



THE Presbyterian College Journal.

VOL. XIX.—NOVEMBER, 1899.—No. 1.

EDITORIAL STAFF.

<i>Editor-in-Chief.</i>	J. B. McLEOD, B.A.
<i>Associate Editors.</i>	GEO. MCGREGOR, F. J. WORTH, B.A., H. H. TURNER, B.A.
<i>French Editors.</i>	J. L. ABHAM, U. H. JOLIAT
<i>Local and Exchange Editor.</i>	G. W. TITON.
<i>Corresponding Editor.</i>	DONALD STEWART.
<i>Reporting Editor.</i>	W. G. BROWN, B.A.

BUSINESS MANAGERS.

<i>Treasurer.</i>	A. G. CAMERON.
	H. J. KEITH, B.A., H. S. LEE.

The JOURNAL is published about the first of each month from November to April inclusive, under the auspices of the Philosophical and Literary Society of the Presbyterian College, Montreal.

All business communications should be addressed to the Treasurer, A. G. CAMERON and all other correspondence to the Editor-in-Chief, J. B. McLEOD, B.A., 67 McTavish Street, Montreal, Que.

Our Graduates' Institute.

THE MINISTER IN RELATION TO YOUNG MEN.

REV. WM. SHEARER, SHERBROOKE, QUE.

A young Canadian having been advised by his physicians to spend a winter in the South, selected as his temporary home a certain city in New Mexico. On the first Sabbath morning after his arrival he found his way to a Presbyterian Church. The auditorium was about half filled with ladies. Not a single gentleman but himself was present. It was a lady usher who showed him to a seat. As the balance of the congregation assembled he waited eagerly for male worshippers—but in vain. The minister and himself were the only representatives of the sex. He afterwards learned that the men of the town seldom if ever attended any place of worship.

85445

Things have not come to this pass in Canada yet, and we sincerely hope they never will.

It is an indisputable fact, however, that a very large proportion of our young men are not in that close touch with the Church that they should be. The number of young men who are outside the Church at any given service, is generally larger than the number inside. It is considered a matter of unusual occurrence when the attendance at the weekly prayer meeting is made up of men chiefly. There are far more female Sunday-school teachers in Canada than there are male. Only one Young People's Society within the bounds of the Synod of Montreal and Ottawa reports a larger membership of men than of women. In some of the more flourishing societies the figures stand, 20 men, 41 women; 12 men, 28 women; 18 men, 73 women; 5 men, 18 women; 8 men, 47 women.

In considering the subject of the minister in relation to young men let us examine two questions. *FIRST*, what can the minister do for young men who are already church members, or at least church goers? *SECONDLY*, what can the minister do to reach non-church-going young men?

In answer to the first question, viz:—What can the minister do for young men who are already church-goers? we would say:

(1) He should win their personal friendship. Some young men will keep on going to church whether they are personally acquainted with the minister or not. The personal friendship of his young men is beyond price to any minister who is really anxious to be a soul winner. Too often the minister is on friendly terms with the boys and senior members of his flock whilst the middle class is neglected, because considered unapproachable. Consequently he has greater influence over the boys and older men than he has over the young men. Let the minister know his young men by name as well as by sight. You get a long way into a man's heart when you can name him when you chance to meet him on the street. He says to himself, "The minister knows me. He has an interest in me." The minister should

The Minister in Relation to Young Men

make special calls on his young men. "You're the only minister ever honored me with a call," said a young man to me when I visited him at his boarding house. And he said it in such a way as to show he appreciated the attention. Where it will not be interfering too much, a short call at his place of business will often do a young man good and the minister, too. Take a real interest in the profession or trade which interests him and he will immediately warm towards you. Too many young men think that the minister is interested in nothing outside the manufacture of sermons.

(2) Having won the young man's personal friendship it is then in the minister's power to beget within him a lofty aim in life. Man's chief end is to glorify God. This is as true of young men as of old. This is true of the mechanic and the merchant, the ploughman and the clerk. Young men should be taught to put a high value on their God-given gifts. It is no sin to be proud of a strong healthy body and vigorous intellect, and to be resolved that these powers will be used to the very best advantage in this life. Such pride would be the salvation of many a man.

(3) It is also in the minister's power, by the grace of God, to beget within the young man a deep reverence for spiritual things. Our age is very materialistic. We do not find fault with its materialism but we do object to allowing materialism to crush out what is spiritual. There is an Unseen Living God, in whose fear young men should be trained to walk. There are never dying souls which are lost except brought into harmony with God. There is a book which we should prize above every book. Let the minister love and honor the word of God with his whole heart and soul and young men who come under his influence will not consider it an out-of-date musty old volume. There is a Day which has been set apart for rest and worship, and our young men should be trained to hallow it, and to look upon the so-called European Sabbath as one of the worst evils which menace our home and national life. There is a law in the keeping of which there is great reward. It is opposed to all selfishness and vice. The tendency of our day is to make little of sin. Let the

minister himself realize its exceeding heinousness, and speak out boldly against it as a thing to be abhorred, and then will the young men who come under his influence learn to hate it also.

(4) Many other things which the minister could do for young men who come under his influence will no doubt suggest themselves to your minds, but we will mention only one other, viz:—It is in his power to beget within the young man's mind loyalty to the Lord Jesus Christ. Young men love to hear about heroes. The greatest hero of the ages was Jesus. There is no story like his story. Here there is food for the liveliest imagination, and the keenest intellect. His personality, His miracles, His profound teachings, His prayers, His sufferings and everything about Him should become so much a part of the minister's own self that, by the blessing of God, young men are drawn to admire, adore, trust and serve the same Saviour of men. Before leaving this part of our subject I would remark that in every case where a young man is known to be leaving his own town to take up his residence in another, his minister should furnish him with a letter of introduction to some minister of that town. He should also write to some minister of the town, whom he knows to be interested in young men, advising him of the advent of the stranger. If the young man should be a member in full communion with the church he should not be allowed to leave home without his certificate of membership. And in every case where a young man has a certificate of church membership from his home, or some other church, he should be urged to deposit it with a church where he now lives no matter how short his stay there may be.

II. Now what can the minister do to reach young men who are non-church-goers? In the first place find out who they are and where they are to be found. Cull on them. Have in your pocket a few attractive cards or booklets with a cut of your church on them and directions as to where your church is to be found, also the hours of service and a short invitation to them. Slip one of these into the hand of

your non-church-going young man and at the same time express the hope that you will see him in one of the pews on the following Sunday.

To be a successful worker among non-church-going young men requires three things—time, tact, and patience. It may be urged by some ministers that they have no time to give to such work. This is very much to be regretted. Every minister should do his share of this kind of work. There are some men over whom one minister might have no influence, but over whom another minister would have great influence. So each should do his share. A minister's first duty is his pulpit preparation, next to that the pastoral care of the sick, the poor and needy of his flock, but after that it should be his great concern to reach the lapsed and careless. Most ministers have many calls on their time and energies, which are not in direct line with their duties as pastors. If such calls were firmly set aside until more important duties were performed it would be better for the Church. This duty of looking after careless young men belongs more to the ordained minister than to any other person or set of persons. All honor to individual laymen and such organizations as the Young Men's Christian Association for the good work they are doing among young men—but I must confess to a feeling of shame when some Christian worker hands me the name of some young man whom he has been instrumental in interesting in spiritual matters, when I know that I should have been the first to approach him on these subjects.

Next to time comes *tact*. As some men are more gifted as preachers than others, so some men are more gifted as personal dealers than others. To some this duty comes comparatively easy, to others it is exceedingly difficult. Intense love for souls will go a long way with any man in making him a wise and successful worker. Every man cannot be won in the same way. A free off-handed manner has great attraction for many, but there are those who are more readily drawn by a reserved and quiet disposition. One man may take no offence if you approach him directly and abruptly on the subject of religion, another will take such offence as ever

after to avoid you. One man may like to have you call at his place of business, another would resent such a call as an intrusion. One might be greatly pleased to have you question him openly about his affairs, another would feel like telling you to mind your own business. In short a minister must strive to be all things to all men, that he may by all means save some. He should be discreet, consistent, unselfish, frank and kind. Young men are keen observers. They hate a fraud anywhere, but one dressed in clericals they soon detect and detest above all others. They dearly love a true man, and such every minister who would influence young men for good must be.

Next to time and tact comes *patience*. A minister should be the last man to be easily discouraged. If you are after any particular young man do not give him up. Put him on your list and keep him there till you have won him, or either he or you shall die. Your lack of success may be no fault of yours. Though he gives no signs of yielding he may love and respect you, and secretly hope you will not give him up. There may be something in his domestic, or private, or business life you know nothing about that is holding him back. And even if he should seem to give you the cold shoulder and sneer at you, that should not be a good excuse for your neglecting him. Have patience. Be kind. There may some day come into his life an experience which will give you an opportunity of showing your sincere interest in him. Remember you are only a second partner in this business of soul-winning. It is God who has the chief interest in man's salvation. You are co-working with Him. All that tact and wisdom and patience which is needed on your part must come from him. From him also must come the Holy Spirit's influence on the hearts and minds of those who will eventually become children of His Kingdom.

Again I say, young men are worth saving. The man who to-day is living a godless and perhaps very wicked life may some day, by the grace of God, become a bright light in the church of God. And the minister who is instrumental in his conversion should consider himself more highly honored than if he were made king of Great Britain and Ireland.

Poetry.

—♦♦♦—

THERE SHALL BE NO MORE SEA.

There was no more sea.—Revelation xxi., 1.

Thou emblem of unrest,
 Deep, heaving, surging. Even in the calm
 There seems a moaning strife throughout thy realm
 As if some chain to break.
 No emblem of unrest in heaven can be ;
 In heaven is rest. There shall be no more sea.

The storm is raging now
 And all thy bosom swells, and every wave
 Towers mountain high, as if the storm to brave
 Ere they will deign to bow.
 Heaven knows no storms ; all tempests end with thee ;
 In heaven is calm. There shall be no more sea.

Thou hast an ebb and flow,
 And now the current rises, swells and moans,
 Now sinks, recedes, to swell in other zones,
 Thy tide such change doth know.
 But heaven is from all tides and changes free ;
 Heaven knows no change. There shall be no more sea.

Thou sadness dost awake,
 For in our hearts, the sighing of thy waves,
 The winds amongst thy caverns and thy caves
 Dost mournful music make.
 Peace, ocean, peace ! Thy Lord shall so decree ;
 Heaven knows no sighs. There shall be no more sea.

Image of Eternity.
 Thou unbeginning, boundless, endless tide,
 Eternal is thy source ! God shall ascribe
 Limits and bounds to thee,
 For thou shalt be no more when on heaven's lea
 Time but begins. There shall be no more sea.

GEORGE MCGREGOR.

Presbyterian College.

THE RELIGION OF RUDYARD KIPLING.

By THE REV. D. J. FRASER, M.A., B.D.

I.—THE RECESSIONAL'S REVELATION.

The "Recessional" has been spoken of, and perhaps with justice, as one of the chief religious events of the past few years. It certainly was, to the better minds of the nation, the most impressive event in connection with the recent jubilee. It resounded throughout the Empire like a great organ note, and even among ourselves in distant Canada it produced a thrill of reverent patriotism. No worthy Anglo-Saxon in any land could have read the splendid verses unmoved.

" God of our Fathers, known of old—
 Lord of our far-flung battle line—
 Beneath whose awful hand we hold
 Dominion over palm and pine—
 Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
 Lest we forget—lest we forget!

" The tumult and the shouting dies—
 The Captains and the Kings depart.
 Still stands thine ancient sacrifice,
 An humble and a contrite heart.
 Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
 Lest we forget—lest we forget!

" Far-called our navies melt away—
 On dune and headland sinks the fire—
 Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
 Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!
 Judge of the nations, spare us yet,
 Lest we forget—lest we forget!

" If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
 Wild tongues that have not thee in awe—
 Such boasting as the Gentiles use
 Or lesser breeds without the law—
 Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
 Lest we forget—lest we forget!

“ For heathen heart that puts her trust—
In reeking tube and iron shard—
All valiant dust that builds no dust,
And guardian: all: not thee to guard—
For frantic boast and foolish word,
Thy merey on Thy people, Lord ! ”

The hymn was a revelation in more ways than one. The majesty and restraint of its great lines were proof conclusive that the splendid succession of English poets had not yet fallen desolate. Several years before its appearance the literary critics had given a unanimous verdict in favor of the artistic genius of Rudyard Kipling. He had taken his acknowledged place among word-artists as a master of style, metre and every form of rhetorical device. But he was still looked upon as the least reflective of our great poets. The “Recessional” first brought him to light as a national prophet.

During the Jubilee celebration, humble souls all over the Empire were dreading lest the national rejoicing should be made an excuse for national boasting and vain glory; lest the heart of the British people should be turned from

“ What makes a nation happy and keeps it so,”

to the dangerous trust in material forces which, Milton also tells us,

“ Ruins kingdoms and lays cities flat.”

Kipling brought the vague fear to self-consciousness. He revealed the nation's heart to the nation. He took the almost sub-conscious dread of the better people, and with a poet's insight and a poet's passion he brought it forth in conscious and coherent words. He expressed the awe-inspiring thought. What is all this pomp and power, all the material greatness of the Empire, all the splendor of national riches, but dust and ashes, unless God be with us till the end? And he gave articulate voice to the hitherto dumb but real dread—“ Lest we forget, lest we forget ! ” Henceforth not only in the judgment of the critics, but in the popular judgment as well, Kipling “ also is among the prophets.”

Not only so, but the “Recessional” also revealed the essentially religious genius of the wonderfully versatile poet. The

enthusiastic response of the people made quite clear that the basis of the Anglo-Saxon character is essentially religious. Perhaps this, however, needed no proof—that the Anglo-Saxon character is firmly rooted in religion; but the revelation of Kipling as a religious genius was startling. Surprisingly early in his career he was acknowledged to be a great artist—a master of literary technique. Whoever read carefully even a few of his shorter stories, without knowing anything of the author or his methods, recognised at once a writer who studied words just as men study a science—one who was bent on wringing out of language all its secrets and latent possibilities. But no thought of his religion entered into our estimate. Stupid folk, indeed, who know of no religion but the conventional religion of creeds and churches and liturgies, accused this precocious genius of being irreligious. Many good people watched with fear his marvelously rapid strides to popular favor, because they felt that his influence would not, on the whole, be conducive to that reverence which our age so sorely needs. They had been shocked by the paganism, as they regarded it, of his jungle stories. Then came the "Recessional." It was a complete surprise to all except those who had been patiently waiting for the new poet to present his credentials; but its effect was to lead men to read his books over again with an eye for the religious. There was no possibility of mistaking the puritan sternness, directness, simplicity of the Recessional's appeal to the nation's heart; and men were compelled to ask—Is it possible that the unconventionality of the new poet has hitherto blinded us to the religious aspect of his work? Hence the discovery that the note of piety which Kipling struck in his national hymn is the ground-note, too, of all his earlier work. Kipling has never been anything but in downright earnest. Most artful, he never subscribed the debasing creed: "Art for Art's sake." Highly rhetorical, he never abandoned himself to mere word-spinning. His words were selected with painstaking care; and each word was chosen for no other purpose than to hit some nail on the head. The man who applies himself in this spirit to his day's work—however humble that

work may be—will not be denied “The Vision Splendid;” and we are therefore prepared to believe—as we really find on re-reading his books—that Rudyard Kipling, the most modern of poets in every sense of the term, continues, in a work-a-day form, but in a worthy spirit, the religious traditions of Milton and Wordsworth, of Tennyson and Browning.

Take, for instance, his lines of dedication to “Soldiers Three,” which appeared eleven years ago in India :

“ Lo, I have wrought in common clay
Rough figures of a rough-hewn race,
For pearls strew not the market place
In this my town of banishment,
Where with the shifting dust I play,
And eat the bread of discontent.

“ Yet is there life in that I make.
O, Thou that knowest, turn and see.
As thou hast power over me,
So have I power over these,
Because I wrought them for Thy sake,
And breathed in them mine agonies.

“ Small mirth was in the making, now
I lift the cloth that cloaks the clay,
And wearied at Thy feet I lay
My wares ere I go forth to sell.
The long bazaar will praise, but Thou
Heart of my heart, have I done well?”

The young man who offered such a prayer as he went forth to sell his literary wares was not utterly devoid of religious reverence.

Three years later appeared “Life’s Handicap,” and that religion was the dynamic emotion of this work also is evident from the closing lines :

“ By my own work before the night,
Great overseer ! I make my prayer.

“ If there be good in that I wrought,
Thy hand compelled it, Master, Thine !
Where I have failed to meet Thy thought,
I know through Thee the blame is mine.

“ The depth and dream of my desire,
 The bitter paths wherein I stray,
 Thou knowest who has made the fire,
 Thou knowest who has made the clay.

“ One stone the more swings to her place,
 In that dread temple of Thy worth,
 It is enough that through Thy grace
 I saw naught common in Thy earth.”

These examples suffice to show that running through even his earlier work is a vein of genuine religious feeling.

II.—KIPLING'S APOLOGETIC.

Mr. Kipling's religion is not new, and it is very simple. Like his heroes, and like the words in which he presents his heroes to us, his religion is of a quite primal nature. As we should naturally expect in a poet, his religion is of the intuitive sort. It is not brought before the bar of reason either for defence or for explanation. That is only another way of saying that his religion is not formulated into a theology. Its basis is not reason but feeling. Only once, I think, do we come upon a passage where there is a slight suggestion of defence. It is his quaint argument for the existence of God in "The Conversion of Aurelián McGoggin." It is the argument of an intensely practical man—a thoroughly work-a-day theory; but it has perhaps as good a right to a place in the text books on Apologetics in our Divinity schools, as the standard (so called) "proofs." Of course, there is no final proof of the existence of the Deity. Men first believe in God, and then seek to give expression to their belief, to give a reason for the hope that is in them. But the belief, the hope, comes always before the argument. And Kipling's argument, half-ironical as it is, is not altogether unworthy of serious consideration. It has at least the advantage of being popular. The laity will take it in as easily as they do Paley's famous argument from the watch to its Designer.

McGoggin was a civilian sent out to India by the Government. He had read the books of Comte, Spencer and Clifford, books, Kipling says, which deal with peoples' insides from the point of view of men who have no stomachs: and they

fermented in his head and gave him a rarefied religion over and above his work. "It was not much of a creed," Kipling tells us, "it only proved that men had no souls and there was no God and no hereafter, and that you must worry along somehow for the good of humanity. I do not say a word against this Creed. It was made up in town, where there is nothing but machinery and asphalt and buildings, all shut in by the fog. Naturally a man grows to think that there is no one higher than himself, and that the Metropolitan Board of Works made everything. But in this country (India) when you really see humanity—raw, brown, naked humanity—with nothing between it and the blazing sky, and only the used up, over-handled earth under foot, the notion somehow dies away, and most folk come back to simpler theories. Life in India is not long enough to waste in proving that there is no one in particular at the head of affairs. For this reason,"—and here comes his conclusive argument for the existence of a Great First Cause, the Supreme Sovereign,—“The Deputy is above the Assistant, the Commissioner above the Deputy, the Lieutenant-Governor above the Commissioner and the Viceroy above all four, under the orders of the Secretary of State, who is responsible to the Empress. If the Empress be not responsible to her Maker—if there is no Maker for her to be responsible to—the entire system of our administration must be wrong. Which is manifestly impossible.”

This then is Kipling's quaint apologetic and it is not a bad defence of the Faith. Paley argued up to God from the physical order of the world; Kant from the moral order of the universe; and now Kipling comes with his argument, just as valid, from the political order. A Creed has well been defined as a "working theory of Life." Now McGoggin's Creed was very bad, as it unfitted him to do his work of obeying orders; but Kipling's Creed was the ideal working theory of life for India.

