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Our Graduates' Institute.



THE EVOLUTION OF THEOLOGY.

REV. PROF. CAMPBELL, LL.D.

This subject deals with the entire history of the relation of the human mind to the invisible or spiritual world. It embraces every stage of human thought, from the most superstitious animism or fetishism to the loftiest conception of Divinity, founded upon the purest and most incontestable revelation of the unseen, the varying science which underlies natural and revealed religion.

The scope of the subject is so vast, extending to all the relations of Divinity with the cosmos, or world, in creation and external redemption, and with human and other spirits, good and evil, that he would be most unwise, who, in the brief space of an essay, should venture to more than attempt a mere introduction to it.

In accepting the term Evolution, proposed to me by the Council of the Institute, I by no means homologate the views of many writers, ancient and modern, who have regarded the theology of their day as a gradually progressive science from very humble beginnings. Nor, as a devout believer in the inspiration of the Old and New Testament Scriptures, can I see my way to ignore, or even depreciate, the primitive revelation of the early ages, of which the religions of all lands bear traces, obscured and corrupt though they may be.

History bears record to the actual progress of the race in religious thought and action: but this progress, like that of humanity in general, through the rise and fall and rising again of nations, is one marked by the rise and fall, the modification and re-modification, the partial obliteration and reaffirmation of religious ideas, a progress evolved in serious conflicts, in which, at times, the light of truth oft suffered partial eclipse.

If, for instance, we take the relation of Divinity to the cosmos, from the dawn of human intelligence to the present day, we shall find illustration of this conflict, triumph, obscuration and reaffirmation. The Semitic mind, as represented by the Hebrew Scriptures and the early Chaldean documents, believed in Creationism. The Hamitic concept, as in Sanchoniatho's Phœnician fragment and Egyptian cosmology, was evolutionary. The Indo-European mind, in the germs of the Vedic, Mazdean, and Hellenic systems, agreed, to a large extent, with the Semitic, although at times its creationism partook of the nature of emanation. Evolutionism reasserted itself in the philosophical speculations of the earlier Ionians, and of the later Atomists, Democritus, Epicurus, and Lucretius, as well as in the Buddhist system, a Turanian or Hamitic revolt against early Brahmanism. The intermediate theory of Emanation appeared in Pythagorean teaching, in later forms of Zoroastrianism, such as the Gnostic and Manichean philosophies, and in the Pantheistic Monism of the Eleatics and the successors of Socrates. Even Creationism, continued by the Jew, and reaffirmed by the Christian, had in early ages to

wage warfare with emanation theories. Mahomet, indeed, gave the former a strong though temporary support, forfeited at last by Averroes and his followers. Finally, evolutionary views have come in once more with the victory of the Natural Sciences, although creationism holds its ground, and emanationists of many degrees divide the field with their votaries. This merely by way of illustration.

Restricting our survey to Theology proper, I propose briefly to sketch the evolution of the moral idea of Divinity, and its corresponding functions towards humanity. In this sphere, of course, ontology cannot be altogether foreign to divine ethic.

After the obscuration of the primitive Edenic concept of God, consequent on personal revelation, of the nature of which we know little owing to the briefness of our record of the world's thinking infancy, we find that man's idea of God was that of a partial divinity. I use the word partial as denoting moral quality and personal relation. God, by whatever name called, was the god of a nation, tribe, or sept, of hill or plain, of land or sea. Upon the vexed question of the origin of mythology I do not enter; yet polytheism everywhere seems to have arisen from an aggregation into one system of local and tribal deities, with or without the exaltation of one of them into a recognized head. There was no always supreme Egyptian god, nor was there any such in the Assyrian and Vedic Pantheons, yet, in poetic literature and artistic delineation, the gods are represented as going forth before the armies of their worshippers to fight against their enemies. "We are the people of the Lord," was their cry, echoes of which are found everywhere even to-day. The Hebrew found it hard to shake himself free from this partial idea. Jehovah was his God, his deliverer, the hater and the slayer of his enemies. This "people of the Lord are we," lies at the foundation of many systems of theology, strong systems for a time, making often for valour and liberty, but tending in the long run to slavery of soul through self-sufficiency and pharisaism, with contempt and even hatred of other humanity. It is the anti-

thesis of the missionary spirit, which is the spirit of Christ.

The partial god was not always successful. The abhorred deities of opposing peoples, in the persons of their devotees, overcame him temporarily, and often for long periods. Prophets and philosophers arose to explain this sad phenomenon. The Zoroastrian, and others no doubt before his time, di' so by means of Dualism, holding the existence of two opposing spiritual kingdoms, the one of light, the other of darkness. The kingdom of evil had its emanations equally with the kingdom of good, and these contended with one another for the mastery with varying success. That these emanations were but new arrangements of the local gods is evident, for many Persian devils were Vedic gods, and vice versa. Even in the Hellenic system, wherein there was no well-defined dualism, and the trinities of which are spurious, there were contests great and small, petty jealousies and quarrels among the gods, teste Homer, and partiality, instead of being removed by this, became intensified. Nay, the coward in the battle of life deserted the worship of the better gods, such as the Mexican Quetzalcoatl, for that of such recognized evil ones as Tetzcatlipoca, that he might propitiate the devil and thus escape from his malicious activity. Now the Bible rejects the simple dualism of Zoroaster, yet plainly recognizes the existence of a kingdom of evil in revolt against that of God, and, in so far as this earth is concerned, at times triumphant over it.

Before the accession of Cyrus, Magism had triumphed over Mazdeism, and a new god, Zerouane Akherene, or uncreated time, was made supreme over Ormuzd and Ahriman alike. This is paralleled, although no collusion can be established between the Hebrew and Persian systems, by the attitude of Jehovah as supreme over Satan, the adversary, in the preface to the book of Job. Opposition to simple dualism also appears in Isaiah xlv, 7: "I form the light and create darkness: I make peace and create evil;" and in Amos iii., 6: "Shall there be evil in a city, and the Lord hath not done it." Nevertheless the sequel to the latter is, "Surely the Lord will do nothing," so that little can be built upon the text. Isaiah, how-

ever, refutes simple dualism, but sheds little light on a real world of evil opposing the divine plan, permitted for necessary reasons that are the most mysterious of all problems, overruled by supreme deity for good to the universe, yet under which the whole world groans upward to a sympathizing Father. The Buddhist escaped into atheism, making evil belong necessarily to the sphere of sentient existence, as the Gnostics, by no means atheists, identified it with matter, and, as some Christian evolutionists see in it the nature of the brute. The Buddhist and the Stoic found their duty in rising superior to or overcoming this evil world, but in a believer in divinity who so believes and so acts, it is hard to see by what other name to call it than fighting against God. The Pantheist could not understand the problem of evil in Providence, but it led him to call God by the abstract names, necessity, fate, chance. To the Mahometan, it, equally with good, is the will of Allah, and millions of Christians virtually say the same to-day, as if God's will were done on earth as it is done in Heaven.

But the unification of opposing functions in God, so far as man's well-being is concerned, destroyed in large part the local and partial idea of God in the minds of thinkers. His sphere was extended over all beings and agencies, he embraced all things in his comprehensive nature. As the uncreated time of the Persians, moral quality gave place to illimitation. As the inexorable fate or necessity of the Greek philosophers, his universality precluded him from acting otherwise than he did. Even as the great all-father of the Scandinavian and Teuton, all proceeded from him, and victor and vanquished returned to him when the fight was done. Servility was not in the nature of the ancient Greek and Roman, of the Gaul and the Teuton, but, in Oriental lands, imperialism, absolute sovereignty held sway; life and death were in the hands of the king. Hence the imperial idea of God that dominates so much of literature, and that the Spirit of God found it hard to break through even in the language of inspired poets and prophets. Greece went down,

but imperialism lasted far to the Christian centuries, for the doctrine of the divine right of kings, though badly scotched, is not yet altogether dead. These two factors, the imperialistic idea, and the Greek philosophy of divine necessity, lie at the basis of more than one system of theology, whose ordinary votaries trouble themselves little with philosophy and Oriental polity.

Christ revealed God in the highest. He came not as an emperor, but as the servant of the Lord prophesied of by Isaiah, as the prophet foretold by Moses, as the only priest and perfect sacrifice. His doctrine spread throughout the Roman Empire, still an absolutism, but an absolutism according to law. The emperor was supreme law-giver, judge and executive. So Isaiah had said of God, xxxiii., 22. "For the Lord is our judge, the Lord is our lawgiver, the Lord is our king," but he added thereto what no Roman emperor found to fit these three functions, namely, "He will save us." Had prominence been given to that last and most important clause, many dry and misleading theological works would not have been written. The ideas of Roman law and justice entered into man's conception of God and the Godhead. They accentuated, at least in western theology, a special function of divinity in relation to man. Coupled with the idea of absolutism, they made God absolutely irresponsible, and laid man at his feet destitute of all rights, and incapable of that self-justification which was allowed to the afflicted patriarch of Uz and the Psalmists, Zacchaeus, and even the strict Roman, Paul. These new ideas developed the personality of God, and gave definitiveness, though in the line of harshness, to His moral attributes. Although they introduced something approaching anthropomorphism, unwarranted by the language of Christ, they, at the same time, removed the Father almost as far away from the heart of man as did Greek philosophy. A system of justice, it could not explain temporal judgments, any more than the book of Job, or the examples of Pilate's Galilean victims, and those of the tower in Siloam Augustine, old Roman as he was, shows this inconsistency in his *De Civit-*

ate Dei, when he argues against the pagans who spoke against the Christian's God because of His indiscriminate judgments. Hence the final tribunal was reserved for another world, at which the errors of time shall be rectified. In regard to soteriology, all hinged upon Roman law, out of which sprang the commercial, one-sided view of the atonement which represents the Son, who came to make the world know the Father, almost altogether as the victim of that Father's stern, inflexible justice and necessary obligation to law.

Before the Church of Rome became consolidated, and gained its iron sway over the nations, the apostolic spirit, that had slumbered awhile during doctrinal discussions, reasserted itself in Europe. The northern barbarian had overflowed Rome's provinces, bringing in, like a fresh breeze from the mountains, his individualism and love of liberty. That love of liberty was akin, in some respects, to the movement of the free Spirit of God, that touched the hearts of Christian men with love for the souls of them who had once been their enemies and the enemies of their God. A great wave of genial missionary effort, Celtic, Germanic and Slavonic, met it, until distinction of race and culture was lost in Christian brotherhood. The new converts, not capable yet of the highest ideals, were nevertheless in earnest. Fired with the love of freedom and the desire for Christ service, they, on the one hand, inaugurated the crusade against the Saracen and the Turk, and, on the other, united in Christian orders of poor preachers and workers for the world's redemption. The love of liberty and that of Christian service went hand in hand. The perception of good in the characters and lives of others, even of opponents, the Mahometan, the Jew, the Barbarian, led, in some cases, to infidelity, but in others to a wise toleration that rose towards a conception of human brotherhood, and finally, in such saints as Francis of Assisi, it aspired from human service to the pure love of God.

Freedom through service became an unspoken watchword. It aspired and suffered in Wallace, of Scotland, and Von Winkelreid, of Switzerland; it fought and conquered at Bannock-

burn, at Morgarten and at Sempach. On from these earlier days, like the fiery cross among the Highlands, it sprang from valley to mountain top, from cloister and town to larger haunts of men. We trace it through Pre-Reformation struggles and sufferings, through protests and unnumbered martyrdoms, and through subsequent political and religious movements for greater freedom. At last the world has learnt to value those whose lives of arduous service and self-renunciation have achieved some advance in true freedom. When at length, in Britain and elsewhere, this spirit became consolidated, when the necessity for the internal struggle existed no more, or at least permitted the strife to slacken, the enfranchised, loving spirits cast their eyes abroad upon the poor, the ignorant, the diseased, the criminal, the slave of distant lands, and finally on the great heathen world, resulting in the missionary miracles of our waning century.

Modern crusaders of the greatest order of chivalry, they have created in the minds of poets and other artists a school of Christian romance, the unvarying theme of which is deliverance through service, even to suffering and death, but they have done more than this. Cardinal Bellarmine wrote a book, "De Ascensione Mentis in Deum per Scalas Rerum Creatarum." We rise towards our true conception of God through the creature, and that is a Jacob's ladder uniting earth and heaven, every step of which is a member of Christ. Margaret Wilson, drowned near Wigton, was asked what she thought of her old friend now, buried almost under the advancing tide, and answered, "What do I see but Christ in one of His members wrestling there." In the light of such examples we go back to Holy Writ, and find in Christ, the God-Man, the highest conception of Divinity, not perhaps to detract from all or any of those taught us by other wise masters, but to constitute their crown. The God of love unspeakable sets the prisoners free in every age and from shore to shore, that all who will may partake of the fruit of His great sacrifice, the glorious liberty of the children of God.

The evolution of the idea of God is not the result of any mere intellectual process, although mind of the highest order must contribute to it. It is not an eclectic generalization from the history of the ages, although every age has added its factor towards it. It has not been evoked alone out of what is best or even good in humanity, but has been helped by many conflicts with evil in various forms. It is the result of Christ experience wrought out in heart and life, a work of God's free spirit to all men who will receive Him, affirmatively exemplifying the negative statement, "He that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen?" The apostolic test of theology is its tendency to create love to God; and towards the fulfilment of that test the evolution of the idea of God, amid many contradictions, inconsistencies and misunderstandings, is rapidly moving, the whole world over. Like many other minor discoveries, seekers should have found it ages ago. In His intercessory prayer Our Saviour makes eternal life, or the immortality of blessedness, depend upon the possession of the true idea of God: "This is life eternal that they might know Thee, the only true God, and (or rather 'even') Jesus Christ whom Thou hast sent." Lord Tennyson in his old age was once asked what most he desired, and his answer was "A clearer vision of God." Then he went on to say that most men confounded the devil with God, and that the average Englishman's conception of God was an immeasurable clergyman with a white tie. This was not said in a spirit of irreverence, but as a protest against the unworthy, childish and God-dishonoring views men entertain of Him who beseeches them by the meekness and gentleness of Christ to accept His salvation, bought by so great a price from the terrible fate of them who voluntarily choose to be without God in this world and the next. In view of this, how great is our responsibility as presenters to men of the true idea of God!

HYMN FOR THANKSGIVING DAY, 1898.

Once more devoutly we appear
 Within Thy house with one accord,
To own the mercies of the year
 And render thanks to Thee, O Lord.

For gifts of season in their turn,
 According to Thy word restored,
For snow-clad winter grim and stern:
 For this, for all, we thank Thee, Lord.

For genial sunshine of the spring,
 Loosing the earth from winter's ward,
And giving life to everything,
 For this, for all, we thank Thee, Lord.

For summer with its warmth and shade,
 Its fragrant flowers and verdant sward,
And beauty of the forest glade:
 For this, for all, we thank Thee, Lord.

For autumn with its whitened sheaves,
 Its garner filled, its granaries stored,
Its ripened fruits, its reddened leaves:
 For this, for all, we thank Thee, Lord.

For food enough for man and beast;
 For the West's new-found golden hoard;
For all the commerce of the East:
 For this, for all, we thank Thee, Lord.

For that Thy strength was ever near,
 Thy weaponed hand outstretched to guard,
To quicken trust and quiet fear:
 For this, for all, we thank Thee, Lord.

The clamor of realm-rending war,
 The clash of the destroying sword,
The guns were only heard afar;
 For this, for all, we thank Thee, Lord.

The tainted atmosphere that brings,
The pestilence by men abhorred,
Fled from the rushing of Thy wings:
For this, for all, we thank Thee, Lord.

From crash of ships within the deep,
Of ships that sink with all aboard,
Women and children, Thou did'st keep:
For this, for all, we thank Thee, Lord.

For peace and safety, public weal,
Order and toil, and toil's award,
The love we find, the love we feel:
For this, for all, we thank Thee, Lord.

For knowledge of a Father's care,
For peace Thy presence can afford,
For life eternal we may share:
For this, for all, we thank Thee, Lord.

For that Thou dost vouchsafe us still
Thy perfect law, Thy priceless word,
That we may learn Thy blessed will:
For this, for all, we thank Thee, Lord.

For the great Gospel of Thy Son,
For saving health, for grace outpoured,
For spiritual triumph won:
For this, for all, we thank Thee, Lord.

For all the gifts we now recall,
For ever be Thy name adored;
For those unsung, unknown—for all,
We render thanks to Thee, O Lord.

W. M. MACKERACHER.

Maisonneuve.

A MINISTER'S TEMPTATIONS.

BY REV. PROF. ROSS, D.D.

