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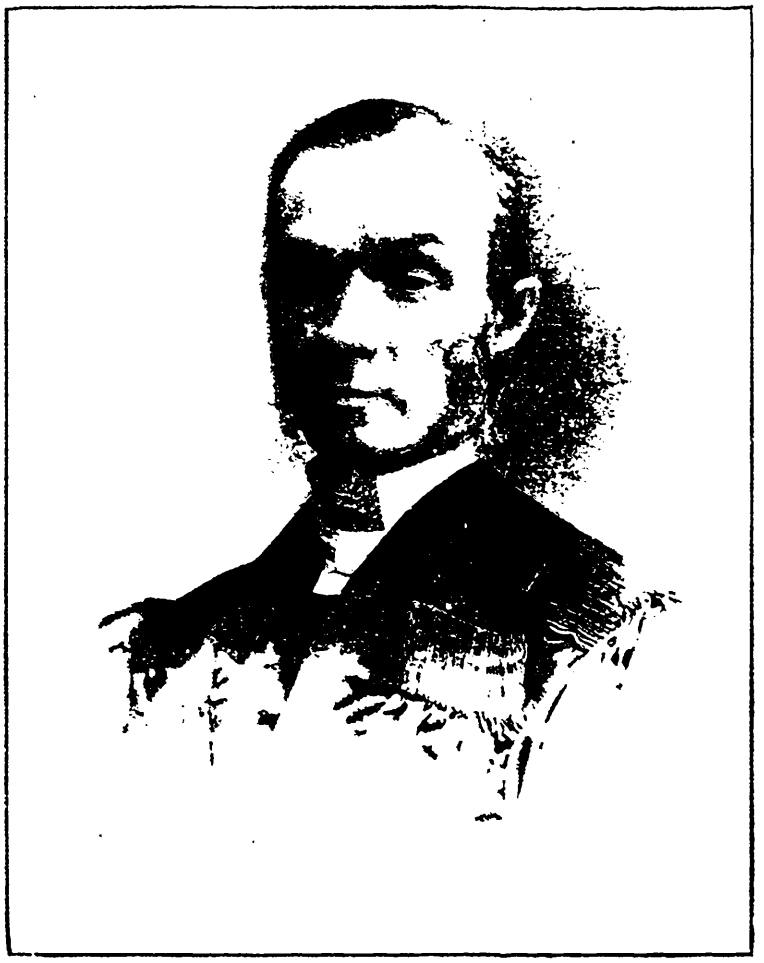

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REV. PRINCIPAL CAVEN, D.D.

THE face that looks down from its gilded frame on the audiences that gather in Convocation Hall is plainly that of a man not given to posing, one more at home among books than in the artist's studio, and to whom sitting for his portrait is not the pleasantest thing in the world. You have only to look at that face on the opposite page to see that it would crimson at a word. There is a reserve about the expression, a readiness to retire from too bright light, an instinctive shrinking, like the sensitive plant, from a too rough hand. And yet there is a mild persistence about those eyes. You feel their searching glance go through you. They may have a serene and otherworldly look, but venture too near in impiety or irreverence and you may be met, not with the glow of genial warmth, but with the sword-gleam warning against intrusion. The painter finds his skill tested not by the physical but by the mental man. The "soul within" is more than half concealed, and the sketch of yesterday's sitting is not true to the model of to-day. The literary artist would find the same difficulty were he to turn his unwinking eye upon the man, the preacher, the leader, or the professor. His Character Sketch might be true to life, but which life? and at what moment?

But Dr. Caven is not sitting for another photograph. The time

to write his life or estimate his work has not come, and may its coming be long delayed. We are standing too near the figure to see its just proportions. All that is now needful is a few paragraphs that may mark, not altogether unfittingly, the opening of his second quarter-century of professorial service in Knox College. Those who know him will read nothing new or unfamiliar; those to whom he is but an honoured name may catch some glimpses of a man who stands easily in the front rank of the few great men of which Canada can boast.

William Caven was born in the parish of Kirkcolm, Wigtonshire, Scotland, on December 26th, 1830. His early education began under his father, Mr. John Caven, a school teacher and superintendent and a man of high mental endowments and blameless life. In 1847, the family removed to Canada and lived for many years in the Township of North Dumfries. In those days the professional studies of candidates for the ministry of the United Presbyterian Church in Canada were carried on in the Synod's seminary in London under the Rev. William Proudfoot, whose name should be held in grateful remembrance, not only for his genuine abilities and personal worth, but also for the great and important work he did in the foundation period of our Church's history. In his student days Dr. Caven's work gave indications of the special lines in which he afterwards became distinguished. In 1852, at the age of twenty-one, he was licensed to preach, and was inducted pastor of the congregations of St. Marys and Downie, in which charge he remained until 1866. In that year, having been previously lecturer for several terms, he was elected to the Chair of Exegesis and Biblical Criticism in Knox College. In 1870, he succeeded Dr. Michael Willis as Principal of the College, which position he still holds with honour to himself and to the entire satisfaction of the Church.

During these twenty-five years' residence in Toronto, Principal Caven, although living in the comparative quiet of collegiate life, has been one of the striking figures on the street. Twice a day during the college session you may meet him on the avenue, and each time the current of your thought will be checked. You will take another look at that long, spare form, slightly stooped, clothed in severe black, and crowned with a broad, soft hat, and you will think again of that thin face, always thoughtful, sometimes

anxious, and those small, keen, half-closed eyes with their preoccupied, introspective look. Something about the man will strike you as out of the common and mark him as not one of the crowd. If you speak with him you will be impressed by his modesty and lack of self-assertion. He may not lavish himself upon you, but though you may be a very ordinary individual and an entire stranger he will treat you with respect and the utmost deference. Subsequent acquaintance will not detect any breach of good taste or Christian courtesy. Few men have a finer sense of the proprieties. Whether in praise or blame his words are always fitly spoken; his praise may be unstinted but it is never fulsome, and his blame—

I had such reverence for his blame.

As a preacher, Dr. Caven has always been popular with the more thoughtful. From the very beginning he has been an exegete, and his pulpit preparation has always been careful. He never darkened counsel with words without knowledge or offended his congregation with ragged impromptu drivel. His sermons are models of sound exegesis, careful thought, correct style, and lofty spiritual tone. He analyses critically his selected text and sets forth its truths in severely chastened but forceful English, depending for effect, not on any legitimate excitation of the emotional nature by illustration or appeal, but on a clear presentation of the truth itself. This exegetical bent makes Dr. Caven a teacher rather than a preacher, an interpreter rather than a prophet. There is a difference. The one has truth mainly in view; the other, men. The exegete expounds another's message; the prophet has felt on his lips the touch of the sacramental coal, and his own message is as a fire shut up in his bones. The one is calm, informing, educative; the other is restless, passionate, appealing. In some few of the world's great preachers these two elements highly developed are found united, but the great majority incline either to the one or the other. Dr. Caven belongs to that large school whose sermons are exegetical rather than rhetorical. And for this reason Dr. Caven is usually more effective on the platform than in the pulpit. His speeches often stir with life and burn with passion, and the kindling enthusiasm shews that the audience feels the magnetic thrill. It is seldom, if ever, that a sermon produces a similar effect. Not because he depreciates preaching. No man holds higher views of the ministry, or appreciates more truly the power and beauty of

the Gospel message. Indeed this overmastering sense of the sacredness of the office may rule out all human passion as a thing unworthy in the expositor of the Word. And yet is not the preacher more than an expositor and is not his aim other than instruction? Is not exposition preparatory to appeal, and the direct purpose of both the fate-deciding verdict?

Dr. Caven's splendid power in debate had many illustrations during those months when the notorious Jesuit Estates Act held public attention. On the passage of that Act the piercing voice of this man of peace, supposed by many to be a medieval theologian rather than a nineteenth century statesman, was raised in solemn protest, and the conscience of the country was aroused as it had not been for a generation. From the very first he was looked upon as the leader in the movement, and when the Equal Rights Association was formed he was, contrary to his wish, elected president. Without discussing the merits of the questions involved, it is safe to say that Principal Caven did more than any other man to awaken public interest in the subject of "Jesuit Aggression," and that his wise leadership saved the discussion from degenerating into a rancorous race and creed controversy, and the Equal Rights Association from becoming at an earlier date a piece of political machinery. His firm grasp of the fundamental principles of government, his keen and analytic insight into historic movements, his thorough knowledge of Canadian political and ecclesiastical history, his cautiousness of statement which made retraction unnecessary, and his almost perfect command of trenchant English joined to a deftness of thrust, made him at once a powerful debater, a wise leader and a dangerous opponent. His commanding ability and reputed blamelessness of life gave prestige to the movement which might have carried the country, and which for the time politicians could not afford to despise. Some of his speeches during that campaign are, in their distinguishing features, unsurpassed by anything in the annals of Canadian eloquence. They were just, even generous, to all opponents, but merciless in logic and unsparing in denunciation. Quiet humour lit them up here and there, and then they would quiver with just and holy passion, and burst out in earnest appeal. Who will forget the scene when more than five thousand men rose to their feet as one man in response to his thrilling "I protest!" Or when, with hand raised in ominous warn-

ing, he said: "Gentlemen, you and I may prove unfaithful. This Association may die. But the principles for which we stand are eternal. They can never die." Some of Dr. Caven's forefathers supported the Solemn League and Covenant, and some were among Scotland's "slaughtered saints" whose blood cried for vengeance on "Bloody Claverhouse" and his dragoons. One was reminded of this when he set his face against the same Pharoah of oppression and bondage and with tremendous emphasis declared:—"While I live I shall never yield."

We have enlarged upon this point not simply because of its historical interest and its importance in the public life of Principal Caven, but as illustrating the marked difference between his speeches and his sermons. In the same line illustrations might be cited from scenes in the General Assembly. Almost no one would call Dr. Caven an orator, but on a great occasion when men are on their mettle and important interests hang on the decision of the hour he can incite men's minds and move them to action as no school-taught orator can. One could wish that the sense of an ever-present antagonist, and the thought of the moment's fateful issues, would fire the soul of the preacher and make his sermons sometimes burn upward to an appeal and press for the destiny-fixing verdict.

In the Presbyterian world Principal Caven's standing is creditably high. He is a prominent figure in the Councils of the great Presbyterian Alliance. In no other man has the Canadian Church greater confidence. Indeed, were it not for the democratic spirit of Canadian Presbyterianism, which recognizes worth, but holds the parity of the presbyters inviolate, he would be a "leader," as Principal Rainy is in the Free Church of Scotland. He has all the astuteness, foresight and caution necessary to leadership, and his grasp of great principles and great questions is statesmanlike. Many a time, at the close of a long debate in which he may have taken no part, has he harmonized discordant elements and by a carefully-worded resolution gained the support of all parties.

But it is as a theologian and educationist that Dr. Caven will be known in Canadian history. He was but a young man when he came to Knox College and put his hand to the work of theological education. Although naturally conservative in matters of doctrine and method he has been growing steadily every year of his

professorial life. But his profound reverence for the Past makes him slow to abandon what Use and Wont have consecrated. During his administration no important or radical changes have been made either in the method or the matter of instruction in the college. The science of Pedagogics may have advanced, the air may be filled with modern ideas of Bible Study, new views may obtain as to the training of students for the ministry. In Knox College the old is thought better.

In the class-room Dr. Caven finds scope for all his powers. As an exegete he has not many equals and almost no superiors in any of the great colleges of America or Scotland. His power of critical analysis carries him to the heart of a question at a stroke. The views of different interpreters, and the arguments in support of each, he states with absolute fairness. When he expresses his own view it is always with deference: "I think this better, notwithstanding Alford." The pacific, reconciling spirit of the man is often manifested: "Gentlemen, we might combine these views."

But there are occasional breaks in this work of criticism and analysis which are at once a relief and an inspiration to the students. When some great word or passage has been examined the Principal takes off his spectacles and sometimes rises. No notes are taken then, but when he sits down the applause indicates that something noteworthy has been said. This term the senior class-work is on the Epistle to the Romans. Attention had been called to four great words: *ἁμαρτια, δικαιοσύνη, νόμος, πίστις*. "Gentlemen, these are the great words of this Epistle. They are at the heart of Paul's theology. They contain the kernel of the Gospel. You cannot understand the Gospel unless you understand these words. You cannot preach the Gospel without you preach these words. You have them in that most remarkable verse, 3: 25, in which the whole plan of redemption is stated more fully perhaps than elsewhere in the Bible. This is a great verse, gentlemen; we could preach the Gospel if we fathomed it. It strikes at the root of all notions about the perfectibility of human nature. And, gentlemen, if we are out of sympathy with Paul here, we cannot preach; it would be wrong; it would be immoral." One could fill pages with such pregnant "asides." Some of them stick fast for life.

The exegetical class-room has its humour too, and sometimes a fine shaft of sarcasm darts as a bolt out of the blue. But appre-

ciation of these points requires the accompaniments of the lecture-room. "Well, gentlemen, we seem to be on new ground this morning," may read like a very commonplace remark, but it was irresistible when made in a quiet tone at the end of a few painful minutes during which a student who knew more about English than about Hebrew stumbled helplessly over the roots and snags of the wrong verse. Nor can the scene be described when a pedantic, self-assertive, loqacious youth spent some minutes disputing a position taken in the lecture, and the Principal, who sat through the harangue with his head bent forward, his eyes closed and a meek resigned expression on his face, asked him in the most meaningful voice, "Well, Mr. Blank, where is the point?"