Not only does this tale reveal the author's earnest work-a-day notion of the universe, but it also shows his thorough-going contempt for shallow unbelief. "If McGoggin," he goes on to say, "had kept his Creed to himself... no one

would have cared: but his grandfathers on both sides had been Wesleyan preachers, and the preaching strain came out in his mind. He wanted every one in the Club to see that they had no souls too, and to help him to eliminate his Creator. As a good many men told him, he undoubtedly had no soul, because he was so young, but it did not follow that his seniors were equally undeveloped; and, whether there was another world or not, a man still wanted to read his papers in this." "But that is not the point, that is not the point," Aurelian used to say. "Then men threw sofa cushions at him and told him to go to any particular place he might believe in. They christened him the 'Blastoderm'—he said he came from a family of that name somewhere in the prehistoric ages; and, by insult and laughter, strove to choke him dumb, for he was an unmitigated nuisance at the Clubs; besides being an offence to the older men. . . . Not a soul was interested in McGoggin's soul. He might have had two or none, or somebody else's. His business was to obey orders and keep abreast of his files instead of devastating the Club with 'isms.'" Such is the fun which Kipling pokes at the shallow unbelief of the present day.

III.—HIS PURITANISM.

Next to the "Recessional," the "Hymn Before Action" is perhaps the most distinctive utterance of Mr. Kipling's national religion.

"The earth is full of anger,
The seas are dark with wrath,
The nations in their harness
Go up against our path.
Ere yet we loose the legions,
Ere yet we draw the blade,
Jehovah of the thunders,
Lord God of battles, aid!

"High lust and froward bearing,
Proud heart, rebellious brow,
Deaf ear and soul uncaring,
We seek thy mercy now!
The sinner that foreswore thee,
The fool that passed thee by,

Our times are known before thee—
 Lord, grant us strength to die!

“ For those who kneel beside us
 At altars not their own,
 Who lack the lights that guide us,
 Lord, let their faith atone.
 If wrong we did to call them,
 By honor bound they came :
 Let not thy wrath befall them,
 But deal to us the blame !

“ From panic, pride, and terror,
 Revenge that knows no rein,
 Light haste and lawless error,
 Protect us yet again ;
 Cloak thou our undeserving,
 Make firm the shuddering breath,
 In silence and unswerving
 To taste thy lesser death !

“ Ah, Mary ! pierced with sorrow,
 Remember, reach, and save
 The soul that comes to-morrow
 Before the God that gave !
 Since each was born of woman,
 For each at utter need—
 True comrade and true foeman—
 Madonna, intercede.

“ E'en now the vanguard gathers,
 E'en now we face the fray—
 As thou didst help our fathers,
 Help thou our host to-day,
 Fulfilled of signs and wonders,
 In life, in death made clear—
 Jehovah of the thunders,
 Lord, God of battles, hear !”

The religion of these lines is essentially racial. The poet makes common cause with God against the enemies of his country. Britain's enemies are also Jehovah's enemies. The Puritan warriors might have chanted these lines along with their Old Testament battle cries:—"The sword of the Lord and of Gideon."—"Let God arise and let his enemies be scattered." They breathe the same sentiment as the closing words of Deborah's magnificent battle ode:

“ So let all thine enemies perish, O Jehovah,
But let them that love him be as the sun
When he goeth forth in his might.”

The religion of these verses is of course more tolerant than that of the ancient Hebrews, for they would not have asked Jehovah's blessing on “those who kneel beside us at altars not their own;” nor would they have prayed for mercy on their foemen, but rather that the God of vengeance might dash the heads even of their little ones against the stones. It is also more tolerant than the religion of the old Puritans, for they would not have allowed any of their soldiers to invoke the intercession of the Virgin. But the words of this hymn are the words of Deborah and the Psalmist and Cromwell: and its spirit is essentially the racial spirit of the warriors of the Old Testament and Puritan England.

The austere Puritanism of the poet comes out again in “The Song of the English.” The sovereignty of Jehovah, to whom the nation owes everything—His election of the English—comes out in the first verse:

“ Fair is our lot and goodly is our heritage!
(Humble ye, my people, and be fearful in your mirth!)
For the Lord our God Most High,
He hath made the deep as dry,
He hath smote for us a pathway to the ends of all the earth.”

And the national duty is essentially a religious duty—even its road-making and bridge-building are works of religion.

“ Hold ye the faith—the faith our fathers sealèd us;
Whoring not with visions, overwise and overstale.
Except ye pay the Lord
Single heart and single sword,
Of your children in their bondage shall he ask them treble-
tale.

“ Keep ye the law, be swift in all obedience—
Clear the land of evil, drive the road and bridge the ford,
Make ye sure to each his own
That he reap where he hath sown;
By the peace among our people let men know we serve
the Lord.”

In Kipling's national pieces, then, we find revealed his

Puritanism—the same quality as has belonged to almost all the great nation-builders of Britain.

Coming now to the personal religion of Kipling—the religion of his individual characters, we must bear in mind the kind of men our author describes; for his religion is one for human beings, and for such human beings as he has lived with—“Neither children nor gods, but men in a world of men.” His characters are primitive heroes, and we may expect to find theirs a quite elementary faith. They accept without any questioning the three great postulates of religion—God, Duty and Immortality.

IV.—HIS DOCTRINE OF GOD.

“The God of things as they are,” is the God in whom Kipling’s men believe—the God of stern realities, the God of battles and of storms. He is the absolutely Sovereign One. McAndrew, the old Scotch Calvinistic engineer, believes in a God who, as the Shorter Catechism says, “foreordains whatsoever comes to pass.”

“From coupler-flange to spindle-guide, I see Thy hand, O God,
Predestination in the stride o’ yon connectin’ rod.”

From the closing words of his introduction to the Outward Bound edition of his works, we infer that Kipling held the same belief in unconditional predestination: “Remembering this one thing sure amid all uncertainties, as it is written:

“O true believer, his destiny none can escape;
And safe are we against all that is not predestined.”

The essential attribute of this Sovereign Deity is what we may call *Reality*. He is not a God of pity, or one whose justice by any manner of means can be escaped. Kipling’s men seem never to have heard of the theology of evangelical religion. Among the old Evangelicals there was a doctrine of justification which seemed to teach the possibility that men may be reckoned just, when they are not really just. The philosophy of religion based on this conception was known among theologians as “The Plan of Salvation,” or, as it was sometimes called, the “Scheme of Redemption.” Kipling knows

nothing of the possibility of appearing to be in God's eyes what one is not in reality. Even McAndrew—and we should expect the old Scotch Calvinist to know the plan of Salvation—never dreamed of being forgiven solely of mercy or of being saved by any equivalent for personal goodness. When he came to lay his whole case before the Lord, he wanted the Divine verdict to be based on his actual character.

“ But I ha' lived and I ha' worked. Be thanks to thee Most High!
And I ha' done what I ha' done—judge thou if ill or well—
Always thy grace preventin' me.”

No one will accuse the old Scotch engineer of self-righteousness any more than the Hebrew Psalmists when they pleaded their personal holiness before God as the ground of his favor. And this is Kipling's own prayer—a prayer not for pity, not for indulgence, not for charity. He is too self-respecting to ask an alms, but a prayer for simple justice :

“ The long bazaar will praise, but Thou,
Heart of my heart, have I done well ?”

V.—HIS DOCTRINE OF DUTY.

From his thought of God as absolutely Sovereign springs naturally his conception of duty as simple obedience. There must be no attempt to improve on the orders from a higher authority; our duty is that of children—to do what we are told. The right religion for McGoggin was “ to obey orders and keep abreast of his files.” The duty of the recruit was to observe these simple rules: “ Fear God, honor the Queen, shoot straight and keep clean.” And listen to the lesson of duty which his engines sing to the sympathetic ear of McAndrew :

“ Now a' together, hear them lift their lesson—theirs and mine—
Law, Orrder, Duty, and Restraint, Obedience, Discipline.”

“ The God of things as they are ” can tolerate no unreality in human character. Everything must be thorough.

Kipling's doctrine of duty is nowhere more clearly expressed than in his noble and tender tribute to the memory of his friend and hero, Wolcott Balestier—his brother-in-law.

“ And oftimes cometh the wise Lord God, Master of every Trade ;
And tells them tales of his daily toil, of Edens newly made ;
And they rise to their feet as he passes by, gentlemen unafraid.”

How much nobler is this consciousness of personal worth than the cringing humility of spurious evangelicalism !

“ He scarce had need to doff his pride or slough the dross of earth—
E'en as he trod that day to God so walked he from his birth—
In simpleness, and gentleness and honor and clean mirth.

So cup to lip in fellowship they gave him welcome high
And made him place at the banquet board, the strong men ranged
thereby,
Who had done his work and held his peace, and had no fear to die.”

Here then is Kipling's ideal saint, and his message is the threefold Gospel of *Work, Silence* and *Courage*. He “ had done his work and held his peace, and had no fear to die.”

No clearer bugle-call to work, to do the duty which lies nearest us, did Carlyle ever sound to his generation than this of Kipling's to us :

“ Go to your work and be strong, halting not in your ways,
Baulking the end half-won for an instant dole of praise.
Stand to your work and be wise, certain of sword and pen—
Who are neither children, nor gods, but men in a world of men.”

Like Carlyle, too, Kipling preaches the Gospel of *Silence*. His heroes say little about their religion. They are not men of speech, but men of action. There are, of course, exceptions to the rule. Carlyle himself did not practice on all occasions his own Gospel of Silence. He sang the praises of the “Great Silent Men, silently thinking, silently working; whom no morning newspaper makes mention of—who forbore to babble of what they were creating and projecting.” He sometimes out of season, too, practiced the religion of silence, much to the annoyance of the nervous Mrs. Carlyle. But he allowed exceptions to the Golden Law of Silence, for in one of Mrs. Maurice's letters to her husband we read (I quote from memory): “Carlyle has just been in, talking steadily for two hours on the Beauty of Silence.” So there are exceptions to the rule of silence in the characters of Kipling; and Mulholland may be taken as the classic example. He must

not only preach his religion by deeds but by words as well. It was a heavy cross, but he bore it bravely ; a large thing to ask of him, but he was true to his religion of obeying orders.

Mulholland was on the cattle-boat which was being knocked to pieces by sea and gale; and in mortal fear that he might be horned or trodden he made a contract with God that:

“ If He got me to port alive I would exalt His name,
And praise His Holy Majesty till further orders came.”

He was saved from the cattle and the sea and was found where the roll had landed him, with a four-inch crack on the top of his head ; and he

“ lay still for seven weeks convalescin’ of the fall.
An’ readin’ the shiny Scripture Texts in the seamen’s hospital.

An’ I spoke to God of our contract, and He says to my prayer,
I never puts on my ministers no more, than they can bear ;
So back you go to the cattle boats and preach my Gospel there.

They must quit drinkin’ and swearin’, they mustn’t knife on a blow,
They must quit gamblin’ their wages, and you must preach it so ;
For now those boats are more like hell than anything else I know.

I didn’t want to do it, for I knew what I should get,
An’ I wanted to preach religion, handsome and out of the wet.
But the word of the Lord were lain on me, and I done what I was
set.

I have been smitten and bruised, as warned would be the case,
An’ turned my cheek to the smiter exactly as Scripture says ;
But following that I knocked him down and led him up to grace.

An’ we have preaching on Sundays whenever the sea is calm,
An’ I use no knife or pistol, an’ I never take no harm,
For the Lord abideth back of me to guide my fighting arm.

An’ I sign for four pound ten a month and save the money clear,
An’ I am in charge of the lower deck, and never lose a steer ;
An’ I believe in Almighty God and preach his gospel here.

The skippers say I’m crazy, but I can prove ’em wrong,
For I am in charge of the lower deck, with all that doth belong—
Which they would not give to a lunatic, and the competition so
strong.”

While Mulholland is the exception to the rule that religion is not to be talked about, but silently blazoned forth in

heroic deeds, he at the same time is a splendid example of the gospel of absolute obedience to orders.

His gospel of courage is so well known that I need hardly refer to it. In heaven his heroes

“rise to their feet as God passes by, gentlemen unafraid.”

The prayer of his men on entering battle is :

“Make firm the shuddering breath,
In silence and unswerving,
To taste thy lesser death.”

As if, possessed of devils, his men put out in leaky hulks to “euchre God Almighty’s storm and bluff the eternal sea.” Bobby Wicks dies nursing an unamiable private in a fever camp; and Hummil dies, fearless, though alone, at his unhealthy post, which he keeps to save a comrade from exposure. They know not fear in life or death. In the “Children of the Zodiac,” Kipling’s gods come down to earth to preach only one gospel: “Thou shalt not be afraid.”

VI.—HIS DOCTRINE OF IMMORTALITY.

Kipling’s men have the old-fashioned, unquestioning faith of our fathers in heaven and hell. From his thought of God as a God of justice and reality follows naturally his conception of hell as an absolute certainty—just as certain as sin itself. It is a little difficult, however, to find the poet’s own doctrine of future retribution. Take, for instance, that rollicking poem “Gunga Din.” Gunga Din was certainly a hero; and he deserved heaven if anyone ever deserved heaven. It was he who carried water to the thirsty soldiers and cared tenderly for the wounded; and Tomny thus states his appreciation of the heroic self-sacrificing spirit of the man even in death :

“I shan’t forgit the night
When I dropped be’ind the fight
With a bullet where my breastplate should ha’ been.
I was chokin’ mad with thirst,
An’ the man that spied me first
Was our good old grinnin’, gruntin’ Gunga Din.
'E lifted up my 'ead,
An’ he plugged me where I bled,

The Presbyterian College Journal

An' he guv me 'arf a pint of water green :
 It was crawlin' and it stunk,
 But of all the drinks I've drunk,
 I'm gratefulest to one from Gunga Din.

It was Din ! Din ! Din !
 'Ere's a beggar with a bullet through 'is spleen ;
 'E's chawin' up the ground,
 An' 'e's kickin' all around,
 For Gawd's sake git the water, Gunga Din.

'E carried me away
 To where a dooli lay,
 An' a bullet come and drilled the beggar clean.
 'E put me safe inside,
 An' just before 'e died,
 'I 'ope you liked your drink,' sez Gunga Din.
 So I'll meet 'im later on
 At the place where 'e is gone—
 Where it's always double drill and no canteen :
 'E'll be squattin' on the coals
 Givin' drink to poor damned souls,
 An' I'll get a swig in hell from Gunga Din !

Yes, Din ! Din ! Din !
 You Lazarushian leather Gunga Din ;
 Though I've belted you and flayed you,
 By the livin' Gawd that made you,
 You're a better man than I am, Gunga Din ! "

According to this, hell will not be an altogether bad society. The man who can make the sacrifice of himself for others as Gunga Din did, according to our religion, ought to take official rank in the noble army of martyrs; but Tommy, I suppose, had no more hope of a heathen obtaining heaven than of himself. This is one of Mr. Atkins' serious defects. Hero as he is, he seems utterly to lack the idealism which is born of the hope of glory. And yet Gunga Din, living the life of service even in hell, was in heaven, for the love of service is the joy of heaven.

In "Tomlinson," which many fastidious people find a rather gruesome poem, Kipling presents us a very earnest doctrine of hell—as a place which demands some original achievement as the price of admission. Tomlinson died at his house in Berkely Square, and he sought admission to

heaven. But Peter gave him a quite unexpected reception

“Stand up, stand up, now, Tomlinson, and answer loud and high,
The good that ye did for the sake of men or ever ye came to die.”

This is the test question put to every applicant at heaven's gate. Poor Tomlinson, thus taken by surprise, turned white with fear, and this was all he could say for himself :

“This I have read in a book, he said, and this was told to me,
And this I have thought that another man thought of a Prince in
Muscovy.”

But Peter lost patience with such a tale of goodness borrowed from books—a merely hearsay religion :

“Ye have read, ye have heard, ye have thought, he said, and the tale
is yet to run ;
By the worth of the body that once ye had, give answer, what ha'
ye done !”

“O none may reach by hired speech of neighbour, priest or kin,
Through borrowed deed to God's good meed that lies so fair within
Get hence, get hence, to the Lord of Wrong, for doom has yet to run,
And the faith that you share with Berkely Square uphold you,
Tomlinson.”

Being refused admission to heaven, Tomlinson came in course of time to the gate of hell ; and he was about to go in, when the devil caught him and demanded evidence of his right to enter :

“Wot ye the price of good pit-coal that I must pay? said he,
That ye rank yoursel' so fit for hell and ask no leave of me?
Sit down, sit down upon the slag, and answer loud and high,
The harm that ye did to the sons of men or ever you came to die.”

Tomlinson, taken still more by surprise, racked his memory for strong sins, but he could think only of copied sins—weak, counterfeit sins—sins that he had read of in books or borrowed from other people. But counterfeit sins are not current coin at the door of hell. There must be some original sin, not the “original sin” of the theologians, but sin which shows some originality, to win a man entrance to the pit. The devil would have taken him in for the sake of holy charity—but he thought of his own good name and the reputation of

his house, and the character of the gentlemen who were its inmates, and so he finally addresses Tomlinson :

“Go, get ye back to the flesh again, for the sake of man’s repute,
And look that ye win to worthier sin, ere ye come back again.
And the God that ye took from a printed book go with you,
Tomlinson.”

So Tomlinson is shut out of both places. He had done no real good in his life to earn heaven’s reward ; and he had done no real evil to gain him entrance into hell. We can easily understand how Tomlinson stood to Kipling for the lowest type of humanity. Kipling idealizes force. In disgust with the modern sentimental romance, the old engineer cried :

“I’m sick of all their quirks and turns, the loves and doves they dream,
Lord, send a man like Robbie Burns to sing the song of steam.”

Kipling himself answers the prayer of McAndrew, and he sings the praises of our age of steam. He finds in what many people call a matter-of-fact age the true romance, the romance of original invention, of scientific progress, of discoveries of new forces. The greatest thing in the world for Kipling is Power at work. It matters not where the power be—whether in a man or in an engine or in an Empire—Kipling grows equally enthusiastic over each ; but there must be POWER. Now Tomlinson had no power, no force. He had neither industry nor originality even in his sins ; and for such an one Kipling simply has no mercy. He is neither cold nor hot ; therefore heaven and hell alike spue him out of their mouth. He must stay in the outer air between the stars where

“The wind which blows between the worlds, it cuts him like a knife.”

Tomlinson is true to life—the man of no force—the morally neutral man ; and what is going to become of the man who has no soul of his own ? Have *we* any better answer to give than that of Kipling ?

Every man, whether poet or not, paints his own picture of heaven. The tired old folk who have served their generation are fond of regaling themselves with Baxter’s “Saints Everlasting Rest.” But Everlasting Rest will hardly appeal as a desirable prospect to the average child. A gentleman who

had been brought up in strictly Puritan fashion dates his gloomy view of existence from the time when as a child he was told by his mother that heaven would be a never-ending Sabbath. Sabbath was the dreariest of days to him, and the prospect of such a day eternally drawn out shattered rudely his hope of glory. He became a pessimist on the spot. When the old sailor was dying the clergyman was sent for, and he read him the description of heaven in the Revelation in which the sentence occurs: "And there was no more sea." "Read that again," said the sailor. "And there was no more sea," repeated the stupid clergyman. His services were suddenly dispensed with. It was bad enough for the lover of the sea to be condemned to die in port; but to be condemned to the everlasting existence of a land-lubber was an intolerable thought. Kipling has a better doctrine of heaven for the sailor-folk. God hears the cry of the mariners and reverses his order that there shall be no more sea.

"Loud sang the souls of the jolly, jolly mariners,
Crying: 'Under heaven, there is neither lead nor lee.
Must we sing for evermore
On the windless glassy floor?
Take back your golden fiddles and we'll beat to open sea.'

