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THE THEOLOGUE,

Presbyterian College, Halifax.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
SAMSON AGONISTES—REV. J. D. McFAY, M. A., B. D.	33
STRATFORD-ON-AVON.—REV. J. B. MACLEAN, M. A., B. D.	39
A MESSAGE FROM KOREA—REV. D. M. McRAE, B. A.	45
EDITORIALS:—	
NEW YEAR	51
THE OUTLOOK	52
CANADA'S SECOND CONTINGENT	54
THE MISSIONARY ASSOCIATION	55
PROGRAMME THEO. AND LIT. SOCIETY	58
COLLEGE NOTES	59
ACKNOWLEDGMENTS	63

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THE THEOLOGUE.

VOL. XI.—JANUARY, 1900.—No. 2.

Presbyterian College, Halifax.

SAMSON AGONISTES.

REV. J. D. MCKAY, M. A., B. D.

“A little onward lend thy guiding hand
To these dark steps, a little further on.”

THESE words the last of the Elizabethans, John Milton, places upon the lips of the Danite hero, Samson. The poem, of which they form a part, is modelled after the Greek tragedy, and is such a drama as might have been put upon the Athenian stage in the days of its greatest glory. The modern mind, however, feels somewhat the confusion which arises between the dramatic and lyrical elements in the composition. The personal feeling of the lyric refuses to give place to the impersonal of the dramatic. The author did not design his work for the stage, where, indeed, it could scarcely have succeeded. It has, however, been set to music in a magnificent oratorio by no less a master musician than Handel.

The reader's delight is not diminished by the strange blending of the poet's feelings with those of the hero. We are, perhaps, more interested in Milton than in Samson. It is said that Milton in early life had selected several subjects for tragedies, this being the only one he ever completed. It is the swan song of a mighty genius, who found ready to hand the outline of a history strangely akin to his own. He, like Samson, had fallen upon evil days. Each had splendid endowments; each was the

great champion of his country, and idol of public admiration each suffered at the hands of a beautiful, but unloving and disobedient wife ; each endured the loss of eyesight, and ended life fallen and humiliated under the reverses of fortune. Samson represents the seemingly defeated Puritan cause in the power of the Philistinism of the Restoration, and through this medium Milton eased his own heart of its anguish and indignation.

The opening lines have chaste poetic beauty :—

“The breath of Heaven fresh blowing pure and sweet
With day-spring born ”—

brings ease to the body of the slave, but the release from toil gives no rest to the mind. It permits thoughts like a deadly swarm of hornets to throng upon the unhappy sufferer. His had been the gift of strength above that of mortal men.

“ O glorious strength
Put to the labor of a beast, debased
Lower than bondslave.”

Prediction had declared him the deliverer of God's people.

Ask for this great deliverer now, and find him
Eyeless in Gaza at the mill with slaves.

Here indeed are the elements of deepest and darkest tragedy. It is sad when disorder clouds the eye and blots out the world of form and color, but sadder still when the inner light fails, when all is dark :—

“ Oh, dark, dark, dark, amid the blaze of noon,
Irrecoverably dark, total eclipse,
Without all hope of day !”

Upon the conclusion of this splendid introduction the Chorus is brought forward to tell in words of force and beauty, in strange musical cadences, the former glories of the prostrate hero. This man, who lies so low, not caring to support his head is he who tare a lion in his might, who ran upon the army of the Philistines, and slew a thousand men with the jaw of a dead ass, who caught up the city gates of Gaza with massy posts and bars and carried all far up the hill of Hermon.

But Samson has learned by adversity what prosperity had failed to teach. Strength must ever be the servant of wisdom. Plaintive is his confession. He has not held sacredly his

Nazarite vow. His life has not been one of well regulated devotion to a holy calling. He has been the victim of his own sportive wit, now driven by a fitful energy to champion Jehovah's cause, now left to himself dragging that sacred name in the mire of sensual indolence. He has stood for the greater part alone. The tribesmen have been dazzled by the meteor brightness of his prowess, or roused to anger by his ill advised alliances or conflicts with the Philistines. Still the fault is partly theirs. They have not been ready to grasp the deliverance offered them. They are cursed with a veniality that loves ease at any cost of truth and right. But Milton had more than the oppressed Israelite. in mind in his fervid lines :—

“ Had Judah that day joined, or one whole tribe,
They had by this possessed the tower of Gath,
And lorded over them whom now they serve.
But what more oft in nations grown corrupt,
And by their vices brought to servitude,
Than to love bondage more than liberty,
Bondage with ease than strenuous liberty ;
And to despise, or envy, or suspect
Whom God hath of his special favor raised
As their deliverer ; if he aught begin,
How frequent to desert him, and at last
To heap ingratitude on worthiest deeds ?”

The dialogue between Manoah and Samson is a fine example of the beauty of language drawn in simplicity and purity from the well of English undefiled. The sentiment is lofty and evenly sustained. The peasant father has seen his own life glorified in that of his son. To him the latter's overthrow comes as a crushing grief. Twice had the angel of God foretold his birth. The honor of his motherhood had lifted the life of an humble Jewish woman into proud preeminence. Together they had gazed with delight upon his infant features, while imagination pictured a glorious future wrought from fancy and divine prediction. Why do God's gifts tempt our prayers, yet draw the scorpion tail behind ?

“ O ever failing trust

In mortal strength !”

This is the explanation of the great athlete's failure. He has not shunned temptation, but has sought it. Confident in his

own power, he has gone among the Philistines to court assault. One exploit after another has confirmed him in the conviction that he can care for himself in any circumstance. He delights in the exhilaration of danger. But the bow that is bent too far never perfectly recovers its elasticity; the moth that hovers about the candle at last burns its wings; and in the end the over-confident giant is beguiled and shorn of strength. Sooner or later he meets the Delilah who works his ruin. Man holds his strength in weakness. He may sin and recover himself; but when he renders up to God's enemies that inward secret of his power, when he loses the outward symbol of his consecration to God, the wall of the soul's defence is broken down, and the enemy may enter where he will. It is vain that every doorway be securely closed save one, if there the foe may gain admission.

