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PROTAMŒBA: A STUDY IN EVIDENCE.

THE present problem in the scientific world is the complexity of life and the manner in which that complexity has been reached. As a matter of purely scientific inquiry it has no special interest for theologians. But, when the scientist leaves his own definite field of simple inference from facts he himself has observed, and invades the domains of philosophy with the intention of attacking and destroying its central citadel, theology, philosophy has something to say.

In view of this problem a thoughtful man may naturally wonder how the present races of plants and animals have arisen. He sees around him mosses and ferns, pines and maples, and a gorgeous array of flowering plants. He is familiar with many of the humbler organisms of the animal kingdom, and with types of all its higher forms, fish, frogs, snakes, birds and the domestic animals. And last, he sees and feels that man is at the head of all. How have these and all the other lower forms of life come into existence? In particular, how has man come into being and whence has he acquired his mental powers, his ideas of the beautiful, his knowledge of God, his hope of a life beyond death? Some of these questions scientific men are entitled to answer; others lie beyond their sphere and their answers to them, or rather their examinations of them, are of no

greater authority than those of any other critic who offers his opinion on a subject of which he has no special knowledge.

How then has life arisen on the earth? Geology helps us to understand this question. It reads to us from the earth itself the story of the life that has been lived in the ages that are gone. The leaves of its book are the layers of rock in which the remains of plants and animals have been preserved. But some of these leaves have been rubbed and torn and crumpled, and the story is therefore incomplete. Still its undeniable teaching is that when the oldest rocks were laid down life was of the simplest kind, and that higher forms appeared as each succeeding layer was deposited. In this way the better developed animals are unheard of till far on in the story of the earth's formation, while, if we may use the phrase, man's history dates only from the "yesterday" of geological time. Thus, with the advancing growth of the earth's crust we have a gradual rise from absolute simplicity to the most remarkable complexity of life, both plant and animal. This is the *fact* of evolution; it is established beyond a doubt.

When, however, we ask for an explanation of this fact we hear many opinions expressed. As we shall afterwards see, some scientists assert that the very lowest beings started into life by a simple combination of chemical elements, or, as it is more shortly described, by *spontaneous generation*, and that all the existing highly developed life has been evolved from the organisms that were thus spontaneously generated. Further they hold that this view not only accounts for the origin of man's bodily form, but it also explains the growth of his mental powers and moral qualities. This development, it may be added, has taken place under the influence of forces over which he has no control. These are heredity, or the transmission to the child of the qualities of the parent; environment, or the conditions of life in which his lot is cast; and the struggle for existence in competition with other and similar forms of life.

Such a theory is disastrous to the maintaining of true conceptions of God and of our relations to Him, and, in opposition to it, it will be my object in this short study, to show that in the lowliest forms of life we are brought face to face with, and demand an explanation of, the same fundamental problems as

are suggested by the highest and most complex. If, in the humblest forms known to science, forms that have no predecessor in time and that are without equal in simplicity of structure, we find complete faculties already developed, it is obvious that the laws of evolution must be ruled out. This follows from the mere statement of the case, for if the organism be without structure, so that we cannot suppose it simpler, and if it have definite powers, no laws of evolution can have operated upon it. Whence, then, are these powers? Only two answers are possible—God, and Spontaneous Generation.

To test the answers to this question let us take an example. Such a form as I have described is found in *Protamœba primitiva*.^{*} Let us study it somewhat closely. As the first part of its name denotes (Greek, *prōtos* = first), it is one of the first of living beings. It is found in the water of ponds and pools, and, so far as observation with the most powerful microscopes can disclose, is without organs or parts of any kind. It is simply a structureless speck of a living, granular, jelly-like substance, known to scientists as Protoplasm. So lowly is it in the scale of life that it is hardly possible to say whether it is plant or animal, and for this reason, Professor Haeckel, of Jena, one of the greatest biological authorities, has classified in one group, *Protista*, *Protamœba* and all such forms as may with equal reason be claimed either by botanist or zoologist.

But if *Protamœba* is without parts it is not without powers. Though under the microscope no limbs are visible, it has the power of moving through the water, and it does so by changing its shape, hence the latter part of its name (Greek, *ameibo* = to change). It pushes out one portion of its soft jelly-like body and after the protrusion has reached a certain size the rest of the body flows into it. *Contractility* is thus one of its properties. It is *sensitive*, too, for on coming into contact with small particles of decayed organic matter, microscopic plants, etc., it wraps its whole body round them, and thus takes them into its interior. Now in all animal tissues, wherever we find these two properties contractility and sensibility, we also find in necessary connection with them a nervous system. We must suppose then that in this little organism there is a nervous power able to control the

^{*} Haeckel, *History of Creation*, Vol. i., page 186.

different activities of its nature. Further, having taken these small food particles into its interior, it changes their nutritive parts into the substance of its own body, and thus maintains its life, while it casts out what is of no use to its economy. In other words it can *digest* food.

I might go further into the life history of this interesting creature, but I think I have said enough for my purpose. I have shown that this structureless speck of protoplasm has distinct powers—contractile, sensitive, digestive. Whence have these powers come?

1. So far as scientists know the Protamœba has had no ancestor. While an ancestor is not inconceivable, it is as yet undiscovered, and till it is discovered we may safely assume that Protamœba was among the first of organisms. Haeckel calls it "the most primary of all organisms without exception." Protamœba then received its powers from no parent, and the law of heredity disappears.

2. Neither has environment imprinted these powers on the soft protoplasm. Environment could not ever produce the protoplasm, much less could it originate active powers. When on a Summer's day, the great heat (environment) makes us perspire (form of activity), we say that the heat is the *occasion* of the perspiration, but that the *cause* is the influence exerted by an excited nervous system on blood-vessels and sweat glands. But the nervous system and blood vessels and sweat glands must be *there* in order to be affected. In the same way, the active powers of the Protamœba must be there to be stimulated by the environment in which it is placed. In short, passive environment cannot produce active organism.

3. From the mere statement of the case it is evident that neither Protamœba nor its powers are the product of the struggle for existence. Existence is granted; while struggle implies a present power to cope with an adversary.

4. The next possible hypothesis is that of Haeckel's—*Spontaneous Generation*. He holds that "there exists no insurmountable chasm between organic and inorganic nature."* He thus prepares us for his subsequent conclusion, that "the simple cytodes, naked particles of plasma without kernel, like the stil

living Monera are the only plastids that came into existence by spontaneous generation."* The meaning of this is simply that Protamœba and organisms like it burst into life without any power calling them into existence, or that life arose out of a combination of simple chemical elements. In other words Protamœba is self-created. This plainly violates causality; for every change must have a cause; and the passage from simple, inert, chemical elements, into complex living protoplasm is not sufficiently accounted for when Haeckel says it took place spontaneously. If that be so, it must be its own cause; it is self-sufficient; the creature becomes creator, and spontaneous generation is lost in Theism.

5. We must have a sufficient cause for Protamœba and its powers. I have already pointed out that in the simple protoplasm of this organism there must be a nervous energy to control its activities. Professor Michael Foster holds that in such an organism there is an element of consciousness.† The cause then which has called the Protamœba into existence must itself be living and conscious.

In speaking of the properties of simple protoplasm, such as that of the Protamœba, Professor Rutherford says, "Although apparently structureless, it must be maintained as an hypothesis that the molecules of the various substances of which it consists are not thrown together indefinitely, but form an organized molecular machinery, capable of invisible and visible movements that give rise to the phenomena of life.‡ When an inventor devises a simple machine to do beautiful complex work, the world pauses in its rush to exclaim "Most ingenious! And so simple! Why was it never *thought of* before?" It does imply *thought*, then, does it? And it is not even a step from thought to thinker. Thus, for our cause we have inferred life, consciousness, thought. Will is all that remains, and it was the act of will that brought life into the world. Kant tells us that "Intelligence endowed with will is causality." This is what we have been seeking; this is what we have found; for away back in the silence that hung unbroken over the young earth, that

* History of Creation, Vol. i., page 347.

† Encyc. Brit., Ninth Ed., Vol. xix., page 20.

‡ Text Book of Physiology, Part i., page 16.

great Eternal Will called this and other lowly creatures into being, and endowed them with their simple but wonderful powers. We too can now say as He once did, "Behold it is very good," and can unite heart and mind in the triumphal doxology, "To the ONLY WISE GOD our Saviour, be glory, and majesty, dominion and power, both now and ever. Amen."

Young Ladies' College, Brantford. JOHN STENHOUSE.

ATONEMENT.

IT is not our purpose, in this brief article, to discuss the subject of Atonement. It is rather to call attention to the word and its meaning in Scripture. In theological treatises, in the pulpit, and in general discussion, we find the word atonement used with a meaning it never has in Scripture. It is very frequently applied to the one act of Jesus laying down His life on the Cross for men, as if the death of Christ, apart from all else, constituted the Atonement. It is not our purpose to discuss the meaning of the word in theological treatises, but simply to seek to arrive at the meaning it has in Scripture.

What elements are embraced in that which is set forth in the word of God as atonement? The word is used at least eighty times in the Old Testament, and with such variety of application and such fulness of explanation, that it should not be very difficult to make an analysis of the passages where it is used, and so arrive at a clear definite meaning of the word. We need not remind the reader that the meaning of the Hebrew words translated "atone" and "atonement" is "even" and "evening," the idea being a covering for sin from the sight of God. We cannot give an exhaustive analysis of all the passages but yet may take up a sufficient number to arrive at a correct understanding of the word.

In Exodus xxx. 12-16 we learn that all the males of the children of Israel, from twenty years old and upwards, were to be enrolled, and each was to pay into the Sanctuary treasury a half shekel. This half shekel was atonement money, "to make an atonement for your souls." Everyone who paid had atonement made for him. He was kept right regarding the Sanctuary. This atonement had nothing to do with sin committed. It is rather a prospective atonement, the making of which, beforehand, kept from sin.

In Leviticus iv., we have the explanation of the term given very fully. We take verses 27-31 to find what elements enter into atonement as applied to sin committed. In this case atone-

ment results in forgiveness. What things are included in the word as used here? (1) Sin—a sin of ignorance. (2) Conviction of sin. The sin must have come to the man's knowledge, and that can only be by the Holy Spirit. (3) The offering appointed by God. The sinner brings his offering, a kid of the goats, for his sin. There were different offerings for different people. One for the priest, another for rulers, a third for the common people. (4) He lays his hand on the head of his offering. This means, as we learn from Leviticus xvi. 21, the confession of his sins, and laying them on the offering which he has brought. It means thus transfer and substitution, and includes faith in the promise of God. (5) The life of the offering must be taken in substitution for the life of the sinner forfeited by his sin. "Without shedding of blood there is no remission." (6) The priest takes of the blood and puts it on the horns of the altar, and pours out all the blood at the bottom of the altar. From Leviticus xvii. 11, we learn "the blood is the life." It is poured out at the altar, the place where God has promised to meet and treat with the sinner. There it becomes the covering of the sin. (7) The fat is burned upon the altar. Thus atonement is made and sin is forgiven.

