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THE TEMPTATION.

MUCH has been written on the possibility of temptation in the experience of a sinless Being. The difficulties which have been raised in this region are chiefly of a metaphysical kind, such as it is possible, for some minds we might say inevitable, to raise at every point in that mysterious complexity which we call life. Without attempting to enter profoundly into the question, may not an appeal be made to our own experience? Do we not all know what it is to be "tempted without sin," without sin, that is, in reference to the particular thing to which we are tempted? Are there not desires in our nature, not only thoroughly innocent, but a necessary part of our humanity which nevertheless give occasion to temptations? But on its being recognized that to follow the impulse, however natural, would lead to wrongdoing, the temptation is instantly repelled and integrity perfectly preserved. In such a case there is temptation, conflict, victory—all without sin. And clearly what is possible to us on occasion was also possible to our Lord on all occasions, all through His pure and spotless life. His taking our nature indeed involved not only the possibility, but the necessity of temptation.

Matthew iv. 1-11 records what is known as *the* temptation, by which it is not of course meant that it was the only one.

From what has been said it is evident that no part of His life could have been free from it, and indeed it would appear that the assaults of the Tempter, instead of lessening, increased in violence as He approached the end of His life. Not only then was this no solitary experience of temptation, but it was not even the severest. Why then is it singled out for special record and always known as *the* temptation? The reason seems obvious enough. It is because it stands at the beginning of the life-work of the Messiah. In His quiet home at Nazareth Jesus must have had the ordinary temptations to which children and boys and youths are subject. But this was before He entered formally upon His great work. It was the time of quiet preparation for the great campaign. But now the war must begin, He must address himself to the mighty undertaking of destroying the works of the devil. And the great adversary wisely endeavors to mar it at the outset, by a deliberately planned series of assaults, directed against all the vulnerable points of that human nature which it is necessary that his great antagonist should wear. From this time onward our Lord's whole life was to be a warfare, not in one region only, not only against the rage of wicked men, but against the wiles of the unseen adversary, whose opposition was, of course, as bitter and relentless as that of his representatives in flesh and blood. From the nature of the case that part of the conflict which was waged in the spiritual sphere could not appear much in the history. It belonged to that hidden life of which even the closest disciples could see but very little. We get a glimpse of it occasionally in certain looks and words which reveal the conflict going on within, and in those frequent retirings to solitary places to pray; but of the actual soul experience we have no record, except in the case of this first pitched battle, so to call it, of the life-long conflict. It is evident that our Lord Himself must have given His disciples the information on this deeply interesting subject which enabled them to put it on record for the encouragement and comfort of His people in all time to come. Blessed be His Holy Name, for so unveiling to us the secret of His hidden life.

It is always difficult to tell the story of soul experience in such a way as to come home to the common life and heart of humanity. It will not do to tell it in the language of philosophy

or psychology, which none of those unfamiliar with such discussions could have understood. It must be addressed to the imagination as well as to the pure reason, in order to convey the truth to the ordinary mind and heart. If this had been sufficiently kept in view, it might have saved many a difficulty on the part of those who have set themselves to discover exactly what were the outward circumstances, forgetting that here especially it is the inward and spiritual with which we have to do, and not the outward and physical. It is not what happened to the body of Jesus, whether it was actually carried to a pinnacle of the temple or not, with which we have any concern in connection with the subject of temptation—it is what happened to His soul: for it is the soul of man, not his body, which is tempted.

What is above all things necessary is to hold firmly to the *reality* of the temptation. It was no mere sham fight; it was a real one; just as real as any that we have ever had in the times when we have been fiercely assailed by the tempter. This will, of course, dispose of the vulgar idea that the devil appeared in outward shape, like one of Doré's friends. Some people cannot get over the folly of imagining that there is nothing real that is not material; and that our Saviour could have had no conflict with Satan, if Satan had not been there in some material shape. Nothing more effectually destroys the reality of the temptation than such an absurd notion. Suppose an ugly fiend were to come to you, and ask you to worship him—would you be under the slightest temptation to do so? Of course not. The presence of the fiend-form would completely annihilate the temptation. The power of temptation consists in the appearance it has of being suggested to our own minds without the agency of anyone with sinister intentions. Now our Lord was tempted "like as we are." He had not the enormous advantage of seeing who it was that was doing it. Then we might have said: "Give us the same advantage, let us see Satan as plainly as Christ saw him, and we shall not listen to him either." It is the invisibility of our adversary that makes him formidable; and we may be very sure that our Lord labored under the same disadvantage. He did not see Satan. He was alone in the wilderness, in the same sense as any of us would have been alone, had we been there. He was "tempted in all points like as we are." The temptation

was not something for His eye or His ear, or His body as a whole. It was a spiritual experience; and in that consists its reality and value. And if it was in spirit that He was carried to the pinnacle of the temple, and to the exceeding high mountain whence He could see all the kingdoms of the world, and the glory of them—does that make it any the less real? No, but far more real. It brings it within the range of real human experience. None of us will ever be hurried through the air to the pinnacle of any temple, but we may have the thought of it, or of something equally wild presented to our minds with such vividness and force as to make it the basis of a real temptation. Let us by all means have done with the unreality that degrades this terribly real spiritual conflict into a succession of dramatic situations. No; it was no drama, no scene; it was a real, intense, terrible conflict with the same unseen adversary whom we all must meet and fight. He was "tempted like as we are."

And in order to firmly hold the reality of the conflict, we must not only bear in mind that it was the same invisible adversary with whom He had to contend, but that He had to contend with him just as we have to contend with him—not as God, but as man. It was the *man* Christ Jesus that was tempted, and it was in His human nature and in it alone, that he triumphed. It was not God fighting in the likeness of man; it was man, as man with no weapons but those which men can use. Here too he was "tempted like as we are." He had "emptied Himself" of His Divine attributes; and to have had recourse to them, when the battle raged too fiercely for his resources as man, would have been to have acknowledged defeat. What need was there to show that God could triumph over Satan? There needed no incarnation and no wilderness contest for that. What was wanted was the triumph of man; and had He not triumphed as a man, there had been no victory at all. It is true that He went into the wilderness in the power of the Spirit, in the power of the Spirit of God. But so may we go into any wilderness or anywhere. It was through Divine strength that He triumphed, but only in that strength made perfect in human weakness according to the promise which is valid for us all. Here again, "He was tempted like as we are," with precisely the same ways and means of resisting the temptation and overcoming it.

It follows from all that we have been saying, that we should look at this temptation scene, not as something quite foreign to ourselves, something that we may gaze at as a dramatic spectacle but cannot enter into. Not at all. He was tempted in all points like as we are, and therefore we should endeavor to enter into His temptation and, as far as possible, to realize it. Let us then, with all humility and reverence, endeavor to enter into this soul experience of our Lord, so far as the vivid representation of its main features in the inspired record warrants.

Notice first the close connection with the baptism. This is made prominent and emphatic in all the three accounts of it. Evidently then, it supplies the key to it. The baptism of Christ was His consecration to the work of His Messianhip. Up to this time He has been in the process of education. Now He must enter on the work of His life. And let us not imagine that He had any full drawn out plan for the accomplishment of it. His was no stereotyped life work, such as that which most of us take up, in which we can learn from those who have gone before how they set about it, and proceed accordingly. Even with all that advantage most of us have to do a little hard thinking before we can lay our plans. And think you that He who had such a work before Him had no need to think over it, and plan it, and weigh different methods of proceeding, and face the difficulties which everyone who enters on a new enterprise has to face! Do not let us forget for a moment that He was a real man, and that, in planning the course he would pursue, as in all other points, He was tried "like as we are."

Well, no sooner is He baptized than He withdraws by Himself alone, as Moses and others had done when about to enter upon some great work to which they had been called, to commune with God and to take counsel with His own thoughts. And let us not suppose that He was free from all misgiving. Do not let us imagine that it was not possible for Him to doubt. Again bear in mind that He was "tempted in all points like as we are," which He could not have been if He had never known this sore trial. Beyond all question, then, He was visited again and again with misgiving during these forty days, so that it was not at all unnatural that temptation should take the form: "If Thou art the Son of God."

Now, look at the first temptation : " If thou art the Son of God, command that these stones be made bread." Mark the double human weakness to which the temptation was addressed. On the one hand *doubt* : " *If thou art the son of God ;*" on the other hand *hunger* ; for he had fasted long and had as strong a craving for bread as any of us would have had under the circumstances. See now the force of the temptation. He is suffering from hunger ; He is tempted to doubt. How can he have relief, the relief body and soul are crying out for ? The first thought which occurs is : " If thou art the Son of God, *command these stones that they may be made bread.*" He knows that special powers are intrusted to Him for His work as Messiah. Should He not use them now ? Why not use them ? Surely the object is a good one. It would appease hunger. It would put an end to doubt. Why not ? So in his subtlety, suggests the invisible tempter, in no recognizable demon's voice, but in a way which comes to Him, just as it would come to any of us, as an innocent suggestion in His own mind. But wait. Is it right ? Have I not taken my place among my brother men ? And shall I begin at once by separating myself from them ? These my brethren cannot command stones to be made bread ; and shall I cease to be their brother ? What saith the law ? A well-known passage at once leaps into the memory : " Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God." Man must trust in God, and when he is hungry in the wilderness, as Israel was of old, must look upwards for his help So must I : so will I. And he bears the hunger and repels the doubt ; and so conquers His unseen subtle foe.

But the thought of the doubt that must exist in other minds if not in His own, comes back again and gives occasion for a second assault. To have proved His power by commanding the stones to be made bread, would have been manifestly selfish ; for who would be the better for it but Himself ? It would not advance His work in the smallest degree—would only gratify his own personal craving. But would it not be well to make some signal display of the power by which He shall be accredited—do something that would attract universal attention—not in the desert, but in Jerusalem, in the very centre of it ; why not show to all the people that God is with me by casting myself

from that pinnacle there, and so the second temptation takes shape: "If thou art the Son of God cast thyself down; for it is written: He shall give His angels charge concerning thee, and on their hands they shall bear thee up, lest haply thou dash thy foot against a stone." One sees at once the added force of this temptation. The hunger remains and the weakness of body and faintness of spirit which always accompanies it. And the very weapon He used to repel the first assault is turned against Him now, for His adversary has found a passage of Scripture, which he uses with great effect to persuade Him. Moreover the appeal seems to be to that very spirit of trustfulness which stood Him in such stead in His first encounter. Is He not hard beset? What then? Does He in this emergency summon to His aid any ally, which is denied to us in similar stress of trial? Not at all. He does exactly what we have to do in the same case: meets Scripture quoted with a bias by other Scripture, thought of without prejudice. He recognized that the Scripture first presented to His mind is only a part of the truth which bears on the case. Something more must be had in view before the path of duty is clear. And, as He dwells on the distracting thought, this word occurs: "Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God." It is one thing to trust, and another thing to tempt. I was trusting when I refused to command the stones to be made bread. But I should be tempting God were I to cast myself down from the pinnacle of the temple. I should be experimenting upon Him, as did the children of Israel at Massah and at Meribah (for that is the connection of the words which he quotes) I should be experimenting upon Him like Israel of old when they said at Massah: "Is the Lord among us or not?" I must not experiment, I must not tempt, I must simply trust. I must obey the law which says, "Thou shalt not put upon His trial the Lord thy God." Thus victory is gained the second time.

But the ordeal is by no means over. Twice has it been settled what is not to be done. It remains still to decide what is to be done. The work must be begun in some way and followed on after some deliberately chosen method. If it is not right to begin by any such display as that which the tempter has just suggested, how shall it be begun, and what shall be the line of policy adopted? A question surely of unexampled difficulty,

and one which, like many other great questions, resolves itself in the last resort to a simple alternative : shall it be by the short and easy and natural path of power and prestige : or shall it be by the slow and painful and apparently hopeless road of unadorned truth and unassisted love? The air was full of expectancy in regard to the coming of King Messiah. The whole nation was ready to hail Him. Not only so, but even the heathen nations were more or less prepared for His coming. Why not take advantage of this favorable state of things at home and abroad? Why not proclaim a kingdom that will satisfy this widespread expectancy, gather round itself all those enthusiasts ; and, after having thus won the people, then proceed to lead them on to higher and better things. Why not? It would be bowing down to the Prince of this world. It would be doing him homage for a kingdom with which he has nothing to do. It is clearly a temptation of the Evil One. To yield to it would be to fall down before him and worship him in exchange for the kingdoms of this world and the glory of them. It would be gaining the allegiance of men by methods which are not of God, but of the great adversary. As He dwells on the thought He recognizes more clearly than before that it is a device of Satan to lure Him from the path of self-denial which, the more He thinks of it, the more clearly He sees to be the path of duty ; and, accordingly, with energy He says : "Get thee hence Satan ; for it is written, thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and Him only shalt thou serve." In establishing my kingdom I must show myself to be a servant and worshipper of God and of Him only ; and, accordingly, no worldly methods must be used, however promising they may seem to be ; the battle must be fought with spiritual weapons, the kingdom must be established by spiritual forces alone, and on truth and love alone must I depend ; I choose the path of the cross. "Get thee hence, Satan."