Then stooped the Lord, and he called the good sea up to Him,
And 'stablished his borders unto all Eternity,
That such as have no pleasure
For to praise the Lord by measure,
They may enter into galleons and serve him on the Sea.

Sun, wind and cloud shall fail not from the face of it,
Singing, ringing spindrift, nor the fulmer flying free;
And the ships shall go abroad
To the glory of the Lord
Who heard the silly sailor-folk and gave them back their Sea!"

We have already seen how earnest a heaven is that in which Kipling believes. What then was his thought of heaven? It will be interesting to compare his doctrine with that of Tennyson and Browning. In that lyric of humanity, "Crossing the Bar," Tennyson suggests to us a heaven of perfect peace. His is the voice of calmness, of repose:

"Sunset and evening star,
 And one clear call for me!
 And may there be no moaning of the bar,
 When I put out to Sea,
 But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
 Too full for sound or foam."

Browning's heaven is in striking contrast. He found man's life—the mere living—so good a thing that he never yearned for rest. He had a relish for active life. His was the passion for progress, and he knew of no progress except that which comes as the result of conflict. The same law which holds good of earthly development will hold good, he thinks, in the life of heaven. His ideal Saint, Rabbi Ben Ezra, will respond to God's mild curfew and will take a few years of rest in his old age; but death, far from being for him the passing to eternal rest, will be the going forth

"Once more on my adventure brave and new,
 Fearless and unperplexed,
 When I wage battle next."

Hence Browning's call to us out of the sunset of his life—not a calmer, but, I think, a stronger voice than that of Tennyson:—

"No, at noontide in the bustle of man's work-time
 Greet the unseen with a Cheer!
 Bid him forward, breast and back as either should be,
 'Strive and thrive!' Cry 'speed, fight on, fare ever
 There as here.'"

The supreme desire of Tennyson was for rest—rest especially from the disquieting riddles of life—for some solution of the problems, intellectual, social and religious—which weighed, as we know, so heavily on his mind and heart—and this colored his thought of heaven's blessedness. The whole meaning of life to Browning consists in the realization of the Ideal through the evolution of the good in every man, and such moral progress is only possible through hard conflict: and this colored his thought of heaven.

Kipling, as we have seen, lays the supreme emphasis on "The Day's Work:" and heaven to him is not merely a place of rest or a place of progress through hard conflict but a

society of ideal workers under the superintendence of the Master of Every Trade. Whatever his call to us may be out of the sunset of his life, these lines on heaven by the young artist will, I think, share the immortality of Browning's "One who never turned his back" and Tennyson's "Crossing the Bar":—

"When earth's last picture is painted and the tubes are twisted and dried,
When the oldest colors have faded, and the youngest critic has died,
We shall rest, and, faith, we shall need it—lie down for an aeon or
two—

Till the Master of all good workmen shall put us to work anew!

And those that were good shall be happy: they shall sit in a golden
chair;

They shall splash at a ten-league canvass, with brushes of comet's hair;
They shall find real Saints to draw from—Magdalene, Peter and Paul;
They shall work for an age at a sitting and never be tired at all!

And only the Master shall praise us, and only the Master shall blame;
And no one shall work for money and no one shall work for fame,
But each for the joy of the working, and each, in his separate star,
Shall draw the things as he sees it for the God of things as they are!"

St. John, N. B.

"But when on life we're tempest-driv'n,
A conscience but a canker,
A correspondence fix'd we' Heav'n
Is sure a noble anchor!"

—Burns.

THE CHRISTIAN MINISTRY AND ITS SUPREME IDEA.

REV. PRINCIPAL SALMOND, D.D.

GENTLEMEN,—In giving yourselves to the study of Theology, you are understood to look to the Christian Ministry as your calling in life. It is of that ministry and its great idea that I wish to say something to-day by way of introduction to the work of the session. And I know not that I can better begin than by encouraging you to believe that the career to which you are looking is the highest and most satisfying that life offers. "Its delight," says one, "were we entitled to speak of it, never grows old, its interest never wanes, its stimulus is never exhausted; it is different to a man at each period of his life, but if he is the minister he ought to be, there is no age from the earliest years when he is his people's brother, to the late days when he is like a father to the children on whom he looks down from the pulpit, in which the ministry has not some fresh charm and chance of usefulness to offer to the man whose heart is in it." This is a testimony to which every true minister of Christ will put his seal, more and more willingly as he grows older in the service.

The vocation of the Christian minister indeed is not without its peculiar anxieties and burdens. If it is faithful in its charge it will tax our utmost powers and make heavy demands upon our constancy and patience. Disappointments will come with it as with all things, and it will not fit in with that idea of existence which makes life a race for riches. But be assured that in all that brightens a career with a serene light of a happiness which is not contingent in all that is capable of filling life with a deep joyfulness, there is no calling to match it. Philip Henry made this memorandum on the day of his ordination: "I did this day receive so much

The Christian Ministry and Its Supreme Idea 29

honor and work as ever I shall know what to do with. The Lord Jesus proportion supplies accordingly." As Henry Martyn reviewed all that life had brought him, his final conclusion was this: "Thank God I am Christ's minister."

It is all important to have a worthy conception of what the Christian ministry is. The work to which it invites you is the greatest in dignity and responsibility that can be proposed to you. It is a Divine ordinance, and as such it demands more than personal inclination or personal accomplishment. It implies what our fathers spoke of as "a call." Of that call and the various distinctions which have been drawn in connection with it, I shall not speak at present. It is not the same, that while it may not come in the force of any mysterious voice within or any extraordinary disposition of the life without, it will show itself somehow—in an inclination deepening into conviction; in a desire deepening into a sense of duty; in a note of constraint, an impulse at the centre of the life which beats in upon one with the feeling that he ought to close with it, that he cannot but close with it as his vocation.

It is all too easy, however, to misunderstand what the ministry is and set up claims for it which seem to honor it but which in reality degrade it. There is above all the claim that it is a special and peculiar priesthood. Thank God this is a mistake from which the church of our fathers is happily free. It will be an evil day for the Scottish Church and Canadian churches were this pretention to lift its crest within them. Were it to assert itself it could lead only to spiritual confusion, weakness and enslavement. Wherever that claim has been pressed the heart of the Scottish people has risen against it, recognizing by a true instinct that it is at once a lowering of the office and a dangerous extension of it into a sphere which is not its own, a thrusting of it between God and the Soul. The use of the term "Priests" in the Prayer-book has been an unfortunate thing for the great Church of England; the presence of that ambiguous word has given a great hold to the Sacerdotal theory and Sacerdotal practice. It concerns us to understand what reason we have for repel-

ling such a claim. For the choice between two antagonistic uses of the ministry is involved in the question.

Now, different lines of argument have been taken in the attempt to make it out that the minister is a priest in the old Sacerdotal sense. There is, for instance, the old argument taken from the supposed relation between the Jewish ministry and the Christian. The former was a vast system of priesthood and mediaté access to God, and men were accustomed to argue that the latter was a continuance of this. But that contention was refuted long ago by Vitruvius, not to mention others. The Christian Church is constructed not on the model of the Temple with its sacrificing priests, but on the model of the synagogue with its elders and its simpler services. There is in the second place the appeal to direct statements of the New Testament. But in point of fact it may be found that there is only one passage that can with any show of plausibility be made to bear in this direction. That is the statement in Romans XV., 16, where Paul speaks of himself as the "minister of Jesus Christ to the Gentiles, ministering the Gospel of God." Here undoubtedly he applied to himself as minister certain familiar priestly terms "Leitourgon, Leitourgounta." But it is clear enough, as the very next sentence shows, where he speaks of the offering up of the Gentiles, that he applies these terms figuratively, just as elsewhere he speaks of himself as a libation to be poured out upon the sacrifice and service of the faith of the Phillipians, (chap. II., 17), and over against this there is the mass of facts to be placed that are of a quite unambiguous meaning. If anywhere it is in the Epistle to the Hebrews that we might expect to find the ministry described as a "priesthood." But it is not so. This Epistle, which makes so many comparisons between things in the old economy and things in the new, never speaks of the Christian ministry in terms of the Jewish; and when it refers to the minister of Christ it describes him, not as a priest but as one who has rule, one who speaks the word of God, one who watches for souls, (XIII, 7., 17). Peter's language, it is well known, is distinctively of an Old Testament character, and he speaks of the Church of Christ as the

true Israel of God. But he nowhere calls the Christian minister a priest. His term for himself and his brethren in the service is the simple term "Elder" or "Overseer," and this is all the more remarkable because he calls the whole body of the Christian people a priesthood. The same is the case with Paul. Even in the Pastoral Epistles, where so much is said about the office-bearers in the church, nothing like the sacerdotal name or function is applied to them. It is a most significant fact surely that the New Testament thus abstains from calling the pastor a priest. The terms "priesthood" and the like are sufficiently common in the East. They are applied freely to the people and to Christ himself, but not to the minister as such.

But there is a third line of argument. Its effect is this—that while the name may not be given the function itself is. In other words it is a form that prerogatives and offices are represented in the New Testament as belonging to the ministry which made it a reality, if not in name, a priesthood. Three passages in particular are appealed to, viz.—Matt. xvi.,-19;xviii.,-18; John,xx.,-23. In the first of these, viz.—The great promise of Peter, the turning point is what is said of the power of the keys. But this is a biblical figure which is used in more than one sense. Sometimes it is the figure of authority or rule, as when it is Eliakim, the key of the House of David will lay upon his shoulder. Sometimes it is the figure of instruction, as when Jesus spoke of the Scribes as taking away the key of knowledge. These are the keys—the keys of rule and teaching, not the key of priestly absolution that was given to Peter. In the second passage the key disappears, and the idea of binding and loosening takes its place. But neither are these sacerdotal terms. They are figures of powers belonging to the office of the scribe, not to that of the priest. They are figures for forbidding and allowing certain things. The rival schools for example were said to bind or loose; that is to say to forbid or allow certain acts on the Sabbath. The third passage which speaks of remitting or retaining sins is said to confer the priestly power of absolution. But in order to make this

passage pertinent it would be necessary to show that the persons that prerogative was conferred upon, were a special order. But the declaration was not made to the apostles alone, others were present. So whatever was meant by this power of remitting and retaining, was a power meant not for a special class but for all who were present on the occasion, for the body of believers generally.

None of these lines of proof can make the claim good. It is to the Fathers therefore and to the ancient practice rather than to the New Testament that those must go who seek evidence for the priestly prerogative of the Christian ministry. We say, therefore, that the minister is not a priest but something better. We claim no difference between the Christian man and the Christian minister beyond that of office. We repudiate the idea that the latter is the vehicle of grace to the church in any sense that is applicable to the former. We rejoice in knowing that whatever prerogative or function the ministry may possess it is something that belongs essentially to the Church as a whole, not to a single order in it. The excellency in the ministry we take to be of another kind in that it is the embassy of Christ. The true analogue of the office is that of the prophet under the Old Testament. There is much more even than that is true in it. It is a large and rich office, including in it all those functions or services which Paul enumerates as the gifts of apostles, evangelists, masters and teachers, but the central thing in it is the preaching function. A great variety of names is given to the minister, all suggestive of the seriousness of the trust, but above all he is the Teacher, the Prophet and the Preacher.

In respect, therefore, both to the influence which it should have and the peculiar needs of our time, this function of preaching deserves the sedulous attention and requires for its exercise the most patient preparation. What a power it has been in the history of human progress. Look back upon its history—what scenes immediately crowd upon the memory!—scenes from sacred story such as that reported by Nehemiah when Esra read out of the law and interpreted it to the peo-

ple, and the listening masses were swept with overpowering emotion. And scenes from secular story—Chrysostom preaching in Constantinople; Arnold in the market place of Brexia; Latimer at St. Paul's Cross; Luther in Wittenburg; Knox in St. Giles; Wesley on the fields; Whitfield among the colliers; Chalmers amid the breathless thousands of Glasgow.

It has had its times of special power and its times of declination. It has had its seasons of mighty revival in the reformation era and in the present century. We know what manner of times these latter were, and we know that wherever this preaching function of the Christian ministry has been to the front there the life of nations and churches has been free, quick and progressive; that wherever it has been thrust to the rear there has been arrest of popular progress, a decline of spiritual religion, a tending to spiritual despotism.

It is sometimes asserted that whatever power once belonged to the ministry of preaching, the day of its pre-eminence is gone, its influence reduced to a subordinate place. The suspicion that there is some warrant for this assertion is encouraged by two very different classes. It has been encouraged by the sacerdotal party; of this we have a remarkable instance in one of the Tracts of the Times, where the following statement is emitted: "We are not to be thought to entirely depreciate preaching as a means of doing good. It may be necessary in a weak and languishing state, but it is an instrument which scripture, to say the least of it, has never recommended." It is encouraged also by those who magnify the press at the cost of the pulpit. But is there any sign of its decay? No doubt it has a competition to run, such as it never had before, with journalism and a teaming literature. All this is a reason why the best men with the largest gifts should be won for the work of the ministry. For it does appear that the vocation of preaching is shorn of its power if narrowed in its sphere. The pulpit of to-day is probably of a higher order, richer in culture, of more extended influence, nearer the soul of the great mass of humanity than the pulpit in any previous period. The pulpit of

to-day ought to be a mightier agency than the pulpit of the past, so much wider is the area it commands, and it never can wholly lose its power or attraction. There is something in it that appeals to an immortal instinct. It is a ministering of the *living* voice, and there is a speech in that which neither book nor journal possesses.

But this gift of preaching comes to few by nature. There are not many in any generation who can rise up like David ready for the conquest as they step from the brook by the way. It is a gift to be got only by assiduous training. At the root of it lies the great service of instruction. The Christian minister is first of all a teacher, a prophet, and as such he must have the gift of knowledge. His function is to persuade by instruction—to inflame by informing. No style of preaching becomes so soon vapid and fruitless as that which is only hortatory, sinking the "inform" in the "inflame." Be assured that the want of matter is the real secret of the failure of many a pulpit. Remember how Robt. Browning touches this:—

"It were to be wished the flaws were fewer
 In the earthen vessel holding treasure,
 Which lies as safe in a golden ewer;
 But the main thing is, Does it hold good measure?
 Heaven soon sets right all other matters."

Yes, gentlemen, that is the question. "Does it hold good measure?"

It is the preacher's primary duty, therefore, to be a student of the Word, to learn to interpret it faithfully, to understand it in its unity and variety. It is his second duty to be a theologian; to know the deposit of faith once delivered to the church and to be acquainted with the great systems in which the truths of the Bible have been expressed by the master minds of the church. But the gift of knowledge must be sustained and applied by the gift of expression. This is among the most indispensable of the preacher's equipments. It is not by tenderness and neatness, nor yet by abstruse and frigid diction, but by the magic of a simple, transparent style, that the ear will be arrested and the soul kept listening.

And surely, gentlemen, the cultivation of the faculty of expression, the acquirement of a distinct and pleasing utterance, should take no inconsiderable a place in your professional training. What pains have been expended on preaching as an art by men like Fenelon, Bossuet, Massillon, Saurin, Bourdalaëu. The Jesuits are said to make every novice attend a reading class three or four times a week. There he is taught to articulate, enunciate, accentuate, while he is stopped now and then and subjected to criticism by his auditors.

I have spoken to you, gentlemen, of the professional preparation for your high vocation, and I would charge you to make the most of it. Do not yield to the vulgar prejudice that the minister can have too much learning, or that any pains are too much to expend on the art of delivery. The most honored on the role of our Scotch worthies were men of great attainments,—the Erskines, MacLaurin, Thos. Boston, Halyburton, Geo. Gillespie, Samuel Rutherford and William Guthrie. Remember what manner of men in acquirements, no less than in zeal, your Puritan forefathers were. Look into the records of the studies of men like Owen, Howe, Calaney and Baxter. Be fired with a noble ambition of emulating those men of whose teaching it has been said that it gave muscle and fibre to the religion of England.

But baptize your learning with the spirit of the Bible. Yours are now to be the studies of the scholastic. Make the Bible itself your cherished study. Study it as a whole. Study it in all its parts. Study it with patient, devout, consecrated interest. To be prophets of the world you must be consecrated men. Piety is the light that will give light, the fire that will inflame. Keep the flame of consecration burning by devout thoughts and secret prayer. Give heed unto yourselves as well as unto the doctrine. May our Lord Jesus Christ Himself and God, even our Father who hath loved us and given us everlasting consolation and good hope through grace, comfort you all and stablish you in every good word and work.

College Note Book.

STUDENT LIFE.

Again the revolving wheels of time have brought us to the beginning of another session. New faces are seen in our corridors; new men take up the work laid down by others, and upon new shoulders falls the responsibility of producing the COLLEGE JOURNAL.

But let not the reader of this column think that he who records the "Student Life" this month is the one who will continue as recorder throughout the session. He is only a substitute, and by his poor efforts it would be unkind to judge the literary ability of the Local Editor-elect. At present the Local Editor is enjoying himself in the "wilds of Ontario," totally unmindful of his duty to himself, his fellow-students and his readers; but it is hoped that before another month rolls round he will be once more among us, and delight his readers with the products of his versatile pen.

In the meantime, bear with me, though many others might have filled the editor's chair more acceptably.

We have among our number some shining lights in the literary firmament. Only last week one of the Juniors was overheard remarking that "he has had ten times as much literary and journalistic experience as any five men in the College." Why, then, was he not selected?—But the ways of our Editor-in-chief are inscrutable, and so the "Bishop" was overlooked.

As I write, this morning, visions of the great men of the past rise before my eyes.

The shades of Horace, Plato, Addison, Murray, Stephens and Turner haunt me. Oh, to follow in their footsteps!

Work has once more begun.

Boating, tennis, and the other pastimes which have helped the summer to pass so pleasantly, have given place to lectures, fountain pens and note books—a change truly, which some one has said “is as good as a rest.”

Many of the students have returned from their various spheres of rest and labor. From the north, the south, the east and the west they have flocked to the call of their Alma Mater. All parts of our land are represented, and to give even a synopsis of the stories and experiences related would furnish interesting matter for a winter's reading.

Since the last appearance of the JOURNAL one of our number has joined the noble order of St. Benedict, and to him we extend hearty congratulations.

It was rather a surprise, F—g—s—n, but we wish you much joy. This makes six.

Our gratitude is due to Mr. David Morrice, whose generosity is so well known, for having completely renovated the various class rooms of the College. From an artistic point of view they are a decided improvement, and enable the student to develop the æsthetic side of his nature, while imbibing the knowledge imparted by the professors.

The election of officers, in the Dining Hall, for the current session, resulted as follows:—President, D. M. McLeod, B.A.; Vice-President, J. D. Campbell; Secretary-Treasurer, W. A. Laughlin; Precentor, Hector Mackay, B.A.; Assistant Precentor, Donald Stewart.

“Cleanliness is next to Godliness,” says the old adage, but when a man is taken to the bath in “the wee sma' hours” of the morning he is not apt to appreciate the truth of it.

We are pleased to have Mr. Geo. Yule once more among us, after a session's absence in Winnipeg. George gave a good account of himself while away, and succeeded in “carrying off” one of the scholarship at the last examination.

Two more of our old men have returned—Mr. Pidgeon

who was here in '93-94, but has since been studying in Morin, and Mr. Akitt, who, after five years' absence in Manitoba and the Northwest, returns to us once more.

Both are in the 2nd year Theology.

Among the new men are :—Mr. Hobman, who comes to us from Manitoba ; Mr. Laverie, from Morin ; Mr. Sharpe, from Knox, as well as a host of Freshmen too numerous to mention.

Our College was well represented at the McGill sports by Mr. J. D. Morrow, who carried off the honors in the 220 yards and quarter-mile races, breaking the record in both.