In which of these acts is the atonement made? Evidently not in any one of them, but in all combined. Omit any one of them and all the rest are vitiated. Were the offerer to bring a dog instead of a kid, certainly no atonement would be made. Were he to refuse to lay his hand on the head of the offering there would be no sin removed. Were the blood to be put on the laver instead of the altar there would not be a covering for sin there. Were there no conviction of sin there could be no forgiveness. It is not the mere death of the offering which makes the atonement, but the whole series of acts thus commanded by God.

In Leviticus iv. 13-21 we have the offering for the whole congregation. In this case the offering is a bullock. The elders as representatives of the congregation, "lay their hands on the head of the bullock before the Lord," thus making it the substitute of the congregation to bear their transgression. Here again all the elements come in to make up the complex idea of atonement as before. From Leviticus xvi. 21, we learn that for offerings representing the whole congregation, such as the scapegoat,

the priest, or high priest, according to circumstances, lays his hands upon the head of the offering, thus making it in his representative character the substitute for the people. The same would be done at the morning and evening sacrifices. Then every Israelite who prayed at the time of the morning and evening sacrifices, his face toward the Tabernacle, or toward the Temple, with conviction and confession of sin, would have his sin, in that act of the priest, laid upon the sacrifice on the altar, and thus obtain forgiveness as if the lamb were all his own.

It will be evident to all that the act of the priest in these congregational offerings, such as the scapegoat and general sacrifices only avails for the covering of the sin of those who make that offering their own by personal faith and acceptance of it. The blood of the morning sacrifice will not cover the sin of the impenitent man.

In Leviticus xvi. 15, we have an example of atonement for the holy place itself. It is represented as having become polluted, "because of the uncleanness of the children of Israel, and because of their transgressions in all their sins." The sins of the congregation meet on it. What is this Tabernacle? It is the symbol of the divine presence among the people, and in all its equipment a type of the incarnate Son of God dwelling among men. It is not a building for the people to worship in. The people worship toward it. It is the presence of the Lord in the midst of them. So all offerings were brought "into the door of the Tabernacle of the Congregation before the Lord. Compare Exodus xxxiii. 3, 7. Commandment is given to make atonement for the Tabernacle, the holy place itself, as if it had sinned and needed cleansing.

Have we not a parallel to this in Jesus being circumcised though he had no sins of the flesh to cut off, observing the Passover when no redemption was needed for Himself, coming up to the temple from time to time and thus fulfilling all righteousness? No sin of his own had he to put away, but atonement was made for Him as was made for the type of Him, the Holy Place in the wilderness. It certainly is a strange thing at first sight to have atonement made for that which is the symbol of the divine presence among men, yet no more strange than the sinless Christ being circumcised, and observing the Passover and other sacri-

ficial rites and ceremonies, when He himself was the substance of them all.

These particular references may suffice. In examining every passage where the word is used, in no instance do we find the word used apart from its actual application to man. When atonement is made the wrongdoer and God are reconciled. It is not something outside the sphere of man's life so as to make reconciliation possible, but is always a real reconciliation. The sin is actually covered up. Hence in the New Testament we have the same idea in the words *καταλλαγῆ* and *καταλλάσσει*, which words, wherever used, imply, not possible, but actual reconciliation.

In the Atonement then in which Christ is the Lamb of sacrifice, what have we? (1) The sinner. (2) The sinner come to a knowledge of his sin through conviction by the Holy Spirit. (3) The offering appointed by God; the Lamb of God who is the one offering for all grades of sin and sinners. (4) The sinner laying the hand of faith on the head of the Lamb, confessing his sin and transferring it to the Substitute divinely appointed to bear it. (5) The Lamb slain—"Slain from the foundation of the world." He lays down his own life. "No man taketh it from me, but I lay it down of myself. I have power to lay it down and I have power to take it again." (John x. 18.) This he did "once for all" when he offered up himself. (Heb. vii. 27.) So that to the end of the age he is the sacrifice upon the altar, that men's sins may be laid upon it. (6) The high priest, Jesus himself taking of the blood and presenting it before God. See Hebrews ix. 23-24, where we have an additional commentary on the making atonement for the holy place referred to in Leviticus xvi. 15. (7) The burning of the fat upon the altar—the sweet savor to the Lord. (See Matthew iii. 17, John xii. 28, Matthew xvii. 5, and other passages). God was well pleased with the sacrifice offered by His only begotten Son.

Here we have the various elements as in the Old Testament representation and every one is essential to reconciliation or atonement. There is no covering for sin unconfessed or unrepented of. Jesus does not become the substitute of the man who refuses to accept him.

Atonement includes the Father's love in giving, the self-sacri-

fice and intercession of the Son for men, and the Holy Spirit's work in regeneration, conviction of sin, and intercession in men. Has this subject of Atonement not been discussed far too much apart from the sacrifice the Father made in giving up His Son to die, far too much apart from the sacrifice the Holy Spirit makes in condescending to dwell in hearts where there is so much to grieve him daily, and far too much apart from the sinner in whose heart and life everything has to be changed in order to there being atonement made for his sin, and reconciliation brought about between him and the righteous God against whom he has sinned? Hence we have Atonement treated as a kind of provision made in the abstract—a dead thing, stored up like an infinitely large sum of money in a bank, to which the sinner can have access to pay his debt of ten thousand talents. Hence also such statements as, "Your sin was pardoned on Calvary more than 1800 years ago; believe that and you are a saved man." When atonement is discussed as something completed outside of man's nature we are sure to open the door to mechanical theories regarding it, or at least to the holding of mechanical views of it by men who do not look under the surface of the statements made. Taking the view thus set forth in the word as used in Scripture we get rid of all discussion whether atonement is universal or not. From the very nature of it atonement can be no broader than the application of the blood of Christ in cleansing actual sin. Christ, the Lamb of God, is universal as humanity: more—he has to do with teaching the unfallen angels the mercy of God and his manifold wisdom.

The objection may be raised that atonement is used in a different sense in theological discussion. We admit that, but therein lies the evil. When a speaker from the pulpit uses words in a sense different from their application in Scripture, then only confusion can arise in the minds of his hearers who derive their knowledge of the meaning of the word from Scripture. Were we to return to the Scriptural use of the word the Holy Spirit would then receive His due position in the divine economy of salvation. We find extended discussions of the subject where the whole doctrine of reconciliation is considered, and the Spirit's name and work in the application of the benefits of redemption are not even indirectly referred to. This is notably the case in the dis-

sertation by Delitzsch at the close of his commentary on the Epistle to the Hebrews. It is all the more strange when we find in chapters v. to x. of this Epistle the 'Spirits' work so bound up with statements regarding the work of Christ that you cannot consider the one apart from the other. This is the case in chapters ix. 14, 15 : x. 16, 17, 22, 29 : xiii. 20, 21, and others equally clear. The same may be said of the other epistles. The Spirit's work in man is essential to reconciliation.

Atonement in the abstract, or an unapplied atonement, so far as we have been able to discover, has no place in the Scriptures of the Old or New Testament.

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J. SOMERVILLE.

AN INCIDENT.

I WAS visiting with my friend, a city missionary, one bleak November afternoon in the back streets of our city. It was darkening, and the wind moaned around the many corners and numberless alleys along our path; so it was with pleasure that we entered a little house, or rather a room, where the stove, loaded with frying pan and teapot, was burning up cheerily as if in joyful anticipation of the coming meal. The mother left the pork she was frying to greet us and, needless act, to dust off some chairs for our seats. The father came up, a two-years little girl in his arms, with welcome written on his smiling face. Several boys, at their mother's bidding came forward, and after having shyly shaken hands, retreated to the chimney corner, whence they closely watched us.

Our stay was only for a short while. The husband, so he said, was working off and on; at present he had a good job, food and fuel were cheap enough and he couldn't complain. The wife, who was a regular attendant at the Mission, spoke of the goodness of the Lord in a way that, after our matter-of-fact theological studies, was cheering indeed. The infant girl, tossing back the golden curls that would obscure her pretty face, toddled over with the natural straightforwardness of innocence, and soon made friends with us. It was easily seen that she was the pride and pet of the household. How many a couple, sitting in solitary splendour in their gilded parlors, would give half of all their store to possess such a jewel as this.

A short chat on religious topics and, refusing a kind invitation to sup with them, we said good-night and trudged along the streets again.

It was a few weeks after this, and the snow of December was falling, silently covering up the city, as again we entered the little home. But now we saw a different scene. The few sticks in the fire sputtered drearily. The unwashed dishes and bread remnants from the last meal were pushed to the back of the table. The bed was dishevelled. The cradle now stood in front of the stove and

the mother came from watching beside it to welcome us. On the pillow, amid a waste of golden hair, we saw the wan face of the little sufferer, for the bright little darling had been stricken down, and, instead of prattling merrily, now only rolled her large eyes round the bare walls of the room and back again to her mother's anxious face. The father sat in the corner in his shirt-sleeves, his head buried in his hands: the awe-stricken boys were again in the chimney corner. So great was their grief for the dying child. It was only a few words we could say, and a few of Jesus' sayings repeat; the response came in a fresh burst of woman's tears and a quiver of the strong man's frame. A few sentences of heartfelt prayer and we left them alone with their trouble.

We returned the next day and in place of the untidy room we found everything neat and cheerful as at our first visit. The fire sparkled again, the table and bed were nicely arranged. The cradle was in its old place and empty. The child lay in her coffin. A lady, so the father said, had been in and done it all, one of those of our favored sisters whom neither wealth nor social position can hinder from bearing the mind of Jesus and doing his work. The family were scarcely so sad as they had been on the previous day; perhaps, like David, they saw now the uselessness of their sorrow. A few more words of Scripture and prayer and we left them again, to await the coming of friends and the minister who was to perform the last rites for the dead.

It was not much, you say. Perhaps not. Only another strand of the cord which bound the woman to her Saviour, only another rung to the ladder on which the man and his boys were to climb to eternal glory.

Knox College.

J. W. MACMILLAN.

SINLESS SAINTSHIP.

THERE is no dogma that suffers more by its exposition and advocacy than that of sinless perfection. It suffers not simply in its evidence, in running counter to the concurrent testimony of Scripture, but specially and wofully in its existence, by the wretched exhibitions of human perfection in those who most stoutly advocate and defend it, seeing that what they say and what they show are but ceaseless contradictions. True, they may "thank God that they are not as other men," but in this they ever show much more of the Pharisee than the Christian. They not only assume a position and assert a profession congenial to themselves, but would constitute themselves, alike in dogma and demeanor, the alone standard for all others. Such dispositions and demonstrations are not new, as history, both sacred and profane clearly shows, differing indeed in circumstances, but in essentials ever the same outwellings of the deceitful heart, which now as of old yields too readily to the mighty master temptation "ye shall be as gods."