To be defiled, blinded, maimed for ever, to be incapacitated for the labor and joy of the higher world, is no trifling matter. To be a martyr without the palm is not a pleasing role; but this is nothing to the bitter reflection that one has brought shame upon a noble cause.

“ Father, I do acknowledge and confess
 That I this honor, I this pomp have brought
 To Dagon, and advanced his praises high
 Among the heathen round; to God have brought,
 Dishonor, obloquy, and oped the mouths
 Of idolists and atheists: have brought scandal
 To Israel, diffidence of God, and doubt
 In feeble hearts, propense enough before
 To waver, or fall off, and join with idols;
 Which is my chief affliction, shame, and sorrow.
 The anguish of my soul, that suffers not
 Mine eyes to harbor sleep, or thoughts to rest.

From confession the thought passes to a consideration of God's dealings in providence. There is, perhaps, not even in Milton, another such awful and comprehensive summary of divine dispensations. He who cares to feel the force of deep and ponderous eloquence will linger over these glowing sentences.

“ God of our fathers! what is man,
 That thou towards him with hand so various,
 Or might I say contrarious,
 Temperest thy providence through his short course,
 Not evenly, as thou rul'st.”

The angelic orders, and inferior creatures mute,
Irrational and brute.
Nor do I name of men the common rout,
That wander loose about
Grow up and perish, as the summer fly,
Heads without name no more remembered,
But such as thou hast solemnly elected,
With gifts and graces eminently adorned
To some great work, thy glory,
And people's safety, which in part they effect ;
Yet toward these thus dignified, thou oft,
Amidst their height of noon,
Change'st thy countenance, and thy hand with no regard
Of highest favors past
From thee on them, or them to thee of service."

The first indication that the man has come to his right mind is that he learns to avoid sin. Delilah, the incarnation of subtle temptation returns, but Samson is proof against her false smiles and heartless coquetries. But how intense is the pain endured, when the sin that he has nourished, turns like a wild beast to rend him. What disillusionment, what heartache does that hour hold, when the mask of deceit is removed, and the treachery and malice hidden beneath exposed. Her confession of her fault, the student of Milton will observe, is in unhappy contrast with that of Eve in 'Paradise Lost.'

But he, who has fought and won the spiritual battle, feels again the stirring of the spirit within. What that presence may presage he does not clearly know. It kindles the olden zeal for Jehovah. It strengthens the splendid fortitude of mind which no calamity can overcome. Once more the blind champion throws down the gage of battle to Philistinism in the person of the giant Harapha of Gath, and the grim son of Anak dare not accept the challenge.

But the end is near. Philistinism, ancient or modern, inevitably over-reaches itself. It does not know that God has heard the heart-broken confession of his servant, and has given him back his strength. Drunken and insolent with wine, the worshippers of Dagon call for their captive to make sport for them. At first Samson refuses to thus desecrate his powers, but suddenly he loses his reluctance and consents. Infatuation urges his cruel captors to their own destruction. Their triumph after all shall only be short lived. Here Milton strikes the final

chord, and amid his own similar misfortunes vindicates the fallen Puritan cause. Blindness in part has come, but it has purged the inward sight. Truth crushed to earth shall rise again. Virtue, phoenix-like, springs from the ashes of the dead past to clothe itself anew with youth and beauty. Jehovah's enemies are stricken with a deeper blindness and given up to doom. The poem closes with a grandeur worthy of its stately procession. Once more the antagonists are pitted against each other in deadly conflict. How striking now is the contrast!

“ While their hearts were jocund and sublime,
 Drunk with idolatry, drunk with wine,
 And fat regorged of bulls and goats,
 Chanting their idol, and preferring
 Before our living Dread who dwells
 In Silo, his bright sanctuary ;
 Among them he e'er spirit of frenzy sent
 Who hurt their minds,
 And urged them on with mad desire
 To call in haste for their destroyer ;”

* * * *

“ But he, though blind of sight
 Despised and thought extinguished quite,
 With inward eyes illuminated,
 His fiery virtue roused
 From under ashes into sudden flame ;
 And as an evening dragon came,
 Assailant on the perched roosts
 And nests in order ranged
 Of tame villatic fowl ; but as an eagle
 His cloudless thunder bolted on their heads.”

Gifted Danite, mighty athlete, thy task is ended. Troubled was thy spirit, great was thy passion, and fretted out thy day with half thy work undone. Thou hast wrestled with sin and hast been thrown ingloriously, but thou hast wrestled also with thy God and risen into true strength. The lesson has been long in learning, but ere the curtain falls, Jehovah has remembered and granted thee a true release.

“ His servant he * * * *
 With peace and consolation hath dismissed
 And calm of mind and passion spent.”

STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

REV. J. B. MACLEAN, M. A., B. D.

“ Good frend, for Iesvs sake forbear
To digg y^e dust enclosed here :
Blest be y^e man y^t spares thes stones
And evrst be he y^t moves my bones.”

THE pilgrim to the tomb of Shakspeare must go, not as the Chinese philosopher might have expected, to Westminster Abbey, but to Stratford-on-Avon, the place of his birth, of his youthful days, of his later years of retirement, of his death, and—if his blessing is still to be sought by the generations to come—the place, too, of his dust until the last trump.

And it is absolutely fitting. For the words of Washington Irving are true with regard to all that is covered by the name of this Stratford—“the mind refuses to dwell on anything that is not connected with Shakspeare . . . the whole place seems but as his mausoleum.” For there is but one name to be thought on, one only to be suggested by everything seen and heard from the time coach or train drops the degenerate pilgrim at the sound of the magic name “Stratford-on-Avon!” until the last hill that looks down on the sacred fields is lost in the distance. And ever after Memory will deal kindly with the pilgrim in his reminiscent moods, and at the slightest call throw on the screen again the whole blessed picture, and again fill the heart with the feelings of that ever memorable time. Let memory now do her work for a little: and our feet find again the path broadened and deepened by three centuries of pilgrims since the day that Shakspeare was first “discovered” and his haunts began to be sought.

