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## Our Graduates' Pulpit.

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### GOD'S CARE FOR HIS OWN.

A SERMON BY THE REV. G. C. PIDGEON, B.A., MONTREAL WEST, QUE.

"We know that all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to His purpose."—Romans viii., 28.

The great doctrine of God's sovereignty is one which all who believe in His love and goodness should accept with delight. Its truth is illustrated and proven by all the occurrences of time. In the material world we find that those events which seemed destined only to destroy, were really links in the great chain of God's beneficent designs. The great fires, floods and volcanic upheavals that are recorded in history, have been red-lettered by men as the catastrophies of the ages, and yet as the earth tells the story of its birth and growth to the listening scientist, we learn that these phenomena have been the means of bringing it to its present condition and fitting it to be the abode

of man. Since the advent of man there are still more striking examples of the truth that God is King. Through all history we can trace His hand. Millions of free men, each working out his own destiny, have wrought and fought with one another, the earth has been adorned by their toil, defaced by their hate, and stained with their blood, nations have risen, built, destroyed and been destroyed, and yet all that they have done has been used for the benefit of the race as a whole, and for the glory of God. It may have seemed an irreparable loss to the world when Israel fell, since only that nation had the knowledge of God, but by her apostasy and dispersion, the truth of the Bible was spread to all mankind. It may have seemed the crowning disaster when the barbarians of the North destroyed the civilization of Greece and

Rome, but they built on its ruins a nobler edifice, the corner-stone of which was Christianity, and one wall of which was the lasting work of these ancient nations, resurrected and freed from its encumbrances to form a part of the completed building. The very things that men oftentimes considered the greatest catastrophies, have turned out to be the greatest boons to humanity, for God has used even the wrath of man to praise Him and bless His children.

If this be true in the history of the race, it is also true in the lives of individuals, that God makes all things work together for good to them that love Him. Much of our faith in this and similar statements is destroyed by our mistaken ideas of goodness. When we find that all things do not work together to bring about the good we expect, we conclude that God cannot or will not fulfil His promises, and that it is useless to rely on Him.

This does not mean that we are to have no trouble. Many people can form no idea of peace except that of absolute quietness, while it really means internal calm amid external storm. Among the coral islands the mariner often sees a small sheet of water that is perfectly calm, no matter how furiously the tempest may rage in the ocean around, because a coral reef has been built about it, and the waves cannot force their way in. Now, amid the storms of the world we must expect many hurricanes to blow over us, and many thundering billows to surge against our lives, but around us Christ has built a wall of protection, and no distress or despair can roll through our souls, so long as our trust in Him keeps us inside of it. It is impossible to escape affliction here. Friends must separate, and no matter how firm our assurance that the departed are far better and happier with Christ than in the world, yet those who remain behind, must feel their loss.

Business troubles and many other sorrows must be encountered, for God does not take His people out of the world, but keeps them from the evil, so that while we may expect good from everything and all things together, we must not expect to encounter no difficulties.

Nor does this promise mean that we are to have unbroken earthly prosperity. If we believe that we are doing the work that God has called us to, it is natural to think that the more we make of it, the more will God be glorified, and it is right to do our utmost to reach the loftiest pinnacle of earthly success. But it frequently has occurred that temporal prosperity brought spiritual degradation, and then, in order to secure our highest welfare, God must thwart our endeavors, not because He cannot give both temporal and spiritual success, but because we cannot receive both. There is something better for every Christian than anything that earth affords. Though you should acquire the wealth of a Gould, a Vanderbilt or a Rothschild, the power over nations of a Caesar, a Cromwell, or a Napoleon, the influence over the minds and hearts of men, and the immortal renown of a Homer, a Shakespeare, or a Milton, there is still a more glorious work and destiny for you in the spiritual world, to which all the successes and sorrows of earth are only stepping-stones. If John the Baptist be as great as any who went before him, and if the least in the Kingdom of Heaven be greater than he, then the world's most famous characters are not worthy to be compared with the least of God's children, for their lives, influence and work are spiritual, and they are eternal as God Himself. The object of our lives is to reach this end, and we must be prepared to sacrifice anything that is inconsistent with it, for no matter how pleasing or profitable an earthly possession might be here, it would be a positive injury if it robbed us of eternal

blessings hereafter. To decide what will, and what will not serve our spiritual interests must be left with God, and, while we perform faithfully every duty, and are diligent in the use of all our powers and possessions, we must leave results to Him, and He will keep all that we commit to Him against that day.