The crisis is passed. The path of duty and of sorrow lies plain before Him. He has refused to turn aside to the right hand or to the left, and now He sees His way and knows what He must do. The tempter has been foiled at every point, and so must give it up for the time at least. "Then the devil left Him and behold, angels came and ministered unto Him."

London, Eng.

J. MONRO GIBSON.

GEORGE BUCHANAN, THE SCOTTISH VIRGIL.

II.

BUCHANAN would have willingly remained in London, as his epigrams addressed to Henry VIII. and Thomas Cromwell shew, but the Scots were not in favor with any class. Henry himself hardly knew whether he was a Papist or a Protestant. Everything was uncertain; Catholics and heretics were being burnt with the most perplexing impartiality. France was his old home and the people were of gentler culture, so to Paris again Buchanan hastened with as little delay as possible. His old enemy, Cardinal Betoun, was, however, there before him, so, instead of remaining at the University, he accepted an invitation from Andrew Govea, a learned Portuguese and head of the College of Guienne at Bordeaux, to teach classic literature in that far-famed seminary. Here he spent three peaceful years. Betoun tried to lay hands on him but failed. The death of James V suddenly recalled him to Scotland and a plague, raging in Aquitaine, diverted the attention of the Franciscans, so Buchanan was left unmolested to the enjoyment of his books and learned friends.

During this period he composed four tragedies, "*Baptistes*," "*Jephthes*," "*Medea*," and "*Alcestis*." The first is based upon the story of John the Baptist and is a fitting prelude to his great works, "*De Fure Regni*" and "*History of Scotland*." The second has for its theme the vow of Jephtha, and the last two are translations from Euripides. The style, if not vividly dramatic, is elegant and pure and fitly clothes the magnificent themes. Amongst Buchanan's pupils was one whom all Europe afterwards learned to know and admire, Michel de Montaigne. A lifelong friendship sprang up between the bright-witted French boy and the grave-visaged Scotchman. Montaigne acted a part in every one of his dramas and cherished a filial affection for his "*precepteur domestique*," "*cc grande poète Ecossois*." During his residence at Bordeaux, Buchanan enjoyed the intimacy of the

famous Julius Cæsar Scaliger, now well advanced in middle-life and settled as a physician at Agen. In Buchanan's company Scaliger forgot his gout and even his natural propensity for contradiction. The admiration seems to have been mutual, for Buchanan closes a poetical apology for being unable to keep an engagement with his friend in these pleasant lines:—

“*Quamvis laboris omnia ingratisissimi,
Sint plenæ, res mihi unica
Magis molesta est cæteris molestus,
Non intueri Julium.*”

Joseph Scaliger inherited his father's respect and friendship for the genial professor, and when he died wrote for him one of the noblest epitaphs ever penned, ranking him among the world's great poets and closing with the famous couplet:—

“*Imperii fuerat Romani Scotia limes;
Romani elcquii Scotia finis erit.*”

To this period, too, must be assigned many of Buchanan's lighter poems. These give us a pleasing impression of the men of that day whom we have come to regard as one-half dogma and the other half daring, with but a drop of the milk of human kindness now and then softening their austerity. We have studied them so much on the battle field of polemics that they seem to be no more men of like affections with ourselves than an array of steel-clad knights. Buchanan knew the flavor of Gascon wine and had often listened to the chimes at midnight. His “*Neæra*” was not altogether a creature of the fancy.

The following hymn shews nothing of the ascetic spirit. It reads like a paraphrase of the nineteenth Psalm.

A MORNING HYMN TO CHRIST.

Son of the highest Father Thou,
And equal of the Father too;
Pure heavenly light of light divine,
Thy Father's might and powers are Thine.
Lo, while retire the shades of night,
Aurora, with her purple light,
Illumines earth and sea and sky,
Disclosing what in darkness lie:
But shades of ignorance impure
My soul and all its powers obscure,
And fearful clouds of error blind,

And almost overwhelm my mind.
 Arise, O Sun ! most pure, most bright !
 The world irradiate with Thy light ;
 Shine on my darkness, and dispel
 The mists of sin that round me dwell :
 Remove this fearful cold ; impart
 Unto the waste field of my heart,
 From Thine own lamp a warming ray
 To purge each noxious damp away ;
 That so, by reason of thy love,
 Watered with moisture from above,
 The seed increase in grateful mould
 An hundred and an hundred fold."

In his autobiography, Buchanan passes over in silence the five years succeeding his residence at Bordeaux. From his elegy addressed to Tastauc and Tevius, his late colleagues, and dated 1544, we learn that he was then at Paris. He was one of the regents of the College of the Cardinalle Moire. Here he had, amongst other associates, the celebrated Turnebus and Muretus, names now forgotten by all but the antiquary. A severe attack of the gout was cured by the kindness and skill of Charles Stephens, one of the family of learned printers.

In 1547, Buchanan, with several other learned men, went to Portugal to assist Govea in establishing the new University at Coimbra. He gladly availed himself of the quiet retreat which this new position seemed to promise, and induced his brother Patrick to accompany him. All Europe was threatened with war. In this one quiet corner he hoped for peace in the society of his brother and familiar friends. All the company except two had been teachers at Bordeaux. For a brief interval his expectations were realized, but the death, first of his brother, and then of his friend and patron, Govea, utterly overthrew all his hopes. The king could no longer protect the new faculty from the jealousy of the priests, who hated them as foreigners and men of real scholarship. Three of them were cast into the dungeons of the Inquisition and when, after a tedious confinement, they were brought to trial, they were loaded with clamorous insults and remanded to their filthy cells without even being informed of their crime or their accusers. Buchanan was treated with special harshness. He was a foreigner and he was least of all protected by the patronage of powerful friends. They had heard of his

"*Franciscanus*," but not one of them had ever read it, for but one copy had been made and that was given to king James. Moreover, the matter had been fully explained to the king of Portugal before Buchanan left France. He was accused of eating flesh in Lent, when there was scarcely a man in all Spain that did not do the same thing. He had made jokes at the expense of the monks, but only monks could deem that a crime. The gravest charge of all was that, in private conversation with some Portuguese young men, the subject of the Eucharist came up, and Buchanan had stated that St. Augustine seemed to incline to the view condemned by the Church of Rome. At his examination Buchanan simply quoted the words referred to (*De Doct. Christ.*, B. iii. 16) and added, "If these words savour of heresie, then condemn Augustine; and albeit ye should condemn Augustine, it is no reason I should be punished for his fault." At last two witnesses, whose names he learned some years afterwards, testified that they had heard many persons worthy of confidence say that Buchanan did not have correct views regarding the Roman religion. When they had wearied both themselves and him with examinations for a year and a half they shut him up in a monastery to be "better instructed" by the monks, "men, indeed," as Buchanan charitably testifies, "neither inhuman nor vicious, but simply ignorant of all religious questions." This gentle sentence, which it was hoped would relieve them from the opprobrium of having severely handled so celebrated a man, was the means of rendering their humble monastery forever illustrious, for it was while within its walls that Buchanan relieved the tedium of his theological "instructions" by translating into Latin verse the *Psalms* of David. How dramatic the situation: a Scot from the mountains and lochs of the north, a prisoner in a Portuguese monastery, translating the utterances of Hebrew piety into the language and metres of the classic muse. Yet there is a fitness in the circumstances. He was an exile from the home of his people and the temples in which he had been accustomed to worship. The gem of the collection is the hundred and thirty-seventh Psalm. He has lavished upon it the most exquisite art, imparting to its rhythmic lines a touch of sympathetic loneliness. He had known sorrow; he had experienced the implacable enmity of wicked

men who hated him for his righteousness; and through it all he was feeling his way, in the integrity of his heart, to a firmer faith and a closer fellowship with God. The following is his paraphrase of the Psalm referred to. The reader will note the rhyming pentameters.

PSALM CXXXVII.

“ Dum procul a patria moesti Babylonis in oris,
 Fluminis ad liquidas forte sedemus aquas ;
 Illa animum subit species miseranda Sionis,
 Et nunquam patrii tecta videnda soli.
 Flevimus, et genitus luctantia verba repressit ;
 Inque sinus liquidæ decedit imber aquæ.
 Muta super virides pendebant nabilia ramos,
 Et salices tacitas sustinuere lyras.
 Ecce ferox dominus, Solymæ populator opimæ,
 Exigit in medüs carmina laeta malis :
 Qui patriam exilio nobis mutavit acerbo,
 Nos jubet ad patrios verba referre modos,
 Quale canebamus, steterat dum celsa Sionis
 Regia finitimis invidiosa locis.
 Siccine divinos Babylon irrideat hymnos ?
 Audiat et sanctos terra profana modos ?
 O Solymæ, O cædyta et sacri penetralia templi,
 Ullane vos animo deleat hora meo ?
 Comprecor, ante meæ capiant me oblivia dextræ,
 Nec memor argutæ sit mea dextra lyrae :
 Os mihi destituat vox ; arescente palato,
 Haereat ad fauces aspera lingua meas :
 Prima mihi vestrae nisi sint praeconia laudis ;
 Hinc nisi laetitiae surgat origo meæ.
 At tu (quæ nostræ insultavit laeta rapinae)
 Gentis Idumææ tu memora esto, pater.
 Diripite, ex imis evertite fundamentis,
 Aequeque, clamabant, reddite tecta solo.
 Tu quoque crudeles Babylon dabis impia poenas,
 Et rerum instabiles experire vices.
 Felix qui nostris accedet cladibus ultor,
 Reddit ad exemplum qui tibi damna tuum.
 Felix qui tenero consperget saxa cerebro,
 Eripiens gremio pignora cara tuo.”

To quote the words of an eloquent reviewer; “The task which Buchanan set to himself was to build a classical temple in honor of the true God; and instead of the hewn stone and the cedar of Lebanon, and the gold and the lilywork and the pomegranates of the temple of Jerusalem, he provided the marble and the oak and the olive wood and the silver from Laurion, and the

subtle graceful carvings of Greece and Italy. For every rose of Sharon to provide a rose of Paestum. The result is a work unequal in parts, too closely recalling sometimes its classical models, but grave, chaste, noble, skilful, and occasionally of a beauty which defies all rivalry; which has the Syrian depth of feeling with the European charm of form, and in which you seem to hear the old, sad Hebrew soul breathing itself through the strings of an Italian lute." (*North British Review*, No. xci, March, 1867.)

There is not much evidence that Buchanan was familiar with Hebrew, although he doubtless consulted the commentaries of those learned in that language. He seldom borrows a line from the classic poets, and when he does so it is clearly from no poverty of invention on his own part. Every style of metre comes to him with equal facility. In most writers of the classic languages who did not speak it as their mother tongue, we can detect the artificial character of their work. It is like a marble statue, clear, cold, beautiful. But behind Buchanan's nervous lines we feel the living, throbbing brain of genius. We detect resemblances to the historians and poets of the Augustan age, but not imitations of them. His style belongs as truly to himself and to no other as that of Livy or Sallust, Horace or Ovid belonged characteristically to these respective writers. What rank he might have held had he cultivated his mother tongue with the same assiduity as he bestowed upon the language of Rome, it is hard to estimate. The Scottish dialect was then in its transition state and little fitted to express with elegance the fancies of the poet or the narrative of the historian. When we read Buchanan's vernacular prose we can hardly believe that it was written during the Elizabethan age. The thoughts are elevated but the garb they wear is most uncouth. Yet the work of those Scottish scholars who wrote in Latin was by no means lost upon their mother tongue. They helped to engraft upon the minds of their educated countrymen those sentiments of refinement and culture which moulded for themselves a fitting expression, converting the rough Doric Saxon of the north into the inimitably terse, melodious and energetic speech of our Fathers.

