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## THE BIBLE MANY, YET ONE.\*

HE who believes the Bible to be the Word of God believes a fundamental truth for which he ought to have clear and conclusive evidence. It assumes to speak with great authority in the name of God on the most momentous of all subjects, and to be a record of His Divine will. Such is the nature of the claim which the Book itself puts forth, and which is put forth in its behalf on the part of its advocates. But when this claim to a Divine origin and authority is advanced we need not wonder if evidence be demanded and proofs required as to this special ground of belief. By what arguments is this peculiar claim substantiated? What proofs are available to show that the Bible is what it claims to be: "The Word of God that liveth and abideth forever." The past has shown that the truth, like Him whom it reveals, will always be a sign that shall be spoken against. And hence the need of adequate proof that holy men of old spoke as they were moved by the Holy Ghost; and that all Scripture is given by inspiration of God.

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\*This article is the substance of two lectures given 12 years ago and these were based on Bible Class notes used five years earlier. At that time the discussion was new to my mind. Since then I have seen brief references to the same line of thought. A somewhat fuller discussion is found in Dr. Gibbon's little volume, "Rock as Sand." In reading recently two of his chapters I have taken one valuable thought from his discussion, viz., that the various witnesses are not as *links* in a chain but *strands* in a cable. Any other resemblances between us are purely accidental.

In this article we furnish one proof taken from the nature and structure of the Bible itself, viz., *its marvellous unity of doctrine in a no less manifold variety of utterance*. We are convinced that revelation, like the sun, must be seen in its own light ; and, while we may accept outside evidence as buttresses, yet the foundation of our faith must always lie within that faith itself ; and hence we make our appeal to that word of life as the grand ultimate tribunal, while we show that the fire which burns on this altar is holy, and the light which shines from its pages the true light from heaven.

Our argument rests on these universally conceded features of the Bible : *its unity and variety of outward form*, given at sundry times and in diverse manners, and yet revealing one system of truth, built on one plan or scheme of grace and revealing but one way of life. Though branching out on all sides it grows from one trunk or stem ; consisting of many parts, one spinal cord runs through and unites all into one body. There are many books from many authors, and yet, in the most emphatic sense, one book from one author. As the varied colors together form the pure beam, or the many sounds of an orchestra blended into one, harmony, so its human side, of diversified form, is blended into and embraced by the Divine side, the one revealed will of God.

1. *The diversity of Scripture* : The first thing that strikes an intelligent reader of the Word of God is the variety of its contents. The one book which we call the Bible presents us with a series of writings of the most heterogeneous character. It contains a collection of writings by a great number of authors, separated from each other in *place, time*, and of every grade of social distinction, from the fisherman, the herdsman, and laborer, to the eminent statesmen and illustrious sovereigns upon the throne. The writers are men of different tastes and talents, of widely different culture, and in no sense connected as belonging to the same school of thought, while the substance of their writings, the style of composition, and manner of treatment are just as varied as the authors themselves. We have fragments of national and personal history ; geographical and biographical records ; chronology and statistics ; family records ; poetry in every form—psalms, hymns, anthems, war songs, the drama, the elegy, the lyric. We have proverbs,

precepts, moral maxims, sermons, prayers, letters, parables, conversations, personal incidents, stories, etc. In brief, no book is such a medley as the Bible—a great gathering from many men in many ages and nations, and from every social condition. Each writer gives his own portion, in his own way, and with no reference to what has been said or written before him.

From the fact that the binder has brought the several parts together within the same covers we have got into the habit of regarding the Bible as one book instead of a whole library. Even intelligent Christian people never think of it in any other light than as one book, revealed and written at the same time: a formal, full revelation from God to man, sent down from heaven as he sent the manna, one book by one author, bound and delivered over to us as we now have it, as a rule of life. But the Bible consists of seventy books, or volumes, written by 40 or 50 different authors, and extending over a period of nearly 2,000 years, during which it was given at sundry times and in diverse manners. From the time that Moses wrote the Pentateuch till John wrote the book of Revelation, a period of fifteen centuries elapsed; and Moses himself, in composing his books, no doubt made use of pre-existing material. Moreover, the Bible was written by men of different nationalities and in various languages, *Hebrew, Syriac, Greek*, etc. Written by kings and by bondsmen, by poets and fishermen, in prose and poetry, in all varieties of style, from the sublime imagery of the drama to the dry chronicle. It was written by men who had no knowledge of each other and who therefore had no means of comparing notes, and no idea of the kind of book which was to result from their joint labors, for none of them had any intention of making such a book. Some parts of the Bible were written by men of the highest literary culture as Moses, Solomon, David, Luke, Paul, etc., while other parts were written by plain, unlettered, unsophisticated men, as Matthew, Mark and Peter.

Before the art of printing, each portion was written on parchment by itself and rolled up on a cylinder, and unrolled when required to be read; their various parts constituted the sacred *Scriptures*, or *writings*. But in our day the printer's and binder's art have brought them together into one volume. And we more than half regret that this has been done, because many have in

consequence come to regard the Bible as only *one* witness to the ground of our faith, and even a prejudiced witness that has its own side to support. But to obtain a more accurate conception of the Word of God we must regard the sacred Scriptures not as one book, but a whole library, consisting of some seventy different volumes, standing side by side on a shelf with the names of the various authors on the backs of each—Job, Moses, David, Solomon, Isaiah, Jeremiah, Daniel, Matthew, Mark, Luke, John, Paul, Peter, James, etc.—the sacred books of the Christian Church. This obvious character of the Scriptures is not sufficiently realized, and yet it has an important bearing on the evidence of the facts of revelation. All who have had anything to do with evidence must know the difference between *one* witness, and many, who give independent testimony to a certain fact—“In the mouth of two or three witnesses every word may be established.” But in the case before us we have not merely two or three, but forty or fifty different and independent witnesses to the same facts. Moreover, these independent witnesses are not as a series of propositions in Euclid, the last leaning on and springing from the first, nor are they as links in a chain, for no chain is stronger than its weakest link. The witnesses are rather as strands in a cable stretching across the centuries and anchoring man’s faith to the Throne of the Eternal. And even if one strand were to break it would still leave all the others as strong as ever, whereas if a link were to break, the whole chain would fall in pieces. If the Song of Solomon were proved uncanonical this would not touch the testimony of Matthew or Moses, for they are independent of each other and claim to be believed on their own separate evidence, evidence that becomes greatly strengthened when we consider the number of the witnesses.

Would not every man receive as true an historic fact corroborated by Horace, Virgil, Cæsar, Cicero, and Livy, in regard to the Roman Republic? When Cæsar, Cicero, Sallust all unite in testifying that Cataline was involved in a conspiracy against Rome, does any sane man doubt this historic fact so attested? Would any one doubt, though the witnesses belong to the same nation and age and city? Nor would the separate testimony of these witnesses be invalidated if in after years (as is the case with a volume now lying before me), their separate writings were all

bound in one volume. The mere fact of their being brought together by some book-binder would not destroy or affect in any way their separate and independent witness-bearing. All this is so well understood in legal evidence and so constantly acted on as almost to render its statement unnecessary.

So if some fact or doctrine of revelation be testified to by Moses, Isaiah, David, Daniel, Malachi, and still further confirmed by Matthew, Mark, Luke, John, Paul, Peter, etc., should not the multiplicity of these independent witnesses in all logical fairness give a surer historic basis to any fact attested by them. The witnesses are more numerous, more independent, further removed from each other, both in time and place, embracing all social grades from the slave to the king on the throne. And yet men are so unreasonable as to regard all this as only one testimony from a single author. Some think that the weight of its testimony is turned aside by the remark—"It is only the Bible that says so." One witness which many treat as both prejudiced and false. And yet even on its human side, the Bible means the testimony of forty or fifty independent witnesses that never had either the opportunity or the inclination of collusion with each other. As a piece of legal evidence nothing could be more conclusive and satisfactory. The Bible is one book only on one supposition, viz., of its Divine authorship. And if scepticism doubts its Divine authorship it has no right to speak of it as one book. Many human minds were employed in its composition. If the Bible has unity this is because it all must have come from one mind. The very thing unbelief is bound to deny is the unity of its authorship. By maintaining that the Bible is only one witness the sceptic gives up his whole case, for it can be one only by being God's inspired message to man. On its human side it has a manifold authorship, and had its origin been merely human we would have found a conglomerate, an ill-assorted, divergent record full of contrary opinions, instead of the progressive plan and unfolding of one scheme of grace which makes the Bible the *one book of the Lord*. The different parts of the Bible are not mechanically but vitally related. They lie together, not as a heap of stones piled upon each other, else we might select some parts and throw others away without much loss. But the Bible is an organic whole with the later portions unfolded from the earlier, as the oak from the acorn.

Hence a second fact equally obvious to every devout student of the Bible, viz :—

2. *The wonderful unity of the Scriptures existing in this variety* which makes each part the complement of all the rest, forming one organic whole pervaded by one vital principle. The Bible with all its divisions and manifest variety is nevertheless the work of one mind, and is the record of the gradual unfolding of one purpose of grace. Everywhere the Bible gives the same conceptions of God, it unfolds the same law of righteousness, it everywhere gives us the same views of moral duty. It never varies in its testimony of man's guilt and God's mercy. The different books have the unity of Him whom the *law*, the *prophets* and the *psalms* testify. This is wonderful, considering the circumstances in which it was written. Moses, brought up in all the wisdom of the Egyptians, wrote in the Arabian desert ;— Daniel was a statesman in the palace in Babylon ; Amos left the simple scenes of shepherd life ; the Book of Job brings us into the grey dawn of the world's civilization in the earliest period of human history ; Paul, brought up at the feet of Gamaliel, wrote some of his epistles in the prison at Rome ; Peter was a plain, blunt fisherman called away from his net ; same as Isaiah, David had the enthusiasm and imagery of the poet ; others were dull, prosaic chroniclers. Many centuries elapsed during its sundry times and diverse manners. And yet this wonderful collection is one book, for its unity is no less marked than its diversity. It is clearly the production of *one author* as it is of many. Its various members form one body with one spirit dwelling throughout. Everywhere it reveals one Saviour and plan of grace on which all is focused, and toward which all its lines converge.

This leads us to look at the Scriptures rather from the Divine side, and brings out the fact that it was GOD who at sundry times and in diverse manners spake in time past to our fathers by the prophets, and who has in those last days spoken to us by his Son. Though each writer was independent of the other when penning his part, and exhibits his own characteristics of language, country, training, and speaks from his own age and station, yet the same moral tone pervades the whole and harmonizes their presentation of the great truths of the Bible as

if each part had been designed for all the rest, as each part of a complicated piece of mechanism—each wheel, or pin, or spring, or bell—has its own place and relation to the whole. Though written in different and distant ages by many independent authors, from various centres of moral and political life, it is, after all, essentially but *one book with one author*. Written in different languages it has but one voice, proclaiming one grand purpose of redeeming grace. So fragmentary and diversified in its outward form, it makes known and holds forth but *one Saviour*, and tells but one story—the old, old story of grace reigning through righteousness unto eternal life. From Genesis to Revelation one plan is unfolded, one Saviour revealed, one doctrine taught, one hope set before us, one increasing purpose runs throughout; one continuous stream of thought flows, changing only by becoming broader and deeper as it sweeps onward through the ages of revelation. It grows by receiving fresh accessions from the fountain of inspiration.

It is, moreover, an *organic unity* and not a mere mechanism, with its parts related to each other and fitting together as truly as the bones of the body, or the parts of any other organic structure. Moreover its form of growth is by *development*, as a tree expands from a germ, and that germ is an earnest of all its after proportions. The oak has its roots, trunk, branches, leaves, and even bark, as essential parts of one organic whole, and all springing from the acorn. The twig is as perfect in kind as the full grown tree, merely marking an earlier stage of development. So is it with this Tree of Life whose roots were planted in the truths declared to Adam. It has since grown up parallel with the ages. The acorn planted in the soil of a waste Eden becomes the tender sapling to anchor Abraham's faith; leaping out into a gorgeous symbolic ritual in the Mosaic dispensation under whose shade David, Isaiah, Jeremiah, Malachi, etc., had refreshing shelter, and which even in the new Jerusalem still grows by the River of Life. All its after revelations are but a leafing out and an unfolding into flower and fruit of the great germinal promise of the *Woman's Seed*. The germinal truths proclaimed in the Old Testament are more fully developed in the New. The former economy was the soil in which living seeds were sown, which, in the New, as in the sunshine, leap out into blossom and ripen into rich fruit.