On that occasion, at least, Mr. Morrow seemed to be "a very fast young man."

If all our athletes show up as favorably at the W. P. D. C. meet, on the 24th inst., we will have good reason to be proud of our score.

Geology and Apples do not usually belong to the same course of lectures, but such was the case last week. For further particulars apply to D. S., Room 20.

Chas. A. Hardy is laid up at the Victoria Hospital with typhoid. We are glad to learn that it is not a bad case, and that he will probably be back soon—the sooner the better.

The Reading Room Committee for the winter is composed of the following :—Jas. A. Wheeler (convener), H. H. Turner, B.A., W. G. Brown, B.A., L. H. Abram, C. A. Hardy, A. W. Lohead, N. V. McLeod, W. H. May.

D. S.—Next time I go on a labor of love there'll be something in it.

P.M.—"That other disciple did outrun Peter" in the half-mile.

C.—My old friend Marconi has just flashed me a "Wireless Special" that unanimous calls from Boston and New York are about to be sent me. What shall I do, boys? Hadn't I better complete my course first?

QUERIES.

J. D. C.—Who is that good-looking Freshman?

Which was *closer*, P. M. or W. D. T. ?

What caused the large attendance of 3rd year Theologues at the Teachers' Convention ?

H. S. LEE.

REPORTER'S FOLIO.

The proverb that "Far-off fowls have fair feathers," is but one of the many sayings that express the interest that men feel in the things that are going on in distant parts of the world. It was with peculiar interest that the students of the Presbyterian College assembled in class-room No. 1, on the evening of October 9th, when it was announced that the Rev. Mr. Wilkie, of Indore, India, was to give us an address on his work in that distant land. Long experience with the people of India has given Mr. Wilkie a grasp of the work there that enables him to set forth in an interesting and lucid manner the grand work that is going on amongst our fellow-citizens in the great land of India.

In spite of the fact that we so often hear of the high standard of civilization of India, Mr. Wilkie showed us clearly and conclusively that the great need of that and of all lands is the simple gospel of Jesus Christ. The great object of the missionary to India clearly seems to be to get these people to help one another with a knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus.

We are always glad to listen to men of such an energetic and practical turn of mind as Mr. Wilkie, and we hope that during the session we may have the privilege of listening to others who may come from other parts of the Master's vineyard.

On the evening of Friday, October 13th, the Philosophical and Literary Society held its first meeting for this session. The evening was one long to be remembered by the students who were in the dining hall. All were enthusiastic over the success of our representative, Mr. J. D. Morrow, in the McGill sports. This, it would seem, was a source of inspiration to Mr. E. L. Pidgeon, who gave a splendid address on the subject of athletics. He showed clearly the close relation between man's three natures and the importance of a strong physique, which athletics tended to develop, as a means to the attain-

ment of higher ends. The next subject to be discussed was the "Advantage of residence." Mr. Geo. Yule, to whom this subject was assigned, began his address in an amusing way. He soon showed, however, that he had prepared his subject and handled it throughout in a philosophical style. College residence, he maintained, filled a place in the training of the student which could never be obtained by attendance at lectures. The last speaker was Mr. Hector Mackay, who addressed the meeting on the subject of "College Societies." Mr. Mackay laid special emphasis on the importance of expressing our thoughts clearly, the training for which, he maintained, was largely received in the meetings of the various societies. He urged all students to support the societies of the College.

The Rev. Mr. Robertson, who kindly acted as critic, voiced the sentiments of the meeting when he said the several speakers had been listened to with pleasure and profit.

The election of the officers of the dining room took place early in October. Mr. D. M. McLeod, B. A., last year's vice-president was unanimously elected president, and Mr. Campbell as vice-president. It was with some difficulty that the position of precentor was filled. At last Mr. Hector Mackay, B. A., kindly consented to accept the position, with Mr. Don-Stewart as assistant precentor.

The dining hall is not often the scene of such pleasure and satisfaction as was visible on the faces of all who sat around the festive board on the evening of October 17th. The occasion was the reception and welcome extended to the freshmen by the members of the senior years. After "the bowels of the saints" or "the inner man" had been refreshed and satisfied, the president of the dining hall, Mr. D. M. McLeod, B. A., in a neat speech referred to the significance of the occasion and expressed the gratitude felt by all to those who had instituted the custom. The intellectual man then received a treat not only in the way of music but especially in listening to a series of speeches that expressed cordiality on the one hand and gratitude on the other. The whole tone

of these speeches was such as to promote unity and good will amongst the students. The musical part consisted of songs by Messrs. A. G. Cameron and N. V. McLeod and a chorus rendered by the French students. The speakers of the evening were the Rev C. E. Trudell, Messrs. F. J. Worth, B. A., Hector Mackay, B. A., H. J. Keith, B. A., E. Lapointe, Charron, Ames and Sharpe. The meeting closed by singing the National Anthem, and all went away thankful to the committee for the evening's entertainment.

The Students' Missionary Society held its first meeting for the session on Friday evening, October 20th, the retiring president, Mr. D. M. McLeod, B. A., in the chair. The most important business was the election of officers for the ensuing year.

The question of voluntarily supplying the mission at Verdun, during the winter months, was brought before the meeting by Mr. D. M. McLeod, B. A., who moved that the students undertake to supply this station. A short discussion followed in which several expressed themselves as favorable to the proposition and a vote being taken the motion was carried unanimously. Messrs. A. G. Cameron, J. B. McLeod, B. A., and W. G. Brown, B. A., were appointed as a committee to look after the matter. We were all reminded of our duty in regard to the House of Refuge by Mr. N. V. McLeod. It was unanimously agreed that this work be taken up as before. The report of the treasurer, Mr. H. H. Turner, B. A., showed that during the past year the finances of the society had been in a prosperous condition. The following is a list of the newly elected officers and executive committee :

President, A. G. Cameron.
1st Vice-President, C. E. Lapointe.
2nd " W. G. Brown, B. A.
Treasurer, H. H. Turner, B. A.
Cor.-Secretary, G. W. Thom.
Rec.-Secretary, Don. Stewart.

Ex. Committee,—D. M. McLeod, B. A., H. J. Keith, B. A., J. A. Stuart, B. A., E. L. Pidgeon and L. Abram.

News Committee,—H. Mackay, B. A., J. T. Reid, M. D. Geo. Yule, J. G. Greig, E. Turkington, N. V. McLeod.

The morning of the 24th broke clear and calm. Such, however, could not be said of the state of things within the College. The cause of the enthusiasm was not far to seek, for on that day we were to meet our fellow-students from the other Theological Colleges in athletic contests on the M. A. A. grounds. The novelty of the games and the beautiful afternoon attracted quite a large crowd who, along with the competitors in the several events, thoroughly enjoyed the afternoon's sport. Every event was well contested and a manly spirit of rivalry was manifested throughout.

The most interesting events were the bicycle races and the relay race, which was well contested from start to finish, and was won for the Presbyterian College by P. Mathieson, N. V. McLeod, C. J. McMillan and J. D. Morrow. The prizes were presented in the evening by Mrs. Hackett in the Convocation Hall of the Diocesan College. A beautiful shield was presented by the Principals of the four colleges to the college taking the highest number of points. This was won by the Presbyterian College, which led by thirteen points. The officials were impartial throughout, and all felt that the first annual field day of the W. P. D. C. A. A. was a decided success. It is sufficient to say that Morrow did splendid work for the Presbyterian College.

The following is a list of the officials and prize winners:—

Referee—Rev. Dr. Barelay.

Judges—Dr. McTaggart, Prof. McLeod, M.A.E., Principal Peterson, M.A., LL.D., Rev. Principal MacVicar, LL.D., Rev. Principal George, D.D., Rev. Principal Shaw, LL.D., Rev. Principal Hackett, D.C.L.

Starter—W. G. Robertson.

Measurers—Dr. Elder, Rev. Prof. Steen, M.A., P. Molson, Rev. Prof. Antliff, D.D.

Scorers—F. S. Patch, B.A., Rev. Prof. Creelman, Ph.D., E. H. Croly, B.A., Rev. Prof. Campbell, D.D.

Clerks of the Course—D. M. McLeod, R. B. Blythe, J. E. Millyard.

OFFICERS OF THE ASSOCIATION.

Hon. President—Rev. Dr. MacVicar.

President—H. T. S. Boyle, B.A., Diocesan.

First Vice-President—A. W. Coone, Wesleyan.

Second Vice-President—J. B. McLeod, B.A., Presbyterian.

Secretary—C. E. Jeakins, Diocesan.

Treasurer—A. Williams, Congregational.

Committee—T. E. Sawyer, Wesleyan; J. D. Morrow, Presbyterian; A. A. Ireland, Diocesan; W. Munroe, Congregational.

Quarter-mile run—J. D. Morrow, P. 1st; J. A. Edwards, W. 2nd; N. V. McLeod, P. 3rd.

Running broad jump—A. A. Ireland, D. 1st; J. D. Morrow, P. 2nd; B. Heeney, D. 3rd.

120 yards hurdle—A. E. Lloyd, W. *; A. A. Ireland, D. *; B. Heeney, D. 3rd. *Dead heat.

Half-mile run—J. D. Morrow, P. 1st; J. A. Edwards, W. 2nd; P. Mathieson, P. 3rd. Time 2.19.

Half-mile bicycle—H. J. Keith, P. 1st; C. Ireland, D. 2nd; T. W. Bailey, W. 3rd. Time 1.20.

Throwing weight, 28 lbs. (special)—J. Hamilton, C. 1st; A. E. Lloyd, W. 2nd; W. Munroe, C. 3rd. Distance, 31.11 1-4.

One mile run—H. Stillman, W. 1st; C. E. Jeakins, D. 2nd; T. W. Bailey, W. 3rd.

Putting 16-lb. shot—A. E. Lloyd, W. 1st; W. G. Brown, P. 2nd; Wm. Munroe, C. 3rd. Distance, 31 feet 3 inches.

Hundred yards dash—J. D. Morrow, P. 1st; A. A. Ireland, D. 2nd; A. E. Lloyd, W. 3rd. Time, 10 3-5.

One mile bicycle race—H. J. Keith, P. 1st; T. W. Bailey, W. 2nd; H. S. Lee, P. 3rd.

220 yards, open—Molson, 1st; Ford, 2nd; Gray, 3rd. Time, 23 2-5.

Running high jump—A. A. Ireland, D. 1st; J. B. McLeod, P. 2nd, B. Heeney, D. 3rd. Height, 5 feet.

220 yards (students)—J. D. Morrow, P. 1st; A. A. Ireland, D. 2nd; J. A. Edwards, W. 3rd. Time, 23 1-5.

Running hop, step and jump—W. L. Rowan, W. 1st; A. A. Ireland, D. 2nd; J. B. McLeod, P. 3rd. Distance, 36 feet 7 1-2 inches.

W. G. BROWN, B.A.

OUR GRADUATES.

We are pleased to relate the following events in connection with four of our recent graduates. During the past summer Rev. G. A. Woodside, M.A., of Carleton Place, was married to Miss Woodington, of Leeds, Que.; Rev. E. J. Shaw, of Bearbrook, to Miss MacCart, of Berwick; Rev. D. N. Coburn, B.A., to Miss Clarke, of Farnham Centre, and Rev. M. J. Leith, of Bracebridge, to Miss Scott, of Cornwall.

Rev. A. MacGregor, of Harrow, has accepted a call to Comber, Chatham Presbytery.

The graduating class of April '99 are stationed as follows:

- Rev. W. E. Knowles, Victoria, B. C.
- Rev. S. MacLean, B. A., Moose Jaw, Ass.
- Rev. D. Oliver, Moosomin, N. W. T.
- Rev. H. G. Crozier, Tarbolton, Man.
- Rev. W. T. B. Crombie, M. A., B. D., Sonya, Ont.
- Rev. C. Haughton, Avoca, Que.
- Rev. Jean Rey, Megantic, Que.
- Rev. J. C. Robertson, M. A., B. D., Zionville, N. B.
- Rev. R. J. Douglas, B. A., Hampton, N. B.

The united congregations of Arran and Dumblane have extended a call to Mr. S. D. Jamieson.

Mr. Jamieson has, since graduating in 1897, been pursuing a post graduate course in Princeton.

One more Presbytery has been added to our church roll during the past summer. This in a measure shows the vast increase of the Presbyterian Church in Western Canada.

The Presbytery of Kootenay held its first meeting on July 25th. In glancing over the roll of this new Presbytery we see the names of several of our own graduates, Frew of Nelson, Cleland of Sandon, Wallace of Grand Forks, and Young of Rossland, all of whom are doing good work in this western section.

Rev. Robert Frew, of Nelson, was appointed the first Moderator, and under his wise leadership this new Presbytery will be sure to succeed. Mr. Frew was called to Nelson nearly three years ago, and during that time his work has prospered abundantly.

Rev. J. A. Cleland, who graduated in 1896, almost immediately took up work in Sandon and has labored there ever since with marked success. His genial nature has won for him the respect of all, and we do not wonder when we hear such glowing accounts of the work which is going on in Sandon.

Rev. J. M. Wallace, M.A., has been in Grand Forks nearly two years, and in this time our church has established a strong foothold in that mountain gorge. The population is a floating one, as the miners are continually moving from place to place, but the outlook is now brightening. We have no hesitation in saying the right man is in the right place.

The last of our graduates to go into the Kootenay country is Rev. Henry Young, M. A., who has been appointed by the Home Mission Committee to labor among the mining camps near Rossland. Judging from Mr. Young's past work he will give a good account of himself in this station.

Mr. Andrew D. Reid, of class '99, is at present visiting the old country. It is hoped that this trip will benefit his health.

The congregation of East Gloucester has become vacant owing to the resignation of Rev. D. D. Miller. Under the pastorate of Mr. Miller the congregation increased largely in membership and finances. The sincere regrets of the people were manifested by the substantial purse which they presented to him on his departure.

Rev. Andrew S. Grant, B.A., B.D., has returned from Dawson City. The Presbyterian Church in Canada owes a great debt of gratitude to Mr. Grant, who about two years ago responded to the call for northern missionaries. Not only

did Mr. Grant engage in church work, but he was also superintendent of the General Hospital, and so was able to minister to both the spiritual and bodily wants of the miners. It is hoped that Mr. Grant's health will not be seriously impaired by his arduous duties.

Rev. Robert Johnston, B.D. '95, D.D. '99, of London, Ont., was present at the Presbyterian Council in Washington, U. S., where he delivered a very interesting paper on the "Importance and Results of Mission Work in Canada." Dr. Johnston surprised many of the European delegates when he described to them the vast extent of country over which our missionaries travel, the greater part of which is only as yet thinly settled.

The interest which many of our graduates take in Christian Endeavor work was manifest by the number who attended the Dominion Convention which was held in Montreal during the first week of October.

Rev. Geo. Smith, Ph.D., who has for some years labored in Thamesford, was lately inducted into Knox church, St. Catharines, Ont.

On Sabbath, Oct. 1st, the Rev. Dr. Barclay, of Montreal, conducted the services in connection with the 10th anniversary of the opening of St. Andrew's church, Sherbrooke. The church was filled at both diets of worship. The doctor's sermons were eloquent and practical. The collections of the day amounted to \$867.00. Since the induction of the present pastor, Rev. Wm. Shearer, nearly nine years ago, the anniversary collections have never been less than \$700.00. An effort will be made to have this year's collection increased to \$1,000.00. The anniversary concert on Monday evening was a great success and yielded another \$55.00.

We read with pleasure *The Westminster* comments on Rev. Wylie C. Clarke, of Brampton, who supplied the pulpit of Rev. W. Clarke, of London, during the holiday season. The six years which Mr. Clarke has spent in Brampton has been an era of prosperity for that congregation. Last year

the church was renovated and a new pipe organ costing \$3,200 was placed therein. The missionary activity of this congregation is above the average and all departments are in good working order. Mr. C. is one of our younger men of whom we shall hear more in future.

D. STEWART.

“That preaching which is approved in power is marked by (1) Scripturalness. As ‘Ancient Brooks’ has said ‘The Spirit of God rides most triumphantly in His own chariot.’ (2) By its revealing quality. When Thomas Boston heard Gabriel Semple preach, he said, ‘Methought I saw heaven opened, and the great God seated on His Throne.’ (3) By conviction. ‘And when He, the Spirit of Truth, is come, He shall convict the world of sin, of righteousness, and of judgment.’ (4) By signs following. ‘They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars for ever and ever.’

—*Rev. D. M. Macintyre, Glasgow.*

TALKS' ABOUT BOOKS.

A member of the JOURNAL staff, whom I sincerely respect has come out to see me in my suburban home. He has renewed the request that I shall invade the closing pages of the JOURNAL, at the head of the army of Current Literature, to aid in capturing the minds of discriminating subscribers who read what they pay for. But, to this end, and it is no fault of his, he finds himself compelled to imitate the Gladstone Government, which gave a commander three hundred men to lead across the Egyptian desert and face a host of many thousands. Unlike Sir Wilfrid and his somewhat tardy colleagues, who nevertheless propose to carry the war into Africa with eight units of 125 men each, he has, with graceful apology, presented me with a single unit of 241 pages. There have been in this world men of one book, and dangerous units some of them have proved to their hecklers. But such is not the Talker, whom circumstances have made a polybibliophage. He could, of course, fill the space allotted to him with a dissertation on the unit, interlarding his criticism with copious extracts, but this procedure, while complimentary to the unit's creator, would hardly succeed in captivating the minds of those bold enough to venture within range of the critical sharpshooter. As has been said concerning the Bible, so is it true of other books:

" From little texts vast sermons may be given,
By preachers eloquent yet void of thought;
Just as a gold piece, beaten thin and driven
Through countless holes, and wonderfully wrought,
Becomes a wire of metal stretching farther
Than ordinary vision can attain;
So God's great truths lose weight, but seem to gather
A wondrous length when dragged through man's poor brain."

The time for long-winded sermons is past; we live in the days of compressed air, which is a powerful motor. It is true that the ordinary kind has done great execution with a stiff

breeze at the back of it; but most preachers find it as hard to raise the wind, even in view of the Century Fund, as the crews of the Shamrock and the Columbia, for the honor of their respective flags.

The unit is not to be disparaged; very far from it! It is a highly respectable, nay more, a most valuable unit, well set up, disciplined, forceful, courageous, and it carries war into the darkest Africa of the human heart. More than three hundred years before Christ, the Greek philosopher Theophrastus wrote his "Moral Characters," in which he exaggerated special types of humanity and lashed their vices with unsparing ridicule. He has had many imitators in various ages and lands. Towards the close of the seventeenth century, the French scholar La Bruyère, having translated the work of the Greek into his native tongue, conceived the idea of imitating it with reference to the characteristics of his own age, and finally produced "Les Caractères et les Mœurs de ce siècle." A late eminent writer, known to the reading public as George Eliot, attempted a similar task in her "Theophrastus Such," and succeeded in achieving one of the dullest works of the imagination possible. Now, Dr. Alexander Whyte, of Free St. George's, Edinburgh, has already published some volumes of "Characters," but they are not imaginary. They are founded on what is told of Old Testament worthies and unworthies, and are called "Bible Characters." Of these volumes, "From Adam to Achan" and "From Gideon to Absalom" have been noticed in the Talks. The new one is "From Ahithophel to Nchemiah." It is neatly bound, printed on good paper, with gilt top, contains 241 duodecimo pages, and is published by the Fleming H. Revell Company, for a dollar and a quarter. Thus far by way of preliminary. Having the necessary time and the needful inclination, the Talker has read this book through, which he can truthfully say is not the case with every volume he passes in review. It has already been pointed out that Dr. Whyte's work in these sketches is not one of historical, but of moral, criticism. He dissects character past and present with the skill of an experienced ethical anatomist. A little prone,

perhaps, to bring into relief the dark side of life and character, to hold up in solemn warning, the possibilities of evil latent in all men, and not sparing the besetting sins of his own clerical caste, he at the same time labors diligently to be fair, to judge no man harshly on insufficient evidence, and he rejoices over a really fine nature or even a noble trait as over found treasure. Nor does he lose sight of the historical when it serves his purpose. He is sure that Ahasuerus is the Xerxes of Salamis; he knows the works of Nebuchadnezzar; and his discovery of the relationship of Ahithophel to Bathsheba is a masterpiece. But what shall be said of his characterizing Barzillai the Gileadite as "an aged, venerable, hospitable Highland chief," and comparing him to Fraser of Brea? Is it an accidental inspiration, or the result of scientific investigation? Of this Dr. Whyte says nothing, but he is right to the letter. Barzillai's name is not Hebrew, but Celtic, and he belonged to the race of the older Gillead, with whom originated the Galatian, Celtic and Caledonian names. His own name is Frizzel or Fraser, which old Irish and Scottish documents write Breasal, and there was a Breasal, Breac, an original Fraser of Brea, far back in the legendary past; but Barzillai was of Rogelim, which may be the Celtic, rogh callan, "the choice of the flock."