After some months' imprisonment Buchanan was set at liberty, and at once solicited permission to return to France, his

longing for which he has expressed in his "*Desiderium Lutetiae*." The king tried to detain him and sent him a little money for his current expenses. Wearied at length with waiting he embarked on board a Cretan vessel sailing for England. Upon his arrival in London he found the factions of Northumberland and Somerset struggling for the mastery, and the minds of the people unsettled by the civil commotions and religious changes, so that, although advantageous offers were made to him, he passed again into France. He arrived in Paris in time to join in the rejoicings over the successful defence of Metz against the forces of the Emperor Charles V., one of the most gallant exploits in all history. Buchanan was constrained by his friends to write a poem on the siege, which he did very unwillingly, as he did not wish to appear in competition with a large number of others, and particularly with Mellinus Sangelesius, whose learned and elegant poem was in everybody's hands. With much more heartiness he wrote his "*Adventus in Galliam*," in which he freely expresses his contempt for the Portuguese and his love for "*beata Gallia*," "*blanda nutrix artium*."

France was never unkind to Buchanan. His friends there never forgot him. He was almost immediately appointed Regent in the College of Boncourt in which position he remained until 1555, when he was engaged by the celebrated Marshal de Brissac as domestic tutor to his son, the young Count Timoleon de Cossé. To this nobleman he addressed a poem on the capture of Vercelli, and an epigram. The latter is a worthy tribute to the memory of a brave soldier, under whom princes and nobles had served in order to learn the art of war. To him he also dedicated his tragedy of "*Jephthas*" in 1554.

The young Count was twelve years of age when he was placed under Buchanan's care, and he continued with him five years. He was a youth full of promise, but his already brilliant career was terminated at the siege of Mucidan, where he met a soldier's death. Buchanan's residence in the family of the Count de Brissac was another season of congenial employment. Passing from one country to another as the duties of the army demanded, he was introduced continually into new scenes and new society. Himself free from responsibility, he lived in the midst of the most stirring scenes, in intimate association with the chief actors

and controlling minds, not unfrequently occupying a seat at the council board, where his opinions were treated with the utmost deference. During this period he found much leisure for literary work. He published the first specimens of his "*Psalms*," and his translation of the "*Alcestis*" of Euripides. He also began what he wished to be considered his *opus magnum*, the philosophical poem "*De Sphaera*." He never found the leisure to complete it. A poem on the surrender of *Calais*, and an *Epithalamium* on the marriage of Mary Stuart with Francis II. complete the list of publications during this period. Other studies of vastly greater importance were now demanding much of his attention. Most of his leisure hours were given to the study of the Holy Scriptures. Although his liberal sentiments inclined him to favor the party of progress, yet he had never definitely broken with the dominant Church. This ambiguous position he could not maintain any longer. He had believed it possible, with other *quasi* reformers, who did not leave the Church of Rome, that while her morals were debased, the teachings of the Church might be true, in a word, that corrupt fruit might grow upon a good tree. Now, however, he met, wherever he went, intelligent and thoughtful men who had found in the doctrines of the Reformed Church new spiritual life, and who accordingly declared the whole papal system false. He was forced to discuss the matter with them and the ultimate result was not long doubtful. He declared himself convinced that the Church of Rome was an apostate from the faith once delivered to the saints, that her Mass was idolatry, and that her discipline was an engine of despotism and corruption. This final decision was made certainly not later than 1560, the year in which his engagement with the Marshal de Brissac ended.

Since Buchanan had fled from his native land in 1539, stirring events had taken place. For a time the regent Arran favored the cause of the reformation. By Act of Parliament it was made free to every man or woman to read the Scriptures in their own tongue. The book might have been seen lying on every gentleman's table and even carried about in the hand. So popular was it to profess the new doctrines, that Calderwood says, "Somme who perhaps had not redd tenne sentences in it, (*i.e.* the Bible), had it most commonlie in their hands; would touche

their familiars on the cheeke with it, and say, 'This booke hath lyin under my bed-feete these tenne years!' Others in a gloreing maner would say 'O, how oft have I beene in danger for this booke! how secreetlie have I stollin from my wife at midnight to reade upon it'! This was done to currie favour with the Court, for all men esteemed the Governour to have beene the most fervent Protestant that was in Europ." Negotiations were entered into with regard to a marriage between the infant queen and Edward, son of Henry VIII. A contract was solemnly concluded at Holyrood; "Christ's body was broken" in solemn confirmation of it, and the great seals of England and Scotland were interchanged between the Regent and the English Ambassador, Sir Ralph Sadler. Cardinal Betoun was now in disfavor, but he quietly watched his opportunity. He talked over the popish faction amongst the nobility, taunted the national pride of others, set his priests to vilify Sir Ralph, and so tied the hands of the vacillating Regent that he was unable to consummate the treaty by the delivery of the stipulated hostages. He then sent to France for Matthew Stewart, Earl of Lennox, a deadly foe to the Hamiltons, next heir to the crown after Mary, and heir to all the estates and titles of Arran himself should his illegitimacy be pressed. Arran tried as a last desperate move to get the queen into his hands, but Betoun was too active for him and the queen was guarded. He was now fast in the toils. Betoun could, if he wished, depose him from the government, oust him from his estates and drive him penniless from the country. So the wretched man, never very intelligently attached to the reformed doctrines, went to Stirling and within the Greyfriar's kirk there renounced his Protestantism, broke his league with England and virtually handed over the regency to Betoun.

Henry was not slow to avenge the insult. The English fleet anchored in Leith roads, and being joined by an army from Berwick burnt both Leith and Edinburgh. After loading their ships with spoil, the land army returned, laying everything in ruins between Arthur's Seat and the border. Lennox, disgusted at having played the part of catspaw for the Cardinal's chestnuts, joined the English. He afterwards married the daughter of the Earl of Angus, and the offspring of that marriage was the unfortunate Henry Stewart, Lord Darnley, husband of Mary Queen of Scots.

Terrible days those were for poor Scotland. The English burnt Jedburgh, Kelso and Melrose, while bloody Betoun's minions brought hundreds to the stake. George Wishart was burnt in 1546, and then came the bloody tragedy at St. Andrew's, which removed the true author of all Scotland's sorrows. In September, 1547 Somerset crossed the border. North and East through all broad Scotland for the last time in history, the "Fiery Cross" summoned the liegemen of the king. Musselburgh was the rallying place. Thither every male above sixteen and under sixty was required to repair in armour. On the eighth of September Flodden Field was fought again at Pinkie Cleugh. For five hours the slaughter raged and when it was over the spears lay on the ground like rushes on a floor. Over a space of five miles long by four broad, the dead were strewn "thick as cattle in a well-stocked pasture field." Fourteen thousand Scotchmen dyed the meadows with their blood, and in Edinburgh alone three hundred and sixty widows were weeping. Hollingshed tells us that among the banners was found one of white sarcenet "whereupon was painted a woman with her haire about her shoulders, kneeling before a crucifixe, and on her right hand a church, after that written, in great Romane letters, '*Afflictae sponsae ne obliviscaris.*'" "Whether it was the Abbott of Dumfermline's," adds Calderwood, "or the Bishop of Sanct Andrew's, it is uncertane; but she was fashouned like a cursed queane, that would pluck her husband by the pate, except she had her will, rather than like a meeke spous, that went about by humble submission to crave her husbände's helpe for redresse of things amisse." We can pardon his bitterness, for priestly intrigues gave Scotland that "Black Saturday," and all to keep the English Reformation out of the land. Although the proposals made by Somerset were most reasonable, namely, that peace should be concluded for ten years, and after that the Queen be free to use her maiden and accept or decline whom she pleased, the Popish and French faction prevailed. Some were bribed, others were cowed, and Mary was shipped to France for safe-keeping, to take lessons from the Cardinal of Lorraine and marry eventually the heir to the French throne.

Although Cardinal Betoun was dead, a worthy successor was found in the Queen Dowager, Mary of Guise, who, with equal

skill, pulled the strings of the puppet Arran. For nine years the war raged ere Frank and Scot, fighting shoulder to shoulder, drove the English back beyond the Cheviots. At last Arran was made a French duke and retired from his exalted position of figure-head in 1554. Then the "honors of Scotland" were carried before the true ruler, the Regent Mary, much to the disgust of the gruff, outspoken author of "The Monstrous Regiment of Women." "It was," said Knox, "als seemlie a sight to see the crowne putt upon her head, as to see a saddle putt upon the backe of an unrulie kow."

In 1555 John Knox returned to Scotland and the reformers were emboldened to assert themselves by withdrawing finally and completely from attendance upon the services of the Popish clergy. In 1557 the first covenant was drawn up and signed by the Protestant lords for the defence and establishment of the "Word of God, and His congregation." In 1558 the last martyr, Walter Mill, was burnt and the image of St. Giles was dragged through the streets of Edinburgh and tossed into the North Loch. Alarmed at the progress of the truth, notwithstanding all that had been done, the Regent summoned the preachers before her. Like loyal men they obeyed, but the gentlemen of the West came too with their broadswords by their sides. When the Queen Regent tried to get rid of them by commanding them to repair to military duty on the border, they burst into the council chamber. James Chalmers, of Gadgirth, was their spokesman. "Madame," said he, "yee know that this is the malice of the Javvelles, and of that bastard (meaning the Bishop of Sanct Andrews) that standeth by you; we vow to God we sall make a day of it. They oppresse us and our tenants for feeding their idle bellies. They trouble our preachers and would murder them and us. Sall we suffer this anie longer? No, Madame, it sall not be so!" and therewith everie man putt on his steele bonnet (Calderwood). When steel bonnets are donned in the presence of the crown and the mitre, the hour of deliverance is not far off. It is needless to add that the ministers were discharged.

The lords of the congregation had now serious work before them and they knew the man who alone was fit to lead them. Knox must return, for Scotland calls him. They had been frankly told

that the Regent would not keep her promises when it suited her to break them, so it must be proved whether Scottish freemen will bend their necks to a bigoted Frenchwoman or assert the supremacy of the laws of the realm. On May 2, 1559, Knox landed at Leith. The provincial council, sitting in the monastery of the Greyfriars at Edinburgh, was panic struck at the news and broke up in confusion. The Regent hastened to proclaim him a rebel and an outlaw. She had shortly to learn that the word "rebel" did not mean the same thing in Scotland as in France. Perth had already embraced the reformed doctrines and "cast out the idols;" Edinburgh followed. The covenant was renewed. Manifestoes were met with counter manifestoes, until, on October 21st the Queen Regent was deposed in a proclamation uttered at the Market Cross of Edinburgh, in the name of "the nobility and commons of the Protestants of the Church of Scotland," and ordered to leave the town, taking with her her French soldiers within twenty-four hours.

It does not fall within the scope of our subject to tell the story of the war that followed, "The War of the Congregation." The Regent died on June 9th, 1560, and the Estates immediately assembled. At their orders the Confession of Faith was drawn up and on the 17th July it was read and ratified. The Mass was proscribed and the Pope's jurisdiction abolished. On December 20th the first General Assembly of the Reformed Kirk of Scotland met in the Magdalene Chapel in the city of Edinburgh. The year which probably marks Buchanan's acceptance of the reformed doctrines dates also the triumph of the same faith in his native land.

The Queen landed at Leith on August 20th, 1561, and the next notice that we find of Buchanan is from a letter written by Randolph, the English ambassador, in January, 1562, in which he states "Ther is with the Quene one called George Bowhanan, a Scottishe man very well learned, that was Scholemaster unto Mons. de Brissack's son, very godlye and honest." In a subsequent letter he informs his master that "the quene readeth daylie after her dinner, instructed by a learned man, Mr. George Bowhanan, somewhat of Livy." Mary was six years old when she was sent to France and her education had been well attended to. She spoke French and Scottish so that no one could have told which

was her mother tongue. She was familiar with Italian and Spanish and was able to deliver a Latin oration on a subject more agitated in our days than in hers—the liberal education of her sex. To her Buchanan dedicated the first complete edition of his "*Psalms*" in an epigram which surpasses in courtly compliment and elegant phrase any similar tribute ever paid to a patron of letters.