Providence was good to him in the environment within which his early life was to be developed. Since native home must be ever sweet, how inexpressibly so must it be to one whose formative days are passed amid such fair scenes as fed his early fancy, of hill and lowland and wood and river. Set in the South West of Warwickshire, “the heart of England,” there is no place within that shire, or indeed in all England, whose associations are more rich, whose beauty is more satisfying, and whose spirit is more restful and yet inspiring, than the quiet, unassuming little town

of Stratford on the Avon. For all its modesty of bearing, it is accustomed to the best in English life. Not far to the south lie Oxford and Windsor. A bird flying north would in a few minutes pass over Warwick Castle, "the finest monument of ancient and chivalrous splendour which remains uninjured by time," and in a few minutes more Kenilworth Castle—ideal magnificence of ruin! which, however, in Shakspeare's day was in the height of its strength and glory, with Leicester deceiving both his wife and his queen in his fear of the one and his love of the other.

In the glorious splendour of the golden days Shakspeare lived his busy life, first in Stratford and then in London, where he prospered sufficiently to provide himself with "New Place," the finest home in Stratford. Here he spent the last five years of his life, playing the part of the country gentleman of means and enjoying to the full the *otium cum dignitate*, going to church on a Sunday, watering his flowers, strolling across the fields he knew so well with Anne and her children to visit the Hathaways, and indulging himself with an occasional trip to London to see his cronies at the "Mermaid."

The river is the same to-day, the hills, the path across the fields—and the town takes life so quietly, that it cannot have changed much in three centuries; it, too, is the same. So it is not a far cry back. If the interval of miles be so easily bridged, then also may the interval of years. Let us clear our lungs of the air of the 19th century and of the West: and let us fill them with the richer air that Shakspeare breathed. Presto! we are on Henley Street, in Stratford, standing before a long low two storied house, whose appearance is strangely familiar. On our walls, in our books, in shop windows, we had seen this house; we were standing at this door. And the man of the high domed brow and kindly brown eyes smiling welcome from the threshold—him too we know! But we rub our eyes and we are back again in the 19th century. Shakspeare is gone, but all is not gone; the house is there as it was in his day. In the year of grace, 1847, it was carefully restored. In the year 1847 our heritage was made sure; let not the date be forgotten!

We pass in from the street to the ancient kitchen with its low ceiling, its rough stone floor, its great wide old fashioned fire place in which lad Willie in common with his kind, was

wont to sit and dream. To the right is the Museum, in which are stored valuable documents and relics relating directly or indirectly to Shakspeare, as, e. g., rare copies of his works. The room on the other side of the kitchen is used as a Record Room for the Corporation of Stratford. Winding up the quaint stairway, we come to the Library on whose shelves are found the works of the Master and those of his most famous interpreters. Adjoining the Library is the Birth-Room, adorned with many likenesses of the poet. In it too are Albums in the latest of which the visitor may inscribe his name and be written down with multitudes of every sort and condition, many of whose names are written large in the literature and life of many lands. Behind the house is a well-kept garden where grows every plant mentioned in the poet's works and blooms every flower.

But let us verify for ourselves the fact that he lived and died in Stratford. Let us go to the Parish Church and see the Records. The Church is beautifully situated on the banks of the Avon, "and is one of the most perfect types of rural and architectural combination in all England. The tall heaven-pointing spire, the graceful avenue of dense overhaaging lime-trees by which it is approached, the gently flowing river reflecting the fine old church windows, the quaint old grave stones, the quiet beauty and the venerable antiquity of the whole scene render the place attractive, without the special interest attached to it as the burial place of the great poet."

Passing within, there are the customary objects of interest the colours of a regiment, the chapels and tombs of departed worth and greatness. But here is something out of the ordinary, an old chair Bible,—out of which, no doubt, Shakspeare heard the lessons read,—with a portion of the chain still attached to it: the old font in which William Shakspeare was baptized, and the old church Register under glass, open at the pages containing the records of his baptism and of his death,—"1564, April 26, 1616, April 23."

On the north wall of the chancel is the famous bust of Shakspeare with its original colouring now restored. "It is coarse and rude in execution, but there is no reason for doubting that it gives at least a general idea of his personal appearance. Ac-

ording to this, he was at fifty-three a portly but not at all corpulent man, with a high forehead, a head somewhat bald, a small aquiline nose, and a well formed mouth and chin. . . . (It) was originally coloured after life and had hazel eyes and auburn hair and beard. These traits were afterward obliterated by a coat of white paint."

Beneath the bust is the famous inscription :

"Judicio Pylium, genio Socratem, arte Maronem ;
Terra tegit, populus caret, Olympus habet.
Stay, Passenger, why goest thou by so fast ?
Read if thou canst, whom envies Death hath plast
Within this monument Shakspeare with whome
Quick Nature dide : whose name doth deck this Tombe
Far more than cost : See all, that he hath writt
Leaves living art, but page to serve his witt."

Within the altar rails are the graves of William Shakspeare and his wife ; of their daughter Susannah and her husband, Dr. John Hall ; and of Thomas Nashe, Shakspeare's grandson, in whom the issue died.

But enough of Shakspeare's tomb. It is the living Shakespeare we are with to-day. So we pass out of the church to follow

"the whining schoolboy,
With his satchel and shining morning face,
Creeping like snail, unwillingly to school."

Of his school days we know little. But there is the "Guild Chapel and Grammar School," where he learned his "small Latin and less Greek" and where, no doubt, some disappointed dominie mourned over the fact that the bright faced lad thought more of frolics than of books. Innocent lamb that would have taught this lion how to roar ! We must not, however, halt at the school to moralize on what might have been, if William had been a good little boy and eventually an Oxford Don : for we are following him now thro' the fields as he sings his way along

"with a hey and a ho and a hey nonino."

For he is bound for Shottery, where Anne lives with Richard, her father. It is "spring time, the only pretty ring time, when birds do sing, hey ding a ding"—a time when, all poets agree, the lover is abroad in the land.

One may take the highway in a cab, and some do that: but we'll take the low way with William. O yes! Shakspeare's foot-path for us. It is there still, the path his feet helped to deepen: and along it since his day have pressed the feet of many thousands.