Here is a sample of Dr. Whyte's application of ancient history to present day life. He has been telling of Ahithophel's desertion of David for Absalom, and says: "We see it every day in our own parties in the state, in our parties in the church, in our parties in the city, in our parties in our families. We have the gall and wormwood in ourselves that it was we ourselves that did it. It was our bad temper, our bad tongue, our want of thought, our want of love, our want of patience, our want of humility that threw this old ally and that old adviser, this able man and that rich man, into the opposite camp. We all know men who have, to all appearance, gone over forever from truth and goodness, and from the winning to the losing side, because of us. Every time we meet them on the street, every time we hear their name spoken, every time we call them any way to mind, something says within us—

You did it. We ministers especially have our own very heavy hearts on this account. Our neglect of duty, our laziness and procrastination at a moment that went in a moment, and that we shall look back to with remorse all our days; our hot-headedness, our domineeringness, our indiscretions of speech, and our follies in conduct. Where is that family? Where is that former friend? Where is he who was once to us as the oracle of God? Where is that man, mine equal, my guide and mine acquaintance? We took sweet counsel together, and walked unto the house of God in company. Why is he no longer here? Why is he where he now is?" The whole collection is characterized by intense earnestness of purpose, by deep reverence, by a large humanity, by the pursuing and unmasking of heart sins, and by notes of solemn warning. The author's themes are very old, but his treatment of them is ever fresh and entertaining, as well as vigorous and evangelical. Yet he strives after no effect, and gives no loose rein to the imagination. His language is so simple and direct that none can fail to understand it. So many and varied are his types of character, and so skilfully does he analyze their distinctive peculiarities, that the reader will find it hard to miss something appropriate to his own particular case. The only trouble is that he will be tempted to read it through at one sitting, on some long Sunday afternoon. However, he can then pass his copy on to a friend, accompanied by his own special recommendation.

The Talker has one or two books of his own with which to continue the review. One of them is not particularly new, but it is not likely to be much known in Canada. The author of it is a minister of the Established Church in the extreme south of Scotland, whom the Talker has never seen, but who was kind enough to send him a copy by the hand of a mutual friend travelling in Britain. The mutual friend says: "I don't suppose you will agree with all that is said in Mr. X.'s book," and the mutual friend is right. The title of the volume is "Coldsouls," by Rev. Peter Ponder, author of "Kirk-cumdoon," etc. It is a duodecimo of 234 pages, plainly but neatly printed and bound, and it is published by Lyon &

Gemmell, of Edinburgh. Its object virtually appears in its dedication to the Society for the Maintenance of Purity and Uniformity of Public Worship in the Presbyterian Churches. Coldsouls is a parish in the Presbytery of Shirkall, and its church has for minister the Rev. R. Sanderson Buzz, B.D., who is introduced as an innovator and a member of the Church Service Society. He makes use of the session fund to supply the doors of the pulpit and precentor's box with antique bronze hinges and knobs; to put a cross on the baptismal font, and an altar cloth with monogram on the communion table, and, finally, fills up the measure of his iniquity by introducing a harmonium into the church to lead the service of praise. He also compels his congregation to stand in singing and to kneel in prayer, and makes use of set forms of prayer calling for responses, all of which things are objected to by Mr. Bower, the banker, Mr. Solid, the lawyer, who is also an elder, and others, who are characterized by Mr. Buzz and his following as "the unholy ten."

The first scene is an evening party at the manse of Coldsouls, and is really amusing. Mrs. Buzz whom her husband calls Gwendoline, but whose maiden name was Jane Dolan Muckersay, does the honors, and communicates much spurious, high-flown information to Mrs. Gowpall, Mrs. Bower and Mrs. Nervish, regarding her husband, her mother, who keeps a lodging house, and the furnishings of the manse. In company, Mr. Buzz talks the ridiculous attempt at what is supposed to be refined English which some idiotic Scotchmen put on, only to make laughing-stocks of themselves, but in private he condescends to common speech. Mr. Twang plays, and Mr. Batringram Howl sings an anthem.

REV. R. SANDERSON BUZZ.—"Oh, thank you, Mr. Tweng—thank you, Mr. Howl! Thank you both, vewy, vewy much. It was chawming. It would be deloightful to hev music loike thet in owaw choorch, and I cent for the loife of me see who we shouldn't hev it. Owaw singing in Coldsouls' Choorch is wetchedly pooaw; it is quoite enough to demp the spirit of praise in eny men; end if one has an eaw for music it is perfect eggony. I sometimes feel as if I were being sawn

through. It is really hoigh toime that some ection were taken to effect a change." In private, however, he relaxes: "It was a spread, Gwen. It made Mrs. Nervish stare, I can tell you. The girls waited not so badly on the whole. Bill was nearly asleep at the sideboard, I noticed. He let his towel fall. He acted his part as butler, very much as I told him, solemn and statue-like. His coat sleeves were a little too long, and his white gloves were not seen, but we will see to that another time. He must be told also not to snivel so much as he was doing to-night." Mr. Bower and Mr. Solid make life rather dreary for the clerical innovator, and at last the latter attacks his minister at a meeting of the kirk-session, which constitutes the second scene. The third is taken up with a second meeting of the same, at which Mr. Buzz plays a piece 7 sharp practice on Mr. Bower and his fellow-objectors to instrumental music, by closing the sederunt before they arrive. The fourth contains an account of the session of the Presbytery of Shirkall to hear the petition of Mr. Bower and those who adhere to him. Other meetings of session, presbytery, of the Provincial Synod of Doolittle and Dwindle, and at last of the General Assembly, are held, the accounts of which are more or less tedious, save for the funny talk of Mr. Buzz and others of his stamp. The author's motive in writing this satire is good, so far as it opposes ritualism and formality; but he goes too far in his insistence upon the standing posture in prayer, and the sitting one in praise, in the absence of instrumental music, and the presence of the solitary precentor, together with the disuse of collects and similar aids to devotion. Those who profess to walk or stand in the old paths, however, will find it a sweet morsel under their tongue.

A highly esteemed clerical friend in the Episcopal Church has presented me with a book that demands more than a passing notice. Its author is a Scotch-Canadian, namely, the Rev. Canon Mackenzie, rector of Christ's Church, Chippawa, and his volume is entitled "Scotland's Share in Civilizing the World." It is an Svo. of 190 pages, and many illustrations, which are rather poor, neatly bound in cloth, and published

by the Fleming H. Revell Company. Originally a lecture delivered on several occasions to appreciative audiences, the Canon, by great diligence and wide reading, has swelled it into a book of sixteen chapters. These chapters present the Scot in every imaginable form; his superior physique and brain-weight, his intellectual and moral character, and his peculiar characteristics as symbolized by the unicorn and the thistle. Doubtless the author has reasons for making the unicorn a Scottish armorial bearing, although the Talker has been in the habit of regarding it as a form of the white horse of the Saxons, and Fordun's Chronicle expressly states that Fergus, the first Scottish king, marched against the Picts "with ancient arms displayed in form of a banner, in which was a red lion rampant, in a field of gold." Canon Mackenzie proceeds to mention the names of great Scots at home and abroad, to tell of their achievements in war and in peace, in education, literature, music and art. In science, invention and improvement, he shows how they have excelled in agriculture and horticulture, road-making, veterinary work, medicine, iron and steam, chemistry, civil engineering, steam-engines, balloons, electricity, and so many other departments of science and craft that, were all to be mentioned, this part of the talk would look like a catalogue, which is rather dreich reading. He tells of the Scot abroad, giving several amusing instances. One is of a Scotch engineer working on a Turkish ironclad in the Danube. The engineer was busy with the repairs, when he heard the voice of the admiral upon deck. The next minute he felt a slap on his shoulder, with an exclamation in guid braid Scotch: "Ye're makin' a fine job, my lad; it'll dae rale weel." "Guid preserve's a'," says the engineer, "whaur dae you come frae?" "Dod, man," says Hobart Pasha, "did you no ken I belang to Aberdeen? Hobart's my surname, and after I cam' here they stuck on Pasha to mak' folk think I was a Turk." Another is the interview between General Ferguson, in the Russian service, and the Turkish Grand Vizier, arranging a treaty of peace. At the close of the negotiations, the Grand Vizier, the official part of the interview being at an end, turned suddenly, approached, and,

taking Ferguson warmly by the hand, declared with a broad Scottish accent that it made him "unco happy, noo that they were sae far frae hame, to meet wi' a countryman in his exalted station."

Ferguson stared with astonishment, and the turbaned vizier went on to explain :

"My father was the bellman of Kirkaldy in Fife, and I remember to have seen you and you brother occasionally passing."

There is a great fund of useful information in this book, arranged somewhat irregularly, but given in interesting form, and with the unction of a Scot proud of his country. As Bishop Hamilton remarked at the close of one of the Canon's lectures, "it is evident that the Scotch have done well by the world, and Canon Mackenzie has done well by the Scotch."

Five more books of the Talker's own were marshalled on the study table, ready for review, when those old friends of the JOURNAL who constitute the William Drysdale Company sent in a dozen volumes, great and small, to be noticed. The most formidable of these in point of size is "Christian Missions and Social Progress," Vol. II., by the Rev. James Dennis, D.D., large 8vo., cloth, 486 pp., and 80 full page illustrations, the Fleming H. Revell Company, price two dollars and a half. It is well to know who an author is, and what authority he has for instructing his fellows on a given subject. Dr. Dennis is a member of the American Presbyterian Mission, Beirut, Syria, and was Students' Lecturer on Missions at Princeton in 1893 and 1896. He is, therefore, a man of experience and acknowledged reputation. His important work is to be completed in three volumes, of which the one under consideration is the second. The two great subjects of this volume are "The Dawn of a Sociological Era in Missions" and "The Contribution of Christian Missions to Social Progress." The latter is a great theme, illustrating the text, "The leaves of the tree were for the healing of the nations." But, to take the book in its order: the first part deals with the creation of a new type of individual character by missions, and of a new public opinion, the establishment and

promotion of education, and the literary contribution of missions to the intellectual life of non-Christian races. Then follow, the influence of missions in awakening the philanthropic spirit, the influence of the personal example of missionaries and native converts, and the introduction of new national aspirations and higher conceptions of government. The rest is apologetic, for it declares that the work of missions in laying the foundation of a new social order will inevitably excite much opposition, and proceeds to give a symposium of missionary opinion as to the social value of missions, the evidence of native witnesses as confirmatory of the views of the missionaries, and additional testimony from prominent laymen and government officials; the whole concluding with a bibliography of the subject.

Under the second heading, "The Contribution of Christian Missions to Social Progress," Dr. Dennis discusses three phases of his subject: First, Results Manifest in the Individual Character; second, Results Affecting Family Life; and, third, Results of a Human and Philanthropic Tendency. In the first place, he sets forth what missions have achieved in temperance reform, in deliverance from the opium habit, in restraint upon gambling, in establishing higher standards of personal purity, in discrediting self-inflicted torture or mutilation, in arresting pessimistic and suicidal tendencies, in cultivating habits of industry and frugality, in substituting Christian humility and proper self-respect for barbaric pride and foolish conceit, and in the cultivation of the personal virtues. In the second he deals with the elevation of women, the restraining of polygamy and concubinage, the checking of adultery and divorce, efforts for the abolition of child marriage, alleviating the social miseries of widowhood, mitigating the enforced seclusion of woman, improving the condition of domestic life and family training, rendering aid and protection to children, and diminishing infanticide. Under the last head Mr. Dennis shows that missions hasten the suppression of the slave trade and labor traffic; that they aid in the overthrow of slavery, abolish cannibalism and inhuman sports, arrest human sacrifice, banish cruel ordeals, initiate

the crusade against foot-binding, promote prison reforms and mitigate brutal punishments, secure humane ministrations to the poor and despondent, organize famine relief, introduce modern medical science, conduct dispensaries, infirmaries and hospitals, found leper asylums and colonies, establish orphan asylums, promote cleanliness and sanitation, mitigate the brutalities of war, and instil a peaceable and law-abiding spirit. Dr. Dennis and the Fleming H. Revell Company should be exceedingly obliged to the Talker for furnishing so complete a table of contents, nor is the reader, especially he who seeks to demonstrate the value of missions to the world, under less obligation. The only way to do justice to a book of this kind is to give a complete idea of what it contains.

It will be seen from what has been stated that Dr. Dennis's volume is well arranged. It is also lucidly written in plain statistical style, void of all heroics and hysterics. He illustrates his various positions by very numerous facts, for all of which he gives his authorities, thus making a perfect blue-book on the social results of missions. The eighty full page illustrations, representing actual churches, colleges, schools, asylums, groups of missionaries and converts, teachers and scholars, sufferers rescued from famine and slavery, and Christianized homes, add greatly to the interest of this most interesting work, giving to the written details a life like reality. The Talker hopes the printer will not leave out the comma after slavery, so as to make it appear that sufferers were rescued from Christianized homes, although there are forms of home Christianizing from which one may well pray to be rescued. There is no humor and not much pathos in Dr. Dennis's volume; he is too dead in earnest for either. He is an advocate collecting evidence for the jury of Christendom, and he has collected it, and arrays his facts, as Horace says in his *Ars Poetica*, in "lucidus ordo." People who care little for the spiritual results of missionary labors in the conversion of souls, cannot fail to be convinced of their utility in the matter of social progress, and may thus, like the late Charles Darwin in the case of the Fuegians, be led to speak a good word and do a kind deed for missions. The Christian world

at large is in debt to Dr. Dennis, but missionaries and missionary boards are under special obligation to him, for successfully proving the uplifting power of the cross of Christ as carried abroad to the ends of the earth by His faithful followers, who don't bite and devour one another. Those who contend, with Rousseau, Volney, Tindal and Shelley, that social improvement is to be found in a return to the life of Nature will in this volume find abundant reason for superseding heathen Nature by Christian Grace. It is a pity that the price of the whole work which it represents costs so much as seven dollars and a half, as comparatively few ministers and fewer students can afford to indulge themselves in many such treats. Yet if one can dispense with useless homiletical magazines, cheap commentaries, and other men's sermons, the saving effected may worthily be employed in the purchase of "Christian Missions and Social Progress."

Two books by the Rev. Henry Van Dyke, D.D., L.L.D., pastor of the Brick Church, New York, have a peculiar interest for the Talker, who, when a lad, was an adherent of his father's congregation in Brooklyn. The first in point of seniority is "The Gospel for an Age of Doubt," and the other, which purports to be a companion volume to it, is "The Gospel for a World of Sin." They are small octavos of 329 and 189 pages respectively, excellently printed and plainly bound in ruby cloth, are published by Hodder & Stoughton, of London, and are sold by the Drysdale Company for a dollar and a quarter each. "The Gospel for an Age of Doubt" belongs to Dr. Ross's department of Homiletics in a sense, for it consists of a series of lectures delivered to the students of divinity at Yale University in the spring of 1896, as one of the courses of "Lectures on Preaching" of the Lyman-Beecher foundation. A large new preface to this edition contains a defence of the book against the strictures of adverse critics, in the course of which Dr. Van Dyke says, in reference to special characteristics of our Lord's teaching: "After years of doubt and inward conflict I have arrived at great peace and comfort in the unreserved acceptance of these teachings of Christ. I do not believe that all things that

happen are determined beforehand. The soul is free. The evil that men do is all their own; God has not foreordained it. His only predestination is to good, and if men will accept their divine destiny, God will help them to fulfil it. Election is not the arbitrary choice of a few to receive blessings from which the many are excluded. It is the selection of certain races and men to receive great privileges to fit them for the service of all mankind in the Divine Kingdom. This is my faith in regard to these questions. I have made no secret of it. The recent agitation concerning ministerial honor in creed subscription seemed to require that it should be frankly confessed. If such a faith were inconsistent with any ecclesiastical obligations, I should be prompt to renounce them. But it is evident that there is no inconsistency. A man may hold this faith and preach it, as a loyal Christian, in the fellowship of the Presbyterian Church."

Dr. Van Dyke's eight lectures are on An Age of Doubt, The Gospel of a Person, The Unveiling of the Father, The Human Life of God, The Source of Authority, Liberty, Sovereignty, and Service. Everybody knows that the author is a master of English style, a wide and discriminating reader in prose and verse, and a fresh vigorous thinker. In his first lecture, he remarks: "I believe that a course in modern novels and poetry might well be made a part of every scheme of preparation for the ministry. The preacher who does not know what his people are reading does not know his people." Again he says: "I think that one of the causes by which, as John Foster wrote seventy years ago, 'Evangelical Religion has been rendered unacceptable to persons of cultivated taste,' has been a certain ill-disguised contempt on the part of persons of orthodox opinions for what they are pleased to call 'mere belles-lettres.'" Let still another quotation from "The Source of Authority" still further define Dr. Van Dyke's standpoint: "He (that is Jesus Christ) certainly felt a Divine inspiration in the ancient Hebrew Scriptures. The law and the prophets conveyed to Him the word of God. He used them on certain occasions to repel the assaults of evil, as in the temptation in the wilderness. He used them, on other

occasions, to convince and convict the Scribes and Pharisees out of their own Scriptures. But He never rested upon them as the sole and sufficient basis of His doctrine. He was not a commentator on truths already revealed. He was a revealer of new truth. His teaching was not the exposition; it was the text. And this higher revelation not only fulfilled, but also surpassed the old; replacing the temporal by the eternal, the figurative by the factual, the literal by the spiritual, the imperfect by the perfect. How often Jesus quoted from the Old Testament in order to show that it was already old and insufficient; that its forms of speech and rules of conduct were like the husk of the seed which must be shattered by the emergence of the living germ. His doctrine was in fact a moral and intellectual daybreak for the world. He did far more than supply a novel system of conduction for an ancient light. He sent forth from Himself a new illumination, transcending all that had gone before, as the sunrise overflows the pale glimmering of the morning star, set like a beacon of promise upon the coast of dawn."

Some of Dr. Van Dyke's critics found fault with his first book because it had little or nothing to say on the atonement. He answers that he did not profess, in his lectures on preaching, to set forth a complete system of theology; that he believes in the atonement, but not in the atonements of many theological schools. His views on this great theme are contained in the companion volume just issued, "The Gospel for a World of Sin." In the preface he says, "This book is not meant to present a theory of the Atonement.

"On the contrary, it is meant to teach that there is no theory broad or deep enough to embrace or explain the fact.

"A sinful world cannot possibly know all that is needed to reconcile it with a holy God.

"Sin itself, in its root and in its relations, contains a mystery. So does love.

"But the Atonement is the work of God's love in its bearing upon man's sin. Therefore it must include more than we can explain.