As a reward for such a compliment, one that carried her name far and wide over all Europe, Mary presented the poet with a pension of £500 Scots, to be drawn from the Temporalities of Crossraguel, a Benedictine monastery in Ayrshire, whose Abbot, the celebrated Quintin Kennedy, brother to Buchanan's former pupil, Gilbert Kennedy, earl of Cassilis, had recently died. Others shared with him the revenues of this rich abbey. We find in 1571 a fellow beneficiary, Allen Stewart, undergoing a toasting in the vaults of Dunure, at the hands of the son of Gilbert Kennedy, until he agreed to sign away the lands and revenues of the abbey to his tormentor; for which outrage he was promptly brought to book by the regent Morton, interdicted from meddling with the living of Crossraguel, and bound over, under pain of £2,000 in each case, not to molest the persons or pensions of either Mr. Allen Stewart or Mr. George Buchanan.

It is not surprising that Buchanan should have addressed Mary in such complimentary terms. With all the reformers, except the penetrating Knox, she was at first highly popular. Few suspected the iron will that lay behind that lovely smiling face, and the indomitable courage which her graceful form was able to sustain with the endurance of a soldier, whilst all the "godlie rejoiced and thought that at least she would hear sermons." Knox, on being asked his opinion, said, "If there be not in her a proud mind, a crafty wit, and an indured heart against God and his truth, my judgment faileth me." (Calderwood.) He alone escaped the glamour which Mary seemed at will to throw upon all around.

St. John, N.B.

T. F. FOTHERINGHAM.

AN EXEGETICAL STUDY OF A DIFFICULT PASSAGE.
JAMES ii. 10.

“For whosoever shall keep the whole law, and yet offend in one point, he is guilty of all.”

I.

AT first sight this passage strikes us as glaringly incorrect and grossly unjust. Its true meaning is not at once seen and understood. It is of great consequence that we should see and understand it.

1. It does not mean that any man—any mere man—has ever kept, or that any mere man can ever keep all the commandments of God—all except some one particular commandment. The young Ruler thought that he “had kept all the commandments of God from his youth up.” But in this the Lord showed him that he had deceived himself. “No mere man, since the fall, is able in this life perfectly to keep the commandments of God, but doth daily break them in thought, word, and deed.” Words would be wasted on the man who does not know, and is not prepared to admit that this is true of himself.

2. It does not mean that any man who has broken some one particular commandment of God has in *fact* broken all His commandments. To say so would be an insult to the most ordinary intelligence, and an outrage to our sense of justice. There is not a judge on earth whose name would not become a term of reproach, and his memory held in universal execration were he to act on the principle that a breach of one law is equal to a breach of every other law in the statute book of the land. Such a thing has never been heard of since the world began. Many a crime has been done under the sanction of law. But it has never been known that the violater of one enactment has been required to stand in the eye of the law as a violater of every one of its enactments. Whatever may be the true meaning of the passage we may rest assured this is not. “The Judge of all the earth shall do right.”

3. It does not mean that the *guilt* of the man who breaks

one precept of the law is as great as the guilt of the man who breaks all the precepts of the law. This may be taken for granted without any attempt at proof. Human law, conscience, Scripture, all recognize the existence of degrees of guilt. This is so plain, so self-evident, so reasonable, so undeniably just, as to render further remark unnecessary. "If one man sin against another the judge shall judge him, but if one sin against the Lord who shall entreat for him?" "Some sins in themselves, and by reason several aggravations, are more heinous in the sight of God than others."

4. It does not mean that the *same* punishment, or punishment as severe, will be inflicted upon the man who breaks some of the commandments, as that inflicted upon the man who has transgressed all the commandments of God. Under every righteous administration the penalty is proportioned to the offence. The measure of criminality regulates the degree of punishment. Under human law, owing to human imperfection, the innocent may suffer, or even the guilty be too severely dealt with. But under Divine Law this can never by any possibility take place. (Heb. x. 28 29.) "He that despised Moses's law, etc."

5. It does not mean that the *condition* of the man who is supposed to have violated some is as hopeless and desperate as that of the man who has violated all the commandments of God. This would just be to say that the position and outlook of a man grossly immoral and hardened in sin are, at least, as good if not better, than the position and outlook of the man comparatively faultless and exemplary in all the relations of life. If this were true then the one man would have no encouragement to lead a virtuous life, and the other man nothing to restrain him from leading a vicious life. The virtuous life of the one would be of no advantage to him; to the other his vicious life would be no disadvantage, no matter how blameworthy the one, and no matter how blameless the other. The blameworthiness of the one would be no hindrance, and the blamelessness of the other would be no help in rendering the one less, or the other more accessible to truth. But all this is so contrary to reason and Scripture that it would be a waste of time and toil to attempt to expose its absurdity.

II.

The question now is, What does the passage mean and teach? That it has an important meaning and is intended to serve an important purpose is beyond all doubt.

1. By way of introduction to this part of the subject under consideration I remark that "the law of God" is a unit. In other words it is a great harmonious whole. All its parts fit into each other and are essential to its perfection. As an expression of God's mind, and a reflection, in human language, of His character, it admits neither of addition nor subtraction. Such addition or subtraction would imply imperfection. But this "law of the Lord is perfect." Hence the violation of any part of it is held as the violation of the whole law, as such. Though a man might plead that, in certain particulars, he had not broken the law, his position in relation to it would not be altered. He could not make the particulars in which he had not broken the law an offset to the particulars in which he had broken it. It would not be considered a good argument in law, that a man who had been guilty of perjury or murder, should be exempted from the punishment due to those crimes, because in other particulars he had been a respecter of the law. This would be to make the law at one and the same moment arraign and acquit, condemn and justify the transgressor. This would be to destroy the unity and harmony of the divine law, by setting our part of it against the other, defeating rather than subserving the ends of justice. "Cursed is every one that continueth not in *all* things written in the book of the law to do them."

2. The law of God has to do with a man's inclination and purpose, as well as with his outward life.

If a man from inclination and on purpose, should deliberately and willfully violate any one, even the least of God's laws, then this one act would as clearly determine his real character as though he were to violate them all. It would not alter the case for the better one whit were the man able and willing to observe *all* the precepts of the law except the one he disregards. A single solitary act may serve to tell as infallibly the state of a man's mind in relation to God as would a succession of acts. The one act of transgression is the "bright leprous spot," which

tells of the presence and prevalence in the soul of what disqualifies him for the service, and excludes him from the presence of God. That is a remarkable statement of the Psalmist, "If I regard iniquity in my heart the Lord will not hear me." "He that is faithful in that which is least is faithful also in much, and he that is unjust in the least is unjust also in much." The man who would, without scruple, break one of God's laws, would, were it to serve his ends by promoting his interests and ministering to his pleasure, break them all. While knowingly "offending in one point," he carefully abstains from "offending" in other points, because it would not be prudent, or safe, or consistent, with what he terms self-respect and a due regard for his standing in society. Balaam loved and longed for "the wages of unrighteousness" though he did not venture on the terms proposed to accept the bribe. His abstinence was nothing to his credit. The wish to obtain the bribe, though for certain known reasons he declined it, was discreditable and damaging to his character. It would not, I think, be difficult to show that the violation of any one of the commandments of God has in it the germ or essence of the violation of every one of them.

3. The law of God has respect to motives that guide and govern men's actions in relation to Himself. "Motive," or "the why" we do, or do not do this, that, or the other action is the moral quality of action; that which gives to it coloring and character, dark and bad or bright and good. The effect of motive shows itself, if good, in lifting a man up to a higher elevation of excellence; if bad, in sinking him down to a deeper abyss of baseness. Motive determines a man's character in the sight of God, and, to the extent that it is known, in the judgment of his fellow-men.

Scripture illustrations are numerous and pointed. "Come with me," said Jchu to Jehonadab, "and see my zeal for the Lord." What he did to root out idolatry, punishing the house of Ahab, and the priests of Baal, was with the express sanction of God. It is evident, however, from the way he conducted himself as well as from express Scripture testimony, that Jchu was actuated less by zeal for the honor of God, than by feelings of ambition and revenge. His conduct afterwards clearly showed the hollowness of his boasted zeal. So far from viewing it with

approbation, as dutiful and praiseworthy, God threatened to avenge the blood of Ahab on his seed.

We find the Jews of Isaiah's day, though chargeable with grave offences, paying great attention to prayer and fasting. And so also the Jews of a later period. In New Testament times, too, there seems to have been no falling off in this respect. The utmost care was bestowed upon these and many similar requirements of their religion. But why did they so act? "When ye fasted did ye at all fast unto Me, even unto Me? Our Lord assures us that "the Scribes and Pharisees did all their works to be seen of men;" and that, though like "whited sepulchres," in outward appearance beautiful, yet "within full of dead men's bones and all uncleanness." There is a ring of severity and repudiation in the question put to their forefathers, "To what purpose is the multitude of your sacrifices unto Me, saith the Lord?" If I may so express it, they made things that were right, wrong, by the vileness of their motives and the baseness of their lives. Everything they touched they tainted. Offending in one particular, they offended in every particular. There was "no soundness" in them. They were corrupt up to the crown of their head, in to the core of their hearts, and down to the soles of their feet.

4 "The law of God" embraces within its wide range and requirements, a man's state as well as his character.

Sin does not consist altogether in actions. So, neither does holiness. Beneath and back of all actions, good or evil, lies a nature corrupt or holy. Actions are only the visible outcome of the nature. The tree whose form and foliage and fruit please the eye and taste, or the reverse, has its roots stuck deep down in the soil. The life above, that is seen, comes from a life below, that is unseen. A sinful or holy life implies a sinful or holy nature. No truer, because no more Scriptural definition could be found or given than the answer to the question "What is Sin?" "Sin is any want of conformity unto, or transgression of the law of God." The "transgression" is the effect and evidence of a "want of conformity unto the law of God." The sin actual springs from the sin original. "A good tree cannot bring forth evil fruit, neither can a corrupt tree bring forth good fruit." The nature of the tree determines the quality of the fruit. The

quality of the fruit exhibits the nature of the tree. "By their fruits ye shall know them." Thus, owing to a depraved nature, which finds an outlet in an evil life, "the law brings in the whole world guilty before God." "By the law is the knowledge of sin," Paul testifies, and he, in so doing, testifies to what he had himself experienced. For he says of himself, "I was alive without the law once, but when the law came sin revived and I died." This is a remarkable statement deserving careful study. He does not mean that there ever was a time in his history that he was ignorant of God's law or regardless of its demands and obligations. On the contrary we are assured that "as touching the law," ceremonial and moral, as he understood them, he was "blameless." But there came a time when he saw matters affecting his relation to God Himself, and the true nature of His law, in a new and startling light. So marvellous was that light that he felt that he had till then been in utter darkness; that he "had been alive without the law"; that he had known absolutely nothing of its piercing, pervading, all-comprehensive character. When it came thus to him "sin revived and he died." He saw that he had been a violater of it in every particular, and that as such, it condemned him to death. It roused the corruption of his nature, and, for the first time in his life, he became aware that his "carnal mind was enmity against God: for it was not subject to the law of God neither indeed could be:" not subject in any one particular instance, and was therefore guilty of offence in all. For rejection of God's authority, and resistance to it in any one instance is rejection of and resistance to it in every instance. And if this be so—and who can deny it?—justification by the law is an absolute impossibility; salvation by works a profound delusion.

The great lesson taught is this: We need a new nature and a divine, law-fulfilling and law-magnifying Saviour.

Toronto.

J. B. DUNCAN.

THE SUNDAY NEWSPAPER.

EVERY age has its own peculiar phenomena—signs of the times we may call them, showing which way the times are tending, and whether humanity is drifting from or voyaging toward God. It is the duty of all Christian teachers to study the characteristics of each succeeding age, watch its movements, and bring the truth of God's Word to bear upon the hearts of the people, not as if they lived in Noah's age, Moses', Paul's or Luther's, but in the present. The purport of preaching is to place human life in the current of all good, now flowing; and to guard it against the wild breakers that are on every hand. To teach the doctrines of Christianity merely for their own sake, as articles of theological belief, without reference to human character and the good and evil tendencies of the times, is a misuse of the Bible. On the other hand, any attempt to build up character and interpret the great moral forces that are now operating on the lives of men and nations, without the application of the vital truths of the Gospel, is, to say the least, the leaving of Christ out of a sphere where he legitimately belongs. God must be the first consideration of every man and nation, that would attain to true life and civilization. In His balance, also, every moral force must be honestly weighed, if we would know what to do with it—whether to foster it as good, or reject it as evil.