A naturalist can, from seeing one bone, draw a representation of the entire animal, as Conybeare, Cuvier, Agassiz, etc., have proved by actually doing it. So the Divine mind in communicating His truth has fitted the different parts to each other, each being the necessary complement of all the rest. The teaching of each part can be understood only in the light of the other portions of the Word of God. Nor is this unity of revelation secured as is the building of a house by laying piece upon piece of dead timbers by mechanical additions, the structure remaining incomplete till the last piece is put in its place. It is the unity of life, of growth, and expansion from within, as the growth of a tree from its tender bud to its full proportions. Adam, in Paradise, had the same great truths revealed to him that John had in Patmos, though in the former case it was the germ of the Gospel. All that comes after is merely an expansion of what has gone before. The clearest announcement of the Gospel contained in the New Testament is that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners; and that the blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, cleanseth from all sin is merely the first promise of the *Woman's Seed* unfolded.

In the building of the great bridge over the Forth its mass of material is brought from many different quarters and laid down in a seeming heap of confusion. But the workmen in its erection have no difficulty in fitting piece to piece, for all its parts correspond and are made with reference to the whole, even down to the very bolts and pins. But when you see the different parts of any complicated structure brought from many places and fashioned by many hands, yet all fitting each other exactly, and the whole rising out of its separate pieces, it is a manifest proof of one guiding mind, one architectural purpose, one conceived plan followed from the first. Its complicated pieces fill up one design and complete but one pattern.

Precisely thus it is with the Bible. Though it consists of many parts, by many authors, and brought from distant places and periods of time, yet it forms one organic whole, and is the product of one mind, filling one pattern. Nor are these truths mere golden threads, but great clasps which bind together Genesis and Revelation with all that lies between. There is but one plan and purpose, through all the manifoldness of Scripture—a divine



link binding all the parts together, very different from the binder's boards. The unity of the Bible lies deeper than its paper and type and binding. It lies in the truths taught, the Person revealed, the purpose unfolded, the grace disclosed. The manifoldness of the book is a fact patent to all who will examine. But no less evident is its marvellous unity in the unfolding of a germinal promise, in the budding out of a living seed, in the development of a scheme of grace, and in the united testimony to a coming Redeemer. The grand story of it is the woman's seed in conflict with the seed of the serpent—the Lord Jesus Christ gathering his redeemed Church out of all the nations and through all the ages. And there is no study more instructive and satisfying than to trace the grand lines of thought throughout from Genesis to Revelation. In a very special sense the Bible may be called the book of *one idea*.

What a glory covers the inspired page when all is read in the light of Calvary. There Jesus is seen to be the living embodiment of it all. When we get the true perspective of revelation with Jesus at the point of view, then we look with rapturous anticipation through the long vistas, from Genesis, the book of beginnings, to the grand apocalyptic vision of the New Jerusalem coming down from God out of Heaven. And the Lamb is the light and glory of it all. The whole of Scripture is simply a foreshadowing and manifestation of his gracious purpose. It is one continuous, progressive record, one increasing, culminating purpose with Calvary at the centre, and the bleeding Lamb as the point of vision. At first the dim light of prophecy rests on his head, and he is announced as *the seed of the woman*. But as this revelation is developed he comes out more and more into the foreground and becomes the increasing burden of every fresh message. What a wonderful testimony to Him from Paradise Lost to Paradise Restored: from man driven out of the garden and the tree of life till he has a right to its blessed fruit once more; from the curse pronounced till the time when there shall be no more curse; from the sorrow and sweat of the face till sorrow and sighing have fled away; from the reign of death till death itself shall die! Jesus is the Alpha and Omega of it all! The close is carried round to the beginning, and the first and last pages of the Bible fit into and corroborate each other, while all

that lies between forms the circle of doctrine whose centre and substance is the Messiah promised to Israel. At first the suffering Lamb, but at last the Lamb upon the Throne at whose feet all crowns are cast; the light and glory of the city of our God.

And now as a point of apologetics we are fairly entitled to put the question for the reasonable and earnest consideration of all doubters. Was it possible that so many different writers, in widely different circumstances, with such varied culture and mental bias; and generally writing without any knowledge of each other, and with no reference to what had preceded, or was to follow, and certainly with no aim to make a consistent record—we ask, was it possible that such writers by mere accident produced books so varied in their contents and design, which when taken together constitute a complete whole, and from first to last unfold one scheme of Divine truth; develop one plan; reveal one Saviour; and give a united testimony to the same way of life through Him? The mere mention of such a thing is a proof of its impossibility. The organic unity of Scripture with Christ the living band of it all—linking its sundry times and diverse manners together—is conclusive evidence that holy men of old spoke as they were moved by the Holy Ghost.

*Sarnia.*

J. THOMPSON.



PROFESSOR MARCUS DODS.\*

YOU have only to look at Dr. Dods' face to see that he is not the kind of man who likes to sit for his portrait. His frame has the build and strength of an oak, but the nature is shade loving as the maiden-hair. Yet his fame this month is on every tongue in connexion with an event which has a wider significance than the personal honor to him; and though he shall *not* sit for his portrait, the few things which his literary friends have almost the right to know shall be briefly told.

Quarter of a century ago, in reviewing his first original book, "The Prayer that Teaches to Pray," a reviewer apologised for one who bore a name so "antique, Roman, and recognisable" venturing into a field where his father, Marcus Dods the elder, was widely known and honored, and held that it bound over the son "continually to emulate one who dedicated the highest powers to the highest purposes."

"A MAN OF NOBLE POWERS  
NOBLY USED  
IN WHOM MEMORY AND JUDGMENT,  
VIGOR AND GENTLENESS,  
GRAVITY AND WIT,  
EACH SINGLY EXCELLENT,  
WERE ALL HAPPILY COMBINED  
AND EVER DEVOTED  
WITH EQUAL PROMPTITUDE AND PERSEVERENCE  
TO THE LABORS OF CHRISTIAN GODLINESS  
AND THE DEEDS OF HUMAN KINDNESS."

So begins the epitaph—one of the noblest in the English tongue—hidden among the Northumbrian hills, which recalls to the present generation the author of "The Incarnation of the Word," and reveals the impress and quality of character handed down by a mysterious, and in this case unerring, heredity to the subject of this note. Even to the detailed features of his ministry, the

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\* *The Expositor.*

son seems but to have reproduced the minister of Belford's life for as we read on we learn how—

"THE DELIGHT OF HIS HOUSEHOLD,  
THE FATHER OF HIS FLOCK,  
THE HELPER OF THE POOR,  
HE CAPTIVATED HIS FRIENDS BY HIS RICH CONVERSE.  
AND EDIFIED THE CHURCH  
BY HIS LEARNED AND ELOQUENT PEN."

And, still more prophetic, how this best of ministers also lived

"TO ADVANCE AND DEFEND."

On the death of his father, which occurred when he was four years old, Dr. Dods' mother exchanged the Belford manse for a home in Edinburgh, the family living, after the first year or two, in the well-known house built by Allan Ramsay on the top of the Castle Rock. Inconsistent with the traditions of the Gentle Shepherd, this poet's bower had for pleasure-ground the beetling precipices of the Castle, and the perilous playground was fully taken advantage of by Marcus and his companions, and became the scene of many an escapade. Dr. Dods recalls these early days now with infinite delight, for they were spent just as boys should spend them, with much exercise of manliness and muscle and not too excessive anxiety over Ovid and Euclid. On leaving the Academy, the boy was entrusted by his mother to the friendly manager of one of the Edinburgh banks; but as she secretly cherished the wish that her son should one day enter the profession of his father, she succeeded in arranging that he should be allowed to leave the bank if necessary without completing the usual term of apprenticeship. On the expiry of the second year, though he "never thought himself good enough" to be a minister, the lad allowed himself to be enrolled at the University of Edinburgh; and in spite of the long interruption to his studies, passed out of it in the usual course of four years with an honorable degree.

About this time the scholarly tendencies inherited from his father began to gain sway over his mind, and henceforth it was always as the scholar that he was marked off from his fellow students. So great an ascendancy indeed did the intellectual

habit attain in his nature, that when, four years later, he emerged from the prolonged theological course required for the Presbyterian ministry, it became a problem with his friends whether a man of his great learning and grave and silent mood would readily gain that popular recognition which is essential to secure a place in a Church where vacant charges are filled by the vote of the people. This fear, unfortunately, was too well founded. It has been a rebuke to the Church, and a solace to many an unhappy "probationer" since, that a man like Dr. Marcus Dods should have begged at the door of churches, throughout the length and breadth of Scotland, for six long years without finding a people to discover his worth. The inner history, the hopes and fears, the searching discipline, of these years we leave to be imagined. Twenty-three distinct chances of more or less attractive charges were within his reach, and twenty-three times he lost. On many of these occasions his name was among the two or three highest candidates, and on nearly all of them a few men of judgment and insight pressed his claims on their fellow members with real enthusiasm; but the rank and file of the congregation never saw past a massiveness of thought which they mistook for heaviness, or a sustained momentum of appeal dependent on the very truth itself, which they construed into passionlessness and indifference. It is a superfluous comment upon this early neglect to add that, though Dr. Dods' pulpit style and delivery have changed in no essential respect with time, he has lived to be regarded by many competent judges as the very foremost preacher in his Church.

The characteristics of Dr. Dods' preaching, nevertheless, are not of the popular order, and to himself it has always been the mystery, not why he should have remained so long in obscurity, but why any average congregation should have at last run the risk of calling him. When it is remembered that in the eyes of Presbyterian Christendom a chronic probationer is the meanest of created things; when it is understood that his worn bag with its two "dried tongues" is the jest even of the railway porters, that his successive failures are known to every beadle in the land, that as the churchless years go by he becomes the shunned of sessions, the despised of presbyteries, the despair of ecclesiastics, one is lost in admiration at the audacity and faith of Renfield

church, Glasgow, in taking to its large arms the disheartened residuum of three and twenty vacancies.

Great was its discernment and great its reward. His first and only charge, he has remained loyal to it for quarter of a century; and though preferment of the most tempting kind has repeatedly and urgently been offered to him, he has held to the people who first recognized his worth, and lavished upon them the whole fruits of his life. No pastor and people were ever more closely or happily welded together than Dr. Dods to his congregation at Renfield; and the magnificent testimonial given him two months ago on the celebration of his semi-jubilee was the expression of an admiration and a friendship which have never been broken for an hour. What to Glasgow at large the Renfield pulpit has been during that long long period it is hard to exaggerate. Men knew that with whatever sufficiency or insufficiency of knowledge and of insight the Gospel of Christ was being proclaimed in the land, there from Sunday to Sunday stood and spoke a man who knew Christianity in all its length and breadth, who faced its deepest problems without fear, who evaded no difficulty, who kept nothing back, yet whose faith was positive, whose voice was certain, whose creed was weighted with realities and verities, and whose message came home to all honest hearts with a practical effect most irresistible and solemn. The mere fact of such a preacher doing such work was a tower of strength to the community. This preacher spake with authority, because he spake what he was daily finding out for himself. Seekers after truth discovered that there was one whose method they could respect, whose moral and intellectual instrument could be relied upon, who founded truth upon the nature of things, who *must* therefore become their teacher and their prophet, for he satisfied in rational ways their intellectual needs, and fed their spiritua<sup>n</sup> hunger with bread that really nourished them.