The only true idea of good is spiritual. That is our good which will make us like Christ and develop the powers of our souls to the highest degree of efficiency, and which will open up a way for us to use these abilities for the benefit of our fellows, and the glory of our God. We are to be transformed into the image of Christ, that we may resemble Him in our love, our self-denial and sympathy, our words and works, our humility, and spirituality and eternal glory. Already those who love are the sons of God, but it doth not yet appear what we shall be, for we are pressing on to perfection. It is not a perfection that is selfish—love prohibits that. It is inseparably connected with our duties to others. The Christian is to get outside of self, and think of them and his Master, and his own soul will flourish by means of this self-denial. It is only when thus Christ-like that we can be truly happy and able in all things to fulfil the will of God. Only this fulfilment can fit us for our future sphere of existence, which is to reign over our Father's universe as heirs of God, and joint heirs with Christ.

All things, then, work together in one grand unity for this good. It is not one thing here, and another there, giving us a little benefit separately, but everything that is under God's government combines its powers with everything else to bless you and me. The promise is high as heaven, great and abiding as the omnipotence and love of God, and long and broad as eternity. You cannot make it too comprehensive in its sweep, or too direct in its application to yourself. No matter what other

worlds may be in themselves, the fact remains that they serve us, for, although we have got over believing that the sun and stars are satellites of our planet, we know that one of their functions is to bring light and joy to men. How far the world of spirits is connected with ours, it is impossible to determine, but we know that death and the hate of Satan are made to aid us, and that "the angels are ministering spirits sent forth to minister to them who shall be heirs of salvation." The great events of the past, such as the movements of nations, the changes in society, the religious upheavals, the wars and tumults, the peace and prosperity, and, above all, the faith in Jesus Christ, that have brought the world to its present condition, have all worked together for our good. We can see how they have brought us great blessings, both temporal and spiritual, when we compare our condition with that of heathen nations, and that they have done so is no bare chance, but the result of our Father's wise decrees and over-ruling power, exercised with special reference to you personally, since you were included in those decrees. To the same end tend all the powers of earth that are beyond our control. The elements that regulate our material well-being, the accidents that result from their conflict or our mismanagement, the laws of nature that generally serve us, but occasionally threaten our destruction, are all under the government of God, and can only fulfil His will, neither falling short of it, nor going beyond it, and consequently are made to serve His children. In the same way does He work when men's interests and work seem to collide, and when what would help one would hurt another. If each could arrange the weather, for instance, to suit himself, what rare conflicting of the elements there would be. But God is able to supply the needs—not the wants, remember, but the needs—of all His children, and whatever He

sends, be it storm or calm, business success or disaster, pleasure or pain, is the best for them, because He is working not only outside of us to arrange our circumstances for our necessities, but also within us to prepare us for whatever comes to pass.

As with the things outside of our lives, so with those inside, all will work together for good. As if foreseeing that our troubles would weigh most heavily on our spirits, God has made them particularly efficient as means of grace, and has assured us over and over again of His loving sympathy in all our trials, and of His over-ruling care in turning them to good account. In prosperity we are inclined to forget the God we love, but in times of sorrow we turn to Him, and He is nearer and more real to us than ever: for just as the darkness of night reveals the wonders of the universe in numbers and brilliancy unseen by day, so the gloom of adversity reveals the glories of our Father's love which were unnoticed in the light of prosperity. "Our light affliction which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory: while we look not at the things which are seen but at the things which are not seen." And when, instead of the throbbings of sorrow we feel the beating of His affection, when instead of anguish and despair, we cherish faith and hope, when instead of irrevocable loss we realize unbounded gain, then we know that all things work together for our good, and our love abounds yet more and more in knowledge and in all judgment. Many, however, fear happiness and success more than calamity. When they are down as low as they can get, they feel secure, but when treading the dizzy heights of prosperity, they are in danger of a fatal fall. Here, too, God can keep us. All true success is the result of well-directed energy, and is the gift of God. It requires more faith and more grace to receive earthly success with

spiritual success than to receive one alone, but God can enable us to use all His gifts in the proper way.

