and birds came near to see the new comer, and find out his intentions. They were not noxious or vicious. When they found my coming was friendly they left me alone and returned to their daily vocations. One little bird was persistent and with its *chick-a-dee-dee-dee-dee* called a dozen others to council. A red squirrel stole quietly across the brook on an overhanging cedar, and shook his bushy tail, a few yards from where I was sitting. A chipmunk, too, sat near me on a hollow log saucily chuckling and chirping; it was well for his

bones that old sense movements ceased to return on tracks familiar in schooldays. In the pool at my feet made by a sudden bend of the stream, a big loud-voiced bullfrog came to the surface to speak for the swimming fraternity, but whether in welcome or protest I could not make out from his croaking. I listened to all that was said or sung by the creatures around me, and to all that was breathed by the water itself, and the trees, and the wind stirring the tufted tops of the pines. There was soul and language and music in all. The strife of tongues, the clash of creeds, the pride of man, was all forgotten. I forgot the burden of life, "the heavy and the weary weight of all this unintelligible world."

And so morning passed into noon, and noon into evening. I had followed the hundred windings in the course of the creek and saw where years ago the settlers hooked the lusty trout; now there is nothing but shiners and suckers, that the most ardent of juvenile anglers regard with disdain. The sun is dipping behind the horizon as I emerge from the now deepening shade into the clearing, and stand on the knoll where, a century ago, the first settler built his lonely cottage. I listen long in the twilight and seem to hear the stirrings of Indian life and passion—the whistle of the bow-string, the squaw's low croon in the wigwam, the brave's wild yell of triumph or vengeance. Then comes the White Man, and all that remains of the sons of the forest are relics dug out of the hillside.

I climbed the steep bank and in the old churchyard see a forest of marble and granite, whose chiselled inscriptions tell all that we know of the men and women who first claimed this land for the crowded civilization of Britain. Two of these inscriptions I copied as interesting snatches of history. One of them, on a broad brown slab, reads:—

In
Memory of
David Thompson,
Of Westerkirk,
Dumfries-shire, Scotland.
Who was the first Settler
in Scarborough, where he
arrived in 1796, and died
on the 22nd of June, 1834,
Aged 71, leaving his
Wife, eleven children, and
Fifty-three Grand-childrer.

Beside this is another, bearing a companion inscription of more than ordinary length and interest.

In
Memory of
Mary Thompson,

The Mother of Scarborough,
Who died the 8th November, 1847.
Aged 80 years.

Here her remains repose side by side
with those of her husband

DAVID THOMPSON,

Whose grave-stone tells the Land
of their Nativity and when they
settled in Scarborough, which was
then a Wilderness. On the opposite
bank of the passing Rivulet, a
little above this Burial ground,
they built their lonely cottage,
and there they contended successfully
against the hardships of a
forest life ; and there she passed
the first seven months after their
settlement without seeing a woman,
and the first was an INDIAN.
As her husband, she lived and
died respected, leaving behind her
above 100 Descendants.

*As time runs on, so families pass away ;
Ye living men improve the present day ;
O seek that home that lies beyond the grave,
Employ all means th' immortal soul to save.*

But my holiday is over. The light has faded from the west. The tallest shaft casts no shadows in the deepening gloom. All is silent as the graves around, save here and there the chirr of a cricket and the heavy creak of a late harvest waggon. The lights begin to glimmer in the farm-houses. In the silence comes forgetfulness of the dead and thoughtful recollection of the living. I threaded my way among unknown graves and, like the comrades of Sir John Moore, "sullenly thought of the morrow." To-morrow the city will claim its own again, and the insatiable printer will

call for "copy." But I go back to the din and strife, feeling again
the force of

those obstinate questionings
Of sense and outward things,
Fallings from us, vanishings,
Blank misgivings of a creature
Moving about in worlds not realized,
High instincts before which our mortal nature
Did tremble like a guilty thing surprised.

Days like this alone with Nature recall us to ourselves, stir to
life our better selves,

and have power to make
Our noisy years seem moments in the being
Of the eternal Silence.

They save us from the world and breathe into our creed of life

truths that wake
To perish never ;
Which neither listlessness nor mad endeavour
Nor Man nor Boy
Nor all that is at enmity with joy,
Can utterly abolish or destroy.

J. A. M.

THE CHURCH AND JUSTICE.

THE principles of Christianity, like the unquestioned axioms of mathematical science, are complete and final. We never dream of questioning the fact that, at the basis of religion, there must be justice, in its structure there must be truth, and crowning all, there must be the supremacy of love.

It is one thing thus to state in a few brief sentences, the essential principles of true religion. And it is equally easy to state and understand the few simple principles that lie at the basis of mathematical science. But to work out the application of these mathematical principles so as to solve the complex and intricate problems that constitute the body of mathematical science, means toil, investigation and study. In the same way to understand the applications of the "golden rule," and the "new commandment," to the complex organization of society we must also put forth toil, investigation and study.

The labour problem, the never-ending struggle between labour and capital, have hitherto been treated as though they had but a remote, if any, relationship to Church work. Hence they have been noticed only incidentally. We have been assured that when men's hearts were made right in some millennial future all would develop harmoniously. In this assumption there are two serious mistakes: first, that the investigation of this problem is not Church work; second, that the sentiment of the heart includes the intelligence of the head. The conscience that is quick and sensitive, that has strong impulses for the right, is one thing; the spirit of inquiry that seeks the truth, that the conscience may be guided aright, is another thing. The first has been preached to with abundant emphasis. The second has been sadly and injuriously neglected. Hence we see many professing Christians to-day, often members of the same Church, divided into hostile camps, employers on the one hand, and the employeés on the other. At times the feeling becomes bitter, they declare open hostility, the one locks out, the other strikes. How do they settle eventually? By force, and force

alone. It is war, and is settled according to the methods of war ; the weakest goes under. And the Churches sit by in utter imbecility and impotency. The method of settling the contest is anything but a manifestation of Christian spirit, and, in our ignorance of social laws, we know not how to bring about a reconciliation that shall be lasting, because settled on principles of eternal justice.

For nearly twenty centuries we have enjoyed the instructions of the master Teacher, and yet to-day we have big lessons to learn in the application of His lessons. We have abundance of explanations of the methods of the soul, the ways of the Creator, of verbal and textual criticism, of historical allusion, of spiritual similies, of agnostic denunciation ; but investigation of the application of Christian principles to the proper regulation of society, is conspicuous only by its absence. We might say worse than this, but we have said enough. This charge against the Church that there is no place in its organizations for the investigation of this most important problem, is a terrible fact, and a serious reproach.

A correct knowledge of what constitutes righteousness, demands a knowledge of what constitutes a right of property. If we do not know this simple fact we know not how to be honest. The time was when the monarchs of the earth could say, like Louis XIV. 'L'état c'est moi'—"The State, that's me"—but on every citizen now falls the responsibility of framing government and decreeing laws. When demands have been made for improvement in our laws respecting the distribution of wealth, it has been very fashionable to call out "socialism" or some other epithet intended for reproach or prejudice. Socialism or no socialism, society by its legislative enactments must divide the wealth of the world ; the very structure of society compels us that we must decree respecting the distribution of product ; we cannot help ourselves. Here is a duty, a Christian duty, just as obligatory as any other Christian duty. To perform it aright a knowledge of the structure of society is indispensable.

Let us look at the way we perform this duty to-day. Perhaps no physical factor has ever contributed so much to the advancement of mankind as the division of trades. Destroy trade, impose penalties so as to make exchanges impossible, and barbarism is the inevitable result. Compel a Newton, a Watt or an Edison to pro-

cure his own food, clothing, shelter, and science, and he would be steeped in ignorance as dense as that of a Blackfeet Indian. Civilization is dependent on the division of labour, and division of labour is dependent on freedom of exchange. And yet to-day, with all our boasted knowledge we are employing the whole power of the government to impede this freedom. When between nations we impose penalties, and treat it as a crime we refuse to trust the instincts and judgement that God has planted in the mind of every man; the instincts that lead him to choose the place best suited to procure the satisfaction for his wants. We deem abundance as a calamity, freedom as a fraud, and common-sense as crime. We have yet to learn what is freedom to produce, freedom to exchange and freedom to enjoy.

Is it not a fundamental principle of justice that trade should be reciprocal, service for service, product for product? Let us deny this and maintain the converse. Let us assume that some have a right to product without rendering service or product in return; that one portion of society must do all the producing and the rest need produce nothing, but are still entitled to a share in the product of others' toil; that justice requires one part to produce and then surrender their produce to another part. From such an assumption does not the soul turn away with loathing? To allow one set of men to live by the toil of another set, to place all the burden of maintaining society on one part of society, is spoliation, serfdom and slavery.

We conclude, therefore, that trade to be honest, must be reciprocal, service for service.

The claim of the child on the service of the parent, or of the unfortunate on our benevolence, do not belong to this discussion, and are, therefore, passed by with this brief notice.

The slaveholder claims service without rendering service, so does the foot-pad, the sneak-thief and the burglar. By our penalties against these, we try to enforce with powerful emphasis the truth of the doctrine of reciprocal service.

Now there are some things man cannot produce, and the most conspicuous of these things is this planet. Columbus discovered America; he did not create it. No man, no set of men, made this continent. That is beyond man's power. And yet one set of men to-day claim payment for this continent. They are endowed with

the power to charge their fellow men for occupying the land called America. This is one violation of reciprocal service. When a man claims ground rent as his, he does not pretend to render any service for such payment. He claims service or product, but offers no product or service in return. When he says, "I furnish land," he utters something close on blasphemy, for it is the Creator who does that.