"What Christ did to take away the sin of the world was

precisely all that was needed,—neither more nor less. What we know of this need is what we know about the Atonement.”

In his introductory chapter, “The Mist and the Gulf,” he asserts a present day renaissance of religion, a time when the mists of doubt being cleared away, the gulf of sin becomes more clearly visible. There are five more chapters, on The Sin of the World, The Bible without Christ, Christ’s Mission to the Inner Life, The Perfection of Atonement, and The Message of the Cross. Under The Sin of the World he discusses the presence of evil, the unanswerable question,—namely its origin, since it is not of God,—the sense of sin, and the hopeful fear. In the last section Dr. Van Dyke quotes our Lord’s saying, “Whoso committeth sin is the servant of sin,” and adds Emerson’s unintentional gloss, “Crime and punishment grow out of one stem”; but he carefully abstains from saying anything about the principalities and powers that are the rulers of the darkness of this world, and of their share in both. In “The Message of the Cross,” he writes, “The old idea, that Christ died because God was insulted and must punish somebody, fades out. The conception of the death of Jesus as a mere exhibition of governmental severity for the sake of keeping order in the universe, becomes too narrow. The measuring of the precise amount of Christ’s suffering, as a *quid pro quo* for an equal amount of penalty incurred by human sin, no longer satisfies the moral sense. The cross itself, with its simplicity, its generosity of sacrifice, its evident reforming and regenerating power upon the heart,—the cross itself leads the race upward and onward in the interpretation of its message.

Whatever else the sufferings of Jesus may mean, whatever unsearchable necessities of Divine government they may meet, they must meet this great requirement, this ultimate ideal of all moral law. Their end must be righteousness, their purpose must be “to make us good.”

So the cross comes with a deeper message than mere vindication of law, or mere exemption from penalty. It says to every man: “Christ was crucified with thee, that thou mightest be crucified with Him. He died for thee, that thou

shouldest not henceforth live unto thyself, but unto Him who died for thee and rose again. Rise with Him into the new life. Never despair. Come up with Christ, come on with Christ, into the ransomed life."

Now this is very good as far as it goes, and perhaps in his secret soul Dr. Van Dyke goes further. But when he speaks of "the ransomed life," one naturally asks, Ransomed from what? In Colossians II. 14, 15, Paul seems to answer: "Blotting out the handwriting of ordinances that was against us, which was contrary to us, and took it out of the way, nailing it to his cross; and having spoiled principalities and powers, he (Jesus) made a show of them openly, triumphing over them in it," (i. e. the cross). If Dr. Van Dyke, and many excellent writers and preachers like him, would not shirk the principalities and powers that constitute the original personal world of evil, they would find still great mysteries no doubt, but also a clearer light in regard to salvation, deliverance, ransom, redemption. The strong man's house was an intolerable one to come into, worse than any human imagination fed on this world's horrors can conceive; but the stronger descended into it, and came upon the strong man, and overcame him, and took from him all his armour wherein he trusted, and divided his spoils. And these spoils have become ransomed souls. Apart from Dr. Van Dyke's utter ignoring the great enemy of God and man, there is a great deal in both the volumes that appeals strongly to the Talker's sympathies. He is in thorough accord with the most evangelical phase of the present day theological movement, is intensely loyal to Christ as the Father's revealer, and to the gospels that contain the story of His earthly life, and is throughout an earnestly devout and reverent writer. He has many fresh, original thoughts, and has a way of putting ideas forth and of illustrating them that rivets the attention. He will fare ill at the hands of the doctrinal critics, the advanced men deeming him too conservative, and the ultra orthodox regarding him as a renegade from Calvinism; but thoughtful and reasonable Christians will find much that is stimulating and to be admired in his writings, both in their matter, their form, and their spirit.

As this Talk has been so far a serious one, it will not do to mar its symmetry by the introduction of the godless novel, but a story or two with a moral and religious purpose may not come amiss to taper off with. There are two Hockings who write such stories. One of them is Joseph, who, in his "Scarlet Woman," falls foul of Roman Catholics and especially of the Jesuits. The Scarlet Woman is a small 8vo. of 398 pages and several full page illustrations, bound in unbleached linen, published by the Copp, Clark Company, of Toronto, and sold by the Drysdale Company for a dollar and a quarter. Mr. Hocking's hero is a young man of good appearance and education, possessed of ample means, and living an idle but perfectly pure life. He is incited by a friend, a married man with a family, to look after an old college friend and one time wrangler, who, broken hearted because he thinks a poetically religious young woman of the world named Gertrude Winthrop has jilted him, has joined the Jesuits and is already far on in his two years' novitiate. Knowing from her mother's confession that Gertrude, who has also betaken herself to convent life, still loves the Jesuit novice, Jack Gray, Norman Lancaster, the young man about town, determines to bring the imprisoned lovers together, and thus save two lives. Learning that, though wide apart as the ends of the earth in knowledge of each other, these were physically very near, in two contiguous religious houses in Ireland, Norman Lancaster goes there, and, in the short voyage from Holyhead to Dublin, falls in with the chief villain, the powerful and astute Father Ritzroom, a typical Jesuit, and with his good-natured Irish subordinate, young Father Relly. Ritzroom knows of Lancaster's design and is watching him. Then, on their arrival in Dublin, having other work to do, he delegates this duty to the disguised Relly. The young Jesuit, rejoicing in temporary freedom, gets drinking and playing cards with a pair of sharpers, to whom he loses a good deal of money. In the morning, being both sober and penniless and with a great fear of Father Ritzroom before his eyes, he is in despair, when Lancaster pays his gambling debt, and thus secures a friend at court.

The hero openly visits the Institution for Novitiates seventy miles from Dublin, and, after some difficulty, persuades the broken-down Jack Gray to give up his calling, on condition of Gertrude sending him a note assuring him of her continued affection. Foolishly, Lancaster stays to dinner with the ecclesiastics, and, though careful not to indulge in drugged wine and cigars, allows himself to be driven by a supposed servant of the institution some miles to the railway station. In a dark part of the road he is pulled down from his seat, chloroformed into unconsciousness, and carried off. He awakes after a long time, a prisoner in a strongly guarded but fairly well furnished room in a religious house, and soon Ritzroom appears to let him know that there he must remain till the fortnight's novitiate of Jack and Gertrude is past, and their vows are irrevocably taken. Lancaster is a brave, even tempered, cool-headed fellow; and not a bad theologian, evincing a supreme contempt for Romish doctrine, practice and pretensions, such as at once irritates Ritzroom and inspires him with respect. The priest longs to gain over this strong man, as he has gained Gray, the scholar and man of social culture, to be a mighty engine in England's perversion. But the Father cannot be constantly with the cheerful prisoner, who discovers two things, first, that he is in the confessional annex to a nunnery which holds Gertrude, and that Father Relly is one of the Father Confessors. Through him he gains out of door interviews with Gertrude, and accidentally with her beautiful, romantic, and cloister-hating confidante, Sister Constance. To the latter he declares his love, which, after much hesitation, is accepted, when Ritzroom appears on the scene, only to be knocked down, while Lancaster gets over the wall and escapes. Jack Gray and Gertrude Winthrop take their vows, and in time he becomes the fashionable preacher of his order, while she becomes abbess of her convent. They have a final meeting, at which, so changed are they in the hard coldness of their air and features, that they survey each other with half indifferent respect, half loathing for their mutual death in life.

Lancaster puts all sorts of machinery in motion to find Constance. He traces her to a conventual house of correc-

tion near London, scales the wall, and is successfully carrying her off, when Ritzroom overturns his ladder, and the hero awakes in bitter disappointment to find himself in a London hospital badly injured. After many adventures, just before Gray and Gertrude have their final meeting, he visits the latter in Ireland, and learns incidentally from her that Constance is dying, she thinks dead, in an English convent, and that she has sent for Father Relly from the continent to administer the last rites of the Church. He waylays Relly, procures his soutane and beretta, and, in this disguise, obtains admission to the nun's bedside. She revives at the sight of him, and, having strengthened her with a cordial, he this time carries her to his own house. Fathers Ritzroom and Gray arrive too late on the scene and learn the impotence of the once all-powerful Church to snatch a victim from an Englishman's castle home. Constance recovers her health and her beauty, and the lovers are publicly and happily married, although Gray has to prevent Ritzroom from carrying out Rome's vengeance by committing murder on the bridal pair. As for Relly, he leaves the Church, and no doubt Norman Lancaster sees that he does not want. "The Scarlet Woman" is a well written book; full of adventure, of Jesuit intrigue, of pictures of monastic life, and of well-sustained controversy, in which the hero takes the manly, common-sense stand of an educated and religious young Englishman, typical of Britain's general attitude towards Popery. The depiction of the terribly repressive force of the Romish, and especially of the monastic, system, that prides itself upon making dead men and women, lies like a pall on the imagination, so that the reader mourns over its unhappy victims, and rejoices with a great joy over those who, like Constance and Relly, succeed in breaking their fast-riveted fetters. Mr. Hocking does not spare the ritualists of the Anglican Church, who furnish Rome with her chief perverts, but shows that they no more represent England than a lunatic asylum does the rest of the community in which it happens to be situated.

"God's Outcast" is by Silas K. Hocking, not Joseph. It is a volume of 375 8vo. pages and several full-page illustra-

tions, elegantly bound in gilt cloth, published by Frederick Warne & Co., London and New York, and is sold by the Drysdale Company for one dollar. Its hero is John Comfort, a young Methodist minister, who, while a student for the ministry, after being brought up in a coal-pit, became engaged to Martha Blake, a girl older than himself, the vulgar but showy-looking daughter of a Turvinton shopkeeper who was also a circuit steward. He had been promoted, being a good preacher, and, despite, his colliery upbringing, a very presentable man, to St Mark's Church in a suburb of Northport. In Methodist circles, his church was deemed a fashionable one, and was presided over by a Mr. Bounty, the chief steward of the circuit, a man of wealth, the owner of a fine house and grounds, the husband of a not very cultivated but a kind-hearted wife, and the father of a beautiful, refined, and true-hearted daughter, Joan. John, all unconsciously at first, and by degrees, fell in love with Joan, association with whom made the vision of Martha Blake's coarseness repulsive to him. His manliness and undisguised honesty of purpose won a place for him in the heart of this pure-minded and high-principled girl, and their mutual affection was strengthened by intercourse in mission work, and finally by an accident that brought him near to death's door in her father's house. The great struggle that went on in his mind between what he deemed duty to an engagement and genuine love is well depicted, as is the way in which he was brought to time in favor of the former by Martha and her father, and by Mr. Fleet, the chairman of the district. So John left Northport and went to a valler charge, where Martha, now his wife, began to show the cloven foot. She was ill-tempered, jealous, disappointed in ambition, vulgarly obtrusive, a nagger of nagers, an everlasting thorn in his side. In successive stages of declension from low charge to lower, she drank, even the communion wine, stole, even the church monies, and reduced her sober and honest, patient, long-suffering husband to abject poverty. The only light of his home was their little daughter May. In the end he betook himself to London, but no more as a minister; Martha had implicated

him too deeply for that. He took any situation that turned up, and once, as an omnibus conductor, assisted the unconscious Joan to mount the vehicle and alight.

Deeper and deeper he sank socially, while his wife spent her time partly in nursing but more in drinking. John kept his integrity, but almost lost his faith in Providence. Like the Psalmist of old he cried, God has forgotten me. Then May fell sick, and as she was recovering, he and she had a conversation, part of which furnishes the title of the book.

"I trust He will be good to you, my darling—Oh, I trust He will, but I'm an outcast."

"An outcast, daddy? I reckon I don't know what that is very well; but you must be God's all the same."

The drunken Martha and her little guide May were run over in the streets and killed. May did not die outright, so that he was with her in the hospital till the end, after which he did not know what he did. He was found apparently dead in the river, and, when restored to life, he had lost all knowledge of the past. They put him in Dr. Grandson's private asylum in Northport, or rather Mrs. Slocum, a wealthy and charitable old lady, who had found him after much searching in the infirmary of a London workhouse, did. The shock caused to his nervous system by the news of her death, a year or so after he had come to the asylum, made, so he said, something crack in his brain, and memory returned. She had left him money, which he resolved, after a brief visit to London, to spend in Northport. There he took up private mission work in a squalid quarter, won the people's hearts, became widely known as his labours were brought to light, and told the wants of his district to a great congregation in his old church. After a trip to the Mediterranean, with restored health, he returned to learn that Joan Bounty was dying in the Fever Hospital of sickness caught in visiting the poor. At her supposed deathbed side and on it they told their mutual love, and she promised to be his when they should meet in the sunshine, meaning heaven. But, like Joseph Hocking's Constance, Joan fought a battle with death and overcame. She returned to her stately home at Ravenscourt, and thither not

long after went John Comfort, no longer God's outcast, crying "We meet in the sunshine, Joan."

MORAL.—Students of divinity and young ministers, don't be in a hurry to get engaged to be married. You are advancing in intellectual and social culture as you advance in manhood; the girl of your youthful fancy in nine cases out of ten is not. Even if engaged, remember that, while it is a good thing and an honorable to fulfil one's plighted word, it is a terrible and a God-dishonoring thing to ruin one's life. The girl who will hold a young man to a youthful promise, after the early love that prompted it is dead, is the last person any minister should marry. Better a bad quarter of an hour or two, even a season of painful publicity and misunderstanding, than a life of misery. No cold-blooded third party like Mr. Fleet, the chairman of the district, has any right to be heard on so serious a subject as this. There are wrecks enough in the world; why should outsiders make more by bad advice?



"I came from God, and I'm going back to God;
I won't have any gaps of death in my life."

—George Macdonald.

Editorials.

Once more the JOURNAL goes out to greet its old friends and subscribers. It is with somewhat dubious feelings that we launch it forth on its winter's voyage, as the captain and a number of the crew have never been on board before. The shortcomings of inexperience we trust will be overlooked by our generous readers, for whose sake, we shall endeavor to make the JOURNAL as pleasing and profitable as we can.

"Talks on Books" will continue to delight us as they have done in the past. The Graduates Institute will supply a number of important articles. There will be a series of contributions on literary subjects from a variety of pens. The Pan-Presbyterian Council will also furnish some of its most interesting material. In addition to these there will be the usual variety of articles from different writers.

We repeat an invitation that has been made in former years, that the columns of the JOURNAL are open to any who wish to use them as a means of communication on any subject of collegiate, religious or literary interest. The JOURNAL is not a paper of the students and for the students only, but a paper of the graduates and friends of the college as well, and our aim and desire is that it may be used by all who wish through it to advance the interests of the college or the church.

It has been said that the JOURNAL is not as much a college paper as it should be, that it does not give expression to the student thought as it should, that is, if there is such a thing. The cause of this may lie in the fact that former editors have set so high a standard for the JOURNAL that students have trembled at the thought of appearing in it. We think it would be well to draw out the latent abilities of our students, even at the risk of some inferior production. We do find a

few patient, long-suffering people who are willing to listen to our puerile efforts in the pulpit. Perhaps a few such readers might, too, be found if we only ventured to give expression to the thought that is born within us. Come, boys, have you anything that you really wish to say through the columns of the JOURNAL? There is no danger of crowding out the wisdom of older sages. Let us assume that there are at least some of our readers who would like to know what we are doing and thinking about.

One pleasant innovation in our college opening this year was a short series of three lectures, on three successive evenings, by Principal Salmond of the Free Church College, Aberdeen. The lectures were open to the public, but unfortunately for the attendance, the Dominion Christian Endeavor Convention held its meetings in the city, at the same time. Those who did attend, however, were amply rewarded. Comprehensive treatment, deep and forceful thought, clear and graceful expression characterized the lectures throughout. To the first, somewhat abridged, we are pleased to invite the attention of our readers. The second was a vivid picture of the system of Bible study adopted in Scotland. The third dealt with "The Testimony of non-Christian religions to Christianity." We were sorry that Dr. Salmond was compelled to leave us so soon, and we hope not only for a longer visit from him, but that his brief coming is a foretoken of future inter-visitation of theological professors that will add new interest and instil new energy into college life and work.

BENEFITS OF CRITICISM.

Nothing perhaps goes more to develop a man's powers than sound healthy criticism. This is a universal truth which is especially applicable to the mental life of the individual. In all our mental efforts, the benefit resulting from a proper criticism is especially apparent. In spite of the sacred tradition that Keats was hurried to his grave by

adverse criticism, it safely can be stated that criticism has created more literature than it has destroyed and has developed more genius than it has quenched.

Now it requires no subtle reasoning to prove that, if criticism is a benefit in literature and oratory, where man has opportunity to revise and correct his productions, it becomes an absolute necessity where excellence in public speaking is to be reached. And it is just because of this, that we think the powers of our Philosophical and Literary Society were nowhere wiser in their day and generation, than when they instituted the office of critic, whose function it was to overhaul the literary productions and oratorical efforts of the evening.

A misconception among some of our students regarding this office seems to have germinated and sprung up, at first the blade, then the ear and now the full corn in the ear, that the remarks of the critic should be merely something to amuse, and that the critic is a success only so far as he has succeeded in entertaining the society by giving it a specimen of witty banter, mixed perhaps with unjust ridicule of some more or less unpopular student. You frequently hear the remark from students as they wend their way through the corridors after a meeting: "Pretty dry criticism, too matter-of-fact. Why didn't he get one off on Mr. B., etc?" This is surely an erroneous conception.

Each has his own peculiar mannerisms, unknown to himself, but which go far to mar him as a public speaker. Peculiarities of pronunciation, peculiarities of gesture in the manner of expressing our thoughts, fallacies in reasoning, misstatements of facts are common to most, if not all of us. Now can anything be more important than that now, when our habits of speech are in the moulding, we should have our attention called to those things which injure the effect of what we have to say? The true function of the critic is to call our attention to those things which seem to him defects, and give us an opportunity, if we have sense enough, to reform and improve our time.

It may not be amiss here to point out one or two of the

ways by which this end may be reached. In the first place, that dictum of Pope, which slightly modified, has seemed to form a part of the intellectual creed of most of us :

‘ Let each teach others who themselves excel,
And censure freely who have spoken well,”

must go once for all. It is not necessary to show both the impracticability of working according to this, and the fallacy of the principle it involves. Needless to say, that to work according to this law itself would diminish our stock of critics fifty per cent, and that the principle it involves would, if universally applied, prevent us from pronouncing on a bad egg until we had made a good one. Yet is not this principle the one which is obtained in many instances, when one remembers that men have felt aggrieved when their work has been criticised by one less capable of creating a better fabric than that in which he presumed to find such glaring defects? We forget that the critical power of the intellect often reaches its culmination when dissociated from the creative power. Why cannot the critic have the courage to avail himself of the opportunities afforded by his office to challenge the appropriateness of an expression which he thinks inaccurate or inappropriate? He may make mistakes sometimes, we all make mistakes, but it is not absolutely necessary that he should always speak positively, if I am a judge in this matter. His every utterance need not be *ex cathedra*, if indeed any need be. If the one criticised is right, then the critic will learn a lesson, but if the critic is right then the one criticised will learn a lesson, while the audience in most instances will learn a little bit. All then are benefited, some having their right opinion more firmly established, others having their wrong opinion set aright.

It may be thought that a senior would consider it a great humiliation if he found himself wrong in his criticism of some expressor or statement of a junior, but surely in our Literary Society we can meet on the same level and enjoy mutual benefits. Nothing would be more helpful in toning up our general knowledge and in begetting a lively interest in our society than criticism made for the sole purpose of benefiting all, the critic included. Away with anything like

class distinction from our college and especially from our "Lit," and let each and every one regard our society more and more as an institution in which we all may receive and give very useful instruction in preparing us for our great life work.