The Sunday Newspaper is a great moral force all through these United States—a phenomenon of the times, the influence of which, whatever it is, cannot be lightly estimated. Like all other great commercial interests and ethical forces, it struggled hard, during long years, for success and popular recognition, as the following facts will show: Prior to 1825, no Sunday Newspaper had been published in this country. About that year the *Courier* was started in New York City. For lack of patronage it was soon discontinued. Then came the *Telegraph*, *The Sunday Morning News*, a second *Sunday Courier*, *The Sunday Morning Atlas*, *The Sunday Visitor*, *The Sunday Mercury*, *The Packet*, *The Star*, *The Sunday Globe*, *The Sunday Knickerbocker*, the

third *Sunday Courier*, *The Sunday Age*, *The Sunday Times*, *The Sunday Dispatch*, the fourth *Sunday Courier*, and several more. These all appeared in New York City from 1825 till 1848, and of each, it may be said, "it did not long survive its birth." In Boston also during the same period, numerous efforts were made to establish the Sunday Press, but public sentiment stifled them all. Sporadic attempts, with like success, were made in other American cities.

Not until the Rebellion did the paper in question obtain anything like public favor; even then there was, from certain quarters, an almost crushing opposition. But so anxious were the people for war news, that some of the great dailies began to issue on Sunday; the edition, however, was quite limited in size and confined, in its news, to the great national conflict.

The Sunday Newspaper, as we now have it, of extraordinary size, containing news of all sorts, literary articles of every kind, good and bad, and numerous pages of advertising, with the most indomitable measures used to place it on the market, had its origin about the year 1873. Since then it has been, in the United States, a phenomenon.

At the present time not less than 550 such papers are issued each Lord's Day. In nearly every case this is the largest edition of the week, while an increased commercial valuation is placed upon it. In every way the Sunday Newspaper is now the chief feature of the American Press.

Now if this Sunday paper be a power for good, it is a great good; if for evil, then a great evil; if both for good and evil, Christian people ought to strike the balance and deal with it accordingly.

The secular Press makes high claims for this, its child of recent years, declaring that the Sunday Newspaper is, in every way, a moral and an intellectual necessity; and sustaining the assumption by arguments such as these, that it advertises church services and the men who are to officiate; that it supplies succinct accounts of charities that are calling for a more generous support; that it pleads the cause of the weak against the strong, rousing the conscience of the community when evils prevail; that it furnishes a special need to those who do not worship in any church, by carrying religious instruction to homes where neither

priest nor clergyman is invited to go ; and that it is in every sense a staunch defender of the Church, of public and private integrity, of laws, order, justice and patriotism !

This high claim of the Press for the thing we are considering may seem plausible ; nevertheless the arguments are altogether inadequate, when we look at what these Sunday Newspapers actually give the public to read on God's holy day, and the motive inducing their owners to place them on the market. So far as their proprietors' are concerned, the whole matter is a commercial one—the securing of gain out of a commodity sold on a day which all ages have regarded as sacred, and set apart from commercial transactions and secular interests ! So much for the motive sustaining this great phenomenon of our times.

As to the substance of the Sunday Newspapers, those of the best class are devoted to advertising ; to political news, home and foreign ; to news of all sorts from the doings of prominent people, to the last base-ball match, horse-race, cock-fight or divorce case ; to literary articles, and to serial stories, generally of a sensational character. In the midst of this great mass of secular reading, not fit for the Lord's day, covering from a dozen to thirty pages, a few items or brief paragraphs on religious subjects may be found, not occupying, at most, the one-fourth of a single page. Such is a fair description of our best American Sunday Newspaper. Those of a lower moral tone give space to church scandals ; to the opinions of infidels ; to things ridiculing religion and tending to weaken the influence of the Church upon men's hearts and bring Christianity into contempt. Such is their contribution to the religious literature of our times. Their other pages are filled with the commonest newspaper matter, much of which is sensational and disgusting.

With these facts before us, how else can the Sunday newspaper be viewed than as a great evil ? In 1844, the *New York Herald*, speaking of the Sunday Newspaper Press, said : " During the last few years a new class of newspapers—partly literary, partly gossiping, partly silly, partly smart, partly stupid, partly namby-pamby—have grown up from the lowest and most sickly state to a point of some consideration in certain portions of society." After forty-five years, all that may be added to the above description of the Sunday Newspaper is that " it is worse

and more of it." In its best aspects, it is a great *secular* weekly ; in its worst aspects, it is a vile, godless publication—demoralizing in all its moral and religious tendencies. Notwithstanding all that is put forth in its favor, "there is," as the Rev. Joseph Cook says, "no reason for its existence, except the money it brings to its owner—the whole enterprise being one of greed and not of morals." "The Sunday Newspaper," says the Rev. Dr. Herrick Johnson, Professor of Sacred Rhetoric and Pastoral Theology, in McCormick Theological Seminary, Chicago, "is assaulting the Sabbath by honeycombing society with false notions about the day, and by deadening the spiritual sensibilities of many of the people of God." This article might be lengthened out beyond all due bounds by quotations like the above, from men of highest moral and intellectual standing, all testifying against the Sunday Newspaper as a positive evil.

A few of the evils may here be stated. It causes a large amount of work to be done on the Lord's Day, which, being neither that of necessity nor mercy, is a violation of the fourth Commandment. It absorbs the attention of people with secular subjects, thus shutting out the Bible and religious periodicals from the attention they ought to have on the Sabbath. It introduces into the family, topics of conversation not in harmony with the spirit of God's holy day, nor in any way edifying to the religious life of the household. It keeps many from going to Church, and incapacitates many others, who do go, from fully enjoying the service, and the sermon of the sanctuary. The Rev. Henry Ward Beecher once said he would as soon have a load of hay dumped into his parlor, as to have the contents of a secular paper dumped into his mind before going to church.

But we are told that "the Sunday Newspaper, as a great factor of the age, *has come to stay*, hence to ignore it is as foolish as to oppose it is fruitless." This bold statement does not lessen the iniquity of the thing in question, or furnish a reason why Christian people, of all classes, who love the Sabbath, and who are pledged to sustain with all their might the truth and righteousness of God's Kingdom here upon earth, should not oppose the Sunday Newspaper with all the individual and combined influence they possess! "The Sunday Newspaper has come to stay!" Indeed! How confident the men of this world

are in their schemes to make money, and their projects to mould society according to their own carnal notions!. The New York tenement-house—that vilest dwelling place on the face of the earth—has come to stay! The American turf—that iniquitous thing that is annually ruining thousands of our young men—has come to stay! The saloon—the breeding hole of a hundred vices—has come to stay! Whatsoever things are profitable; whatsoever things are popular—however ruinous to a nation's welfare, however demoralizing to family life, however weakening to moral sentiment in the young, however vile and godless—the cry about them is: "They have come to stay!" Here is an assumption characteristic of the pride of the human heart. It is as false as it is foolish and insolent. Nothing is here to stay, save what is founded upon the Rock of Truth, and tendeth toward the establishment of the eternal righteousness of God!

Let no one, therefore, settle down with the conviction that the Sunday Newspaper, which is secular, and not religious; which, morally, is destructive and not constructive; which is a weight to the Church and the home and the nation, and not a wing—is here to stay! That it will stay for a time, we very well know. That, so long as it stays, it will be a hamper to vital godliness, the increase of the Church, and the advancement of true civilization, we also know. But that the Sunday Newspaper cannot hold its ground in the face of an aggressive Church and a devoted Christian sentiment, we are sure. It is, therefore, the duty of the pulpit to take a strong stand against the Sunday press, denouncing it as an evil and that continually. It is the duty of all Christians to refrain, not only from the reading of the paper in question on the Lord's Day, but from supporting it under any circumstance. It is the duty of all parents and Sabbath school teachers to guard the young from being affected by its secularizing influence. It is the duty of all patriots, statesmen and lawmakers to guard the Christian Sabbath—that great bulwark of nations—from desecration by the work necessary to the publishing and distributing of the Sunday Newspaper.

Brooklyn, New York.

ALFRED H. MOMENT.

Missionary.

NEW GUINEA AND ITS MISSIONS.

NOT many years ago the majority of civilized peoples knew little and cared little about New Guinea. But in recent years it has come to play a very important part in European politics, and general interest in regard to its people, physical features and productive capacities has been aroused. We need not enter here into the circumstances leading up to the formal declaration by England, on November 6, 1884, of a protectorate over part of the island. Suffice it to say that at present Holland and Germany exercise control over the west and north, while the south-east is under the protection of England.

New Guinea, if Australia be regarded as a continent, is the largest island in the world, being about one and a half times as large as the Province of Ontario. In length it is about 1490 miles and it has a maximum breadth of 430 miles. It is situated directly north of Queensland in Australia, from which it is separated by a strait, sixty to eighty miles wide.

Recently parties of exploration have been sent to the island by various Governments, but these have not penetrated very far from the coast, and as yet a large portion of the interior is an unknown land. Navigation is difficult, and low marshy tracts, the homes of fever and ague, abound along the coast. Farther inland there are several extensive mountain ranges.

Most of the inhabitants of the island are very dark, but those of the south-east are of a lighter hue, resembling the people of the New Hebrides and other eastern groups. They are divided up into a great number of isolated tribes, differing much in appearance and language. These tribes in their native state have no confidence whatsoever in each other, but wage continual war. The level of civilization is even below the average Pacific standard. Cannibalism in its worst form prevails.

Many of the animals found on the island resemble those of

Australia. It is the home of the Birds of Paradise, so famous for their beauty. In some parts the land is very productive ; in others it is rocky and barren. The houses are generally built on stakes, which raise them from eight to ten feet above the ground. In some cases they are built high up in trees as a protection against enemies and evil spirits.

As to Religion—the people of the west have a vague notion of a universal spirit, which is practically represented by certain malevolent powers. As a protection against these they construct peculiar rude images. Omens are observed before starting on any expedition, and the people are the willing dupes of magicians, rain-makers and such like, who are not slow in making the best of their credulity. Temples (so called) are found in the north and west, while in the south they are almost entirely absent, the religious ideas of the people of this latter part being very rudimentary. Indeed the only noteworthy feature of their religious belief is a great dread of the spirits of the departed. So much for the island and its people. Let us now turn to the distinctively missionary part of our subject. And here we will confine ourselves to the work carried on in the south-east by the London Missionary Society. Dutch missionaries, indeed, have for many years been stationed in the west, but no very definite results have been obtained by them, if we except a slight softening of the rude manners of the natives and an increase in their material prosperity.

We have not to go very far back to find the beginning of the mission. In May, 1871, the Rev. A. W. Murray, of the London Missionary Society, who began his career as a missionary in the Samoan Islands in 1836, set out for New Guinea. He was accompanied by the Rev. S. McFarlane and eight native teachers from the Loyalty Islands. These teachers were placed on various small islands lying to the south of New Guinea, the people, almost without exception, receiving them in a friendly manner. Thus was laid the foundation of the mission. While spending the night on one of the last islands they visited, the gratitude of the two missionaries to God for their success was great. Staying in an old shaky garret during very wet weather, with none but naked savages around them, their outward circumstances were by no means pleasant ; yet the hymn they sang there gave real

expression to their feelings of deep satisfaction. It was that well-known one—

“Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
Doth his successive journeys run.”

After merely touching on the mainland of New Guinea, they returned to the Loyalty group, feeling assured that in due time the island would be opened up as a field of missionary enterprise.

In the spring of the next year Mr. Murray was requested by the directors of this Society to undertake the superintendence of the New Guinea mission, from Cape York, the most northern point of Australia. Accordingly he, accompanied by the Rev. Mr. Gill and wife, sailed for Cape York in September. He took along with him fourteen native teachers from the Loyalty and Hervey groups. These were sent from Cape York to one of the islands, while Messrs. Murray and Gill went on a prospecting cruise in the straits. On the 8th of November, 1872, four teachers were stationed on the mainland of New Guinea. Others were subsequently placed at various points. On one of the islands, where a teacher had been left in the preceding year, it was found that the people were generally observing the Sabbath and attending the services; while infanticide and other of their revolting customs had ceased to be practiced.

During the next two years Mr. Murray superintended the mission from Cape York. For various reasons it was a time of great anxiety to him. He was unable, for want of a vessel, to visit the various stations. It was a very unhealthy season and quite a number of the teachers were taken sick, two of them dying. Worse than this, however, two teachers with their wives and families were murdered on one of the islands by the natives.