The classification of modern theologians is by no means a a simple task, and in Canada, where contrasts have not been sharply drawn, it is almost impossible. Dr. Caven is generally classed among the ultra-conservatives; and yet many who have come close to him mark his name with an interrogation. They sometimes ask, Is this a man of Yesterday or of To-morrow? Is his face towards the sun-rising or the darkening west? It is certainly incorrect to call him an ultra-conservative, and he himself would be the first to protest against the name. He is not one whit of an obscurantist. He has been a close observer of the currents of modern thought, and is familiar, as few Canadian students are, with the results of German scholarship and investigation, especially in the field of historical and scientific criticism. And he is open to light from any quarter. His own answer would be: "I do not wish to be known either as conservative or as advanced. I simply wish to follow Truth wherever it may lead, and to be loyal to the Master at whatever cost." Perhaps nothing is more characteristic or could better illustrate his general attitude than his article on "Clerical Conservatism and Scientific Radicalism," in the October number of the MONTHLY. His extreme cautiousness in assenting to any view seemingly at variance with the traditional beliefs of the Church is accounted for, partly by his timid shrinking from controversy, but more fully by his sense of the responsibility resting on the accredited teachers of the Church's ministry. No student ever finds his hereditary faith undermined or his belief in the authority of any part of Scripture shattered by the tone or teaching of the college class-room. The great verities of religion are spoken of reverently, the Bible is

handled as a sacred thing, and in discussing the Person of Christ the student is reminded that he is in the unclouded presence of his Lord and God. Not that there is any tendency to Bibliolatry. Neither is there the reckless dash and startling plainness of honoured teachers on both sides of the Atlantic who have not only disturbed the Church but, what is far sadder, have caused, perhaps unwittingly, some earnest hearts to know the aching misery of doubt, without bringing them to find a stronger faith their own.

Gathering together these views and looking at the resultant as exhibited in his character, we find that it is with Principal Caven as it is with most: a man's strength and weakness lie side by side. Sometimes unconsciously or in an unguarded moment that border line may be crossed. A step would do it.

A little more, and how much it is!
A little less, and what worlds away!

The critic, the analyst, the exegete, runs great risks. Life in that atmosphere is at best difficult and can never be open and rugged and original. Criticism may be cruelly frank with others, but it keeps watch and ward lest its own weakness be discovered, and, while by dissection it may disclose the secrets of another's life, is not itself positive or original, and its spirit is fatal to the creative genius. So with Caution. It may pass safely between Scylla and Charybdis, but to what profit, if it hugs the lazy shore, afraid to launch out into the deep, careless of the treasures of the life beyond? Consistency, too, may be a jewel, but admiration of its sparkle on his bosom may blind a man to the changing heavens and the stars breaking hourly on the horizon's rim.

Dr. Caven has run all the risks of the critical, the cautious, the consistent; and the wonder is, not that the marks may be found, but that they are not gaping wounds and ugly scars. Most modern exegesis is unimaginative as a table of logarithms and destitute of originality as a book of quotations. And while the beaten path with its blazed trees may lose us some glorious sights and unforgetable gleams reserved for the brave pioneer and adventurous discoverer, yet it will most certainly be less perilous and will bring us at last to some city of habitation.

Although Dr. Caven will not take the initiative and compel the Church to face the unsettled problems of her creed—not feeling this task a burden on his conscience, and deeming the work of

evangelizing the world of capital importance—yet when the time for re-examination and, it may be, reconstruction comes not to be postponed, should the Head of the Church, whose best gift is a wise, trusting, courageous spirit, still spare him to the ministry on earth, the Canadian Church, in those the days of her tribulation and peril, will have no wiser leader, no safer guide, no truer counsellor than the man who as teacher and friend has steadied the step and strengthened the faith of many a student, is preaching through them and in every land a strong, positive, evangelical Christianity, and the trend and purpose of whose life and teaching, through two decades and a half, has been to quicken the spiritual life of the Church and lift it to a higher level, a purer, more serene and nearer heaven.

J. A. MACDONALD.

Toronto.

THE VISION OF THE WATCHMAN.

'Watchman! watchman! What of the night?'
The trumpet is sounding, the foe is in sight,
They come from the South and they come from the North,
And the battlefield rocks with the shouts they send forth;
Their standards are planted, their ranks are displayed;
And the moonlight shows pale on helmet and blade;
The tramp of the onset o'er mountain and lea
Is borne on the night like the roar of the sea;
And proud in their numbers and fierce in their might,
The blast of their bugle rings out for the fight.

'Watchman! watchman! What of the night?'
The challenge is taken: the hosts of the Lord
Have handled the spear and buckled the sword;
They are heroes each one, if their numbers are few,
Not a heart but will dare, not a hand but will do;

They have ta'en to the field with their lives in their hand,
For love of the cause, at the Master's command;
And the battle is fierce and the struggle is long,
And 'tis not to the swift, nor as yet to the strong;
And the foe that had thought to do little but mock
Gives way to the onset, reels back at the shock,
Is thrown in confusion, is riven in twain;
And over the struggle, again and again,
From the soldier that strikes of himself for the right,
From the band that drives on thro' the thick of the fight,
The battle cry peals, keeping time to the sword,
'We fight for the Lord, in the strength of the Lord.'

'Watchman! watchman! What of the night?'
I can see afar by the faint moonlight,
There is blood on the field and the dead are strewn
As leaves in the Fall, when the wind has blown.
Afar to the South, the night is black,
For Williams is down and the foe drives back;
Afar to the West, a lowly grave
Holds Brainerd, the saint of the Indian brave;
Afar to the East, with sword in hand,
Martyn is dead on Persian sand;
And there in the thick of the fiercest fight
The knightliest heroes have proved their might,
And stemming the tide of the hostile flood
They have crimsoned the earth with their own heart's blood:
For Livingstone falls at his post at last;
And Moffat fights on till his strength is past;
And Hannington dies on a foeman's spear;
And death is busy in van and rear.
But still thro' the desperate strife is heard
The battle-cry peal, keeping time to the sword,
'We fight for the Lord, in the strength of the Lord.'

'Watchman! watchman! What of the night?'
The battle is fierce in the murky light,
But the pioneer band is weary to death,
They are spent with the toil, they are gasping for breath,
And their ranks are thin, and their hearts are sore,
They have done their best, they can do no more;

They lean on their spears, and raise their eyes
Where the Host of the Lord in encampment lies.
But the soldiers carouse and the sentinels stand
Asleep at their posts in an enemy's land ;
And only a few true knights of worth
Athirst for their Master's fame ride forth.
And the hearts of the weary veterans fail,
For they know that their might cannot prevail.
The battle is lost ; but they take their brands
And raise them to heaven with steady hands ;
And the hand and the hilt are wedded anew,
Till the angel of God shall part the two.
And pealing again their battle-cry,
They fling themselves in the fray to die.

'Watchman ! watchman ! is the morning near ?'
I see the light on the heights appear,
And I hear the bugle that calls the host
To rally and help, ere the fight be lost.
If the heroes are dead, they will die not in vain,
For the sentinel stands to his arms again ;
And the hero-deeds they have done this night
Have nerved young hearts for the fiercest fight ;
And there on the battlefield, boldly and well,
Heroes are fighting, where heroes fell.

God speed the brave hearts ! they had need to be bold
Who would charge on the heights that the enemy hold ;
God bless the true knights ! they struck a shrewd blow,
For they dared to the death and have baffled the foe ;
God guard them, and keep them, aye true to their trust,
Tho' they see not the finish, but fall in the dust ;
God grant that the children, as noble and good,
May leap in the gap where the fathers stood ;
And through the wild din ever louder be heard
The battle-cry peal, keeping time to the sword,
'We fight for the Lord, in the strength of the Lord.'

R. S. G. ANDERSON.

St. Helens.

WHERE LIES A CROWNLESS KING.

A REMINISCENCE.

WE had spent a day upon one of China's sacred mountains. The handiwork of God is defiled by the sinful folly of men. Temples there are to gods many and lords many, but we found no altar to an unknown God. When Paul looked from Mars Hill, he saw more splendid temples, but not a more idolatrous people. The Chinese are in bondage to the idols, but they are also swayed by a more beneficent ruler, the great Confucius. The idols they fear as their tyrants, their sage they revere as their Teacher. They prostrate themselves before the gods as beings to be bribed and propitiated, while they sit at the feet of Confucius as the perfection of wisdom and goodness. A legend states that before his birth a unicorn knelt before his mother and cast forth from its mouth a slip of gem on which was the prophecy that she should bring forth a son who should be a throneless king. Shall we not be well repaid by a visit to the place forever associated with his name?

We get into our "carriage" and wheel our drowsy flight to Chewfoo and the grave of Confucius. A day and a half brings us thither. The man from the lookout on the shaft announces early in the afternoon that he descries an unusually large grove, and it is conjectured that this is the sacred grove within which lies Confucius. Our pent-up feelings began to find vent in exclamations of delight. But our hearts began to sink a little when we plunged unexpectedly into the midst of a fair, which was in full blast in the western suburb of the city. Chinese fairs in remote districts are not conducive to the peace of "outside kingdom" men who are luckless enough to strike them in the course of their wanderings. Looking for an inn in such circumstances is like the search for the unattainable. Several were applied to. The proprietors looked askance, and replied, "All full." It might have been supposed that we were coloured people applying for rooms in an American Metropolitan Hotel. We descended and went afoot to look for quarters. On alighting, my closed umbrella came

down with a thump on the head of one of the numerous bystanders. His normal yellow ochre turned slightly sepia, but a word of apology made matters all right. Like the weary leader mule which rushes frantically at every open door in the fond hope that it may be an entrance to a haven of rest, two dusty foreigners (*sinice*, foreign devils) essayed to enter here and there and everywhere. In response came the unanimous protest, "This is *not* an inn. Go west!" The shade of Horace Greeley in pigtail and petticoats! We laughed afterwards. Finally, adopting the bold policy, we slid in through an unguarded door, and took possession, calling for the proprietor. "There he is," volunteered the ubiquitous small boy. We turned and saw him "taking to the woods," so we judged by the angle of his queue to his head as he sped along. With difficulty he was persuaded to come out, and then the real reason of this boycott was revealed. "Last year," said he, "our magistrate forbade us to entertain foreigners."

As every traveller in like predicament, we bethought us of the red-sealed talisman, to wit, a passport. That gives us at least a right to accommodation in travelling. So the cry is: To the Yamen! We shall hand in our passports and our cards, and demand an inn for the night. The usual rabble of unkempt urchins follows in our wake. We march in through the various portals until we are brought to a halt before the draped red flags beyond which the general public is not allowed to pass. We shew the red-tasselled sergeant the pertinent clauses in the passport, and send it in to the mandarin. The red tassel soon re-appears, and says: "His Excellency commands (!) you to seek a secluded spot, and (ahem!) select an inn." Appeals to the treaty, and dark hints as to the consequences of such masterly inactivity on our behalf were alike in vain. The red tassel disappears and re-appears. His Excellency, hearing that our looks are unwarlike, remains firm. At last, the red tassel, in Chinese phrase, displays the head of the cat. The twitching tail has always been in sight. "This is too near the sage!" Perhaps these body-snatching, eye-gouging foreigners (*horresco referens*) might want essence of sage! Before coming we had read glowing accounts of the grand receptions tendered in bygone years to Dr. Williamson and to General Wilson by the officials and the titled descendants of the sage. This was disappointing. Of course Dr. Williamson was very tall, and General Wilson very fierce

with sword and epaulettes. But this is hardly enough to explain the difference. It is only the usual process of vanishing quantities. One is reminded of the huzzas with which our missionaries were first greeted in Honan as contrasted with the frigid ticket-of-leave given them at a later stage. The officials in China are very much like the papas who are willing to tolerate the organ-grinder for a few moments, that the children may enjoy the show, but who would contemplate with anything but equanimity the musician's intention to select their lawn as a permanent location.

Pocketing our passports and our wrath we retreated in good order, though somewhat chop-fallen. In a village a mile away a farmer's inn received us without demurral. A few idlers came into the yard, to whom we showed our books. No one could be induced to take one as a gift, on the principle: *Timeo externos et dona ferentes.* If any of them had read the words of Confucius, "The study of strange doctrines is injurious indeed," it was no wonder they refused to touch the poisonous literature. We sought repose early, not because straw mats on the earth were inviting, but because even the cares which infest the night at Chinese inns are sometimes preferable to the cares "which infest the day." Before we slept, however, we resolved to make next morning for the grove, and essay to get in, though we had little hope of succeeding. This purpose we divulged to our carter at daybreak, and off we started for the grove. We soon reached the fine avenue of old cypress trees which leads due north from the city gate to the burial ground. Wind and wrack have done their worst with them, and there is a sad lack of the forester's care. The farther we proceeded, the higher rose our hopes. We pass a dilapidated village, and the inevitable purveyor of peanuts. At last we sight the gate. "It's open, it's open!" We could descry barrows loaded with newly-cut grass coming out of the enclosure and hear the men uttering unholy shouts at their donkeys. Even here is present, prosaic, work-a-day China. We draw nigh. The gates relentlessly close! A squad of guards (?) deploys in front, all wearing a hang-dog look and an air of expectancy. They are prepared to do their duty, come who may! We get down, reconnoitre, advance and commence a parley. How much? One brave makes a circle with his thumb and forefinger, signifying a demand for a silver dollar. Why had General Wilson made such a bad prece-

dent?" "See," said we, pointing to our dress, the criterion of worth in China, "see, we be poor men, of the common sort, preachers of doctrine. The fame of your sage has reached even to foreign lands, and we be come to see his grave. Good sirs, give place." Such honeyed speech failing to soften, we retreated, whereat the enemy are seized with a panic, and in hot haste send an ambassador after us, and surrender for an indemnity of fifty cents in copper cash!