"What is grandeur, what is power?
Heavier toil, superior pain.
What the bright reward we gain?
The grateful memory of the good.
Sweet is the breath of vernal shower,
The bees' collected treasures sweet,
Sweet music's melting fall, but sweeter yet
The still small voice of gratitude."

Gray, Ode for Music.

Partie Française.

VICTOR HUGO ET LA RELIGION.

PAR M. LE PROFESSEUR D. COUSSIRAT, Docteur en théologie, Officier de l'Instruction Publique.

Victor Hugo a effleuré d'un vol d'aigle tous les sommets de la pensée humaine. Au soir de sa vie, il s'est élevé vers les plus ardues : Dieu, l'âme, l'immortel avenir. Ce qu'il a vu sur ces hauteurs, il le raconte dans son livre intitulé *Religions et Religion*, écrit de 1870, année de l'apothéose du pape, à 1880, peu de temps avant sa propre apothéose.

C'est là surtout que je chercherai l'expression définitive des croyances de ce grand homme, en les dégagant des formes poétiques dont il les enveloppe, quoiqu'il ne soit pas toujours facile de saisir la pensée pure sous la richesse extrême des images, et de la traduire en prose sans la trahir.

I.

“Je crois en Dieu.”—C'est la dernière ligne du testament de Victor Hugo, comme c'en est la première du *Credo* des chrétiens.

Ne lui demandons pas des preuves rigoureuses de sa foi. Un poète n'est pas tenu d'en donner. Il se contente d'en indiquer quelques-unes : l'existence du monde, celle de l'homme, l'Idéal, l'Absolu, le Devoir, la Raison, la Conscience, sans entrer dans aucun développement.

Ecoutez plutôt les beaux vers où s'épanche son ardent enthousiasme à la pensée de Dieu (p. 25 et suivantes) :

Il est ! il est ! il est ! il est éperdument !
 Tout, les feux, les clartés, les cieux, l'immense aimant,
 Les jours, les nuits, tout est le chiffre ; il est la somme.
 Plénitude pour lui, c'est l'infini pour l'homme.
 Faire un dogme, et l'y mettre ! ô rêve ! inventer Dieu !

Il est ! Contentez-vous du monde, cet aven !
 Quoi ! des religions, c'est ce que tu veux faire,
 Toi, l'homme ! Ouvrir les yeux suffit ; je le préfère.
 Contente-toi de croire en Lui ; contente toi
 De l'espérance avec sa grande aile, la foi ;
 Contente-toi de boire, altéré, ce dictame ;
 Contente-toi de dire :—Il est, puisque la femme
 Berce l'enfant avec un chant mystérieux ;
 Il est, puisque l'esprit frissonne curieux ;
 Il est, puisque je vais, le front haut ; puisqu'un maître
 Qui n'est pas lui, m'indigne, et n'a pas le droit d'être ;
 Il est, puisque César tremble devant Pathmos ;
 Il est, puisque c'est lui que je sens sous ces mots :
 Idéal, Absolu, Devoir, Raison, Science ;
 Il est, puisqu'à ma faute il faut sa patience,
 Puisque l'âme me sert quand l'appétit me nuit,
 Puisqu'il faut un grand jour sur ma profonde nuit ! ...
 Vois au-dessus de toi le firmament vermeil ;
 Regarde en toi ce ciel profond qu'on nomme l'âme ;
 Dans ce gouffre, au zénith, respandit une flamme.
 Un centre de lumière inaccessible est là.
 Hors de toi comme en toi cela brille et brilla ;
 C'est là-bas, tout au fond, en haut du précipice.
 C'est l'éblouissement auquel le regard croit.
 De ce flamboiement naît le vrai, le bien, le droit ;
 Il luit mystérieux dans un tourbillon d'astres ;
 Les brumes, les noirceurs, les fléaux, les désastres
 Fondent à sa chaleur démesurée, et tout
 En sève, en joie, en gloire, en amour, se dissout ;
 S'il est des cœurs puissants, s'il est des âmes fermes,
 Cela vient du torrent des souffles et des germes
 Qui tombe à ilots, jaillit, coule, et, de toutes parts,
 Sort de ce feu vivant sur nos têtes épars.
 Il est ! il est ! Regarde, âme. Il a son solstice,
 La Conscience ; il a son axe, la Justice ;
 Il a son équinoxe, et c'est l'Égalité ;
 Il a sa vaste aurore, et c'est la Liberté.
 Son rayon dore en nous ce que l'âme imagine.
 Il est ! il est ! il est ! sans fin, sans origine,
 Sans éclipse, sans nuit, sans repos, sans sommeil.

Dieu est, mais qu'est-il ? Nul ne le sait, nul ne le peut savoir.

Connaître à fond Celui qui Vit, ses attributs,
 Son essence, sa loi, son pouvoir—de tels buts
 Sont plus hauts que l'effort de l'homme qui trépassé. (p. 209).

Nous ne concevons cependant pas l'existence sans attributs

de quelque sorte. Un être n'existe qu'à la condition d'être déterminé. Dieu est incompréhensible en soi ; qui le nie ? Mais comment pourrions-nous l'affirmer sans le nommer ? Que signifie ce mot Dieu ? V. Hugo sent parfois le besoin de s'expliquer. Et alors il accumule les épithètes vagues et même contradictoires. Dieu c'est l'Être, le Grand Tout, le Tout lugubre, le Gouffre, l'Abîme, la Nuit, l'Ombre, l'Aube, l'Inconnu, le Silence, le Mystère—et c'est pourtant Celui qui Vit.

Tous ces termes ont une forte saveur de panthéisme. Ils se concilient mal avec la personnalité de l'homme, la conscience, la liberté morale, doctrines opposées à ce système et que V. Hugo professe hautement.

Un Dieu, dont on ne saurait rien dire sinon qu'il est, nous suffit-il ? Non. Il ne peut exercer aucune influence sur notre vie morale. S'il n'a pas de volonté, il ne peut donner de loi. S'il n'a pas de cœur, il ne peut nous aimer. S'il n'a pas d'intelligence, il ne peut se connaître. A quoi bon le prier, s'il ne nous entend pas ? Et que signifie cette phrase du testament de V. Hugo : " Je refuse l'oraison de toutes les Eglises, je demande une prière à toutes les âmes ? " Elle n'a d'autre sens que celui-ci : " Ne m'oubliez pas. " Car son Dieu est Tout peut-être, mais parce qu'il n'est personne. Or c'est un Dieu vivant, juste et bon qu'il nous faut pour répondre aux besoins universels et permanents du genre humain. (1)

II.

A la foi en Dieu s'unit étroitement la croyance en la vie future. V. Hugo la professe aussi. Sur ce point encore, il affirme plus qu'il ne prouve. Pour la justifier, il en appelle surtout au sentiment, à la conscience, à la justice.

Ecoutez de quelle voix pleine et sonore il entonne le chant de l'immortalité (p. 232) :

(1) Le poète a varié sur ce sujet comme sur bien d'autres. Voir *La prière pour tous, Feuilles d'Automne*, xxxvii (1830) :

..... Dis pour toute prière :
 —Seigneur, Seigneur, mon Dieu ! vous êtes notre Père,
 Grâce, vous êtes bon ! grâce, vous êtes grand !
 Va prier pour ton père !—

Soit, plus d'enfer.—

Mais rien après la vie,
Rien avant ; la lueur des ténèbres suivie ;
Tout ramené pour l'homme à l'instinct animal ;
Le bien n'ayant pas plus raison contre le mal
Que le tropique n'a raison contre le pôle ;
De Sade, triomphant, raillant Vincent de Paule ;
Tout réduit à l'atome inerte, inconscient,
Sourd, tantôt tourmenteur et tantôt patient ; . . .
Pour tout dogme :—“ Il n'est point de vertu ni de vices ;
Sois tigre, si tu peux. Pourvu que tu jouisses,
Vis n'importe comment pour finir n'importe où.—
Caligula le sage, Aristide le fou ;
Jésus-Christ et Judas désagrégés ensemble,
Puis remêlés à l'ombre éternelle qui tremble,
Sans que l'atome, au fond de l'être où tout périt,
Sache s'il fut Judas ou s'il fut Jésus-Christ !—

Oui, c'est vrai, plus d'enfer, rêve hideux de Rome,
Plus d'affreux punisseur rôdant derrière l'homme.

Mais tout nivelant tout ; je croyais, tu niais,
Qu'importe ! l'honneur sot, le martyre niais ;
Pas d'âme ; pas de moi qui survive et qui dure ;
L'infâme égalité de l'astre et de l'ordure ;
La pourriture, ô deuil ! reprenant tout Brutus ;
C'est-à-dire pas plus d'astres que de vertus ;
L'azur roulant, aux plis de ses ténébreux voiles,
Dans un spectre de ciel des fantômes d'étoiles !—

Oui, c'est vrai, plus de fourche au poing de Lucifer,
Plus d'éternel bûcher flamboyant, plus d'enfer.

Mais l'atome Attila, fatal, irresponsable,
Comme l'atome feu, comme l'atome sable,
Innocent, ne pouvant pas plus être accusé
Pour un peuple aboli, pour un monde écrasé
Que l'un d'éboulement et l'autre d'incendie
Marc-Aurèle ? A quoi bon ? Tibère ? Pourquoi pas ?
Néron, Trajan, ce n'est qu'une forme qui flotte ;
Ce que vous nommez czar, tyran, bourreau, despote ;
Mange de l'homme ainsi que vous mangez du pain ;
Après ? pour le grand Tout, qui vous permet la faim,
Un grain de blé mûr pèse autant que Caton libre ;
Tout rentre dans l'immense et tranquille équilibre
Dès que le pain est mort et l'homme digéré.
Demain le dévorant sera le dévoré ;
L'atome qui fut aigle, éperdu, fuira l'aile

De l'atome qui fut colombe ou tourterelle....
 L'agneau devenu loup teindra de sang sa griffe,
 Et ce sera le tour de Christ d'être Caïphe....
 Qu'appellez-vous faux, vrai, droit ou devoir ? L'Apôtre,
 Le bourreau, le héros, le traître, tout est vain.

Oh ! que rien ne soit plus bon, grand, sacré, divin....
 Qu'il ne soit nulle part d'idéal, ni de loi ;
 Que tout soit sans-réponse et demande pourquoi ..
 Que le fond noir de tout rampe, et soit quelque chose
 Qui ne sait pas, qui luit sans jour, qui va sans cause....
 Quoi ! lorsqu'on s'est aimé, pleurs et cris superflus,
 Ne jamais se revoir, jamais, jamais ! ne plus
 Se donner rendez-vous au-delà de la vie !
 Quoi ! la petite tête éblouie et ravie,
 L'enfant qui souriait et qui s'en est allé,
 Mère, c'est de la nuit ! cela s'est envolé !
 Quoi ! toi que j'aime, toi qui me fais de l'aurore,
 Femme par qui je sens en moi l'archange éclore,
 Quoi ! le néant rira quand, pâle, je dirai :
 —Attends-moi, je te suis, je viens, être adoré !....
 En présence des cieux, quoi ! l'espérance a tort !
 Le deuil qui tord mon cœur en exprime un mensonge !
 Pas d'avenir ! un vide où l'œil égaré plonge !
 L'être inutilement s'élève et se détruit ;
 Le monde croule au gré d'une haleine de nuit ;
 Le vent est l'enveloppe obscure de la brume ;
 Pour s'éteindre à jamais un instant on s'allume ;
 Tout est l'horrible roue, et Rien le cabestan !....
 Rien !....
 Oh ! reprends ce Rien, gouffre, et rends-nous Satan !

Le poète ne s'explique pas sur le sort des méchants après la mort. Il paraît croire à leur anéantissement, si l'on en juge par l'apologue suivant (p. 246) :

Dante écrit deux vers, puis il sort ; et les deux vers Se parlent. Le premier dit :—Les cieux sont ouverts ! Cieux ! je suis immortel.—Moi, je suis périssable, Dit l'autre.—Je suis l'astre.—Et moi le grain de sable. —Quoi ! tu doutes étant fils d'un enfant du ciel ! —Je me sens mort.—Et moi je me sens éternel.— Quelqu'un rentre et relit ces vers, Dante lui-même ; Il garde le premier et barre le deuxième. La ratte est la haute et fatale cloison. L'un meurt et l'autre vit. Tous deux avaient raison.

Donc, les bons sont assurés de vivre, les méchants de périr.
A quel signe reconnaît-on les premiers ?

Ecoutez (p. 216) :

Tu dis :—Je vois le mal et je veux le remède.
Je cherche le levier et je suis Archimède.—
Le remède est ceci : Fais le bien. Le levier,
Le voici : Tout aimer et ne rien envier.
Homme, veux-tu trouver le vrai ? Cherche le juste.

On ne saurait mieux dire. Cette morale est parfaite ; il ne nous manque que les moyens de l'accomplir. V. Hugo n'a pas songé à nous les indiquer.

Mais les méchants, à quel titre les reconnaît-on à leur tour ? A quel degré d'infamie commence pour eux l'entière destruction ? Le poète n'en dit rien et nous ne saurions suppléer à son silence, sans avoir recours aux enseignements de l'Évangile.

III.

Voilà ce qu'on peut appeler la partie positive des croyances religieuses de V. Hugo. Son œuvre comprend aussi une partie négative, de beaucoup la plus considérable. V. Hugo affirme sa foi en Dieu et à la vie future, mais il rejette en même temps toutes les religions.

Et certes, il faudrait l'en louer, si les religions étaient ce qu'il pense et n'étaient que cela.

D'après lui :

Pas de religion qui ne blasphème un peu (p. 178).
Toute religion, homme, est un exemplaire
De l'impuissance ayant pour appui la colère, (p. 221).
La foi vient couvrir l'œuf qu'on a vu l'erreur pondre (p. 189).

Que Dieu, dans ce cas, nous préserve des religions ! Mais c'est au catholicisme surtout qu'il s'en prend. Juste ciel ! quels coups il lui porte ! Si l'on pouvait détruire ce que l'on ne remplace pas, Victor Hugo aurait aboli le Pape, Paris aurait renversé Rome, cela aurait tué ceci.

Que de portraits durement esquissés ! Voici le théologien. Il lui faut un Dieu "qui se lasse, qui dorme, un Dieu en pierre,

dans une maison, un Dieu dont les vieilles ont le portrait dans leurs chambres, très vieux, avec une grande barbe, visible, mangeable, qui défend le lard à certains jours et qui a caché l'enfer dans un jambon" (p. 188). Aussi, le Collège brute, la Sorbonne a ses bâts. Le docteur est un ânier, quand par métaphore il ne se transforme pas en âne.

Voici le prédicateur. "Il aboie . . . Son geste s'empêtre dans les plis d'une prose indigeste. Prêtres de plomb! L'ennui pleut de leur phrase, et, son croc à la main, Satan chuchote: Quand plus tard, dans l'enfer vengeur, nous assomons tous ces lourds sermonneurs, c'est avec leurs sermons" (p. 187).

Voici l'évêque. "Il braille" (p. 185).

Voici enfin le Pape et Rome "papiste." "Rome, charnier sous l'aigle, est, sous la croix, bazar . . . Ce vampire, c'est Jean Borgia dans Gomorrhe y serait une tache . . . Simplicius ment . . . Cet Innocent brûlait les hommes . . . Toutes les passions se tenant par la main . . . se donnent rendez-vous dans la ville éternelle . . . Eux, ces fous (les adeptes de Rome), chantent; d'elle ils adorent tout, fraude, inquisition, la luxure, l'horreur, le bûcher, le massacre, et les saints qu'elle fait et les rois qu'elle sacre, et, l'extase au cœur, fiers du joug, captifs, amants, ils respirent l'odeur de ses vomissements" (p. 224).

Il ne me sied pas de défendre un système que je réprouve. Je ne puis cependant m'empêcher de croire que bien des catholiques protesteraient contre la plupart de ces imputations. V. Hugo a le tort de compromettre sa cause par des exagérations manifestes. Son esprit est comme une loupe, il grossit tout, et la proportion des choses, qui est une partie de la vérité, en est détruite. En frappant trop fort, le vigoureux poète frappe à côté. Il oublie qu'après tout ce qui produit le plus durable effet sur l'esprit humain, c'est la mesure dans la force.

Nous avons un reproche plus grave encore à lui adresser. Nulle part il ne distingue le christianisme dégénéré du véritable Evangile de Jésus-Christ. Cette confusion est sans doute générale en pays catholique. V. Hugo, libre et grand esprit, aurait pu l'éviter. Un peu d'attention y aurait suffi. En regard du Dieu de Rome—dont il n'a pas flatté le portrait—il

aurait dû placer le Dieu de Jésus, le Dieu esprit, lumière, amour, père, qui veut, non pas la mort des pécheurs, mais leur conversion et leur salut. Il n'en fait rien, comme si la chose était sans importance, ou qu'il l'ignorât.

On ne s'en étonne pas trop quand on remarque les étranges idées qu'il a de la Bible et de son contenu.

Il paraît croire que les " Saints fabliaux. "—c'est la Bible qu'il veut dire,—sont une œuvre de théologiens. Mélange d'erreurs, de superstitions, de mensonges, d'absurdités, on les impose au peuple pour le dominer.

L'interprétation qu'il en donne est des plus fantaisistes. Il suppose que nous prenons tout récits et préceptes, au sens matériel et grossier. Puis, il triomphe sans peine, bien qu'assez lourdement.

Ainsi, le Tout-puissant se repose le septième jour parce " qu'il n'en peut plus, et las, suant, soufflant, perclus, pris d'un vieux rhumatisme incurable à l'échine, après avoir créé le monde, les astres, la vie, la fleur, l'oiseau, la femme, et l'abîme et la terre, Dieu s'est laissé tombé dans son fauteuil Voltaire. " (p. 177).

La chute se réduit au " vol d'une pomme : Dieu ne veut pas qu'on touche à ses arbres fruitiers " (p. 196 et p. 198).

La Rédemption c'est " l'assassinat de Dieu ". (Les hommes), " ayant commis un crime, ils seront innocents " (p. 197 et p. 198).

L'image de Dieu c'est sa ressemblance physique. " Fakir, talapoin, mage, brave homme. Dieu, dis-tu, t'a fait à son image. Alors il est fort laid " (p. 186).

L'enfer est une fournaise ardente. Le diable est armé d'une fourche de fer. . . .

Qu'il est facile par ce procédé de rendre odieux ou ridicules les enseignements les plus sublimes ! V. Hugo ne sait pas que nous traduisons le sémitique en japhétique. En d'autres termes, il ne se doute pas qu'il faut chercher l'idée précise et profonde sous les images orientales dont les écrivains sacrés l'enveloppaient nécessairement. Il y a longtemps que les théologiens ont donné la clef de cette langue, que du reste le sentiment religieux a toujours comprise. Pour tout chrétien

réfléchi. la chute c'est la révolte de l'homme contre Dieu ; la rédemption c'est le sacrifice volontaire de Jésus pour notre salut ; le sabbat c'est l'image du repos éternel : l'enfer c'est l'éloignement de Dieu

Mais V. Hugo est étranger au mouvement de la pensée évangélique. Soit indifférence, soit parti pris, il s'est entouré, comme d'une palissade des auteurs les plus saugrenus et cet horizon pour lui est le christianisme.

Aussi, quand il s'écrie : " Moi, je siffle, moi, je ris," on a bonne envie de lui répondre : Il y a certes de quoi. Seulement, vous n'avez pas vu la vraie question. Ce que vous sifflez, ce n'est pas l'Évangile, c'en est la caricature.