The key-note of Dr. Dods' preaching is its reality. What he said in effect to his congregation in his first sermon has remained his ideal throughout: "You all know the truth from your infancy. You do not feel it. The work of the pulpit is to make it real to you." To make it real, Dr. Dods uses no other weapon than the truth itself. Artifice he has none; rhetoric would spoil the kind of work he does; eloquence, in the ordinary sense, is without his

reach ; even literary embellishment and ornament, though within his reach as within the reach of few men, he will not use unless he cannot help it. He stands squarely in the pulpit, without either visible motion or emotion, reads his sermon from start to finish without a pause, begins without awakening any sense of expectation, gives no hint throughout of either discovery or originality, however much the discourse may teem with both, passes at a pace which never changes, in a voice without passion, or pathos, or cadence or climax, through each of the half-dozen massive paragraphs of which every sermon is composed. and finishes bluntly when the last thing has been said, as if he were now well out of it for the week. But on thinking it over when you go home, you perceive that the after result is almost in proportion to the unconsciousness of the effect at the time. You know exactly why the sermon stopped just then : there was nothing more to be said, the truth was final. You perceive why the great omission, which annoyed you at the time, was made : the thing you waited for was not in the text. You understand why one position was hopelessly irreconcilable with another position you held when you entered the church : because that other position was not true. You do not question now that it was not true, you *see* it to be untrue. You discover easily why the appeal did not move you more. You have been accustomed to the sound of passion vibrating in the chords of another's soul. Now your own soul seethes and trembles. These effects are not the work of a man. They are the operations of the Spirit of truth. You know at last why the man was so hidden, why he had no cunning phases, why beautiful words do not linger in your memory, why a preacher so impersonal, and to whom you were so impersonal, a preacher so wholly uninterested in you, so innocent himself of taking you by the throat, has yet taken his subject by the throat and planted it down before your inmost being, so that you cannot be rid of it. You know that you have heard no brilliant or awakening oratory, but you feel that you have been searched and overawed, that unseen realities have looked you in the eyes, and asked you questions, and made you a more humble and a more obedient man.

This is Dr. Dods as a preacher. As an expositor or lecturer his strength lies in an extraordinary fidelity to the theme, text,

or object in hand. To the uninitiated this seems at first an almost narrowing fidelity ; yet, as you soon discover, it is not determined by ignorance of the range of his subject, but depends on the very exactness of his knowledge of it, and of all parallel fields. Without ever turning into them, you feel as you go along that he has been down every difficulty along the road, has heard all possible suggestions, been tempted by all available compromises, knows all that the guide books have said and that all previous travellers have seen and heard. His expository work hitherto has been obscured by the homiletical necessities of his ministry, but in the chair of New Testament exegesis to which he has just been called his great analytical gift and his exceptional knowledge of the literature and languages of the Bible will find their fitting sphere.

The evidence that reality and a certain intellectual honesty and fidelity have been the characteristics of Dr. Dods' public work is manifested, among other things, by two widely different circumstances—the success of his children's sermons, and the charges of heresy which from time to time have fallen upon him. One cannot talk to children without being real ; and one cannot be called a heretic without being honest. As to the first, Dr. Dods' monthly talks to children were perhaps the most prominent, and certainly the most delightful, feature of his later ministry ; and as for the second, but that there is so little in it, one would pass it over in silence. On three distinct occasions the cry of heretic has been raised against Dr. Dods. Whether just or unjust, this is never a comfortable thing ; and though such charges must be sometimes necessary, both for the relief of conscience and the protection of truth, it is surely one of the cruellest features of the strained theological situation, not only that a public man takes his life in his hands every time he opens his lips, but that he is liable to have his influence marred and his spirit troubled for years by any spark of suspicion regarding him that may be idly dropped on the combustible elements of religious intolerance. It is a warning, to those at least who judge without knowledge and attack without charity, that nothing has been secured by any of the onslaughts upon Dr. Dods, except the stirring up of bitterness in the church, the further emphasis and dissemination of the truths attacked, and the wounding of a spirit



which has met even the meanest of its enemies without impatience, anger, or disrespect. The first and most cruel blow fell when the needy probationer, after years of disappointed hopes, was on the very eve of settlement in Glasgow. The Presbytery met in Renfield church to moderate in his call, when a member of the congregation "rose and referred to a rumor which had come from Edinburgh of Mr. Dods being unsound on the Sabbath question." On the ground of this mere "rumor," though it was proved at the time to be absolutely baseless, the young minister in the eyes of part of the community was suffered to begin his life-work under reproach and cloud. Several years later the formal charge against him was of rationalistic views on the subject of inspiration, and this was disposed of in his favor by the General Assembly. Revived again in connection with the now famous paper read before the Pan-Presbyterian Council in London, the same charge formed the basis of a determined opposition on the part of some to his recent election to the Edinburgh chair. The view current even among many of Dr. Dods' friends and apologists with regard to this latest "heresy" is, that, though based on truth, and possibly capable of harmless explanation, his statements to the London Council were hasty, rash, and injudicious. But it is idle for us to seek to shelter him under any such plea. The views expressed in London, so far from being hasty and rash, embodied the most calm and serious convictions of his life. In uttering them he followed the usual canon of his intellect, and stated them with rigid nakedness and impartiality, scorning—as speaking to a professional audience, he deemed it right to do—collateral confessions of his faith, and dispensing with those qualifications which he would have introduced in addressing a more popular assembly. But to explain away his clearly defined position with regard to inspiration by suggestions of crudeness, rashness, or haste, is wholly to misunderstand the man, and to minimise a truth which it has been one of his life-aims to investigate, to prove, and to press home to his generation.

That he has succeeded in this attempt, after the remarkable scene in the General Assembly of the Free Church of Scotland on the 28th of last May, there can remain no doubt whatever. The battle that was then fought was the battle of Inspiration: the battle of an untenable and even mischievous and doubt-provok-

ing dogma, as opposed to a theory consistent at once with the absolute sacredness and inviolable inspiration of the Word of God and with all His methods of revealing Himself to man. And when two hundred ministers and one hundred and eighty-three elders affirmed the vote which placed Dr. Dods in the professor's chair, it was declared that henceforth his view of this cardinal doctrine should not only be allowed in the Church but taught. Dr. Dods himself, wandering among the Swiss Alps, and ignorant even that that was the day of election, had he been present to witness the event, would have felt it not the least reward of his life to discover the share he had unconsciously taken in effecting the greatest theological revolution in his Church's history. For while part of that success was due to his personality, by far the greater part must be assigned to the quiet leaven of his teaching, gradually working through sermons and books and men, and changing to a degree anticipated by no one, the theological thought and temper of his Church. Many others, of course, and by similar methods, contributed to the theological result; but as circumstances gave it to him to lead his party to victory, they will continue to look to him to help them to use it wisely, and without exultation or haste, to press onward to all needed progress.

It were an entire mistake, however, to gather that Dr. Dods' life has been a controversial one. On the contrary, it has been almost wholly spent in the undisturbed routine of the ministry, and in the seclusion of literary and family life. Taking his part in the philanthropies and institutions of his city, building a mission church, teaching his Bible classes, keeping up his prayer-meeting, preaching anniversary sermons—these and his pulpit preparation make up the real sum of his twenty-five years' life in Glasgow. Of the wider ministry of his books there remains scarcely room to speak. But to omit the literary reference in Dr. Dods' case would be to ignore at least one half of his life's interest. The love of literature has been the one great passion of his life. All books, and all about books: reading books, and buying books, and writing books, and reviewing books, and editing books—these are to him meat and drink. The prodigality of Dr. Dods' contributions to literature is seldom realized. He has always been writing books, and he always will be writing

books. It is in the family and he cannot help it. Both his sisters—one, Marcia, the authoress of "Molly Dent"; the other, Mrs. Wilson, of Glenuce, the writer of many able articles, and translator of Tissot's "Switzerland"—caught the same infection from their father, and, fortunately for the world, it seems an incurable disease. Charles Wesley complains in his diary that he fell from his horse and was sore injured, "which prevented me writing hymns *till next day*." One is alarmed to think of the consequences to Dr. Dods if he were denied his favorite blue-grey quarto and broad-nibbed pen for two successive mornings. Before he was well out of college his translation of "Augustine" appeared, and shortly afterward, unable to contain himself even till he got a Church to lend a fulcrum to his authorship, the book on the Lord's Prayer was given to the press. Volume after volume on Old and New Testament subjects followed with a rapidity almost indecent had the work not been so good, until up to the present time Dr. Dods stands sponsor to eleven original books, most of which have run through several editions, has edited no fewer than eight and fifty volumes, and contributed articles, lectures, and reviews in endless numbers, and on every variety of subject, to every variety of magazine. With the possible exception of "Mohammed, Buddha, and Christ," the limitations of his Glasgow pulpit determined the treatment and theme of these literary achievements; for it was with him the strictest matter of conscience to reserve his whole strength for his people, and devote to the wider public only what after fruits of it remained. Notwithstanding this devotion to literature, Dr. Dods is in no sense a bookworm. He loves books, but he loves men more. He knows books, but he knows men better. A boy with his boys, a young man with young men, interested in everything natural and real; much contact with life has preserved his mind from the perils of the scholar, and safeguarded his ministry from unpracticalness in any form. The world to him is not a place to think in, but a place to live in, a place very much to live in. Hence all his interests are human at bottom, and all his thought and work are dedicated to the service of man.

Those who wish to discover further the cause of Dr. Dods' success, and the type of his ideals, will find them partly disclosed in the only autobiographical fragment he has ever given

us, the chapter from his pen in "Books which have Influenced Me." What he owes to Foster and Browning and Faber he there records with ingenuous gratitude. But he does not tell us what of that success is due to mere perseverance, to the ingrained habit of hard, conscientious and systematic work. How much his influence has been recruited from his own rich humanity, how greatly his strength is derived from sheer good sense and sanity of judgment, his insight from simplicity of character and singleness of aim, can only be understood by those who know the man. What subtler qualities, also, have gone to the making of his large and child-like nature, it is not for us here to ask. If the impression has been gained that Dr. Dods is merely a rational mind, or that he is mainly what is known as an "intellectual preacher," we have omitted to state the one thing regarding him that ought to be said. In the profoundest sense Dr. Dods is a spiritual teacher, in the highest degree a moral force. What his people will remember, what his children inherit, his students bless him for, will be the impression he leaves with them of the tremendous reality of the spiritual life, the grandeur and inexhaustible glory of Christianity, the necessity and the urgency of consecrated service, the stimulus to holy living to be found, and to be found alone, in personal contact with Christ, crucified and risen. "He whose memory," to recall words spoken by him to his people which better than any others contain his secret, "he whose memory is haunted by a dying Redeemer, by the thought of One whose love found its most appropriate and practical result in dying for him, is prevented from much sin, and finds in that love the spring of eternal life, that which his soul in deep privacy of his most sacred thoughts can feed upon with joy, that which he builds himself round and broods over as his inalienable possession."

HENRY DRUMMOND.

*Free Church College, Glasgow.*

## SHALL WE STUDY THE FALSE RELIGIONS ?

IT was said by the late Dr. A. A. Hodge that the half truths of heathen systems are all united and completed in the doctrine of the Holy Trinity. The remark shows a discriminating estimate of the false religions, and aptly states their relation to the Christian faith. And it suggests a line of investigation whose importance is just now demanding attention.

Our generation has scarcely known what to do with the heathen faiths of the world, and in no other field has scientific classification and comparison been so tardy. Infidel apologists, ever ready to welcome any alliance against Christian theism, have taken the lead by skillfully rehabilitating the Oriental faiths as rivals of Christianity, while for the most part the Church has ignored them as unworthy of regard, or shunned them as devices of the devil. In this country especially this field of discussion has remained chiefly in the hands of non-Christian or heretical writers. On the other side of the Atlantic, particularly in Great Britain, the conflict of Christian truth with false systems is coming to be more wisely considered. It is deemed rational and prudent to know something of the enemy's country, its strongholds as well as its weak points, and to learn where and in what ways successful conquests may be made. At Oxford, Professor Fairbairn delivers thorough courses of lectures on comparative religion. On the Duff (missionary) lectureship, in connection with the University of Edinburgh, Sir Monier Williams was invited, some months ago, to deliver a course of lectures on Buddhism, which have since been enlarged and published. A returned missionary from India, Rev. Mr. Long, has founded a permanent lectureship on "The False Religious Systems of the East," in connection with the Church Missionary Society, and the Executive Committee of that society (see *Church Missionary Intelligencer*, April, 1886) has warmly endorsed the plan and taken measures to secure the lectures. The missionaries of the same society, at a conference embracing Sindh and the Punjab, adopted

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\* *The Church at Home and Abroad.*

the following resolution in relation to the preparation of missionaries for their work among the heathen :

This conference believes it to be desirable that, from their first arrival in the country, young missionaries, both in their own interest and in that of their work, should systematically study the religions of the country in which they live. And the conference therefore recommends that such missionaries be encouraged to pass an examination in the same within one year of passing their final examination in the vernacular, and that for proficiency a certificate be granted by conference.

The *Intelligencer* adds by way of endorsement :

This is the experience of a conference of missionaries, including among them not a few men of long standing and wide experience in the field.