We cross the broad green sloping meadows traversed by Shottery Brook which gurgles along in the same old key, winding its way between a perfect avenue of ancient trees that whisper still the same secrets as were caught by the ears of Shakspeare. The birds still sing and "the lover and his lass" are there to hear. We pass them on our way, indifferent to our presence, responsive only to that of *Natura Benigna*.

The way is not long. After less than a mile of a walk, we come to a little hamlet, turn a corner and find ourselves within sight of Anne's cottage. There on the crest of a gentle slope by the side of the high way nestles the quaint old cottage that Shakspeare knew so well. It is low and timber framed, with a thatched roof; even yet the typical home of a peasant family: not by any means so pretentious as the home of Shakspeare, when he lived with his father, a burgess of Stratford town.

The room in which Anne was born is reached by a steep stair-case. In it is preserved a carved oak bedstead of the Elizabethan period, said to have been an heirloom in the Hathaway family since the 16th century.

For many years the cottage had been in charge of Mrs. Baker, an interesting old lady full of years and reminiscences. But an English paper of recent date intimates her death a few weeks ago. She was a descendant of the Hathaway family. Her visitors' books—and they are many—are engrossed with the names of the great ones of the earth. "That's where Charles Dickens sat," she said to me in the spring of 1897, pointing to a block of wood at her door step, "when he wrote his name in my book. . . . And here is the photo of Miss Terry that she gave me with her own hand." An so forth as long as one has time to listen. The walls of her rooms are covered with photos of famous poets, artists, actors and actresses, mementos of their visits.

But she is gracious to all. As my humility was making his bow in leaving, she gracefully plucked sprigs of *rosemary* and of *rue* from the shrubs growing by her door step and gave them to me, and so I have "remembrance" and "vision" of the good old lady still.

As we retrace our steps through the fields we drink in deep draughts of the rich prospect—typical English scene! the green of the fields, the bunch of homes, red brick and dull grey stone relieved by the tints of the foliage; the pinnacles of the more ambitious buildings, chiefly the tall slim spire of the church; the hills beyond, with a glimpse of the silver stream and the glorious cloud land over all—"Earth hath not anything to shew more fair."

Restful Stratford! where his bones repose in peace. Happy Stratford! that knewest the time of thy visitation, and didst not deny to thy devoted son his longed-for place of rest.

Fair is our lot—O, goodly is our heritage!
 (Humble ye, my people, and be fearful in your mirth!)
 For the Lord our God most High
 He hath made the deep as dry,
 He hath made for us a pathway to the ends of all the Earth!

Yea, though we sinned—and our rulers went from righteousness—
 Deep in all dishonour though we stained our garments' hem.
 Oh be ye not dismayed
 Though we stumbled and we strayed,
 We were led by evil counsellors—the Lord shall deal with them!

A MESSAGE FROM KOREA.

REV. D. M. MCRAE, B. A.

DEAR STUDENTS: In the kind providence of God we have all been given to see a year pass in this country—one full of the Father's tender mercy and loving care—one in which His hand has in a wonderful way been leading us.

Our health, on the whole, even through the rainy season, has been good; and at present, with a climate that cannot be surpassed, we are all enjoying the best of health.

On arriving in Wonsan, last February, I made my home with Dr. and Mrs. Grierson. We were very comfortable in a house belonging to the Methodists, till word came in August, that the house was about to be occupied by a Methodist missionary, and we had to move. Dr. Grierson fitted up a small hospital of Dr. McGill's, and I took up my residence at Brookside Farm.

At first I associated myself with the Dr. in medical work, and soon found a thirst for surgical operations taking hold of me. I became well advanced in chloroforming patients. The second patient I put to sleep was a Korean Yangban, who was to be operated upon for a large tumour upon his back. As he was yielding to its influence, he yelled at me and began to jabber and scold. I did not know what was ailing him. His servants rushed to his side as he kicked and scolded. I saw the Dr. was quite unconcerned, and he said "he will soon be all right."

It was quite a new experience for the Koreans to see a man put to sleep so easily, and apparently feel no pain under the knife in surgical operations.

In the art of stitching I have so far advanced as to sew up the back of a Buddhist priest's neck, after the Dr. had removed a tumour.

It was not long before the natives heard of the foreign Dr., and soon crowds of the lame and the halt, the blind and the paralytic, lepers and outcasts, were thronging round the Dr.'s doors and windows, seeking relief.

Some of the sights were terrible, especially lepers. One day I counted ninety waiting at the door for their turn. I wish you

could have seen them when the Dr.'s door opened—such a rush to get near him! It is a grand place to preach to the people, and the Dr.'s teacher was always ready to tell them of Jesus.

I suppose one of the happiest men in Wonsan to-day is a sailor, who came for treatment, and to whom, as he was going away, the Dr. gave a copy of Mark's gospel in Korean. He found Jesus to be his Saviour, and while the medical work went on he was almost daily to be seen preaching to patients in waiting.

* * * * *

The first of May, accompanied by my teacher and Mr. So, a native evangelist, of Sorai, I set out for the country. We first visited the city of Ham Hung, and lodged in the house of Mr. Shin, a Christian.

The city of Ham Hung is 100 miles north by east of Wonsan, and situated on the east bank of the Sung Chun River, seven miles from its mouth. It is an old walled city, and the capital of the province of Ham Kyung. A foreigner creates quite a little excitement on its streets, and one can readily see that it has had no touch with the outside world. Night and day people gathered round Mr. Shin's house—many to see the foreigner. During the day, books were sold and Jesus preached to the people. In the city there are five baptized Christians, and every night they assembled to hold a prayer meeting. From 18 to 20 would gather. Quite a number would sit outside the door and listen to the word. Scarcely a day passed without enquirers. One afternoon we went out to a Christian's house, and while there Mr. So preached to the crowd that gathered. On our way home a woman came up to me and said, "What books are those?" She was told it was God's word. "Oh," said she, "I thought it was the devil's books you had; I don't know that man God." On the street you often hear them call out "See the man from the Jesus house!" another, "See God walking down the street!" another, "Look at the foreign rascal!" Once, when alone on the street, they began throwing stones. My back was turned at the time, and one struck me; I quietly turned, and, walking up to the ringleader, asked in bold Korean, "Who is looking for trouble?" No more stones were thrown. Going along with my teacher one afternoon, two men attempted to seize my watch,

but they hurriedly stepped back. "What custom is this?" I enquired. They sneaked away.