When we examine ourselves and our past history, we see so much weakness and sin, that we feel discouraged, and ask:—What will He do with sin? It is spiritual, its effects are spiritual, and we fear they will be eternal. But if we love God, and, as a consequence, hate evil, even sin will be used to bless us, for God can make the devil and his works serve Him. Paul says:—"Where sin abounded, grace did much more abound: that as sin hath reigned unto death, even so might grace reign through righteousness unto eternal life by Jesus Christ our Lord." That is, the grace we receive when we turn from sin is greater in quantity and better in quality than the righteousness we lost. Our own goodness was only a creature's at best, but now we possess the holiness of Christ, which is superior to ours: just as He is superior to us. Thus, although sin is an awful curse in itself, it brings a greater blessing than it removes. Here Paul's question is instantly suggested:—Does not this lead us to be careless about sin, or even to continue in it? And Paul's answer is:—"We are dead to sin and cannot. The great essential of the Christian character is hatred to sin and eternal opposition to it in every form. It is only on this condition that it or anything else will work for our good, and the spirit that would lead us to trifle with sin because God overrules it, will forfeit all the promised good, and leave us to all its fearful consequences. But when we are turned away from all evil, then everything serves us, and we need neither lament for the past nor fear for the future, since both are in the hands of God, who has given this promise and will fulfil it.

In like manner are we blessed by the service of God in all its phases. Living in vital union with Christ, communing with Him, studying His word, praying, praising, working for Him and for

others—all these He is making to work together for our eternal good. They are the means placed in our hands for the development of the Christian character. Never let us forget that our aim is perfection, and never let us rest this side of it, for through these and many other means, God is working to perfect us. The trouble with us is that we are content with the Christian character that these separately will develop in us, instead of watching for what God will make of us by their united merit. By prayer we expect to have certain needs supplied, by Bible-study to learn divine truth, and how to live righteously, by praise to please God and to be inspired, by work to please Him too, to do good and to strengthen our souls, and so on. But that is not enough. These things in themselves do not bring the required blessings, as such opinions imply. They are means through which God's Spirit works within us, and it is His life given through these and directly, that supports our spiritual lives. You would not expect to have a lot of letters, that you shuffled together, arrange themselves into a majestic poem. There must be the mind of a genius over them to do this, and, although each letter means much by itself, it means a thousandfold more when thus subserved with others to one grand purpose. So all these means of grace in their living connection with the soul, are but as letters, and we cannot, by mixing them promiscuously, make them produce the poem of a holy life, but over them set the mind of God, and, when arranged at length according to His wisdom and love, each will have a meaning that it never could have alone, and together they will present to the eyes of the glorified in heaven, a perfect man—the image of Jesus Christ.

We should derive great comfort from such a promise. By an act of faith we pass from uncertainty and danger to absolute certainty and safety, for all our interests are in God's hands. Once

I crossed a creek on a small, crooked log. I could not swim, and the water was deep enough to drown two like me, one above the other. I never stood so steadily or moved so carefully before or since, and I shall never forget the feeling of security that swept through me when I had solid ground under my feet again. Here we are, then, weak and helpless, surrounded by and dependent on what is shifting and uncertain. There is not a pleasure or a blessing that may not at any moment disappear, not an evil existing that may not overtake us. Our lives may be extinguished suddenly, as the flickering flame of a candle, and, if they should be prolonged, the world and all we depend on will shortly pass away. And down amid all this uncertainty comes the voice of God, telling us that all these things are in His hands, that He will make everything serve us, if we love Him, and that, although the time is swiftly approaching when the heavens shall be rolled together as a scroll, and the earth, dissolve with fervent heat, yet, more highly favored than these worlds that we cannot even comprehend, shall exist with Him in power and glory forever. If faith, or hope, or peace be possible for men—and they are possible—such a promise as this should inspire us with them, and make them firmer than sense or sight.

Yet it is not a peace that encourages idleness. We are not to fold our hands and dream away our days in sentimental listlessness and devotion, because God works for us. On the contrary, we are to redouble our efforts, since through them God's work is to be done. When God decrees anything, all the means for its accomplishment are included in the decree. He determined to expel the Canaanites and give the Israelites their land, but the latter had to fight many hard battles before these designs were fulfilled. He told Paul, when he was shipwrecked, that not one life on board would be lost, and yet

when the sailors tried to desert the ship, Paul said :—"Except these abide in the ship, ye cannot be saved." They were compelled to stay, and all escaped. So God has declared that all things will work together for good to them that love Him, but that promise is conditioned on our doing our best to help ourselves, and the assurance that the desired result will be obtained, will inspire us to greater effort. Soldiers assured of victory fight better than cowards, and will conquer against overwhelming odds. No man ever accomplished anything without being convinced that he had a work to do, and was able to do it. So here our future is made certain as the immutable decrees of God, and we are encouraged to go on from strength to strength, and to be more than conquerors through Christ who loved us.