We have but to examine this a little further to see the monstrosity whereby men claim the earth as an article of merchandise, and treat it just as they would treat a product of labour. The highest value of land in Toronto is at the rate of nearly one million dollars per acre, in Chicago at about five million dollars; and in New York at upwards of ten million dollars per acre. Whence comes this value, and on what conditions does it rest? Let population increase in any neighbourhood and land becomes more and more scarce; there is less available land for each. In one part of New York the amount of land for each person is about one hundred square feet, while in the residential part of Toronto, where population is sufficiently dense for comfort, the area available for each is upwards of four thousand feet. As land becomes more scarce the value advances. Can this increasing value, by any stretch of imagination, be construed into a service or product? Evidently not. And yet by our laws we recognize these values as a basis and right of property. Because land has grown scarce, the so-called landowner must be enriched. Let us examine carefully this claim; for we have become so habituated to it, that it is hard to tear away from the eyes the scales that long grown custom has incrustated there. The landowner's claim to fortune depends on the growth and density of population, and the consequent scarcity of land. Because population has come, and land has grown scarce, the producers must furnish the landowner with abundance; because people are growing poorer in land, he must be made rich. His claim on product depends not on his having produced, or rendered service, but simply on the presence of population and scarcity of land. We, therefore, thus at once establish an extraordinary relationship, dividing humanity into two parts, one part compelled to do all the production, and forced by law to surrender the bulk of their product; another part exempt from production, but empowered by law to appropriate product. Here reciprocity

of service is ignored, honest production is despoiled, idleness rises into magnificent fortune, while industry is crowded down into humiliating and degrading poverty.

In early settlement, when the natural resources of wealth were fairly open to all, there was but little distinction between employer and employé; but as population increased the values of these natural sources of wealth rapidly advanced. The railroad and factory system have tended to crowd population more and more into great commercial centres. In one part of New York, on a single square mile, there are upwards of a quarter million of people. As population has increased the land value has advanced, the toilers year after year have had to surrender more and more of their product. They have seen their obligation growing and growing; the more they pay the more they still have to pay, the greater becomes their debt. According to law, they must inevitably sink beneath an obligation, continuous, increasing and irredeemable. A professedly Christian nation is now maintaining without protest, a system of law that prevents honest toil reaping the reward of its industry, that drives the toiler to his tasks and strips him of the product of his efforts as surely as ever did the lash of a Legree or the hulks of the galley slave. And some people wonder when we say it is part of a Church's duty to investigate this problem. Mr. Shortt in his criticism of Mr. Thomas Ritchie's excellent article, seems to be satisfied that he had fully demolished the argument of the latter, when he states that the value of an acre of land in Toronto, \$100,000, and the value of a loaf of bread are both due to the presence of an active community. Here we have a sample of a fragment of a truth mistaken for the whole truth. It is true that without society land and bread would be both valueless; but does that express the whole truth? Not by a great deal. Labour tills the soil, sows the seed, garners the crop. This crop has a value; mark the conditions associated with this value; 1. Toil to produce. 2. The production of a commodity that did not exist in that form before—an increased abundance of food. 3. This commodity will soon disappear when consumed. 4. Toil must again reproduce a new supply. Mark the difference between this and a land value. In 1868, when population was about 40,000, a lot on King St., Toronto, was valued at \$4 per foot frontage, per annum; twenty one years after, with population about 180,000, the

value was estimated at \$45 per foot frontage. Here is an increase of value of \$41 per foot, about eleven and a quarter times, while population had increased about four and a half times. Did the owners of this lot toil to produce this \$41 per foot? Nay verily. Did they produce a commodity, make an addition to the abundance of goods? Not by any means. Will this value soon disappear by consumption and require toil to replace it? Not at all. Now here are four distinctions between land value and labour-produced values, which Mr. Shortt utterly ignores, and on these distinctions the whole discussion turns.

When trade is reciprocal, as between a farmer and clothier, we see this beautiful provision in human nature. Each of the parties develops special skill, acquires special tools, and accumulates special knowledge. The result is that when they exchange, each gives more, each gets more, they are both enriched. The characteristics of this trade are, toil for toil, service for service, enrichment for enrichment, "twice blessed," harmonious and mutually beneficent. Each puts forth his energies, exercises every ingenuity, and rejoices in the abundant fruitfulness that crowns and rewards his efforts. Each looks for product only when he offers product in exchange.

Gaze, if you please, O reader, at the sight we witness in this Christian city of Toronto. Is this man that comes here a Christian? Let us listen, what is he reading? "Render to all men their dues. Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself. Love worketh no ill to his neighbour; therefore love is the fulfilling of the law." Love worketh no ill, what means the sparkle in that man's eye? Can it be? Why, he is one of the anointed ones, one, who in the presence of God, men and angels, dedicated his powers as an evangel of the Word of love and light to his fellow men. Why that glee in his voice and gladness in his countenance? Do you ask why? Let me tell you. He has made a handsome fortune. He got a piece of land. Did he plant corn that food might be abundant; build houses that shelter might be plenty; erect a factory and organize an industry, that in its abundant product his fellows might rejoice; did he sow anything that might spring forth in rich harvest to gladden the hearts of his fellow men? No, no, none of these things. He turned that land into a desert. He forbade his fellow men to use it. While men walked the streets in enforced idleness, seeking

often in vain to exercise their industry, he helped to intensify their calamity, for idle land means idle men. He added to the bitterness of their souls and the hardness of their hearts. He could bide his time, and he did. Land grew scarce, and he reaped a fortune, and he read and preached from the text, "Love worketh no ill to his neighbour."

From blighty barrenness he reaps a big fortune, and then wonders why men who have been crushed and cursed by this system of spoliation wont come and listen to his words of polished eloquence. His speculation added not one ounce of product to the world's store of wealth, but it added to the burdens of his fellow men; and we are told that this value—the value of increasing scarcity, is akin to "the economic value of a loaf of bread, a ton of coal, or a locomotive." What blight of the eye can it be that makes a man talk of non-productive barrenness as equal to the production of a loaf of bread, the mining of coal and the building of a locomotive. Do men rise early in the morning, tramp to their work before light of wintry day, toil through the hours, come home in their weariness after set of sun, and tell how they have manufactured a section of town lots? Talk of land values in Toronto, being the same as products, loaves of bread, tons of coal or locomotives! It takes ten hours per day to keep up the supplies of bread, coal and locomotives. Who ever heard or dreamt of ten hours daily to keep up ground rents in our cities? The blind man when restored, saw "men as trees walking." Society has been sadly blind as to some essential distinctions in economics, and they yet only see these distinctions "as trees walking" I take the liberty of pointing out some of these.

The Creator furnished the earth with its raw materials. These are a gift to all mankind equally, and the equality of right to this gift our laws should observe most jealously. At present this equality right is utterly ignored.

Labour operates on these natural opportunities, and brings forth product. These products are the proper objects for exclusive private possession, to enjoy, consume or exchange, as the owners judge best.

Of values we must carefully distinguish two kinds: (1) the value of labour products, (2) the value that comes to land and other natural opportunities, through the growth of population or public improvements—the value that does not come from the appli-

cation of labour. The first values, those of labour products, may properly be left to individual possession. The second value is truly a community value and should go to the public treasury. This value is the proper object for taxation.

W. A. DOUGLAS.

Toronto.

THE TRUE SHEPHERD.

I WAS wandering and weary,
When my Saviour came unto me ;
For the ways of sin grew dreary,
And the world had ceased to woo me ;
And I thought I heard Him say,
As He came along His way,
O silly souls ! come near Me,
My sheep should never fear Me,
I am the Shepherd true.

At first I would not hearken,
And put off till to-morrow ;
But life began to darken,
And I was sick with sorrow ;
And I thought I heard Him say,
As He came along His way,
O silly souls ! come near Me.
My sheep should never fear Me,
I am the Shepherd true.

At last I stopped to listen,
His voice could not deceive me,
I saw His kind eye glisten,
So anxious to relieve me ;
And I thought I heard Him say,
As He came along His way,
O silly souls ! come near Me,
My sheep should never fear Me,
I am the Shepherd true.

He took me on His shoulder,
 And tenderly He kissed me,
 He bade my love be bolder,
 And said how He had missed me
 And I'm sure I heard Him say,
 As He went along His way,
 O silly souls ! come near Me,
 My sheep should never fear Me,
 I am the Shepherd true.

Strange gladness seemed to move Him,
 Whenever I did better,
 And He coaxed me so to love Him,
 As if He was my debtor ;
 And I always heard Him say,
 As He went along His way,
 O silly souls ! come near Me,
 My sheep should never fear Me,
 I am the Shepherd true.

I thought His love would weaken,
 As more and more He knew me,
 But it burneth like a beacon,
 And its light and heat go through me ;
 And I ever hear Him say,
 As He goes along His way,
 O silly souls ! come near Me,
 My sheep should never fear Me,
 I am the Shepherd true.

Let us do then, dearest brothers !
 What will best and longest please us,
 Follow not the ways of others,
 But trust ourselves to Jesus ;
 We shall ever hear Him say,
 As He goes along His way,
 O silly souls ! come near Me,
 My sheep should never fear Me,
 I am the Shepherd true.

—F. W. FABER.

PATTERNS OF FILIAL PIETY.

THE Chinese have a favourite proverb which runs:—Of the hundred virtues, Filial piety is the chief. Many writers do not hesitate to say that the prevalent observance of the Divine injunction has secured to the nation its long continuance in the land which God gave it. Confucius, in the Filial Classic, merely emphasized and developed the thought of a virtue, long before known and practiced. The spirit of Confucius may be gathered from the following quotations, “The ancient kings had a perfect virtue, an all embracing rule of conduct, namely, filial piety, the root of all virtue.” “Of all the actions of men there is none greater than filial piety.” “There are 3,000 offences against which the five punishments are directed, and there is not one of them greater than being unfilial.”