We pass in through the two-leaved gates, and find ourselves within an enclosure of some forty acres. We look around and see grass-grown walks, neglected graves and headstones blackened with age. Beneath sleep members of the clan Confucius. This is truly a Necropolis. Even the wall is high enough for a city. Above the foliage of the cypress trees, closely planted over the whole area, hides away all but bits of blue sky, and so a "dim religious light" adds to the awesomeness of the place. Across a good bridge which spans a dry ravine, and we reach the Vermilion Temple of the sage. Being infidels, we are shown without compunction through the central door, an honour considered too great by the faithful. Inside all is admirably plain, for there are no images, only tablets, and an altar for sacrificing towards the grave which is far within. Through this temple, and we find ourselves in another small enclosure, which is the penetralia, reserved for the graves of Confucius, his son, and grandson. Here is a tree believed to have been planted 2,300 years ago by one of the immediate disciples of the sage, a mere stub, now dry and sapless, but kept erect by masonry. Here are pavilions built by visiting emperors. We walk along a brick-paved avenue, lower than the surrounding earth, flanked by stone lions, and soon we stand before the lofty mound, under which sleep the mortal remains of China's uncrowned king. At the base stands a plain stone tablet. For epitaph appear five characters, Confucius, the Ancient Teacher, the Perfect Sage. In front of this tablet is a stone urn for libations, but strange to say no arrangement for incense-burning. In front of the mound stand facing each other two stone statues larger than life. The drapery is that of ancient times. In their hands they hold tablets upon which their gaze is fixed. When great ministers were having an audience with the Emperor, they were forbidden to lift their eyes off this tablet. A few paces to the left is a brick house erected

on the site of the reedbooth, in which Tzu Kung mourned six years for his master. The other disciples remained mourning three years as propriety requires when a *parent* dies. But Tzu Kung exceeded.

Standing here under the shade of these trees and looking upon this tumulus, the most prosaic cannot fail to be stirred with a strange emotion. Think of it, this man rules over more people than nominal Christendom comprises to-day, and tell me if any spot of merely human associations can surpass this in interest. Schleiermacher asserts the characteristic of the great man to be that he exerts a moulding influence on society. By this standard who is greater among men than Confucius? For two thousand years, says one, he has reigned supreme the undisputed teacher of this most populous realm. Despised and rejected when alive, his merits were soon recognized by succeeding Emperors after his death. In B.C. 194 the Imperial founder of the Han dynasty might be seen here offering an ox in sacrifice. Later Emperors followed his example. They kneel thrice before his image in the City Temple, and lay their foreheads three times in the dust. When Paul was writing his letters to the Corinthians it was enacted that sacrifices should be offered to Confucius throughout the Chinese Empire, and to this day it continues so to be.

But this grave is *not* an empty grave. Beneath this grass-grown mound is the dust which once moved on earth as Confucius, and myriads sacrifice before it, under the belief that his spirit lingers there. The disciples of Christ need make no pilgrimages to the grave of their Lord. There is no virtue there, for the Church of the Holy Sepulchre covers a cenotaph. Our holiest thoughts do not cluster there. The Syrian stars look down upon an empty grave. For three days, and not forever, was he wrapped in its silence. He came forth with all-conquering might, and ascended unto his glory, whence, as the Head of the Church Universal, He rules and conquers. He is alive forevermore.

And what were the last words of him whose dust lies here? Surely the words of a disappointed man: "No intelligent monarch arises, there is not one in the Empire that will make me his master. My time has come to die." Up and down for many years he had gone, vainly striving to obtain office as the way to the conversion of the Empire to righteousness. He failed everywhere. His disciples sat mourning for three years by his tomb.

Christ spent three years in preaching and doing good, and died completing the redemption of the Universe. His disciples mourned for three days, after which they saw the Lord for forty days, and ten days later received the baptism of the Spirit, whereupon they went unto all nations preaching the Gospel of a present salvation.

The grave to which Confucius descended was a place of utter darkness to him and his disciples. He failed to shed one ray of light into that rayless gloom. To his disciples' anxious query, "What about death?" his hopeless reply was, "We do not know life, how can we know death?" And Christ brought life and immortality to light. He expounded the nature of life after death. He descended into Hades and conquered death. The dead shall all hear His voice. O Sage! thou too, shalt hear His voice, and, obedient, come forth from the grave!

Confucius was not an apostle of liberty. The exclusiveness of the nation is sufficient proof. Our inhospitable treatment within a mile of his grave testifies in loudest tones to the narrowness of all who take him as their guide. The stone statues of ancient worthies in this cemetery have no queues, and all the men about us have, a badge of servitude to Manchoo conquerors, who forced them thus to dress their hair. His doctrines are favourable to a species of despotism, and the rulers, therefore, exalt them. Christ is ever striking off the chains of slavery for individuals, for tribes, for nations. His truth makes free.

Nor is there life here. The man, whom his disciples extravagantly lauded as forming one of a Trinity with Heaven and Earth, is now dust. These stone statues are looking downwards, not upwards. So the doctrines of the sage are earthward, earthy, materialistic, irreligious. Like the sapless tree near by they speak only of antiquity, not of life. The pack of villians at this gate, who live by squeezes, the haughty Mandarin in yonder hall, who yearly steals his thousands, the myriads beyond who grovel in ignorance, superstitition and vice, all, all testify that mere virtuous exhortations are dead. Jesus Christ came and gave life to a dead world. The tree He planted is the Tree of Life, and the nations of the world find healing in its leaves and shelter under its branches. O Saviour, come, give liberty and life to China. Reclaim thy crown.

DONALD MACGILLIVRAY.

Chu Wang, Honan.

THE LATE PROFESSOR C. W. HODGE.

CASPAR WISTAR HODGE, D.D., Professor of New Testament Literature in the Theological Seminary, Princeton, N.J., died on Sept. 27, last. He was born Feb. 21, 1830, in the village where most of his life was spent. He was the second son of Prof. Charles Hodge, his eldest brother being Archibald Alexander Hodge, his father's successor in the chair of Systematic Theology. From his childhood he was of a quiet and retiring disposition, and of studious habits. He graduated at the College of New Jersey in Princeton in 1848, and next year entered the Seminary at the age of nineteen; his brother, who had taken the same steps in his educational course at exactly the same age in each case, being then a missionary in Allahabad, India. During his seminary course he served also for a year as tutor in the College, and thereafter taught for another year outside of the College. He early shewed himself to be an accurate scholar, and his attainments in Greek attracted the attention of the great linguist, Prof. Addison Alexander, whom he was later to succeed as professor. He was pastor at Williamsburgh, L. I., from 1853 to 1856, and at Oxford, Pa., from 1856 to 1860, whence he was called to be Professor of New Testament Literature and Biblical Greek in Princeton Seminary. The department of New Testament Exegesis proper was retained by his father till his death, and was added the next year to the chair held by the son. At the same date his brother Archibald, who had come from the Seminary at Allegheny, Pa., in 1877, as his father's associate, was made Professor of Systematic Theology, his father's main subject. The association of the brothers in professional work was broken by the death of the older in 1887, and now the younger, in a real historic sense "the last of the Hodges," has finished his labours.

Prof. Hodge had many sterling qualifications for the office of a biblical teacher, and these made him in course of time both successful and popular with his students, in spite of certain drawbacks in manner and disposition, which prevented a sudden rise to eminence. He was exceedingly diffident, and withal modest and deferential to an almost incredible degree, so that his real interest in and enthus-

iasm for his work became apparent only to those who had sat for some time under his instructions. His influence as a professor was of very gradual growth, and for several years it was to the lighter sort of students anything but a pleasant task to attend his lectures. Until he had established for himself a reputation and an assured place as teacher and scholar, it indeed required considerable attention to enable one to appreciate his unfolding of the New Testament teachings. His productions were very solid, but unpretentious and devoid of show, and delivered with an entire absence of self-confidence, so that they had to gain slowly upon the approbation of the students. But when the work was reviewed from any point of progress its cogency and cumulative strength became so apparent that tolerance in thoughtful men was changed to admiration. It was a great satisfaction to see the merit and power of the man securing more and more esteem year after year; and thus while at one time any eulogist of him was to many an object of wonder, not unmixed with compassion, in his later years it was the fashion to speak of him in terms of enthusiastic praise. On the other hand, his unconscious self-vindication was a real process of education to the students and to the whole institution. His qualities won the deference and applause which were their due on account of their inherent and genuine force and excellence; and as they gained upon his constituency of learners, these were raised more or less towards his own level. His pulpit performances contributed largely to the growth of this rare and peculiar power. He was a successful lecturer, not only because he knew his subject and developed it with consummate skill, but also because he was a remarkably good writer. He was, in fact, a great stylist; the verbal expression of his thoughts was most felicitously just, absolutely adequate, and in perfect taste; and in the more practical exposition of the New Testament, these graces combined with his other gifts made him a great sermonizer. Many of his public discourses, as well as all of his class lectures, are worthy of the currency of the press. One sermon in particular, upon the humility of Christ, based on Matt. xi, 29, was so highly prized that it was delivered annually in the Seminary chapel for several years at the request of successive classes. The discourse itself seemed to us absolutely unique, for the profoundness and reverence of its analysis, the logical and spiritual power almost majestic, with which its sublime conclusions

were established, and the choiceness and beauty of its diction, which became of itself to the hearer an element of emotion.

Dr. Hodge, wrote almost nothing for publication, perhaps because he shrank from criticism, and probably also because he was diffident of the fitness of his work. It is to be hoped that at least his treatment of the Gospel History may be given to the world, as it has long been eagerly demanded by those who know its excellence. It is undeniable that his modesty and retiring disposition and secluded life prevented his influence from being what it might well otherwise have been. If it were not for his family associations, he would probably have remained a comparatively unknown pastor; and as a professor he was much less widely known and influential than many who were greatly his inferiors in knowledge, insight, and power. He was a most lovable man to them who learned to know him well. He was the most gentle and tolerant, and not the least gifted, of the three Princeton Hodges; and as a New Testament exegete Princeton may never look upon his like again.

J. F. McCURDY.

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ROBERT BROWNING AS A RELIGIOUS TEACHER.

BROWNING began his life as a Camberwell Dissenter and ended it in a Venetian palace. So his genius arose amid undeserved contempt and neglect and closed amid honours almost royal.

In another palace not many yards distant died another Titan whose genius also had to compel recognition by a life-long war, and to create the taste by which he is prized. Both Browning and Wagner puzzled, irritated, despised, and finally mastered the public of their day. Both committed the unpardonable social sin, and broke the one commandment of a half-educated and self-satisfied age. They were not simple. They could not be read by the newspaper intelligence. They were obscure, unmusical, and all the rest of it; and the critics were but the bell-wethers of the whole gently-grazing, grass-gazing flock. Is there any doubt that it is only cowardice that keeps such people from the same complaint about the epistles?

What is to be the fate of those thinkers and prophets in the future who have not the useful and respectable knack of the popular pulpit or the penny paper? Is it true that everything worth saying can be simply said? Can none be our spiritual helpers who will not or cannot humour our spiritual indolence? Is the only order of art or faith that which captivates at once with its charm? Are literature and art to drop to the level of our favourite style of religion, which makes the least possible demand on spiritual intellect and an incessant appeal to the common sentiments rather than the great emotions of human nature? Is there to be no more agonising to enter in where we all desire to be? The Dresden Madonna may be supposed to be the most popular picture in the world. But how few they be who find in it aught of the spiritual majesty, the religious revelation, and the solemn heavenly depth which to the student of days and hours submerge all its other beauty. Men like it because it is a perfectly beautiful woman; women like it because it is a perfectly beautiful baby (and resembles their own), and poets like it because it incarnates the ideal of motherhood.

Yet it is not one of these things that constitutes it the greatest picture in the world, but something beyond all these—something more greatly and less palpably simple. All due praise for the man of the deft touch, the simple charm, and the quiet way; but he is the time's tyrant and the idol of the hour. A place like that he was never meant for, and it is not good for him or for us. It is only good to be ruled by the "simple great ones," not by the simple stylists with a certain dexterity of heart. If Browning had done no more than make a successful stand against the tyranny of mere simplicity, he would have rendered an immemorial service to the spiritual life of England. If he had taught us nothing else, he would have been a great teacher in the way he taught us this Scriptural truth—that spiritual profit is inseparable from spiritual pains, that obscurity is not fatal to a gospel, and that the principles which lightly come lightly go. The obscurities of faith are the reservoirs of faith. From the hills our help cometh. It is by the deep sea and the steep mountains that we recruit our liberty and our power. It is not, indeed, by the obscurities we are saved, but it is not by what passes for the simplicities that we are girt up and sanctified. And upon some of the greatest matters of the soul there is no simple way to opinions even less confident than those professed by the mass of men in their simplicity. But what they want is not truth but views, and they don't want poetry but candy.