The promise, however, is limited. It is only to those who love God, and who are the called according to His purpose, that all things are guaranteed to work together for good. No such pledge is given to those in rebellion. God could not give it, for they won't accept its fulfilment. It comes to Christians in virtue of Christ's death for them, and of their union with Him. It is given because their interests are identical with His. We recognize this union when we pray in Christ's name or for His sake that God would give us the blessings we desire. Whenever our interests are different from Christ's, there is sure to be conflict, and we shall suffer as a result. But it is glorious to realize that we are called of God, that all is sure, that we are one with Christ. All the rewards of earth are mere shadows compared with this, for it is eternal in its duration, and, in its character, heavenly and divine. It may belong to everyone who hears the Gospel call, if

he will obey. Loving God, and being called according to His purpose, are here synonymous, and, if you feel the faintest desire to serve Him, and live for Him, follow it, and it will lead you up to Christ, the goal of all our expectations, and the foundation of all our hopes. The promise is :—"If any man will do His will, he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God," and His will is to believe on Christ and to commit ourselves to His care and keeping. While you are in sin, everything is going wrong with you. Things around you are injuring you. Your heart is being hardened in sin. Your time and powers are being wasted. Your opportunities of service are passing rapidly away. You know not what hour your Lord may come and find you confirmed in sin, unable even to look to Him for life. Oh, turn to Him now, and he that looks may live. On a clear day, the sun may be shining full in your face, its light may be reflected from every object around, it may be brightening and beautifying all the glories of Nature, which itself has called into existence, but if you shut your eyes all this is lost, and you cannot appreciate it, or any description of it, unless you open them and look. So this glorious promise and the love that utters it are shining all around your life, gladdening its surroundings that they have called into being, irradiating the world with a splendor that is divine, but, if sin close your eyes, you can know none of it. But open your eyes! Lift them to Christ, and look! And seeing is believing, and believing is knowing, and knowing is living forever, for "this is life eternal," said Christ to His Father, that they may know Thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom Thou hast sent." Amen.



"The end of man is an action, not a thought."—Epictetus.

## HARD SAYINGS OF CHRIST.

## III.

Jesus said unto him, if thou wouldest be perfect, go, sell that thou hast and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven : and come, follow me. Matt. xix., 21.

This saying may serve to call up the whole story of the rich young ruler as given us in the three Synoptic Gospels, and all the various difficulties which are associated with it.

The story is substantially the same in the three narratives, and as commonly read, the differences are unimportant. They all alike agree in representing the young ruler as saying to Jesus at the beginning of the interview, "Good Master, what, or what good thing, shall I do to inherit eternal life?" To which Jesus replies, "Why callest thou Me good? None is good save one, that is God," as if He were modestly refusing the ruler's compliment in calling Him good, and insisting that God alone was entitled to such an epithet. Now, assuming this to be the correct reply, it at once raises a difficulty,—for on the face of it it is a repudiation of any divine honors on His part, and has naturally been one of the passages relied upon by Socinians to show that he never really claimed to be divine. Such a view, however, must be ruled out as altogether untenable. Those claims are too frequent and too varied in form to make it conceivable that this can have been His meaning. Even Unitarians have now come to admit that these claims can be disposed of only by discrediting the accuracy of the Gospel reports, and regarding them as attributed to Him by the religious reflection of a later age. In dealing with this very case, before Jesus is done with the ruler, He makes a distinct demand upon

his loyalty, and bids him become a follower. Indeed, so far from being an intentional disclaimer of divinity, many regard this reply itself as an indirect suggestion to the young ruler that he was none other than God. If we are not prepared to go so far as that, it must at least be taken as a hint that He is not disposed to accept such titles merely as compliments, however well meant and respectful they might seem to be. Such an epithet is not to be given lightly. Before we call anyone good, we ought to consider what true goodness is.