While the dogma is not new and the delusion not dead, yet, like the Darwinian Development, it is all and only dogma, seeing that not a single specimen has ever yet been shown of the monkey that had become the man, so that while they fail 'so far in the exhibition they should at least fail so far in the expression. Such men may be both zealous and conscientious; so was Paul when he persecuted the Christians. They may also mean well as did Peter when Paul "withstood him to the face for he was to be blamed," all making it clear that even a well-meaning conscientious zeal is not of itself a sufficient guarantee either of clearness of view or correctness of action. The view that a man takes of an object is much dependent on the position he occupies, the light he has, and the powers and predilections which he possesses, and hence the wonder is, not that there are diverse opinions, but it would be if there were not. If so, the need to ascertain "what saith the Scriptures" will ever, as in this case, be in proportion to the importance of the matter, for "if they

speak not according to this word it is because there is no light in them." In appealing to "the law and to the testimony," and in "comparing spiritual things with spiritual," doctrines should ever be drawn therefrom in accordance with what is called "the analogy of faith." Or a simpler and more easily applied canon of interpretation is this—ever interpret the obscure by the clear, not severing sentences from their connection to serve a purpose, but looking at each in its nature, its meaning and design in connection with its immediate surroundings. A case in point, though extreme, will illustrate this. The late Lord Palmerston in one of his election tours was pressed with the question, "Will you support this Radical bill?" After some hesitation he emphatically replied "I will," calling forth an immediate outburst of Radical cheers. When they had subsided so that he could be heard, he simply but forcibly added "not," which no less speedily and loudly called forth Conservative cheers, and when these had ended he simply said "tell you." Thus the simple sentence "I will not tell you," by its severance conveyed three meanings, first in favor of the one party, then in favor of the other, and then in favor of neither. So it is possible for people to wrest the Scriptures to their own destruction.

While all ought ever to go to God's Word as the only rule to direct, yet it cannot be gainsayed that not a few gather and garner up their religious beliefs from their own conceptions, and then so "search the Scriptures," that by wresting and twisting they may be able to find something to sanction their opinions. Sometimes, however, "for this cause God sends them strong delusions," seeing that they ignore the declaration "there is none righteous," overlook the fact that "the heart is deceitful above all things," set at nought the warning "he that trusteth to his own heart is a fool," and disown the result, "seest thou a man wise in his own conceit there is more hope of a fool than of such a man." These while not unfrequently presuming to be teachers yet oft alas "understanding neither what they say nor whereof they affirm."

Practically I am not ignorant of their devices, having in bygone years had to do with some of a kindred class, but, for the sake of brevity, a single but sorrowful instance must at present suffice. A young man came to me to "lift his lines," not only

for himself but also for his mother and sister—being the only church members of the little household—on the plea that it was no use to preach to them about sin, having preached on the previous day on Isaiah's vision (chap. vi.). Suspecting that he came to instruct, and not to seek instruction, I did not so honor him, but having courteously complied with his request, he then went his way. Not needing "the whole counsel of God" they went where they could get preaching in keeping with their advanced growth in grace. Getting thus more than they were able to bear, their minds gave way one after the other under the unbalanced pressure of the partial truth of the Word. The sympathising neighbors kindly cared for them for the while as best they could both by day and night, till, with no prospect of betterment, but rather the reverse, the medical requirement was that they be sent off to a lunatic asylum. Try to picture out the sorrowful scene of the widow-mother, the son and the daughter being driven off in a sleigh together to the station, on their way to the asylum. Sad indeed as was the sight yet a still sadder one followed, for in but a few days, and with a very brief period between, the bodies of mother and daughter were brought back in their coffins for burial. The son in so far recovered, but, almost immediately leaving the locality for a home in the neighboring Union, his after history is to me unknown. The only remnant of the then household, at that time a mere lad, needs not now I understand, nor for years past, to go to any church at all. The prominent doctrines taught to them and by them were: No need for repentance, for God has forgiven the evil; no need for prayer, for God is ever offering the good, but only believe, as if belief did not include and enjoin both. True, it must be admitted, that this is an extreme case, but it is not the less sadly real and terribly true.

While "the law of the Lord is perfect," and is "holy, just and good," and while the injunction is "Be ye perfect," this does not imply that perfection is here attained, or that God never requires what man cannot perform. "The perfect God could enact nothing but a perfect law, and man, whatever be his attainment, should aim at nothing less than perfect obedience," "not as though he had already attained, either were already perfect," but with "this one thing I do" going on to perfection. While "God is

of one mind," not so with men, for their minds are not only diverse but depraved, and in consequence do not, cannot, always take the same view of the same object, and this includes both God's requirements and their own attainments. True, men may, and often do, adopt the opinions of others, and thus combinations are formed and unanimity secured. On this account men have in the past, as in the present, taken different views of human perfection, but only to one or two of these I would now but briefly direct attention.

Wesley held to and taught a so-called human perfection, but unfortunately its definition was its death-blow, for, while he speaks of Christians enjoying and exhibiting the blessing of perfection for days and even months and years, he defines it as not excluding ignorance, error of judgment, infirmities, temptations, with consequent wrong affections. Such he thinks should not be called sins at all, although he admits that nothing but the blood of Christ can wash them away. Now will simply calling a thing so and so make it so? Will change of name change the nature? Will declaring the false true make it so, or denying the truth destroy it? Would any teacher take such a definition of the word perfection from a scholar? A doctor says that such a man is in perfect health, only he is subject to severe headaches, heavy coughs and turns of heart disease. Another that such an one is perfectly sane, only he cannot take care of himself, attend to any business, and he may injure himself or others, yet both are perfect. One of Wesley's disciples but the other day gave to the public that their Church holds to the doctrine of Christian perfection,—that it is a perfection of love,—a loving God with the whole heart, mind, soul, and strength, and your neighbor as yourself,—that a man may be so saved that he need not commit actual transgression, though he may fall into error or sin,—that our most holy service is imperfect in itself,—that there are always errors of judgment and infirmities of the flesh inseparable from human existence in this life, and all need forgiveness. Such is the perfection of imperfection in which the individual fails, we fear, to remember that God's law is "a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart," and fails to see even his secret sins where God sees them, viz.: "in the light of his countenance."

In the early part of the present century a perfectionist sect originated and have more or less continued, now bearing the name of "Holiness Men." Their peculiar dogma is, that Christ having by His Spirit established His Kingdom in the heart, they become a law unto themselves and need no other, seeing that under the guidance of the indwelling Spirit they can only do what is right. Such do not need to go either "to the law or to the testimony," but by innate intuition they become not only guides to themselves, but by profession and practice, patterns for their fellow-men. Such ought occasionally, at least, to bear in mind that Christ said of the most boastful perfectionists of his day that they were "blind guides," and were "like unto whitened sepulchres." The so-called "Holiness Men" held a conference in our city the other week, a mutual *gaudiamus* if not a *laudiamus*, it may be supposed, in ventilating their varied perfections. Among these was a minister settled by Conference over a congregation that refused to receive him, and he and they have been in contention ever since. It may be, however, that he thinks he is "contending for the faith," "fighting the good fight," and that being so much more advanced than they, he in consequence in so far differs from, and must of necessity differ with them, and thereby display his greater perfection. There were others also from Galt, who, as some say, "think more highly of themselves than they ought to think," and who seem to have forgotten the lesson, if they ever learned it, "Humble yourselves in the sight of the Lord who giveth grace to the humble and He shall lift you up." These, unfortunately for their dogma, if not themselves, have as yet signally failed in showing their sinlessness.

Beecher, even in what some would call his better days, held a somewhat singular view, both of what perfection was and how it was to be attained. Having only heard him once, and that in his own church, his text was "The carnal mind is enmity against God," and then by a simple *ipse dixit* said it was not so, and then endeavored to show, if to his own satisfaction, most certainly not to mine, the truth of his statement. There was an easy and a lofty leap towards perfection. He then propounded and tried to prove the dogma that man was responsible to God, only in proportion to powers possessed and employed. If so, then it is clear that as one man's powers differ from another's at the same

time, and the same man's powers differ from each other at different times, there must of necessity be not only a different law for each one at the same time, but a different law for the same individual at different times, and if the measure of each one's powers was the measure of his responsibilities, then each one indirectly gave for his own guidance, an ever-changing law to God, instead of God giving a changeless and universal law to man. But further, if a man by the life he led greatly weakened his powers, yet as the limit of his powers was still the limit of his responsibilities, he was as near perfection as he was before, for the man's crimes would condone for his criminality, and should he become even a very demon he would not be responsible for his defects, and hence his perfection. Present such a plea in a civil court and the man would justly be laughed to scorn. Such perfection is not Christian but Satanic, for he being wholly depraved is wholly irresponsible and therefore not accountable, and thus perfect.

Presbyterians hold to the doctrine, founded as they believe on the word of God, and briefly but emphatically expressed in their catechism that, "no mere man since the Fall is able in this life perfectly to keep the commandments of God, etc." Those who deny this have ever failed to show in all time a perfectly sinless man, and what avails their say without their show. Those who hold to sinless perfection are generally found to be more self-complacent, not to say more self-complimentary than others, and fail to see as clearly and correctly as they ought the reach and the rectitude of God's law, or the depravity and deceitfulness of their own hearts.

But what saith the Scriptures, while they say "Be ye perfect," they nowhere say that any mere man ever here attained to absolute sinless perfection. The subject may be viewed in various lights and give rise to various opinions, but for the sake of brevity I will confine myself to two, the real and the relative, which in one sense and in so far, includes all others.

Is human perfection then real? Applying the canon already noticed to interpret the obscure by the clear, and getting and gathering the meanings of words from their associations and applications, we see the word perfect applied to imperfect men, and never as pointing out and presenting a perfectly sinless

man ; and besides, the greatest saints, have ever, and beyond all others, most strongly expressed their sinfulness. Let a single example from the Old Testament suffice. The Psalmist says "I was as a beast before thee," and another from the New where Paul speaks of himself as "less than the least of all saints," while kindred expressions are so common that they fail to be noted as they should, and employed as they ought. We need not wonder at such criminating penitential confessions, for as Christians rise to newness of life they attain to a purer atmosphere and thus see the more clearly, and have also attained to a higher degree of spiritual healthfulness by which their powers of vision are strengthened and their susceptibilities more refined and intensified. Besides, being all taught of God they thus perceive all the more clearly, correctly, and comprehensively, God's demands and their own debasements as to lead the best of them to exclaim with the Prophet "Woe is me for I am undone," or the Apostle, "O wretched man that I am," being ever keenly conscious that in *all* things they fail and come short of the glory of God.

But say some, do not the Scriptures plainly declare that "Whosoever is born of God cannot sin." Yes, but immediately before this we read, "if we say we have no sin we deceive ourselves and make God a liar and the truth is not in us." Now if these statements counterbalance, or as some would say contradict each other, in either case nothing is gained for the perfectionist. On the contrary we conceive that the one statement guards and explains the other. The statement that the believer "cannot sin" does not mean that he has not the power, for, "if we say we have no sin, etc." It does mean that he "cannot sin" for being born of God, the seed remaineth and it, pure in its nature, cannot sin. Yet the man is still a sinner. For instance, you may take a mouthful of water, you say it tastes bad, but I say that it is not the water that tastes bad but that which is in it. Thus in one sense the water cannot taste bad and in another sense it cannot but taste bad, and no man would call it pure water. But by looking at the Apostle's own figure we the better get his meaning. Knowing that the universal law of being in the natural world as in the spiritual is "everything after its kind," we see here not only the true "origin of species," but that the "seed," implanted and nourished, cannot bring forth but after its kind.