Never again, it may be trusted, shall we hear that Browning was purposely obscure, except among people who buy pictures by the yard, and order their booksellers to stock their library. Swinburne, of course, was right when he explained Browning's difficulty as owing not to slovenliness but to rapidity of thought. The pestilent kind of difficulty is that which is caused by vagueness and languor of thought. Browning's was due to its compression. There is no mist in him. His air is clearer, and objects stand out with more sharpness than in Tennyson. The Laureate is a greater artist than Browning, but he has not Browning's "lucidity of soul." Some of the obscurities in "In Memoriam" do seem due to mist. And we would not disparage that great poem and Scripture when we say so. But there is no mist in Browning. Whatever the obscurity may be it is due to the intense concentration and rapidity of the imaginative thought. To abuse a quotation, he is "imagination all compact." There are writers whose difficulty offers no

hope of an intelligent exit. No effort of the understanding will disentangle a precise image or idea. All you can do is to rise to the temperature of the poem in which you are careless of definite purport. We do not say this is always bad art or literature. It is associated with too great names for that. But we do say it is inferior to work in which, while the glow of passion is as high, the vision is more detailed and clear. It is not mere obscurity, then, that we need object to, for the qualities by which the greatest poems live are not those which dawn first but last. All we need demand is, first, that there be passion; second, reality of insight; and third, in the highest cases, the presence of sinewy understanding and penetrative imagination. The shell may be very tight, but the oyster may reward our pains. And if we don't like oysters—well, there is tea and shrimps. Let us eat, drink, and be filled, and make no pretensions.

A little too much has been made of the accident that Browning was born and brought up a Nonconformist. He never had any expressed sympathies with Nonconformity, and he found neither his friends nor his interests in its circles, apart from his interest in the preaching of Rev. Thomas Jones. On the other hand, it is ostentatious snobbery to ignore his Nonconformist association in what we cannot but call the deliberate way of Mrs. Sutherland Orr. If there be, however, in literature (and there is) real spiritual distinction corresponding to the two types in the religious world, it must be said that Browning's genius is as Puritan in its quality as Lord Tennyson's is of the other kind. The ultimate difference between Church and Dissent is not culture. That is a superstition of the illiterate. The division is really between two types of the human soul and two aspects of spiritual truth. It is the old difference of the Classicists and the Romanticists in another guise. The Church type lays much stress on form, the other upon power. The one prizes and over-prizes ritual, the other welcomes unmistakable and sometimes unruly inspiration. The one tends to make religion a form of finished art, and its liturgy is the fine rhythm of worship; the other makes it an expression of immediate power, reality, and intensity. The one tends to subordinate matter to form, the other to despise and even discard form, if the matter is mightily there. The one is Catholic, traditional, classic in its affinities, and appeals to the æsthetic imagination. Its very prayers

have style. The other is Protestant, spontaneous, individual, original, and appeals to the imagination of thought and passion. It may be rugged as an Alp, but as great and heavenly. The one is idealist and lovely, decaying into the feeble; the other is realist and strong, lapsing into the uncouth. The one tends to the beautiful, the other to the sublime. The one utters a rich and cultured age, thrives in it, and is popular at once. The other shocks and even rebukes it, and has to fight for room to live.

It is the same distinction which in principle underlies the difference between the great poetic types of Tennyson and Browning. Browning, it is said, has not music; Tennyson is full of it. That is the current way of putting it. What it means is that Tennyson has palpably artistic form and technique to a degree that Browning has not. Browning's music must often be sought in the quality of his poetic thought. Tennyson's very manner is eloquent. His every line sings like a wire in the wind. But Browning's song is often only in the message the wire transmits. Yet to the trained and studious ear there is in much of his work a melody and a rhythm of consummate if not easy art which to deny would be like ignoring Bach for the sake of Mendelssohn. Is it necessary to decry the orchestra because you love the violin? It is hard to say which moves us most. Surely each has its own way to our soul. To return to our theological phrase, The ideas of Catholic and Protestant represent distinct and perhaps complementary types of the Christian truth. They stand likewise for two orders of genius, and our two great poets never illustrate them better than in their religious work. Tennyson's religion has a chastened humility and tender thrust. Its note is the Catholic note of love. Browning's has a splendid courage, moral and mastery, and a vigorous thrust. Its note is the Protestant note of faith. The one lingers by the evening cross, the other dwells with the breezy morning by the open grave. And for a test and example of what we need do no more than compare the two perfect poems in which each has embodied his ideal way of dying. Let the reader contrast, at his leisure, Browning's well-known "Prospice" with Tennyson's "Crossing the Bar."

A few points may be noted indicative of the Protestant quality of Browning's religious genius.

1. He is Protestant in his vigorous, not to say sturdy, individ-

ualism. He is not much moved by the poetic aspects of the Christian kingdom. He has no epic of a great Christian society, as Tennyson has in "The Idylls." The oft-quoted words from the preface to "Sordello" display his supreme concern about the individual soul. It was not his own soul, of course. And his interest was psychological and not theological. He cared for the "incidents in the development of a soul"; but like the older Protestantism he had little sympathy with the side of Christianity which insists that "we are all members one of another." Christianity for him culminated in the relations of the soul with God.

> Each of us heard clang God's "Come," and each was coming.

There was a special call and providence for such life.

This is all true, but there is something else true as well. It is good to realize the soul, but it can only be done in a kingdom of souls. Browning lived in an age when the conflict was with Materialism. We have gained the battle, and owe much to his help. We are now in the midst of the age when the war is with extraordinary and outworn forms of Browning's own principle of individualism. Would that God might send against our anti-social enemies a warrior as strong and keen and kindling as he, such a trumpet and such a lamp, even were it in a pitcher.

2. He is Protestant in the way he penetrates religion with intelligence. His faith is open-eyed. Religion, like science, must rest on rational experience of its own kind. There is no authority in his religion but the object of religion Himself. Browning worked his passage across the sea of religious problems, from the old world of power to the new world of love.

> From the first Power was—I knew;
> Life has made clear to me
> That, strive but for closer view,
> Love were as clear to me.

In many familiar passages he elaborates the history of this voyage. It is often hard to follow him; but he says it *is* hard to be a Christian. If Christianity were just to make faith easy, the Reformation was a mistake. Pope and priest make an easy but a lazy religion, and a religion whose intelligence of the central issue is not confined to the leaders of the rank and file. The *fides implicita* is not a Protestant principle. But all this implies that

people shall give their mind to their faith, and spare enough of it from their business for the purpose. The whispers of the heart are well, but they will not support an immortal faith in the heart of God. More strong men will believe when more of our strength is given to belief. "For this reason," says George Meredith, "so many fall from God who have attained to Him, that they cling to Him with their weakness, not with their strength."

In Browning the modern soul with profound culture and unwearied vigour yet attains to rest in Christ and faith. Whatever passing phases of thought Browning may have played with in the undress of conversation (and Mrs. Orr has treated them occasionally as if they were verdicts) his deliberate work expresses the convictions we describe.

3. He is a Protestant in his firm grasp of the reality of this world of life. The Catholic temper treats the world as something to be renounced; the Protestant as something to be mastered for the kingdom of God in many ways, of which renunciation may be one. We ascribe Christian reality to natural relations. Browning's relation to life is quick, concrete, serious, and passionate. He dwells much in the doctrine of probation in life. "I go to prove my soul," says Paracelsus. That would be impossible if the world and life were no more real than the Catholic theory insists. Nothing less real than the soul can educate the soul. And, further, life now is no less real than the life to come. Whatever impairs the reality of the one weakens that of the other. He will have nothing of a secluded piety and a cloistered virtue. Contempt of the present damages our future no less surely than denial of a future damages the present. It is that very power in the soul which demands eternity for scope that grasps, extracts, and turns to account the full contents of time.

4. In this Protestant connection stands Browning's keen interest in theology. It is singular, the bias to theology of the great poetic teachers of this untheological age. The second-rate *litterateurs* ignore it, the third-rate sneer at it; but the first rank even pursue it. This is very striking in the case of both Tennyson and Browning, and suggests more than we have space to follow up here. The like holds good of Holman Hunt, and even of Wagner, who writes of Redemption like a preacher, and in the art of "Parsifal" works out his theory like a Milton. It can hardly yet be said that ques-

tions of theology have lost their vital reality for the contemporary soul. Browning troubles little about inherited systems, but he has his own system none the less. No vigorous thinker can avoid one who begins where Browning did, with the supremacy of the soul. This involves freedom, which only means that the soul of man shall be ruled by soul and nothing lower. Such freedom means God. The supreme power which all souls own must be a supreme soul. It further implies immortality, else a time comes when soul is not supreme. It implies that love, moreover, is even more than thought the constituent of the soul. And love if supreme and divine demands a Christ—a love in God revealed for redemption and help. The poet has worked this out in "Saul," with its climax, "See the Christ stand." The need of the incarnation flows, for the poet, from the nature and necessities of the soul. As he says in "Ferishtah":

> Whom have I in mind
> Thus worshipping, unless a man, my like
> Howe'er above me. Man I say—how else,
> I being man who worship?

That displays the human nature of God, and the absolute need of such for worship—though how far an idea of the kind fits a Semite and Mussulman is another matter.

The closing lines of "Karshish" in the same strain are too well known to need quotation here. So great, indeed, is this need, and so indispensable for worship, that it is even said to have created a Christ in order to gratify itself and make religion possible. This is the question Browning discusses in the "Death in the Desert," one one of the most difficult and subtle of all his poems. The argument is too elaborate to be followed out now, but at a time like the present attention may profitably be drawn to the lesson there taught—that it is a part of our education in Christ to be set to extract His real and living self from the confused and faulty record. A necessity of the kind is part of the discipline which bids the Church, "nor sit, nor stand, but go." The curse of the Church is neither the heretics nor the critics. When we face the condition-of-Christendom question, and ask for an explanation of the apparent failure of the Church in the world,

> Is such effect proportionate to cause?
> And is this little all that was to be?
> And is the thing we see salvation?

It is not the sceptics or even the infidels that are to blame, he says. The explanation lies in the fact that Christianity has become established. We do not in such a phrase allude specially to the relations of State and Church. The plague rages in Nonconformity as elsewhere. The system of paganism has only been replaced by another system, not by life. We have settled down on our past. The curse in it all is what he calls "the torpor of assurance," what others calls the spirit of orthodoxy. He says the function of the critical age may be

> to shake
> The torpor of assurance from our souls
> . . . . . .
> Till man stand out again pale, resolute,
> Prepared to die—that is, alive at last.
> As we broke up the old faith of the world,
> Have we next age to break up this, the new—
> Faith in the thing grown, faith in the report—
> Whence need so bravely disbelieve report,
> Through increased faith in things reports belie
> . . . . . .
> Correct the portrait by the living face,
> Man's God by God's God in the mind of man.

The Church must do its own reformation. It is not to be reformed by the savants and philosophers, but by its own scholars, thinkers, prophets, and apostles. Obsolete dogmas are a greater bane to faith than they are to philosophy, and it is faith rather than reason that must correct and restate the truths of faith for its own life's sake.

All this is most keenly and profoundly true. And there is not in all literature, perhaps, any dramatic creation of the religious imagination so great as the figure of the Pope in "The Ring and the Book," whose reflections we have just quoted and paraphrased. Browning's religious imagination is far greater than Shakespeare's —if, indeed, such a thing can be said to exist in Shakespeare at all. And it may not be too much to say that since Dante and Milton there has not arisen a greater in this sphere than Browning, nor, with the possible exception of Tennyson, one so great. If Shakespeare had possessed this quality, he is the only poet with enough dramatic power to have created Pompilia and the Pope.

A great deal has been written about Browning's optimism, and much more might be said. There is one remark in particular that may be ventured. It differs from his wife's hopefulness in hav-

ing no direct connection with the idea of redemption. The fact of sin has no very organic part in Browning's theology any more than the principle of a kingdom of God. The cross does not occupy the place in his ideal passion that it did in Mrs. Browning's. He is the poet of the resurrection. It is possible that poetry of the first rank must always stop at the resurrection. When we pass beyond to the cross which gives the resurrection its value, we enter a region where the greatest poetry feels itself most inadequate and therefore not at home. Even if it were true, as Matthew Arnold said, that poetry must come to be the guide of life, it would still not furnish the ground of life, of the ethical life he most prized, nor would it give the foundation of hope. When we take a more actual view than Browning had of the kingdom we may be driven to rest our optimism upon something of which the resurrection itself was but the result, the witness, the outward and visible sign rather than the base and cause.