In the course of time twenty-four individuals have emerged from the mass as being *par excellence* patterns of this virtue. A little volume sets forth their praises and popular pictures, much sold at New Year's, represent them in discharge of the various acts which have entitled them to their place in the temple of fame. An attentive consideration of this virtue as set forth by the Chinese will be instructive to all who are looking for the establishment of Christ's Kingdom in China. The hand writing of God upon the heads of the Chinese is clearly seen. We propose first to set forth in order these popular examples.

SON TOWARDS MOTHER.

1. This lad when six years of age went to visit a great man. At the feast some fine oranges were set out. The boy, following a custom which has been faithfully copied ever since, slipped three oranges up his wide sleeve. On leaving he must put both hands before him and bow low, in which act the oranges fell to the ground. “And do you, my guest, presume to filch my oranges?” thundered the great man. “I am taking them for mamma, who loves to eat them,” said the youth, and earned a place in the list of the Twenty-Four.

2. This lad when young lost his father. His mother when aged was taken ill. During the winter she desired a soup of bamboo sprouts, which unfortunately were not in season. Her son, however, repaired to a bamboo grove. His cries moved heaven and earth. The earth parted and the sprouts came up. The Chinese remark that the bamboos have ever since kept up the laudable practice of shooting forth some months every year earlier than formerly was the case.

3. This son became a high official. Returning home to visit his aged mother he disdained not with his own hand to clean the chamber utensils. He thus proved that filial love scorns not to perform for its object even the most menial offices.

4. This lad in time of rebellion carried his mother on his back to a place of safety, and although often intercepted by the rebels, was never molested by them, owing to his filial devotion.

5. This boy served his mother obediently. He often went to the hills to gather firewood. One day in his absence some guests came to the house. According to Chinese etiquette his mother could not receive them in the absence of all the male members of the family. Accordingly she was much perplexed, and in her longing to see him return she bit her finger. Simultaneously, with this proceeding, her son's heart felt pain, and he divining trouble started home. On arriving he learned the cause of his heart-pain. The Chinese comment: "Behold how perfect a medium between mother and child is filial piety!"

6. This boy's mother while alive was very much afraid of thunder. After her death on occasion of thunder storms he would run to her grave, and remain there crying out: "Your son is here, dear mother, do not fear." From this it would appear that he believed her spirit subject to the alarms of this material state. In the picture the goddess of thunder is seen charioted on the clouds. This son refused to take office because it would interfere with his frequently visiting his mother's tomb. When he came to the passage in the Book of Odes, "Alas! alas! my parents have borne and nourished me with much trouble and care," he always read it three times with flowing tears. In some representations he philosophically holds an umbrella over his head, while kneeling before the grave with offerings.

7. This hero was the son of an aged mother with sore eyes.

She desired to secure some wild deer's milk to rub in them. The lad with inventive love clad himself in a deer's skin, and entering into a herd on the mountains armed with a tin pail surreptitiously milked the unsuspecting does. So like was he to the deer that two fierce hunters were on the point of shooting him with their arrows, when to their great astonishment he disclosed his identity. He ran much risk in his novel project.

8. This pattern was captured by the men of a bandit chief, before whom he was quickly brought. The chief enquired: "Why do you carry that basket in your arms?" The lad replied: "To gather ripe vegetables for my mother's use. The sour I eat myself." Such goodness melted the hardened robber, and he forthwith ordered a leg of beef and two pecks of rice to be sent to their home.

9. This son's father took unto himself a concubine, who, jealous of the lawful wife, influenced the father to drive her out. At this time the lad was seven years of age. The boy became an official, but, laying aside his robes of office, he swore an oath that he would not rest till he found her. After fifty years he succeeded. His mother was then over seventy years of age. Time did not efface her memory from the heart of this most filial son.

10. It is eminently proper that, as filial piety is the pillar of the state, the Emperor should be the foremost in setting the example to his people. One Emperor finds a place among the worthies. The one chosen belongs to the Han Dynasty (106 B.C.—25 A.D.) Of him it is related that during a three years' illness of his mother, he never put off his clothes, being in constant attendance upon her. No medicine, however nauseous, passed her lips without first being tasted by her royal son.

11. During the dynasty of the preceding worthy lived a man whose family was very poor. It consisted of himself, wife and child, and his mother. Finding that his mother was starving herself for the sake of his child, he thus discoursed to his wife: "We are so poor that we cannot even support mother. Why not bury this child? We may have another, but if mother should die we cannot have her again." His wife dare not oppose. He began to dig the grave, when lo! he strikes a vase of gold, on which was this inscription: "Heaven bestows this gold on the filial son. The officials shall not seize it, nor shall the people take it."

SON TOWARDS FATHER.

12. This boy's father died. Owing to extreme poverty, they could not provide him with a coffin. The boy resolved to sell his body in order to secure the funeral expenses. He did so, buried his father, and went to pay his debt. While on the way a heavenly female sprite appeared to him, and besought the honour of his hand, which was given. The two proceeded to the master's house and in one month wove 200 pieces of satin, ordinary people being able to compass only ten pieces. Under an ash tree she disappears. In theatrical representations the story is varied by representing the goddess as remaining two years with the hero, and bearing him two sons, one of whom was afterwards a famous traitorous statesman.

13. The father fell sick. The doctor said that the son should taste some of the paternal excrement. If it proved nauseous the father would get well, if palatable he would not. Alas! it proved palatable. Thus did Heaven approve of filial devotion which was equal to such a severe test.

14. This boy at the age of nine lost his mother. His constant thought of her gained his neighbours' praise. To his living parent he applied himself with assiduous love. In summer when the weather was hot, with his fan he cooled his father's pillow. In winter he warmed, with his own body, his father's couch. This incident strongly reminds us of what the "fags" of Rugby school used to do for the seniors.

15. This boy, when only fourteen years of age, saved his father's life. They two were in a field together when a huge tiger sprang upon the father. The lad, although he had no weapons, leaped upon the beast, and seizing it by the neck, put it to ignominious and speedy flight.

SON TOWARDS STEP-MOTHER.

16. Losing his mother early he fell into the hands of a step-mother who treated him hardly. One winter's day he complained of the cold. His father reproaching him for complaining, while the other two children did not, proceeded to beat him. The lash split open his coat, and revealed the fact that his step-mother had wadded his clothes with the flowers of reeds instead of the warm

cotton. The father enraged at this discovery, was about to divorce the cruel woman, but at the intercession of the lad she was spared. "For," said he, "if she goes, the other two children will be as badly off as I." This boy was afterwards one of the Confucius' famous disciples.

17. This lad's step-mother was also very cruel, always accusing him to his father of want of filial love. He determined to give a heroic proof of his sincerity and virtue. The old lady was fond of carp. The boy in midwinter proceeded to the river, and by the warmth of his naked body melted the ice, whereupon two large carp leaped out. These he took home and presented to his step-mother, thus forever silencing her accusations against him. A poet has said, "A thousand ages cannot efface the remembrance of the crack in the ice, nor obliterate the fragrant traces of so worthy an action."

SON TOWARDS PARENTS.

18. This hero, although only eight years old, earned a place in the honour roll by an extraordinary act of filial devotion. The family were poor, and of course had no mosquito curtains to their beds. His parents were much annoyed in summer nights by these insects. He hit upon a happy expedient, viz., to allow them early in the evening to gorge themselves on him till they were content to leave his parents alone, who retired later. A Chinese poet represents him to have discoursed thus when he felt their bills: "I have no dread of you, nor have you any reason to fear me. Although I have a fan I will not use it. I will lie very quietly and let you gorge to the full."

19. This is a specimen of filiality in a man seventy years of age whose parents were still living. Fearing that the sight of their aged son should provoke in his parents the unpleasant thought of their own still more extreme age, he adopted the variegated dress and manners of little children. He would also take two pails of water on a carrying pole, and pretend to stumble like a little child.

20. This lad used to eat wild herbs in order to provide his parents with rice, which he used to carry on his back a distance of thirty miles. They died, and he became a great official, with a following of over 100 caits, and thousands of taels of silver as income. Amid this affluence he sighed for the old time when he

denied himself for the sake of his parents. He was one of Confucius' famous disciples.

21. This filial son, being deprived of the privilege of serving his parents by their early death, set up images of them which he served and treated as if they were his living parents. His wife did not approve of this course, and in his absence pricked the image's hand with a needle. The son returned, and beheld blood on the hand, and tears in the eye. He charged his wife with the enormity, and drove her forth.

22. About 2200 B.C. lived Shun. His father was stupid, his mother depraved, and his younger brother proud. Although his parents did not love him, he showed such filial devotion that heaven and earth were moved. The elephants came to plough for him and the birds to weed for him! The Emperor Yao heard of it, and sent nine of his sons to serve him, and gave him his two daughters in marriage, and finally resigned the throne to him.

DAUGHTER TOWARDS MOTHER-IN-LAW.

23. The aged woman had no teeth. So the dutiful daughter fed her for ten years on her own milk. According to this story the mother-in-law takes precedence of the children.

24. The mother-in-law was fond of river water to drink. To fetch it the daughter used to go a distance of two miles. She was also very fond of carp, which at much expense of labour were obtained. Suddenly, by the side of the house, there bubbled up a spring, the water of which was like in taste to river water, and every day a brace of carp leaped out. Thus was she rewarded for her filiality.

Of the foregoing examples, eleven, or nearly half of the whole number, relate to the duty of son to mother, four of son to father, five of son to parents, two of son to stepmother, and two of daughter-in-law to mother-in-law.

The prominence given to the mother is very gratifying and much to be commended. It is pleasing to think that the large number of examples relating to the mother may shew the great prevalence of such piety. But from this it must not too readily be inferred that the mother takes precedence of the father. The condition of woman in China has always been inferior to that of man.