In 1874 Mr. Murray succeeded in visiting all the stations of the mission. The most important of these were on Murray and Darnley Islands. At Murray Islands the teacher and people were engaged in building a place of worship which was expected to hold the whole population. This may be said to be the first church opened in connection with the New Guinea mission. In July of this same year Mr. Murray was joined at Cape York by the Rev. Mr. McFarlane, who had assisted him in founding the mission in 1871. About a month later the steamer “Ellangowan,” which had been placed at the service of the mission by Miss

Baxter, of Dundee, reached the Cape. In October the Rev. Mr. Lawes and wife arrived at the same point.

Shortly after this Mr. Lawes, accompanied by Mr. Murray, set out for Port Moresby, which was to be his headquarters. It is a place of about 850 inhabitants, on the southern coast of New Guinea. From Port Moresby Mr. Murray sailed for Sydney, and with his arrival there terminated his direct connection with the mission.

During the next three years faithful work was done by Mr. Lawes, and its results were making themselves evident in many ways. In 1877 he was joined by the Rev. James Chalmers, who has combined the qualities of missionary and explorer in a wonderful degree. At the present time he is the white man best known to the natives along the whole south-eastern coast. For a year or so he engaged in mission work on and around the most eastern part of the island. Subsequently he fixed his headquarters at Port Moresby. In 1879 he made a long journey inland from this place, and visited many native villages. His account of what he saw and heard is interesting but cannot be given here.

During the absence of Mr. Chalmers and the teacher on this journey the chief of the tribe conducted the services at Port Moresby on two Sundays. He urged his hearers to receive the Gospel which had been so faithfully taught, and prayed that those inland might be watched over and brought back to them in safety. During the years 1880 and 1881 Mr. Chalmers was engaged in traveling from place to place along the coast, especially in the vicinity of the Gulf of Papua. He was almost invariably received in a friendly manner by the natives, and in many villages the people strongly urged him to remain with them. No doubt this was largely due to the loaves and fishes they expected to obtain from his residence among them, but still it was no small satisfaction to find many openings for locating teachers. Mr. Chalmers always went unarmed among the people, believing that he was thus much safer than if he had all the weapons he could conveniently carry. Much harm has been done by some traders and explorers carrying arms and firing on the people at the slightest provocation. This makes them very suspicious of any white men who come to them.

On the 6th of January, 1881, a new church was opened at

Port Moresby, and the first three New Guinea converts were baptized. The church is a large, plain structure erected on piles which raise it eight or ten feet above the ground. The sides and roof are thatched with sago leaves, and the flooring is of wood. In March of the same year the first two women of New Guinea, converted to Christianity, were baptized at Port Moresby. But the picture of mission work in the island has another side than that of church opening and the reception of converts. In this same month of March four teachers with their wives and families were murdered by the natives of a small village called Kalo. Yet not long after this, when it was planned to re-occupy the field, there was a rivalry among the teachers from various Christianized Pacific islands, as to which of them should have the honor of entering the field. The privilege, as it was considered by these heroic men, was granted to the teachers from Rarotonga, as the martyred men had come from that noble little island.

In the fall of 1881, Mr. Chalmers visited a village where the first New Guinea convert was living. He found that morning and evening services had been conducted by him every day, and on Sabbath an extra one. On asking this man when the Sabbath came, Mr. Chalmers was astonished to find that he counted correctly. He asked him how he knew, and the native replied that since leaving Port Moresby he had kept a string and every morning tied a knot, and the seventh knot was "sacred."

Mr. Chalmers gives a very interesting account of what we would call the first Sunday school picnic ever held in New Guinea. It was attended by the children and adults in connection with the mission at Port Moresby. The people of this place belong to the large Motu tribe, and a few years before were a horde of pirates, delighting in war, the terror of all their neighbors. They carried murder and plunder for many miles along the coast. To show the change that had come over them in this respect, Mr. Chalmers relates that a week before the picnic mentioned, a large district attacked and killed many of the inhabitants of a certain village. The people of two other villages hearing of this, arranged to attack and kill the remainder. News of their intention having reached Port Moresby, the chief of the tribe, of his own accord, sent word to the two villages that if they did any such thing as attack a weakened people he and all the

Motu would attack them. This, of course, put an end to their plans. Thus, under the influence of the Gospel, those who had formerly brought murder, robbery and sorrow to other villages, had become the heralds of peace.

We may get some idea of the progress of the work from a comparison of East Cape in 1878 and 1882. It was at this point that Mr. Chalmers commenced work in 1878, shortly after reaching the island. At that time fighting was the chief occupation of the natives, and their victories were celebrated by cannibal feasts. With them murder was reduced to an art, which they studied from their earliest years. They had notions of ever revengeful spirits that must be appeased, but of a God of *Love* they had not the slightest conception. In 1882 a wonderful change had come over them. Tribes that formerly met only in bloody encounters, now met to worship God under one roof, while those who had sought the missionaries' lives, had become their friends and helpers. On the Sunday that Mr. Chalmers spent at East Cape, in 1882, he baptized twenty-one who had given up heathenism and professed their faith in Christ.

In 1884, Mr. Gill, who had accompanied Mr. Murray in 1872 arrived at Port Moresby from Karotonga, with thirteen native teachers and their families. He spent seven weeks on the island and gives a very interesting account of the missions at this time.

At Port Moresby, very pleasantly situated on a rising ground, were the mission premises, consisting of a college, students' cottages, a fine dwelling house, a hospital, and the church. The college is conducted by the Rev. Mr. Lawes, who has done valiant work for the mission in translating portions of Scripture and training teachers. The students at that time numbered fourteen and were making good progress in their studies.

When the church bell was first used at this place, the natives thanked Mr. Lawes for having driven away numerous bands of ghosts. In like manner they were delighted at the barking of a fine dog belonging to one of the missionaries, as they felt certain that it would compel all the evil spirits to rush back into the interior. Mr. Gill spent three Sundays in Port Moresby, and gives an account of the services held on these days.

They consisted of an address, brief prayers, and familiar tunes,

heartily sung to Motu versions of favorite hymns. They have now a collection of 160 hymns in their own dialect. At that time the Gospel of Matthew was in use among them, and a translation of the Gospel of Mark was under revision.

We are not to suppose, however, that even Port Moresby, the headquarters of the mission, was an entirely Christian community. Out of a population of 850 only fifty-three were church members, while heathen superstitions, customs and vices still existed, although in a somewhat modified form. Mr. Gill, in company with the missionaries, traveled along 147 miles of coast line, visiting mission stations.

At South Cape, where work had been begun in 1877, a fine new church was opened. One of the native teachers here has translated the Gospel of Mark into the South Cape dialect, and in the report of the London Missionary Society, for 1886, we find that 500 copies of this translation had been printed at Sydney for the mission. At the time of Mr. Gill's visit six young men had been sent from this district to the Port Moresby Institution to be educated for the Christian Ministry.

In 1885 Mr. Lawes was given a reception at Sydney. At that meeting there were present,—the Governor of New South Wales, the Commander of the British fleet in the South Seas, the Governor of Victoria and others. These men all gave the warmest testimony to the value of the work done by Mr. Lawes and his fellow-workers in the vicinity of Port Moresby. Commodore Erskine, of the British fleet said that "he was glad to have an opportunity of informing the people of this country, as he had already informed her Majesty's Government, that he should have been totally unable to carry out the orders he had received, had it not been for the influence exerted in New Guinea by Mr. Lawes. At the time he visited the island he found that that influence was very great, and he thought that any crowned head might be proud to exercise such influence over any people." Another gentleman told of an old chief with whom he had been conversing as to whether the missionaries had done them good. Pointing to some natives from other islands who had come ashore, this chief said—"Why, a few years ago, these people, if they had been landed here, would have been killed and eaten; now they can land in safety, and we will take care of them, and send them on their way to their homes."

Any paper on New Guinea would be incomplete without a reference to the noble service rendered the cause there by natives of Christianized South Sea islands. A special tribute deserves to be paid to the people of the island of Rarotonga. We take the following extract from the December (1888) number of the *Missionary Review of the World*. "This island of Rarotonga, which has in such a wonderful way provided missionaries for New Guinea, is still keeping up its record of devotion to the missionary work. An appeal to the churches on that island for reinforcements is never made in vain. Though their brethren are made martyrs, more than enough helpers immediately volunteer to fill their places. The last report comes that six native teachers of New Guinea had just been ordained at Rorotonga. They were fully equipped, and were to leave for New Guinea in September, by the *John Williams*." The *Missionary Herald* for December gives us the following information: "The Rev. James Chalmers, writing from Port Moresby, May 26th, 1888, says that at Savaia, where only a short time ago there were cannibal feasts, the people are friendly, and there are some who seem to have accepted Christian truth. He gives an extract from a sermon preached by a New Guinean a few days before. Said this preacher—"The time has come for us to be up and doing. Foreigners have brought us the Gospel; many have died of fever, several have been speared and tomahawked; now let us carry the Gospel to other districts, and if we die, it is well, for we die in Christ; if we are murdered it is well; 'tis well carrying His name and love, and 'twill be for Him. Motu, let us do it!" With such facts before our eyes shall we say that foreign missions are a failure?

University College, Toronto.

GEORGE LOGIE.

SEVEN NEW MISSIONARIES.

THE ecclesiastical year just closing has been an eventful one in the history of our foreign mission work. There have been reversals and discouragements, but, on the whole, the year has been one of progress. Good work has been done in all the fields, and at home the interest in foreign mission work has not abated. The women of the Church never did more earnest or more successful work. The Church at large is beginning to feel the influence of the missionary spirit which a year or two ago revealed itself locally in great bursts of enthusiasm. Never before did so many Canadians go out as missionaries to heathen countries. When we recall the names of those sent out since last General Assembly, we "thank God and take courage." A year ago Mr. McKelvie sailed for India. In July, Dr. and Mrs. Smith and Miss Sutherland left Canada to join Mr. and Mrs. Goforth in China. Soon after this Dr. McClure followed Dr. Smith, and in October Donald MacGillivray, waving "Goodbye" from the rear platform of the C.P.R. midnight express, said in his own hopeful way "For China." Within a week Dr. Buchanan and Miss Dr. Mackay sailed to reinforce the then somewhat reduced staff in Central India, and in November they were followed by Miss Scott and Miss Sinclair. Besides these, the Presbyterian Church gave the men—Gale and Harkness—and a large part of the money to open the new mission in Corea.

But when we add to these twelve those seven appointed by the Foreign Mission Committee at its meeting a few days ago making the total number of missionaries to China and India for the year *nineteen*, we say, "What hath God wrought!"

It is not our purpose in referring to these new missionaries to relate all the details of their private history from the day of their birth up to the time of their appointment, as is customary on such occasions. Nor will we load these paragraphs with fulsome adulation. The character of the average missionary is—thank God—much nearer the human than the angelic, although one might imagine from orthodox biographical sketches, that Gabriel

himself would suffer were he put in comparison. These seven missionaries will not thank their over-zealous friends for flattering encomiums, nor will they, if they are large enough to be missionaries of the Nazarene, spend much breath in newspaper trumpeting. The Christian publicis, and will continue to be, interested in the *personnel* of the foreign mission staff, and items of news about themselves or their work will always be read with eagerness. But so often have the legitimate limits been transgressed and the private affairs of missionaries made to do duty on public platforms and in public prints, that missionaries themselves protest, and many of them dread the ordeal of public farewells more than the trials of a heathen land. Self-respecting people do not relish the prospect of running the gauntlet of common newspaper gossip, which is none the less nauseous because it is pious.

Of the seven new missionaries, the three gentlemen, Messrs. Murdock MacKenzie, John MacDougall, and J. H. MacVicar, are graduates of the Presbyterian College in Montreal; two of the ladies, Miss Maggie McIntosh, and Miss Jennie Graham, both of Toronto, are graduates of the Hospital Training School for Nurses, Toronto. These five are all appointed to Honan, China. The two remaining ladies, Miss Jamieson, of Quebec, and Miss Amy Harris, of Toronto, are teachers, and are appointed to work in Central India. It is worth while noting that the three gentlemen are all to be supported by friends in Montreal—Mr. MacKenzie, by David Yuille, Esq., a member of Erskine church, Mr. MacVicar, by Crescent street church, and Mr. MacDougall, by Erskine church.