See, for instance, a garden plot neglected and very foul, but good seed being implanted and fostered in it, it will bring forth, not weeds, but after its kind, and thus as the garden is not yet perfect as it should be, so is the believer. But the Apostle still further explains his meaning when he says "Whatsoever is born of God overcometh the world, and this is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith." This faith is a vitalized, God-implanted, God-sustained power, and in this way the believer is "kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation." Under its growing influence the believer "cannot sin" with the wish nor the will, the desire and the delight which he once did, nor so as to sin away his soul and everlastingly perish. Still he is "not as though he had already attained, either were already perfect." But others may be ready to ask: Are we not warranted to suppose or to say that though a man may not be always sinless, yet may he not live many sinless days and perform many sinless deeds? To all such I would say: Produce your warrant and then I will judge, for knowing of no warrant, I know of no ground for such supposition or say. In short, from man's ceaseless shortcomings as revealed in God's Word, and from his conscientious convictions and confessions of sin, the inference is irresistible that sinless perfection is not attainable in this life, and that all the commands and promises concerning a sinless holiness are all susceptible of an explanation consistent with remaining corruption in believers, and that there is no inconsistency between the injunction "Be ye holy, be ye perfect," and the declaration "all have failed, and there is none righteous, no not one."

Failing to find a real, is there no relative perfection? Such a question you see refers to another, not to the believer's standing in himself but in Christ. The origin of this relative perfection here is, "If any man be in Christ he is a new creature, old things are passed away, behold all things are become new." His condition is "complete in Christ." His properties are "Christ is made of God unto him," wisdom "he is thus" wise unto salvation,—then "righteousness," and "now there is no condemnation, etc.,"—then "sanctification," and thus "perfect in Christ Jesus,"—then "redemption," enjoying "the liberty wherewith Christ hath made him free." All of Christ, so that "he that glorieth

let him glory in the Lord." The design "created in Christ Jesus unto good works," and the carrying out of this design, Paul shows is a ceaseless conflict. He says, "that which I do I allow not, for what I would that I do not, but what I hate that I do, for the good that I would I do not, but the evil which I would not that I do. O wretched man that I am." "Then cometh the end," when the combatant shall be "more than conqueror through Christ," who has promised "To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with me on my throne, even as I have overcome and am set down with my Father on his throne. Thus all perfection here is only" in Christ Jesus, but the relative will produce the real, for "we shall be like and ever with him." Thus "Christ is all and in all."

Toronto.

JOHN DUNBAR.

ACROSS THE ALPS ON A WHEEL.

II

“PAVÉ to Namur unrideable,” warns our Road-book, so we train. We proceed through the thronging streets of this busy manufacturing town, stop to admire and salute a bridal party coming out of a queer old church, then mount and are off at a rattling pace for Liége. It is noon, and we have had an early breakfast, but we have got rid of the cobblestones at last, and we shall dine later on. So by the broad Meuse we somewhat wildly speed, each keeping the rear till the strain of holding in becomes too great when he cuts in before the man in front, all but the Poet, who philosophically declares he is not making a record but riding for pleasure. The Financier scornfully suggests that were it not for a short leg and for his fondness for chopped grass he would be setting the pace for us all. The “chopped grass,” with which the Financier, with characteristic and unreasoning persistence, was wont to associate all the Poet’s mishaps, was the inevitable continental dish of greens minced, not to say mashed, beyond possibility of classification. Of this dish we all were very fond, the Poet, perhaps, especially so. It was vain to attempt to convince the Financier that the association of a broken saddle, for instance, with what he called “chopped grass” must be of the very remotest kind. Whatever the mishap or however brought about, he would growl out “You *will* eat that grass” to the Poet’s scornful disgust and our huge delight. With ignorance of that type the Poet wisely concluded nothing could be done. Two o’clock, after twenty kilometres of a run over roads none too light, finds us convinced that no single meal will do for us. We reach Andenne and the Hôtel du Commerce, state to the landlord as much of our case as we deem prudent, walk straight through to the kitchen, where, with smiles suitably lugubrious, we exhibit to the rosy matronly landlady our hollow condition and retire upstairs to rub down, becoming more firmly convinced with every moment of waiting that at least several days of careful treatment must intervene before our normal is regained. We sit down in the snug dining-room and

silently proceed to work. Several courses leave us still doubtful as to the result of dinner. But our landlady has not been unaffected by our appearance, and in three quarters of an hour our fears have taken on a different color and have progressed from *metuere ut* to *metuere ne*. Our Financier says he has a pain over one eye, and on the hither side of the pastry and the *tartins* we have to halt, regretting only that we have not dealt more prudently with the initial courses. We commend all acutely hungry men to the Hôtel du Commerce in Andenne. We never failed to surprise, and rarely to dismay those who innocently undertook to be our purveyors. The road gets bad again and we gladly board a little steamer that runs from Seraing to Liège. The Meuse is lined with smoky factories and noisy, dirty villages, but up beyond the smoke and noise recline upon the mountain sides green pasture lands and thick plantations, with orchards and farm houses nestling here and there. Rested by all this beauty stretched out beside us and by the easy rocking of the river we dream along to the Bishop's city of Liège. We do not stay to visit the old palace with its sixty rooms, the abode of the Episcopal princes in days of old, nor to more than glance at the many factories for arms and machinery of all sorts, but next morning ride through the fine wide streets and past its open military square and begin to climb. We climb for hours up and still up, in the hot sun and over pavement that sets vibrating all the inharmonious chords in our system, till we begin to feel that a crisis is at hand. The charmingly diversified scenery behind, before and on our left would, in other circumstances, fill us with rapture, now it simply preserves the balance in something like equilibrium—at last, at last the *parè* ends, we shall see it no more, for before us on our right stands a huge stone pillar with the German Eagle on its face, telling us we have come to the border of the Fatherland. A steep hill to climb checks our ardor, and at the top we stand and gaze in silent delight at the beauty of the wide valley stretching far away before us in undulating variety of forest, orchard, farm and town. This just below us is Aix, with ramparts of high hills on every side, rich in the romance of past heroes from Charlemagne to Napoleon. The smooth inviting surface of this steep descent proves too tempting after our painful past and my diary records "no time for

views! feet up! brake down! 'let her go' sings out the artist," and away we spin ringing bells and wildly yelling warning as we curve round teams and carts, graze now a horse's nose, now a gaping carter bewildered with the effort of dodging the one just gone before, hum around sharp curves with ever heightening speed, in dread wonder the while what is just round the next, then a long straight glorious stretch, and we pull up in Aix to get our breath and compare notes. Except for a broken saddle which is set down as usual to the "grass" we are right. But as we look back we feel

" 'Twere worth ten years of mortal life,"

but we'll not do it again. Bad road again so we train to Düsseldorf.

At Düsseldorf we present a letter of introduction from kind friends in Scotland and are invited to the comfort and elegance of a cultured German home, delightful under any circumstances, but to us now doubly grateful. From our present experience we should find it hard to speak too highly of German hospitality. For besides doing for us all that thoughtful kindness could suggest, they were not ashamed of us, and, considering our weeks of travel through dust and sun, and that during that time no razor had come upon us, nothing else need be added. They show us the Galleries of the Düsseldorf School of Painting; we loiter through parks in whose bosky shades wind walks by stream and placid lake; we play tennis and after dinner go with Düsseldorf *und Frau* to Carrée's circus. We find ourselves looking upon a phase of German life intensely interesting. All ranks are here represented. The commoner in great numbers, the sturdy, trim German soldier, without whose figure no German scene can be true to life, his officer, too, sauntering along tall and handsome, with a look on his haughty, highbred face that easily says: "*Odi profanum vulgus et arceo.*" In Germany no commoner's son can ever by wealth or merit or influence, become an officer. That rank is for gentleman, noble and prince, and admission is only by the officers' vote. So from generations past the present learn, some to command, the rest to obey. Here too we see a group of Japanese tumblers, trained birds, an imitation acting donkey and Prince Weimar, *roué* and gambler, all interesting in their way, especially the last, whose particular way

seems to lead him into hopeless debt, from which his aunt, the old Empress dowager, artlessly relieves him. But he is a prince and an officer and so is courted. Truly this soldiering in Germany is a business and no game for Queen's Birthday delights. Militarism colors the life of the very school children. Their games are military manœuvres. Their examinations, successfully passed from year to year, shorten the period of military service from three years to one. Society is graded by military rank. The Emperor is a soldier and his court a soldier's court. Germany is a fortified camp, its rivers swept by batteries, its mountains frowning with fortresses, its cities, towns, its villages, even, military stations. War, to Germany, is the serious business of life and enters as a factor into every calculation. The German soldier wears his soldier's cap, not cocked over one ear, as does the jaunty Frenchman, but pulled down straight, as becomes the serious man he is. Meantime the boys and women and old men struggle to pay the taxes. We overhaul our machines, shaken by the Belgian roads, and after many a regretful farewell to our kind friends, set off for Cologne, twenty-six miles away.

In a little village, about ten miles from Cologne, are two dogs between whom a coldness has sprung up which has been deepening into hate. Giddy insolence on the part of the younger has wounded the dignity of the older, who has undertaken the censorship of the canine morals of the village, which censorship, however, the other sniffs at. The relations are daily becoming more strained and we become the occasion of the outbreak. Two of us pass through and excite in the younger dog lively curiosity, which, being essentially a vulgar dog, he cannot hide. Two more pass and curiosity develops into rage, which, by the time the Poet came along, has ripened into frenzy. This frenzy he expresses by a series of angry barks and savage snaps chillingly near the rider's near calf. Suddenly there is a rush, a "streak of dog" from the other side, a confusion of wheel and man and dog, and the Poet rises to gaze with satisfaction upon the older dog who in chastising the young cur, is at once vindicating the honor of the village and appropriately expressing the sentiments of our companion, albeit he wishes the attack had been postponed a few seconds. The above is the theory he shortly afterwards propounded to us when we were sufficiently calm. We make Cologne about

noon, go right to the Cathedral, then away to dinner and back again to the Cathedral. The towers disappoint us ; they appear too low, but when we step within the western portal and look upon the maze of pillars and soft lights in that exquisite interior we can only wonder. We walk softly down the aisles and around the choir gallery above, then pass up the long, winding stairway to the tower past the bells and out upon the roof. There we stand and look out upon the city, clustering near, and far away over the undulating lands, to the dimly blue Drachenfels by the Rhine and then come down and away feeling as if we had been in some mysterious Presence. But before we leave Cologne we go back and stand at the main doorway and look again down the long drawn aisle of arching columns with their pure, unbroken lines, and feel more than ever that enveloping, mysterious Presence. That last look of tender beauty, solemn, pure and grand, I hope never to forget. We came away from Cologne without seeing the Church of Stc. Ursula, with the bones of the ten thousand virgins massacred by the Huns, nor did we go to see those of the six thousand martyred Thebans. Bones are found to possess a certain hideous monotony in appearance and, especially such as are relics, to be the occasion of much painful uncertainty. We, the Doctor perhaps excepted, could not enjoy them. The following evening finds us a few miles from Bonn, stretched at ease upon the grass by the roadside waiting for two who have loitered behind. A man hoeing in the field near is whistling and another beside him joins with a second. We must see a man that can whistle like that. He tries hard to understand that we want him to whistle again but our German vocabulary does not cover the word for "whistle," so we are at a loss. He brightens up when we ask him to sing, writes down the words and sings in a clear, full tenor. We encore and he sings again the lovely serenade "Still ruht der See." We smile hard at him, shake hands and set off wondering if all German peasants sing and love such music, or if it is that the spirit of Beeethoven, who of all Germany's souls of music most deeply moves and reads the heart, still haunts his native spot.