But the committee also concur with Mr. Long in thinking that a larger and more accurate knowledge of the great systems of error in which so many hundreds of millions of the human race are still enslaved than is usually at present possessed, and than can be given in the ordinary missionary address or speech, may, under God, be helpful in deepening the interest in missionary work of those who are already the friends of missions. When such friends are able to see in plain outline the debasing and soul-enslaving nature of these religions, it may be expected that they will be aroused to greater effort, from a more intelligent point of view, for the emancipation from them of their fellow creatures. The area of missionary interest may also be extended.

There is another point of view, too, from which the subject may be looked at. False views on some of these religions are to be met with in England at the present day ; and skeptics are from time to time found putting forward some of their teachings, as evidencing in them a superiority to Christianity. It must be of importance to diffuse, by means of lectures, correct views of the real nature of these religions.

It needs no prophetic sagacity to predict that within the next decade the important relations of this general subject to the work of Christian missions will be much more fully realized, and that corresponding changes will be made in the training of missionaries for their work. At the same time the general intelligence of Christian people on these subjects should be so increased that even the most timid and doubtful cannot be disturbed by a misleading review article or an Anglo-Indian poem.

One thing is certain. So important a field of investigation, one which the inter-communication of ideas in all parts of the world is bringing into constant and vital contact with Christian belief, should not be left wholly in the hands of those who choose to employ it against the truth, and whose unchallenged misrepresentations are in reality so vulnerable. We have no dread of the

mythologies of Greece and Rome, simply because we know all about them, and yet the victory over them was not secured without a struggle. The philosophies and the superstitions which, in league with the empire of the world, confronted the early Church were neither few nor impotent. One has well said that "Christianity enjoyed no privileges and claimed no immunities when it boldly confronted and confounded those ancient and most powerful religions of the world." In the same way, the mythologies which still exist in the Eastern Hemisphere, and in regard to which there sometimes seems to be a vague apprehension lest some dangerous rivalry of Christian truth shall be revealed, should be disenchanting by an actual and thorough acquaintance. Our higher theological education requires a knowledge of the speculations of the old Gnostics and Manichæans. How can it afford to ignore the equally subtle systems with which the Church must grapple in the conflicts of to-day?

It should be borne in mind that the forces of heathen error have in recent years rallied to a more desperate resistance and to a much clearer knowledge of the issue. The revived "Aryanism" of India, professedly sloughing off the later corruptions of Hinduism, and enkindling by all possible means a national spirit and the old pride of race, rises up with new energy to the challenge of Christian aggression. The very enlightenment which the work of missions has imparted, has quickened the intellectual activity of educated Hindus and Japanese. They have learned our Christian doctrines, not always in a friendly spirit, and under the guidance of European scholarship they have studied their own systems. They have also sat at the feet of our Western teachers of infidelity, and learned all the points of attack upon the Christian faith. They have welcomed the panegyrics which European or American apologists have lavished upon Buddhism and kindred systems. They have joined hands with American Spiritualism under the new name of Theosophy. "The Light of Asia" has been translated into their various languages, and eagerly read by thousands, and its author has received the special thanks of princes and potentates. How can unfurnished missionaries grapple with such forces? And how can a Church which looks only with disdain upon the enemy's resources, be fitted for the most stupendous conflict that it has ever been called to wage?

The alliance between the old heathen philosophies and our Western doctrines of evolution, is bringing "the war into Africa." We have Buddhist "culture" in Boston and New York. An Armenian graduate of Princeton Theological Seminary had advocated the system of Gautama in Chickering Hall. A Presbyterian pastor of New York has been asked to substitute "The Light of Asia" for the Bible, at a funeral, and the Theosophist, Colonel Olcott, has recently announced to the educated circles of Japan, that there are already 50,000 Buddhists in the United States. This is a characteristic exaggeration, but it is significant.

The recent apologists of the Oriental systems have consciously or unconsciously woven into those systems all the recent theories of Western scientists. Edwin Arnold, Mr. Sinnet and others have read into the old Buddhism the physical evolution of Charles Darwin, and the physical and moral evolution of Herbert Spencer, and in so ingenious a manner that the old is reinforced by the new, and the new is strengthened by the old; for once the new cloth and the old garment are made to agree. At the same time, these writers, one and all, unhesitatingly clothe heathen systems in the nomenclature and forms of expression which they have borrowed from their Christian training, thus adding many conceptions of which no Oriental Buddhist ever dreamed. It may in truth be said that many of the best things with which heathen systems are now credited, have been read into them by the apostate sons of an early Christian culture.

But it is not merely on the apologetic side that reasons appear for a careful and candid study of the false religions which this generation now encounters. There are motives of an aggressive character. The world-wide history of uninspired religions presents many important facts.

*First*.—It emphasizes, as nothing else can, the futility of the unceasing and wearisome efforts of mankind to find out God by their own devices. To borrow an illustration from another, these efforts have all been like the puny attempts of children to place ladders against the sky.

*Second*.—The history of the false religions, as has been most conclusively shown by Ebrard—warmly endorsed by the late Dr. Henry B. Smith—constitutes the most convincing argument against the modern hypothesis of development in religion—from



instinct to conscience and worship, from fetichism to polytheism and Christianity. And here, perhaps, is the most desperate grapple just now between revealed religion and certain theories which relate to the descent of man. Those theories, dealing mainly with his prehistoric career, and reaching conclusions as to his physical development, assume as a sort of corollary, that his moral and religious nature also must necessarily have been an ever upward growth.

But over against these conclusions from unproved premises the actual history of religions reveals the indisputable and universal fact of a widespread and continued deterioration. The development has all been downward. Careful investigations of the various systems, summoning only the testimonies contained within themselves, strikingly corroborate Paul's diagnosis of human apostasy as given in the first chapter of his Epistle to the Romans.

*Third.*—The history of human religions, many of which abound in lofty ethical maxims, corroborates in like manner the second chapter of the same Epistle, which holds mankind so clearly responsible for the light of conscience. I am aware that quite a different use has been made of these high ethical teachings. Mr. Moncre P. Conway in his "Anthology" has attempted to level Christianity with other systems by grouping the beautiful maxims found in all, thus carrying the implication that all are equally of human origin. But rightly viewed, those maxims only the more completely show that all men are under condemnation by the law written upon their hearts. No one has so strongly and so clearly insisted upon the fact that God has implanted ethical truth in the human understanding and conscience as the apostle Paul; but ethics may stand quite apart from religion—the one dealing with implanted principles, the other with divine help and fellowship. Atheistical systems like Buddhism, and agnostic systems like Confucianism, are quite as lofty in their ethics as those which claim to be theistic. As a rule, the ethical standards of the Oriental systems are higher and purer than the religions with which they are connected, while the Christian religion rises higher and ever higher than the dimly inscribed law that is still discernible in the disordered human conscience. The lauded ethics of the heathen world bring new proof that mankind

are self-condemned in their sins, that only grace can save, and that missions are necessary.

*Fourth.*—A just knowledge of the history of false religions furnishes a strong vindication both of the Old Testament dispensation and of the history and conquests of the early Christian Church. Perhaps nowhere else can be found so clear a justification of the severities of the Jewish theocracy as in a careful study of the development of heathenism among the Canaanites and the Phœnicians, as traced by Ebrard, De Pressensè and others. Of all the heathen nations of whom history gives us any account, none have compared in degradation and wickedness with those races with which the Hebrew migration came into direct contact. The threefold vices of religious prostitution, sodomy, and the cruel and wholesale sacrifice to Moloch of children burned alive, spread westward from the valley of Sodom, until between the time of Abraham and his Canaanitish friends Melchizedek and Abimelech, and the time of Moses and Joshua, it extended over the whole land to the Mediterranean. And ere the Israelitish conquest of extermination was completed, the baneful poison of that unspeakable cult had spread through all the Phœnician colonies—Cyprus, Carthage, Crete and Greece—and had planted the germs which wrought the final overthrow of Grecian and Roman civilization. It is easy for the skepticism of this age to question the wisdom and humanity of the Old Testament history; but the infinite counsels which destroyed the Canaanitish civilization in the East seem to have been repeated in the overruling Providence which subsequently, in the Western colonies, swept away the remaining poison of that same civilization before the half savage hordes of Northern Europe. It was thus that the Divine Providence whose ways are above our ways—higher, broader and more comprehensive in their estimate of what is most merciful on the whole—prepared the way for the new and better civilization of modern times. Even we shrink from the alternative of a Canaanitish civilization spreading forth unchecked as the heritage of the nations and of the ages.

F. F. ELLIWOOD.

*New York.*

## OUR PASTOR'S SABBATH NIGHT.

REST him, O Father! Thou didst send him forth  
With great and gracious messages of love;  
But Thy ambassador is weary now,  
Worn with the weight of his high embassy.  
Now care for him as Thou hast cared for us  
In sending him; and cause him to lie down  
In Thy fresh pastures, by Thy streams of peace.  
Let Thy left hand be now beneath his head,  
And Thine upholding right encircle him,  
And, underneath, the Everlasting Arms  
Be felt in his support. So let him rest,  
Hushed like a little child, without one care;  
And so give Thy beloved sleep to-night.

Rest him, dear Master! He hath poured for us  
The wine of joy, and we have been refreshed.  
Now fill *his* chalice, give him sweet new draughts  
Of life and love, with Thine own hand; be Thou  
His ministrant to-night; draw very near  
In all Thy tenderness and all Thy power.  
Oh speak to him! Thou knowest how to speak  
A word in season to Thy weary ones,  
And he is weary now. Thou lovest him—  
Let Thy disciple lean upon Thy breast,  
And leaning, gain new strength to "rise and shine."

Rest him, O loving Spirit! Let Thy calm  
Fall on his soul to-night. O holy Dove,  
Spread Thy bright wing above him, let him rest  
Beneath its shadow; let him know afresh  
The infinite truth and might of Thy dear name—  
"Our Comforter!" As gentlest touch will stay  
The strong vibrations of a jarring chord,  
So lay Thy hand upon his heart, and still  
Each overstraining throb, each pulsing pain:  
Then, in the stillness, breathe upon the strings,  
And let Thy holy music overflow  
With soothing power his listening, resting soul.

FRANCIS RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

## A CAMPER'S SABBATH.

IT is a shining afternoon in early May. We are camped on the Sturgeon River near its mouth. The river rolling past us in boiling eddies out to Lake Nipissing. We are a camping party, comprising the Chief, who is first in command and who is of wide experience on and about this lake, myself, who am second officer, and *The Loon*. *The Loon* is the name we gave to our Peterborough canoe some weeks after this when we had come to find out how like her god-mother she could swim and fly and dive if need be. The wind is in shore, and the white caps are chasing each other in cheery haste across McLeod Bay, and leaping with wild clapping and shouting upon the shore. Across this reach of leaping, laughing, foam-flecked water we somewhat ruefully cast our eyes towards a wooded islet where we would be. For it is Saturday afternoon, and this flat, low, almost treeless bank, beaten into a tow-path by passing raftsmen, does not promise rest enough for a Sabbath camping ground. We feel this the more that we are in sight of that little island, so green, so cool, so lovely, with its white fringe of leaping water. We fear to trust those white caps for, when all her stuff is in her, *The Loon* is down to within three inches of her gunwale. She may safely ride, but, staunch and buoyant as she is, she can give no promise that those brisk, cheerful whitecaps will not, in their cheerful briskness, briskly and cheerfully drench us and our stuff. We have almost agreed between us to camp where we are, when with an exclamation of delight the Chief points up the river and then falls to packing our stuff into the canoe. I look up the river and see two canoes coming swiftly towards us. From the quick, short paddle stroke and the peculiar sway of the body I know those paddling are Indians. "They'll take some of our stuff," says the chief, "I know them." He is a remarkable man this Chief of mine; there are few people of note in this region whom he does not know. In the stern of the large canoe kneels erect a tall, dark man, not an Indian you can easily see, and yet that tan upon his olive skin you know is not from sun and wind but from the deeper stain of

Indian blood. Sitting down in the middle of the canoe is his wife—no paleface taint in her ancestral line. Her daughter is beside her, handling a paddle as well as any of her brothers, who make up the rest of the party. The Chief hails them. They stop, then paddle toward us. He claims acquaintance, they look blank. He reminds them of a tramp after wild geese which he took with one of them. A light breaks upon one of the sons—he makes a remark in Indian to his father—these fellows never speak English unless forced to—then all smile. They remember the circumstance of the goose hunt, but the impression made by the handsome features of the Chief has faded. He is equal to the occasion, however, and consoles himself and relieves their embarrassment with the explanation that then he had no beard. This calls forth much laughter and puts us all at our ease. They agree to take some of our stuff, while we are to follow in our canoe and spend Sunday with them. They start off, and before we can finish packing tent, blankets, cooking utensils, and our other *impedimenta*, they have reached the mouth of the river and are out upon the lake. At last we are afloat. "Now, then," says the Chief, "a long, steady stroke"—he, like most white canoe-men of this country, holds the quick, short stroke of the Indian in great contempt—"those beggars will not let us near them if they can help it." Down the river we shoot and out among the white-caps at the mouth. Their strokes quicken and so do ours. "Send her along, we're gaining on them," says the Chief. But though we are steadily drawing up on them, the stern chase is a long chase. On we go for fifteen minutes more, when, alas, like Virgil's unfortunate Gyas, we find ourselves on a rock. A birch-bark will float where a canoe of any other build will strike. We get her off and draw up at the landing, as they are taking out of their canoe the last article of their load, a new sewing machine. This one of the sons hoists upon his shoulders and bears in triumph up the steep rock to the house above. How much that sewing machine means in a family such as this! We unload, climb the rock, and find ourselves on a level platform extending back some distance from the lake. Before us is a group of houses. The neatly built log house in front of us is the homestead, with stable and other outbuildings showing behind it. That small, low house or cabin on our right is the home of a

married son ; and that fine, new unfinished house seen between the two, but further back upon higher ground or rather rock, is to be the home of another son and his bride, as we afterwards learn.