A woman who escapes some of the tortures of purgatory in consequence of some of her virtuous deeds, and is allowed to return to the world for another period, shall be born, it is said, as a man. Notwithstanding, however, the low place assigned to her by priests and philosophers, old missionaries say that the mother is very often the real arbiter in many cases of household difficulty. The hen-pecked man is a common Chinese jest.

According to the Patterns, filial love should find its loftiest exponent in the Emperor (11), while the lowest and poorest should also furnish many examples (4, 8, 13, 20), children should endure suffering and risk danger for their parents' sakes (2, 3, 5, 8, 10, 11, 14, 16, 18), when promoted to office remember them (20), obey them (5), be pained when they feel pain (5), perform the humblest duty for them (3). They should exercise the greatest care and solicitude for them (1, 11, 15, 19), give them dainty food even at great expense to the giver (1, 8, 20), long to see them when long separated (9), to be preferred to office (9). They should give even a son for them (23), and surrender a wife for them (21). They should help them when helpless (4), cherish them when sick (2, 7, 11, 14). Even in children's old age they should not forget filial piety. When parents die, children should provide a decent burial, and cherish them as if living (6, 13, 21).

The foregoing popular representation corresponds on the whole with Confucius' own descriptions of the virtue (Hsias Ching, Ch. X). "In the filial son's general conduct to his parents, he manifests the utmost reverence in his nourishing of them; he endeavours to give them the utmost pleasure; when they are ill he feels the greatest anxiety; in mourning for them he exhibits every demonstration of grief; in sacrificing to them he displays the utmost solemnity." It remains that we should canvass the real merits of this piety as exemplified in these examples.

Firstly, when we ask our teachers regarding the truth of these stories, they are surprised that we should have any doubts, for, say they, it is so said in the books! as if no further argument were needed. The sceptical foreigner, while believing in the supernatural, cannot see that the supernatural in these stories rises above the supernatural of monkish and heathen legends. In one case, which reminds us in one respect of Abraham's sacrifice, Heaven intervenes to approve of an act of murder. In other cases

the intervention of the supernatural has no worthy cause. Judged, therefore, by Western canons, some of these examples fail in the first essential of truth. While this may not detract from their value in the eyes of the Chinese, it must stand as our first charge against their absolute value. The filial piety exemplified in our Scriptures stands on the Eternal Rock, and has absolute value for all nations.

Secondly, we remark that the place assigned this virtue among the other virtues is extravagant and false. It is not the chief virtue. The examples given in many cases are beyond human attainment. Confucius says: "The services of love and reverence to parents when alive, and those of grief and sorrow for them when dead, these completely discharge the fundamental duty of living men." From this it appears that filial duty is a religion in itself. This we affirm to be false and narrow. How infinitely higher is the Christian conception. There Love appears as the chief of the graces (Cor. xiii). If we were desired to sum up our religion in one word, we might name Love as that word. Christ said to love God with all the heart and soul and strength and might, and to love our neighbour as ourself, is to fulfil the whole law. How narrow the Chinese conception appears beside this!

Thirdly, we affirm that the extravagant importance attached to this virtue confuses the moral judgment, leading men to regard a false and strained carrying out of an impossible virtue as condoning acts which in other circumstances all men would pronounce immoral. A boy steals oranges (No. 1), but as it is for his mother his act is highly praised. His duty to his mother, according to the Chinese, overtops his duty to God. A son, to fulfil a Chinaman's idea that a good funeral is essential to the happiness of the soul, sells himself to bury his father (No. 13). A son (No. 12), to save his mother, proceeds to murder his infant son, and with the approval of Heaven buries it alive! In the Christian system, on the contrary, the full execution of filial piety demands no violation of the laws of God or of conscience. Harmony prevails. Unity is imparted by the subordination of man's duty to man, to man's duty to God.

Fourthly, the Chinese virtue fosters selfishness in parents, whose exhortations to their children are largely prompted by pure self-interest. A proverb states: Sons should be born early, not late.

If born late, the parents may die before the boys are of much service, and thus the trouble expended on them will be wasted. The final cause of children is to benefit the parents. At much expense of toil they must furnish them with dainties to eat. Seven of the patterns relate to eating, surely not a very lofty or unselfish subject upon which to exhort to virtue. The selfishness of parents accounts for the dislike of daughters. They are early married off into another family, and are a loss instead of a gain. No daughter appears among the worthies, except the daughter-in-law who comes to add to the working force of the home, and be a servant of her husband's mother. The character for filial piety is an old man on the back of a son. The primitive idea is support. The Christian idea is, Honour thy father and thy mother. The Scriptures set forth the fact, on which the Chinese are silent, that parents have duties to their children. "The children ought not to lay up for the parents, but the parents for the children" (2 Cor., 12, 14). In Eph. vi., 2, 4, and Col. iii., 20, 21, the duties of parents to children are given their place beside the duties of children to parents.

Fifthly, this Chinese virtue, in its extension to the worship of parents and ancestors, has fostered the growth of countless superstitions, which blight the progress of man and hold him in subjection to the vagaries of a designing priestcraft. Millions fancy that their dead are in a part of purgatory, and will spite and injure them if they do not compass their deliverance. The result is that morbid feeling regarding the spirits of the dead which paralyses any effort which in the opinion of the masses would disturb the dead, and bring ruin upon the living. The Christian thought regarding the dead is very different. It accepts the fact with resignation, treasuring their memories in loving hearts. We come not behind the Chinese in filial piety to the dead, although we worship not their images or tablets. The filial piety of China seeks to give happiness to their dead. The Christian knows that he cannot affect their state for good, but that he shall see their face again if he imitate the pattern, by imitating which they entered into Divine glory.

Sixthly, this virtue falls short in its basis of obligation and in its motive. Social order, peace safety, prosperity are necessary. Therefore, says Confucius, be filial. Paul says: "Children obey your parents in all things, for this is well-pleasing in the Lord," (Col. iii., 20), Eph. vi, 1, "for this is right." We hear nothing in

China of its being intrinsically right, nothing of its being pleasing to God, who is entirely omitted from the Chinese ethical system. Again, the highest object of its exercise, according to the Chinese, is the good of the individual and of the nation. Of glorifying God by obedience to His injunctions, as the highest aim of any virtue, they are entirely ignorant.

Finally, it may be asked what are the fruits of this teaching in China to-day. Are the Chinese a filial race? One writer, of long experience affirms that Chinese sons are the most unfilial, disobedient to parents, and pertinacious in having their own way, of any nation we read of. Dr. Legge does not subscribe to this. The young missionary must wait, observe and enquire. There is much to commend in Chinese morality, but it is of the earth, earthy. God speed the day when China's sons shall be filial unto their Heavenly Father.

Lin Ching, North China.

D. MACGILLIVRAY.

*Students who wish to read the Filial Classic will find it in "The Sacred Books of the East, Vol III. Hsias Ching, in Knox College Library.

BENARES.

ON Thursday evening, November 14th, we left Calcutta. The Howrale station on the West side of the Hoogly river, where we got our train for Benares, recalls an incident of mutiny times, and reminds us that we are now beginning our journey towards the part of the country where a life and death struggle for our Indian empire took place; where the most terrible of tragedies was avenged by swift and terrible punishment, and where deeds of heroism were done that shall not be forgotten as long as Britain has a name.

After the mutiny had broken out in many military cantonments, urgent requests had come to Calcutta from up-country for more British troops, and on the arrival of Colonel Neill with his Madras Fusiliers in the capital, he was at once ordered to push on as rapidly as possible towards the centre of trouble. At Howrale station Colonel Neill found the railway authorities unwilling to help in sending off his men, and they insisted on leaving the station strictly on time, refusing to detain the train for a few minutes till all the troops should be on board. Colonel Neill, "a God-fearing Scotchman of the old covenanting type," the right type of a man for such a time, put the guards, engineers, and stokers, under arrest, and taking command of the train himself, within ten minutes of the "table" time for leaving the station, had his men on board, and was ready to start on his journey to Benares.

In spite of a crowded compartment we had a very comfortable journey to Benares. We were wearied after a day of shopping and sight-seeing in Calcutta, and the air was so pleasant, neither too hot nor too cold, that even a second-class coach with its full complement of travellers, and more than the allowance of luggage, did not seem so bad a place to spend the night in.

We reached Moghul Serai Junction, where a change of cars is made for Benares, about one o'clock next day, and at three o'clock drew up at Benares Station. We drove at once to a hotel, I think the only one in the place, and found it already full, for this was the season for tourists. At every place we stopped we found ourselves in the midst of globe-trotters, English and American. We then went to the *dāk* bungalow, an institution that is falling into decay, evidently, in the large Indian cities, where there are many travellers who do not care to have the trouble of catering for themselves, but

prefer paying a higher figure at a regular hotel. We spent only one night here, however, for Mr. and Mrs. Hutton, of the London Missionary Society, with a kindness and hospitality which we found characteristic of the many missionaries whom we met in our travels, asked us to stay with them while we should be in Benares.

Benares, or as the Hindus call it, Kashi—the resplendent—is the holy city of India. “It is the Hindu’s Jerusalem and Mecca.” The city is chiefly devoted to the worship of Shio, and the greater number of the temples contain the common Shaiote symbol of the linga. Every year thousands of pilgrims come here from all parts of India to touch the sacred earth, and breathe the sacred air, and bathe in the sacred waters, and then return to their homes satisfied that their sins are pardoned and their everlasting happiness secured, and if aged or very feeble, perhaps, to spend their last days in this spot so favoured by the gods. To die within a radius of ten miles of Benares secures an immediate entrance into the heaven of Shio.