Perhaps a word of explanation is necessary to justify the choice of such a theme. Some may think it one to be handled only by the best and ablest of our fathers, and before an audience of ministers alone. But the success of Christian ministers depends more on their character and practical wisdom than on their attitude to those doctrinal and speculative questions whose discussions here might be more congenial and inspiring to many of us. And I cannot forget that we are here, not merely as students about to begin another winter of intellectual discipline, but as ministers who have come from their pastoral labors to join in a spiritual retreat. To my brethren in the ministry, therefore, I primarily address myself as their fellow-servant, as one who has never been able to divest himself of the character of a preacher, and whose theme, therefore, is not always entirely a matter of personal choice.

There are many people otherwise wise who think that a minister has a remarkably pleasant lot, not only in being exempt from the more difficult and arduous labors by which other men must earn their bread, but also because it must be so much easier for him to be good. "They think of a pretty, peaceful country manse, and picture to themselves the minister spending his days there between learned leisure and quiet visits to old women who curtsy at his approach."

There is a measure of truth in this. A minister is relieved from the sharp trials of business and from the anxiety for daily bread which hangs over many a hard-worked man. But if temptations of a certain gross and materialistic kind do not torment him, he must face others just as insidious, and, if yielded to, just as fatal to integrity of character. The possibility of temptation marks man's place in the moral scale, and as he rises from the savage state to comparative civilization, the range of his temptations constantly widens. The lower inducements to evil may now have less hold on him,

but new and much more seductive wiles of the Adversary surround him on every side. The Son of God Himself, when dwelling among men, was tempted in all points like as we are, and one temptation at least which he endured could not have had any force with another being.

There may be ministers who occupy a position of such rare spiritual eminence that, for them, such temptations as I am about to describe have ceased to be. I can only bow before them and acknowledge the Omnipotent grace which has made them to differ so greatly from myself. I am speaking, however, to the rank and file of our brethren, companions in the hardships and tribulations of our common life; too often only partially sanctified; hurried by the difficulties of pastoral duty into sin; burdened with tasks unperformed; tormented by the falseness, Pharisaism, hypocrisy and unreasonableness of men; weighed down by the dread responsibilities of the sacred office, yet still chained fast to it by conscience and the providence of God.

To attempt any exhaustive catalogue of the seductions to evil which beset the servant of the Lord would be a dry and difficult task. An American has said that there are just three hundred and fifty-two sins possible to ordinary men, but a minister has a wider field for transgression. And yet the subject cannot be made definite without a discussion of some specific dangers.

There are many temptations which assail him, like other men, on the side of his God-ward life. He may have his own spiritual sensibilities numbed by his constant professional contact with Biblical ideas and Christian experiences. Because he has to pray so often in public and in his pastoral work, he may find it difficult to continue in the true spirit of prayer, and may neglect secret devotion. He may come to study divine truth for a purely intellectual or homiletic purpose, rather than with a practical, personal aim. Being petted and spoiled by an indulgent people, he may grow haughty, imperious and dogmatic; or softly and gently luxurious, very far removed from that warrior hardness which every true soldier

of Christ must endure. On all these sides the minister must have sentinels posted, but I purpose to speak of certain things which, if not more closely connected with his work, are more speedily apparent on the surface of it.

Many a minister is tempted to mis-spend his time. Scarcely any other man has it so absolutely under his own control. But this very fact permits indolence to measure out too easy tasks for itself, and to dawdle the hours away. Other men have their work cut out for them by the exigencies of their callings. They must be in the office, the store, the class-room, or at an engagement with others at a given hour, and step by step they are forced to constant activity by the pressure of their circumstances. Their duties are like piece-work, the less they do the less they earn. But the minister gets his salary whether he work or not, because a great part of his work must be done where no censor stands over him. Only the outcome of years can show whether it has been faithfully performed or not—indeed, only the day of judgment can reveal many of his wasted hours.

Perhaps it may seem ungenerous for a minister even to hint that any of his brethren can be guilty of an indolent misuse of time. Well, if this is not the case, what mean the widespread unrest in many congregations, the cases of difficulty between pastor and people which are not infrequently before presbyteries, and the very short average pastorate in many fields. Why is the moderator of the session of the very humblest vacant congregation (in a city) constantly deluged with such a multitude of applications for a hearing from every point of the compass? Is not the core of the trouble in many cases that the minister has become weak, flat, stale and unprofitable in the pulpit, because he has largely ceased those habits of study which were forced upon him when he was a student. Consider the men who successfully hold the pulpits of this or any other city, and I venture to say that their diligence when students could not be compared with the thoroughness, the system, the intensity with which they study still. And I venture to say still further that there is scarcely

a pulpit in the land that can be profitably and successfully filled from year to year except by as hard and continuous intellectual work as would give a man a first-class position as a student.

To very many busy pastors the mis-spending of time may seem the very last charge that can be brought against the ministry of to-day. Life with them is one hard rush from morning to night to keep up with their engagements. Claims of every kind and from every source have multiplied on the minister until he is in danger of having no time for anything, and of being proud that he is so fully occupied. Perhaps this pressure forces him to work by a system which leaves little room for the living play of soul on soul when a favorable opportunity occurs for genial sympathy or the patient solution of difficulties. Perhaps only odds and ends of his time are given to preparation for public duty, and in the headlong rush of his engagements he is constantly leaving his real work behind him.

If this be so, is he not mis-spending his time as much as the man who is stretched on a lounge with a novel in his hand? It is true that the minister stands in very close relationship to the general well-being of the community in which his lot is cast. Schemes for moral reform, or social and intellectual improvement, may receive a judicious distribution of the time which he has honestly earned by diligence in his own proper work. There is that scattereth influence in this way and yet increaseth it wisely and well. But we are now surrounded by a thousand organizations which seem to think that the minister was born to be their slave. They suppose that they have only to lift their finger and he must rejoice to obey. And when they have driven him to death, when his neglected sick, aged and poor raise a meek protest, when his congregation, long fed with chaff and generally abused with an inefficient ministry, show him the door, these outside gentlemen, for whose sake he slew his better self, will follow him with a sigh and say, "Poor man, he had not the elements of success in him."

A minister is sometimes tempted to yield to a luxurious,

self-seeking, self-indulgent life. It is asserted in many quarters that he has caught something of the ease-loving, pleasure-hunting spirit of the generation in which his lot is cast. It is said, and not always by his enemies, that he thinks much of a comfortable home, a quiet study and pleasant surroundings; and but little of the church's reasonable expectations, not to speak of the sacredness of his vocation.

Conveners of Home Mission Committees, and Moderators of out-of-the-way and sparsely settled charges declare that the ancient spirit of humble, self-denying devotion to the work of the Lord has been largely lost; and that most ministers are looking for an ample quid pro quo. When a hard field is vacant many questions are asked by those appealed to for service there. Is there a daily mail? Is there a good manse, four weeks' vacation, how far apart are the stations, are the roads good? Will every station expect a prayer meeting during the week? I have heard of a minister who said he might see his way to accept a call if the congregation would put a soft water pump in the manse kitchen. Such questions do not tend to recall either the temper or work of the Apostolic ministry. They imply very little inclination to forget self and do all for the glory of God. They have a very unheroic and worldly flavor. No stronghold of sin, no citadels of the devil will be carried by men whose decisions turn on the answers they get to such questions.

Of course it is certainly not to be expected that the Christian laborers of to-day are to dress in sack-cloth or feed on locusts or wild honey. They can scarcely dwell in caves or beg their bread from door to door like the holy men of the East. Nor is it scriptural or reasonable that they should earn their livelihood in some other calling while gratuitously devoting their time and strength to the spiritual interests of others.

The temptation to lay too much stress on the temporalities has arisen in a perfectly natural way. For many years presbyteries have been trying to better the outward conditions of the minister's life, to stir up the people to bear their adequate

share of the expense and toil of carrying on the church's work. At nearly every settlement these things bulk largely in the discussions, and indeed the decisions of church courts often hinge upon such considerations. And we have brought ministerial support to a point where it may easily become a temptation to one who is looking for a soft thing. The young professional man has generally to wait several years before his calling will yield him full support; but the young minister, on being called, steps at once into the possession of the minimum stipend and often much more.

Even while he is in training for his calling he enjoys a special distinction. He obtains his professional education free of charge, while others pay heavy fees. Special arrangements are made whereby he can support himself during his studies at the very minimum of cost. But all this kindness to him may become a temptation to him to think that, in modern times, any measure of self-denial is wholly out of place in the ministry. We may nurse and coddle men, and busy ourselves so much about their outward comfort, that we may get them to think that it would be a gross injustice for them ever to endure any hardship.

On the other hand, while I regard this danger as real enough to warrant a note of warning, I am not to be understood as implying that selfishness or luxurious indolence are the general and invariable characteristics of the Christian ministry. God forbid! Perhaps there has scarcely been a time since the Apostles' days when their labors have been more abundant, and their self-sacrificing spirit more manifest. Who can paint their lives in faithful colors or tell all their experience—"what burdens cheerfully borne, what labors faithfully performed, in frost and storm and summer's heat, what distress and humiliations of poverty, what anxieties as to the fate of wife and children when voice and sight shall fail; what buffetings by vulgar wealth, what contradictions of the ungodly, what insolence and contumely from coarse tongues and coarser hearts, what coldness, and what Shylock exactions by the flock, what lonely days and uncheered toil;

and all confronted and endured by men whom a slight wound like a blow, and an insult cuts like a knife; and this, too, with a calm courage, a heroic patience, a life-long abmission which gives us martyrs for whom neither the Church nor the world offers a crown."—[Littlejohn.]

I pass from the more personal aspects of the preacher's life to speak of some of the temptations which assail him as a teacher of truth. And one of these is an undue desire to be popular, a craving to stand well in the estimation of men, especially of his own congregation. The desire to gain the attention of others is a laudable one, because, if we cannot get them to listen to us, how can we influence them for good? We need tact and skill in finding the point of our contact with men in themes of living interest to all, and we must cast our thoughts in the speech of to-day rather than in the language of the second or third century. Still it is ever to be borne in mind that we gain the ear in order to win the heart. And because we are weak we may choose the theme which will please the prejudices, ignorance or passion of the people, rather than the one best fitted to bring them to a better state of mind. There is a constant temptation to forget or ignore the fact that the gospel was sent, not to gratify man's corrupt tastes, but to reform them. The knowledge that his ministerial fate hangs so much on the good will of his people creates a desire to curry favor with them, by preaching smooth things and keeping his real opinions in abeyance, by studying every straw and speck of chaff which may indicate to him how the wind of popular opinion is setting in, that he may trim his sails to catch it and be borne forward by its means.

Every congregation has its pet doctrines, soundness in which is a sure passport to its favor. Its members generally watch a minister until he has delivered himself of the shibboleth in which their whole religion lies, and then they fold their hands with a patronizing smile and go to sleep. Sometimes a man is almost unconsciously tempted, no matter what his text may be, to bring in this dogmatic fetish, just to close

the mouths of unreasonable critics and satisfy the expectant people. The meaning of all this often is that there is no very clear, definite, personal conviction of truth on the part of either preacher or people. We have inherited the language but not the souls of a greater generation. A passionate devotion to great truths has been succeeded by a worship of the phrases in which these truths are supposed to be embodied. If his form of speech expresses the minister's own heart-felt conviction, if it be something to which he has fought his way and which he has proved in his own experience, well and good, let him not be afraid to use it. But he ought not to allow himself to become a mere retailer of venerable language. He is bound by the nature of his office to give his people the very heart of truth as he understands it, and not the outward semblance of it merely. It is scarcely necessary to say that if he continues to teach as truth that in which he has lost faith, or to denounce what he himself secretly believes, he cannot any longer regard himself as an honest man. But at the same time it is not necessary for a minister to utter every conceivable aspect of truth.

A minister is sometimes tempted to preach to the gallery. He knows that the speculations of a certain class of investigators are looked upon with great suspicion by some of his people. He may not be in a position to speak with any degree of authority on the matter in question, but feeling sure of a certain measure of favor in doing so, he roundly denounces these opinions. The history of the past ought to lead us to be careful here. John Owen denounced the great discovery of Newton as a vain speculation and dangerous to the authority of Holy Scripture. The general rule has been that the heretics and innovators of one age have become the canonized saints of the next. It is a fine thing to have a generous enthusiasm for antiquity, but it is more profitable to have an intelligent appreciation of present duty and to be honestly desirous of interpreting it to men. It is not wise to denounce any class of men who are guided solely by the love of truth; and it certainly shows neither wisdom nor faith to hastily

conclude that every fresh movement of thought must of necessity prove hostile to the cause of true religion. His faith must rest on a very insecure foundation, who fears that every new wind of doctrine is going to sweep Christianity away.

On the other hand, men of a different temperament may be tempted in the opposite direction, viz.: to preach the wildest and most reckless speculation as gospel truth, just because it is new; to startle and torment good, pious people with the extreme vagaries of some senseless rationalist. An Anglican preacher compares such a preacher to a school-boy who lets off fireworks because his chief delight is to frighten people. "To insult a prejudice is not to dispel it." We ought to cultivate a spirit of candor and patience, a candor which shows that we are awake to all the messages which God sends to us, from whatever source they come, and a patience which reverences a devout loyalty to God although it may not yet be prepared for all truth.

Some ministers seem to be tempted to preach current thought instead of expounding and applying the Scriptures. The text is taken from the Bible, but the warp and woof of the sermon comes from some newspaper topic of the day. Perhaps one reason why this is so common is the cant of the hour, that all things are equally sacred, that a man may and ought to have as much communion with God ploughing or splitting wood as he has at the Lord's Table. He ought to have as clear a divine call to be a blacksmith as he needs to be a minister.

Now, in so far as this is a recoil from the mediæval error which made an entire separation between the sphere of religion and the sphere of ordinary life, we sympathize with it. We all know that the spirit of a man's religion ought to flow through his whole life and into the very minutest details of his conduct. We believe that the heart and motive which a laborer may and ought to put into his work can make it worship, most acceptable to the Divine heart. That toil of his, counted by men lowly and insignificant, may be for him a means of most joyous fellowship with the Living God. But

in order that this may be possible, his soul must be kept in the right attitude to God, and this, again, is accomplished by special worship. Because of our limitations we must rise from the special to the general. It is the man who keeps one day in seven specially sacred to God who can best maintain the spirit of worship on all succeeding days. It is the man who has one holy meal to remind him of the Lord's love who sits down to every other meal with feelings of the deepest gratitude.

Therefore all things cannot be equally sacred, even to the best of men; nor are all questions of moral reform, social ethics, current events, or politics pure and simple, equally fitted to accomplish his spiritual edification. In view of the themes discussed in many pulpits it is time to call a halt, and enquire whether we are really discharging our Master's commission. To attempt critical estimates of dead politicians, to discuss a possible Anglo-American alliance, or to outline the policy which British statesmen ought to pursue on the Eastern Question, may possess a mild interest for those who care nothing about religion, but they are not well adapted for bringing men into closer relationship with God. A certain worshipper in England said of a Sabbath in 1890, "I went to Church longing to hear about Christ, but it was only Newman from beginning to end."

Such themes seem to be more popular than the gospel, and they are certainly easier to handle than those topics which require the continuous study of the Scriptures, and a wide acquaintance with the spiritual condition of men. But the state of vital religion in those churches which have been longest accustomed to that sort of preaching, is the best reproof of it. The ecclesiastical machinery is still moving there with much noise, but the true motive power has largely ceased to act. Torpor, utter fruitlessness, spiritual death, meet us on every side and seem to constitute their normal condition.

Another tendency of the present time is to present Christianity as if it applied to this life alone. Our fathers erred

in the opposite direction. They understood the Scriptures to teach that the world is sinful, and to be entirely abandoned and shunned as far as possible. All a man's thoughts should be on the world to come, and every present duty ought to be done in the light of eternity. The world is not to be saved, but destroyed, and only a few men will be plucked as brands from the burning. A man's whole effort here must be to assure himself that he is among the happy number, and let everything else go.

This teaching has been satirized under the name of "other-worldliness," and most Christians now feel that it is not the whole gospel. Christ came to save the world, and a regenerated earth constitutes the true kingdom of God among men; the individual in harmony with the Divine will, and society a perfect assimilation of the corporate life of these sanctified persons to the Holy Spirit of Christ.

But the pendulum threatens to swing far to the opposite extreme. In many quarters we scarcely hear a reference to the future life, except in a prayer or a hymn, which is perhaps only an echo of a past belief, a mode of expression no longer literally, but only figuratively understood. As we read some modern sermons we ask ourselves, "Does the preacher really intend us to believe that there is anything for us beyond this life, or are we to find the whole purpose and aim of Christianity here, and now? Is all the fullness of communion with God which is possible to us to be enjoyed here. Is the sweet-spirited child who left our home so soon, never to be beheld by her sorrowing parents again in any form? Is her only immortality the influence left on those who loved her, by the memory of her kindly innocent ways? Is the only existence hereafter possessed by any, merely the currents of moral or intellectual activity which they set in motion in the past?"