V. Hugo repousse la doctrine de la chute dont il méconnaît d'ailleurs le vrai sens.—Comment explique-t-il à son tour le mal ? Par une théorie bien insuffisante. Le mal, d'après lui, vient de l'ignorance, car l'homme est naturellement bon " Tout homme qui voit la lumière l'adore (p. 169) L'ignorance a sept mamelles d'ombre, et chacune est nourrie d'une des sept laideurs du mal, monstre sans yeux " (p. 129). C'est chose entendue : les sept péchés capitaux n'ont pas d'autre origine que l'ignorance. On ne fait le mal que parce qu'on ne connaît pas le bien. Connaître le bien, c'est l'aimer, c'est le vouloir, c'est l'accomplir.

Notre poète emprunte sur ce point à Socrate et à J. J. Rousseau deux de leurs plus dangereuses erreurs. Ainsi faisait George Sand, qui excusait de la sorte les égarements de sa jeunesse.

Admettons, pour abrégé, que les méchants ne soient que des ignorants. Pourquoi donc, ô poète, les *Châtiments* ? Pourquoi l'*Histoire d'un crime* ? Si Napoléon III a fait le 2 décembre, c'est par ignorance : il a même cru sauver son pays en s'élevant au trône, et la majorité des électeurs l'a confirmé dans cette opinion. Et vous le condamnez ! et vous le flétrissez ! et vous le poursuivez à travers les océans et les âges de plus de 3,000 vers de haine — ce qui est beaucoup — comme disait Lamartine ! Pourquoi l'*Épique* ? L'expiation suppose un crime, et le crime en toute langue suppose le mal commis *sciemment*. Vos actes démentent votre théorie. Si je l'osais,

ô Maître, je vous dirais en vous empruntant le refrain d'une de vos plus jolies chansons : " Chantez, chantez toujours . . . " Mais, par respect pour votre gloire, ne faites pas de théologie.

Ce genre de questions porte malheur à V. Hugo. Sa pensée s'y décourage légère et superficielle à l'excès. Par exemple, il paraît très frappé des contradictions des religions entre elles, l'une maudissant ce que l'autre a béni. C'est là, à ses yeux, un signe incontestable d'erreur. Les religions se contredisent, donc elles sont toutes fausses (p. 217).

Vous reconnaissez ici le célèbre argument de Bossuet sur les *Variations* des protestants.

Ce raisonnement n'est pas très solide. V. Hugo, sans le reproduire expressément, le suppose et l'étend à toutes les religions, y compris le catholicisme. Vous variez, donc vous errez.

Pour être logique, il aurait dû appliquer ce principe à la raison et à la science comme aux religions. Elles varient, elles aussi ; elles affirment sur toutes choses, même sur Dieu et sur la vie future, le pour et le contre, donc, elles sont des maîtresses d'erreur. Doutons. Le doute est " un mol oreiller pour une tête bien faite," disait Montaigne.

Mais quoi ! V. Hugo s'arrête à mi-chemin. Il ne veut pas douter de Dieu, de la vie éternelle, de la conscience, de la vérité, de la justice, de l'égalité, de la fraternité, de la liberté.

Félicitons-le de cet effort, qui fait honneur à son caractère. Cependant, mieux aurait valu mettre en question le principe lui-même ; et au lieu de dire : Vos contradictions sont une marque d'erreur, il n'eût été que raisonnable de dire : Puisque vous ne vous accordez pas, voyons qui de vous a raison et qui a tort. Peut-être avez-vous tort les uns et les autres, mais nous allons procéder à une enquête contradictoire et examiner vos preuves.

V. Hugo ne s'est pas avisé de cette méthode si équitable à l'égard du christianisme. Après s'en être fait une idée grotesque, il l'a repoussé sans examen. Cela n'est pas sérieux. Si je l'osais, j'ajouterais : Cela n'est pas honnête.

Reconnaissons une fois de plus à quel point Bossuet a inoculé le venin de ses sophismes dans l'esprit catholique et

français Les plus libres génies lui sont tributaires, V. Hugo comme les autres. Elevé par une mère catholique, instruit dans son enfance par un prêtre, son intelligence a été façonnée à la romaine. Il a pu dans la suite rejeter ses croyances catholiques avec ses convictions monarchiques, il n'a pas reforcé son esprit. En perdant la foi, il a gardé les préjugés. Malgré ses révoltes, il porte la marque du catholicisme.

Quoi de plus naturel dès lors que V. Hugo méconnaisse le vrai rôle des religions ? Assurément, il y en a de bien grossières. Mais elles attestent toutes l'ardente soif du divin qui dévore l'âme humaine. Du sein même de tant de superstitions et d'infamies, s'élève comme une voix désespérée : "Viens nous secourir, nous périssons ! *Libera nos a malo.*" C'est l'appel du genre humain pénétré du sentiment de sa misère et à la recherche du salut. M. de Pressensé l'a bien su voir, et il l'a montré dans son beau livre sur les *Religions de l'Ancien Monde*. V. Hugo ne paraît pas s'en être douté un seul instant. On a beau être un génie poétique de premier ordre, on ne comprend pas ce qu'on méprise.

J'en donnerai un dernier exemple. Que penser des fidèles qui suivent les enseignements du christianisme, des ministres qui les propagent, des théologiens qui les justifient ? Les uns seront des niais et les autres des fourbes. On ne peut guère sortir de là, et V. Hugo en convient. Il ne ménage pas les mots : "Imbéciles, mensonges" (p. 186).

Ces conséquences auraient dû l'avertir qu'il faisait fausse route. Il ne paraît pas probable qu'on trouve tant de sots et tant de fourbes parmi les braves gens qui professent la religion chrétienne. Ces superstitions, ces infamies, ces absurdités. . . ce n'est par leur foi. Ils les repoussent comme vous avec horreur. Vous n'y avez pas pensé, illustre Maître, ou, si vous y avez pensé, vous êtes en vérité bien à plaindre.

Et nous aussi, nous surtout. Voilà donc comme nous juge un libre esprit, un des oracles de la pensée contemporaine ! Que de préjugés d'enfance dans la maturité de l'esprit et la splendeur du talent ! Si V. Hugo en est là, où donc iront les autres ? Où ses béats disciples, où ses dévots ? On n'y songe pas sans effroi, et l'on tremble à la pensée de tout le mal que

peuvent produire de telles erreurs dans la bouche d'un maître si écouté ! Car, depuis le vieil Arouet, aucun écrivain n'a exercé sur la pensée française et peut-être dans le monde une aussi grande influence que V. Hugo.

Pendant, il ne faut pas méconnaître les services qu'ils ont rendu l'un et l'autre à la cause du spiritualisme. Tous deux ont affirmé l'existence de Dieu, Voltaire au nom des causes finales, V. Hugo au nom de la conscience. Tous deux,

l'est vrai, ont repoussé le christianisme, le premier par le rire, le second par l'invective, mais peut-être parce qu'il se confondait à leurs yeux avec une grossière superstition.

Au XVIII^e siècle, la religion populaire avait succombé sous le mépris public, après avoir glissé dans la fange. L'athéisme prétendait à la remplacer. Voltaire et Rousseau par bonheur l'emportèrent sur Diderot et Helvétius. Et plus tard, la foi chrétienne put être entée sur la foi en Dieu.

N'est-ce pas le même service que V. Hugo rend à nos contemporains ? Au sein d'une démocratie irréligieuse, il a fermement, calmement, constamment affirmé sa foi en Dieu et à la vie future, à la conscience et à la justice, au droit et au devoir. Sachons en gré à l'illustre poète, et saluons en lui le précurseur inconscient d'un nouveau et plus durable réveil de la foi au véritable Évangile de Jésus-Christ.

LA RENTRÉE DES CLASSES.

Le collège resté silencieux pendant tout l'été, vient soudainement de reprendre vie, les corridors, les salles retentissent de cris et de rires ; c'est le joyeux bourdonnement d'une arrivée d'étudiants.

Elle est finie la vie errante, au grand soleil, sur les routes poudreuses, et cependant nous la regrettons ; il nous semble que quelque chose de notre cœur est resté là-bas, dans le petit village aimé, dont les maisons s'éparpillent aux flancs des côteaux verts : c'est que nous aimons notre saint labeur ayant la ferme conviction que Dieu bénit le serviteur fidèle.

Mais après les ardeurs de l'été, il nous est doux de revenir

au collège, de retrouver le calme d'une vie régulière que les beautés de la nature n'avaient pas pu nous faire oublier. De bien loin nous avons salué la grande ville, ses tours, ses vaisseaux, le bruissement sourd des usines et la fumée lente et noire des immenses cheminées.

Tous les anciens étudiants sont de retour, à l'exception de trois qui continuent leur travail à la campagne ; heureusement, que pour combler ce vide, MM. Edgard Mélières, Arthur Charron, Samuel Bourgoïn, Walter Tucker, Ariste Laurin sont venus grossir nos rangs. Je dois aussi nommer le Rév. C.-E. Trudel, curé, déjà connu dans nos églises françaises. Nous leur souhaitons à tous beaucoup de succès dans leurs études ; que le Maître soutienne leur courage jusqu'à la fin, et nous fasse la grâce d'être tous des lumières pour éclairer nos frères canadiens-français.

H. J.

L'AUTOMNE.

Nos prés ont perdu leur fraîcheur ;
 À peine une fleur isolée
 Penche-t-elle un front sans couleur
 Dans la solitaire vallée ;
 Une obscure et triste vapeur
 Voile nos rives désolées ;
 Et sur les forêts ébranlées
 Les vents soufflent avec fureur.
 Oh ! sous ces forêts sans ombrage,
 Le long des coteaux défleuris,
 Le soir, au bruit sourd de l'orage,
 Marchant sur de tristes débris,
 J'irai voir le dernier feuillage
 Tomber sur les gazons flétris.
 Cédant à la mélancolie
 Là, des amis que j'ai perdu
 J'appellerai l'ombre chérie,
 Et, les sens doucement émus,
 Je laisserai couler ma vie
 En occupant ma rêverie
 Des jours où je ne serai plus.

AIMÉ.

ECHO D'UNE JEUNE VOIX

C'est avec joie, quoique non pas sans une légère appréhension, que nous sommes venus grossir les rangs de ceux qui nous ont devancés de une ou plusieurs années au collège. La franche gaieté et l'amitié que nous avons trouvées parmi nos frères ont bien dissipé les noirs sentiments qui pouvaient nous agiter. D'ailleurs, le travail dispense de l'ennui, et c'est pour travailler que nous sommes venus ici. Le peu d'expérience que nous avons de la vie missionnaire nous a convaincus que la moisson est grande et qu'il y a peu d'ouvriers ; dans le but de devenir des ouvriers de Dieu nous allons travailler avec courage. Nous avons pour nous la jeunesse, la santé et une grande confiance en Celui qui connaît nos cœurs. Puisse-t-il augmenter notre nombre dans les années futures et nous faire grandir en saintes connaissances et en sagesse. F. C.

RÉDACTION.

Nous souhaitons la bienvenue aux jeunes amis qui sont venus remplir les places laissées vides par le départ des gradués.

La présence fortuite de ceux qui composent le contingent de 1899 a comme renouvelé l'atmosphère du collège tant la plupart d'entre eux paraissent jeunes. Dans leur compagnie on se sent physiquement rajeunir ; par compensation, nous espérons qu'en nous coudoyant ils rajeuniront de cœur et d'âme, car le parfum théologique doit nécessairement l'emporter sur tout autre parfum.

Ce n'est pas peu de chose, n'avoir pas de barbe et être assis déjà sur les bancs d'une faculté !

En voyant ces visages imberbes nous ne pouvons pas nous empêcher de croire qu'en notre qualité d'anciens, nous ne devons pas exercer sur eux un certain degré d'une autorité paternelle ; nous le faisons avec d'autant plus de plaisir que l'Écclésiaste a dit : "Le jeune âge et l'adolescence ne sont que vanité." Mais ne nous fâchons pas, mes enfants.

Nous regrettons d'avoir à enregistrer l'absence prolongée de deux des enfants de notre, petite famille: MM. A. Tanner et H. Coulin, qui se voient forcés de travailler plus longtemps pour arriver à la réalisation de leur rêve chéri: l'obtention du baccalauréat.

"Pauvreté n'est pas vice," mais ce n'est pas une vertu pour tout autant; que de désirs nobles n'ont jamais vu leur accomplissement. On ne bâtit pas de châteaux seulement avec un plan.

M. J. Demole a échangé l'étude de l'hébreu contre l'apprentissage de l'extraction des dents.

M. G.-E. Trudel, curé, autrefois professeur de scholastique et de langues modernes au séminaire de Rimouski, ayant demandé au presbytère de Montréal, la faveur d'être compté parmi les membres qui le composent, a été invité à suivre les cours de la Faculté pendant la session, pour mieux connaître la Vérité qui le rendra entièrement libre.

Notre souhait est qu'il savoure avec délices, jusqu'à la fin, les heures passées avec nos distingués professeurs et qu'il ne tardera pas à s'habituer au bruit qui se fait entendre le soir, lors de l'extinction des feux.

Le 13 octobre, les étudiants jetèrent les bases d'une nouvelle société, qui a pour but l'étude du chant et de la musique; elle fut appelée: "La Société harmonique française du Collège Presbytérien." Le Rév. C. E. Trudel fut nommé président M. C. Cruchon directeur et M. L. Abram secrétaire.

Nous offrons l'expression de notre plus vive sympathie à M. le pasteur Samuel Rondeau, qui, par suite d'un pénible accident, s'est vu obligé de s'aliter pour un temps indéterminé. Autrefois pasteur à Québec, il a dû quitter la ville ci-nommée pour venir planter sa tente à La Pointe-aux-Trembles où il exercera les fonctions de professeur de classiques. Les amis de Québec regrettent beaucoup son départ.

M. le pasteur L. Giroux de Joliette nous a fait une courte visite; il était en route pour Sainte-Anne, Ill., où il prêchera quatre dimanches de suite.

M. le pasteur E. Curdy s'est arrêté un moment aussi auprès de nous ; il revenait tout enchanté d'un long voyage en Europe ; il a visité l'Irlande, l'Ecosse, l'Angleterre, la France et la Suisse. Notre aîné continue d'annoncer la Vérité à North Ham.

Nous accusons réception d'un livre intitulé : " La Pureté Sociale " par le docteur J.-H. Kellogg, traduit par M. J.-E. Menançon, pasteur à St-Cyprien. Le vice sous toutes ces formes y est flétri d'une main de maître. On reste interdit devant la découverte de tant de mal et des moyens les mieux raffinés dont les méchants se servent pour faire tomber ceux qui sont encore purs.

Nous envoyons nos félicitations à celui qui a jugé bon de nous en donner une édition française.

M. Menançon réussit à merveille à St-Cyprien ; plusieurs familles ont grossi les rangs de son église et d'autres sont sur la bonne voie.

M. le pasteur J. E. Rey est au Mégantic où il savoure les douces joies de l'hyménée ; tout en annonçant la Bonne Nouvelle. Nous espérons qu'il n'a pas oublié le " Journal " duquel il fut autrefois l'habile rédacteur.

— Mon frère a reçu un appel à Ste-A

— Qu'est-ce que cela peut me faire ?

— Cela prouve beaucoup en ma faveur.

— Je ne vois pas comment.

— Mais si cela l'honore, une partie de l'honneur tombe sur moi.

— Oh ! je comprends ; c'est en vertu des lois de l'acoustique. Mais mon ami il y a une grande différence entre Caïn et Abel.

STUDENTS' DIRECTORY, 1899=1900.

I.—STUDENTS IN THEOLOGY.

THIRD YEAR.

Name.	ADDRESS.	
	Home.	City.
Abram, L.	Montécheroux, France....	Room 33.
Ferguson, H.	McLaren's Depot, Ont....	Room 13.
Hobman, J. G.	Winnipeg, Man.	Room 32.
MacLeod, D. M., B.A.	Springton, P. E. I.	Room 28.
MacKay, H., B.A.	Ripley, Ont.	Room 45.
MacGregor, Geo.	Mauchline, Scotland....	148 St. Luke Street.
Reid, J. T., M.D.	Montreal.
Stuart, J. A., B.A.	Montreal, Que.	39 Mayor Street.
Tanner, W. P.	Windsor Mills, Que.	Room 24.
Turner, W. D., B.A.	Appleton, Ont.	Room 30.
Trudel, C. E., Rev.	Montreal, Que.	Room 29.
Wheeler, J. A.	Runnymede, Que.	Room 1.
Worth, F. J., B.A.	Wellington, B. C.	Room 27.

SECOND YEAR.

Akitt, W.	Horning's Mills, Ont.	Room 21.
Anderson, F. J.	Montreal	128 Paris Street.
Cameron, A. G.	Montreal ...	33 Greene Avenue.
Campbell, J. D.	Toronto	Room 26.
Pidgeon, E. L.	New Richmond, Que.	Room 18.
Thom, G. W.	Appleton, Ont.	Room 23.
Turner, H. H., B.A.	Appleton, Ont.	Room 31.
Yule, Geo.	Bankfoot, Scotland	Room 22.

FIRST YEAR.

Brown, W. G., B.A.	Athelstone, Que.	Room 15.
Cruchon, C. F.	Druillat, France.	Room 7.
Greig, J. G.	Westmount, Que.	400 Cote St. Antoine.
Lapointe, C.	Terrebonne, Que.	114 Mance Street.
Lee, H. S.	Prince Albert, Sask.	Room 11.
Luttrell, P. H.	Montreal	Presby. College.
MacLeod, J. B., B.A.	Springton, P. E. I.	Room 19.
MacLeod, A. B.	Springton, P. E. I.	Room 14.
Rondeau, A. G.	Hull, Que.	Room 8.
Stewart, D.	La Guerre, Que.	Room 20.

II.—STUDENTS IN ARTS.

POST GRADUATE.

Keith, H. J., B.A. Smith's Falls, Ont. Room 12.

UNDERGRADUATES.

FOURTH YEAR.

Hardy, C. Fortune Cove, P. E. I. Room 52.
 Laverie, J. H. Lauzon Levis, Que. Room 16.
 Lee, H. S. Prince Albert, Sask. Room 11.
 MacMillan, C. J. Charlottetown, P. E. I. 37 McGill Coll. Ave.
 Stewart, Don. La Guerre, Que. Room 20.

THIRD YEAR.

Lohead, A. W. North Gower, Ont. Room 17.
 MacLeod, A. B. Springton, P. E. I. Room 74.

SECOND YEAR.

Jack, M. Chateauguay, Que. Room 5.

FIRST YEAR.

Gray, E. H. Montreal West, Que. McGill College
 May, W. H. Forester's Falls, Ont. Room 4.

III.—STUDENTS IN LITERARY COURSE.

THIRD YEAR.

Cruchon, C. F. Druillat, France. Room 7.
 Joliat, H. Beaucourt, France. 217 Dr. Street.
 MacLeod, N. V. Granby, Que. Room 55.
 Mathieson, P. Forester's Falls, Ont. Room 10.
 Swinton, J. Rocton, Ont. Room 57.
 Turkington, E. Ireland Room 56.

SECOND YEAR.

Laughlin, W. A. Toronto. Room 9.
 Morrow, J. D. Toronto. Room 44.
 Touchette, W. Lachute, Que. Room 6.
 Robertson, H. D. Almonte, Ont. Room 62.

FIRST YEAR.

Bourgoin, S. Point aux Trembles, Que. Room 33.
 Charron, A. Tamuer, Que. Room 43.
 Laurin, A. Ste. Dorothée, Que. Room 39.
 Mélière, E. Point aux Trembles, Que. Room 46.
 Mitchell, G. S. Linden, N. S. Room 51.
 MacKenzie, J. D. Inverness, Que. Room 54.
 Sharp, J. H. Clydesdale, Ont. Room 61.
 Tucker, W. Sorel, Que. Room 38.
 Woodside, J. St. Sylvester West, Que. Room 54.
 Woodside, J. W. St. Sylvester West, Que. Room 49.