The virtue of the waters of the Ganges at Benares is such that even though a man may never, while living, have touched them, if his ashes are mingled with them the benefit received is as great as though he had, in life, washed in the sacred stream. Cust tells an amusing story of an old woman whom he met journeying towards the Ganges carrying her husband’s ashes. “I once overtook a lone female on my road towards the Ganges, and she informed me that she was journeying many a league in order to commit the remains of her lord to the sacred stream. I looked back expecting to see some modest conveyance on which these melancholy relics were deposited, but there was nothing. On enquiry she undid a knot in the corner of the sheet in which she was clothed, and showed a tooth and a bit of calcined bone which she had picked up from the cinders of the funeral pile, and which she considered to be a sufficient representative of her husband.”

The number of Hindu temples in Benares is estimated at 1,454, and of mosques 272. None of the temples are very old, nor indeed any of the buildings in the city, though the city itself has been in existence from very ancient times, and has always been the holy place it is at the present day. It fell into the hands of the Moghuls, and to show the Moslem hatred of idolatry the temples were destroyed, and on the very sites of these temples Mahomedan

mosques were built. Of course the greater number of the temples so called are very small, merely shrines containing a "lingum," or a figure of Ganesh, Shio's son, himself a popular god in Benares.

Our first evening in Benares we went to see the famous monkey temple, dedicated to the goddess Kâle, and called the monkey temple because of the enormous numbers of these sacred animals, which gathered about the place, where they were liberally fed by the attendant priests. They became so numerous, however, in the temple and in the city, that it was found necessary to expel them, so the greater number were carried away to their native jungle. There are still many well-fed looking specimens in the Kâle temple, and when we entered they gathered about us looking for grain and sweetmeats.

The inner shrine of the Monkey Temple is reached through an outside court where the daily sacrifices are offered. From this court you enter the larger court, and in the center of this is a high platform on which opens a chamber containing a brilliantly decorated image of the goddess. A roof supported by pillars extends over the platform, and immediately over the shrine of the goddess rises the peculiar tapering tower common to all Indian Hindu temples. The cloisters which run round three sides of the court make very comfortable houses for the priests and monkeys.

At the gate of the inner court visitors are requested, by means of a prominent sign-board, to take off boots before entering, and as the request is in English, I suppose it is intended for the use of English visitors. However, we took no notice of it, and no one ventured to resist our entrance, though, I daresay, the priests may have been sorry they did not do so when they found us leave the place without giving any money towards the support of the idolatrous system, for seeing these heathen servants of idols seems to me to be a recognition of their right to live in the practice of their religion.

There is nothing imposing in the appearance of any Hindu temple I have yet seen. They are, as a rule, small, and even were the architecture of a higher type than it is, the ugly images and tawdry decorations degrade them, and prevent any feeling of reverence, such as is awakened in the marble mosques and musjids of the Moghul emperors.

On Saturday morning, accompanied by Mr. Hutton, who knows

the city thoroughly, and was the best of guides, we had a sail on the Ganges, and got a fine view of one of the most picturesque of Indian cities. Benares extends along the Ganges about three or four miles, the buildings rising in an unbroken mass from the water's edge to the top of the high scarped bank ; and the numberless temples, and mosques, and shrines, and palaces with their elaborate ornamentation and gilded domes, and slender towering minarets ; the massive ghats or flights of steps descending to the river ; the crowds of pilgrims in many coloured garments, and the flocks of Brahman priests either doing their own *pūja*, or directing the devotions of others, make a picture of marvellous beauty and interest, and one understands the origin of the name Kāshi, the Resplendent, a city of the gods, and most divinely fair.

Among the buildings that crowd down to the water's edge, there is one of special interest : an observatory erected by Jey Singh of Jeypore, the famous astronomical king of India, whose appliances for measuring the heavens excite so much admiration and wonder. I was not able to visit the observatory, but some years ago I had seen the more famous Jeypore buildings and instruments and so regretted it the less.

At all of the ghats we saw pilgrims bathing, but that near the spot where the bodies of the dead are burned is especially sacred ; and here, early though it was, crowds of devotees had already gathered, and others were flocking towards it in a continuous stream. All day long and every day the smoke of the burning ascends towards heaven, and the people come and go, not even lifting their eyes to glance at the bodies carried on stretchers which are constantly being borne through the narrow streets down to the funeral pile.

We landed at one of the ghats, and walking through the city saw some of the more famous temples and objects of worship. Near the river is a well called Manikarnika, a special object of worship—if indeed one can single out specially sacred things—for Benares seems to be wholly given over to idols and idolatry, and religion, such as it is, seems to be the really serious business of the people. It is said that Mahadeva (Shio) and his wife Parvati, were one day sitting near the well, when Parvati's ear jewel dropped into the water, and Mahadeva therefore called it Manikarnika.

From the well we went up through the city—people were hurrying in crowds from one temple to another, or to the river, carrying offerings of Ganges water, flowers, fruits and money. Many of them carefully avoided contact with us, and in the narrow streets they would crowd against the opposite wall so that their garments might not be polluted by touching the unclean, irreligious foreigners. One old man, a beggar, who was sitting near the gate of one of the temples, held out his hand as I passed asking for alms. A breath of wind lifted my dress so that it touched him lightly, and in great anger he drew back, muttering and probably “blessing” the white face from whom he had been asking money. Money is evidently in the eyes of the Hindoos a clean thing, from whatever source it comes.

The only temple we entered was the largest one, dedicated to Shio, and called the Golden Temple, because it is surmounted by three gilded domes. These as seen from the river look very imposing, but on a nearer view are paltry enough. This temple is of course a great resort, and we stood for a short time watching the people bowing with folded hands, or prostrating themselves on the ground, depositing their offerings before the various images, then touching a bell to call the attention of the god to the fact that they had just paid their devotions to him, for “peradventure he sleepeth.” The floor of the temple was wet with the offerings of Ganges water poured out at the shrines, and a little stream ran through the outer court yard.

Near the Golden Temple is the Well of Knowledge, in which Shio is said to reside, and which is consequently visited by all pilgrims, and receives abundance of offerings. It is said that once after twelve years of drought, a Kishi (an inferior god) seizing Shio's trident, dug up the earth at this spot; and immediately water gushed forth. Shio hearing of this promised to dwell in the well forever. Formerly the offerings of flowers and fruits were thrown into the waters, but the decaying matter made the place so unwholesome, that an order was given to cover the well, and now the floral offerings lie on the top, while the silver and gold go, as I fancy they ever did, into the pockets of the guardian Brahmans. Here, as in the Golden Temple, and along the river side we were pestered with these hungry Brahmans wanting to act as *cicerones* and insisting on giving us the history of the different places we visited.

A rather interesting temple is that of the goddess Annparna—supplier of food. This goddess has been commissioned by Shio to keep the people of Benares always supplied with food, and at the gate of her temple crowds of beggars sit receiving the handfuls of rice or vegetables from worshippers as they pass in and out the building.

If one would see the power of Hinduism, let him go to Benares. The hundreds of temples thronged with worshippers, the crowds of pilgrims coming and going day by day, the innumerable images set up in every available niche and corner, covered with flowers and wet with "holy" water, the funeral processions wending towards the river, bearing the lifeless clay to have the last rites performed on its sacred banks, so that the dead may waken to life and heaven, the thousands of Brahman priests receiving the homage of the people, the ringing of bells, and blowing of conch shells, and beating of drums; all sights and sounds tell of the awful system of idolatry that, after a century of mission work in India, here seems as vigorous as ever. One is thankful amid it all to be told that of late years the number of pilgrims has fallen off, so that though Benares itself may still seem to be almost untouched by Christianity, we know that the light is spreading in other parts of India. The outworks are being weakened, and at last the citidal must fall.

Benares is noted for its brass and brocade works, but we had not time to visit the shops and examine the manufactures. We saw some specimens of brocade in a museum at Lucknow. It certainly is gorgeous, too gorgeous for our western taste, and—I am almost afraid to say it, of a fabric so much admired—unpleasantly suggestive of tinsel. It increases one's respect for the goods, however, to know that it is very expensive, some of it costing many pounds a yard. Much of the brass work is very handsome, and I was sorry not to be able to buy some of the finer specimens. Its cost is really not great, but in travelling, rupees roll away so quickly that we found it out of the question to indulge our fancy for beautiful pieces of Indian work.

The Benares Cantonment is very small, and is some distance from the native city. Mr. Hutton's bungalow, and those of the other L. M. S. missionaries, lie between the camp and city. On Saturday we visited the L. M. S. College and School, at present in charge of Mr. Hutton. There are about three hundred and thirty

boys in attendance. The Mission Society only gives 100 rupees a month towards the running expenses of the school, a grant of four hundred (400) being received from the Government, and the rest in fees. All moncys received over and above expenses, may be spent as the college authorities think fit, and from this surplus a very fair English library has been procur'd.

There is a Government College in Benares liberally supported by the Raja, and the fine building, and large number of good masters employed, as well as the prestige attaching to a Government institution, make it more popular than the Mission School, so the attendance is much larger.

There is a Christian Girls' Boarding and Normal School, in connection with the C. M. S. in Benares. It is presided over by Mr. and Mrs. Leitchfield, assisted by two English ladies and a large staff of native teachers. Here a good education is given to a very large number of pupils. The building seemed to be suitably constructed for the accommodation of the girls, different arrangements being made for pupils according to the amount of fees paid by them, so that all might live as nearly as possible as in their own homes. We found this same plan of grading the girls according to the fees paid was followed in the Methodist Boarding School at Lucknow, so it may be a wise thing in a very large mission where there are many who can afford to pay well for the education of their daughters, and who might wish for them table arrangements, for instance, that it would not be right to give to girls, unable themselves to pay more than the cost of a simple style of living.

Mr. Leitchfield kindly gathered all the classes in one large room that we might hear them sing. A good deal of attention has been given to the musical training of the girls, and their singing was most "un-native," sweet and harmonious. We had so lately walked through the streets of this most heathen of heathen cities, seeing nothing that in any way reminded us of Christianity; here on the outskirts of the town we were in the midst of more than a hundred Christian girls, who were singing with taste and feeling the stirring missionary hymn,—

"Tell it out among the heathen that the Lord is king
Tell it out, tell it out."