We remained in the city three weeks. A few days before we left, a young man called. He listened to the story of God's love for sinners, and of Jesus dying on the cross. That day he called three times and remained with us till late at night. Next morning very early he was back again. He said that he had decided to follow Jesus, and that he wanted to buy some books. I asked him if he had ever heard of Jesus before. He said "no." Every day and every night we remained, he came regularly to learn more about Jesus. A few days ago he called to see me again, and asked that I would go up soon and bring more books with me, "and," said he, "I want you to come to a village where there are friends of mine for they want to know about this Jesus doctrine."

From Ham Hung, Mr. So and I journeyed north, and went as far as the City of Pook Chun, about 185 miles from Wonsan. On the way he stopped a few days in a small old walled city called Hong Won. Here we found a believer who heard the word from Rev. W. L. Swallow. We remained with him a few days. . . . In this city we found no one who knew Jesus. On the night of our arrival they held high carnival to the evil spirits of the street right opposite our inn door.

We remained in the city four days, and sold twenty-five books. One day a woman came to the inn door and bought a book—a thing I never saw a woman do before in the presence of a foreigner in Korea.

As the rainy season was about to set in we returned, and came to the village of So Ho, hoping to be able to get a coasting steamer for Wonsan. When we arrived in the village they said a boat would be along the next day; we waited seven days but no boat came. However it was a pleasant disappointment for in this village forty-five copies of the gospels were sold. One morning several sailors called and wanted us to take passage with them to Wonsan. We did not go. A storm arose and I was told afterwards that the boat that left for Wonsan was wrecked and one man drowned. When seven days had passed we decided to take passage on a Korean junk, loaded

with wood. The first day on the water Mr. So was seasick; he could eat nothing, so I fed him on gruel (oatmeal). As Mr. So has some Yang Ban blood in him, I asked him if the Koreans liked oatmeal. "Ah no," said he, "only the low classes eat oatmeal," but he was glad to get it that day.

The first night our junk anchored in a small cove. On the beach were about a dozen houses, and we decided to land here and go overland. In the morning a number gathered round, anxious to buy books. "There is a time to sow." We arrived in Wonsan about the middle of June, as the rainy season was setting in. We had been away six weeks.

In August a young man arrived in Wonsan with word that his father, who was a believer, was being severely persecuted. It was decided that I should go and see what was the trouble. On arriving in the village, I found that the man was away to the city of Pyeng Chu, twenty *li* distant. We went to his father's house to rest and wait till he returned, and, as it was mid-day, hoped to be able to get something to eat. We heard loud talking in the kitchen and knew there was trouble. Presently the old man got up and said that I must leave the house. I told him we would wait until his son returned. He was called to the kitchen, and there a storm of words could be heard. When he came back, he said I must leave the house, for they feared the villagers would attack them for taking me in. Not wishing to get them into trouble, we set out for the city, with the hope that we might find the persecuted Christian.

Going along the road, I met a man, and asked, "Is this Mr. Yi?" The stranger looked up and with a gleam of joy passing over his face, grasped my hand and said: "Is this Ma Moksa?" I had only met the man once before. He told me his story. His wife had died a month before, and because he would not sacrifice to his ancestors, his sons, with the villagers, turned on him, thrashed him, burned all his books, and smashed the doors and windows of his house. He was a carpenter by trade, and they would now give him no work. He did not see how he could live in the village, and he thought that he must move away. This was his first conclusion. As we journeyed back to the city we talked the whole affair over. He decided to remain in the city and witness for Christ.

I asked him if he would like to see the chief magistrate of the city. He said he would, and we called to see him. The magistrate asked me who I was, where I was from, what was my business in Korea, and what I had called for. You should have heard my Korean when I attempted to address him in the language of the court. Ordinary Korean with a mighty rush would roll up on my tongue. However, the case was presented. We told him that if Mr. Yi had done wrong, we hoped he would be punished according to Korean law; but if he had done nothing worthy of death or of bonds, we knew that he, as the chief magistrate, would protect loyal subjects. We said that we did not wish him to punish the villagers for what they had done, but that if he would send them word that they must not destroy Mr. Yi's property or do bodily injury to him, we would be very much obliged. The chief secretary was called up, the magistrate dictated his orders, and without delay a messenger was despatched to the village. We returned to the inn, and, closing the doors, knelt before God with grateful hearts for the way he had led us.

That was Saturday night; and we returned to Mr. Yi's house to spend Sunday with him. He wanted me to sleep at his father's house; but I said, "No, we will sleep in your house." "Why," said he, "the doors are all broken, and we may not be safe there." I said, "We will sleep there all the same."

Sunday morning word came that there was to be an attack on the house that afternoon. One of the persecuting leaders came to the house. When he entered I asked him if he had come in peace. He turned and left. We were not molested. On Monday we came to the coast and took a Japanese boat for Wonsan. We had word not long ago that the man is holding out, and in God's strength, determined to witness for his Master.

I now live by myself in a Korean hut. My room is 20x8½ and 6 ft post. I never have any trouble about scrubbing the floor, for it is always the same colour—mud. In this room I study, entertain Koreans and foreigners. It is my sleeping room and store room as well. In a mud hole at one end of the hut a Korean boy does my cooking. The bill of fare is what one makes it. The all-important point is not to forget to have rice. Take my advice, boys, and with all your getting, get a few hours in

the kitchen and take a few lessons in cooking. If any of you are looking forward to the foreign field, practise sleeping on a hard floor, with your boots for a pillow, and a blanket for a covering.

During the summer we have come into touch with not only the heathen Korean, but also those who move in high circles, and with no less a personage than the grandson of Queen Victoria, the brother-in-law of the Czar of Russia, the Crown Prince of Germany, Prince Henry of Prussia. His ship was here for several weeks, and he entertained us right royally.