Surely to imply this is to change the whole basis of our religion, and to preach another gospel, and a very different one, from that which is recorded in the New Testament.

Perhaps it may be thought that this is far-fetched and unnecessary—almost a preposterous dream. But look around

you on the literature which marks the high tide of pulpit thought, and surely you read it carelessly if you do not see many indications of this trend. Many men, not otherwise hostile to Christianity have ceased to believe in the resurrection of the body. The violent recoil from the supernatural tells heavily on that doctrine which seems most out of harmony with all that we know of nature and its laws. The instinct of immortality may keep alive a belief in some kind of a future existence, but when that which is its distinctive Christian basis disappears, the natural ground is too light to carry long, amidst the cares of life, a clear and confident conviction of immortality. And the very philosophy which has dealt such telling blows against materialism seems to me to afford no surer basis for a future life than the doctrine which it has destroyed.

It is right that we should lay great stress on the bearing of Christianity on this life. We ought to outline constantly and clearly the judgment of sin, which transgression is continually accomplishing in the very constitution of the soul which sins. There we have natural law and visible fact to add weight to our appeals to the reason and conscience of men. But it is also right and proper, and our bounden duty, to show as clearly, that this visible temporal retribution is sealed and completed by a judgment to come, where all anomalies arising from the exceptional circumstances of life shall be cleared away, and infinite justice vindicated to the consciences of all.

Again, the currents of thought to-day tempt a minister to be somewhat vague and indefinite in his teaching. The enthusiastic student of philosophy is almost unconsciously betrayed into a stiffness of style, and an uncommon mode of expression, which hinder the edification of ordinary men. And often the difficulty lies not in the language, but in the thought. The relation of God to the world and to men is conceived of, in much of present day literature, in a way which cannot easily be harmonized with our ordinary conceptions of truth. Besides, it is evident that we are now well on in

a new cycle of religious thought, in which the position of even conservative opinion has considerably changed upon a number of questions with which it is the province of the pulpit to deal. On some of these the last word has not yet been spoken. There we cannot speak with the mathematical precision of the Puritans, who were as sure on all matters of religion and revelation as they were of their own existence. Our horizon has widened and we now see that, on some points where they were very confident, they were most indubitably wrong. We wish to exercise some caution in committing ourselves to a position which may soon be found untenable, and hence we find ourselves very frequently formulating a may be, or uttering only an eloquent perhaps.

And yet this age has a strong craving for reality. It wishes above all things to get rid of all illusions and prejudice, and to see everything as it really is. Vagueness in the presence of this spirit is weakness. "The teaching that is not positive and determinative, that timidly and falteringly feels its way, that moves in hazy uncertainty, and is not quite sure whether the ground on which it rests is rock or quicksand; that has no aim of such overmastering intensity and directness as to draw to itself every energy and resource of the living teacher; that in every conviction makes room for a doubt—such teaching can have but little value or influence in any attempt to reform human character or change the bent of the human soul."—[Littlejohn.]

There are subjects which come within the range of the pulpit where specific conclusions are not possible. But that fact may be clearly stated, and all difficulties which lie in the way which leads up to it may be cleared away. And on those fundamental axioms of faith and duty which constitute the very essence of Christianity, there ought to be a sinewy firmness of tone, a clear ringing articulation, a resolute and incisive attitude which no man can mistake.

A minister's pastoral work is another lurking-place where many temptations lie. The pressure of intellectual or executive tasks often leads him to neglect it altogether, or to per-

form it in a perfunctory and unprofitable way. Some of the ablest preachers I know find it extremely irksome. They look forward to it with dread, they hurry through it with as good a grace as possible, and they think of it afterwards with many misgiving fears. They enjoy speaking to men in a mass, but to the individual man they have nothing to say that is worth hearing.

This is perhaps the weakest part of the average ministry to-day. The development of scholarly habits and ideals may render the dwellings, pursuits, sorrows and common-place trials of his people very distasteful to a minister. Happy is the man who can forget his literary and esthetic tastes and go down to the houses of his people simply as a brother, with a warm, throbbing heart, to interest himself in their joys and to become a sharer in their cares.

I have no doubt that pastoral work of a certain kind is done by every minister. Very few parishioners will be able to remind him, as one of Wm. Anderson's flock did, that it was just eighteen years since he was in the house! But although the pastor may have made many social calls, he may go away feeling that he has accomplished but little, that he has not grasped their spiritual difficulties, nor has he any clearer a conception of their religious position than he had before.

Is there not much truth in the following picture, drawn by one in deepest sympathy with the ministry and its work: "The cure of souls has come to mean little more than a personal acquaintance with the members of the parish, conventional greetings in the sanctuary or in the street, and social chats in the parlor or at the table. As for any direct, systematic, searching dealing with individual lives, in order to help them in their temptations or doubts, or to throw the guiding, strengthening power of a living pastorate into their struggles with vicious habits; or to apply to their heart-weary, sin-sick experience the medicine of Christ—there has been so little of it as to be hardly worthy of mention in the round of clerical duty."

It is quite true that pastoral dealing must take a different

form from that which it assumed in our fathers' hands. The conscientious minister will have scruples about thrusting his counsel upon those who give no sign of desiring it; but surely this is not to be pushed to a point where it would annihilate personal dealing altogether. A certain number of cases of spiritual difficulty will be brought to the pastor for solution, but in the majority of instances he must take the initiative and bring them to light by skilful intercourse with the soul. We are inclined to carry our respect for the personality and freedom of other men to such an extent that we are afraid to remind a careless adherent that he has a soul, or that he will live hereafter.

And when the minister's conscience or the general expectation of his people forces him to deal with special cases, the task may be performed in a spirit very different from Christ's. Often the sensitive, finely-fibred pastor puts off a duty of this kind so long that when he does address himself to it, it is with a cumulative energy, which hurries him, like Hamlet, quite beyond proper bounds.

Again there are pastors who do not find much difficulty in discharging the duty, but whose manner of doing it is extremely offensive; whose temptation is not to neglect it, but to lord it over God's heritage. You can easily fancy to yourselves a minister with nerves of iron, and an icy heart, dealing with some petty transgressor, or with some careless, thoughtless spirit, or some victim of adverse circumstances, in a manner which rouses every spark of manhood in the hapless subject to fiery opposition, which causes the sensitive soul to shrink down some side street when the pastor is seen approaching. He speaks the truth in such an aggravating way that even the best and most patient of his people long to rise up and call him a liar.

Time would fail me to speak of the temptation to deal differently with different men, to smite the vulgar drunkard with the keenest and sharpest of rebukes, and to speak with the very gentlest deference to the prominent official who has wrecked many homes. Nor can I discuss the tendency of

many a sensitive man to avoid the parishioner who has something against him, and thus deepening his enmity, instead of straightforwardly interviewing him and clearing up the difficulty in a manly way.

I pass on to speak of certain temptations which come to a minister through his relation to his field of labor. And here I need hardly do more than mention the trial which comes to a few men, viz., the offer of one of the high places of the church, a wide field of influence, a splendid social and ecclesiastical position. Pride, self-interest, family claims, and congenial surroundings may clamor for acceptance, while conscience whispers the unwelcome word of unfinished work and of unfitness for the highest kind of service in the proffered sphere. He may see that this is the turning point of his career, the flood tide of opportunity, the neglect of which will doom him for life to the shallows of obscurity, and later on he may be turned adrift by the very people he is now sacrificing himself to serve. Yet conscience, in every case, must decide, and the minister will come out of the trial a larger or a smaller man.

Very often the minister is tempted to be dissatisfied with his charge, when there seems no possibility of a change except by resignation. There are cantankerous and unreasonable fault-finders in most congregations, who make a minister's life bitter with hard bondage. Sometimes the opposition of these persons reaches such a degree of vindictiveness, such an unceasing and malicious persecution that it cannot be endured by any self-respecting man.

The conditions of ministerial work in many fields are hard -- no wonder a man wearies and wishes himself away from them. Suppose you found yourself fifteen miles from home every other Sabbath evening, and return utterly impossible until late on Monday afternoon, with a delicate wife alone in an empty house, trembling at every sound. Suppose seventeen miles of trackless, snow-covered prairie stretched between you and your evening appointment every Sabbath afternoon, when every mile of the journey requires the utmost

tension of mind, and one never knows when the blizzard may sweep across his path with its grim possibilities of death. What a trial it is for a morally sensitive man to rear a family where every breath of air comes to his ear laden with blasphemy, where scandalous vice flaunts itself unblushingly on the highway, where Christian men are but a handful, and too often half-hearted and cold. I feel that men would scarcely be human if they could see a wife pining away for congenial companionship in a moral desert or an only child condemned to death in a region of malaria and not sometimes wish for a change.

But when due allowance has been made for legitimate grounds of dissatisfaction, I fear there is a great deal of unrest among ministers which is not altogether creditable. There grows upon some men an envious spirit, which cannot look upon a brother's successes without irritation and fierce discontent with its own lot, which is continually trying to secure a better place, which vents its disappointment when unsuccessful on mediators, committees and the unwisdom of congregations in general, and whose perennial strain of speech is "How can you expect a man like me to stay here?"

Now I am perfectly certain that this is a temptation of the adversary against which we need to be constantly on our guard. The humblest field is worthy of the very best of us. There lie possibilities of service which an angel might envy, there are spiritual conquests to be gained which the Son of God died to win. It often happens that in a limited field a minister's people will give themselves up to him with a whole-souled devotion, with a deep, true, constant affection for which he will look in vain in a larger field with its many pressing cares.

Instead of belittling our sphere of labor we ought to idealize it, and adorn every detail of its labors with a prophet's vision of future good, and a poet's beauty and depth of thought. "Here the Most High has ordained me to labor, here I am to throw around me the aroma of heaven, here I can hold communion with the Fountain of all blessing, and

from this I can rise to a place near the throne of God, carrying with me a goodly company of His chosen ones."

It is true that the conditions of ministerial success are not easy even in the most favorable circumstances, that there is a drain on us to-day of which our fathers never dreamed. But let us compare our position with the rank and file of our people, and I think we shall find that we are much better off than they are. The minister's income is at least double that of the laboring man, and the strain of the latter's muscular toil is a good deal more trying to the physical system than the minister's duties. The wearisomeness of hard work for ten hours a day year after year is but very imperfectly understood by ministers who never did anything but go to school. And the saddest thing in the laborer's lot is that often he cannot get anything to do. For a considerable part of the year his little pittance of wages, small enough at the most, is entirely cut off; and he goes from place to place begging his lordly fellow-worms to give him leave to toil.

And if we compare the minister's lot, even in a hard field, with that of the average business man in his congregation, the case is not materially different. His precarious custom, his bad debts, his anxieties when commercial prosperity is periodically ebbing, and his sleepless nights over matured liabilities which he cannot meet, make life far from a holiday. And even in the case of the most successful, the sudden commercial turns, which no special skill can foresee, and the immense risks which must at times be taken, throw upon them a mental and moral strain which only few can endure. The minister's income is assured. If he administer it with strict economy it removes from him the fear of actual want. It is not usually large enough to involve him in business complications administering it. He is shielded from many of the temptations which beset ordinary men. If he be a good man he enjoys the respect of the community in a higher degree than almost any other man in it. He ought to rejoice in the opportunities of useful service which all this opens up to

him, and he ought to heartily respond to the Divine favor by diligence in improving them.

Many temptations beset a minister in connection with our present method of candidating. When a man who feels himself called to the ministry of the gospel in the Presbyterian Church in Canada finds himself without a field, how is he to get one?

This is one of the weakest parts of our system, and is well worthy of the attention of all our ecclesiastical leaders. The Probationers' List in its present form only very partially meets the difficulty, and does not seem to be adapted to modern conditions. And unless the minister without a charge commits himself solely to Providence and the Probationers' List, he must try candidating pure and simple, and what a flood of trials this opens on his soul. It scarcely seems loyal to the church we love to mention them, and yet they are facts. It is now no easy matter for a man to get a hearing unless he has some influence with the session or some member of the committee of supply, for there are usually more applicants for a hearing than can be heard. And the whole system of competitive preaching and praying is a trial to a sensitively-fibred soul. It seems a reasonable thing, on the one hand, that a congregation of Christian people should have some experience of the gifts of the one whom they are to call to be their religious teacher and guide for a life-time. But on the other hand, when we think of a dozen, or several dozen, of Christian ministers submitting to this test before the same people, it practically resolves itself into a race for the position. And the temptation is very strong for the candidates and their friends to import into the contest the tactics of the political arena, which the church, in theory at least, utterly condemns. If the minister unfortunately yields to the wiles of the adversary, he shows it by an effusive, gushing friendliness towards those who hold his fate in their hands. He pays court to every local Diotrophes who loves to have the pre-eminence; he finds out the weaknesses of individuals and cultivates favor through them, he studies to improve

every opportunity of letting his own supposed excellencies be known, he directs with statesmanlike effectiveness the personal canvass of his friends inside the congregation, and wisely manipulates the influence of those he has outside. The weaknesses of his rivals are quietly but steadily kept before those who will listen, and the whole campaign becomes worthy of a Machiavelli.

The last temptation of which I shall speak is thought by many to be the most insidious of all, viz., despondency. Some of the very best men are subject to periodic fits of faint-hearted melancholy. All nervous organisms highly cultured and acutely sensitive are liable to moods. To-day they are bounding on the Delectable Mountains, to-morrow they are fighting the black shapes of the valley of the shadow of death. Every man who works at times under a great strain, or who is exposed to sudden and deep draughts on his vital force and spiritual sympathies, will be subject to despondency. Dr. Watson speaks graphically of the minister, who, in the reaction which follows a great effort, is fit company for no one, and who resigns his charge every Sabbath evening.

There are many cases of hum-drum downheartedness in the ministry. Every pastor finds that the gospel does not accomplish all that he thought it would do. He remembers the slaves of hard-hearted obstinacy and deep-seated dissipation, who have resisted many appeals and are as far as ever from the way of truth. Some of his people have a fatal facility for fault-finding, and are constanay stabbing him in the back with a delicate but malignant allusion, which does not admit of a reply. He may be settled where the population is decreasing, where he must see his congregation ebbing away month by month, his best workers seeking more attractive homes, and he powerless to fill their placés. He may feel the buoyancy of youth beginning to fail him, and instead of rising in the ecclesiastical scale, he may find himself, as gray hairs begin to appear, further from the centres of the church's life and thought than where he began. The very

faithfulness with which he performed his duties has stirred up enemies and added many sharp thorns to his discontent.

To such I might preach Carlyle's gospel of work, only that the collapse of some ministers has been brought about by too much of it. I might speak of the enthusiasm of study which takes possession of many a student of more commonplace things than the knowledge of God, which sweeps away all other considerations and fills the soul with the continuous joy of discovery, of communion with new truth and its Author.

But we may go deeper than all this. The disorder of which we are speaking has been thus defined, "Despondency is but another form of self-conceit. It is self-confidence which has failed." And this suggests where the chief remedy for it must lie, viz., in turning from man to God. The Master's counsel is wisest, "Men ought always to pray and not to faint." We must settle down firmly on that point where God has direct contact with us. If a sermon is torn to pieces by some cold-blooded analytic soul, our safe anchorage is the communion with Jehovah which we had in the preparation and delivery of it. If we are sure of the sympathy and approval of the Wisest One, we shall not be greatly disturbed by the self-sufficient critics, we can regard them with some measure of the infinite patience. When we get down to the region of the eternal verities how much deeper are they than the hell of sin which dismays us, how much more permanent and powerful are they than those forces of evil against which we seem to contend in vain.

Especially do we need to be careful about taking any hasty or impatient action when our souls are darkened by this fog. Some business men abandon a strategic point just when the ebbing tide of commercial depression is about to turn to a prosperous inflow. And in spiritual matters the period of conflict may be the condition of success. The envenomed tongue, the sharp trials, the temptation to escape may all be factors in bringing about the end which the Divine Father and the minister himself so deeply desire.

“Burden-bearing, self-denials, strivings, hardships, of every name, are inseparable from the task of converting the world to God, and they are meant to be so. To shun them is to shun the cross we preach. These things are the glory and crown of the ministry. Its elevation, its honor, its joy, its strength is in union with Christ, and in participation in what he was called to endure. ‘It is enough for the disciple that he be as his Master, and the servant as his Lord.’”

ON THE DEATH OF A LITTLE CHILD.

(FROM 'THE GERMAN OF UHLAND')

Thou camest, thou goest, with footsteps low;
A fleeting guest from spirit-land.
Whence? whither? only 'this we know:
From out God's hand and to God's hand.

—*Robert MacDougall.*



THE RELIGIOUS TEACHING OF ROBERT BROWNING.

BY THE REV. PROFESSOR SCHINGER, D.D.