In these remarks we have but touched a few of the religious aspects of Browning, the poet. We have not stirred the question which Mrs. Sutherland Orr's biography has raised above discrepancy, the entire incongruity, between his poetic and his personal beliefs. We have dealt only with the public legacy of his genius. We think his works more reliable than the reports of conversations for which we must depend more or less on the idiosyncrasy of the reporter. To say truth, we do not trust Mrs. Orr's capacity to understand a man so rapid, subtle, and dramatic as Browning, and so given in conversation to play with aspects of a many-sided subject. It is difficult to believe that Browning was not having his ironical fun with Mrs Orr's set in the saying which he simply and solemnly records, "It might be that a growing intelligence walked best by a receding light." And we flatly refuse to believe that a man of Browning's intellect ever thought in so confused and amateurish a way as this: "Christ remained for Mr. Browning a mystery and message of divine love, but no messenger of divine intention to mankind." Love without intentions is neither very intelligible nor, among ourselves, quite respectable. And that Christ was not the messenger but the message is good Christian doctrine against people of Mrs. Orr's views. If there was no message of intention there was no faith on Christ's part in human destiny, or the faith he had in that destiny as the kingdom of God was a

delusion ; and either theory makes Him but a kindly dreamer with interludes of severity. Was the message of divine love to this effect : " I would help you if I could, and save you at the last, but I am not sure of Myself or My opportunities " ? That is the message of love without intention. There is not much divinity about it. And we don't think there is much Browning. There is the presumption of patronage in a biographer of Browning whose care for his fame takes the form of explaining away his most Christian positions as merely dramatic, or apologizes for them as temporary aberrations. That is a region where " Browning's message is an integral part of himself as writer." The words are Mr. Roden Noel's, and are quoted by Mrs. Orr with approval—doubtless in a moment of aberration.

P. T. FORSYTH.

PROSPICE.

Fear death ?—to feel the fog in my throat,
The mist in my face,
When the snows begin, and the blasts denote
I am nearing the place,
The power of the night, the press of the storm,
The post of the foe ;
Where he stands, the Arch Fear in a visible form,
Yet the strong man must go :
For the journey is done and the summit attained,
And the barriers fall,
Though the battle's to fight ere the guerdon be gained,
The reward of it all.
I was ever a fighter, so—one fight more,
The best and the last !
I would hate that death bandaged my eyes, and forbore
And bade me creep past.
No ! let me taste the whole of it, fare like my peers
The heroes of old,
Bear the brunt, in a minute pay glad life's arrears
Of pain, darkness and cold.
For sudden the worst turns the best to the brave,
The black minute's at end,
And the elements' rage, the fiend-voices that rave,
Shall dwindle, shall blend,
Shall change, shall become first a peace out of pain,
Then a light, then thy breast,
O thou soul of my soul ! I shall clasp thee again,
And with God, be at rest.

—Robert Browning.

DRIVER'S INTRODUCTION TO THE LITERATURE OF THE OLD TESTAMENT.*

THIS is the first issued of a projected series of volumes, designed to cover the whole field of Christian Theology, and furnish a record of the present state of investigation in each department of theological inquiry. It is intended that the works shall take the form of text-books for students in theology, while regard is to be had to the interests of the general reader by throwing the more technical details into the forms of notes. It cannot be said that there is no need for such a series. Of late years great activity has been manifested in the various departments of theological inquiry. Some Biblical sciences are almost the creation of the present century, while much that is new, both in matter and method, has been imported into older ones. Whether all this intellectual activity is an advance is another question. It will, however, be freely conceded that much fresh light has been cast on Biblical truth, sufficient to make a demand for a literature which will provide in convenient form a record of theological investigation up to date. Even apart from this, comprehensive works in moderate compass on the different branches of theology are quite scarce enough to make additions to their number most welcome.

As stated in the preface, the scope of the present work is to give an account of the structure and contents of the several books of the Old Testament, together with an indication of their general character and aim. The examination of the separate books is preceded by nine pages dealing with the formation of the Canon. The various passages bearing on the Canon in the Apocrypha and Talmud are cited, the conclusion reached being the negative one, that they furnish no ground for the opinion that the Canon was closed in the time of Ezra, or that his literary labours in connection therewith extended any wider than the Law. No conjecture is offered as to the time when the Canon was closed. One would have liked to see this introductory portion lengthened and made to include a general account of the character and structure of the Old Testament as a whole, that would also exhibit the manner

in which the several parts relate themselves to the common end. The fulness with which the substance of the separate books is treated might have been a warrant for extending similar treatment to the whole Old Testament considered as one book.

In dealing with the individual books no one definite plan is uniformly followed. In view of the amount of critical thought directed towards it of late, it will not be surprising that the Pentateuch (or rather the Hexateuch) should receive a large share of the author's attention. As may readily be inferred from other writings of his, the author's view concerning the composition of the Hexateuch and other historical books, is substantially that of Wellhausen, varying in points of detail.

The composite character of these books is assumed at the outset, hence the treatment of them is mainly an extended analysis, so made as to constitute an inquiry into their component parts, and into the relation which these sustain to each other. The result is an admirable presentation of the structure of the historical books from the advanced critical point of view. With respect to the origin of these books, one who wishes to know with some fulness the theory of the critical school to which the author belongs and the grounds on which it is maintained, cannot well find a better statement of them than in this volume. It has the merit also of not presuming on a previous extensive knowledge of the literature on the subject, as so many works on the same side do.

This very feature, however, detracts from its value as a text-book ; in that it ought to be of chief importance to place before the student all the leading grounds on which he may form an independent judgment, rather than to insist on the connection between these and some one definite conclusion. No one will doubt the author's assurance that he has weighed fully the arguments advanced on the other side, and satisfied himself that they are untenable, before adopting in any case the position he holds. But that this volume does not afford the reader an opportunity of doing so, follows necessarily from the method often pursued in it of assuming the conclusion to be established and then pointing to particular salient facts which are claimed to exemplify it, or to pre-suppose its truth. In this connection a mild protest might be entered against the assumption, so often made by the more destructive critics, that all criticism of the Bible must

lead to conclusions as to authorship and age such as are exhibited here. This assumption indeed is not made prominent in the present volume, but traces of it are to be found. Critical and conservative positions are set forth as opposites. Critics are all implicitly swept into the one camp by the views of the author being characterized as "the main conclusions of critics," their opponents being, not critics, but defenders of what these critics rejoice to call the traditional position. These defenders, as a rule, cannot or do not, it seems, state otherwise than imperfectly the distinctions on which the main conclusions of critics depend, where they do not ignore them altogether. If it be allowed that some of them are competent in point of knowledge, yet an unbiassed love of truth must be denied them, since these same conclusions (of critics) upon any neutral field of investigation would have been accepted without hesitation by all conversant with the subject. It must be confessed that some on the other side have given countenance to such usage by speaking of Higher Criticism as a study where fruit is only and altogether evil. But the term Higher Criticism is indicative of method not result, and designates a perfectly lawful science if a man use it lawfully.

A very valuable feature of this work is the careful statement of the contents of the various books. This is especially full in many of the poetic and prophetic ones. These outlines are not simply a disconnected enumeration of the various parts of each particular book, but an endeavour to set forth the connection in which these parts stand to one another, to trace the course of thought where that is continuous and orderly, and thus to exhibit the book in its structural unity. All true students of the Old Testament will welcome the prominence Dr. Driver gives to this, so much more than is usually found in works of Introduction. Investigations as to date, authorship, and the like, are mainly of value so far as they bring new light to bear on the substance of the book considered, and render possible a truer apprehension of its meaning.

Much attention has been given by the author to the phraseology of the individual writers, the results of which appear in the lists of characteristic expressions appended to the sections on many of the books. Importance also is rightly attached to the relation which parallel parts of the Old Testament sustain to one another.

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THE REMIT ANENT SUMMER SESSION.

SINCE the remit of the General Assembly, anent a summer session, must shortly come before Presbyteries, it would seem as if reports, from different parts of the mission field might be of assistance in the discussion. After the last Assembly rose, a circular was prepared, setting forth the present and prospective needs of the mission field in Western Canada, and the legislation of the Assembly to meet this need; and a copy of the circular was mailed to every student who had passed through the second year in theology. By letters to the papers, by private correspondence and otherwise, steps were taken to set the wants of the field before the Church, and secure men. The circular did not evoke many replies. Several students at once declined the extra-mural offer; a few would consider it; three thought favourably of the scheme and would accept appointments, provided satisfactory arrangements could be made about the examinations to be held next spring. Correspondence was opened with the Principal of one of the colleges, and with a Professor in another college, with the view of having matters adjusted. The Principal replied that he thought the legislation of the Assembly unconstitutional, that students should correspond directly with the Senate, that their Senate would not meet till October, and that he did not know what action would then be taken. Three months did not furnish the Professor enough spare time in which to frame a reply. After much writing, coaxing, and planning, the Assembly's legislation has given us *one* man so far.

Presbyteries in the West, at their September meeting, took steps to arrange for winter supply. The harvest had been more bountiful than for several years past, the people were better able to maintain ordinances, they and their families had suffered through closed sanctuaries in the past, and now wished continuous service. But men were not available. Several fields were closed at once for the winter. It was painful to consign to silent Sabbaths whole settlements, but there was no help for it. Several fields were

doubled up and half supply promised. A few junior students were induced to stay in the field all winter, and a few catechists secured. The students of Manitoba College agreed to take charge of all missions within reach of Winnipeg.

Notwithstanding these expedients, 53 missions were reported to the Synod's Home Mission Committee as requiring supply, nearly one-half of them offering about $600 per annum to support ordained ministers. Such missions, in a short time, would become good congregations. The Synod's committee forwarded to the Assembly's Home Mission Committee every available name for appointment, and the Assembly's committee added several names to the list, and yet at this date (Oct. 27th), there are 36 missions, with over 150 stations, without any supply. At many of these points the Presbyterian Church alone hitherto has conducted services; Protestantism is undivided and would continue so if our Church would furnish continuous supply. Since only one-half of the mission field under the care of the Western Section lies west of Lake Superior, and there is the same difficulty in getting men for the East that obtains in the West, the condition of the Home field of the Presbyterian Church this winter is not satisfactory.

Last spring the Home Mission Committee (Western Section), appointed 133 students to the mission field, the great majority of these returned to college in October, and hence there must be wide gaps in the mission ranks East and West.

To many, this is an old story, to which they are compelled once a year to listen, but which they wish dismissed as soon as possible. And yet this neglect sent our people in shoals into other Churches in the Maritime Provinces, and left us weak where we might have been strong; it permitted whole settlements of sturdy Highland Presbyterians to be surrounded and assimilated by the Roman Catholic Church in Quebec; it has decimated us in Central Ontario and along the Ottawa; and has lost us, beyond recovery, the country between Niagara and Windsor. And were the Presbyteries of Owen Sound, Bruce, Barrie and the rest, to speak out, no one would any longer wonder that the progress of our Church has been so slow in recent years. In 1881, 531 congregations were reported from Ontario and Quebec, and these increased in ten years to 605, or 14 per cent. Another denomination in the Dominion claims two-and-a-half times this increase in the same

time. Has the fact that they give continuous, while we give intermittent, supply anything to do with the difference? Shall this policy, that has done so much mischief in the East, be allowed to have full play in the wider field of the West?

The West has suffered already from the lack of winter supply. Other Churches have entered districts where one missionary could overtake the wants of the settlement, and in many cases have reaped where we have sown; our own people at some points are losing faith in the power of the Church to care for them; missionaries and presbyteries are discouraged in seeing their labours frequently lost, and scarcely care to break up ground to be possessed by others; and the development of mission fields is frequently arrested, and the work made dependent on the Home Mission Fund longer than there is any need. So seriously were such losses felt, that, not long ago, a whole presbytery discussed whether the members had not better resign in a body and leave the country. To this reasoning it is sometimes replied that the West gets proportionately a larger measure of supply during the winter than the East; but the reply only accentuates the severe losses we must be sustaining all along the line and the urgent necessity of coping with this important question without further delay.

This question should be considered in the light of the future of the country and of our Church in the West. The country has vast and varied resources; difficulties in the way of successful agriculture are being removed by the introduction of earlier maturing wheats; coal of excellent quality has been found over wide areas, and railways are fast rendering every part of the country accessible. It is needless to dwell on the resources in minerals, forests and fisheries of British Columbia. Suffice to say that the larger Canada lies west of Lake Superior, and that the time is not far distant when, west of the Red River, Canada shall hold a larger population than east of it. The East increased 9 p. c. in population during the last decade, the West 150. In 1881, according to the Assembly returns, one in 67 of the families of the Church, and one communicant in 98, lived in the West; in 1891, one in 11 and 14 respectively. There is going into the country now a steady though not large stream of immigrants, and the crop of '91 will tend to swell the stream. The Eastern Provinces can offer no free-grant lands,

and many in Canada and Europe are land-hungry. The climate is salubrious, and the frosts of winter no longer act as a deterrent to settlement, when it is known that the country has abundance of fuel, and that success and comfort are the reward of thrift and industry.

Will the Church follow up the stream of population as it flows over the West, breaking up the virgin soil, stocking the ranges with flocks and herds, delving into the bowels of the earth for hid treasure, converting the forests into lumber, and gathering the wealth of the sea ; or will she content herself with holding what she has acquired in the East, and extending her work in the West leisurely? The present is a most opportune time for Church extension. By conviction and habit the people of the West are religious ; they desire, and will liberally support, religious ordinances ; the zeal shown in the past by the Church has inspired confidence and secured prestige even among people outside the pale of our own Church ; and the people of Eastern Canada seem disposed to supply the funds necessary for the full occupation of the country. Judicious action now will keep our own people attached, and attract others ; prevent division and lapsing ; ensure a healthier social, moral and religious condition, and guarantee that the wealth to be created shall be available for the highest ends—for the extension of the Kingdom of purity, truth and righteousness.