We sleep at Bonn, and next day sail up the storied Rhine. Its waters are not so beautiful as of our own St. Lawrence, nor has it the St. Lawrence's mighty sweep, but it has its vine clad

mountains, about whose feet the river curls with many a loving bend, and at every turn an old schloss stands out eloquent of the wild mystery of the romantic past, while the present speaks from modern mansion and forbidding fortress. There is but one German Rhine. We land at Biebrich, run in to Wiesbaden, the Saratoga of the Rhine, stroll through its gay, grand, crowded Cursaal, listening to the exquisite music and next morning are off again. Down a lovely double avenue of chestnuts, along a dusty road, across a long stone bridge, one of the sights, and we are at Mainz. We receive much kindness from the bicycle men, fine, gentlemanly fellows, who make themselves responsible for our entertainment. We ride out through the lines of massive fortifications—cannon and soldiers can never take Mainz—and view the old Roman wall built almost two thousand years ago, and still standing, not indeed a solid wall, but a row of pillars twenty feet high and ten feet thick. Standing there by the old relic of dead heroes there came floating up to us strains of music. We ride back, and, in a little churchyard, see a soldier's funeral. His comrades stand around and reverently listen to the words of burial, then again from the band come soft and full the notes we sing to our "Asleep in Jesus," and we too uncover. The prayers are said, the soldiers march away, the priest goes into the little chapel, but by the new-filled grave stands a gray-haired woman weeping and breaking her heart. He was her son, she is his mother. We think of ours far away and pray God comfort her; none other can.

At Mainz the Doctor leaves us for Paris. Work first is his motto. He is a good old soul with a heart as big and true as—the calves of his legs, and we all love him, but to me he is my *dimidium cordis* and I hate to have him go. Thus out in the bright, clear air, astride our answering wheels, the fresh breeze blowing about our ears, through ever-varying beauty, now loitering, now racing wildly at breakneck speed, sometimes tired at night, but in the morning fresh again—on we go for days, and are securely happy. From Mainz through Darmstadt to Heidelberg, where we wander through the old Schloss with its Great Tun, its curiously carved court, its terrace and all the rest of it, then off to Karlsruhe, well built and beautifully laid out with parks and boulevards, on through blooming rye fields and well-plowed

lands, into fortified Rastadt and out again, on through a pine forest, with cool green shade and brown carpet, on through clean, unpaved villages, stayed for a moment by a queer, thronging market-place or by a quiet old cloistered church with ancient gateway quaintly carved, on again to glance in at gay little Baden on the edge of the Black Forest and then with a final run through Kehl *en fête*, reminding us of the Toronto Island in Summer; we cross the bridge of boats under which rushes our old friend the Rhine and pull up for breath at Strasbourg. We are wakened next morning by martial music, and, springing to our window, overlooking one of the city gates, we see march past in magnificent array, a cavalry column, their horses stepping proudly to the music of the mounted band. For about an hour there follows a stream of infantry, artillery and cavalry. They are out for morning drill. We remember we are in a conquered country, of which this is the capital and, next to Metz, the strongest of Germany's strong fortresses. We visit the cathedral and wait to see the famous clock go through its processions, at twelve, and at one are off again.

Away to the left are the mountains of the Black Forest fading in the distance and on our right, ever drawing nearer, the blue Alsations. Between these a wide valley spreads itself in luxurious beauty. Up the mountain slopes clamber vineyards, hop gardens and rye fields, with boquets of blossoming orchards, here and there stuck in, and now a little fort bristles upon some commanding point and again it is a village nestling about its white church with heavenward pointing spire. The people are French, no longer frankly cheery but grave, almost suspicious, in their regard of us. We fancy we feel the chill of the Iron Chancellor's iron hand gripping this conquered land. A night at Colmar and another day's run and we are stopped by Swiss gendarmes and asked our mission. We for the first and only time show our passports and say with some pride we are Canadians, are duly wondered at and allowed to go. We sleep our first Swiss sleep in Kleine Basel with the Rhine rushing just beneath our window. Next day we leave our rushing friend at Liestal and climb into the Jura district. The road, like all these mountain roads, is so beautifully graded that it looks to be what we feel it is not, almost level. Up and up and still up we climb; stop to drink

buttermilk at a Swiss dairy and up again. "We ought to see Canada from the top," says the Financier. Just before us the road seems to get out into the light. We quicken our pace, take a sudden turn, and stand perfectly still. We are trying to take in our first view of the Alps, the Bernese Oberland. There they stretch before us, still far away, peak after peak, from Doldenhorn to Wetterhorn, throwing up their snow-capped heads into the clouds, glorious enough to be a stairway for gods, whence they might step into the heavens. Diary says: "Feet up to Olten, across the Aar, through a pine wood, a long climb, then feet up again past Lake Sempach, getting off to look at view here and there (adjectives no use), then a long, winding, rapid race and at last Lucerne." At the back of Lucerne to the southwest and almost overhanging, stands up sheer and grand old Pilatus at one end of a half circle of peaks that stand like sentries around the lake, and end in the Rigi at the north-east. We are among the Alps. We spend two days by this loveliest of Switzerland's lovely lakes. The Rigi we ascend in an hour and a quarter less than Baedeker's time for we have not ridden from Antwerp for nothing. The view from the *Kulm*, which we had in rain and wreathing mist and sunshine, no words can picture; words cannot give absolutely new ideas, so that wide sea of peaks gleaming white and frozen together by glacier masses, and that panorama of lake and valley and town far below, I shall not try to show. We wish to record, as a somewhat praiseworthy fact that we *did not* carve our names anywhere about the Rigi. We go and visit the Lion of Lucerne. In a grotto-like garden on the way to the Three Lindens we found him. On one side of the garden stands a sheer, smooth face of rock. In this a semi-circular niche is cut, and in the niche lies the lion, carved out of the living rock. On his right side he lies, his head resting on his right paw which guards a shield bearing the lilies of France. He is wounded to the death by the arrow sticking in his side, and on his face is a noble agony, as of a hero dying at his post, a fitting tribute to the Swiss Guard who, man by man, died guarding the Tuilleries from the rabid Parisian mob. A sail to Alpuacht and we mount again. Near Zungern we fall in with procession of pilgrims who have been to the church of St. Nicholat, the valley's patron saint, to pray for

safety from the mountain torrents that, for the past three years have swept away houses, fields and church. This we have from one of the men, who speaks excellent English. Men and women in picturesque costume, Underwalden maidens, with curiously braided hair, the badge of maidenhood, and wild looking lads, all busily chanting or muttering prayers. We walk with them for a time, then the priest at the head kindly bids them make way for us and we salute and pass on. Two thousand feet of a climb and we are over the Kaiser Stühl. A run through some typical Alpine villages with their queer, unpainted houses, three-and-a-half stories high, covered with small shingles, often sides as well as roof, like scale armor, with overhanging eaves and two storied verandahs, then up three thousand four hundred feet after much hard work, though the surface is perfect, and we stand upon the summit of the Brünig Pass. Then down the long, straight valley, flanked, as every valley here, by wooded mountains with white peaks, we run, past the Giesbach, falling eleven hundred feet into Lake Brienz, past other falls like silver ribands down the mountain sides, and so to Interlaken, in the very heart of overhanging mountains. While lazily lounging after tea we are roused by shouts and ringing of many bells. Rushing out, we find another procession going on. First come two fine looking fellows, in mountain costume of velvet waistcoat and knee breeches, white ruffled shirt and wide, plumed hat, leading a drove of beautiful dun Swiss cows, each with a bell, sweet-toned and clear. Then come more men with alpenstocks. With shouts and answering cheers they pass, stopping now and again to drink the wine brought out for them. The cows are out for a walk, getting into training after their Winter's stabling for their mountain pastures. It is a yearly ceremony, a kind of bovine welcome to the Spring. From the Rügen we look far up a valley towards the east and see the Jungfrau, lovely in her pure white dress. We fall in love then and there and of all Alpine peaks none can take her place with us. So we go on from day to day climbing up to free, glorious views, and diving down to deep valleys, from whose depths we look down towards torrents roaring out of sight below, and up wooded mountain sides, and, throwing back our heads, still further up to sheer cliffs and white peaks and clouds. Now we take our last climb of five thousand feet over the Col de

Pillon, running our wheels through snow and then feet up for miles, alighting at Le Sepey to dine, and two or three times more to look and wonder, for we are taking last looks we know, and still further down we wind along and across the Grand Eau, past Aigle, until before us shine the waters of blue Geneva. Then we look back at the peaks, thinking half-sadly of those long, stiff climbs and wild descents, and find it hard to realize that we have been across the Alps on a wheel.

C. W. GORDON.

Missionary.

THE RELATIONS OF POPULATION TO THE PROBLEM OF MISSIONS.

IN the schedules which aim to set forth the numerical strength of the different religions of the world, including the various sects of Christendom, there is almost always an element of misrepresentation. With or without design, all faiths except that of Protestant Christianity are made to include the entire masses of population which are swayed by their influence. The forces of Protestant Christendom are measured by the number of actual communicants. In Roman Catholic countries, not only is the complete census of the family presented, but the whole community is reckoned as Catholic unless positive proofs appear to the contrary. This rule applies to such countries as Mexico and the South American States. The same principle is applied to countries claimed by the Greek Church, as the supreme power. Protestantism in the United States, or in the Dominion of Canada, counts its forces by a different method, and yet, so far as concerns the social power of a religious faith, there is no reason why, in any just comparison, the same rule should not be observed. Estimated at its full volume, the American Baptist denomination, which, according to statistics recently published, now reaches nearly 3,000,000 of communicants, ought to be reckoned at 10,000,000 or 12,000,000, and the force of the Methodist denomination in the United States would not be far behind.