The religious views of a poet, however great he may be, do not necessarily carry with them any authority. We do not accept them as inspired, in the sense in which the writings of the prophets are inspired. But the world will always attach a large degree of weight to such views, whether they are true or false. The poet is the picked man of the race, the man of insight, the man who has the gift of looking beyond the surface of things and of seeing them in their ideal relations. The way in which these things strike him, therefore, is likely to commend itself to many others. And it must always be a matter of interest at least to know how a thinker, who gives evidence of unusual penetration, is disposed to look at questions that concern the world and universal man.

It is seldom an easy matter, however, to determine precisely what the theological position of a poet is, for, in the first place, his statement of his views is always poetical in form and not scientific. They always present themselves incidentally and unexpectedly, like the lightning flash, not in logical order after the due introduction of antecedent propositions. We are often compelled to infer what they must be, because he does not choose to tell us what they are, and, of course, our inferences may be astray, either because of his imperfect statement, or because of the bias of our own minds.

But, in the second place, difficulty arises from the fact that the poet is not always consistent with himself. Few men of any kind retain exactly the same attitude on religious questions throughout their whole lives. Poets least of all. From the very nature of the case they are always seeking to present truth in a new light and to look at it from a new standpoint. They are under no pledge of consistency, and acknow-

ledge no obligation to reconcile the vision of any year with that of an earlier one. They are also by their constitution abnormally sensitive to the trend of thought around them, and disposed to read old facts in the light of new philosophies.

These preliminary remarks may help us to understand the limits within which we may expect to arrive at a satisfactory statement of the religious teaching of any poet. In Robert Browning's case there is the further difficulty—that he is confessedly very often obscure, and our imagination is largely taxed to discover all that lies below his involved sentences and elliptical phrases. Perhaps, we may add, it is also increased by the fact that he is so largely dramatic in his mode of statement, and it is not always clear how far he adopts for his own the sentiments which he puts in the mouth of his characters. More than once, indeed, in his writings, he disclaims having revealed his own sentiments at all.

Which of you did I enable
 Once to slip inside my breast,
 There to catalogue and label
 What I like least, what love best,
 Hope and fear, believe and doubt of,
 Seek and shun, respect—deride?
 Who has right to make a rout of
 Rarities he found inside?

—At the Mermaid, v.

With this same key
 Shakespeare unlocked his heart, once more!
 Did Shakespeare? If so the less Shakespeare he!

—House, x.

Still in spite of such disclaimers he can hardly have imagined that he altogether concealed his inner thoughts from view. We shall proceed upon the assumption that they may be ascertained from his writings with some degree of probability.

Though Robert Browning held aloof from all religious

organizations, the first thing that strikes the thoughtful reader of his works is the intensely religious character of his thinking. His great theme is the human soul in all its varied experiences, its struggles, its successes, its failures, its hopes and its fears. Among the forces that influence it and shape its destiny, he constantly recognizes that of religion. His philosophy of life everywhere rests upon a religious basis. He makes Paracelsus say that

Love, hope, fear, faith—these make humanity.
These are its sign and note and character.

And though he subscribed to none of the historic creeds, we may, with considerable confidence, formulate some of the articles at least of his personal belief. He certainly believed in God as a conscious personal being, having moral qualities, transcendent above the world as well as immanent in it. Though he had some important points of contact with Emerson, that might have drawn him farther towards his position, he never accepted Emerson's pantheism. The personality of God, and, as we shall see presently, the love of God, were too intensely real to make it possible for him to adopt any other attitude towards the Infinite Cause, whatever difficulty he might have had in comprehending God otherwise. The world is not God, but was formed by Him in accordance with a definite purpose and a distinct plan. The process is that of evolution.

From life's minute beginnings up at last
To man, the consummation of this scheme
Of being, the completion of this sphere of life.
—Paracelsus.

Man, therefore, is the crown of creation, and furnishes the key to the right understanding of nature, with every part of which he has some kinship.

For many a thrill of friendship I confess to
With the powers called nature, animate, inanimate,

In parts or in the whole; there's something there
 Manlike, that somehow meets the man in me.

Hohenstiel-Schwangau.

Or, again in Paracelsus:

Man once descried imprints forever
 His presence on all lifeless things.

* * * * *

A supplementary reflex of light
 Illustrates all the inferior grades, explains
 Each back step in the circle.

But though thus akin to nature, man is still more akin to
 God:

Nearer we hold of God

Who gives, than of His tribes that take, I must believe.

Rabbi Ben Ezra, v.

The truth in God's breast
 Lies trace upon trace in ours impressed,
 Though He is so bright and we so dim
 We are made in His image to witness Him

—Christmas Eve.

Sometimes, like the pantheist, he even seems to identify
 God and man as being the same substance, or as if God was
 most truly so in becoming man. But this is probably meant
 to be only a strong form of asserting man's dignity. Else-
 where he makes the distinction plain enough. Thus, in the
 poem entitled "A Death in the Desert:"

Man is not God, but hath God's end to serve;
 A master to obey, a cause to take,
 Somewhat to cast off, somewhat to become.

Or, again, in "The Ring and the Book:"

God, whose pleasure brought
 Man into being, stands away
 As it were, a hand-breadth off, to give

Room for the newly made to live,
 And look at Him from a place apart,
 And use his gifts of brain and heart.

While in "Christmas Eve" he notes with scorn:

The important stumble,
 Of adding, He the sage and humble,
 Was also one with the Creator.

Browning's view as to the close kinship of God and man enables us to understand his reference to the incarnation. Browning is often claimed as being a Unitarian, but, if he was so originally, his philosophy enabled him to rise above the rationalistic limitations of the ordinary Unitarian creed, for he had no great difficulty in accepting the thought of Christ as being the very God in human form. In the well-known poem "Saul," David seeks to revive the King by the assurance of his own love, and then argues from that to the yet greater love of God, since the full revelation of God will yet be seen in human flesh:

O, Saul, it shall be
 A face like my face that receives thee, a man like me
 Thou shalt love and be loved by forever; a hand like this hand
 Shall throw open the gates of new life to thee! See the
 Christ stand!

And in the "Epistle of Karshish the Arab Physician," after reciting the testimony of Lazarus that the Nazarene was

God himself,
 Creator and sustainer of the world
 That came and dwelt in flesh on it awhile,

he concludes with the startled reflection:

The very God! think Ahib; dost thou think?

So, the All-great were the all-loving, too,
 So through the thunder comes a human voice

Saying, O heart I made, a heart beats here!
 Face my hands fashioned, see it in myself!
 Thou hast no power, nor may conceive of mine,
 But love I gave thee with myself to love,
 And thou must love me who have died for thee.

He does not indeed always maintain this high level. He sometimes seems to present the embodiment of God in the universe as the true Christ. In the "Epilogue to *Dramatis Personae*," after repudiating the scepticism of Renan as to the reality of the revelation of God in Christ, he concludes:

That, one face, far from vanish, rather grows,
 Or decomposes but to recompose,
 Become my universe that feels and knows.

Mrs. Orr, his biographer, relates that on one occasion, when speaking of his own religious opinions, he read this poem and on closing the book said, "That face is the face of Christ: that is how I feel Him." But perhaps this was only meant to express his sense of the continued existence of Christ in the world as mystically present to the individual soul.

In harmony with Browning's idea of man's distinct personality in his representation of man's moral freedom and responsibility, he tells us it was God's plan

To create man and then leave him
 Able, His own word saith; to grieve Him
 But able to glorify Him, too.

* * * * *

Life's business being just the terrible choice.

—The Ring and the Book.

In fact, a very large part of his writings consists of his descriptions of men in the psychological moments when they are making the choices which at once reveal and decide character. The study was one of which he never grew weary, and the problems he set himself are often of the most complicated character, in which it is exceedingly difficult to see

the right and the wrong of things. The importance of the right choice is recognized in view of the fact that man is immortal and life here is his time of probation.

No work begun shall ever pause for death.

What's time? Leave Now for dogs and apes—
Man has forever.

—A Grammarian's Funeral.

One phase of Browning's view of God's moral government of the world is brought out in such a poem as that entitled "Instans Tyrannus," in which a poor, insignificant subject, persecuted by his sovereign, casts himself in prayer on God's protection and speedily finds a deliverance so signal as to startle his unscrupulous persecutor and fill him with wholesome dread. God is the friend of the oppressed and the vindicator of justice.

The main aspect of God's character, however, which finds recognition in Browning's writings is His love. This he has emphasized as no other poetical writer has ever done in all the world's literature, and his exaltation of the quality of love is, perhaps, the chief contribution which he has made to modern thought. Seizing eagerly the New Testament ideas on this point, he has wrought them out in detail and shown their bearings in every way he can think of. To him love is the one quality in God which is essential to His divinity. All-powerful he is, of course, but without love He could not be God.

For the loving worm within its clod
Were diviner than a loveless God
Amid His worlds, I will dare to say.

—Christmas Eve.

The signs of God's love abound everywhere in the world to the eye that cares to discern them.

From the first Power was I knew;
Life has made clear to me

That strive but for closer view
Love were as plain to see.

—Reverie in Asolando.

Love is the motive behind all God's action. Love caused Him to create the world. Love continues to rule over it and pervades all nature. That love is the key to the explanation of all the mysteries of providence and the solution of all the problems of life.

God! Thou art Love! I build my faith on that!

are the words that he puts in the mouth of Festus as an unconscious corrective to the earlier view of Paracelsus:

God! Thou art mind!

Hence

This world's no blot for us,
Nor blank; it means intensely and means good.

—Fra Lippo Lippi.

O, world as God has made it! all is beauty;
And knowing this is love, and love is duty,
What further may be sought for or declared?

—The Guardian Angel.

I can believe this dread machinery
Of sin and sorow would confound me else.

—The Ring and the Book.

Love is as necessary for true greatness in man as in God. Paracelsus aspires after knowledge and spends his life in pursuit of it, to the exclusion of love, and finds out, when all too late, that because of this he has made a complete failure. God's best gift to man is, therefore, the gift of love, and the great aim of His government of the world is to awaken love in man so that he may attain his highest end.

To make him love in turn and be beloved,
Creative and self-sacrificing, too,
And thus eventually God-like.

—The Ring and the Book.

Since this could best be accomplished by loving self-sacrifice on God's part, he did not hesitate to make it, such sacrifice being in fact but the natural expression of his character.

Gladness be with Thee, helper of the world !
 I think this the authentic sign and seal
 Of Godship, that it ever waxes glad
 And more glad, until gladness blossoms, bursts
 Into a rage to suffer for mankind,
 And recommence at sorrow.

—Balaustion's Adventure.

I never realized God's birth before,
 How he grew likest God in being born.

Such ever was love's way—to rise it stoops.

—Pompilia, in the Ring and the Book.

The suggestion of love, however, comes through many avenues, human as well as divine, so that it can hardly be altogether missed, and it is to be welcomed from them all.

Beneath the veriest ash, there hides a spark of soul
 Which, quickened by love's breath, may yet pervade the
 whole
 O' the grey, and, free again, be fire; of worth the same
 Howe'er produced, for, great or little, flame is flame.

—Fifine at the Fair, xliii.

Love once evoked and frankly admitted into the soul

Adds worth to worth,
 As wine enriches blood, and straightway sends it forth,
 Conquering and to conquer, through all eternity,
 That's battle without end.

—Fifine at the Fair, xiv.

This feature of Browning's teaching might be illustrated at almost any length, but it is too well known to need further development here.

It is less satisfactory to notice that alongside of his em-

phasis on love, as the guarantee for character, we have what seems to be a curiously perverted idea of what the highest character involves. Paul taught that "Love is the fulfilling of the law," and there have been theologians who held that he regarded love as a sort of evangelical substitute for obedience to the moral law on the part of the Christian, instead of being, as he meant it, the surest guarantee of obedience. So in the same way Browning seems disposed to regard morality as of quite subordinate importance, provided love be cherished, even though it be little more than the sexual passion. What else can we make, for example, of the conclusion of "The Statue and the Bust," where, if anywhere, he expresses his own opinion. After showing how Duke Ferdinand and the Riccardi princess had, through hesitation and delay, failed to carry out their illicit design, he rebukes them for their faint-heartedness, and then adds:

I hear you reproach, "But delay was best,
 For their end was a crime." Oh! a crime will do
 As well, I reply, to serve for a test
 As a virtue golden through and through
 Sufficient to vindicate itself
 And prove its worth at a moment's view.
 * * * * *

Let a man contend to the uttermost
 For his life's set prize, be it what it will.
 * * * * *

And the sir I impute to each frustrate ghost,
 Is the unlit lamp and the ungirt loin,
 Though the end in sight was a vice.

I am inclined to think that this moral obtuseness to things right and wrong also furnishes the explanation to the whole series of his apologies or special pleadings for various unsavory characters, such as, Fifine at the Fair, Prince Hohenstiel-Schwangau, Bishop Blougram's Apology, and even Mr. Sludge, the Medium. Of course, they are ostensibly studies in character, rather than ethical lessons, but his deliberate

choice of such studies in so many instances shows the bent of his mind, and unconsciously reveals his attitude. The true ethical seer would never have tolerated such paltering with things right and wrong.

The explanation of this moral obtuseness is to be found in Browning's philosophy, to which we must now turn our attention for a little in conclusion.

As has been pointed out by Prof. Jones in his able book on "Browning as a Philosophical and Religious Teacher," the great outstanding feature of his system of thought is his thorough-going optimism, and this may be said to be his chief message to his generation. As over against the gloomy pessimism of Carlyle and Schopenhauer, he has preached a gospel of cheer and hope, as did Emerson, though in quieter tones. Naturally joyous and hopeful in temperament, physically and mentally healthful, except in his very latest years, he had no difficulty in finding the bright side of things. He revelled in the very joy of living. As he puts it in one of his later poems:

Have you found your life distasteful?
 My life did and does smack sweet.
 Was your youth of pleasure wasteful?
 Mine I saved and hold complete.
 Do your joys with age diminish?
 When mine fail me I'll complain,
 Must in death your daylight finish?
 My sun sets to rise again.
 I find earth not gray, but rosy,
 Heaven not grim, but fair of hue.
 Do I stoop? I pluck a posy,
 Do I stand and stare? All's blue.

—At the Mermaid.

Browning's optimism, however, was something more than a matter of temperament, a rosy way of looking at things. It was something more than even the Christian optimism, which believes that all things are being made to work together for

good to them that love God. It was the settled conviction that all things are good in spite of appearances to the contrary, and that they will ultimately be recognized as such.

The vindication of this position was the great task he set himself, and which he pursued to the very end of his career with increasing vehemence of argument, though with admittedly diminishing poetic power. Only the slightest sketch of his method can be given here.

The vindication, as might be expected, proceeded along various lines and took somewhat different forms at different stages of his life.

Sometimes he bases it in general terms on the character of God, as revealed in Christ,—a revelation which solves all problems of life. Thus, in "A Death in the Desert" he says:

I say the acknowledgement of God in Christ
Accepted by thy reason, solves for thee
All questions in the world and out of it,
And hath so far advanced thee to be wise.

In "The Ring and the Book" he speaks of

The divine instance of self-sacrifice
That never ends and aye begins for man.
So, never miss I footing in the maze;
No, I have light, nor fear the dark at all.

Or more specifically he rests it on the love of God, which, as we have seen, he emphasizes everywhere in his writings. The oft-quoted burden of Pippa's song:

God's in His heaven,
All's right with the world,

is undoubtedly intended to set forth this idea, as also the familiar lines from Saul

I spoke as I saw,
I report as man may of God's work—all's love, yet all's law.

But such vindications are rather pious sentiments than satisfying to the reason. The great mass of moral evil in the world, malignant, persistent and aggressive as it is, is not to be so readily disposed of. Accordingly we find him impelled to become more definite and to explain himself more fully. Sometimes he attempts to lighten the burden by expressing the hope that all the evil will yet be turned to good. Thus, for instance, in "Apparent Failure," he says:

It's wiser being good than bad;
 It's safer being meek than fierce;
 It's fitter being sane than mad.
 My own hope is a sun will pierce
 The thickest cloud earth ever stretched;
 That after Last returns the First
 Though a wide compass round be stretched;
 That what began best, can't end worst,
 Nor what God blessed once, prove accurst.

Or, again, he denies that the evil is utter and irremediable. As he himself puts it, the criminals in "The Ring and the Book" are depicted only to show

In the absolutest drench of dark
Some stray beauty-beam
 To the despair of Hell.

In the same poem the Pope is made to express a hope for Count Guido, though, with the exception of Iago, he is, perhaps, the worst villain in all literature.

Else I avert my face, nor follow him
 Into that sad, obscure, sequestered state
 Where God unmakes but to remake the soul,
 He else made first in vain; which must not be.