No one could have listened unmoved.

There is an Orphanage in connection with this mission, where orphans, or children too poor to be sent to an ordinary boarding school, are taken in, cared for, and trained to do some kind of work. We saw some beautiful sewing, hem-stitched handkerchiefs, etc., work of the busy little fingers, the profits from the sale of which go towards keeping up the school. The bobbin lace made by the older girls is exceedingly pretty, and sells readily at a high price.

There are in Benares six missionaries; two in connection with the London Missionary Society, two of the Church Mission Society, and two Wesleyan. There are also a number of lady missionaries belonging to each society. One Monday in every month, a union prayer meeting is held attended by the missionaries and native Christians of the three denominations and by any friends interested in the work.

The morning we left Benares we drove out very early to Sarnath where are ruins of a Buddhist monastery and towers, interesting to archæologists. Sarnath is about six or eight miles from Benares city, and here Buddha first began "to turn the wheel of the law." Buddha is said to have spent six years at Gya in preparation for his life's work, after which he went to Benares, where he began to teach and to gather disciples. The date at which this Buddhist tower was built can only be guessed from the style of architecture and ornamentation. As the carvings are rather elaborate it is probably not of a very early date. An octagonal building erected on the ruins of one of the stupas commemorates the victory of Humayan over the Raja of Benares when the city was taken possession of by these all conquering Moghuls, and the faith of Islâm given a footing in the stronghold of Brahmanism.

But a greater than Mahomed, a greater than Brahma, has appeared to men, and slowly, it may seem, but surely the true faith is taking hold of Hindustan, and a dominion and a kingdom being established that shall never pass away. "His Name shall endure forever."

MARGARET CAVEN WILSON.

Neesmich.

ITINERATING IN CENTRAL INDIA.

DISTRICT work is the delight of most missionaries in India. All who are not tied to the Central station, by educational or medical claims, rejoice, when at the close of the rains, they can go into tent and travel from village to village to preach the Gospel to the multitudes to whom it is a new story. From the middle of November to the middle of March is the season in which, with safety from an Indian sun, Europeans can live in tent. During the hot season and the rains the shelter of a bungalow is indispensable. Could Europeans spend the whole year in tent the work of evangelizing India would be greatly cheapened and simplified. But for eight months in the year only short excursions can be made from the Central station. When, however, the cool season comes round gladly does the missionary pack a few boxes with tracts and books, necessary food and clothing, and loading them, with his camp furniture, on two or three ox carts, go forth into the regions beyond.

The work in itself is intensely interesting, and is directly in the line of the Saviour's command, and after the manner of His own example. There is a charm in preaching to the crowds that gather to listen for the first time to the Gospel, and in observing its effects upon them, the hopes it awakens, or the hatred and opposition it occasions. There is ever present, too, the inspiring hope that among the ever changing assemblages there may be some whose hearts the Lord will open, that they may attend to the things that are spoken. And besides, the open air life, the physical labour, the new scenes and fresh associations, all tend to exhilarate the spirits and to renew the energies.

Since coming to India we have given as much time as possible to the work of itinerating; but this year, having postponed to another season all school examinations, etc., we were able to devote nearly the whole cool season to the district. Many of the cities and villages we had visited before, but others were as new to us as our message was new to them.

We first pitched our tent at Jawad, a walled city with about 17,000 inhabitants, of whom about a fifth part are Mohamedans. Cloth dyeing is one of its chief industries. As it is only ten miles from Neemuch, this city has been frequently visited, and the Gospel has again and again been preached in its streets. There was a good deal of opposition at first from the Mohamedans and Brahmans, but their stock objections to Christianity have been answered over and over again, and now they give us little trouble, and we are allowed to carry on our work undisturbed. An intelligent man one day said in a conversation at the tent, "you are sowing seed among the people, and it is taking root in their hearts, and will one day bear fruit of which you will eat and be satisfied."

In this place we have a school in which English and the vernacular languages are taught by a Christian teacher, who, with his wife and two little children, lives here. This one Christian home is but a speck of light in the dense darkness. On the Sabbath afternoon a little company of Christ's followers, were gathered here for worship. Invitations had been given to a number of the most friendly-disposed to join us; about twenty responded, and were present during the worship of the Christian's God, and for the first time public Christian worship was conducted in that heathen city.

We next made Nimbhera our head-quarters. This is a town of about five thousand inhabitants, situated on the railway, and being surrounded by a fertile country, it seems fairly prosperous. Last year a new stone temple, beautifully carved and adorned with brilliant and costly paintings, was consecrated to the worship of Parsnath, an incarnation worshipped by the Jains. This wealthy sect of Hindus is largely represented in Central India. It regards the taking of animal life as the greatest sin, and its preservation as the greatest virtue.

This year we had no opposition in Nimbhera, and the large, attentive crowds that gathered to hear us, seemed to listen with a friendly interest. Our mornings were devoted as usual to work in the surrounding villages, and our evenings were spent in the town, while in the afternoons an opportunity was given to any wishing to visit and talk at the tent. I, with one of the helpers, usually went in one direction, while two others went in another. The villagers are a simple-minded people, whose daily existence is a weary round of labour, with little interest in ought beyond the tilling of

the fields, the marriage of son or daughter, the latest village scandal and the worship of the village gods. Seldom can one be found in a whole village able to read, except, perhaps, the bunnia, who is the grain-seller and money-lender, and possibly the village priest. The speech of the villagers is thick and indistinct, and so different from the language of the Pundits as to seem almost another tongue.

The language of the women is unintelligible to Europeans who know only the written language. To acquire this patois is a difficulty that few missionaries, except those living in the midst of the villagers, ever overcome. But Hindi is understood by the men, and the native preachers all use it.

At times the people seem much impressed with the truth, but too often the impressions are only superficial. At a village near Nimbhera one morning after we had spent about an hour and a half preaching, the people followed us in a mass asking for further instruction. We sat down by the side of their stone gods under the kindly shade of a tree, and at greater length pointed out the Way of Life. As we were about to leave a number assured us that they would follow this Way, and give up their idols and false gods. In token of their friendship they invited us to return the next day and partake of their hospitality. This we promised to do. But on arriving at the village in the morning, we found the minds of the people completely changed, and with difficulty we could gather a few to hear us. The promised meal was not forthcoming. Some wily Brahman had warned them against us; the good impressions were quickly destroyed, the seed was snatched away just as it seemed about to take root.

We next pitched our tent at Jiran, a place eleven miles to the south-west of Neemuch, with a population of about 2,000, most of whom are Jains. The town is built on the side of a hill, on whose top are the ruins of an old fort used by a body of rebels in the year of the mutiny. Near the gates of the city some English officers were slain by the mutineers. The English afterwards mined and blew up the fort, so that it might not again afford shelter to their enemies. At the foot of the hill there is a small artificial lake, full of fish and covered with wild fowl. It is a favourite sporting resort for English officers from the Neemuch Camp. But so deeply were the prejudices of the Jains wounded

by the taking of animal life that they petitioned Government to forbid it. To gratify them some restrictions were laid down.

Our tents were pitched on the edge of a beautiful grove near the gates of the town. This turned out to be a Mohamedan burying ground. The Hindus burn their dead, but the Moham-edans, like the Christians, bury theirs. The body wrapped in a cotton cloth is laid in a narrow, shallow hole dug in the earth. Across this are laid flat stones or billets of wood on which the excavated earth is heaped. This covering is easily displaced by the hungry, prowling pariah dogs and jackals, of whose depredations the half-open graves and scattered bones tell their own tale. On the opposite side of the grove, and along the edge of the talao or lake are numerous shrines and temples, where morning by morning the devout Hindu goes to perform his ablutions, and worship the rising sun. But long before the sun appeared droves of cattle tramped past our tent, urged to barren pastures by noisy herdsmen who ever sought to quicken the pace of the slow-moving cow and buffalo by soundly abusing their female ancestry. These sounds, together with the screechings and hootings of the boys guarding the poppy fields from destructive birds, reminded us that we too must be up and doing

Jiran is a stronghold of Jainism. We tried to open a mission school here but failed. The prejudices were too strong, even though some of the leading people professed great friendliness, and have often shown much kindness. We are never permitted to preach, however, without being forced into a discussion on the question of the sin of taking animal life. Holding the doctrine of transmigration the people regard all life as equally sacred. They say to us: "You English preach to us deliverance from sin, and yet you are the greatest sinners of all; you go out hunting and cruelly shoot down animals in cold-blooded murder. Therefore your religion cannot be good." Various are the answers we give to remove their prejudices. We tell them that according to their own sacred books the Brahmans were wont to kill, and that too, the sacred cow; that God gave the tiger its claws and teeth, and had he not intended us to eat flesh as well as vegetable food, he would not have given us some teeth like those of the ox and some like those of the tiger, and a stomach capable of digesting either vegetable or animal food. We tell them that they are constantly taking life.

The ground on which they tread, and the water they drink, is teeming with life. Through the microscope we show the multitudes of living things in a drop of water. This usually for a time silences their objections. One man on looking through the magic tube was utterly astounded, and immediately went to the colporteur to get some Christian books. Another in despair turned away and called to his god, "Ram, Ram." When these arguments fail we resort to arguments less logical, but sometimes more effective with the Hindu mind. A foolish parable or specious illustration will often go farther to convince a Hindu audience than the most cogent reasoning. They do much of their thinking in similes and figures, and he who can most rapidly produce the most striking similes will sway the audience. The Jains are a most difficult class to reach, and I have never heard of one receiving baptism.