All our goods carefully stowed away, the old man brings us into the house and makes us cordially welcome with true French politeness. The light streaming in through the door we have just entered, and through the small window beside it, shows us a good sized square room with low ceiling and unplastered walls, both of well hewn logs. In one corner stands a bed with snowy counterpane ; in the opposite corner an enclosed stairway shows there is an upper chamber. On the walls hang guns, powder horns, shot bags, hunting knives, and some other articles whose names I know not. There are rude prints, too, here and there, of wondrous coloring and design, representative of the Virgin in various offices ; the infant Jesus ; and, a marvel of imagination, the Trinity. Lying upon a shelf beside the clock I see with curious surprise some old books. A door on my left leads to what seems to be a bedroom, while that just before me opens into a back kitchen where supper is now being prepared. We are evidently in the house of one of the great men. Supper is brought in, and we all sit down and enjoy with keen relish the wild duck and bannocks and butter and maple sugar and other dainties. We have been for days upon campers' fare and enjoy it the more. In a few minutes I am at leisure to study the strange faces around the table, At the head sits the father, a handsome man. The toils and exposure of more than sixty-five years of hunting, trapping and *portaging* through snows and suns, have changed the coal-black wavy hair to iron-gray. The one-quarter Algonquin in him shows only in his swarthy skin ; all the rest, the clean-cut features of his almost aristocratic face and his wavy hair, are from his father, who came, as he is careful to tell us, and with a touch of pride, from Old France—"from the city — I forget the name," he says. We suggest Paris. "Yes, that's it, Paris." A man may never forget his fatherland, but his son may forget his father's. At his right hand sits his wife, stout and cheery and Indian all through. The six sons sitting around the table have in them more of the mother than of the father. They are fine specimens of their class, tall, straight, well-formed, quick in their movements and never awkward. Baptiste, the eldest at home, sits opposite me, and I find myself looking at

him with intense interest. A typical Indian face he has—high forehead, prominent cheek bones, making deeper the hollows in his cheeks, long, straight nose, wide mouth that makes the chin appear sharper than it is, hair straight and blue-black, and the whole lit up by those dark, deep, sad eyes peculiar to his race, that make one think of things mysterious. The idea of “the noble red man” is not altogether mythical. After supper we have thrilling tales of hunting adventure with moose and bear and wolf, of which the Chief contributes his share. Then the Chief shines again as instructor on the sewing machine to the young lady, who in a remarkably short time is able to thread the machine herself and run a very creditable seam, to the admiring delight of the whole household. But we have had a long, hard day, and we are glad to be shown into the bed-room and to our bed, where we soon sink into dreamless sleep.

What a glorious morning, and how solemnly beautiful and still! The far-away hazy shore, the islands, the lake, glittering in this flood of sunshine, all, like the day, seem full of rest and gladness. We breakfast and then stroll out with our host to see his farm. He tells of his struggles and successes in life, and with pardonable pride points to his property of ninety acres, off which last year he sold one hundred and fifty bags of potatoes, and raised enough hay and oats to feed seven cows and ten horses, in addition to the large quantity sold to the “shanties.” We ask about church privileges, and find that the nearest mission is fifteen miles away. Once a year the priest makes his rounds, marrying, baptizing, confessing his flock and collecting his dues, which from this family are no trifle. “But,” says our friend, “religion is a good thing. Can’t do without it.” “Oh, yes,” he continues with more confidence, “we always keep Sunday. Never shoot nor fish like some down the lake. My son reads and makes prayers every Sunday.” About ten o’clock we return to the house, and find the family and some friends gathered in the large room. It is the hour for prayers. All are dressed in Sunday clothes, no shirt sleeves appear, the men have put on coats and collars and ties, the coarse boots even have given place to finer, and altogether there is a remarkable difference in their appearance. The women wear hats and gloves as if at church. All are quiet and waiting when Baptiste comes in, takes down

the old books from beside the clock and hands them to the others, as far as they will go. Then all kneel and the service begins. It is in Indian, and modelled after the ordinary service of the Roman Catholic Church. Baptiste reads the prayers, the rest respond, then all rise and sing an Indian hymn. This singing is unlike anything in music I have ever heard—a kind of chanting, most wild and weird. From one minor key to another the melody wanders in bewildering irregularity and with innumerable trills and shakes. It reminds one of the wailing of the pibroch through the touching cadences of the *Mackintosh Lament*. They all sing in unison (Sir Arthur Sullivan himself would fail to harmonize this), and without a pause for breath, go up and down the scale, sustaining the notes for whole bars after I should have been exhausted. In vain I try to remember strains here and there. In vain I try to arrange these wild tones in scales. I give up trying and look about upon this strange group, with their dark faces and darker haunting eyes. Are they singing with the understanding, I wonder, and is the Great God of these rocks and lakes, of these wilds, the Father of these children of these wilds, (for they are His offspring) is He listening well pleased? It would hardly occur to one to ask this question in reference to the well dressed congregation soon to be gathered in St. Andrew's in the city of churches. We have got into the way of expecting that the music of that beautiful service, exquisite and costly as it is, must surely enter heaven. And perhaps we are right, but in this as in other matters our expectations may be ill-founded. Paul speaks of melody made "with the heart," and of singing "with grace in the heart," ignoring with simplicity characteristic of those primitive times the intricate technique of the art of which in our song service we make display. It is difficult for ladies and gentlemen in faultless attire and with the pleasant consciousness of the respect of "a large circle of friends," to make melody with the heart in one of the penitential Psalms, to *feel* altogether unclean. There needs grace in the heart to make heart-singing. This heart melody I have heard from old women in white mitches, and old men with hair white and thin, as they sat about the Table at one of our Highland communion gatherings. They were singing, with the old precentor "lining it" in their own loved tongue :



Bless, O my soul, the Lord thy God,  
 And not forgetful be  
 Of all His gracious benefits  
 He hath bestowed on me.

What if their old voices quavered and cracked in a way not pleasant to the ear, their hearts were singing, I know, for on their faces was a strange light filling in the wrinkles, making them glorious. Their hearts going back over all the gracious benefits, became full of melody, and forced the poor, worn voices into praise. But God hears as well as sees the heart, and with its melody is made glad. So I look closely at these faces. The stoical Indian face of the mother I cannot read. It looks like peace. Perhaps it is, for I hear them often come over the precious name *Jezos* and *Jesusan*, and over the wide earth that name brings peace. I verily believe the Spirit, in His mysterious coming and going, is giving her thoughts of her Saviour. God grant it. She is getting old. On the old man's face I think I see intelligent trust. Some of the young people are looking about, almost as carelessly as we do at times in our services, but on the whole there is the appearance of devout and reverent worship. Baptiste, with a look of grave earnestness on that splendid Indian face of his—I like to look at it, so full of quiet strength—goes through the prayers and leads in the singing. In an hour all is over. We examine the books and find them to be hymn books and prayer books of the R. C. Church in the Algonquin dialect, printed in the Roman character. Among them we come across the story of the *Peep of Day* series, in the Ojibbway dialect and character, translated by an English Church missionary, and published by the London Bible and Tract Society. What a strange link between the world's metropolis and this spot in our Canadian wilderness! We get Baptiste and his sister to sing again for us, and manage to catch the music of a hymn whose measures go more after the style of our own. It is in praise of Jesus, the Almighty, the Saviour, and calls to love and service of Him. I copy down the words, of which the following is a verse :

Kwenate Jezos! ki pijiko sakiin  
 Kwenate Jezos ki pejikweniimin  
 Ki nakomin enigokoteeian  
 Ki wi inim kakike kitci migwetc  
 Kwenate Jezos! Kwenate Jezos!

The translation I am unable to give ; the refrain I know means, Hail to thee, Jesus ! Hail to thee, Jesus !—which being sung with the heart, means a life subject to Him whom we love to call Master. That such is the truth in regard to this family I should like to believe. In the simple faith of my friend Baptiste I have as good reason to believe as I have in that of many of my friends who are “ church members in good standing.” His life commands universal respect. It was my good fortune to meet him again and spend some days with him on a raft. There, among wild and often profane raftsmen, in circumstances trying to temper, he ever showed what we have been accustomed to call the Christian spirit. Quick to see a difficulty and ready to help out of it ; patient when others were inclined to grumble ; always cheerful, always thoughtful of others, he looked to me very like what a Christian should be.

In the evening after tea we have music on an organette—the pieces not such as we should have called for, perhaps, but in dealing with an organette one cannot choose. So the *repertoire* embraces of all kinds, from *St. Patrick's Day* to *Home, Sweet Home*, and from *Auld Lang Syne* to *Nearer my God to Thee*, in which last the Chief and I join with our voices. Then there are more hymns from the old Indian hymn book, after which we sing for them some of our hymns, beginning with *Jesus, Lover of my Soul*, and ending with *Shall We Gather at the River ?* And as we sing “ Yes, we shall gather,” I think of that gathering, and of the surprised meetings. From the east and from the west, from Nipissing and from Uganda, they are coming, and many that are last shall be first.

C. W. GORDON.

## LOOKING BACKWARD.

**B**USY men have not the time, even if they had the desire, to read much fiction, and we can well afford to be ignorant of much that is published under that name. But occasionally an important discussion of some theological, philosophical or social subject dons the attractive garb of romance, and we feel justified in making our bow to the novelist. Last year *Robert Elsmere* was the rage among the theologically inclined summer visitors. We have just laid down a book, published more than a year ago, but as yet little known in Canada, which we recommend, much more cordially than we could Mrs. Humphrey Ward's, to every one who is, or ought to be, interested in the social, political and economic questions which are agitating civilized society the world over to-day. The book is *Looking Backward*, by Edward Bellamy. It was on Bishop Vincent's strong recommendation that we decided to read this book, and we pass it on to ministers and others in search of summer reading.

The plot is simple enough, and of the Rip Van Winkle order. Julian West, the hero, tells his own story. Born in the city of Boston in 1857, he was, in the year 1887, when thirty years of age, concerned about the building of a mansion in a fashionable quarter of the city prior to his marriage. A series of strikes among the workmen delayed matters, and Mr. West became the victim of insomnia. In order that he might woo sleep, he had a subterranean sleeping chamber constructed, away from the nightly noises of the city. The room was perfectly fire-proof. Here Mr. West slept, under the mesmerizing influence of a certain "Professor of Animal Magnetism." His friends were ignorant of all this. On the evening of May 30th, 1887, he surrendered himself to the manipulations of the mesmerizer, and before morning the building was burned to the ground. No one lived to tell the tale of the secret room, and the lot, which was now in a poorer locality, was left vacant for some time. One hundred and thirteen years afterwards, in the year 2000, Dr. Lecte, an eminent medical man, lived in a house erected on this

site. One day, while workmen were excavating for the foundation of a new building, they came upon the stone slabs which formed the roof of Mr. West's sleeping room. Here they found the sleeper of a previous century still in a state of suspended animation, the bodily tissues having suffered no waste during this longest trance on record, his condition being in no way different from that of one just roused from a too long and profound sleep. It would be going into interesting details to tell of his restoration to consciousness and the wonderment which followed the opening of surprised eyes on such sights in such a strange age. Boston has grown to be a city of great splendor and magnificence, and, little by little, the stranger from the nineteenth century is introduced to the radically new social and industrial institutions and arrangements enjoyed by the people of America in the year 2000.