The very worst men he had ever known had still, he considers, some saving virtue. Summing up his experience in Forishtah's Fancies, he declares:

All the same
Of absolute and irretrievable black-black's soul of black,
Beyond white's power to disintensify—
Of that I saw no sample;

but as if not too sure that such may not yet be found he yet adds:

Such may wreck
My life and ruin my philosophy,
To-morrow, doubtless.

From these passages we may fairly conclude that he was a restorationist or Universalist in his views; and though there are Christian restorationists not a few, it will be considered by most that in taking this position he has travelled beyond the legitimate bounds of Christian doctrine.

Underneath all these charitable judgments and pious hopes of restoration, however, there lies a still deeper foundation of philosophy which seeks to explain away the dread character of evil altogether. The earliest hint of this philosophy in his writings occurs, perhaps, in a remarkable stanza of the exquisite poem entitled *Abt Vogler*."

There shall never be one lost good; what was shall live as
before;
The evil is null, is naught, is silence implying sound:
What was good shall be good, with for evil so much good
more,
On the earth the broken arcs; in the heaven a perfect round.

Abt Vogler was written in 1864, and already in the line

The evil is null, is naught, is silence implying sound,

we have the doctrine which is dwelt upon and expanded in all his later poems—*La Saisiaz*, *Ferishtah's Fancies*, *Parleyings*, and *Asolando*, that evil has no real existence whatever, but is merely a foil for good. Good and evil are made to be only relative terms, so that under any circumstances one

can never be quite sure what is good and what is evil, until we know the ultimate result in character. Evil is evil mainly because man thinks it so. With God it may be really good, as being at least necessary to the attainment of what we consider good.

Man's fancy makes the fault!
 Man with the narrow mind must cram inside
 His finite God's infinitude—earth's vault
 He bids comprise the heavenly far and wide,
 Since man may claim a right to understand
 What passes understanding.

—Bernard de Mandeville.

But of course no juggling with words can ever blot out the everlasting difference between right and wrong. His philosophy at bottom is a sceptical philosophy, and his appeal in principle is that of the agnostic, though he himself was assuredly neither sceptic nor agnostic, and had no wish to be considered either the one or the other.

That there is something in the suggestion as to evil leading ultimately to good cannot, of course, be denied. But as a complete solution of the problem of evil it is an utter failure and must be set aside. That Browning has failed to solve this problem where no one has succeeded, is not, of course, to his discredit, but it is to be regretted that he adopted a theory which led him to break down moral distinctions and strike an entirely false note regarding sin.

As over against this we may, perhaps, set the persistent courage with which he himself met the ills of life. To the end he was

One who never turned his back, but marched breast forward;
 Never doubted clouds would break;
 Never dreamed though right were worsted, wrong would
 triumph;
 Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better,
 Sleep to wake.

His well-known piece entitled "Prospice" expresses no doubt his own confidence in face of death. No one of us could desire for himself a brighter faith.

Fear death? to feel the fog in my throat,
 The mist in my face.
 Where 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 a 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 let me creep past.
 No, let me take 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 the rest!

College Note-Book.

STUDENT LIFE.

How the time flies! Why, it seems but yesterday when we parted for the summer, and here we are again, but not enjoying the freedom of former years. In by-gone days our song was "Is the Journal out yet?" But this year our cry is, "Hush up, give us a rest." Very seldom does the responsible position of Local Editor fall to the lot of an Ontario man, and why? I'll never tell. Last year the office was held by the genial Welshman, Mr. J. G. Stephens, and he filled the position with so much credit to himself and to the College, that your humble servant approaches the front with fear and trembling. However, the success of this column of the Journal depends not altogether on the Local Editor, but on the cooperation of his fellow-students, and he wishes, in order that he may fairly discharge the duty, to have the students' hearty support. Should anything from his pen appear harsh or unkind, he hopes the reader will not regard it as such.

Again do we note with pleasure the many improvements which have been made within the college walls, especially in that part of the building known as the Morrice Hall. Our gratitude is due to David Morrice, Esq., chairman of the Board, for his large-hearted generosity and thoughtfulness. Last session the Morrice Hall men envied the residents of the Old Building, when they discovered the wonderful change for the better, both in its halls and dormitories; but their fears were quelled and their hopes gratified, when they found a similar change had taken place in their own abode. Some of the Arts men were so pleased with the new state of affairs, that they sought out habitations among those who are supposed to have entered the Saints' Rest. So dear, however, were

the possessions of their former resting place, that some could not resist the temptation to smuggle the lighter articles across the line. The same old trick. Beware, boys.

Our ranks are augmented by a considerable number of freshmen, whose social development, this year, is a matter of some solicitude to the gentlemen, not only of the old, but also to those of the new building. For the first time in the history of the College was the privilege of residing in the Morrice Hall granted a freshman. We warn you, dear boys, to comport yourselves as freshmen, lest you provoke the fearful wrath and indignation of the Sophs upon your pates.

Note with pleasure the world-famed freshmen,—the fleet-footed Achilles of Canada, the famous *walker* and polo-player of the West, the champion *wheeler* of the East, and won't it be a treat to *read*, news from *all-over*?

We shall miss the presence of Mr. J. G. Stephens during this session. He intends to prolong his stay in B. C., where he is engaged in mission work. Stephens was a Welshman, and very popular among the students, despite the fact that he was Local Editor of the Journal two years in succession. We wish him success and hope to have him back in our midst ere long.

We welcome to our halls again Mr. W. E. Knowles, who has been absent for the past year. Mr. Knowles took the summer session in Manitoba College, where, we were pleased to learn, he captured one of the scholarships offered in Second Year Theology.

The election of officers in the Dining Hall for the current year took place on Oct. 10th. The faithful service of Mr. R. J. Douglas, B.A., as vice-president, last session, was recognized by his promotion to the president's chair. Mr. D. M. MacLeod, B.A., was elected vice-president, while Mr. D. Stewart was honored in obtaining the secretary's chair. A.

G. Cameron was chosen Precentor, with Mr. J. B. MacLeod as his assistant. The newly-elected President and Vice-President gave neat speeches in thanking the gentlemen for the honor conferred upon them.

Again we are visited by Mr. Geo. Condie, who gained for himself a high reputation in Manitoba College, as a student, and in Chicago and other large places we learn that he confounded the preachers. We trust Mr. Condie will retain his high reputation while sojourning among us.

Mr. Jno. Brunton, who kept the Ladies' Directory of the city, if not of Canada, will not be with us this term. He purposes taking an extra mural course of study in connection with his mission work out West.

Mr. S. L. Fraser, thinking it not a good thing to dwell too far from the object of his love, has deemed it necessary to move southward. He intended taking up the Second Year Theology in Auburn.

Millar at Re-union—"Oh, how do you do, Miss —— . You are from Westmount, are you not? Really, I'm falling in love with the Westmount girls now."

And it came to pass that in the eighth month, the eleventh day of the month, that a decree went forth from the powers that be, that all the uncertified should assemble themselves before the Presbyterian examining committee. And immediately there was no small stir among the uncertified, but they who had been there aforetime talked lightly of the matter, and affected an air of unconcern. For one whole night did they, who were gathered from the four corners of the earth, grapple with the condensed theology of the Shorter Catechism, in order that they might bring honor to the land from whence they came. But on the morrow it came to pass that as they stood up before the powers, their hearts failed them, and they would have turned back and followed no more in the way of the

Theolog. But the captain of the host cheered them on, and they did' fight valiantly for their cause, and behold they came out of the ordeal untouched. Courageous fellows.

The annual reception was given the freshmen on Tuesday evening, Oct. 18th. We think it may safely be said that it was one of the most successful we have had for years. The Dining Hall was crowded with students, old and new. When all had partaken of the good things with which the tables were laden, the intellectual treat began. It was wonderful to hear the President, Mr. R. J. Douglas, B.A., lay down the law and the prophets. The reply of Mr. Reid showed clearly that he was a loyal freshman. Mr. Sam. McLean, B.A., in glowing terms, welcomed the prodigals, but left the embracing to be performed by others. Mr. W. E. Knowles made a very able reply in their behalf, delighting those present with his witty remarks. In welcoming the Literary and Arts men, Mr. J. B. MacLeod described, in philosophical language, the true aim of a college course. He emphasized the necessity of a "fresh baptism," and urged the freshmen to receive this and other things with meekness and joyfulness of heart. Mr. C. J. McMillan, who replied, heartily thanked the old men for the welcome they had given them since entering the college. Mr. Rondeau, having exhausted the French language, entreated, by the use of an English illustration, the Frenchmen to be men on all occasions. Mr. Dubuc returned thanks. We were favored during the proceedings by a duet from our popular singers, Mr. A. G. Cameron and Mr. N. V. McLeod. Rev. Mr. McCuaig, who entertained the audience with selections from the gramophone, was tendered a hearty vote of thanks for his assistance in making the evening enjoyable. The entertainment closed with the National Anthem.

THIS, THAT, AND THE OTHER THING.

W. A. L.—n.—"Say, boys, when does the 3 o'clock lecture begin?"

J. D. M.—w (to B.A. man.)—"How did you find the 2nd year Literary?"

And again, "I'm from Toronto, the Good, and I know whereof I speak."

D. S.—"If a man is a mule, woman must be a mulier."

Prof. (at 5 o'clock lecture)—"While Mr. C. is giving us spiritual light, you might give us some physical light, Mr. M."

Mr. M.—"Well, Doctor, we read, etc."

Registrar at McGill, to freshman—"What's your name, please?"

J. I. W.—"Oh, sir, I'm from Toronto."

Senior—"You would think to hear some of the 1st yr. Theologs that they were working like whales—blowing."

D. M. M.—"Did you see my carpet, boys?"

HV. H. TURNER.

REPORTER'S FOLIO.

The opening meeting of the Missionary Society was held on Monday evening, October 15th. The attendance was good, as the students were assembled to hear the farewell address of Rev. H. Dseronian, before his departure for Tabriz, Persia.

The President, Mr. R. J. Douglas, B.A., occupied the chair, and in a few well-chosen remarks introduced Mr. Dseronian.

Mr. Dseronian opened his address by thanking the students for their kindness to him while he was studying among them. He said that the past five years, which he had spent in Canada, and under the protection of the British flag, were the best years of his life. He knew nothing of freedom before coming to Canada, and he was glad to be able to say that now he was a British subject, and entitled to all the protection of a free-born Englishman.

The speaker took for his subject "Armenia and the Armenians," and in a brief address endeavored to give an account of that country as contrasted with our own.

Armenia, he said, was an ancient land, and its people an ancient race. It was the home of our first parents, and many places mentioned in the Bible are found within its bounds. The people, at one time, possessed a government of their own, but now the country is divided among Russia, Turkey and Persia. The chief industry of the people is farming, and that is still carried on in the ancient style.

The people seem very averse to accepting western ideas, and claim that work done by machinery is not as good as that performed by hand.

On account of the lawlessness of the Turks and Kurds, the people have to live in villages, so as to band themselves together for mutual protection. Every house is connected with its neighbor, so that if one house is assailed, it is only a small matter to rouse the whole village, and thus prevent the destruction of their property.

The language is not difficult, but it is very hard for an Englishman to become familiar with all the guttural sounds. Only Gaelic speaking people can become familiar with these sounds, so that a great advantage is obtained in sending out Scotchmen as missionaries. (Applause.)

Christianity entered into Armenia in the first century, but at that time there were only ten thousand Christians. In the third century a great revival of religion took place, and all the people became Christians. They have kept the faith down to the present day.

The Armenian doctrine and church government is not unlike that of other Christian churches. One peculiar thing is that priests are compelled to marry. The support which they receive from the people is only voluntary.

Singing is the custom in all religious gatherings, but no musical instruments are allowed. The ladies do not sing, so that the choirs are entirely made up of male voices.

Mr. Dseronian then went on to say that the recent massacres have served to draw the Protestant and Armenian Churches closer together. A bond of sympathy has been established which never will be severed.

At one time some of the Armenian people held very responsible positions under the Turkish Government. Some were even connected with the palace of the Sultan, but that, sooner than deny Christ, they had thrown up their positions and joined their persecuted countrymen. This persecution has been carried on chiefly under the direction of the Greek and Mohammedan Churches, and nearly two hundred thousand have suffered death.

In eloquent terms the speaker then referred to the late Mr. Gladstone, who had done so much for this persecuted race, and whose name was a household word in Armenia. (Applause.)

Mr. Dseronian in closing asked that the prayers of the students would follow him as he returned to again take up mission work among his countrymen.

It was then moved by Mr. J. C. Robertson, B.A., seconded by Mr. W. T. B. Crombie, M.A., that the thanks of the students be tendered to Mr. Dseronian for his able and instructive lecture.

The first regular meeting of the Philosophical and Literary Society was held on Friday evening, Oct. 14th. The President, Mr. J. C. Robertson, B.A., was in the chair, and during the course of the evening welcomed the new men.

The Secretary reported that Mr. Baikie was offering a prize of ten dollars for another year. A motion was passed thanking Mr. Baikie for his generosity.

Mr. Fulton J. Worth, B.A., was elected to the office of Vice-President, and Mr. D. M. McLeod, B.A., was appointed our representative on the Intercollegiate Debate Committee. Nominations were called for the election of a debater in the Intercollegiate series, and on a vote being taken Mr. Knowles was entrusted with that position.

A well-rendered solo by Mr. H. G. Crozier brought the meeting to a close.

DON. STEWART.

OUR GRADUATES.

We were pleased during the summer to have the opportunity of visiting in his field Rev. D. J. Scott, who last year so creditably filled the enviable (!) position of Corresponding Editor of the Journal. Mr. Scott was inducted into his charge early in the summer, and we congratulate the congregation of East Templeton on having so genial and so devoted a pastor. He is not content, however, to remain as he is, but is anxious to extend the sphere of his operations in a certain well-defined direction. He has, it seems, been conducting a labor of love service some fifty miles to the south of his appointed field (which is quite right) and has met with such success that, ere this number reaches its readers, if we are not misinformed, one more will have joined the company of Benedicts. Congratulations!

After four years of a very successful pastorate in Oak Street Presbyterian Church, the Rev. J. A. Morrison, M.A., Ph.D., has resigned his charge; he has gone to Germany to pursue some advanced course of study at the University of Leipsic. A few months ago he completed his studies for, and obtained the degrees of, Master of Arts, and Doctor in Philosophy from the University of Worcester.

Mr. Morrison leaves the congregation in a very prosperous condition, which speaks well for him as a minister. His Bible Class numbered 150 young people, who will miss the genial and strong presence of their beloved and honored teacher and pastor.

Dr. Morrison has given early promise of great ability, and a very bright future is predicted for him.

We learn that Rev. J. K. G. Fraser, B.A., of Alberton, P.E.I., has resigned his charge, and gone to take a post-graduate course in the New York Seminary. Mr. F. is a graduate of '91, being gold-medallist and Mackay scholar of that class.

Rev. Henry Young, M.A., was ordained at Portage

La Prairie on Sept. 7th, and is stationed at Dauphin, Man. He is Rev. J. J. L. Gourley's successor at that place.

We note with feelings of deep sympathy the demise of Mrs. (Rev.) A. Mahaffy, of Milton, Ont., who died about two months ago. Mr. Mahaffy has been settled in his charge only three years, and much sympathy is due him in his early bereavement.

We congratulate Taylor Church, City, on its choice of their new pastor, in the person of Rev. W. D. Reid, B.A., B.D., who was inducted to the charge during the past summer. He was formerly pastor of St. Giles Church, Point St. Charles; and on resigning there, went to study at Harvard, and at one or two Old Country Universities. Mr. Reid succeeds Rev. Thos. Bennett, who resigned sometime before, to take up the travelling agency for the Montreal Branch of the British and Foreign Bible Society.

Rev. D. Hutchinson, B.A., B.D., formerly pastor at Cumberland, Ont., is now settled at Ste. Thérèse, Que. He is attending McGill University in view of proceeding to the degree of M.A.

A farewell social was given Rev. G. C. Pidgeon on May 21st by the congregation, on the occasion of his resignation of the charge at Montreal West. A full house evinced the esteem in which he was held by the people, and was an expression of their good wishes for his success in his new field at Streetsville, Ont., inasmuch as he was made the recipient of many appreciable gifts. As Mr. Pidgeon did not care, however, to be alone any longer, he determined to take a helpmeet with him, who would share with him the duties of a faithful pastorate. The person of his choice was Miss Jones, of Victoria Church, Point St. Charles, who is a very estimable young lady, and well-fitted to give him substantial aid in his work. Rev. D. MacVicar, B.A., performed the ceremony.

The "Journal" proffers to Mr. and Mrs. Pidgeon its congratulations and good wishes, and anticipates for them much happiness in their new sphere of usefulness.