Those students and graduates of Knox and Queen's Colleges who took part in the founding of what was at first known as the "College Mission," will be gratified at these indications of the confidence which the Foreign Mission Committee has in their mission. It is a little more than a year since Goforth, the first Canadian college missionary, the first ordained in America, left Canada, to break ground in Honan, then an entirely new field; Smith followed, in the name of Queen's, and now Montreal will be well represented, although not in the same sense as Queen's and Knox. This community of interests in foreign mission work will do more in one year to unify these three great

colleges at home, and to lift blinded partizanship out of its littleness than any "Confederation Committee" could do in a decade. When these three colleges stand side by side and face the common enemy, a world's heathenism, selfish bigotry will be shot down as traitorous, and the hoarse huzzas of the man who mistakes loyalty to his college for loyalty to Christ, will be drowned by "the deeper voice across the storm."

But not only is the number of this year's missionaries unusually large, but the quality is unusually good. There is less of mere pious sentimentalism and more of "head, heart, hand." Indeed, things have come to such a pass that it is much more difficult to get a man of superior attainments, a medallist in Arts, and scholarship man in Theology, a man marked as one of the coming men—it is much more difficult to get such a man to go to a benighted North Shore mission field, or to some outlying station in the North-West, than it is to find one to go to the uttermost ends of the earth. A man is more out of the world in some broken-down village near Toronto than he would be in the last-opened heathen country. The further from home a missionary goes the nearer he gets to the Church's heart. Of the class graduated at Knox College in '87 Goforth went to Honan, McQueen to Edmonton. Of the class of '88 MacGillivray went to China, H. R. Fraser to British Columbia, A. J. McLeod to Banff. These are all superior men. Had they remained in Ontario not one of them would have gone a-begging at the door of the best vacancies. But what are now their respective positions in the thought of the Church? The eye of the Church is kept steadily on those in the foreign field. The telescopes of the religious newspapers are levelled against them and their work. Every move is watched, every loss reported and made good, every victory rejoiced over. This is all as it should be. But how about the classmates of these heroes? Who prayed for McQueen when he went to Edmonton to carry on the work of that other heroic pioneer, Baird? Who thought of Fraser fighting Death and the devil on a British Columbia mission field? And who thinks of a baffled and broken home missionary laid up in a hospital for repairs? Would anybody listen to us were we to tell about McLeod refusing the comforts of life in Lindsay that he might stay with the men among the mountains, and how he—But enough of this.

We can assure foreign missionaries that they can never bury themselves in China or India. Let one of them go down into the deepest chasm of heathenism, a thousand fathoms deep; let whole continents be heaped upon him—the vice of Asia, the superstition of Africa, the horrid cruelty of all the islands of the sea; let the busy world say, “He is buried.” But is he buried? No. A myriad host of brave and loving hands from home will come with pick and spade and shovel, the great sealed stone of ignorance will be rolled away from the mouth of the grave, and empty grave-clothes will mark the place where you thought a hero was buried. The cold type of a thousand presses will tell in to-morrow’s newspapers a tale of heroic endurance—a miracle of modern missions. A thousand pulpits and platforms will pronounce eulogies on this missionary hero. Buried? Forgotten? O, no! There is not earth enough in all heathendom to bury one Canadian missionary. And the Church will not forget you. Your names are written on the palms of her hands.

But if any man seeks a quiet sleep in a shady nook, where the sun of popularity will never shine brightly, where he will never hear the bustle of the great world overhead, never be disturbed by the chatter of newspaper correspondents, nor ever sigh for some good kind hand to come and bury him deeper, ever so little deeper—if any man seeks to be buried deep enough let him remain in Canada, in some deserted village, in a Muskoka or Algoma mission field, among the heathen of the North-West or British Columbia, whose skins are white or copper-colored, and the Church will not trouble his dreams nor disturb his bones, except by-and-by to pack them closer together to make room for another “quiet sleeper.”

He is not a true missionary, however, nor will he be a happy one, who seeks or shuns any field of labor, at home or abroad, because of its prominence or obscurity; but he only who has learned what that means, “I send you,” “I am with you”; whose geography reads “My country is in every clime,” and whose whole life replies “Tis equal joy to go or stay.”

J. A. M.

WITH MY TEACHER.

THE task of securing a teacher is no light one. The only two qualifications are, first, sufficient knowledge, and, second, clearness of enunciation. Under the first, foreigners include a knowledge of the tones. But you will think that surely every Chinaman knows how to pronounce his own language. Yes, but he never learned the tones as such; he picked them up as a child, unconsciously. One teacher I had for a week knew little about the tones. The foreigner wants to know the tones of a word by name. This is very bewildering to the teacher. The second qualification, clearness of enunciation, is absolutely essential. The sounds are so difficult that they must be clear-cut.

In the village of Kuan Chuang, where this Mission, here at Pang Chuang, has a chapel, there lived Kuan Wu Tu. This gentleman, who had reached the age of sixty-seven, kept a school in the village. He is something of a scholar, indeed he could write such fine literary essays that he had passed three examinations above the common herd of B.As in Shuntung, 10,000, they say, in number. He had become possessed of some Christian books, but the ones relating to foreign science had most influence on him. The parents of his school-boys began to find fault with him because when hearing the classics recited he used to turn aside and tell how they did this thing in the West. So his scholars and his "honorarium" alike began to diminish, and when he heard of this offer from the foreigners he was not loth to come. His friends were all opposed to it and said that the foreigners would certainly deceive him; but the offer of a little less than four dollars, gold, and a convenient dream proved sufficient. He was too great a man to come on trial, so he was engaged for a year. When I first met him I was rather startled, for he had on his official robes. These consisted of wine-colored garments put on over his ample supply of wadded clothing. His "winter" size was thus considerably augmented. In appearance he is prepossessing for a Chinaman. The next day I noticed a

little old man in the courtyard, and it soon dawned on me that this was my teacher in the garb of the common herd.

We began work right away. The first three weeks I spent on a Mandarin Primer, prepared for the China Inland Mission. I then took to Wade's Colloquial Course, which is the standard in North China. Wade was for some time British Minister in Peking. At first I put an hour each day on tone exercises—the method of learning the characters is for the teacher to write each one on a square bit of paper, then I drill on these until I recognize instantly the meaning and sound. I also study the New Testament and hymn-book. The daily family worship of all the servants in this compound, besides the two weekly meetings and three Sabbath meetings, give ample opportunity to use what we learn and are a constant reminder of the vastness still unknown. I like my teacher, whom I always address as Venerable Sir! He is a very pleasant man and talks a great deal. My memory is nothing to his; he has the Classics every word at his tongue's end.

Of course no teacher knows how to teach foreigners in their way. They want to know things he never thought it necessary for people to know. Some Missions have teachers who are accustomed to the task of initiating the raw recruits; and these teachers are a great improvement on the original article.

Last week I took the Mission cart, and in company with a son of one of the missionaries here visited Lin Ching, fifty miles south towards Honan. This is the place we hope some of us will be able to reach next; and it seems most suitable as a base of operations in Honan. At Lin I visited a pagoda some nine stories high; it is Buddhistic and three hundred years old. Tablets in each story record the date of the building, which apparently occupied nine years. A few dusty idols of small size could be seen below. Some distance away is a temple, but the pagoda stands quite alone.

I forgot to say, when speaking of my teacher, that he is a Confucianist, as most Chinese scholars are. He is not bigoted to such an extent as to avoid our meetings. He attends all the meetings, and to-day for the first time joined in the simultaneous repetition of the Lord's Prayer at worship. I gave him a present of a good copy of the New Testament, and in his reading with

me he has been over a great deal of Gospel truth. My heart's desire for this man is that he may be saved. He has immense influence in his village and region, and his conversion would be a very notable trophy for our Lord Jesus. Everything goes well with me. I lack absolutely nothing. The salary of five hundred dollars is ample for *me*. There is no famine in this region although it is severe in other provinces. The breach in the Yellow River has been closed to the amazement of the foreigner; that will not affect us in Northern Honan.

Pang Chuang, Shantung.

D. MACGILLIVRAY.

GOOD CHEER FROM KOREA.

LAST fall, J. S. Gale and R. Harkness left Toronto for Korea, the Hermit Nation. Mr. Harkness remained in Seoul, the capital, while Mr. Gale went away northward among the unknown tribes and mountains. The following letters contain the latest news, and have just reached us by the last mail. We gladly crowd matter in this number, and hold over some for next month, that lines from so genuine and brave a friend may find a place.

March 19th.—A week ago I made a journey of about two hundred miles northward from Seoul, the capital of Korea, in charge of a boy and a Korean guide—two drunken characters, I am sorry to say. We made about fifty miles a day, over the narrow paths among the mountains. The little Korean pony on which I rode was one of those animals that can take any amount of whipping and ill-usage, and yet appear to pay no attention to it at all. Whether storm or sunshine, it made no difference; he was in exactly the same mood after a day's journey of fifty miles as he was at the beginning. Indifference to everything is the one characteristic of Korean horses. Somewhat similar, and yet different, was the boy who accompanied him—a young Korean fifteen years of age. He would make the fifty miles on foot, laughing, shouting and singing nearly all the way, and after a little sleep and his rice, would be ready for as great a journey the next day. The third day, as he was trotting along beside the horse, I asked him if he was not tired. "Oh, nothing to speak about," he said.

One of the ugly Korean customs that came to my notice almost before we were out of the city, is the leaving of human bodies by the road side. The people give no reason for it except that it is a Korean

custom, no doubt with some old superstition attached. Some of these bodies I have come across were beheaded, thieves that had been captured and punished too, according to Korean custom.

March 21st.—The city where I am is Haitjyou, a capital of one of the northern provinces. It has an immense wall, with watch-towers round about it. Among its many inhabitants there is one, and only one, foreigner. I am in an old room that looks as though it had been smoked for centuries. The paper on the walls is written over and over with Chinese characters (they are used in Korea), and here and there in the walls are secret doors such as rooms used to have in fairy tales. I am sitting at one end, eastern fashion, trying to write by the dim light of two Korean candles.

My situation at present is serious enough. I had hoped to get quietly into one of these northern provinces and work away among the people; but a Canadian was never seen here before, and if I had come with a whole army I could not have attracted more attention. I started from Seoul with one horse and two men, but the nobles along the way, out of politeness, I think, sent me so many extra ones, that when I came into Haitjyou on Sunday afternoon, I had two of the King's servants in livery ahead calling out to the people to clear the way, and about seven horses and fifteen men behind. I was taken at once into the presence of the Governor and his nobles, and it seems they showed me the highest respect by rising when I came in. They have sent me presents, etc., according to Eastern custom, and while I am a prisoner of the old Kamsa, I can go out when I choose, asking his permission. Every time I go out I must be attended by servants and soldiers.

It is a strange feeling that comes over one to be absolutely alone among such a crowd, with none whom one can trust. I have found here alone such comfort and blessing in the Word of God. I have no other book and so find all my company in it. Not a Korean in the city can speak any English, and to be here without being a Christian would be enough to drive one mad. When riding among the mountains late at night, when the poor superstitious Koreans were afraid in the darkness, that passage came to me with all sweetness and comfort, "Be not afraid; I am with you."

My teacher has just come in to tell me that the men of the city are bitterly disposed toward the foreigner. They want him away, and I cannot leave for another week yet. At night I keep beside me a revolver, which may not seem very missionary-like. But let me tell you about this revolver. I had often been troubled about the teaching of Scripture on the use of means, and so in coming away did not bring any firearms, thinking that the Lord could never look with favor upon gunpowder. Well, some time before leaving Seoul many of my friends were anxious that I should take firearms. I prayed over the matter, and then went to look for something of the kind, but found it impossible to get one in time from Shanghai. So I trusted that if the Lord wished me to take any firearms he would supply me. A very fine Christian lady happened to be passing through Seoul on her way to Japan—one of these bright praying Christians whose talks, have given me much encouragement. She asked me if I was going out without being armed.

and, on being answered in the affirmative, said, "I was given a present of a revolver and what goes with it, and as it is of no use to me I want you to take it as a gift from the Lord." So I took the revolver and shall look upon it as an answer to prayer. I can see clearly that *means* and *trusting means* are two different things.

April 13th.—I am in a little place called Sorai, never heard of by map-makers or money-makers. But it does exist "apart from mind,"—second year metaphysical men to the contrary, notwithstanding—and for hundreds of years before I had any idea of seeing it this little place was just what it is now, situated in a valley with a great angry-looking range of mountains to the north, where the tiger holds undisputed sway. The people call the tiger "Horangee," the king of the mountains. Yesterday a crowd of them in my room were talking about some Chinese pirates who had landed without passports, and were saying that with a passport a man could travel anywhere in the kingdom. I then asked them if a man with a passport could travel in the "Horangee" kingdom. This seemed to them exceedingly funny, and some of them fairly rolled over on the floor with laughter.