To give anything like a clear conception of the entirely new order of things, and the entirely new kind of ideas, outlined in this book, would require a review nearly as extensive as the original work. Dr. Leete and Mr. West have many long conversations, in which the evolution of society and social institutions from the barbarous and mutually antagonistic state of things in the year 1887 into the millennial age of 2000, is reviewed. Without struggle or bloodshed the old passed away, and men saw the vexed questions of the centuries solve themselves as if by some beautiful law. All land and all mercantile and other businesses are the property of the State. Society is constructed on the principle of a military organization. Every man is enlisted into the industrial army at the age of twenty-one; previous to which time his course of education is being pursued. Questions of classes and masses, of capital and labor; of the unemployed, the indigent and the pauper classes, are forever settled. Crime is diminished, because incitements to crime—poverty and greed—are unknown. Every man starts life and begins service in the industrial army with the certainty of a competency, and every man enters that department of work for which his powers fit him and to which his inclination leads. No man is led to prostitute himself because of the money to be made in a calling for which he is not adapted. Every man, woman and child has the same income, and accumulation on the part of

any would be not only useless, but burdensome. This does not involve the removal of healthy rivalry nor the loss of emulation to industry. These are supplied in more effective and nobler ways than of old.

But this is giving in dry, abstract form what may be found in *Looking Backward* in the concrete. How the men of that golden age manage without money; how the women live without servant girls to vex them; how the labor problem was solved; and the multitude of other questions connected with the social, intellectual, religious and commercial interests of the people—all these are explained and illustrated in this really fascinating book.

We would warn readers of this notice that the author of this book is no visionary, and the society to the description of which this book is devoted is no imaginary and impossible thing. *Looking Backward*, although in form a fanciful romance, undertakes to give, in all seriousness, "a forecast in accordance with the principles of evolution of the next stage in the industrial and social development of humanity, especially in this country, and no part of it is believed by the author to be better supported by the indications of probability than the implied prediction that the dawn of the new era is already near at hand, and that the full day will swiftly follow."

We commend this book to ministers. During the month of August, and occasionally in other seasons, they can find time for a little light reading. There is nothing among recent fiction that will suit them as well as *Looking Backward*. We commend it all the more strongly because it may awaken in them an interest, or deepen interest already felt in the great social and economic problems so pressing to-day. Political Economy is coming to the front, and every minister of Christ should know something of its principles; and if this book will open any wise and reasonable minister's eyes to the enormities and barbaric inequalities of modern society, it will do much for the community in which he lives. The Church cannot pass by on the other side as she did before Christ came. She must study the great social problems. Christianity must vindicate her claim to Divine origin and her right to continued support, not by appeals to historic records or documents or creeds or confessions, but

by showing her adaptibility to present-day human needs. And when ministers of religion in increasing numbers become impressed with this truth, and turn again to their text-book—the Bible—they will find the true principles of political economy enunciated more clearly by Moses and by Christ than by Malthus, or Spencer, or Mill, or Rogers, or Cairnes, or Ashley. They will find, on studying history, that poverty and pauperism came not in obedience to God's laws, but in departure from simplicity of manners and in violations of Divine commands.

That the Golden Age lies so near at hand we do not say. But we believe it is coming, and that it is nearer by every worn-out lie, by every uttered truth, by every good law enacted and every good institution established, by every vanquished passion and lust and ambition and avarice and jealousy. We cannot dip far into the future, but the apocalyptic seer saw a new order of things, in which "there was no more sea," an end to "all the weary oar, to all the weary wandering fields of barren foam." What fools and barbarians we shall appear to those who, from that brighter day, will look backward upon the nineteenth century of the Christian era!

J. A. M.

IN DOUBT.

INTO the depths, O Lord, forth from its height,  
My soul has fallen, like a meteor falling in space,  
And into the darkness passed, out of the light,  
For it strikes no more for the light that falls from Thy face.

Darker than death, O Lord, is this night of sin,  
And deeper than hell the windy clouds that beat  
And buffet me every way, as I struggle to win  
In the eddying murk a hold for my fainting feet.

Deeper I fall, O Lord, till the Star of Hope  
That swims on the marge of this inky surge of doubt  
Is drowned in the drift of space ; and I madly grope  
At the flimsiest straw in the wildering rabble and rout.

"Out of the depths, O Lord, have I cried unto Thee,"  
The broken cry of a heart that is torn of pain  
As it struggles to leap to the light that it cannot see,  
And fain would cling to the rock that it cannot gain.

Yea, Thou hast heard, O Lord ! Forth from the height  
A star falls, thridding the dusk with its golden charms ;  
And ever it follows me on, out thro' this night  
Till it rounds to a sun as I fall in the Father's arms.

*St. Helen*

R. S. G. ANDERSON.

## Missionary.

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### MEREDITH TOWNSEND ON CHEAP MISSIONARIES.

THE controversy over missionaries' salaries and mission schools is still going on in England and is not likely to be settled until a thunderstorm clears the air. By that time genuine interest in missions may be deepened, missionary information sifted and disseminated, and several "friends of missions" unmasked. The present anxiety and heartburnings will not be too much to pay for a thing so desirable. For, whoever suffers, and whatever temporary loss may be sustained, nothing but a thoroughgoing and searching inquiry will restore confidence in missionary methods: and without this all enthusiasm will die.

We, in Canada, are deeply interested in the settlement of this question, because, although it is British missions and missionaries in India who are under fire just now, the principles involved being the same, the verdict will, *mutatis mutandis*, apply to Canadian missions as well. If it be true, as is stated in the *Methodist Times*, that "the charge of luxury is fully justified," then Mission Boards and Committees are unjust and wasteful stewards of Church funds, hopelessly ignorant, culpably negligent, or pitifully nerveless. If the verdict goes against the British missionaries it will be difficult to shield Canadian missionaries. Indeed mutterings of discontent can be heard already in Canada—not, of course, from well-informed and earnest advocates of missions, but certainly from some who might be won over to missionary enthusiasm were it not for the suspicion of "luxury" which paralyzes missionary effort. At all events we are with those who plead for "more light," believing that silence or a compromise would be an injustice to all our missionaries and an injury to the work, and that fuller knowledge on the part of authorities and friends of missions at home would result in juster appreciation of the difficulties of the work abroad and entire confidence in the ability and devotedness of the missionaries.



Of course the desideratum is unprejudiced, independent information. Missionaries and their friends on one side, and their opponents and irresponsible newspaper scribblers on the other, are human and liable to be biased in their opinions. We see with the eye we bring to see. A man with an eye for tigers takes no notice of missionaries and their converts. It is, therefore, with interest that we read the contributions to the missionary controversy of such men as Sir W. W. Hunt'r, who knows as much about India and Indian affairs as any other man living, and of Mr. Meredith Townsend, one of the editors of the *London Spectator*. Mr. Townsend was at one time editor of the *Friend of India*, and in his article in the July *Contemporary Review* renders much important service to the mission cause, all the more effective because of his knowledge and experience and his thoroughly reasonable spirit. We quote that portion of his article which deals with the question of cheap missionaries:—

#### CHEAP MISSIONARIES.

The broad controversy, whether Christian missions are worth the sacrifices made for them, is still going on, but is in its very nature sterile. The parties to it are too far apart to have any common ground on which to base an argument. No one who believes Christianity to be true can doubt that its diffusion is a duty, and no one who disbelieves it can regard its propagation as anything but an officious if not mischievous interference with the natural evolution of opinion about the unseen. There is no reconciliation possible between such a faith and such a denial on such a subject, and debate upon it becomes after a while not a little tedious. There is, however, a subordinate controversy about missions of grave importance, which rages among Christians themselves, which may at any moment affect the existence of the great Missionary Fund, and which already diminishes perceptibly the zeal of many Churches. When carefully examined, this controversy resolves itself into two definite main questions, which may be stated with brutal plainness thus: Are not missionaries, especially in India, made too comfortable, too like parsons *in furibus* instead of evangelists? and is not their devotion to English education, when considered as a means of spreading Christianity, a mistake from the beginning? I propose to say a few

words upon each of these two questions, which, being intended to be placatory, will be doubtless dull, but which are still the words of an entirely detached but entirely friendly observer.

To begin with the facts. I have no means of discussing them over the whole field of missions, which includes regions like Polynesia and East Africa, where martyrdom is still a probable incident in any missionary's life, but in India the charge of comfortableness must in part be allowed. The majority of missionaries are as comfortable there as the majority of the Nonconformist clergy would be here, if they had to work hard all day for seven days in the week in a climate which worried and exhausted them. The missionary is allowed to marry, and almost invariably does marry, and he receives a salary, usually £300 a-year, which enables him to provide himself and his family with a modest house, a sufficiency of plain food, and as much domestic help as protects himself and his wife from wasting time and health in actual bodily labor. He is also able to provide some sort of conveyance, usually a most simple affair, costing about £18 a year, without which his own journeys must be confined to a short radius or to the cold weather, and his wife would hardly obtain any fresh air at all. She cannot, in most places, take long walks unprotected, and, if her husband is a hard worker, who is to protect her? not to mention that the climate for eight months in the year almost forbids such walking to a woman the early hours of whose day must be devoted to household cares. It is impossible for a missionary to save money; it is impossible for him, unless assisted, to obtain a becoming education for his sons and daughters, who, if brought up in India seldom turn out well; and it is most difficult for him in his old age, if the climate has impaired his powers, to retire, like other Europeans, to spend his last days at home and in peace. He may by possibility obtain a church, but if he does not he has no pension—though some missions give a small charitable allowance—he has no savings, and he must just work on in India, in a climate which to a worn-out European is torture, till he dies, leaving his wife and children, if they are not grown up, practically to charity. That lot will not strike many professional men as an enjoyable one, but still it is not, except as regards the children, much worse than that of the poorer clergy of all denominations. They also have little hope

or none of professional advancement. They also find it hard to educate their children as they would like. They also have to live their lives scantily provided, and, owing to the difference of the climate and of prices, without the "luxury" of the "conveyance," which, however, we believe in America nearly every country minister tries to keep. It is now proposed, seriously proposed, to reduce this scale of comfort—that is, in fact, to put things in figures, to send out no missionary who will not consent to make an average of £100 a year supply all his needs. This proposal, too, finds favor in the Churches, and among most sincere men, for it appeals to two sets of feelings, one a noble one, and one rather ignoble, though intensely natural and human.

No one who has ever observed closely the method adopted by the Societies and Churches of raising the Missionary Fund, or who has studied the limitations placed on the distributing agencies in paying away that fund, will doubt that there exists among many most sincere and pious Christians, including clergymen, an operative jealousy, almost a dislike of the mission cause. This jealousy springs from two causes, one obvious, one a little more recondite. The fund disposable for voluntary religious work and for charity is a strictly limited fund, which does not grow as it should in proportion to the national wealth, and which is subject to serious and sometimes almost inexplicable interruptions. Out of this fund the missionary demand cuts a huge cantle—I should myself say a fourth of the whole, but that depends on the meaning assigned to religious charity—and the loss is sometimes exceedingly annoying. It not only affects "works of mercy," but also ministers' salaries, which are, in too many of the Churches, most inadequate, and a constant cause of concealed bitterness and repining. This of itself makes any idea of "luxury," or even comfort, among missionaries unpleasing to those who, to speak plainly, are maintaining them, an unpleasingsness further aggravated by the position assigned to missionaries in the opinion of the congregations. The missionaries are their heroes. Owing partly to tradition, partly to the occasional recurrence of martyrdoms, and partly to the excessive ordinariness of the English clerical life, the missionaries occupy a station in the imagination of the congregations higher than that of the regular pastors at home. They are held to be loftier figures, their adventures are more exciting,

and their successes are more distinctly proof that the spirit of the Lord is with them. There are churches and religious schools where the place of the heroes of history is directly taken by missionaries, and where any one who knows nothing of "the Martyr of Eromanga," or Bishop Hannington, is regarded either as an ignoramus or an infidel. Morally, in fact, the missionary caste is regarded as the Brahmin caste of the clergy—the best, the most tried, the most efficient. That is not pleasing to the snubbed even if they agree with the verdict, and when, therefore, the Churches are told by outside observers that missionaries in India are not martyrs at all, but very comfortable persons, who live in spacious houses and "and drive about in pony traps." there is irritation, an unwillingness to ask for subscriptions, and a disposition to say that the annual reports create a deceiving impression.