After a week's work in Jiran and the surrounding villages we moved on to Mallargarh, a village on the main road between Neemuch and Mhow. As we were now leaving the base of supplies we filled up from Neemuch our provision boxes, taking as many vegetables and as much bread and meat as would last as long as they were eatable. In the journey that lay before us no English bread could be obtained. Among the villages sometimes with difficulty, tough skinny fowls are procurable, and occasionally vegetables, which are but a sorry substitute for those we have been accustomed to. We provided ourselves with four small tents, one for the servants, and one for the helpers, of whom there were four, two colporteurs, and two preachers (one of them a medical catechist), and two for our own use, one at the time of breaking up camp being sent on before to the next camping ground to provide shelter on our arrival. Our supplies and baggage were transported in ox carts, and we drove in a tonga, a low two-wheeled cart with canvas cover to protect from the sun. As the roads are so inexpressibly bad at places, being mere cart tracks through fields, over rocks, and across streams and river beds, when not marching we gladly exchanged its jolting for the pleasanter seat of the saddle. Having spent a few days at Mallargarh and Naraingarh, a large business centre belonging to Maharaja Holkar of Indore, we moved on rapidly to Pertabgarh. On the way we tented one night at a village which turned out to be the seat of a Takoor, or lord of a small district, owning allegiance to the Rana of Udaipore. These

Takoors or Indian barons are very numerous in Central India. They are relics of former days when bold, daring spirits carved out for themselves little estates in the times of contention for territory among rival chiefs, or by making themselves indispensable to the more powerful princes, obtained from them grants of land and villages, which have in many instances been confirmed to them and their heirs by the British Government. As a rule they are polite and obliging, and are fine specimens of the Indian gentleman. On reaching the village we made our way to the castle, a very delapidated affair indeed. The outside walls were lying in ruins. Entering the courtyard by a pretentious gateway we saw tied here and there the chargers of the chief. A number of sleepy, ill-clad and ill-fed servants were lounging lazily about. We were conducted into an inner court, and up a narrow stairway, and along a passage where some geese disputed our right of way, and up another stone stairway to the flat roof of the house. Here sat the lord of the castle, a Rajput of gentle, manly mien, fine features and intelligent face. Around him sat his flatterers and officials, his Sepoys with flint lock muskets and rusty swords stood near. After exchanging salutations we introduced the subject of our message, which was only once interrupted. A Brahman priest brought up from the shrine of the household god a flame of burning wick. At its appearance the whole company arose and reverently bowed towards it. We next went into the bazar and took our stand in the open square. The helpers joined in singing a hymn, at the sound of which the people returning from their fields gathered about us. We spoke in turn to them on the things that relate to sin and salvation, and as we moved away we heard the people saying among themselves, "They have spoken true words indeed."

W. A. WILSON.

Ncemuch, Central India.

THE EDITOR'S BOOK SHELF.

The month's literary harvest is both rich and varied. While hundreds of our readers are chasing each other in the mad race for rest, spending that they may the better earn, dying of *ennui* and annoyance that they may endure the burden of life for another season, we coil ourself up in our easy chair, thanking Heaven that we are not slaves to custom, and give the literary charmers unrestricted sway. The Shelf is well supplied, and it is theology, biography, poetry, travel, romance, according to the mood and fancy.

The first book of the month, indeed, the first book of the decade, is Stanley's greatest work, "In Darkest Africa."* When it was announced, some months ago, that Stanley had arrived in safety at Zanzibar, the great world, having grown weary of death canards and glowing obituaries, stood still a while to shout for joy and send congratulations. When it was announced later that the great hero had shut himself up in Cairo to write the story of his Expedition, the great world became feverishly excited, and during the long months of waiting eagerly devoured whatever scraps of information the newspapers could pick up, and whatever extravagant announcement the enterprising publishers saw fit to make. And when, a few weeks ago, the two large volumes of nearly 550 pages each, were passed over the publishers' counter to the expectant public, the great world stood still once more and read, read day and night, more excited than ever and shouting louder than before. The reviewers, everywhere and with one accord, as if at a given signal, raised a chorus of jubilant praise, without one discordant note. The newspapers, from the "Thunderer" down, the literary weeklies, the critical reviews, the judicial monthlies, all said it was the greatest book of the day, written by the greatest hero of the age—a story which, for thrilling adventure, heroic endurance, deathless fidelity to duty, is without a parallel—written with the grace of a literary man and the nerve and force of a man of action; scene following scene in rapid succession: the broad Atlantic far in the rear, the mighty Congo, the dark eternal woods, the battles, sieges, fortunes, the trackless

*In Darkest Africa: or the Quest, Rescue and Retreat of Emin, Governor of Equatoria. By Henry M. Stanley. With two steel portraits and one hundred illustrations and maps. In two volumes. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Toronto: Presbyterian News Co. 1890.

wastes, the long march, the surprises of the enemy, the—oh, the misery of it!—the gliding spectres of cowering, gaunt and sad-eyed men, furnished, hopeless, dying, the bright gleams of morning and leagues of pastoral plains, and then, away eastward, stretches the welcoming Indian Ocean.

All this they told us. But when we laid down the second volume to-day, having followed the intrepid Stanley through all those three years of peril and triumph, we felt that more than the half had been left by the hasty reviewers for us to discover. One must read for one's self, and wonder and rejoice. Stanley alone can tell the story. We will not waste space in vainly attempting an outline.

If any reader asks, Was it worth while? Was the Governor of Equatoria worth rescuing at such a cost and such a risk? he may not find a satisfactory answer in the character and conduct of Emin. But let Stanley and his band answer. The fate of the Pasha may be of little moment, but the devotion of his rescuers is a lesson, for which no price would be too great, were it but learned by this selfish, mercenary age. It may keep alive through these days of calculating utility the spirit of chivalry. It was not salary but sentiment that upheld Stanley; would that the admiring crowd learned something of the meaning and value of loyalty to sentiment. Stanley everywhere moves as if under the eye of an over-ruling Providence, and gratefully acknowledges the hand of God in his deliverance. This testimony, at a time when "Britain's one sole god is a millionaire," will be a sermon against materialism and worldliness. Apart altogether from the absorbing interest of its story, the value of its contributions to science and the important place it must continue to fill in the history of civilization, "In Darkest Africa" will serve this generation and the next as a moral tonic. It banishes pessimism and makes us feel as Stanley himself felt, that after all Darwinism is but an hypothesis. Human nature, capable of such heroism, such self-denial, such devotion is god-like. In that faith Stanley wrought and wrote and ended his story: "The thanks be to God for ever and ever. Amen."

It was with melancholy eagerness that the Christian public awaited the publication of the promised memorial volume* of the late Professor Elmslie. So many, not only in his own Church, but in all the Churches, had come under the charm of his unique personal magnetism, and so many in lands far beyond his own "sea-girt isle," had trusted that he

*Professor W. G. Elmslie, D.D. *Memoir and Sermons*. Edited by W. Robertson Nicoll, M.A., LL.D., and A. N. Macnicoll. With Portrait. London: Hodder & Stoughton. Toronto: Willard Tract Depository, 1890.

should have done much to redeem the Church and to reconcile criticism and faith, that when, in November last, at the early age of forty-one, he quietly and unexpectedly passed away, there went through Christendom a shoot of pain, and an earnest demand was made for a memorial that might in some measure at least, compensate for the loss. The gentlemen to whom was entrusted the delicate task of preparing such a volume were thoroughly competent, and they deserve the gratitude of every admirer of Dr. Elmslie, not only for the merit of the book, but also for the little delay in its publication.

It is a goodly volume of 327 pages, containing 78 pages of memoir, 15 sermons, 2 Sunday readings, and an article, republished from the *Contemporary Review*, on The First Chapter of Genesis. The portrait is true to life—that finely formed, boyish face, speaking in every line and feature; that mouth so firm-set and expressive; those eyes “large and full of light, not of fire or heat, but of a calm luminosity, expressive of a mingled glow of reason, conscience and emotion.” It recalls very vividly one morning, not many months before his death, when, with all the enthusiasm of a heaven-born teacher, he expounded to his students the message of one of the Minor Prophets.

Of the Memoir, which is brief, nothing but good can be said. It is a simple record of a comparatively uneventful life. There is little analysis and no padding. There is little that will be fresh to those who knew Elmslie, and nothing that his best friends would willingly forget. His early life and home training in the Free Church Manse of Inch, Aberdeenshire; his brilliant career at the University of Aberdeen and again in the New College, Edinburgh; his subsequent life in London, first as assistant to Dr. Dykes in Regent Square, then as pastor at Willesden, and finally as professor of Old Testament Literature in the Theological College of the English Presbyterian Church—this outline is filled up with such details of a life that passed by so smoothly and happily, save for the burden of overwork, as complete the picture and make its too early removal a more appreciable loss. Four miniature pictures, presenting four different views of the subject, are given by four exquisite character-artists—Marcus Dods, Henry Drummond, John Smith, and James Stalker. They knew Elmslie well and are true to themselves and their conceptions of him in their outline-sketches. The editor of this magazine gave a brief sketch of Professor Elmslie in the MONTHLY for December, '89, which some who did not know the subject thought over-drawn. He wrote from necessarily limited acquaintance and therefore took criticism without complaint. But when he finds men like these mentioned writing, some of them after a lifetime of intimate knowledge, in terms more emphatic than his own, he

concludes that his estimate, while confessedly imperfect in detail, was correct in outline and fair in judgment. Dr. Dods says :—" As a preacher Professor Elmslie was, in many of the highest qualities of a preacher, without a peer." Prof. Drummond confesses the power of his unique personality :—" No one who ever knew Elmslie could ever forget him. Elmslie was one of the most attractive spirits who ever graced this planet." John Smith, now minister of the leading U. P. church in Edinburgh, then in the English Presbyterian Church, says :—" It is one of the pleasant memories of my life that I carried the motion in Synod which made it possible for him to be elected as permanent Professor. All that the great world has since seen in him, we knew to be there, and more, which would have been revealed had not death so soon sealed his lips." And Dr. Stalker, than whom no man, at least not more than one, has a better right to speak, testifies :—" I have no hesitation in saying that Elmslie was by far the most brilliant man I have ever known, and there never was a human being more lovable. He seemed to be the man we needed most."