Directly to the south of the little house where I live is a rice field and beyond that the great restless sea. I often go down and sit upon the rocks and look away off westward across the Yellow Sea to where Goforth, MacGillivray and the rest of my Chinese friends are working. But with Harkness two hundred miles away I never hear a sound of dear old English. When I first came here the natives took me for a great curiosity and were inclined to be suspicious. We have become better acquainted, and if my list of friends increases as it has within the last month I expect on leaving to have a great crying spell. But, best of all, I can, without breaking the laws, talk to them of Jesus, and in telling them of the other wonders of the West, tell them of Him who is the Wonderful.

I have visited nearly all the villages round about and have seen Korean life in all its forms. The Governor, living twenty miles from here, with whom I stayed for a week, has quite taken to me and has sent word that he is coming out to see me. I wish he would not come, but as he will I shall endeavor to show him all due respect. The governors have been very kind, and have given me all sorts of "taffy."

I hope to remain here all summer, as it is a wonderful place in which to learn the language and get an insight into Korean customs. I have given up laying definite plans for the distant future, but still I hope after my summer among these northern people to go back to Seoul and see Harkness, and then strike out several hundred miles south to Fusan where no missionaries are located. The American Consul in Tokyo told me there was great danger in traveling in Korea. I am not in the least anxious. "The earth is the Lord's."

Northern Korea.

JAMES S. GALE.

Editorial.

MEMORIAL TO DR. YOUNG.

MANY of our readers have been aware that a public meeting was held on the 22nd ult., in the University Y. M. C. A. building, to consider the propriety and the best means of securing some permanent memorial of the late beloved and revered incumbent of the philosophical chair in the University. The meeting was a representative one and enthusiastic. It resolved to appoint a committee of four to name a permanent committee to secure subscriptions for "a scholarship or some other suitable memorial." This latter committee has been formed and has taken the initial steps for the accomplishment of its purpose.

Among the wide circle of Dr. Young's friends in and about the University, the affiliated colleges and the city, there is but one feeling that an enduring monument of some sort must be founded in honor of the great and good man who has lately passed away, leaving us all, we trust, better than he found us. There appears, however, to be some divergence of opinion as to the best form of the memorial. Some propose an educational foundation such as a valuable scholarship, to perpetuate his spirit and sentiments as a scholar and thinker, others, some work of art to keep in remembrance as far as may be his form and features. It would be well, we think, for the promoters of this most worthy object to try to satisfy both claims. For our part, we have no hesitation in saying that some permanently fruitful endowment, such as a scholarship or fellowship, would be the more worthy and finally satisfactory form of memorial, but the other need not therefore be entirely disregarded, provided the outlay be not extravagant and the bust or portrait not out of harmony with the severe simplicity and modesty of the great original. It would seem, therefore, well to let the subscribers have their choice as to the general mode in which they wish their contributions to be utilized.

We need not say to our own constituency of Knox students and graduates of late or former years that they are expected to show enthusiastic and practical zeal in the promotion of this magnificent scheme. Apart from the fact that Dr. Young was a benefactor to their land and generation, they will not forget that they have been his pupils. The most distinguished of his philosophical students, now President of

Princeton College, lately wrote: "He helped me to form my ideals." Every one of the multitude who can say this with fervor and gratitude may see in this movement a means of, at least, acknowledging the debt. The Committee, we understand, hope to raise at least \$10,000. The amount is not beyond just expectation. The majority are not likely to be able to contribute great sums, but they can give what they can at once in response to the circular soon to be issued, and the remainder of what they wish to give in annual instalments. The name of Dr. Young will draw for some time to come.

Reviews.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

DECIDEDLY the best book that has been laid on our table during the present month is Bruce's "Training of the Twelve,"* a new edition of which has just been issued by the Armstrongs. It would be quite superfluous, at this date, to devote much space to the review of a book which has been before the public long enough to reach a fourth edition, and is so well and favorably known to the majority of Canadian ministers. All that is really necessary is to state, as the author in his prefatory note states, that the work has been carefully revised for this edition and a number of minute changes made; but the text remains substantially the same. Attention has been paid to the readings of the Revised Version in giving the text of Gospel passages. This—and that the mechanical part of the work is excellently done, uniform in style with the other three of Dr. Bruce's works published by the same firm—this is all that really needs to be said.

But if any reader of these book notices, any minister or intelligent layman, is not already familiar with Dr. Bruce's published works, we would strongly advise him to make their acquaintance at the earliest possible opportunity. Begin with the "Training of the Twelve," and you will find sermons growing out of every one of its thirty-one chapters, so stimulating and suggestive are they. If the "Parabolic Teaching of Christ" should come next, the remaining two, the "Miraculous Element in the Gospels" and the "Humiliation of Christ" will soon make room for themselves in your library. If you can appreciate its standpoint you will also read with great profit and a widening outlook a smaller but equally strong apologetic work, "The Chief End of Revelation." Any

* THE TRAINING OF THE TWELVE. By Alexander Balmain Bruce, D.D., Professor of Apologetics and N. T. Exegesis, Free Church College, Glasgow. Fourth Edition, Revised and Enlarged. New York: A. C. Armstrong & Son. Toronto: D. T. McAlinsh, 1889. Pp. 522. \$2.50.

man who has the openness, the responsiveness, the sympathetic insight, necessary to benefit by any really great book will find himself, under the genial influence of the Scotch professor, growing, not only in intellectual understanding and appreciation of the great truths of the Gospels and in admiration of the character of the Christ of these Gospels, but also in the Christ-like spirit and in likeness to the Christ-like life.

Dr. Bruce is one of the best, he is certainly the most genial, of the Scottish guides of theological thought. But he is not merely or mainly a theologian. Dr. Flint is a more scientific theologian. Dr. A. B. Davidson is a keener critic. But Dr. Bruce has a truer philosophic insight than either, and is more candid and more human. In all his work, both as author and as professor, the human element predominates. He is at once the teacher and friend of his students. To him they go when Doubt, that active agent in theological matters in Scotland, would conquer Trust. They have confidence in him, and "such reverence for his blame," that with him they cannot but be candid. Many a young man bereft, by the cruel kindness of criticism, of his parental faith, has found, during such intimate association with his professor, a faith in the personal Christ that nothing can ever shake. And if the Free Church passes through the present crisis—a crisis which may have been brought about partly by Dr. Bruce's teaching—and comes out into a larger faith and more Christlike life, it will be due, not a little, to the teaching and influence of the same Glasgow professor, whose whole life is a protest against traditionalism and the legal spirit, and, at the same time, an appeal to the spirituality of religion and the liberty wherewith Christ makes his people free.

This thoroughly Christian spirit pervades his whole discussion of the character and training of the men who had been with Jesus. It is one of the few recent books that no minister can afford to be without.

Just a year ago a somewhat extended review of Ker's "History of Preaching,"* appeared in this magazine in the form of two articles on "The History of Preaching" and "Pietism in Germany and Evangelism in Canada." An American edition of this book having been recently issued by the Armstrongs, in good style and cheaper than the English, we are afforded another opportunity of saying, what we cannot say too often so long as theological students and ministers leave the book unread, that no man has a better right to speak on the subject of Preaching than had the accomplished and eloquent Dr. John Ker, and that he never spoke to better purpose than in these lectures. Now, after a year's interval, we take up the book and with all the delight of a first perusal follow the line of preachers who, with such varied ability but some of them with the very highest, made the pulpit a power in the world wherever Christianity has gone. The opening lectures are historical and, while not exhaustive, give a clear and succinct view of the place and power of preaching in the early Christian, the Eastern

* LECTURES ON THE HISTORY OF PREACHING. By the late Rev. John Ker, D.D., Professor of Practical Training in the United Presbyterian College, Edinburgh. New York: A. C. Armstrong & Son. Toronto: D. T. McAlish, 1889. Pp. 407. \$1.50.

and the Western Churches. But it is among the preachers of Germany that Dr. Ker is most at home, and his lectures on preaching in Reformation times, the preaching of the Pietists and of the Illuminism, of Schleiermacher and Tholuck and their schools, of Hofacker and Harms, Stier and Krummacher, and their schools, and of recent and present German preaching—it is in the treatment of this part of his subject that Dr. Ker is without an equal among English writers. Dr. W. M. Taylor, of New York, himself a sermonizer with few superiors, says in his introduction to the present volume that while it is not, strictly speaking, a work on Homiletics, his criticisms on the men who come up before him for review are often more valuable than direct disquisitions on the making of sermons would have been. We again heartily commend the book to all thoughtful preachers to whom it will prove itself more helpful than most helps for the pulpit.

REPORTS of addresses at Conferences usually make poor reading. One does not therefore expect much new or convincing in a neatly made volume of addresses delivered at a Premillennial convention held in Edinburgh in October last; and one is not disappointed. There is little in it that is either convincing or edifying. Those who hold the views advocated do not need this book to confirm them, and those who do not will not find anything in it to convince them. Indeed these addresses seem better fitted for pious excitation than for instruction. If Premillenarianism has no stronger advocates than those who appeared at the Edinburgh convention we do not wonder that as a power in Scottish theology it is dead and buried and embalmed. We have heard addresses—not very many—at the Niagara conferences that commanded our best attention and put us on the defensive; but one could attend conferences like this Edinburgh one for a month, and, notwithstanding he names of good men like the Benars, never feel it necessary to revise one's Postmillennial views.

*THE PERSONAL AND PREMILLENNIAL COMING OF OUR LORD. Addresses delivered at a Convention held in Edinburgh, October, 1888. Edinburgh: Macniven & Wallace.

Here and Away.

THE General Assembly quite overshadows this Department this month. The only sound we can hear is something about lists and billets and committees.

WE can bear testimony to the faithfulness of the Committee on Arrangements. If this will not be the pleasantest Assembly it will not be their fault.

THIS will likely be the largest Assembly since the Union. The Jesuit Question is looming large and dark above the horizon, and is the greatest sign in the heavens.

THIS reminds us of the great service Principal Caven is rendering to the country at this crisis. We would have little hope in the present anti-Jesuit agitation were it not that he is at the helm. A man who knows what he says and who never says anything that he has to take back—what an influence he wields! Let young men make a note.

J. MCP. SCOTT and M. P. TALLING are at present in Britain. Scott is on the search for some of the physical energy lost in the always vain attempt to combine a college course with the superintendence of a city mission. Experience teaches—men who are afterwards wise.

JUST as we go to press several clerical, legal and political gentlemen are bending "stubborn knees" to receive the highest mark of distinction which the Provincial University can bestow, and to hear the charmed words which give a man the right to sign himself LL.D., and look distinguished.

WE cannot come near University matters just now without running up against a crowd of angry undergraduates who are vigorously protesting against some or all of the examiners. Their complaints sound familiar, as though we had heard them at least ten years ago. There used to be students and examiners who took different views of certain important questions. Similar differences of opinion seem to exist to-day.

SEVERAL students, whose names stand high in the honor lists, have submitted certain examination papers for the consideration of Here and Away, and challenged us to extract any meaning from several questions, even with the aid of a derrick. Having revised several acres of printer's copy, we had grown familiar with "words without knowledge," and accustomed to the editor's work of "making bricks without straw," but we had to confess, after much mental wrestling, that the examiner's brain-twisters baffled us. Indeed we feel tempted to collate a few of these University riddles, belonging to this and past years, and make "philosophical conundrums" a feature of this Department.

WE would like to call the attention of ministers especially to the liberal offer made by the publisher of the MONTHLY, of the *Expositor* (edited by Rev. W. Robertson Nicoll, M.A., and published by Hodder & Stoughton, London), and the MONTHLY for \$3 50, the subscription price of the *Expositor* alone. We are all the more pleased with this arrangement that it is calculated to introduce the *Expositor* to a large number of our Canadian ministers who would enjoy reading it. It is by far the best religious magazine published in Britain. Indeed nothing else can stand against it.

REV. DR. KELLOGG, of Toronto, has been selected to write the commentary on *Leviticus* for the *Expositor's Bible* series now being published by Hodder & Stoughton. It will be some time yet before this volume appears, but we are satisfied it will be one of the strongest of this exceedingly strong series. It will help to keep the balance even against Dods' *Genesis* and Smith's *Isaiah*, and will be a credit to our Canadian Church. Of all this we are sure beforehand.