Another very important distinction which should be made in counting the forces of the religious faiths of the world, should be applied in countries like China, where Confucianism, Tauism, and Buddhism overlap each other, and where the same populations are liable to be claimed by each and all, whereas in any strict sense the *masses* do not belong to either. The populations of China, high and low, are Confucianists in ethics, and by turn Buddhists with respect to religious speculation, or Tauists in

their everyday superstitions. And these are more potent, practically, than any other faiths or customs of the land.

It is utterly misleading to speak of Buddhism as embracing one third of the human race, for not only in China but in Cambodia, Siam, Burmah and Ceylon the great masses are practical believers in spirit worship, and are the virtual slaves of a thousand superstitions down to the merest fetichism. Dr. A. P. Happer, of Canton, and others, have long maintained that Buddhism, as a clearly defined system with a proper enumeration, would fall quite within one hundred millions.

It is customary, also, for the apologists of false systems to parade each of the great heathenisms, as well as Islam, as a unit, homogeneous and compact, and thus contrasting strongly with Christianity, which is divided into many sects. Even Islam is rent into at least three great divisions, the Sunnites, the Shihites, and the Wahabbies, not to name the Suffis of Persia or the Druze offshoot in Syria.

The history of Hinduism as seen in perspective, is a kaleidoscope of changing forms and multiplied superstitions. Not only is there historic variety, there are rival sects to-day ranging all the way from the revived Arya Somaj, with its pure monotheism and its strict adherence to what it claims to have been the simplicity of the early Vedic teaching, down to the lowest grades of Polytheistic Saktism, with all the vile corruptions which attach to the so-called wives of the Hindu Trimurti.

Buddhism in the progress of ages, has completely boxed the compass of self-contradiction, passing from the blank atheism of Gautama through countless changes till in the Shin and Yodo sects of Japan, it has finally reached a veritable doctrine of salvation by faith. There are twelve distinct Buddhisms in Japan and thirteen in China, not to speak of other lands. These embrace all possible varieties and contrarities of speculation.

But the most popular tactics just now in assailing the cause of Missions, are found in the presentations of total heathen populations and their rapid advance, as compared with the gains by conversion to Christianity.

All will admit that the aggregate increase of the heathen by natural generation is far beyond the present accessions of converts; but this same disproportion has existed for a time in

every nation that has ever been won to Christianity. All lands and races now known as Christian were barbarous when the missionary work of the Church began. In Canon Taylor's own Britain there was for a long time the same discouraging ratio. If it be said that populations did not increase as rapidly then as now, so on the other hand it should be remembered that the means and agencies then in use bore no comparison with those which are now employed. In all those early instances, though the ratio of converts for a long time was small, yet the point was finally reached where the increase overtook and passed the ratio of population. Moreover there is a fallacy in comparing natural increase, which is universal, with missionary operations which are carried on only in limited sections. A true test requires that the growths compared be co-terminous, and also that not totals, but ratios of increase be considered. Let us test the question on this plan and in districts where missionary work is really attempted. In July last Sir William W. Hunter published an article in the *Nineteenth Century*, showing that, in the provinces of India in which missionary work was carried on, the per cent. of increase in converts exceeded that of the population four or five fold. Sir Charles Aitchison, in addressing a missionary assembly in June last, in Simla, Northern India, stated from the Indian Census Reports of 1881 that in the Madras Presidency the population had decreased during the decade from 1871 to 1881, while the Christian population had advanced more than 30 per cent. In Bengal the population had increased 10.89 per cent., and the Christian element more than 40 per cent. And this was not due to the presence of foreign Christians. They had increased only 7 per cent; the native Christian element, 64 per cent. In the Northwest provinces the increase in the population was 6 per cent.; the native Christian community 54 per cent. In the Punjab the increase among the population was 7 per cent.; the Christian element 38.5 per cent., or more than five times as rapidly as the population.

Such are the official exhibits of the growth of Christianity in a country which has not been numbered among the most fruitful of mission fields. Other fields would present still more favorable comparisons. In Siam and Persia, whose increase of population can scarcely have been 10 per cent. in the last decade, the increase of the native Church membership under the Presbyterian

Board (U. S. A.) has been 600 per cent. for the former and 200 per cent. for the latter. In China the average gain per cent. of all native Protestant Christians has been 140 per cent., while in Japan the gain of Protestant church members has been over 300 per cent. With the Church thus doubling every three years thoughtful Japanese ministers predict that by A. D. 1900, eleven years hence, the Japanese churches will be able to prosecute their own work and that the special enterprise of Foreign Missions will have been accomplished.

In the same line I may be permitted to introduce a quotation from the Right Hon. the Earl of Northbrook's address at the Centenary Conference of Missions in Exeter Hall.

"I will speak of men whom I have known and whom many of you have known. Among civilians what greater name is there than that of John Lawrence, who always, during the whole of his life, supported missionaries on every opportunity. He was succeeded in the government of the Punjab by Sir Robert Montgomery, an active supporter of missions. After Sir Robert Montgomery came Sir Donald McLeod, a man who on all occasions, and especially at the Missionary Conference at Liverpool, some years ago, showed his support of missionary undertakings. Now these, my dear you, were not men of whom the natives of India felt any suspicion or want of confidence. I remember very well when I was traveling through the Punjab, that I was told that a small and peculiar sect desired to be presented to me. They were presented, and this turned out to be a sect who worshipped the photograph of Sir Donald McLeod. There was no man probably who had so much influence with the natives as he, and he was a warm advocate of Christian missions. You all know that Sir William Muir, when Governor of the Northwest provinces, openly showed his support of mission work, and Sir Charles Aitchison, who occupied the post of Lieutenant Governor of the Punjab, and who is now one of the members of the Council, has also been an active supporter of mission work. Then there are Sir Richard Temple, Sir Richard Thompson, Sir Charles Bernard, Henry S. Tucker and others. There is the almost equally distinguished brother of Lord Lawrence, Henry Lawrence. There were Herbert Edwardes, Reynell Taylor, Henry Havelock, and in fact, nearly all the men who came forward at the time of the mutiny, and through whose exertions the British empire in India was preserved. I say this for two reasons. I say it, first, because when you are told that missionary societies are nonsense, supported by a pack of old women, then you may point to these men, the best statesmen and the best soldiers of India, who have by their lives and on every occasion, on which they could, supported mission work. And I say it besides, because I wish to point out that these are men in whom more than in any others the natives of India, whether Christians or not, had the greatest confidence.

"Now a few words as to the result of the work we have been doing, and the prospects of it. Did any of you read the telegram in the *Times*

the other day? Of all the men I ever knew, Sir Charles Aitchison is the most careful and accurate, and (according to the telegram) he said at a meeting at Simla: "Christianity is advancing five times faster than the growth of the population, and is making greater progress than at any time since the Apostolic spirit."

In considering populations in their relation to the Missionary problem, we should set out with clear views as to what that problem really is. All statistical statements which imply that the missionary enterprise is charged with the conversion of all mankind are misleading. The work once carried on by Europeans in the American colonies, ceased when a self-sustaining Christianity had been established here. Though all the people are not converted even now, yet the specific work of missions from abroad was done. So it was still longer ago with every Christian State in Europe. So it is now in part in Hawaii and Madagascar and Fiji. So will it be in Japan and China. What the enterprise aims at is to give the Gospel to nations that have it not,—to plant churches which will carry on the work as it is carried on here—that is its errand whatever the population may be.

There is one paramount duty for the Christian Church during the coming century, which it can certainly accomplish, with God's help, however great the increase of population may be, and that is **TO MAKE KNOWN THE SALVATION OF GOD.** It is the crime of the centuries that the Church has not already done this. No intelligent student of history will deny that if the Church in the past generations had been faithful to her trust, the truth might have been widely proclaimed in every land, and the whole world might have been Christian in the same sense that Great Britain and the United States are to-day. Apart, then, from all other duties of the Church, rising far above the claims of lands already Christian, eclipsing every other obligation which God has placed upon the soul of enlightened man, *is the duty of making known to the nations that have never known Him, the fact that Jesus Christ has come to this earth as a Divine Saviour.* Nearly two thousand years of neglect should suffice. Not another century should pass ere this work be achieved. *It can certainly be done, and to the accomplishment of this work the whole force of the Christian Church should be aroused.* Were an angel to proclaim this duty in trumpet tones from the heavens, it could not be plainer or greater or more urgent than it is.

New York.

F. F. ELLINWOOD.

TWO HUNDRED AND FORTY MILES BY CART TOWARDS HONAN.

THE closing of navigation at the Port of Tientsin through the freezing of the river, cut off all hopes of going thither by sea, and thence inland to Pang Chiachwang, south-west, by house-boat on the Grand canal or river as the Goforths had done. A telegram from Goforth said, "Come." The question then was, *how*. To go overland alone without a greater knowledge of Chinese than to say, "lie" in a loud tone of voice, was out of the question. (This word does not imply the Chinese are a nation of liars: it means "come in.") When we were pondering over the possibilities, the arrival of Rev. F. H. James, of the English Baptist mission, put an end to our difficulties. He was on his way from England to Tsing Cheu Fu, two hundred and forty miles from Chefoo towards Honan. He at once offered to escort me, and was straightway chosen as guide, philosopher and friend. From Tsing Cheu Fu they could pass me on to the next station, and so on to the end. Accordingly he informed his "boy," (aged thirty) of my needs, viz: Two carts, one for my boxes and one for myself. The foreigners have no dealings with the Chinese in business matters. A boy acts as go-between in beating down the prices, and it is understood by all that he is entitled to a "squeeze" for his trouble. It is believed that this "squeeze" is much lighter than the one you would get if you tried to do business directly. Mr. James himself employed a covered chair, requiring four bearers, and four others to relieve on such a long journey. This more easy mode of travel his health compelled him to choose. The perils of cart-travel, diligently exaggerated beforehand by your friends, are to be endured only by the robust and those with well-knit frames. Ladies do well in rarely venturing abroad in a cart, even if it be well padded on four sides with bedding. This "ancient institution" has two wheels like those of a small locomotive which you at once think of as you speed along over the hills and plains at the rate of $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles an hour. The first two or three days no trotting was possible. Even after

that it was the exception. Behind is a projection upon which your boxes may be lashed. The body is covered gypsy fashion on three sides, with a flap in front to let down when the wind blows. Your boy carries the bag—the cash-bag which is the size and shape of a pillow-case. In this, one string of a thousand cash makes a dollar. The clothes on your back are worth more than the biggest load of cash your boy can stagger under. The two mules agreeably to the necessities of the road, go tandem. The driver in blue smock and trousers, with belt, walks alongside or rides on the thills before you. Where we come to a difficult pull he says “th-r-r-r” *ad libitum*. It must be admitted that the cart, the mules and the driver are well built for the roads.