Most of the members of the graduating class of '98 have been so fortunate as to find "champs de travail" already. The following are some of the appointments:—

Rev. Stephen Young, B.A., to Liskeard, Temiscumingue, Ont.; Rev. J. M. Wallace, M. A., to Grand Forks, B.C.; Rev. D. J. Scott, to East Templeton, Que.; Rev. J. R. Elmhorst, to Plantagenet, Ont.; Rev. Jas. Nairn, to St. Lambert, Que., and Rev. Laughlin Beaton, to Cape North, C.B.

We hope to be able later to note some things of interest concerning these gentlemen, and also to hear from those who are not mentioned in this issue. Let none think he is slighted whose name does not appear this month.

GEO. W. THOM.

O diviner light,
Thro' the cloud that roofs our noon with night,
Thro' the blotting mist, the blinding showers,
Far from out a sky for ever bright,
Over the meadow's drowning flowers,
Over the woodland's flooded bowers,
Over all this ruin'd world of ours,
Break, diviner light!

"The Listers"—Tennyson.



TALKS ABOUT BOOKS.

The last talk of last session began with reviews of four books sent by the Fleming H. Revell Company: the first of this series commences with notices of two volumes from the same firm. The author of each is Dr. Alexander Whyte, of Free St. George's, Edinburgh. "Father John of the Greek Church, an Appreciation," is a neat duodecimo of 83 pages, the price of which is 75 cents. Dr. Whyte is well known as a lover of the devout people of all ages called Mystics, the German Behmen, the English Law, the Scottish Rutherford, the Spanish Santa Teresa, and now the Russian Father John, of Cronstadt. Father John is an arch-priest of the Greek Church, born in Archangel in 1829, known in some way or other to everybody in Russia, from the Czar to the humblest peasant, and to thousands in other European countries. He is known as a preacher, a man mighty in prayer, a son of consolation, a guide to inquirers, a Christian philanthropist, and even as a worker of miracles of healing. After a brief dissertation on the Greek Church, its service, and its agency in spreading abroad the Scriptures, Dr. Whyte gives a biographical sketch of his subject and a portraiture of the man at work, followed by selected passages from John Sergieff's (for that is his name) book, entitled "My Life in Christ." Commendation is too poor a word to express one's active appreciation of the generous catholic spirit that leads a man of Dr. Whyte's acknowledged ability and high Christian reputation to put himself in the background, in order that God's saints, of different ages, lands and communions, may be allowed to speak to his large literary clientelage. His work in the present case is an appreciation, as he himself calls it, not a criticism. There are people who cannot put pen to paper nor open their mouths in public without having a fling at something or

somebody. Such is not Dr. Whyte. The many imperfections in the Greek Church in general, and in Father John in particular, he perfectly knows; but he passes them by. He has drawn a picture well worth the studying, but it is a picture that owes half its value to its setting in the frame of a great Christian's loving magnanimity.

The minister of Free St. George's has also published a second series of "Bible Characters, from Gideon to Absalom," 245 pages, 12mo, price a dollar and a quarter. In its 21 character sketches the same spirit of earnest, kindly appreciation appears that breathes in "Father John." The preacher is tender with Samson and Eli and Saul and Solomon, though he perceives their grievous faults. But Nabal and Michal, Shimei, Joab and Absalom, he cannot condescend in any way to justify. He reads these old characters in the light of modern life, or rather, of modern lives, not of deed, but of spirit, and in so doing gathers to his aid the judgments of many writers, old and new. I have before remarked his reprobation of sins of the spirit, of which these sketches furnish abundant illustration. "We shall, therefore, set it down to Samson's credit that, with all his license and with all his riot, he never became a drunkard. But, then, as it always comes into my heart when I read of Samson's total abstinence—

What boots it at one gate to make defence,
And at another to let in the foe ?

You are making a gallant defence at one gate; but what about the other gates; and, especially, what about the gates on the other side of the city? You keep, with all diligence, this and that gate of the body; but what about the more deadly gates of the soul? Plutarch tells us of a great Roman, who was very brave; but, then, he was very envious of other brave men, and his envy did himself and them and the state more mischief than if he had been a coward. You work hard for God at your books and your visiting as a minister, or as

a Sabbath-School teacher, but you restrain prayer. You stand up for use and wont in public worship, and in pulpit and in published doctrine; but, then, you hate and hunt down the men who innovate upon you in these things. You go out, like Samson, against the enemies of God and His Church, but all the time you make your campaign an occasion for your passions, piques, retaliations and revenges. You do not touch wine, but how do you stand to all Samson's other sins? Death and hell will come still more surely into your hearts through the gates of envy, and ill-will, and hatred, and pride, and revenge, and malice, and unbelief, and neglect of God in prayer, than at those more yawning gates that all decently-living men make a defence at. What avails this temperance not complete?"

Here is a fine passage about David, capable of wide application: "We see all the men and women of David's day in the light of David. All who come near David, ever after their hearts are naked and open to us. Saul, Jonathan, Merab, Michal, Nabal, Abigail, Abner, Joab, Uriah, Nathan, Shimei, Absalom, Solomon—we see them all in the light of David's blazing presence among them. There are some men who shut up every heart that comes near them. They chill and cramp and shut up every heart. But David warmed, and enlarged, and enriched, and lighted up, for good or for evil, every heart that came into his generation." Seeing this in print we recognize its truth, but it took a wise man to see this first. Whole-souled men are few anywhere, especially in the ministry, but, wherever you find them, the world revolves round about them, a world partly love and partly hate. It is hard for such a nature to operate, save in a secured position, beyond the reach of the Grundys and the snarls of hopeless mediocrity, who would travesty its every attractive feature into a vice or an evil motive. You shall be smitten for being loved and be made miserable for daring to contribute to the world's happiness. The chillers, crampers, and shutters up probably have the easier time of it in this life, but, when they leave it, no tears are shed, and their biography is not called

for. If the object of book-writing and reading is to make people better, that object should be attained by Dr. Whyte and his many readers.

The William Drysdale Co., of Montreal, sends eight volumes. The first is a series of sermons by the Rev. John Oates, of North Finchley, entitled "The Sorrow of God." It is a crown octavo of 240 pages, bound in what is technically known as buckram, and its price is one dollar. A Toronto literary man bore the nom-de-plume of Moses Oates, and, associated with the last of the Stuarts and the Revolution, was Titus Oates, the Salamanca doctor. But the Rev. John Oates is a different man, a Non-Conformist minister, evidently, and the author of a work on "The teaching of Tennyson." His first sermon on the Sorrow of God would, some years ago, have led to his trial as a patripassian. Now, however, all thoughtful theologians, on both sides of the Atlantic, find in Christ's life and death the revelation of an atonement in the infinite heart of God. The oneness of the Trinity in redemption is thus asserted. Mr. Oates' sermons are well worth reading, both as containing great truths carefully thought out, and as models of literary composition. His many quotations from, and references to, works in literature, philosophy, science and art, reveal a mind of more than usual culture. His conceptions are lofty rather than broad, his tone is beautifully reverent, and his aim is to lead souls into ever closer fellowship with God through the Divine Revealer. The book is published by Mr. James Bowden, of London.

Another of Mr. Bowden's publications is Dr. Joseph Parker's "Regenerated London, a Plea for a Layman's League," a small book of 36 pages, oblong octavo, paper, price ten cents. In vigorous language the minister of the City Temple urges the formation of an undenominational league of Christian laymen, to create and foster a healthy public opinion on all the great moral questions of the day. He does not wish to be paritanical, and would rather see working people in museums and picture galleries or at concerts on Sundays than in saloons. If, on the other hand, they leave the churches

to go to these places, he holds that the pulpit is to blame. Newgate prison, in the heart of London, is an eyesore to him, and he longs to transform it into a home for the people. His words regarding the relation between social reform and legislation are worth consideration in Canada at this time. He says, "Now that I am speaking of law, I will add, that very little can be done by legislation. The Christian Church must not in this matter expect too much from the political magistrate. Whatever the law may be, it will drop into ineffectiveness, in fact it will drop into a dead letter, if the public sentiment, which it professedly represents, is reluctant or under-heated. Law can make little headway against public sentiment. Strange as it may appear, vital, settled sentiment is the real law of nations. The Christian Church, therefore, must address itself to the regeneration and thorough enlightenment of moral sentiment. Create in the minds of the people a horror of drinking, and you may leave legislation in that matter to take its own course."

Mr. Bowden also publishes a long octavo of 38 pages, in neat cover, which the Drysdale Company sells for 15 cents. It is called "Divine Magnetism; or The Attractive power of the Cross," by a layman. The layman is a Londoner; he wrote his little book in view of Easter; and he applies what he knows of the laws of magnetism to the spiritual world, in the style of Drummond. His text virtually is, "I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me." Some of his analogies will be regarded as materialistically fanciful, but his theology, if not very deep, is sound, and his little sermon is the work of an earnest, spiritually-minded man. The second part of the layman's title is not novel. One of my earliest literary recollections is a little book on the conversion of a Jewess, called, if I remember aright, "Thirza, or The Attractive Power of the Cross." There is much unconscious plagiarism in the world, so that the title may, after all, be original, so far as the layman is concerned.

A very useful book, also issued by Mr. Bowden, is "Victorian Literature, Sixty Years of Books and Bookmen," by

Clement Shorter, which the London Times regards as "the cleverest retrospect of the literature of the reign that we have seen." This is a volume of 228 duodecimo pages, prettily bound, and the Drysdale Company sells it for the low price of seventy-five cents. Every British writer of any note, who wrote during the Queen's long reign, is noticed at greater or less length in this delightful epitome of literature. Few people are familiar with the name of Thomas Toke Lynch, the author of that beautiful, but rarely published hymn, "Heart of Christ, O cup most Golden." Turn to page 166 of *Victorian Literature*, and find there his history boiled down into eight lines. He was a congregational minister at Hampstead, London, and his book of poems, called "The Rivulet," was branded as heretical. Times have changed, but not so much as to lead to the building of the sepulchres of those whom the fathers slew. Mr. Shorter's manual should be in the hands of every lover of English literature, who cannot fail to profit largely by a perusal of and frequent reference to it. I have not had time to count the number of titles in *Victorian Literature*, but they must be nearer two than one thousand. American writers, whether of the United States or of Canada, have no place in the volume.

The last of Mr. Bowden's publications sent by the Drysdale Company is, "Pictures from the Life of Nelson," by W. Clark Russell. This is a beautifully got up 8vo. of 301 pages and nine illustrations, and sells in Canada for one dollar and eighty cents. Mr. Clement Shorter, whom we have just left, in his capacity as editor of the *Illustrated London News*, asked Mr. Clark Russell to write his pictures. He was fortunate in getting an author so well qualified from his experience of life at sea, and by his extensive literary labors, to perform this task. The work is well done in twelve stirring chapters, written in the best style of one to whom it was a labor of love. Mr. Clark Russell might be called a Nelson worshipper. He certainly regards him as the greatest of England's heroes, and, while he altogether disapproves of Lady Hamilton, holding her evil record up to

scorn, he hardly allows this to affect his estimate of the man whom she infatuated and made supremely criminal: If he wrote his pictures for boys, it was questionable taste at least to say so much concerning a liason that so greatly detracts from his hero's character and reputation. This excepted, Mr. Clark Russell has produced a valuable book, and no doubt the most readable life of the great naval captain yet written. While young blood runs hot and fast there will be no lack of readers anxious to learn the story of their country's great defenders by land and sea.

Two volumes sent by the Drysdale Company are published by Messrs. Adam and Charles Black, of London. These are of 150 and 173 pages, crown octavo, and their price is seventy-five cents each. Their author is George S. Keith, M. D., LL.D., F.R. C.P.E., and their names are, "Plea for a Simpler Life," and "Fads of an Old Physician." A well-known proverb says that at the age of forty a man is either a fool or a physician. Dr. Keith's books are written for the amateur physician or the person who desires to learn how to take care of himself. They set forth very largely the facts of his own experience and that of others which has come under his observation. They are, therefore, gossipy, interesting talks of a cultured and observant man no longer young. The same ideas occur in the two volumes in different form, the Fads being the latest and fullest of the two, and thus, in all probability, the ripest fruit of the author's theory and practice. Apparently the most temperate of men, Dr. Keith will not allow his hands to be tied in the use of stimulants, although strongly deprecating the frequent use of them, and of drugs in medical cases. He also refuses to denounce tobacco, while admitting the bad effect of excessive smoking. His great bug-bear is flesh-eating, and he regards the consumption of beef as provocative of intemperance. He has no faith in the medical cure of inebriates, but maintains that a vegetarian diet will speedily arrest the craving for intoxicants. Light and simple diet, rest, massage, hot water and, in certain cases cold, liquorice, and letting nature have her own way, are some of the doctor's

fads, and he has a great many impressive things to say about them. He freely criticizes the practice of other medical men, but in a very kindly spirit, and upholds his own views by incidents in the active career of many eminent physicians. Those who read up for the benefit of their health, unfortunately a large number, will find Dr. Keith's little books more genial, modest, and I think, convincing, than Sir B. W. Richardson's well-known treatise. The man who is his own lawyer has a fool for a client; such in most cases is the patient who is his own doctor.

The last book from the Company is "The Day's Work," by Rudyard Kipling, published by the McClure Company, of New York. It is a handsome octavo of 431 pages and eight illustrations, and its value is a dollar and a half. It contains twelve widely different stories. The Bridge-Builders is Indian, as are The Tomb of His Ancestors, and William the Conqueror, and they are good stories, too. The Walking Delegate is a Vermont story of horse talk, and the Maltese Cat is a not very intelligible account of polo-play in India. The Ship That Found Herself, The Devil and the Deep Sea, and Bread Upon the Waters, display humorously Mr. Kipling's great command of naval, and especially engineering, affairs. .0007 is a tiresome talk of American locomotives, corresponding in a way to The Ship That Found Herself. An Error in the Fourth Dimension tells the awful experience of an American millionaire who had dared to board an English express train that ran through his grounds. It, and My Sunday at Home are trivial, the latter being also somewhat coarse. Finally, the Brushwood Boy is the tale of a boy who had day dreams of strange places, who distinguished himself as a soldier in India afterwards, and who came home to marry a girl whose dreams were of the same fairy lands. Some people like Jungle Books, and will probably relish the talking horses and engines; I confess I don't. But there are some stories really worth reading in the collection of twelve, especially the three Indian ones, although the first of them does bring in the animal talk wherein Kipling delights. He is a very ac-

curate and painstaking worker, and as a consequence his details become at times a little tiring or tiresome to the conscientious reader. "The Day's Work" will not detract from his reputation, neither will it add very greatly to it, though any writer might be proud of Bread Upon the Waters. The general verdict of the press is that it is Kipling's greatest success, and it is having a large sale.

Mr. Chapman, of St. Catherine Street, sends four books for review. Two of these are published by the Poole Printing Company, of Toronto. They are entitled "Richard Bruce," and "The Twentieth Door," by the Rev. Charles M. Sheldon, minister of the Central Church, Topeka, Kansas. They contain each 250 duodecimo pages, plainly printed, and paper bound. Most readers of the Talks are familiar with Mr. Sheldon's first quarter dollar's worth of Sunday Evening Story Sermons, entitled "In His Steps; What Would Jesus Do?" The books just named are connected discourses of a similar nature. "In His Steps" took the religious reading world by storm. It was a refreshing novelty, combining all the features of the religious novel with the gospel message in the form at least of example, and with a scheme of moral reform. I read the book during the summer and found much in it to commend. One of the chief features is a newspaper run on Christian principles. Mr. Sheldon is not perhaps aware that there is a well-known New York commercial paper in this line, and that the Montreal Witness professes to be in the same track. It is a safe question to ask What Would Jesus Do? but it is not safe to take every man's or woman's judgment upon it. "Richard Bruce" is the story of a high-minded would-be author, whose first-class work is rejected, and who refuses to accept pay for a sensational tale. He falls under the influence of a wonderfully active and philanthropic Chicago pastor named John King, and helps him in slum work. An anarchist appears upon the scene to be conquered by the pastor, and at the same time to lead his victor to consider the various inequalities of the rich and the poor. Trials of many kinds are gone through, and the book finishes up

somewhat inconclusively with a social reunion. "The Twentieth Door" means the last years of the nineteenth century as the entrance to the twentieth. It is a story of prairie farm and college life, the college scenes being taken from Andover. It represents students in a variety of characters and ways, including that of acting as waiters in fashionable summer resorts as a means of tiding them over their winter's session. Paul Sidney, the hero-in-chief, graduates at last, and the closing chapter is his English Oration on The Twentieth Door. Smoking, drinking, gambling, and modern college athletics come in for severe condemnation, together with the Prince of Wales and General Grant. Yet the whole story is commonplace, and its puns, jokes and laughable situations must have been very much out of place in a church on a Sunday evening. Mr. Sheldon seems to wish to win people, and especially young people, to the cause of Christ. Now, he has a perfect right to his own opinion, let us say, about smoking, but can any sane man think that an ordinary young man about town will be led to the Saviour by a tirade against tobacco? Such a thing will infallibly drive him away, knowing, as he does, what real, indisputable evils there are to contend with in the world. A prominent merchant and elder of the Church in one of our Canadian cities was much afflicted with a minister who almost weekly spoke from the pulpit as if a man could not smoke and be a Christian. He said to me, "You know I sit near the front of the church with my grown up boys beside me every Sabbath. My boys hear him, and they know I smoke. Therefore they must conclude either that I am not a Christian and thus a bad man, or that the minister is a fool." I believe they came to the latter uncomplimentary decision, which would not help the minister's influence over them. Mr. Sheldon has run out of material, and had better go back to the simple Gospel. Yet many will find his books readable, although hardly Sunday reading of the highest type. "The Kingdom of God is not meat and drink, but righteousness and peace and joy in the Holy Ghost." It takes a fine soul to appreciate the latter, and, as the beadle said,

"There's a when gey coorse Christians i' the warld." The trouble is they don't know they are coorse. Some very holy men along certain lines make pigs of themselves in others, as I have seen in a pretty long experience. It is safe to distrust an intemperate man, however his intemperance may exhibit itself.