This was stated and admitted at the meeting of the General Assembly, and the time given to the consideration of the question showed the desire of that Court to find a satisfactory solution in the way of providing men.

Three solutions were offered. The extra-mural has not been a success, and may be ruled out. The second proposal was to establish a training school for catechists at Sarnia or some other convenient centre. But if a high ministerial standing is so important for the Church, how is that to be promoted by filling the ranks by this short and easy method? There are colleges enough in the East now, and ministerial education felt to be sufficiently burdensome without any more additions. It was contended that those trained in such a school would be employed in the mission field, and would continue catechists. They know but little of the history of the Church who think so. These catechists, by pressure from presbyteries, would soon have the status of ministers. And whatever

the piety or zeal of such men, they cannot meet the wants of the frontier.

But it is not necessary to have recourse to such expedients to man the mission fields. It would appear that there are plenty of men in sight for the work of the Church, and that ere long we shall have more men than we shall be able to place. During the last ten years congregations in Ontario and Quebec increased 14 per cent., but theological students increased 67 per cent., and the prospects are that this high rate will be maintained for some time. Why, then, beat up recruits for a training school and get them into the ministry by a short cut?

The third solution proposed was the summer session, which was advocated by all Western men. The colleges of Ontario and Quebec, headed by their principals, opposed this remedy, basing their opposition on the tendency of such a scheme to lower the standard of ministerial scholarship, culture and efficiency. This has been the stock argument in the long past, and its prevalence has inflicted severe losses on the Church. In the estimation of many the summer session offers the simplest and speediest solution of the difficulty, and promises the largest and best supply.

Last spring and the preceding, at the meeting of the Home Mission Committee in March, after every aged minister and every minister afflicted with "Europitis" had his choice, and after every presbytery had gorged itself with men, there remained a large number of names on the list for whom no appointments could be made. The number of theological students left unemployed in 1890 led to meetings being held by the unchosen, and to certain overtures to the Assembly. The students who failed to get appointments had to turn aside to secular pursuits or apply to the American Church for appointments. And if appointments are accepted in Dakota or Minnesota, the probabilities are that a certain proportion of the students will find their way back there, as they are doing, after graduation.

Now if forty or fifty of those who failed to get appointments were to prosecute their studies all summer, and step into forty or fifty fields vacated, in the autumn, by the students returning to college, would not a gain accrue to Church, missions and students? The summer session will not likely be long required, for in the near future Manitoba College will supply the want east of the Rockies, and British Columbia will demand a college of its own.

That a summer session would break up classes, and separate men who would be helpful to each other during a college course, may have some force, but not to the extent claimed. In this matter one cannot have all the desirable good and avoid all the imaginary evils. The advantages and disadvantages have to be weighed against each other; and it was significant that the Principal of the Western college, who knows the wants of the mission field better than any of his class, saw no evils connected with the summer session commensurate with the evils sure to overtake the Church if her mission fields continue to be closed during the winter. But if men were to volunteer for winter service, they need not lose the society of their fellows more than one session in three in theology, and not at all during the arts course. Surely the loss here is not so large. Once a summer session student does not, by any means, mean always a summer session student. Let two students, *e. g.*, finish the first year in theology in 1892. One accepts an appointment to the mission field for a year, the other for six months. In the spring of 1893, No. 2 has finished his second year in theology, and No. 1 is beginning. In October they are equally far advanced. Why not, if he feels disposed to do so, let No. 1 begin his third session at once with No. 2, and both finish at the same time? The practical knowledge, moreover, gained by a year's continuous service in the field ought surely to count for something.

This problem should be fairly faced and a solution secured. The opponents of the summer session, it is to be hoped, will not seek to burk or side-track the scheme without proposing any other. Men, good men, and enough of them, is the crying need, and with these more good can be done for the cause of religion during the next ten years than during any succeeding twenty.

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THE EDITOR'S BOOK SHELF.

Thank Heaven that you are not an Editor's Book Shelf. Of course, like most "dogs," it has "its day." But that day is not now. When the season sets in and the autumn leaves begin to fall, then the grasshopper becomes a burden. At present there is piled on one by no means capacious board enough to stock a village book-store, with variety to suit all customers. The quality is good, no doubt, in each case, and the variety as great as in a certain "christmas cake" immortalized in song. Driver's "Introduction" is here at the end; then Farrar's "Darkness and Dawn," and up and down you go till you reach, at the other end, a heap of magazines and reviews embracing all sorts from Warfield's formidable-looking quarterly to the first flight of some unknown collegiate editor.

The right thing is to begin with the most notable book of the month and, if space holds out, end up with the periodicals. They all do it. But let us hit tyrant Custom fairly between the eyes and give first place to a penny weekly. Let no reader suppose that the Shelf cares for nothing that is not served up in covers. Books are important in their way, but no man understands the currents of thought who disregards the intelligent, open-eyed newspaper. If we had only five dollars a year to expend on literature, one or two of the great books having been first secured, we should subscribe for a first-class religious weekly One first rate newspaper is worth any number of second or third rate ones. Indeed, there are few things worse, more inimical to the Church and to religion, than a one-eyed, narrow-minded, opinionated religious newspaper. It is more to be dreaded than a pestilence or a heresy trial.

No, we did not say which is our favourite. That would be invidious, for every other paper would accuse us of blindness or prejudice in not recognizing its superiority. Besides, what is one man's meat is another man's poison. Follow blindly no adviser in selecting either your library or your newspaper. Find out what helps you and stick to that. In the matter of religious newspapers you will probably begin with your own Church papers. And if you are a Canadian Presbyterian you will many a time bemoan the divided and therefore weakened condition of our denominational journalism. Down by the sea they are to be congratulated, for they are united and have in editor Murray a man, to use a journalistic phrase, "with a nose for news," and the *Witness* is a credit to the Maritime Provinces. But in the West wise men are few.

You need not tell us that we are on dangerous ground. The ominous growl of a slumbering volcano is distinctly heard. But it is time the protests heard on every hand found expression. It is a lamentable thing that the Presbyterian Church in Canada, with all its boasted braininess in pulpit and pew, has not, in all its borders, one newspaper or one magazine that can be presented to a stranger without apology, or exhibited without a blush on the world's literary table and compared with publications of other Churches upon whom we affect to look loftily. To be sure a committee is just now wrestling with the question of a magazine, and not without hope that one part of our literary shame will be taken away. In any case the MONTHLY'S skirts are clean. For years it has been ready to amalgamate, to change, or to die, if by any means a greater good might be served. The desiderated magazine is coming, but what about the newspaper? No one knows better than the publishers of the two Toronto weeklies that it would tax the Canadian constituency to support one first-class newspaper. No one knows better than the editors of those papers that one such paper would use up all the literary straw the Church can provide, and that at present they sometimes feel thankful for a few handfuls of very inferior stubble. And every intelligent disinterested reader knows that neither paper is scarcely a good second in the list even of Canadian religious weeklies. We are perfectly sure the promoters of both these papers are doing their best. But their best is surely not the best. It may be true, too, that better work could not be done under present conditions. But surely these conditions are not unchangeable. Is the Church to be forevermore cursed with sectionalism and rival interests? Were it simply a matter of commercial speculation it were not worth a line. But the life and growth of the Church depends to a very large degree on the spirit and strength of our religious press. If we are lame or halt or blind here the prizes will not be for us. The MONTHLY has always lived with these publishers and editors on terms of open-handed friendship and mutual respect, and honours them for their herculean attempts at the impossible. And it can afford to say to them that the Church must some day face the question of her newspaper as well as of her magazine. The dose we mix for them has given ourselves many a wry face. While we each admire our own efforts and cherish the pleasant things said about ourselves, let us look squarely at the question discussed by our best and most intelligent readers and, burying the hatchet of bygone days, let us devise some plan whereby through concentrating our efforts and husbanding our strength we may serve the Church more satisfactorily because more efficiently than it is possible for us now to do.

Now we are ready for this week's papers. Here is the *Interior*, the

paper you want if you like a fresh breeze and a sunny sky. Editor Gray, of Chicago, is the best paragrapher on the American religious press. He has a smile for every honest man, and if he raps you sharply over the knuckles you rather admire his fearlessness. His editorial page, unlike that of most other papers, is always read, because it is always readable. More than most editors, he stamps his own genial hopeful personality on all his work. If you want a good old-fashioned, respectable, self-satisfied paper, one that never changes either its policy or its ugly blanket form, the *New York Observer* would suit. The *Evangelist* is less firmly rooted in the past, and the *Christian Union* cares for nothing but to-day and to-morrow. If you do not demand consistency in the policy of your paper, and ask only that its articles be of the first order, and that its news be up to date, you will not despise the *Independent* for its ignoble right-about-face in matters of theology; for in some of its strong features the *Independent* stands first, and there is no second.

The paper for which the Shelf waits is not American, but British. Here is the *Christian Leader* that for so many years was edited by a true journalist, the late Mr. Wyllie. He had the reportorial instinct highly developed, and few men could equal him in writing a brief news item. He never lost a chance of becoming acquainted with Canadians and Canadian affairs, and he seldom issued a paper without some reference to "the Scot abroad."

Of a different class is the *British Weekly*. Its dominant tone is literary. Everything, from the editor's sometimes dreamy, sometimes mournful, sometimes bracing "Leader," to the last line of the "Ladies' Column"—everything has a literary finish. As a preacher Robertson Nicoll might never have been known beyond Kelso congregation, certainly never outside the Free Church. But he came to himself when the mantle of Samuel Cox fell upon his shoulders. When one thinks of the quantity of first-class work bearing the trade-mark "Edited by the Rev. W. Robertson, LL.D.," one is grateful for the providence that removed him from the pastorate. There is "The Expositor's Bible," "Foreign Biblical Library," "Theological Educator," "Household Library," and we know not what other series of volumes; there is the *Expositor*, the *British Weekly*, and, as though that were not enough, we have now on the Shelf the first number of a literary monthly, *The Bookman*. With the very first number the *British Weekly* stepped to the front rank. Perhaps the most wonderful thing about it is that although nearly all its matter is paid for, it has been from the start a financial success. Although Dr. Nicoll has not helped struggling English Presbyterianism as much as his going to London was expected to do, his paper being Independent, he has done yeoman service for Non-

conformity in general, and has struck some telling blows at statecraft and priestcraft and social wrongs. The tone of the *British Weekly* is evangelical and guardedly liberal. Its edition for Scotland has a large circuation in the North. Even to a backwoods Canadian it is a welcome visitor.

But the penny weekly with which we meant to open the Shelf this month is almost unknown in Canada, partly because it has only reached "No. 31—Vol. I," and partly because our own Canadian newspapers are either ignorant of its existence or afraid of its association. They quote largely from others, but this, in some respects the ablest of them all, is let severely alone. Perhaps their suspicions are not unfounded, nor their fear of contamination groundless. *The Modern Church* started out in April last with a very decidedly marked flag at its masthead, and with Prof. A. B. Bruce pacing the deck. It has not once lowered its flag or changed its course to escape a squall or catch a favouring breeze. It ploughs through the crested waves of custom and fixed opinion so bravely, almost audaciously, that the average spectator holds his breath. Indeed we must confess to something akin to surprise at the courage of the *Modern Church.* To see it come up to the "Highland Host," the men who had been heroes and demigods to our imagination, and to hear it ask them some plain questions not about metaphysical dogmas but about the first principles of Christianity according to Christ, was refreshing to say the least. The drift of the *Modern Church* is certainly towards what it regards as new and wise and hopeful in theology and religious life and work. Whether rightly or wrongly, it grapples firmly with hoary problems and longstanding abuses. For this and such like things it and all who speak its name are suspected and marked. Its Canadian correspondent escapes his share of odium by long stretches of silence. But apart altogether from its breadth of outlook, the *Modern Church* is notable. It is one of three filed on the end of the Shelf for reference. Many of its acticles are of exceptional interest. Its "Teachers of the Century" series, one of which is republished elsewhere in this issue, is well done. Its monthly phototint portrait and biographical sketch are good. Principal Caird came first. Prof. Henry Drummond is announced for next issue. Altogether, this "Journal of Scottish Religious Life" is deserving of notice from Scotchmen who admire independence even when it means opposition, and who want a paper of high literary standing, liberal in theology, aggressive in Church work, with news pages well filled, articles of genuine merit, and an editorial page bright, stimulating and innocent of worked-over third-rate sermons and pious talks. The address of the publishers is 209 Hope street, Glasgow.