It has been often said that China has no roads. When one sees the macadamized streets of the smart foreign settlements at the ports, he is apt to think the charge an exaggeration. But once leave the bounds of the foreign quarters and what do you find? In the towns, in parts, large, most irregular blocks of paving stone constitute the streets over which you receive your first jolting ere you leave the city, and then you come to where there are no roads but in a limited sense. No care is ever bestowed on them, nor was any human hand ever concerned in their building, for they run over virgin soil. On some hills, especially bad bits of sand had irregular *stairways* of stone. When the road gets really too bad even for a Chinaman, he makes another by running his cart on a new track alongside the old one. Very few bridges except foot bridges are necessary. We forded many streams which were shallow and narrow at this season. In fact the road very often lay along in the beds of rivers, which, at full flood would be hundreds of yards wide, though still very shallow. Wherever bridges could not be dispensed with they were built of substantial stone. We crossed one bridge of boats, our mules being unhitched, and the men pulling cart and all across. One fine stone bridge with solid stone guards was being repaired. We were presented with a subscription book and politely invited to put down our names. After a moment's deliberation we put down 250 cash (25 cents) as our joint contribution. One is irresistibly reminded of the same figures so frequently adorning missionary collectors' books in Canada.

“From ancient times,” this has been the great highway across

Shantung to Chefoo. In some places the road-bed is ten or twenty feet below the fields. The myriad feet of men and beasts, perhaps for well nigh 40 centuries, have trodden this road. When rain comes, a little torrent runs down the channel and cuts it deeper, carrying off the loose dust. The telegraph line to Chinan Fu, the capital, keeps in sight of us except where, as often, the road diverges from the straight line. My friend says he knows of nothing more crooked than a Chinese road, except it be the Chinese heart. The footpath very often was quite out of sight of the cart track. It was pleasant every now and then to see the poles and wire, the earnest of China's awakening, and when we passed under the line we thought of the time when we should also require to pass over an accompanying railway track.

The barrow, the cart, and the beast of burden were constantly passing and repassing us early and late, all heavily laden. The barrow, large and substantial, is pushed by a man, aided often by a donkey pulling in front, or by a sail and by a man holding the front of the barrow. Strapped on with the merchandise was the bannock, sometimes a foot and a half in diameter, which formed the barrow-man's *viaticum*. When at rest two projections in front touched the earth and, when a start was made, the man required only to pull the handles down, an easier thing than to lift them up as in Canadian barrows. These barrows invariably gave forth a not unpleasant squeaking noise, which the enemies of Scottish national music would at once compare with that. A child would imagine that the man was hurting something. But the sound must be great company.

Carts were often drawn by three animals, sometimes all of different kinds. The ox, the mule, and the donkey were favorite combinations towards the end of our journey. When crossing a very sandy tract our men hired a little donkey to act as our trace auxiliary. The "Sheuza," we met several times. This is a mule litter for passenger travel, a small house being hung on two mules. This mode of travel is said to induce sea-sickness in the novice. In the grey morning, one day, we passed a line of patient camels, swinging their unwieldy bodies along under heavy baics. Animals seem mostly used for burdens. A few pigs and a flock of sheep were the only others that we observed.

The inns where we stayed at night varied slightly in quality,

but had the same general features. A large gateway led into a quadrangular courtyard. The signs were on red paper, *e.g.*, "Official Preferment Inn." "Merchants and travellers peacefully lodged." "Scholars and merchants assemble here." On each side of the gateway are the innkeeper's quarters and kitchen. Within the compound are the carts and mules, and on the side opposite the gate is the best room, which we regularly occupied. The floor is always mud, the furniture two chairs, a table, a native lamp, and the Kang of brick or wood covered with clean matting. On this we put our bedding and never slept more soundly. One difficulty with the inns is the absence of heating apparatus. The first night my friend ordered some fire, and the host lighted a heap of straw in the middle of the floor. This answered the purpose till the smoke began to descend, having passed through the tattered and falling paper-ceiling and filled the garret, and finding no outlet began to descend and go out of the door, out of which we also speedily ran with tears in our eyes. Only one other night did we order any fire, and that night we got charcoal in a pan, which did very well indeed. Notwithstanding the absence of heating, Chinese wadded clothes and shoes and ample bedding are quite sufficient for all except those with very torpid circulation. These must simply bear it or not travel in cold weather.

The Chinese food, which we ate with chop sticks, consisted of rice (a luxury in Shantung), millet, which makes an excellent porridge (*à la Knox*) three times a day, pork sausages, beef, bread (very fair), and once or twice the luxury of a chicken of venerable age, for which 25 cents was paid. The reckoning one night for four persons, ourselves and our boys, was about 36 cents. But most missionaries find it true economy to take foreign stores in small proportion with them, especially butter and condensed milk. By the aid of these, as accessories, good living was obtainable all the way.

Town and village life seem characteristic. I do not remember passing a single farmhouse standing alone. The people huddle together, partly for mutual protection. The Taeping rebels overran this region once, and bands of robbers occasionally terrorise whole villages. If possible a mud wall is thrown up around the village. The mud houses and walls, in many cases sadly crumb-

ling through rains, and apparently never repaired, give a very dreary feeling to the beholder. The red paper bills, signs and the like give very feeble relief. Here are some specimens: "Hall of Perpetual Spring," (drugs). "Righteous Prosperity Shop." "Harmonious Accord Tea Shop." "Everlasting Increase Hat Shop." "Vapory Vista of the Brilliant Spring," (tobacco). These villages seem to have schools. We walked through one of them at 7 a.m. and heard two schools hard at work. The teaching, however, is rote work which the pupils (all boys of course) do not understand. One common school book is a list of family surnames, numbering 438. This is memorised. The most elementary Christian school is far superior to them. The Baptist mission has a free system of Christian village schools for their native Christian children. Here, at any rate, school work is necessary, especially if we consider that probably less than six of the 300 or 400 millions can read the character of the books.

Graves, graves, everywhere in China; large, sodless, circular mounds, remind us unceasingly of the millions who have gone to Christless graves. Fine memorial portals were sometimes passed. These were erected in memory of some widow who refused to marry a second time, or of some man who lived to be a hundred years old, or of some son who did some extraordinary act of filial piety. Fondness for inscriptions seems characteristic of this land. Inscriptions on red paper are rife in villages and towns. Some of these announce the passing of some man for the degree of B.A., which is held by ten thousand in Shantung alone. Inscriptions on tombs, which very rarely stand by a grave, the vast majority of the mounds having no mark, inscriptions on tablets to spirits, inscriptions on shrines, inscriptions on inn doors gave my friend good opportunities for the study of epigraphy. This he told me was very difficult. Here are some specimens I gleaned from him. "A sure response," on a shrine; "Here dwells the god of wealth," on a wall, with niche, erected across the end of an open street to keep out bad luck; "The four spirits pluck up weeds," in a field; "As flowers spring up after rain, as spring after winter, so flourish trade"; "Those near are glad to see those from far," these last two at inns. In some cases a quarrel with the host, pure jocularly or pure depravity, records its opinions of the inn on the wall. In one case paint had been

freely used to hide these scrawls, one of which could still be seen to begin, "This is truly a bad inn." The regard for virtue in Chinese inscriptions in public places is very marked. But alas! we are warned that all this is but the whitened sepulchre.

Of course, we met with nothing but courtesy. Even the inn-keepers, with one exception, forbore to squeeze us beyond endurance, and even he wanted only fifty cents extra, a great deal to him, but little to us. To check future extortions on foreigners we refused to pay this and went so far as to fetch the fellow to the yamen, which fortunately for him, was not open so early. This is, however, considered a very unusual course in such cases.

Every few miles we passed villages, towns and cities to the number of about 240. How many Christians did we hear of in them all, how many missionaries? Some missionaries and Christians in 2 or 3 of them, and that was all. My friend pointed out some mountains and said: "Behind those hills we have some Christians," and I thought of the little flock far away in the midst of darkness, and a peculiar pathos filled the simple announcement. How ridiculously small the number of Christian missionaries here. And yet in the beginning of the sixth century upwards of 3000 foreign priests were propagating Buddhism in China. While they came east, Paul and his companions went west. Supposing their course reversed. Europe and America would be Buddhist, and China Christian. Everywhere on doors and walls you see the character "Happiness." This is what the people all desire. How will they get the true Happiness, unless they have at least the opportunity to hear and believe the "Happiness Sound," which is Chinese for Gospel.

Tsing Cheu Fu, China.

DONALD MCGILLIVRAY.

Closing of College.

CLOSING DAY.

KNOX College is approaching her jubilee. The forty-fourth session came to a close on Thursday, April 4th. As is always the case on such occasions, Convocation Hall was crowded to its utmost capacity. Many an old graduate turned away from the cares of a city pastorate, or from the greater cares of a backwoods mission, and tried to make himself an undergraduate again. College halls, college songs, and college festivities are an elixir more life-giving than any alchemist's cordial. Nothing is better for the life of the Church, nothing more refreshing and health-giving, than such meetings of ministers and students, the preachers of to-day and the preachers of to-morrow.

On Closing Day, Principal Caven presided. Members of Senate, Representatives of other Colleges, the Moderator of the General Assembly, and the Minister of Education occupied seats on the platform. The Principal expressed the sincere regret felt by all connected with the work of the College, and their sense of the great loss occasioned by the death of Professor Young. As he had written at some length on this subject in the March number of the MONTHLY, his references to the great service rendered by Dr. Young to Knox College, the University, and the cause of higher education generally, were brief. But many present were touched. Prof. Young had no more faithful students than those who are now ministers of the Presbyterian Church, nor do any cherish his memory more sacredly. They never deal in superlatives in speaking of their old master, but at the mention of his name one notices a strange light in the eye, and learns what reverence means.

THE EXAMINERS' REPORT.

It is interesting to observe how the audience listen in breathless silence for the names of special friends among the prize-

winning students, and how when they listen in vain, they grow philosophical and console themselves with the thought that prizemen are bookworms. The interested students were not so eager this year, the results being known beforehand. One of the many inventions recently sought out by man makes it possible for the whispers of the Senate-chamber to be heard on the housetops. It is scarcely necessary to state that, as last year, scholarships were awarded for general proficiency. The list is as follows:—

FIRST YEAR.

Central Church, Hamilton, Scholarship \$60—J. W. McMillan, B.A.
 Eastman Scholarship, \$60—Norman Lindsay, B.A.
 J. B. Armstrong Scholarship, \$50—Joseph Elliott.
 Goldie Scholarship, \$40—F. F. McPherson, B.A.
 Gillies Scholarship (1), \$30—P. E. Nichol.
 Gillies Scholarship (2), \$30—J. S. Conning.
 Dunbar Scholarship, \$30—William Morris.

SECOND YEAR.

The J. A. Cameron Scholarship, \$60—H. E. A. Reid, B.A.
 Knox Church, Toronto, Scholarship (1), \$60—W. J. Clark.
 Knox Church, Toronto, Scholarship (2), \$60—Peter McLaren, B.A.
 The Loghrin Scholarship, \$60—M. P. Talling, B.A.
 Torrance Scholarship, \$50—John Crawford, B.A.
 Heron Scholarship, \$30—James Drummond, B.A.

THIRD YEAR.