From Mr. Chapman comes "Rose à Charlitte," by Marshall Saunders, a volume of 516 pages, 12mo., with six illustrations, published by L. C. Page & Company, of Boston, for a dollar and a half. This is not the first of Marshall Saunders' books to appear in the Talks, but it is the best. Its only indication that the author is a lady of the Lower Provinces, belonging to the Baptist Church, is its dedication to Dr. Rand, of MacMaster University. As a work it is thoroughly unsectarian; so much so that it might have been written by a devout Catholic. It calls itself "An Acadian Romance," and its central point is the Bay St. Mary, to which the exiles from Grand Pré are supposed to have returned. The hero of the book is one Vesper Ninmo, the descendant of a sea-captain who took part in the deportation of the Acadians, in the course of which he virtually murdered a certain Le Noir, called the Fiery Frenchman. His confession of the deed fell into the hands of his descendant Vesper, in Boston, and led him to visit the country of Evangeline in order to make what restitution lay in his power to Le Noir's heirs. Rose à Charlitte was not one of these, but she was a beautiful, simple-minded, and devout woman in humble life, between whom and Vesper there arose a mutual attachment. The author knows the Acadians, their traditions, language, and country, and depicts them well. She takes the side of these people with the poet Longfellow and the Abbé Casgrain, in opposition to Dr. Parkman, Mr. Archibald, and Professor H. Youle Hind, whose historical researches have shown the gentle Acadians to have been a very turbulent lot of irresponsible plotters against all law and order, little better than the Jamaica maroons. The collections of the Nova Scotia Historical Society on the subject do not bear out the pretty picture of Longfellow, Richard, Casgrain, and Mar-

shall Saunders, but then they are historical documents, not poetry, popery, and romance, as the latter are. The fair author of "Rose à Charlite" is no doubt sincere in her historical convictions, and many people will say: If they have helped her to write a charming story, what harm is done? This harm is done, that you cannot whitewash a rascal without blackening the face of his opponent, the honest man. I question Marshall Saunders' right to condemn to infamy the men who, with much long-suffering, brought peace and security and stable government to Nova Scotia, for the sake of a pleasing idyll. By the confession of her own narrative, the Roman Catholic Frenchman, when roused, and opportunity offers, is an assassin. We do not need German testimony to this effect. Alphonse Daudet, Jules Mary, and many more French writers touching on the Franco-German war, state the fact, and glory in it, as if murder were a patriotic virtue. Apart from the Author's wonderfully charitable but mistaken animus, she is to be congratulated upon having written one of the most interesting Canadian works of fiction.

A very imposing pair of volumes sent by Mr. Chapman constitute Dr. Moritz Busch's "Bismarck; Some Secret pages of His History." They are well-printed large octavos of 504 and 585 pages respectively, and six illustrations, published by The Copp, Clark Company, of Toronto, for ten dollars, but sold by Mr. Chapman for \$7.50. Dr. Busch, by profession a journalist, and who all along kept up his connection with the press for political reasons, became attached to the Prussian Foreign Office shortly before the outbreak of the Franco-Prussian war. He was taken into Bismarck's confidence, of which, and his daily doings in company with him, he kept a journal. Adding to this documents placed in his possession by his chief, Dr. Busch has compiled a work of great interest to the politician and the lover of the minutæ of history, as well as a fairly truthful picture of the great statesman during the most stirring events of an active life. Though made up of many fragments, the narrative is continuous, and rarely obscure. It is enlivened throughout with

anecdotes, conversations and descriptions, the most interesting part to the general reader being the experience of Bismarck and the author during the great war. The Prussian royal, afterwards the German imperial line, does not appear to great advantage in its pages, being represented largely as puppets in the statesman's hands, when not in opposition to him through English influences. Bismarck did not love the English royal family, among whom his chief thwarters were found, and he was largely responsible for Britain's isolation, for the annexation of Schleswig-Holstein, and the subjugation of Hanover. He was far from being a cruel man, though his humanity was tried to the utmost by the French franc-tireurs and unauthorized combatants, yet his iron will refused to allow sentiment to stand in the way of what he deemed best for kingdom and empire. In reading Dr. Busch's work one gets a curious insight into the relations of the petty rulers of German states with Prussia and with each other. The Saxons come in for special commendation as soldiers. Prince Bismarck's religion crops up here and there. He professed to be in favor of toleration, yet was regular in his devotions, and charged infidels with the worst intolerance. He was no Puritan, and held English sabbatarianism in abhorrence. He had a great contempt for little high-mightinesses, cared nothing for orders of knighthood and tinsel decorations in general, and, in the midst of the most stirring and brilliant scenes, longed for the privacy of domestic and rural life. Had he been less a great man than he was, his career would have been an unhappy one. Now and then Dr. Busch chronicles his annoyances, fits of temper and of the blues, but, on the whole, this modern Stoic dominated fate, grappled with his evil star, breasted the force of circumstance, and took his sardonic revenge through the newspapers and his biographer. The Empress Frederick told him that he had made her shed more tears than there were drops of water in the glass he handed to her on one occasion, but Bismarck did not indulge himself in any such luxury, even when things were at their worst with him. He found a little harmless German profanity a

more natural outlet for his injured feelings. Whatever his failings may have been, he worked unselfishly and untiringly for the welfare of Prussia, and, as he believed, for the peace of Europe. He had no faith in colonies, and, had his counsels prevailed, German authority would have been restricted to the German Empire. There are many more things to say about the man of blood and iron, which are contained in his biographer's large volumes. The work of translation has been carefully executed, so far as my brief perusal enables me to judge, and there is a not too copious, but yet a useful index.

Dr. Robert MacDougal, once of the Western Reserve University, now of Harvard, has favored me with an extract from the *Psychological Review*, entitled "Music Imagery: A Confession of Experience." Within the limits of 14 large octavo pages, Dr. MacDougal relates his visual experiences in connection with certain musical performances in Berlin some years ago. The music awoke in his visual consciousness scenes and figures with motions such as might be represented on a stage. These he describes at length in reference to certain portions of the pieces played, and he afterwards endeavors, though confessedly without complete success, to account for their inter-relation. He looks upon his experience as immensely more complex than that of colored hearing, which leads one to think of Locke's blind man who fancied that the idea of scarlet was like the sound of a trumpet. If we only knew enough, the musician might become at the same time a painter, or at least might find some means of throwing the soul of his performance into a scenic body on a curtain. The poet says "all are but parts of one stupendous whole," but man, the soul, has not yet succeeded in correlating all the parts of the body. The *Talker*, and I am sure all the readers of the *Talks*, wish Dr. MacDougal all prosperity and usefulness in his new and important sphere of labor.

Roman Catholic reviewers are very indignant at Mrs. Humphrey Ward's latest achievement, "Helbeck of Bannisdale," Macmillan's Colonial Library, pp. 464. The unhappy hero is a Roman Catholic country gentleman, the last of his race,

who, originally poor, has further impoverished himself to satisfy the demands of his clergy. A most devoted son of the Church, he lives the life of an ascetic and rigid attender on ordinances to save his miserable soul. A change comes over his life when his widowed sister with her stepdaughter come into it, for the latter has been brought up by an agnostic or free-thinking father at Cambridge. At first mutually repelled, the devotee and the light-hearted free-thinking girl end by becoming all in all to each other. She is about to turn Catholic and marry him, but thinks better of it and drowns herself, whereupon Helbeck becomes a Jesuit. Mrs. Ward has been at pains to collect the best information relative to Roman Catholic literature, modes of worship, and the practice of the clergy. Her types of the latter are infinitely inferior in character to the sincere private gentleman, who suffers as much at their hands as he does at those of his bigoted ultra-Protestant enemies. The book is a painful one to read, because it deals with small things from beginning to end. Helbeck's was naturally a noble soul, but a soul starved and stunted by Jesuit rule and measure into the merest travesty of manhood. The moral of the novel is virtually this, that the more faithfully the Romish devotee adheres to his faith and practice, the more miserable will he be in himself, the more useless to humanity, and the more a prey to the vultures of the hierarchy and priesthood. And yet people talk of the narrowness and gloom of Protestantism as contrasted with Catholic religious life! This book, if read aright, will open such people's eyes.

R. D. Blackmore's "Darial, a Romance of Surrey," is published in Low's Indian and Colonial Library, and consists of 505 pages and 14 illustrations. This book tells how George Cranleigh, younger son of a baronet who had fallen on evil days, so that the said son had to work the impoverished estate, fell in love with a fair lady of Circassian race sojourning for a time in the south of England. Her father, Sur Imar, was a prince, and she was a princess, in exile, both of them, because the Russians wanted them out of the way. Sur

Imar took the young Englishman into his confidence and told him his history, shortly before he returned to his Lesghian home among the mountains. A roving captain Strogue, who had been in the Caucasus, informed Cranleigh that the prince's twin sister, Marva, a woman of great beauty, strength of character and wickedness, had plotted to seize the Lesghian throne and put her son upon it. Thereupon Cranleigh organized a small expedition, which arrived upon the Oriental scene too late to save her victims from imprisonment, but in time to perform deeds of daring, whereby they were rescued and the villains destroyed. Cranleigh was rewarded with the hand of Dariel. The first part of the tale has the well-known flavor of Blackmore's English rusties and the scenery that corresponds, but the author does bravely also in the distant Caucasus, making an interesting, even an exciting, tale of adventure worthy of the days of chivalry.

Some robber has gone off with my copy of "Quo Vadis," by Henryk Sienkiewicz, and, being a minister of the Gospel, I cannot even anathematize him. It is a story of the time of Nero, whose court and surroundings are accurately described. It centres round the loves of a Roman patrician and relative of Petronius Arbiter on the one hand, and a Christian Polish princess, who is a Roman hostage, on the other. The tale itself is well-told, and is well-fitted to interest, but its chief value lies in the realistic picture, even to minute details, which it gives of the Roman life of the time. Another of Sienkiewicz's books is "With Fire and Sword, An Historical Novel of Poland and Russia, 1648-1651." It is translated by Jeremiah Curtin, and its 772 pages and 9 illustrations are published in Toronto by Mr. George N. Morang. It is a love story, of course, and the lovers are the Princess Helena and Fan Yan Skshetnski, who have adventures enough to fill a life-time. But the Falstaffian, yet brave and loyal, Zagloba, full of wit and good humor, the simple minded Lithuanian of the big sword and the virgin soul, named Poddipienta, and the terrible Bogun, are but a few of the many well-known characters, whose presence and deeds light up this

terribly sanguinary novel. The reading of it, with the unpronounceable names crowding in upon one, is heavy work at first, but the after results are well worth the trouble.

Finally, not because there were no more books to notice, but because one must stop somewhere, there is Conan Doyle's "Tragedy of the Korosko," of 333 pages and 10 illustrations, published by the Copp, Clark Company, of Toronto. The Korosko was a stern-wheel steamer that carried a party of thirteen persons up the Nubian Nile. They, or at least most of them, got off for a ramble on donkey back, some miles from the river, to visit ancient remains. There they were surprised by the Dervishes, some killed and the rest made prisoners. After hair-breadth escapes, the latter were at last rescued, and more than one marriage was the result of the expensive trip. The story is very well told, and the various characters admirably drawn, especially the old dandy Colonel Cochrane, Miss Sadie Adams, the American girl, and Mr. James Stephens, the Manchester lawyer, the Rev. John Stuart, of Birmingham, a stout non-conformist minister, and Monsieur Fardet, the sceptic, who says that Nile Dervishes are a fiction of the British Government. Nor must I omit the Irish Belmots, man and wife, a warm-hearted and loyal pair from Dublin. It will be safer now travelling up the Nile, since the Sirdar, Lord Kitchener, has crushed the Mahdi's following, so that tourists who want to visit ancient remains up there may do so without fear of such a tragedy as that of the Korosko.

A handwritten signature in cursive script, reading "John Campbell". The signature is written in dark ink and is positioned at the bottom center of the page.

Editorials.

Once again the Session opens with a sound of enthusiasm and preparation for the winter's work. The work in the summer mission fields is over and those who were out come thronging back to College with many a jest and many an adventure to tell. And with many a thought, too, of which perhaps they make no mention, for those months of practical labor have been a foretaste of the life work soon to begin, and their experiences suggest, therefore, hopes and fears and expectations and joys.

However, the summer lies behind us, and we think rather of the work of the Session which now begins.

And which begins so auspiciously, for we find that the renovation of the College building, begun last year, has been carried to completion. The result is all that could be wished. It is especially evident in the Morrice Hall, where the electric light and the re-decoration of the walls have improved things wonderfully. With this change in our surroundings, came others in our midst. Old faces are gone, and this, from a College point of view, we regret, though they go to do the work they prepared themselves for, and now add themselves to our loyal army of graduates. But others have taken their places, and these we welcome most heartily, and trust they will speedily find themselves at home among us.

And now a word, gentle reader, touching our hopes and plans for the "Journal." We do not propose to make any radical departure from the forms so well executed by those who went before us in office, and our sincere hope as editors, is that you, who have learned to like the "Journal" in the past, may give it this winter a place in your esteem; no effort on our part shall be wanting to achieve that result.

Prof. Campbell will again contribute "Talks on Books,"

and Professor Scrimger has promised a series of popular articles, such as those of other years; which with other contributions will appear later.

We may add that we shall also publish the papers read at the Graduates' Institute, for we feel sure they will prove of great interest to all our readers, and especially so to graduates, since those who were present will wish to preserve the series, and those who could not hear them will be glad to read them now.

While we think of it, we would like to renew the invitation of other years, to all graduates, English and French, to avail themselves at any time of our columns for the discussion of any subject connected with the welfare of the College.

THE GRADUATES' INSTITUTE.

The second meeting of the Graduates' Institute and Reception was held the week before College opened.

The programme was excellent. We have not space here to give a review of the different papers read, nor is that necessary since, as we have stated, they are to be printed in our numbers, and every reader will have an opportunity of judging their quality for himself. We may, however, be permitted a remark or two. The first was the Principal's paper, "The Study of Sociology," which showed careful preparation and consideration, and which might be summed up by the text, "Love is the fulfilling of the Law." Professor Coussirat's paper on "Modern French Theology" was next, and dealt in a concise manner with the different schools of thought in France, and their relations to one another; it was much appreciated by all present.

Prof. Campbell was the third member of the staff to take part. His subject was "The Evolution of Theology," the paper which will be found at the beginning of this number. It dealt with a theme which has excited a good deal of warm discussion, and dealt with it in a way which quite satisfied all present.

Two papers were devoted to the poets Browning and Tennyson. The first of these was by Professor Scrimger, and while it dealt with Browning as theologian, not as poet, it yet taught so much of his poetry as to awaken the interest of some who knew him not, and stimulated that of those who knew him somewhat. The article went to show that as a theologian the poet was rather unorthodox, though as a seer his vision was always keen.

Dr. Clark Murray, L.L.L., of McGill University, took as his subject "The Poetry of Tennyson," and dwelt especially on its purity and the unwavering faith it showed in God, who watches over this work-a-day world. Professor Ross' opening lecture on "A Minister's Temptations," seems to have been regarded by the graduates as part of their institute. Well, so be it! But we students claim a share in it, too, and will lay its sound advice to heart. It was listened attentively to throughout.

The last three papers were by graduates, and reflected great credit upon the writers.

Mr. W. D. Reid, B.D., dealt with the "Semitic Question" in a thorough and vigorous manner, tracing clearly the causes of Jewish persecution, and expressing the belief that it would not cease until the principles of Christianity were more widely understood and followed.

Mr. Hutchinson, B.D., gave a very careful review of Ian MacLaren's theology, stating in turn quite a number of his doctrines, and then bringing them to the touchstone of the orthodox. His paper was carefully prepared, and well written, and while appreciative of Dr. Watson's charm in expression, was yet quite honest and frank in the consideration of the truth expressed.