As to-day is the fourth of November you boys will be resuming your work again. What changes have taken place this year. Those whose faces were familiar last session are absent this term. Yes, and some we shall not see again till we meet in our Father's home. Young Noble, that lad of prayer, I see him now, I hear again his fervent prayers. This year he shall not return to you. His work was done and the Father called him to his rest,—“there remaineth a rest for the people of God.” And Clarence, where is he? That youth so promising and well-fitted for the Master's service. Will he not return? Ah! no; for the Father said “Come up hither, my son.” Students, our summons is coming. It may be near at hand, and soon we may join them. Now while it is called to-day let us be on the “watch,” let us be up and doing, faithfully serving our day and generation. May the Father's blessing attend your labours this session.

Hold ye the Faith—the Faith our Fathers sealed us;
Whoring not with visions—overwise and overstale,
 Except ye pay the Lord
 Single heart and single sword,
Of your children in their bondage shall He ask them treble-tale!

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

THE THEOLOGUE.

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EDITORIAL.

NEW YEAR.

HOW the years speed on! Another gift of time has passed away to swell the irrevocable bygone. Few things thrill us more deeply than what one has termed "The Passion of the Past." Into the folds of the future we peer with optimistic eyes. We desire great things. We hope for great things. The prospect always sparkles with many hoped-for joys. From the commonplaces of the present we turn prophetic eyes to see what new visions dwell beyond the waving sky-line. It is otherwise with the past. With something between a "divine farewell" and "divine despair" do we look back upon all our many yesterdays and days before. There is an infinite regretfulness in the thought that "the days that are no more," so full of unutterable meaning to us, can never be recalled. They are gone forever and forever. Yet our sorrow for the past need not be wholly idle. Our retrospect should always yield us living lessons. What have we done? Wherein have we made mistakes? How much is there yet to do? If a backward looking fills us with the uneasy sense that we might have worked ever so much better, surely it is our wisdom in the coming year to do with all our might whatsoever our hands find to do.

THE OUTLOOK.

THE importance of the college to the church admits of no argument. If it be admitted that the church has a mission in the world, it cannot well be denied that the college supplies a real need in the church. She has a duty to perform and the church cannot come to her own if she be recreant to that duty. The mission of the church is high and exceeding broad. It touches every interest of man. Its purpose is a purpose of light and leading,—to teach men the true end of life, and to assist in its attainment.

For successful work the church rests largely upon her ministry. Her supreme need is men, perhaps we had more truly said *man*. The fierce light which beats upon all in places of prominence blazes strong upon the minister and requires first and last and always that he be a *man*, so only can he be a true minister. Never was the demand more urgent, or the call more strenuous than at the present. The cry of the dying century and of the new one soon to be, is for men who by the power of their personality shall grip their fellows and compel them towards high things and true things.

And it is for the answer of this cry that our colleges stand. They exist to meet this demand by sending forth trained men, men with developed powers, men fitted to lead because they have been made meet to serve. Our church has always firmly stood for an educated ministry, and the heritage of a noble past abundantly vindicates the wisdom of her position. For the training of her ministry she has equipped colleges. The college exists as the servant of the church for this special work. It aims at making the student an effective preacher of the Gospel and a faithful pastor of the Church of Christ. It renders its true service when it furnishes forth men, who by their wisdom, culture and fullness of life, are fitted to be worthy counsellors and trusty guides.

It is for this purpose that our college exists. She has a duty to perform towards the church and in these sea-provinces. That duty is the sending forth of men worthy the confidence of their

fellows, and fitted to instruct them in the truth. We point with pride to those she has sent forth. They have been and are workmen indeed needing not to be ashamed. The roll of honour is exceeding honorable. But our look must be forward. What of the future? Of late years the number in attendance has been large. Compared with last year there is this session a slight falling off. Perhaps this would not be a matter of much moment, were it not for the fact that the loss is due entirely to the unusually small number in the first year. The second and third years are both large, unusually large. They number respectively sixteen and fourteen, while the first year numbers a bare six. Nor is the prospect for next year any better. Enquiry at the source to which we must look for by far the greater number of our students shows that we cannot expect any increase in the class next incoming, and it is possible that the number may fall yet lower. As to succeeding years it is difficult to make any definite statement, yet from present appearances we are almost justified in predicting "seven years of famine." As a college, we have been having our "years of plenty," but there are ominous signs of a change.

The matter is one of no small importance. It affects not the college alone, but church and country as well. What is the cause which is producing these results? Is this falling off the result simply of an accidental combination of circumstances, or is it an indication of a settled tendency of the day? These and similar questions suggest themselves, but they are questions we cannot answer. Perhaps there are others to whom the true answer is clear. It is a subject which we deem worthy of consideration, and we offer our space to any one who will solve the problem.

Meanwhile one thing is clear. There is a plain duty laid upon our ministers. Let them seek out those possessed of gifts of head and heart, which mark them out as fitted for the ministry, and let them impress upon such the claims of the church. Every minister of our church should regard himself as an agent for the college. In fidelity to his church and in loyalty to his Master, he should seek to lead those specially qualified to give themselves to the service of the ministry. The college calls for

men. The church calls for men. The work calls for men. Above all, the Master calls for men. Must the call spend itself in empty echoing or shall we hearken and heed ?

Before this issue of *THE THEOLOGUE* reaches our readers the first detachment of Canada's second contingent for service in South Africa will probably have left our shores for the scene of conflict. The enthusiasm with which our country has responded to this further call proves as mere words could never prove that the ancient spirit is not dead within Canadian hearts. Truly we come of The Blood. "Constant as the Northern Star" holds our new land to the old beyond the sea.

"They change their skins above them
But not their hearts that roam !
We learned from our wistful Mothers
To call old England home."

And that lesson learned so well from those for whom there could be no second 'home' must not be forgotten. And there is little danger that it will be. Whatever be the call our answer will ever be the ready word of sons.

"One from the ends of the earth.....
... ..Mother be proud of thy seed !
Count, are we feeble or few ? Hear is our speech so rude ?
Look are we poor in the land ? Judge are we men of the Blood ?