Three of the October magazines have been given a corner of the Shelf until a more convenient season. But that season seldom comes. These reviews are plainly deserving of attention too. First and weightiest is *The Presbyterian and Reformed Review*, a ponderous quarterly, strong, scholarly, dignified. The present number opens with a very carefully thought out article on "Eternal Retribution," by Rev. Dr. Kellogg, in which he argues very strongly against every form of restoration, contending that the Scriptures clearly reveal that the retributions of the impenitent in the life to come are unending. Special attention is given to the arguments of Jukes in his "Restitution of All Things." But while Dr. Kellogg rejects the hope that "the sun will pierce the thickest cloud earth ever stretched," he dissents quite as strongly from the way in which this awful doctrine of irreparable loss has too often been presented. In the "few stripes" and the "many stripes" he reads of great differences in the retributions of the impenitent: "We must at least understand these words as teaching that inasmuch as the ignorant are many, so there will be an immense number for whom the retributions of eternity will be light, and existence will, in proportion, be tolerable. The importance of this one passage in its bearing on the question of the fate of the heathen is as momentous as it is evident." "The awful words are used against those who sin most defiantly and against the clearest light." The other articles in this number are by good and, in the main, well-known writers. Principal Caven contributes a few pages on the General Assembly of the Canadian Church. The department of "Recent Theological Literature" is, as usual, very full and valuable. One must understand "recent" in a very wide sense when applying it to a considerable portion of the literature reviewed in this issue. Some of the works crossed the Book Shelf last year.

Covering the same field as the Book Review department in the American quarterly, but taking a wider sweep and using a freer hand, is *The Critical Review*, to which we have more than once called attention. This is in the strictest sense a review. It takes a survey of all recent theological and philosophical literature, and is specially strong in reviews of continental literature. Dr. Salmond is to be congratulated on his splendid success as editor. The October number completes the first volume, and we venture the opinion that there is not in English, a better presentation of the year's literature than it contains. There is a free air about the various discussions which indicates life and independence.

From the same publishers we get the *Expository Times*, the brightest thing of the sort that comes to the Shelf. October opens the third volume and, as was announced, is enlarged to twice the size of previous numbers.

That the publishers can afford to increase the space and double the price is alone sufficient proof that the work of both publisher and editor is appreciated and that their constituency is willing to pay for what they appreciate.

Modern methods of Biblical study are much more likely to accomplish the desired end than those which obtained but a few years ago. And much need there was for improvement. The memorizing of the *ipsissima verba* of certain parts of the New Testament, Proverbs, the Psalms, and the evangelical portions of Isaiah was not without its good points, but it disregarded, as the hop-skip-and-jump method of the modern International Series of Lessons disregards, the lights and shades of the historic setting, and resulted in erroneous, because one-sided and fragmentary, views of Scripture teaching. Perspective is of capital importance in studying the Bible either for practical or scientific purposes. So too is the light shed on Old Testament History by the history of contemporaneous times and peoples. And it is here the modern method is vastly superior. Of course superior results cannot be obtained by even the best method unless faithfully pursued and in the true spirit.

To assist students in this department, Prof. Ira M. Price, of Chicago, has prepared and recently published a very handy and useful *Syllabus of Old Testament History** which would seem to be of great practical service as a text-book in colleges and higher grade schools His object is not an exposition of the facts presented, but rather a clear and orderly arrangement of the facts, that the student may familiarize himself with the Bible narrative, be enabled to locate events historically and explain them, their causes and effects. To do this would be to read the Old Testament with an open eye, and the moral significance of the facts would be presented with a vividness and force never before conceived. The Literature recommended is indicated at the close of each section, and the interleaved edition, which is the one before us, will be useful for supplementary notes. Altogether it is a book deserving notice from teachers and students of Old Testament History.

From the same publishers comes a neat volume which will not be a drug on the market: *A Decade of Christian Endeavor.*† This movement has gained such an impetus and has now such a flood-flow all over America that anything launched on its current is certain to be carried along to swift success. This little book will fill a place in Christian

*A Syllabus of Old Testament History: Outlines and Literature, with introductory treatment of Biblical Geography. By Ira M. Price, Ph.D. (Leipsic), Professor in the Theological Seminary, Morgan Park, Chicago. Chicago: F. H. Revell. Toronto: Willard Tract Depository. Pp. 198.

†A Decade of Christian Endeavor, 1881-1891. By Rev. Dwight M. Pratt. Chicago: F. H. Revell. Toronto: Willard Tract Depository.

Endeavor literature. The history of the movement is traced and its genesis explained. The founder, Dr. F. E. Clark, and his wife come in, as is their deserts, for considerable eulogy that borders on the fulsome. The story might be told in a few pages but the author spreads it over nearly two hundred by mixing in philosophical remarks, pious reflections, good advice and urgent exhortation, such as may have done duty at conventions. The story might therefore have been better told, but it has not been, and so this telling is the best, and is not without its good points. The author is Rev. D. M. Pratt, Dr. Clark's successor in the pastorate of Williston Church, Portland. Dr. Wayland Hoyt writes the introduction.

In these days of missionary activity it is of importance that the Scriptural warrant be recognized and understood. Missionary enthusiasm not well grounded will sooner or later work itself out. For this reason *Bible Light on Mission Paths*,* published by the Presbyterian Board, is to be commended. We have here arranged under suitable headings the teachings of the Bible on the subject of Missions. The full text of Scripture is given and the readings are arranged either for monologue, responsive or concert reading. Leaders in W.F.M.S. meetings, missionary prayer meetings and the like will find this book convenient and helpful.

The "Expositor's Bible" advances apace. The latest volume, completing the fourth series, is *The Acts of the Apostles*† by Prof. G. T. Stokes, of Dublin, and carries the exposition down to, but not including, the conversion of St. Paul and the baptism of Cornelius. The second volume will follow in next year's series. It was fitting that the task of expounding the Acts of the Apostles should be put into the hands of a professor of Ecclesiastical History who is at the same time no mean expositor. Dr. Stokes has done good service, so good, indeed, that one regrets it was not better. It would have been better we think—although believers in the "Historic Episcopate" would not agree with us—had the author not written, as he confesses he has written, from the standpoint of "a decided Churchman." These points aside, we have a very substantial and useful exposition. Prof. Stokes' historical knowledge stands him in good stead and his style is interesting and clear. The method is similar to that of other volumes in this series, and its use here is quite as satisfactory as there. To be sure one would not agree with all the positions taken nor indeed with the exegesis upon which certain positions are based. That is

*Bible Light on Mission Paths. Philadelphia: Presbyterian Board of Publication. Toronto: N. T. Wilson, Agent for the Board. 1891. Paper 30 cents. Pp. 192.

†The Acts of the Apostles. By G. T. Stokes, D.D., Professor of Ecclesiastical History in the University of Dublin. London: Hodder & Stoughton. Toronto: Willard Tract Depository.

of minor importance. If a book be scholarly, thoughtful, stimulating, it will best serve enquiring students.

The fifth series promises well. It will contain the second volume on "Acts," Dods' second volume on the "Gospel of St. John;" "Thessalonians," by Rev. J. Denny; "Job," by R. A. Watson, who wrote "Judges and Ruth"; "Ephesians," by Prof. G. G. Findlay; and, perhaps best of all, the first of three volumes on "The Psalms" by Dr. Alex. Maclaren.

If poetry must come to be the guide of life, and Matthew Arnold says it must, then *Songs and Miscellaneous Poems** must be handled reverently. The author, Mr. John Imrie, is well known as a contributor of verse to current periodicals. The volume before us is a new and enlarged edition of his poems, which speaks well, as Canadian authorship seldom has the honour of a second edition. Mr. Imrie aims at a simple style and sings for the toiling masses. There is not much art and his musical range is not wide. But in the octave for which his voice is suited he sings pleasantly, hopefully, encouragingly. Sometimes a line limps and sometimes a verse is simply prose cut in regular lengths, but to many who care little for the musical murmur of Tennyson or the rugged strength of Browning, Imrie's songs and poems will utter a message of hope and cheer.

The name of Newman Hall is sufficient introduction to any volume from his hand. His latest has been on the Shelf for months waiting its turn. It is on a subject of tenderest association, and to touch at all, we must be reverent and humble. *Gethsemane*,† the author says, is the fulfilment of a long cherished purpose and expresses the thoughts and prayers of many years. The subordinate title, "Leaves of Healing from the Garden of Grief," indicates the purpose as being the consolation of the afflicted by meditation on the place and its memories where He who bore our griefs, and carried our sorrows drained dry the cup of human woe and transformed it into "the chalice of the grapes of God." On such holy ground we must not be critical, although one cannot forbear wishing that the author had been a little more discriminating at times and perhaps a little less sentimental. But no one can read this volume without spiritual profit. There is a reverence, a holy awe, a tender pathos, a sense of the mysteries of redemption.

The remark was made in the September MONTHLY that the Rev. John Smith, of Broughton Place, Edinburgh, "is not known in literature." That

*Songs and Miscellaneous Poems. By John Imrie, with illustrations and music, and an introduction by G. Mercer Adam. Toronto: Imrie & Graham. 1891.

† Gethsemane, or Leaves of Healing from the Garden of Grief. By Newman Hall, LL.B. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. Toronto: Presbyterian News Co., 1891. Pp. 336.

statement would have to be modified to-day, as among the month's contributions to the Shelf is a volume, very small, indeed, but very good, bearing his name on the title page. *Fellowship* * is composed mainly of papers which we read at different times in one of our Scottish exchanges and aims at setting forth the holy life under the idea of fellowship. This aspect of holiness is presented very clearly and with the preacher's genuine unction, The most important thing is the exhibition of the five leading types of the New Testament Doctrine of Holiness, that of John, of Paul, of Hebrews. of Peter, and of James. This comparison and contrast is very instructive. As this is a subject that is of vital importance, and as many a life creeps through this world on a broken wing because of erroneous views or misdirected striving, this little book should be looked into by pastors and teachers and made use of as occasion arises. Mr. Smith is so thoroughly evangelical in doctrine, so spiritually-minded, and withal so vigorous and forceful, that on such a theme he speaks true and guiding words. The light touch of mysticism, which he may have got from his late teacher, Dr. John Ker, does not by any means disqualify him for being a spiritual guide in these days of drift.

A thoroughly readable and interesting book is *Dr. S. G. Howe*,† one of the latest additions to the "American Reformers" series published by Funk & Wagnalls. We did not mean to read many chapters, but the character of this reformer and philanthropist stands out so clearly, and the record of his life is so full of thrill and incident, that a stopping place could not be found. The scene changes from Boston, where Howe was born in 1801, to Greece, where, fired with that glorious enthusiasm for Greek independence, he won his spurs. Then the cause of the Poles secures his service and the scene changes to Paris, to Prussia, sometimes to a prison cell in Berlin, and the record is splendidly interesting. By and by we are back in Boston, and among the blind and lame and halt with our hero as philanthropist. Then the great American conflict comes on, Howe takes up the cause of the Negro slave. It is a long but thrilling story, and men like Wendell Phillips, John Brown, Charles Sumner, Theodore Parker, S. G. Howe, cross and re-cross the stage, and the "wee sma' hours" have come before we are back again in Boston, where on January 9th, 1876, Dr. Samuel Gridley Howe breathed his last.

* Fellowship: the Fulness of the Life in Christ. By the Rev. John Smith, M.A. Edinburgh: Andrew Elliott. Toronto: Willard Tract Depository. Cloth. Pp. 140. 35 cents.

†Dr. S. G. Howe. By F. B. Sanborn. New York and Toronto: Funk & Wagnalls. 1891.

Most ministers use a Manual of Forms on special occasions. But great difficulty is found in getting one reasonably satisfactory. Hodge's "Manual" has had its day, but does not seem to be in as high favour as formerly. Others have tried their hand at meeting this want with conspicuously less success than the Princeton professor. The latest addition to this literature is *Forms for Special Occasions*,* by Dr. Herrick Johnson, of Chicago. We have not had occasion to test it practically, but a pretty careful examination of its contents and arrangement satisfies us that it is superior to almost anything else in the market. It is consistent with the doctrines and forms of worship of the Presbyterian Church, and the range is sufficiently wide to leave room for individual preferences. It is specially full in passages of appropriate Scripture. The forms for Marriage, Burial, Baptism, Communion, etc., seem admirable, and everywhere good taste as well as sound doctrine is strictly observed. The size and form of the book, neatly bound in limp leather, make it convenient for the pocket. It should find favour with Presbyterian ministers.

The most fascinating book on the Shelf, one of absorbing interest, crowded with incident, and superb in style, is Archdeacon Farrar's latest volume, *Darkness and Dawn*.† The sub-title, "Scenes in the days of Nero," tells one that we are back to the Imperial City spectators of the struggle between the hideous, starless gloom of paganism and the breaking down of Christianity. The title-page calls the work "An historic tale," and the author, in his preface, states the purport of his tale as being to show why a religion so humble in its origin and so feeble in its earthly resources as Christianity, won so majestic a victory over the power, the glory, and the intellect of the civilized world. The book, he tells us, is not a novel, and not to be pronounced a success or failure as a novel. The exigencies of fact have everywhere determined the outline and movement, not the rules of the novelist's art. The slender thread of fiction is sufficient to keep the attention of less theological readers, but not such as to detract from the historical trustworthiness of the story. Everywhere we meet with characters familiar to modern readers of the literature of the first century. The life in regal circles is so graphically depicted that the walls of the reader's room tremble and, at the magician's wand, are transferred into the far-stretching splendour of marble and rose and gold that belonged only to the Palace of the Cæsars. The scene is thronged. The pride and pomp

*Forms for Special Occasions, with sections of Scripture, etc. By Herrick Johnson, D.D. Chicago: C. H. Whiting. Toronto: N. T. Wilson, Presbyterian Board of Publication.