Mr. McDougall, B.A., closed with a paper on "The Ritschlian Theology," now so common in the German universities. Mr. MacDougall has studied his subject carefully, and presented it in a way which held all who listened.

Yet, excellent as the programme was, we regret some things about the Institute this year. One of these is that there were

so few present. If it is the Graduates' Institute, why don't they come to it?

There are probably many reasons why they do not, but we cannot help hoping that the re-union hereafter may be one in fact as well as in name. Two things seem to give evidence that it may be; one of them is that the time of meeting has been changed to the Spring, when it will be easier for members to attend; and the other, that the programme is to be filled up by graduates. We think this last a timely move. Our professors have given their aid willingly and efficiently in starting these meetings, but we are sure they would be better pleased to listen than to speak, and would be the first to rejoice that the graduates had taken the meetings wholly into their own hands.



Partie Française.

LA MORALE PROFESSIONNELLE ET LA MORALE ÉTERNELLE.

UN CAS DE CONSCIENCE.

Par M. LE PROFESSEUR COUSSINER, Officier d'Instruction Publique.

M. Francisque Sarcy aborde volontiers, dans les "Revue populaires," les questions de morale et de philosophie que soulèvent les faits courants. Ce sont de vrais sermons—des sermons laïques, un peu terre à terre, mais souvent fort sensés, exprimant la sagesse moyenne du bourgeois de Paris à notre époque.

L'un des plus curieux traités de la morale professionnelle dans ses rapports avec la morale éternelle.

Voici à quelle occasion. Certain journal, ayant publié le réquisitoire de M. Le Quesnay de Beaurepaire contre le général Boulanger avant qu'il eût été communiqué au Sénat fut, pour ce, traduit devant le tribunal correctionnel de la Seine. Le vol du document était prouvé; le journal avait acheté le document du voleur. Il s'agissait de savoir si le délit rentrait dans la catégorie de complicité d'un vol.

On imagina de faire comparaître et d'interroger les représentants des principales feuilles parisiennes. Grand embarras de ces messieurs... Là-dessus M. Sarcy, se souvenant qu'il a été normalien et professeur, part en guerre. Mais la question est bien simple, dit-il. Si l'on m'eût fait l'honneur de me demander mon avis, j'aurais répondu que le journaliste avait tort au point de vue de la morale éternelle, mais qu'il avait raison au point de vue strictement professionnel, puisque le devoir du journaliste est de donner au public, avant ses confrères s'il le peut, toutes les informations possibles. Et la preuve que, dans ce cas, il n'est pas coupable, c'est qu'on lui

serre la main. Or, nous nous détournerions avec mépris d'un voleur et de son complice.

M. Sarcy est-il dans le vrai ou se trompe-t-il? Il me paraît intéressant d'examiner ce cas de conscience.

Sans doute, l'un des devoirs du journaliste est de renseigner promptement le public. Par tous les moyens? Non, certes sans quoi, la fin justifierait les moyens. Il y a donc un choix à faire, et des limites à ne pas dépasser.

Vous achetez et vous publiez sans scrupule un document volé. C'est, dites-vous, votre devoir professionnel. Mais alors, quelle idée vous faites-vous du devoir que vous n'hésitez pas, pour l'accomplir, à profiter d'une mauvaise action, bien plus, à encourager le vol?

Supposez qu'il en aille de même partout. Un magistrat—on l'a vu—surprend à l'aide du téléphone les secrets d'un pauvre hère qui croit se confier à des oreilles amies. Vous l'accablez d'invectives. Quelle honte! User de tels moyens! Il n'y a plus de sécurité! Peut-être bien. Mais quoi? le magistrat philosophe vous répondra sans s'émouvoir: "J'instruis une affaire; je veux surprendre des malfaiteurs pour protéger la société. J'écoute aux portes, je me sers du téléphone, je mens... car il faut que justice soit faite et que les coupables soient punis. Devoir professionnel."

Un officier supérieur, commet un faux pour sauver, à ce qu'il pense, l'honneur de l'armée et conserver à son pays le bien inestimable de la paix. Devoir professionnel.

Nous pourrions multiplier les exemples. Ceux-là suffisent à notre but. Quel joli monde vous allez faire avec votre maxime! Quelle aimable société! plus de secret assuré, plus de serrure qu'on ne crochette, plus de confiance qui ne puisse être trahie, plus de documents certains, toujours par devoir professionnel.

Vous n'y avez pas bien réfléchi, homme de bon sens qui n'aspirez qu'à dire sincèrement des choses honnêtes. Ou plutôt, vous y avez réfléchi, mais vous distinguez. Ce qui vous rassure, c'est l'opinion publique. On serre la main du journaliste coupable de ce délit. Sa faute n'est donc pas si énorme après tout, car on ne serre pas la main d'un voleur, ou de son complice. Je crains que vous ne vous trompiez encore en cela.

L'indulgence du public ne prouve pas que la faute en question soit légère ; elle prouve plutôt que la morale du public est relâchée. Le public, il est vrai, n'aime pas qu'on le vole, mais il veut qu'on l'amuse ; c'est pourquoi il sourit aux journalistes sans délicatesse. Et qui sont les auteurs de ce relâchement de la morale publique ? Ceux-là même qui en bénéficient : l'écrivain et le lecteur.

Comment ! vous serrez la main de cet homme qui fait métier d'insulter les personnages les plus honorables, qui calomnie sans pitié et quelquefois sans esprit des gens dignes de tout respect, qui n'épargne même pas le premier magistrat de la nation, qui paie et publie des documents volés, vous lui serrez la main, et puis vous nous dites : " Voyez, il n'est pas coupable, je lui serre la main, et vous aussi ; il fait son métier ! " En vérité, on a peine à garder son sang-froid en trouvant de telles énormités sous la plume d'un homme de sens et d'honneur.

Cette soi-disant morale professionnelle, c'est vous qui l'avez faite. Elle vous permet de commettre des indiscrétions dont il faudrait rougir, au lieu de s'en glorifier. Elle vous autorise, sous couleur d'art, à louer des livres nauséabonds. Elle tend à faire tomber jusque dans la fange les mœurs et la morale elle-même.

Mais j'entends M. Sarcy qui proteste : il convient que cette morale est en opposition avec la morale éternelle.

Eh ! n'est-ce pas assez pour qu'on la condamne ? Qu'est-ce que ces devoirs professionnels opposés au devoir en général ? Les devoirs particuliers ne sont-ils pas l'application pure et simple du devoir dans les divers domaines de l'activité des hommes ? Y a-t-il deux morales ? ou autant de morales distinctes que de professions ?

J'en appelle de M. Sarcy journaliste à M. Sarcy professeur. Souvenez-vous de votre ancien maître, Emmanuel Kant. Vous avez su, avant moi, sur quel principe il fonde la morale : " Agis de manière, dit-il, que la maxime de ta volonté pût devenir le principe général d'une législation universelle, " ou, selon l'Évangile : " Fais à autrui ce que tu voudrais qu'il te fût fait. " Souvenez-vous aussi du critère par lui proposé des jugements sur le bien et sur le mal moral : " Examine si

l'action que tu projettes, étant faite selon la loi de quelque nature dont tu fisses partie toi-même, pourrait te paraître possible par ta volonté." Ceci est de l'allemand. Nous dirions en français que, pour juger d'une action, il faut se demander si on voudrait vivre dans un monde où cette action fût la règle universelle,—ou encore, plus simplement, qu'il ne faut pas faire à autrui ce que nous ne voudrions pas qu'il nous fût fait. Hors de ce principe et de ce critère, il n'y a plus de morale digne de ce nom.

Pourquoi tant insister, dira-t-on peut-être, sur un simple propos de publiciste à court de copie peut-être ? Ne l'arrachez pas à l'oubli où il est tombé ; l'auteur lui-même s'en souvient à peine.

Je le relève parce qu'il me paraît être un signe des temps. M. Sarcey est un honnête homme, un esprit éminent et sincère ; il est célèbre, on l'a même appelé illustre. Dans les questions d'art dramatique qui, par tant de côtés, touchent à la morale, il jouit d'une autorité incontestable. Dans les journaux, il fait de la philosophie à l'usage des gens du monde. Une si grave erreur chez un tel écrivain est un symptôme alarmant. Ce qu'il dit, des milliers d'hommes le pensent ou seront portés à le croire sans y réfléchir autrement, en sorte que, sous prétexte de devoir professionnel, les lecteurs de journaux finissent par tenir pour légitimes les procédés les plus représentables.

Et si, en allant au fond des choses, on veut savoir pourquoi M. Sarcey et d'autres écrivains ont imaginé une si déplorable distinction, il ne sera pas difficile de le découvrir.

Cette distinction provient d'une confusion : Le devoir, au sens exact du mot, est l'obligation d'accomplir le bien. Or, quel bien accomplit le journaliste qui achète des documents volés ? Et, s'il refuse par scrupule de les acheter, quel mal fait-il ? Sa conscience, en ce dernier cas, peut-elle lui adresser le moindre reproche ? Réussira-t-il à éprouver des remords ? Ce qui souffrira peut-être momentanément c'est le tirage de sa feuille ; il ne sera lésé que dans ses profits. En l'espèce donc, le prétendu devoir du journaliste se ramène à l'intérêt financier du journal,—peut-être aussi à une satisfaction d'amour-propre. Et, s'il y a opposition quelque part, ce n'est

pas entre le devoir professionnel et la morale éternelle, mais entre le devoir tout court et le succès à tout prix.

D. COUSSIRAT.

LES VACANCES.

Les vacances se sont écoulées rapidement, la terre déjà, est jonchée de feuilles, l'hiver à grand pas s'approche; c'est le temps du retour; et les adieux, pourtant, n'était-ce pas hier qu'ils avaient lieu? et les beaux jours qui devaient les suivre, où sont-ils?

Des adieux et des beaux jours il ne nous reste plus qu'un vague souvenir, qui bientôt sera effacé par la multiplicité des occupations nouvelles.

Tout change et s'efface ici-bas et nous, nous restons pour travailler.

Nous souhaitons la bienvenue aux jeunes amis qui sont venus grossir nos rangs, et nous leur rappellerons que si le travail parfois les fatigue, ils retrouveront auprès de Dieu la force et le courage.

A ceux qui nous ont quittés définitivement pour combattre sous la bannière de la Croix, nous leur souhaitons succès et bonheur, si vos efforts semblent vains aux yeux des hommes, aux yeux de Dieu vous êtes des héros et votre œuvre durera éternellement.

Et vous, professeur bien-aimé, qui toujours avec bienveillance, nous apprenez à manier les armes intellectuelles et spirituelles, seules capables de nous rendre propres au combat, nous vous saluons de cœur.

Aussi, professeur et étudiants, réunis dans un même esprit, demandons-nous au plus grand des Maîtres cet esprit de sagesse, de prudence et de vérité dont ses enfants doivent être remplis.

Puissions-nous constamment, dans nos heures passées à l'étude de la philosophie et de la théologie, ne jamais nous éloigner de la source de la vérité: l'Évangile, et répéter comme le grand Apôtre, ces paroles. "Je ne veux savoir que Jésus-Christ et Jésus-Christ crucifié."

L. T. A.

R.—Écoute donc G. tu n'aurais pas cinq dollars à me prêter?

G.W.T.—Ce serait avec plaisir si j'avais un dollar de plus. Plus tard.....

G.W.T.—Dis donc R. je me trouve pris de court, serais-tu assez bon, toi qui as de l'argent à la banque, de me laisser avoir \$50.00? Je t'en payerai l'intérêt.

R.—Ben G. je vais te dire franchement je n'aime pas ça. (Baissant le voix). Tu sais j'ai une bonne mère; et elle ne veut pas que je prête d'argent à personne.

G.—N'as-tu pas déjà voulu en emprunter, toi?

R.—Oui c'est vrai; mais vois-tu j'ai promis à ma mère de ne pas en prêter.

Deux nouveaux étudiants sont venus grossir nos rangs, Messieurs Dubuc et Touchette. Nous leur tendons une cordiale poignée de main en leur souhaitant succès et réussite.

Messieurs J.-E. Coulin et Ag.-H. Tanner ont cru bon d'entreprendre le cours des arts à l'université McGill.



STUDENTS' DIRECTORY, 1898-99.

I.—STUDENTS IN THEOLOGY.

Third Year :—

NAME.	ADDRESS.	
	HOME.	CITY.
Byron, M. W.	Wakfield, Que.	Room 1
Boyd, R.	Toronto	Presby. Coll.
Crombie, W. T. B., M.A.	Fort Coulonge, Que.	Room 18
Crozier, H. G.	Grand Valley, Ont.	" 33
Douglas, R. J., B.A.	Earlton, N.S.	" 30
Houghton, C.	Montreal, Que.	" 32
Knowles, W. E.	Toronto	" 23
MacLean, A. S.	Scarf Harris, Scot.	" 29
MacLean, S., B.A.	Bols over, Ont.	" 28
Oliver, D.	Dublin, Ireland.	Presby. Coll.
Reid, A. D.	Lemesurier, Que.	Room 31
Rey, Jean	Chalon sur Laone, France.	" 3
Robertson, J. C., B.A.	Robertson, N.B.	" 27
Scrimger, J. T., B.A.	Montreal, Que.	24 Summerhill Av.

Second Year :—

Ferguson, H.	McLaren's Depot, Ont.	Room 13
Inglis, W. J., B.A.	Whitechurch, Ont.	" 24
MacLeod, D. M., B.A.	Springton, P.E.I.	" 22
McGregor, Geo.	Mauchline, Scot.	148 St. Luke St.
Stuart, J. A., B.A.	Montreal, Que.	39 Mayor St.
Tanner, W. P.	Windsor Mills, Que.	Room 17
Turner W. D., B.A.	Appleton, Ont.	" 12
Wheeler, J. A.	Runnymede, Que.	" 19
Worth, F. J., B.A.	Wellington, B.C.	" 21

First Year :—

Anderson, F.	Montreal, Que.	128 Paris St.
Cameron, A. G.	Fitzroy Harbour, Ont.	Room 26
Campbell, J. D.	Toronto, Ont.	" 16
Lee, H. S.	Prince Albert, Sask.	" 26
Stewart, D.	Laguerre, Que.	" 20
Thom, G. W.	Appleton, Ont.	" 8
Turner, H. H., B.A.	Appleton, Ont.	" 11

II.—UNDERGRADUATES IN ARTS.

Fourth Year :—

Brown, W.	Athelstane, Que.	Presby. Coll.
Keith, H. J.	Smith's Falls, Ont.	143 Mansfield St.

MacKay, H.....	Ripley, Ont	Room 45
MacLeod, J. B.....	Springton, P.E.I.....	“ 44

Third Year:—

Hardy, C	Fortune Cove, P.E.I.....	Room 52
Lee, H. S.....	Prince Albert, Sask.....	“ 26
Luttrell, P.....	Montreal, Que.....	Presby. Coll.
MacMillan, C. J.....	Charlottetown, P.E.I	Room 55
Stewart, D.....	Laguerre, Que	“ 20

Second Year:—

Lohead, A. W.....	North Gower, Ont.....	Room 15
MacLeod, A. B.....	Springton, P.E.I.....	“ 14

First Year:—

Condie, G. D.....	Lancaster, Ont.....	Room 54
Coulin, J. E.....	Neuchatel, Switz.....	477 St. Lawrence St.
Robertson, Hy. D	Almonte, Ont.....	Room 62
Tanner, A. H.....	Joliette, Que.....	“ 9

III.—STUDENTS IN LITERARY COURSE.

Third Year:—

Demole, J. E.....	Montreal, Que.....	447 St. Urbain St.
Greig, J. G.....	Westmount, Que.....	400 Cote St. Antoine
Lapointe, C.	Terrebonne, Que.....	114 Mance St.
McInnis, F.....	Harris, Scot.....	Room 51
Rondeau, A. G.....	Hull, Que.....	211 Montcalm St.

Second Year:—

Cruchon, C. F.....	Druillat, France	Pres. Coll.
Joliat, H.....	Beaucourt, France.....	217 Drolet St.
Macleod, N. V.....	Granby, Que.....	Presby. Coll.
Mathieson, P	Forresters' Falls, Ont.....	Room 10
Swinton, J.....	Rocton, Ont.....	“ 57
Turkington, E.....	Ireland.....	“ 56

First Year:—

Dubuc, E.....	Nicolet, Que.....	211 Montcalm St.
Laughlin, W. A.	Toronto, Ont.....	Room 6
Millar, W.....	Pembroke, Ont.....	“ 7
Morrow, J. D.....	Toronto, Ont.....	“ 5
Touchette, W.	Lachute, Que.....	46 Emelie St.
Walker, J. I.....	Toronto, Ont.....	Room 61