Of the sermons contained in this memorial volume little need be said. They are, for the most part, printed from the author's manuscripts or from shorthand reports. They cover a good range of subjects and are stimulating and suggestive. They indicate the lines along which the preacher's mind moved and are helpful in giving insight into his character. But like most sermons prepared for specific occasions and delivered under strong emotion and with all the accompaniments of voice and eye and gesture, they give no idea of the power of the preacher. The sympathetic touch that unlocks hearts cannot be produced in cold type. As masterpieces of exegesis or of the homiletical art these sermons may not pass. They too frequently disregard the devices and rules of the scientific homilist. Nevertheless to teachable preachers they will be interesting and useful, and all intelligent readers will feel the heart-beat of a genuinely sympathetic Christian. Elmslie was a preacher with a message. A burden was laid upon his soul. To deliver himself he sometimes overleaped all barriers, and with the passionate rush of absolute conviction he declared his message of love and grace. And when, at the last, unconsciousness set in, his busy brain worked on through fevered delirium, and over and over he spoke of the passion and master thought of his life. Lifting his hand he would say with great earnestness, " No man can deny that I always preached the love of God. That was right. I am glad I did not puzzle poor sorrowful humanity with abstruse doctrines, but always tried to win them to Christ by preaching a God of love."

Of Professor Elmslie's theological views his biographer says little, and wisely so. His dogmatic position is not easily defined. He was liberal,

but cautious, and disliked giving offence. Towards many questions of criticism he held an attitude of suspense. But the great evangelical truths of life and faith he believed with his whole heart and preached with his whole power.

One lingers lovingly over the memorials of a life like Dr. Elmslie's. But other duties are calling; our space is exhausted, and the interest of readers who did not know the subject must not be presumed upon. If we induce any would-be preacher to read this volume, to learn as much of Elmslie as may be learned, to breathe the same free spirit, to come with him into the sacred presence and see the vision which is still an inspiration and makes out of our degenerate nineteenth-century humanity impassioned prophets of God, and if that aspiring preacher goes back to the world with purer aims, loftier motives, and an intenser passion to preach the Gospel message, in the utterance of which Elmslie gave up his soul, it will be a little thing that some charge us with extravagance or that cold insensate souls think we do his memory honour over-much. Let the student for the ministry read Elmslie's discourse on "The Making of a Prophet," and if, humiliated before the awful demands, he cries "Woe is me!" he, too, may feel the burning touch and rise to a life of tender love, irrepressible devotion and resistless service. Such prophets the world of to-day needs, and without them the Church languishes.

To praise Frederic Godet would be little short of impertinence, and to commend his exegetical works to readers of this department would be unpardonable. Godet needs no introduction to students of theology, and his books are too well known the world over to require recommendation. All that is needful to say about his latest volume, which is now at hand, is that a series of papers, which appeared some time ago in the *Expositor*, has been collected and published under the title, "Studies on the Epistles," a companion to "Studies on the New Testament" by the same author. To say that Godet is the author is all that needs be said. These studies cannot but be thoughtful, penetrating, suggestive, artistic, luminous.

This is the kind of book we earnestly desire. Of word-by-word commentaries on the New Testament there are sufficient. The ground has been pretty well covered; but little in the way of chapter and verse criticism remains to be done, and to repeat what has been well and truly said already is profitless work. But for fresh studies on the contents of the books, or on special subjects, based on verbal criticism but wider in its sweep and higher in its aim, marshalling the facts and in a clear and comprehensive manner interpreting and developing the thought of the

writer, dealing with the great questions that emerge not merely in the light of lexicon and grammar, but in the more searching light of the life and thought of the author, his point of view and his place in revelation—for work such as this there is much need. Criticism has done its work pretty thoroughly and has left materials lying about in abundance. Another order of workmen is now demanded.

An illustration of this work may be found in "Studies on the Epistles."* Few of the great writers are better able to do this work than Godet. As an exegete he stands almost without a peer. Others whose names occur in this connection, e.g. Ellicott, Lightfoot, Meyer, excel him it may be in this or that particular gift, but in depth of spiritual insight, in delicacy of spiritual touch, in the rich gift of imagination wedded to speculative power of a wide range, in the power of marshalling facts, weighing evidence and making the real question stand out in its correct proportions and true relations, Godet has no superior and few equals in that splendid array of contemporary scholars.

In this latest contribution to the study of the Pauline Epistles, attention is centred on the spiritual conflict between the Pauline doctrines and the gnostic and Judaizing heresies. The first chapter is devoted to the Second Advent excitement and teaching in the Epistles to the Thessalonians. In the list of St. Paul's Epistles is the Epistle to the Hebrews. But Dr. Godet does not accept its Pauline authorship. In the discussion of this question he is somewhat undecided. Rejecting the claims for Paul he gives great weight to the arguments of Ullmann, Ritschl, Weiss, Renan, Keil and others in favour of Barnabas and then suggests the name of Silas as, for reasons stated, the probable author. The whole discussion is very lucid. Students of the Epistles will do well to read carefully Dr. Godet's book. It deals in a large and thorough manner with several of the most difficult problems of New Testament theology.

It is difficult, at first, to find a place on the Shelf for two books, one from Boston, the other from New York, which the respective publishers sent us recently. The rule is to examine every book sent for review by reputable publishers, and, if thought advisable, give readers of this department the benefit of such examination. Preference, of course, is given to such books as are in keeping with the general character and purpose of the magazine, and in which a considerable number of readers are or should be interested. There should be good reason for the insertion as well as

*Studies on the Epistles. By F. Godet, D.D. London: Hodder & Stoughton. Toronto: Upper Canada Tract Society. 1889.

for the exclusion of a notice of any book. A difficulty presents itself when one of the first publishing houses in America sends us a new book on the art of cookery.* What relation is there between cookery and theology, philosophy, literature or Christian work? and what reason can be offered for noticing the merits of a cook-book in a magazine such as the MONTHLY? The relation may be more intimate than obvious, and the reason good and satisfactory.

The food one eats, its properties and process of preparation, has not a little to do with one's mental habits, spiritual condition, and success in Christian work. One's theological outlook is always affected by one's physical condition. The gastric juices have something to do with it. Many a sermon is spoiled in its preparation by dyspepsia or biliousness, and in its delivery by a sluggish liver or the presence in the stomach of indigestible pastry. We know of one Canadian minister who, when a student missionary, debated Hamlet's question, "To be or not to be?" and who inclined to the "bare bodkin" solution because "outrageous fortune" had doomed him to a lingering death on sour bread, green tea and salt fat pork.

A good reason for the present notice may be found in the title: Liberal Living upon Narrow Means. All readers of this magazine have a weakness for liberal living, and most of them, if advocates of the Augmentation Scheme are to be believed, are people of narrow means.

Coming to the volume under review, we have a book of 275 pages, clearly printed on good paper, and neatly bound in cloth. At the outset the author points out the flaws in most bills of fare, from which the thrifty housewife who cannot afford a trained cook, and has no time for the concoction of elaborate dishes, turns away to "the old round of tough steaks, stringy chops, and juiceless roasts." Her purpose is to demonstrate that a wholesome variety may be obtained without a large expenditure of time or money, and her method is to give each month the dinners for a consecutive week, directing the disposal of the "left overs," illustrating the manufacture of novel and tempting dishes from simple and hackneyed materials.

We have followed our author through innumerable *menus*, recipes for the preparation of delicious dishes of all sorts, and details for the attractive serving of meals during each month of the year. It is interesting reading. But inasmuch as the Shelf is not provided with the necessary utensils and materials, we have not tested the recipes by actual experiment, and not being expert in the gastronomic art, we do not dogmatize here. If any

*Liberal Living upon Narrow Means. By Christine Terhune Herrick. Boston: Houghton & Mifflin. Toronto: Presbyterian News Co. 1890.

practical cook will make the experiment, we shall be in readiness to give an unprejudiced opinion on the results.

But some Mistress of the Manse may object to Christine Terhune Herick's estimate of "Narrow Means," as being much larger than the minimum salary of Canadian preachers, and she may therefore desiderate some hints on how to make ends meet on "seven hundred and fifty and a manse." By a strange coincidence, and as if to supply this very want, the American Health Association sent us the other day a copy of *Practical Sanitary and Economic Cooking adapted to Persons of Moderate and Small Means*,* which comes very highly recommended by the Association.

In February, 1888, the American Health Association advertised extensively throughout the United States and Canada a competition for the "Lomb Prizes" for essays on the subject of this book. The conditions called for essays covering methods of cooking, as well as carefully prepared recipes, for three classes: (1) Those of moderate means; (2) those of small means; (3) those who may be called poor. Seventy essays, complying with these and other conditions, were sent in. The judges awarded the prize to Mrs. Abel's essay, as being not only decidedly the best but as possessing very great intrinsic merits, being simple and lucid in statement, methodical in arrangement, sound in teaching and admirably adapted to the practical wants of the classes to which it is addressed. The essay is published by the Association, and sold at a very low price that it may be placed in the hands of every family in the country. It is hoped that boards of health, sanitary associations, employers, etc., will purchase editions at cost. Were the kitchens of our cities and country, whether of the rich or the poor, managed on some such principles as are expounded in this book, disease would be less common, and it might be less difficult for some families to make ends meet.

**Practical Sanitary and Economic Cooking adapted to Persons of Moderate and Small Means.* By Mrs. Mary Hinman Abel. The Lomb Prize Essay. Published by the American Health Association. 1890.