* * * *

Not in the dark do we fight—haggle and flout and gibe :
Selling our love for a price, loaning our hearts for a bribe.
Gifts have we only to-day—Love without promise or fee—
Hear, for thy children speak, from the uttermost parts of the sea !

THE MISSIONARY ASSOCIATION.

I. LABRADOR.

TRADITION fails to tell the origin of the Missionary Association, but it carries us back to its early home in Gerrish Street Hall. The principal work of the Association up to the year 1888 was conducting services in the city and neighboring places, such as are supplied at the present time. It held a weekly meeting, at which reports were given by catechists of their work during the summer, and difficult and interesting features of the work were discussed.

But the year 1888 marked an epoch in its history. In February of that year, the general students' meeting decided to support a catechist in some destitute field. The lone shore of Labrador appeared most strongly to their interest. Two men offered for the work, and the appointment was made by ballot. The choice of the meeting inclined strongly in favor of W. J. McKenzie,—McKenzie of Korea. The Home Mission Board was petitioned to take the work in charge, the students to select the man and pay his salary while the work should be continued, and the Presbytery of Halifax was asked to receive the field within its bounds. Another step which showed the progressive spirit and courage of the students of those days was then taken. They reformed the constitution of the Missionary Association and put the Labrador work under its charge.

The work thus begun in Labrador nearly twelve years ago has been carried on ever since with success beyond the promoters' anticipations. The field has proved to be one of peculiar interest. It extends over a bold, rugged, barren coast from Harrington to Battle Harbor, a distance of 210 miles. Along this coast in little sheltered inlets are scattered small groups of families, amounting in all to a population of about 1000, over 600 of whom are Protestants. The only settlements large enough to be called villages are Harrington and Bonne Esperance, which are 100 miles apart. The latter place had been the headquarters of a Congregational Mission which was

carried on for about 30 years, but had been given up in 1884. It contained a Church, a Mission House, and a Library of 700 volumes which were given to our Church on condition that the mission should be continued. When our work began the only Protestant supply received by this field was intermittent visits from Episcopal clergymen. And not only did their souls suffer need, but often their bodies as well. The people to whom the Association at this time went to minister were a people often hungry and naked and sick and virtually imprisoned with few to visit them.

The men who labored for the Association in this field have been men of sterling worth and they gave their best to the work. They visited from house to house with *kometic* and dogs over wide miles of snow and ice through sudden storms and a temperature often dipping to forty, or again along a rough and uncertain coast by boat. They have ministered the gospel, they have taught day schools and night schools, they have distributed clothing to the destitute, they have organized prayer meetings, baptized, received into communion and ordained elders. The people have received the services with great gladness and gratitude, and much fruit is evident. Their progress in learning to read has been wonderful. Their giving has been liberal according to their means.

W. J. McKenzie was appointed to labor only for the summer of 1888, but he was so touched with the needs of the people that he took the responsibility and pecuniary risk of remaining for a year longer. Mr. F. W. Thompson occupied the field during the summer of 1890

The need of an ordained man was now strongly felt, but the Association was too poor to pay an ordained man's regular salary. Accordingly the General Assembly was asked leave by Halifax Presbytery to ordain a student of the third year for this work. Leave was granted and Mr. S. A. Fraser was ordained and appointed for the summer of 1891. He received 31 into the fellowship of the church. During the winter of 1891-92, the field was occupied by D. C. Ross, who reached the field by the long and arduous overland route via Quebec. In the spring of 1892, Mr. F. W. Thompson was again appointed, this time as ordained missionary. He took the new step of ordaining three elders.

Mr. Thompson remained until the spring of 1893. Mr. Wm. Forbes was appointed for the summer of 1893, but his zeal forbade him to leave in the fall, and he remained until the autumn of '94. Mr. Forbes was succeeded by D. G. Cock, who remained until the autumn of 1895. Another attempt was made to support an ordained missionary in 1895. The Rev. W. McLeod was secured for the winter. Mr. Forbes again took the field for the summer of 1896. Mr. Daniel MacKay held the field during the winter of 1896-7. Mr. Mont supplied it for two years, and it is now occupied by Mr. F. S. Vance.

It will thus be seen that the field has been supplied continuously since opened, excepting two winters, and during three terms of more than six months by ordained missionaries. Beside this, a native teacher has been employed part of the time.

The financial part of the work has not been without difficulties. The Missionary Association undertook all responsibility for expenses. Had they adhered to their original purpose of supporting only a catechist for the summer, they would have met with no embarrassments. They made the undertaking public and received without solicitation considerable help from interested friends. Not only were they willing to meet the expenses of Labrador, but they undertook a partial support of the mission in Couva. But the earnest zeal of their laborers carried them beyond their first plans, and the supply of the field for the whole year proved too heavy for the Association alone. The fall of 1893 found them hopelessly in debt, and the Home Mission Board had to come to their assistance. Since that time it gave liberal yearly grants to the work.

The year 1898 brought about an important change in the management of the Labrador work. When early in that year the claims of the foreign field were pressing on the Association in a peculiarly strong manner they were yet unwilling to give up their old field. A resolution was passed however to limit their future contribution for Labrador to the support of a catechist for six months. When in the Autumn the Presbytery of Halifax appointed a catechist for a year the Association decided to leave the whole management of the mission in their hands, but to make a contribution toward it which they considered equal to that resolved on in the spring. All outside

receipts for the Labrador work thus went directly to the Home Mission Board, and the contribution of the Missionary Association was to be paid by students alone. Thus although for each of the last two years, the grant to the work in Labrador has only been two hundred dollars, it is not far short of the contribution by students alone of other years.

Though the work of our Association is enlarged, we should still have as strong an interest in Labrador as in the past. The lone and often destitute people, the earnest labors of the past, the hearty response of the people and their entreaties not to be forsaken, have endeared the mission to us, and if it becomes necessary it will only be with keen regret we can give it up. Mr. Vance in his work this winter has our utmost confidence and our prayers follow him.

We shall place on record in another issue the beginnings of our Foreign Mission work.

In this issue we publish extracts from a very interesting letter by our representative in Korea. We have recently had another brief message from "Duncan." Our Korean missionaries are all well, and actively engaged in their mission work.