This rather ignoble, though natural feeling would not matter much, or would pass away on further inquiry, but that it is strengthened accidentally by a far nobler one. Protestant Christians have never, that I know of, accepted a rule of poverty as binding upon their clergy, or even as a counsel of perfection, but they have never rid themselves of the feeling that the ascetic life is better, holier, nearer the apostolic example, than the comfortable one. They hate bishops for their incomes, they think rich ministers anomalies, and they are inclined to make of poverty, especially startling poverty borne for Christ's sake, a splendid grace, and one, too, in manifesting which hypocrisy is impossible. There is not a church in the country where this idea is not entertained by two or three of the most pious and most sincere, and naturally they apply it first of all to missionaries, who, they contend, would, if they rose to the level of their high calling, separate themselves at once from all the pleasantness of life. They should, such men think, be anchorites in all but seclusion, men careless of food or raiment, and indifferent even to health, living like the people they are to convert, or, if that is, for climatic reasons, impossible, accepting the lowest standard of life compatible with physical efficiency. A thousand men of this type, it is thought, would cost only a hundred thousand a year, and must make a grand impression even upon the closely packed millions of the Indian continent.

These two classes together, the enthusiasts for an idea and the jealous, make up a considerable body of opinion, all the more influential because the answer takes hold only on the experienced, and because the best evidence procurable, that of the whole body of Indian missionaries, is rejected *ab initio* as the evidence of interested persons. I have every respect for the opinion, which I recognize as thoroughly sincere, and which, if it were only well founded, would enormously increase the total volume of missionary agency; but then it is not well founded, for three reasons. The Churches would not get their supply of missionaries at once efficient and cheap. The missionaries, if they did get them, would be no more effective than the present men, and the ideal which, in the circumstances of India, is the only one which can be profitably realized, would be finally laid aside. I will state what I mean by the third reason at the end of this article, but the other two are in truth conclusive by themselves. The Churches will not obtain their men because the cheap missionary must be a celibate, and the good missionary will not remain celibate. A young man of the missionary kind, that is a man, be his grade what it may—some of the best missionaries have been originally gentlemen, and some have been cobblers, miners, and loom-minders—who has in him the capacity of cultivation, who can learn one or two languages well, who can argue with Brahmins and not seem to them a fool, and who can guide men whose pivot of thought is not his own, may live, while he is in reality a student or an apprentice, on a hundred a year. He will not be of much use, and will probably convert nobody, but still he will be preparing himself to become efficient; but he will not marry. By the time his apprenticeship is over he will understand the conditions of Indian life, and will recognize that to ask an educated woman to share it with him on that income would be a hideous cruelty. For herself she would be simply a household servant in the tropics, the most unendurable of earthly positions, without good air, without domestic help, without good medical attendance, and without the respect of the people among whom her husband labours. They understand real asceticism perfectly well, and reverence it as a subjugation of the flesh, and if the missionary and his wife carried out the ascetic life as Hindoos understand it, lived in a hut, half or wholly naked, sought no food

but what was given them, and suffered daily some visible physical pain, they might stir up the reverence which the Hindoo pays to those who are palpably superior to human needs. But in their eyes there is no asceticism in the life of the mean white, the Eurasian writer, or the Portuguese clerk, but only a squalor unbecoming a teacher and one who professes and must profess scholarly cultivation. Even if the cheap missionary could induce a fitting wife to share such a lot, he will think of the children to come, and perceive from examples all around him what, on such an income, their fate must be. They will be boys and girls with the white energy who have been bred up as natives—that is, they will, unless exceptional persons, belong to the most hopeless class existing in the world. They cannot be sent home or be kept in the hill schools, or be separated in any way from the perpetual contact of an Asiatic civilization which eats out of white children their distinctive *morale*. The missionary, if an able as well as a good man, will not run that risk, and also he will not remain unmarried. The moment his apprenticeship is complete, and the great cloud of language and habits, which at first separates him from Indians, has rolled away, he will not only wish to marry, but he will perceive that he must—that the people do not believe in celibacy unless it is to be life-long and a matter of religious obligation, that he is distrusted and watched, and very often tempted almost beyond what he can bear. It is needless to enter into a detailed argument, or to show that a celibate life in the tropics is, for a great body of men who do not believe in celibacy, simply impossible: the opinion of the experienced ought to be sufficient, and that opinion is utterly fatal to any such scheme. The cheap missionaries will leave the service just when they become efficient, or rather their united remonstrances will compel the Societies and the Churches to remodel the new scheme, and either by increasing allowances, or by paying house-rent, doctors' bills, and children's education, to restore the old and reasonable provision. Be it remembered, the cheap missionaries will have absolutely no special result to encourage them to persevere. A missionary is not made more efficient by being sacrificed every day with the squalid troubles of extreme poverty, and the notion that his low position will bring him closer to the native is the merest delusion. The white missionary is not separated

from the Indian by his means, but by his color, and the difference produced by a thousand years of differing civilizations which the word color implies. He is a European ; those to whom he preaches are Asiatics : in presence of that distinction all others are not only trivial but imperceptible. The effect of the cheap missionary on the native mind will be precisely that of the dear missionary, except that, as an unmarried man, he will be regarded with infinitely more suspicion and mistrust. Nothing, in fact, will be gained by the change, except the privilege of repeating an experiment which has been made a half-dozen times, and has invariably failed.

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#### MISSIONARY CRITICISM.

ALL admit the decided advance in the missionary enthusiasm in the Church ; though but few will say that it is at all proportional to the advance in material wealth, and therefore of the Lord's gifts to us, or with the many open doors from which the Master calls so loudly for earnest effort. That increased missionary interest should lead to earnest inquiries as to plans and prospects, failures and successes, is only to be expected, and every true missionary rejoices to meet such by facts. By concealment of failures or exaggeration in success only harm is done—for in the end it will be found out. That there should be more than one answer to these home inquiries, or in other words, that missionaries should differ as to methods and prospects, is only to be expected—if each is true to himself ; and that those at home should have difficulty in understanding the whole subject in the many fields which those in each particular field find a life study, should cause no surprise. It is a matter for congratulation that amidst these differences and difficulties the criticism of missions should have been on the whole so kind and sympathetic.

As some good friends of missions in this and other lands have been made uneasy by some criticisms, I would like permission to refer to some of them.

1. In a paper before me I read in the appeal of Bishop Taylor, of Africa (Meth. Episc. Mission), the following words, "Now in the name of the Lord of Hosts, and for the salvation of perishing millions let all who favor *self-supporting* work make one grand rally," etc. In other places this and similar work has been spoken of as *faith* work. These adjectives, "self-supporting" and "faith," being intended to imply something distinctive in the missions using them, leads one naturally to ask in what are they different from other missions not so designated. Are these missions self-supporting—in the ordinary sense of that term—when they require to make such appeals as given above? Sometimes we hear the matter put in this form: "We depend upon the Lord for everything," or, "We let the Lord know what we require and He gives us all." How is this theory, however, worked out? They may not, and generally do not, ask for collections or make personal appeals; but by literature such as "*China's Millions*," by lectures, some being employed in this work constantly, etc., do they not make appeals as direct as any made by the different missionary agencies of the ordinary societies? The only difference that I can see is to be found in their thorough collection and scattering abroad of missionary intelligence. What missionary or missionary society does not ask the Lord for everything, and in using the means for raising the money seek to do what the Lord would wish?

Advantages—not, however, such as are generally made of by those advocating it—are found in the method referred to, such as: (1) A larger area is presented from which to gather funds; for they can draw from all Christian lands and all denominations in these lands, to the extent to which they are undenominational—which really means to the extent to which they can conceal their distinctive doctrinal views; and (2) Their scattered and unorganized contributors cannot exercise the same supervision as in regular societies. How far these are advantages is open to question. That good men in the regular societies have longed for greater freedom, which the above scheme seems to supply, is true; but that unbalanced cranks have made use of such movements to the injury of the missionary cause is equally true. And how far their methods are different from and therefore better than those of the regular societies, except as above noted, it is difficult for me to understand.



2. The criticisms of Canon Taylor and Mr. Caine hardly deserve notice here. Their facts and figures have been met over and over again, and proved to be both defective and misleading ; and the spirit of their criticism is hardly such as would be expected in the friends of missions. Impressions have, however, been given, and in some cases action taken, which forces us to notice them.

At one time the advantages of celibacy are insisted on, and the Roman Catholic Church held up as our model. At another point educational work is denounced and the methods of the Salvation Army eulogised. It is unfortunate that the models held up fail in some of the very points advocated. The Roman Catholics are celibates, but in India, at least, are wholly educationalists, and that, too, in all their larger institutions with the Gospel ignored ; whilst the Salvationists, on the other hand, marry as others do. Any mission would have served as a model as satisfactorily as those chosen.

These two societies, however, specially meet the views of these two critics in that they both professedly live like mendicants amongst the natives, adopting their dress and food, and both, by means of their self-sacrifices, have professedly a merit or a power denied to other missionaries.

And then it is argued that all true missionaries should live up to, or rather down to, the standard—not of these bodies, but of the interpretation of it given by our censorious critics, and many are the denunciations heaped on those not willing to cry with them. Since we are thus attacked, it is well to ask what they wish and upon what grounds.

Let me first say that, so far as I know, the Salvation Army lives in India just as other missionaries do. They neither can nor do live on \$25.00 a year. Their attempts to live by begging have been few and exceptional, and their heavy death and sick rates show that this and similar methods are worse than folly. No society in India could stand the heavy losses the Army has had. Facts both as to men and money are concealed in both the societies referred to—Roman Catholic and Salvation Army—but were they known, I cannot think that acts that savor so much of suicide should be praised as zeal and self-sacrifice. The members of the Army may, on their way out, gather up the dirt

from the decks to mix with their drinking water to become accustomed to India's dirty water ; but surely that is no reason why I should sacrifice my sanity and common sense to do likewise. Is there any power or merit in these so-called sacrifices, *per se*, or in their influence upon the people amongst whom we work ? If so, where does it lie ? Is it in the sacrifices themselves ? Is the lean, emaciated ascetic a typical man physically, mentally, morally or spiritually ? Is he able to work better in any capacity as the result of his course ? Could society as a whole adopt the theory, and can it then be in harmony with God's design ? It is strange that in India, where we see this theory worked out in every possible way, there we see its results under the most favorable circumstances, and where it has produced a class from whom all right-thinking people, European and native alike, turn away in disgust—that there we should find the professed introducers of a new and higher religion seeking to perpetuate under another name the evils that have been so loudly denounced.

But say that we adopt these customs to gain the people ; but have they more influence because of those ? Did John the Baptist have more influence than Jesus Christ ? The one is said to have a devil and the other to be a glutton and wine-bibber. Even in the Salvation Army it has been a failure, as is seen in the small numbers drawn into it either from other societies or from the heathen, notwithstanding the lavish expenditure of money and the great number of European workers. The people of India have too long been familiar with the filthy mendicant—with his begging bowl, holy mien, matted hair, tattered garments, his nakedness covered with the ashes of the dead—a degree of filth, degradation, and so-called self-sacrifice that no European can hope to imitate. Since that has produced disgust in the minds of all right thinking people, is it going to advance our cause ?

We do not wish to attack the methods of other missionaries. There is room for difference of opinion, and I am bound to respect the judgment of good, faithful men, even if I differ from them ; but what I claim for them I also claim for myself. Each missionary must be true to himself and his Master, and as each is led let him follow. We can pass by the cheap pity of Canon

Taylor, who speaks so loudly of the great merit of so-called sacrifices, and is willing to let missionaries have all that merit; and also those who would dictate to missionaries as to food, clothing, etc.—who would seek to deprive missionaries of those things which at home are regarded as necessaries and accompaniments of civilization. Going to India does not give me a Hindu stomach or Hindu tastes any more than the Hindu language. Both may be acquired, and if it be necessary in the interests of the work, every true missionary will do so, and as a matter of fact does so in the greater number of cases.

But why is this theory so readily adopted at home by so many? We believe in saving mission money so far as it can be done. No missionary goes out to make money, or at least if he does he will soon join the Government service where the pay and advantages are so much higher. But when all saving in mission funds is attempted at the expense of the missionaries, and when those driving this policy are living at their ease, surrounded not with the comforts only, but with the luxuries of life, and are only prepared to spare for the heathen the crumbs of Lazarus, we denounce and refuse to sacrifice efficiency to save either their purses or their consciences.