†Darkness and Dawn, or Scenes in the Days of Nero. An historic tale. By Frederic W. Farrar, D.D., F.R.S. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. Toronto: Williamson & Co. 1891. Pp. 594.

and wisdom and lust and cruelty of the Empire is all here. Nero and his mother and the adders that crawled and basked in the poisonous sunlight of the Palace; gay and licentious courtiers; murderous intriguers; philosophers, like Seneca and Epictetus, and, too, lofty-souled saints from among the Twelve who were ready to preach the Gospel to them that were at Rome also, and scores of their followers whose blood stained Rome's garment to the deepest hue of guilt. All these live again and act their little part; and everywhere stalks the gaunt Nemesis of Crime.

Darkness and Dawn is not a novel but it is more absorbingly interesting than any novel of the season. Dr. Farrar can turn his hand to almost any kind of literary work, constructive or critical, but perhaps nowhere does his genius get such scope and play as in a task like this. His wealth of historical knowledge, his splendid power of reconceiving the past and bringing the distant near, his dramatic literary style enabling him to image forth to other eyes his own mental pictures, and the unbounded enthusiasm with which he follows up his subject, carrying his reader with him, *noleus volens*, to the very end—all this makes history's dead facts start to life again under his hand. Farrar has exorcised the demon of dulness from history without seriously impairing the value of history. This is a book to be placed in every public library. Such works would do much to cure readers of their thirst for the sentimental rubbish that fills too many shelves. The mechanical make-up is first class. *Darkness and Dawn* should not be the least popular of Farrar's many books.

We have not reached the end of the shelf, but our space has given out. We take the last book in the row, and, as it is fully noticed by Prof. Thomson, simply mention the name of Driver's *Introduction to the Literature of the Old Testament.** This is the first of a great series published by the Clarks. The book is splendidly made, intended for text-book use. Dr. Driver, like Dr. A. B. Davidson, who writes the second volume in this series, has not written much, but his work is of the finest quality. His standpoint is indicated by Prof. Thomson. For years he was wavering between the two schools, but is now to be numbered with the advanced. He has not, however, gone the lengths of Prof. Cheyne.

*An Introduction to the Literature of the Old Testament, by S. R. Driver, D.D. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. Toronto: Presbyterian News Co. 1891. Pp. xxxv, 520.

SUMMER SESSIONS.

It was my intention to have written about this time a brief statement on the subject of a summer session for theological students for the KNOX COLLEGE MONTHLY, in which the subject has been recently discussed from various points of view. The reference by more than one of the writers to an opinion expressed by me before leaving Kingston almost makes it imperative that some further statement should be made by me on the subject.

Only recovering as I am at present from a slight attack of fever, which has temporarily impaired my strength, I do not yet feel adequate to discuss the matter at any length. I write this note in view of the subject engaging at an early period the attention of Presbyteries, simply to say that some of the difficulties, which at first sight presented themselves to my mind connected with the substitution of a summer for a winter session for the theological classes in Manitoba College, have appeared, on further consideration, less formidable, while the advantages of such a substitution in relation to the supply of our vast mission field during the winter season are very obvious; that is, if there is something like the certainty that at least the number of students now attending the theological classes in winter would take the summer course. This condition is evidently a vital one. To disregard it would be to imperil in a very serious way one of the not least promising institutions of the Church, without securing any good results to the mission field. For this and for other reasons I cannot regret that the Assembly declined at the stage reached last June to inaugnrate the proposed change.

So far as the interests of the institution, at the head of which the Church has placed me, are concerned, I could scarcely desire this change. At best it must be of the nature of an experiment, but if it is the mind of the Church that this arrangement is the one most likely to secure a more adequate supply of labourers for the wide and hopeful mission field which God has entrusted to us, and thus to terminate a state of things which all regret, then Professor Baird and I will not only offer it no opposition, we shall do all in our power to render it a success.

JOHN M. KING.

Manitoba College, Winnipeg.

COLLEGE TABLE TALK.

The collegiate year is now fully opened and the session's work is fairly under way. The Table Talk caught by a dozen sensitive ears and reported in our sanctum is highly flavoured and would make interesting reading. It would, perhaps, be taking unfair advantage of the Talkers to fix in cold type the unguarded utterances of the Table hour. For, to say truth, there is much said over the groaning boards that would not bear the ungenial light of non-collegiate day. When this Department gets itself well in hand its monthly bulletin will be of interest to friends of all or any one of the colleges.

Upwards of eighty join in the Table Talk of Knox College. On the ringing of the bell they crowd pell-mell into the hall and arrange themselves according to their academic years. The graduating class occupy the place of honour near the door; the freshmen travel to the remotest corner of the hall. Each table has its president and vice-president, and these together constitute the House Committee, one of whose duties it is to see that the bill of fare is satisfactory.

The bill of fare is the most popular subject of discussion at the Table. And it is not an uncommon thing to find that the man who, in his pre-collegiate days fared, it may be on the "fat" of the land, but certainly not on the "finest of the wheat," is the man least easily satisfied.

One of the most urgent needs of a College Table is a good carver. We have all seen a fine piece of meat utterly robbed of its toothsomeness by the carving-knife, and many a Thanksgiving turkey has banished all thoughts of gratitude from the Table by having no joints where the desperate carver thought they were. Then, too, as a matter of education, fitting a man for meeting the exigencies of ministerial life, a few lectures on "How to Carve," would stand him good stead and save his reputation as a gentleman. Scotch students, who are by no means finical, take lessons in this art. Three winters ago a "Carving Club" of twenty-five met once a week and received instructions and, under the eye of an experienced butler, put their newly-acquired knowledge into practice. To be sure the subsequent feasting on the victims of our experiment was not the least attractive element in the success of the club. The thing might be tried in our Canadian colleges.

Another subject of perennial interest is the lectures of the day, and the Talk is not always complimentary to the Professors. There never was a class without one revolutionist. He is always denouncing the *status quo.* Perhaps he has neglected Hebrew and Greek during the earlier years of his course; if so, Principal Caven never suits him. If philosophy is his weak point, Prof. Thomson is dry and heavy. He never did have any use for Dr. MacLaren, because he compels him to take too full notes. He could make better history himself than Prof. Gregg, and Dr. Proudfoot's remarks about his class sermon were intolerably unfair and partial. The harangues of the revolutionist do not produce a profound impression on the Table. His fellows understand him.

The college societies and their work occupy attention occasionally. The utter inefficiency of the "Literary and Metaphysical," and how to improve it, has been a brain-twister for a decade. Some, with an eye to possible election honours, stand by the effete institution; others would change its character to meet the changed circumstances, and others would apply Beecher's remedy for a decaying prayer-meeting, viz., kill it. This year one step was taken in substituting "Theological" for "Metaphysical" in the name of the society, so that in future it will be the "Literary and Theological Society." This certainly is an improvement, but unless more real interest is taken in the regular meetings of the society, theology will be as powerless as metaphysics. The name is nothing without the character. The night of meeting is also changed from Friday to Tuesday. These changes may give this the oldest society in the College a new lease of life, and make it more truly helpful for discipline and development.

The Table Talk one day was unusually animated. Something out of the common had happened that day. If you listened long enough to the Babel of voices you would have caught the secret. There was a woman in it. Co-education was not satisfied with having won the day at the 'Varsity. Knox came next, and on the day in question the prelude to the hour's lecture, the time-honoured chair and table chorus, was interrupted by the sudden and unexpected advent of two young ladies, carrying the regulation notebooks, and with a level-eyed expression which meant business. What marvel that even the most gallant theologue forgot himself! It was so strange!

> There was silence deep as death
> And the boldest held his breath
> For a time.

And he did not breathe regularly again until the lecture was over, and it was not until they gathered round the Table that his pent-up feelings found a tongue. The excitement is all over now, and the young ladies share and

share alike with the gentlemen. It remains to be seen which order of brain is best adapted for unravelling the mysteries of the Decrees or grappling with the Theistic Argument. But who will say that Knox College never moves! Nothing is sure any more.

The loudest Talk at the 'Varsity just now has a decided sporting flavour. This is the season when the size of a man's biceps is of infinitely more importance than the quality of the gray matter he calls his brain. But in a momentary lull you may catch something about the "new professor." You will understand when you know that Prof. J. G. Hume has entered upon his duties, and is being measured by his freshman class. So far reports are favourable. Prof. Hume delivers his Inaugural, on "The value of the study of Ethics," on Saturday, 14th inst.

A turn was given to the Talk over the Thanksgiving turkey and cranberry sauce, by the announcement of the appointment of Mr. H. H. Langton to the Librarianship of the University. The office had been vacant for months, and the Minister was kept posted as to the growing popularity of one or another of the candidates. Undergraduate sentiment expressed itself in May last as almost entirely for Mr. Brebner, who beyond all question had done more for the Library of late years than any dozen other candidates. Mr. Langton then retired and Mr. Irwin came forward. The appointment when it was made was a genuine surprise to all who were not in the innermost ring, and in the day's Table Talk the names of some who stand high in University circles were not pronounced with becoming reverence.

It was our purpose to give several pages to items about University matters, to a description of the new Wycliffe College and the progress of the work there, and to several other institutions in Toronto. This will do in next issue.

Then, there is Queen's College in Kingston. Our "chiel" is down there, but evidently the Table Talk has not impressed him as yet. They are only getting in order for the session's work. The hum of their voices will soon be heard.

The Intercollegiate Missionary Alliance has, of course, been the Talk of the Limestone City. The Toronto delegates are loud in their praises of the hospitality shown them on that occasion. The Convention was scarcely so large as usual, but it was in many respects the most successful yet held. There was almost no gush and the youthful missionaries were not carried with the idea that the evangelization of the world meant a brief but brilliant charge on the stone-walled city of Sin. They are less

concerned about times and seasons than some who figure up the time necessary to complete the work. It is not for us to say that the thing could be done before another century opens. Our business is to be faithful and not to say, "My God delayeth His coming." Such a spirit animated the Kingston Convention. The chief speaker was Dr. J. L. Nevius, of North China, a man of rare good sense and *en rapport* with Chinese mission work. It was good to see him correcting, advising, informing, inspiring, establishing the younger brethren.

Montreal men are holding their own. Their *Journal* has not come to hand yet, but, like all good things, it is worth waiting for. The most piercing note in their Table Talk was sounded when some one discovered several typographical errors in Principal MacVicar's article on "French Evangelization" in the October number of the MONTHLY. Alas, for the printer, he is the object of many maledictions.

The Morin College, Quebec and Pinehill College, Halifax, are both on our list and will be heard from regularly. The friends "down by the sounding sea" are devising means for the fuller endowment of their college. There is a sturdiness about the Easterners, and so many of their sons are high up on the ladder of fame that "Blue Nose," "Herring Back," and other epithets that in school days roused our ire have lost their sting and are complimentary rather than otherwise.

The Winnipeg students are congratulating themselves on the addition to their staff by the appointment of Prof. A. B. Baird. He is one of our old Toronto men, and back in the seventies was a tutor in Knox College. We have not forgotten the day when several raw youths had an introduction to him and to Xenophon's Anabasis at the same time. We congratulate both Prof. Baird and Manitoba College on his advancement to a professorial chair. His Inaugural Lecture, delivered a week ago, was a careful examination and setting forth of "The Apologetic Value of Modern Missions." Prof. Baird would have had his sketch of work among the North-west Indians, in our "Canadian Presbyterian Mission Fields" series, ready for this issue had it not been that extra work was laid upon him owing to Principal King's recent illness. The Manitoba men are facing the mission problem. Dr. King's open letter is brief but significant. It appeared in the *Canada Presbyterian*, but it properly belongs to the discussion now going on in the MONTHLY.

HERE AND AWAY.

This is a time of change and confusion. By the time this number reaches the more remote readers the editor will have been inducted into the pastoral charge of Knox Church, St. Thomas.

So great a change is always attended with uncertainty and peril. From the quiet obscurity of an editor's sanctum to the hill-top of pulpit prominence is an uneasy step. It is all the more so because the care and responsibility of the one position go into the other. The editor's hope is that both in the pastorate and in his editorial studies he may have the co-operation of those whose help would mean success in either calling, and might save both from too sad a failure.

It is a pleasure to see the opening of this the fifteenth volume of KNOX COLLEGE MONTHLY. Not many Canadian Magazines have had so long a life. Opening this volume and at the same time marking the quarter-century celebration, we present a portrait of Principal Caven which will be prized by all friends. It has been prepared expressly for the MONTHLY, and is by far the finest specimen of half-tone work done in Canada. We trust the character sketch will not be altogether disappointing. If substantial appreciation of this new move takes the form of increased circulation this will be but the beginning of a series of portraits to be presented to our subscribers.

We venture beyond our usual limits this month and call special attention to our advertising pages. The entire income from both advertisements and subscriptions belongs now to the MONTHLY and is our only source of revenue. It is with this, as with every other publication, without the advertising patronage of business firms the MONTHLY could not live six months. Our space is valuable, but our rates are not correspondingly high. We ask our friends to give our advertising a liberal share of their patronage, and in ordering goods to mention the MONTHLY. It will be an advantage to both advertiser and magazine.