Bonar Burns Scholarship, \$80—W. A. J. Martin.
 Fisher Scholarship, \$60—P. J. Pettinger.
 Fisher Scholarship, \$60—George Needham, B.A.
 Zion Church, Brantford, Scholarship, \$50—T. R. Shearer, B.A.
 Boyd Scholarship, \$30—A. E. Mitchell, B.A.
 Cheyne Scholarship, \$30—R. M. Hamilton, B.A.

SPECIAL SCHOLARSHIPS AND PRIZES.

First year—Bayne Scholarship, \$50—D. M. Buchanan.
 Second and Third years—Smith Scholarship, \$50—J. McP. Scott, B.A.
 Bryden Scholarship, \$30—P. J. Pettinger.

WILLARD DEPOSITORY PRIZES.

James Drummond, B.A., and J. McP. Scott, B.A.

FIRST, SECOND AND THIRD YEARS.

Clark Prizes—(1) P. J. McLaren, B.A. Clark Prize—(2) Thomas R. Shearer, B.A.
 Mackay Scholarship, \$40—P. M. McEachern. Prince of Wales Prize—J. McD. Duncan, B.A.

FIRST IN CLASSES—FIRST YEAR.

Exegetics—J. W. McMillan.
 Biblical Criticism—J. W. McMillan.
 Apologetics—Joseph Elliott.
 Church History—Joseph Elliott.
 Systematic Theology—N. Lindsay.
 Old Testament Introduction—Joseph Elliott.

SECOND YEAR.

Exegetics—H. E. A. Reid.
 Apologetics—H. E. A. Reid.
 Church History—H. E. A. Reid.
 Systematic Theology—H. E. A. Reid.
 Homiletics—P. J. McLaren.
 Old Testament Introduction—H. E. A. Reid.

THIRD YEAR.

Exegetics—Geo. Needham.
 O. T. Introduction—W. A. J. Martin.
 Systematic Theology—W. A. J. Martin.
 Church History—D. C. Hossack, A. J. Jansen.
 Homiletics—D. C. Hossack, T. R. Shearer.

In announcing the "Clark" prizes of Lange's Commentary for proficiency in Hebrew and Greek, Principal Caven referred to the absence of Mr. W. Mortimer Clark, who is at present journeying in Egypt, and for whose safe return all friends of Knox College will unite in hope and prayer. Reference was also made to the work being done in University College by J. McD. Duncan, a member of the graduating class. Since the death of Prof. Young, Mr. Duncan has had charge of a large part of the work in connection with the Philosophy department, which accounted for the absence of his name from the list of prizemen. Had he been among the competitors, the race would have been harder, and the results would have been different.

THE GRADUATING CLASS.

Knox College adds twenty-two names to the list of her alumni, and gives to the work of the ministry the largest number of men ever graduated by any theological college in connection with any Church in Canada. Principal Caven gave diplomas to the following gentlemen, charging them to make full proof of their ministry :—

W. N. Bethune, J. McD. Duncan, B.A., L. C. Emes, James Gilchrist, E. R. Hutt, A. J. Jansen, Robert Johnston, R. M. Hamilton, B.A., W. A. J. Martin, D. C. Hossack, LL.B., A. E. Mitchell, B.A., Thos. Nattress, B.A., Geo. Needham, B.A., P. J. Pettinger, John Robertson, M. C. Rumball, B.A., J. McP. Scott, B.A., T. R. Shearer, B.A., Joseph Watt, W. P. McKenzie, B.A., D. F. McMillan, William Neilly.

DEGREE OF B.D.

Two gentlemen passed all the examinations for the degree of Bachelor of Divinity, Rev. Mungo Fraser, M.A., D.D., of Hamilton, Ont., and Rev. Donald MacGillivray, M.A., of Honan, China. Dr. Fraser was presented by Rev. W. G. Wallace. Mr. MacGillivray passed his final examination in October last, taking the unusually high average of 91 per cent., but as the distance between Honan and Toronto is greater than even the most loyal alumnus cares to travel, it was impossible for him to be present to receive the insignia of the degree. Rev. J. K. Wright and Rev. John MacGillivray, of Montreal, passed the first examination for this degree.

DEGREE OF D.D.

Two worthy names were added to the very short and honorable roll of Doctors of Divinity. Rev. Dr. Cochrane presented Rev. W. T. McMullen, of Woodstock, Ont., Moderator of the General Assembly, making mention of his worth, his faithful services to his Church, and his loyalty to his Alma Mater. Rev. Dr. Laing presented another worthy and loyal son of Knox College, Rev. D. H. Fletcher, of Hamilton. After receiving, at the hands of the Principal, the honor which the Senate decided to confer upon them, Drs. McMullen and Fletcher replied in suitable terms, thanking the College for the distinction, and pledging themselves to wear their honors with becoming modesty.

After Hon. G. W. Ross made one of his clean-cut speeches, Principal Caven¹ intimated that the Endowment Fund subscription list showed $\$205,932$; of which $\$184,071$ have been paid. His mention of the unwearying efforts of the Agent of the College, Rev. W. Burns, was greeted with hearty applause. The afternoon's work being over, Rev. Principal Sheraton, of Wycliffe College, pronounced the benediction.

THE EVENING MEETING.

College Street church had the honor of being selected for the evening meeting, and the presence of the pastor, Rev. Alex. Gilray, made all Knox College students feel at home. Dr. Caven presided. Dr. MacLaren, in the name of the Faculty, addressed to the graduating class words of farewell, encouragement, warning. W. A. J. Martin performed the duties of valedictorian for the class of '89. Rev. D. J. Macdonnell gave, as he usually does, a stirring address to the graduates, students, ministers and whoever else came within range of his speech. One good point he made, one worth making again, was in urging ministers to preach only what they believe, not what they doubt. Doubt is paralyzing. Only those who believe because they have seen, and speak because they believe, are powerful preachers. One of the dangers threatening the pulpit is acceptance of truth at second-hand. There is power in the sublime egotism which says "I know."

Open Letters.

LECTURES ON COMPARATIVE RELIGION.

I WAS glad to notice in the January number of the MONTHLY a letter from the managing editor on the subject of "The Study of Non-Christian Religions." With all that was said in that letter about the advantages of such study and the advisability of making provision for it in Knox College, I thoroughly agree. I hope that the matter will not be allowed to drop; but that it will not only be discussed in the MONTHLY, as the editor desires, but also that some practical result will follow. Though living in Halifax, and therefore naturally interested in the Theological Hall here, I feel as loyal as ever to my Alma Mater in Toronto. Hence it is that I am now writing this communication. It may be of interest to the students and graduates of Knox College, to know that a course of lectures on Comparative Religion is being given this session to our theological students in Halifax. The course is as follows: "Man as a Religious Being"; "Primeval Religion"; "Religion of the Patriarchs"; "Religion of Ancient Egypt"; "Religion of the Hindoos"; "The Buddhist Religion"; "The Religion of Zoroaster"; "The Religion of Confucius"; "Religion of Ancient Greece"; "Religion of Ancient Rome"; "The Mohammedan Religion"; "The Scandinavian Religion"; "The Aztec Religion"; "Religion of North American Indians"; "The Christian Religion." The fifteen lectures are being delivered by fifteen persons from various sections of the Maritime Provinces all of whom with two exceptions are ministers. The subjects and the lecturers were appointed by the senate of the college, but all the traveling expenses of the lecturers are paid by the Alumni Association. Two years ago a course, provided in the same way, was given on subjects relating to Church government. Last year the course was on certain departments of Church history. But this year's course has so far proved the most interesting. Could not the Alumni of Knox College provide a similar course of lectures for our theological students in Toronto? There can be no question in relation to the importance of the study of non-biblical systems of religion. The conceptions which men, the world over, have entertained regarding such great themes as the supernatural, the relation of man to God and of God to man, worship,

the future life, etc., ought to be of intense interest to every theological student. The statement that "He who knows only one religion knows none" may be an exaggeration, yet the study of comparative religion widens our ideas and enlarges the mind and heart. It is, moreover, of great apologetic value. A careful review of the ethnic religions shows most clearly that "In the wisdom of God the world by wisdom knew not God"—that without a supernatural revelation from heaven, man has not and never can attain to adequate conceptions regarding the being and character of God, and the way of acceptable approach to Him,—that left to the dim lamp of human reason man must ever remain in the dark in relation to the greatest of all questions. It shows not only that the non-biblical religions are characterized by unworthy conceptions of the Supreme Being, but also that they are radically deficient in at least two fundamental particulars: (1) They provide no method of justification that either satisfies the conscience or accords with righteousness; (2) They provide no sufficient power for the regeneration and sanctification of sinners. The study further shows that man is a religious being needing a religion of some kind; and it confirms us in the conviction that the religion which we have received by revelation from heaven is the religion man needs, so that we can confidently say with the prophet, "For all people will walk every one in the name of his god, and we will walk in the name of our God forever and ever." I need scarcely add that the study is of incalculable interest and value to intending missionaries and that it is well fitted to give additional stimulus to missionary enterprise. I do hope that the Alumni of Knox College will take the matter into earnest consideration at once and that a good course of lectures on the subject will be provided.

For the information of the readers of the MONTHLY, I may state in conclusion that the number of students in the Halifax Theological Hall (usually called Pine Hill College) is now very encouraging. Including affiliated students there are thirty in all. Ten expect to graduate at the close of the session.

Halifax.

H. H. MACPHERSON.

Here and Away.

THERE has been so much of "Away" during the last month that very little remained to complete the April number of the MONTHLY.

THE managing editor has returned laden with spoils from the old land. Readers of this magazine may expect great things during the coming year. The new volume begins with the May issue. An intelligent exchange says that no Presbyterian can afford to do without it.

THE Alumni meeting on April 3rd was quite successful. There was not as much business as usual. The vote for representatives on the Senate resulted in the election of Revs. John Somerville, Owen Sound; H. McQuarrie, Wingham, and Dr. Armstrong, Ottawa.

REV. J. WILKIE, of Indore, made a good point when he called attention to the state of the Museum. This is now the most neglected part of the college. It should be one of the best kept and most interesting. Foreign missionaries would gladly supply it with articles and specimens of value were they assured that these would be properly cared for. Mr. Wilkie's suggestion should do good.

THE few lines left are not sufficient to report the other items of business, and the fourth annual college supper must look for immortality to the crowd of students who filled every seat in the dining-hall and proved once more the popularity of this institution. The supper and the postprandial speeches were pronounced the best in the series.

A PROSPECTUS of the new volume of the MONTHLY will be issued at an early date, and will be sent to friends willing to assist in increasing the influence of the magazine. A magnificent list of contributors will be presented. Several new features will be introduced. The outlook is brighter than ever before.

THE Queen's College students are at war with the Kingston presbytery, and if the published reports are approximately true theirs is a righteous war. We have frequently heard mutterings from the same quarter. War has now been declared. If a few presbytery examiners are slain we will contribute to the building of their sepulchres. Toronto students have little to complain of. Occasionally a man with a hobby worries a candidate; but university and college diplomas are generally respected in Toronto. We join hands with our brethren at Queen's and hope the sun may stand still until they prevail.