The remedy for all such criticism is to be found in a more full recognition of God's guidance in the whole matter. Let each missionary be more fully persuaded in his own mind that he is working in harmony with God, and then, with a view to efficient working, keep up all his faculties in the highest state of efficiency possible. If with native food and dress he can do so, then naturally these will be adopted; but any saving on these things that is done at the expense of efficient work, is positively wrong. In sending out a missionary the Church is bound to see that he gets what he needs for his work, and all regular missionary societies have tried to do this,

The suicidal ascetic may win much pity from sickly sentimentalists, but such never helped to build up God's cause, and no true missionary wishes for such pity, or for the pious gush that usually accompanies it.

*Toronto.*

J. WILKIE.

## Editorial.

WILLIAM CAVEN EWING.

It is with the deepest sorrow that we turn aside from the study of life and active service to record the death of one well-known to all students of Knox College—W. C. Ewing. The sad news of his death by drowning on Wednesday, July 31st, came as a shock, and it was difficult for many of his college companions to realize its truth. It was only a few weeks ago that he left the college halls, after passing his University examinations with high honors, to preach the Gospel of Life, during the summer months, at Sturgeon Falls and adjacent mission fields, and the news of his own death is the first we hear. We had to think for a time before we could believe that he was really gone.

At the time of writing this notice no particulars have been received, further than that it is supposed that while bathing in the Sturgeon river, he struck his head against a rock and was stunned. His body was carried down by the stream. We do not care to enlarge on the conjectures offered, but it is plain that, as he was an excellent swimmer, he must have met with some accident such as the one suggested.

We do not purpose entering on any eulogy of our departed brother—Students who have resided in Knox College during the past three years know how honest, manly and beautifully consistent his whole life was. They know with what earnestness and conscientious faithfulness he applied himself to his college work, and what distinctions he won at the Toronto University—taking five first-class honors at the recent examinations. They know, too, how simple and sincere his religious life was. And they have looked—as all who are interested in our students have often done—with hope into his future, expecting that when he had completed his University course, as he would have done next year, and his theological course, as he would have done in 1892, he would have entered on a life of usefulness and success in the ministry of our Church. But it pleased the Master, whose he was and whom he served, to call him away in the bright morning of life, while he was just learning to hiep the great words of Truth and Salvation. We cannot sorrow, because about his life there was no shadow. We only wonder, sometimes, at the strange ways of God.

## Here and Away.

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PREACHERS are all "away" just now, but editors are always "here."

How thankful ministers should be this month that they are not called to be poor, pious printers.

J. S. GALE is back to Seoul, none the worse of his long stay among "backwoods" Koreans and his long experience of "unadulterated" Korean fare.

M. P. TALLING has just returned from his summer jaunt over Britain and the Continent. J. McP. Scott will soon follow. W. A. Bradley has arrived from Edmonton, but intends spending the remainder of this year in Dakota.

C. W. GORDON, '87, was hounded by Disease over Britain and the Continent. Several months ago the Gordon blood was roused and the tables turned. Disease fled to Algoma, but Gordon was after him. He followed his enemy over lakes and up rivers and through forests to an unsurveyed land, beyond our geographical knowledge, which was not marked in Lovell's "Easy Lessons" when we went to school. Gordon is back to Toronto feeling stronger than ever before.

THE types did it. The printer's demon in this office is Disorder—an impudent, mischievous thing that plays havoc with the types. Latin phrases are interfered with in the most mysterious way, and alterations made indicative of a high order of intelligence. A month or two ago it made J. S. Gale say that Harkness was in "Sheol," but as this seemed a not unsuitable name for the capital of Korea, we did not object. But we never forgave it for tampering with the fine classical phrase, with the scent of the heather and the sight of the Highlanders, "the land of the naked knee," and we vowed vengeance when we read "bare knees." The ways of the printer's demon are strange and deep.

THE appointment of a successor to Professor Young will probably be made early in September. The vacant chair is perhaps the most important in Toronto University, or at all events it will be the hardest to fill. Philosophers are few, and those worthy of Dr. Young's mantle are fewer still. The Minister of Education has an exceedingly difficult task to perform. Quite a number of eligible candidates have applied and the choice will not be easy. A number of well-known names are mentioned as among those formally applying or suggested by friends. One of world-wide fame is Professor James Sully, of London, a leader among psychologists. Another is Dr. E. J. Hamilton, professor of Intellectual Philosophy, Hamilton College, New York, author of several philosophical works of high standing. Prof. James Seth, of Dalhousie, a brilliant

young Edinburgh man, brother of the author of "From Kant to Hegel," etc., is also well to the fore. The eyes of many are turned to a young Princetonian who has already distinguished himself and is bound to be one of the leading philosophical thinkers in America, Prof. J. Mark Baldwin, of Lake Forest University, Chicago. Others are mentioned, but at present these four are the most prominent. We wait the result with some anxiety. Knox and the other affiliated theological colleges have much at stake.

THE season has come round again when presbyteries examine candidates for the ministry and recommend them to college boards. It is a vain thing to hope that some candidates will not be recommended. A man must be a hopeless ignoramus and entirely unfit for anything or he will not be rejected by certain presbyteries. We always hesitate about referring to this subject because some one is sure to think it a personal attack. Some ardent college professor who has gone out into the highways and hedges compelling students to come in that his class-rooms may be filled, is in high dudgeon. Some settled pastor, of the evangelistic type, who has stood sponsor for all sorts of waifs and strays, thinks we are hitting him and his proteges. But surely it is time to protest against this wholesale smuggling of men into the ministry of our Church in all sorts of irregular ways. The ministry should not be made a House of Refuge for the infirm, the unsuccessful and the indolent of other callings and professions. The "hands of the presbytery" should not be laid on the head of one who, mistaking impudence for inspiration, thinks himself quite good enough for the ministry without taking any special course of study.

ANOTHER evil that is not unknown in Canada is the giving of special dispensations to students who should be required to attend every lecture, and the giving of special advantages to foreign students. Instances of this latter are common enough. Students who in Scotland were regarded as dullards, and who never passed one full examination, come out to Canada and in some mysterious way obtain a senior standing and presently graduate. Now, we will always welcome to Canada men like a half-dozen or more who have come from Scotland within a year or two; they were good and successful students at home. But to open the door to foreign failures is to add to our own chronic probationers, and to aggravate the greatest evil in our Church. Our theological colleges should not be too anxious about numbers. Quality is much more desirable just now than quantity.

HERE AND AWAY packed up its note-book and pencil last month and moved over to Conference Hill, Niagara-on-the-Lake. Here, in the pavilion overlooking Lake Ontario, the "Believers' Meeting for Bible Study" is held every summer. These "Believers" must not be confounded with a narrow sect of the same name. They subscribe no creed; know no denominational distinctions; their *raison d'être* being Bible study, their idiosyncrasy belief in and looking for the Pre-millennial coming and personal reign of Christ on earth. All denominations are represented, but Presbyterians predominate. Among the leaders at these annual

gatherings are West, Brookes, Bates, Pierson, Parsons, Kellogg and Erdman. There are no sermons, no lectures, no orations and few addresses. The programme consists mainly of Bible Readings. One feels that they mean to honor the Bible. Everything is referred "to the law and to the testimony." Some of these readings are very instructive and helpful. Of course they are not always free from the common vice of Bible Readings, and frequently do violence to the canons of interpretation. Some, reading with a bias, find Pre-millennialism in chronological tables and genealogical trees. Some are intensely materialistic in their conceptions of the Kingdom, and expect to see Satan chained Prometheus-like for nine hundred and ninety-nine years and twelve months. And some are so expert in the higher mathematics of the Unknown that they surpass the prophets of old in time-calculations. But, for all this, these meetings are blessed, and a blessing to many.

We are not surprised to see some men blundering. One-eyed interpreters of Scripture are never exact, and the more dogmatic they are the more closely should they be watched. But when we find a man like Rev. Dr. A. T. Pierson nodding over his Hebrew Bible we rub our eyes to be quite sure. One day he gave us quite an exhaustive Bible Reading on "Second Probation." It was very interesting and most of the proofs were legitimate. One of his strongest verses, Job xxxvi. 18, he recommended to all ministers as a good text for a sermon. This Department always keeps a supply of texts for visiting parsons, and so made a note of this one. The Authorised Version reads, "*Because there is wrath, beware lest he take thee away with his stroke: then a great ransom cannot deliver thee.*" That may have some bearing on "Post-mortem Salvation," and it may be a good text. To be quite satisfied we looked up the passage. The Revised reads, "*Because there is wrath, beware lest thou be led away by thy sufficiency; neither let the greatness of the ransom turn thee aside.*" Now it is not clear that either of these renderings has anything to do with "Second Probation," but it is quite clear that both have not. Any one who will examine the text in the light of exact and reverent scholarship, will see that the King James rendering, the one which Dr. Pierson commended, misses the meaning. And yet Dr. Pierson is a fair Hebrew scholar, and justly prides himself on his exegetical ability.

Of all the Conference Hill speakers, Rev. James H. Brookes, D.D., of St. Louis, is the most diverting. He undertakes to run the theological universe with a club, and he finds theologians refractory. Then he pours out his wrath on what he contemptuously calls "your theological colleges." Slashing and slogging are his delight. On the platform and in his magazine the thought of Henry Drummond, Marcus Dods, and men of that ilk, makes him furious. And it is no gentle, charitable, Christian love-taps he gives; he hurls thunderbolts, scatters "fire-brands, arrows and death." At the Niagara meeting he denounced the Free Church of Scotland and sent her "over the Niagara Falls," and in the July number of *Truth* he announces that "*heroesfür she is to be identified with the enemies of the Bible.*" It is exciting to watch him sail out on the tempestuous sea of theological speculation, steady as a Cunarder, a full

head of steam on, and all his canvas spread. As the breeze stiffens he presses hard on the Free Church deserter, and, with a wild whoop that makes the welkin ring, he crowds her, hull and sails and masts and flag, "farther and farther, and faster and faster, upon the treacherous and fatal current of infidelity." One can enjoy this sort of thing and throw one's hat in the air and shout with the crowd, if one knows enough to discount fifty per cent. for Dr. Brookes' bias, twenty-five per cent for his ignorance of current movements in the Free Church, fifteen per cent. for his mechanical theory of inspiration—which deserves Prof. Drummond's epithet, "doubt provoking"—five per cent. for pugilistic proclivities, and four per cent. for his alarmist disposition. Or at least it would be enjoyable were it not so lamentable. Dr. Brookes' dogmatism is refreshing, but it is difficult to take him seriously.

LAST month we hinted that an article on "Marcus Dods and the Free Church" might appear in this issue. We substitute for it Prof. Drummond's exceedingly interesting and readable paper on the same subject. Not that we agree with what he says regarding Dr. Dods' doctrinal aberrations, but because Prof. Drummond covers the same ground so fully and so well. His description of Dr. Dods as a preacher could not be better. It is true to life. Any one who has ever listened to Dr. Dods' "half-dozen massive paragraphs" can see in this sketch a portrait as warm and life-like as Manesse's etched frontispiece. And yet Dr. Dods is not a great preacher. As an expositor he has no peer. But he lacks the enthusiasm, the passion necessary for a great preacher. He uses no weapon but truth—and his fidelity to truth is a standing rebuke to some of his orthodox critics who play fast and loose with Bible texts, and read a whole system of theology into the most innocent Bible statement. And, as Henry Ward Beecher said, "Truth, indeed, is the arrow; but man is the bow that sends it home." Dr. Dods has a splendidly polished and pointed arrow, but he never makes the bow-string whistle.

WITH Davidson and Dods in the Old and New Testament chairs, the Free Church College in Edinburgh will be out and away the strongest theological hall in Scotland. And, under the teaching and influence of these two masters all week, and of Dr. Dods' most intimate friend, Dr. Alexander Whyte, the Puritan preacher of Free St. George, on Sunday, if the students do not know and love the Bible, their case is hopeless. We look for increased interest in Biblical theology as distinguished from systematic theology in the Free Church. Such a result is almost inevitable, and, while it may loosen the hold of dogmatic creeds, it is not to be dreaded. Her ministers will be less dogmatic, but more Christian. They will be truly prophets of God and heralds of the Kingdom of Heaven.