PROGRAMME OF THEOLOGICAL AND LITERARY SOC'Y.

- Nov. 14th, Goldwin Smith on some problems of existence.—Principal Pollok, D. D.
 Nov. 28th, Jesus and His Church.—Rev. J. W. Falconer, B. D.
 Dec. 12th, Missionary.
 Dec. 19th, The Ideal versus the Actual.—Rev. S. J. MacArthur, B. D.
 Jan. 16th, Scientific View of Modern Theological Tendencies.—Prof. J. G. MacGregor, D. Sc.
 Jan. 30th, Missionary.
 Feb. 6th, The Message of Keats.—Rev. W. T. D. Moss.
 Feb. 20th, The True Sacramentalism.—Rev. D. J. Fraser, B. D.
 Feb. 28th, Missionary.
 March 6th, The place of Eschatology in the Preacher's Message.
 March 20th, Tennyson.—F. H. MacIntosh, B. A.
 March 27th, Missionary.

COLLEGE NOTES.

"Is the THEOLOGUE dead?" "Has the college paper become defunct?" Enquiries of this kind streamed into the editorial sanctum before the Christmas vacation. They came, for the most part, from those who have left us in recent years, and betrayed much anxiety as to the fate of the literary friend of their college days. Oh no! The THEOLOGUE is not dead. It is very much alive. There was some delay in launching the first number for this session; but we must reach the printer's office to find the cause. The blame does not rest with the editors.

"The THEOLOGUE for December opens with a timely, thoughtful and sympathetic tribute by Rev. Dr. Sedgwick to the memory of the late Dr. George Fatterson. Dr. Sedgwick is well able to appreciate the invaluable services rendered to the Church by Dr. Patterson, and we are glad he has taken the opportunity of writing this paper. Rev. A. S. Morton, B. D., discusses all too briefly the Anglo-Catholic movement. His discriminating remarks touch the very essence of his theme. The editorial notes are timely and interesting."—*The Presbyterian Witness*.

Our essays have been returned. It goes without saying that many new thoughts have been evolved, which need only publication "to enrich the blood of the world," *e. g.*:—"We are surrounded on every hand by deep and inscrutable mysteries,—paradoxes we cannot explain, hieroglyphics we cannot decipher, sphinxes that will not speak." * * * * "Toward the spiritual perfection of humanity the stupendous momentum of the cosmic process has all along been tending." * * * * "It must have been the consummation of long ages of evolution where there are slow, unhasting processes, many of which, to the eye of the mere unlooker, seem like tentative experiments, with an enormous sacrifice of ephemeral forms of life." * * * "After all the light that has been flashed upon the mysteries of the universe by examinations microscopic, telescopic, spectroscopic, there still remains a strange and inexplicable residuum." * * *

"A rational synthesis of the intricate and strangely complicated facts of consciousness can be consummated only as we contemplate them *sub specie aeternitatis*." * * * * "No life is evenly happy, miserable or commonplace: at intervals breaks come!!" * * * * "Stripping off the husks and wrappages, we must lay bare the kernel. It is in the deeps of man's nature we shall be permitted to gaze upon the image of God."

It does one's heart good to watch the cheery faces of the boys as they return to college, after their brief visit to "the old folks at home." Sometimes one can see that they are indulging in the luxury of a reverie. They are dreaming of "home, sweet home" that was, or is, or is to be. The explanation probably is that they have been visiting the young folk in other homes. Christmas holidays are responsible for these vagaries.

The faculty, foreseeing this, have provided a remedy. The midsessionals have been very wisely postponed until after vacation, so that a sense of the seriousness of life lay hold of the student immediately he returns. All light and frivolous thoughts are banished, and if a student dream at all during the present month, it will be of a quarrel between redactor A and redactor B in which Elohist and Jehovist take sides; or it may be that the dreamer is transported to the highlands of Scotland and sees some *monstrum horrendum* of a Royalist—like a modern Polyphemus—dashing out the brains of wretched covenanters, or worst of all, he may be engaged in a profound meditation on the origin of evil.

☞ Subscribers will regard the "acknowledgments" in each issue as receipts for their subscriptions.

We are about to have the last five volumes of the THEOLOGUE bound, but find that the April number for 1895 is not on file. If any of our readers has in his possession the number mentioned, he would merit our lasting gratitude by kindly mailing it to us at once.

On Dec. 19th, the third in the series of lectures given under the auspices of the Theological and Literary Society was delivered by the Rev. S. J. MacArthur, B. D. The subject was

"The Ideal versus the Actual." The lecturer treated this interesting subject in an intensely interesting manner, and when the meeting was thrown open for discussion the enthusiasm which he aroused was shown by the number who took part, and the spirited manner in which they spoke. When Mr. MacArthur appears before Pine Hill students again we predict for him a very cordial welcome.

Many of our readers, especially the graduating classes of the past two years, will be anxious to receive information regarding the missionary association and its success in providing for its Korean Missionary. Some difficulty has been experienced in learning the exact state of the finances as between McRae and the Presbyterian office. This is due chiefly to the change in the management of the office and the temporary confusion following such a change. In a short time, however, we hope to publish a financial statement, showing what the Association has done for its missionary and what the prospects are for coming years. Let all interested keep an open eye for this report.

Wm. Dakin, one of last year's graduates, has heard England's call for service in the cause of freedom and is now journeying west to offer himself for the detachment being provided by Lord Strathcona. He seeks a place on the Ambulance Corps. *Call again, "Billie."*

We extend congratulations to the Dalhousie Gazette for its Christmas number. Of the excellent Christmas numbers it has recently produced this is the best. Its artistic form is now familiar to old Dalhousians. In her poem, "Road to the Park," Miss Huestis shows that she has the instincts of the true poet. The "Quest of Beauty" by Awful and "The Woman With the Hoe," by Frank Baird are very refreshing. The bold imagination of the former and the clear imagery and fresh easy language of both removes them far from the common place. The Gazette is generally practical to dryness and stiffly correct. Its high standard would exclude what makes some other college papers more readable. This makes it doubly pleasant to find under its name such an original racy collection of verse and prose with masterly editing as we do in this number.

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