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There is another difficulty in connection with this point of a different nature. There is evidence that from a very early period, the language of Matthew's narrative has been changed by copyists so as to conform to that of Mark and Luke. According to the earliest and best manuscripts such as the Vatican and Sinaitic, the reply of Jesus should read as given in the Revised Version :—"Why askest thou Me concerning that which is good? One there is who is good." This escapes the Socinian difficulty, and is by no means inept, as Brown and others assert; for it is quite in line with His subsequent dealing with the case, and suggests that His interrogator already had all the knowledge he needed, if he would only use it. But it raises another question as to the accuracy of the Gospels in their reports of the sayings of Christ; for it naturally occurs to us that one or other of them must have misunderstood the drift of His remark about the use of the word good on the part of the inquirer—one supposing it to refer to the epithet applied to Himself, the other

taking it as referring to the good thing he might do. It was probably this very difficulty that led to the change in the text, by the copyist. It was felt that they ought to be harmonized somehow. This might be done by changing either one to conform to the other. And as there were apparently two witnesses on the one side against one on the other, the one was changed to agree with the two. The discrepancy is indeed not a very serious one. At the worst, it is but a slight misunderstanding on the part of one or other reporter of a chance phrase. But to many the case seems a crucial one. For if we admit that either of them may have misunderstood this saying of Christ, what guarantee have we that they did not misunderstand many others and give them a twist which he never intended? If the inspiration promised them did not guard them from misconception in this case how can we be sure that it guarded them in any case from misrepresentation more or less serious? It is easy to imagine a host of erroneous influences that might lead them astray even with the best intentions in reports that were not written down until some years later. If that be the case then we must carefully scrutinize and criticize every statement they make, and we shall be able to recover the truth as to what Christ really was, said, and did, only by perpetually reading between the lines with the aid of the historical faculty as best we may. And naturally what one man reads there will be very different from what another finds. What license this gives may be seen from such a book as Martineau's *Seat of Authority in Religion*. As might be expected with such a principle he no longer finds any authority resident in the Gospels.

Now even if it could be shown beyond all question that there was a misunderstanding even on the part of all the evangelists on a small point like this, it by no means follows that their general

narrative is untrustworthy. The characteristic sayings and doings of Christ are altogether too unique and striking to have been invented by any of his disciples. In other histories we do not let minor errors in unimportant matters discredit the whole narrative. A certain freedom in reporting the words of any historical personage must always be assumed. Absolute verbal accuracy can never be looked for. *Except for a perverse critic with a theory to prejudice him, there is no practical difficulty in making the necessary allowance for such insignificant departures from absolute fact.* But in this case it is not necessary to suppose that either the one or the other report is really wrong. Both cover the two points of the reply, though not exactly in the same terms,—that God alone is truly good and that he has nothing new to enjoin beyond what his questioner already knows. The whole difficulty disappears if the order of the sentences in Matthew be reversed so as to show the true logical connection. Thus: He said, "Master, what good thing shall I do that I may have eternal life? And he said unto him, One there is who is good. Why askest thou me concerning that which is good? If thou wouldst enter into life keep the commandments, &c." This is precisely the same in meaning as what is given by Mark and Luke, only they give in addition the remark regarding the complimentary epithet, of which Matthew takes no notice. There is, therefore, no need to discard either the one or the other, or even to suppose that there is any misunderstanding on their part.

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Far more serious than this apparent superficial discrepancy is the theological difficulty created by the whole drift of Christ's answer to the ruler's inquiry as to what he must do to have eternal life. "If thou wouldst enter into life keep the 'commandments,'" which He defines more specifically as



the commandments embraced in the second table of the decalogue, summed up in the pregnant precept, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." Such a reply is a little startling to our common evangelical theology, and we hardly know what to make of it. There is scarce any one of us would have dared to put it in that form without a good deal of explanation and qualification. A preacher of to-day could hardly repeat it without being accused of surrendering the gospel of free grace and teaching that salvation was by works. It seems to be directly antagonistic to Paul's teaching, and the very reverse of the well-known reply which in somewhat similar circumstances he gave to the Philippian jailer, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved." That reply has come to be regarded as the only legitimate reply, and any variation therefrom as a dangerous tampering with a fundamental doctrine. But surely there must be something wrong with our position when we have come to such a pass that we do not feel free to give to an inquirer after eternal life, the same answer that Jesus our Divine Master gave, without running the risk of being misunderstood. If anything, the matter is made worse, not better, by the explanation sometimes given of this reply, that it was not meant to be taken in earnest but was only intended to reveal the true character of the young ruler or to convince him that salvation was not to be attained by keeping the commandments. One has only to state this in order to see how unworthy it would be for Christ to deal with him in any such fashion. If that be the true view, then there never has been in all religious history a more flagrant case of trifling with an immortal soul at a critical moment. For the only additional advice He has to give him is precisely along the same lines—to make the standard of his duty more exacting than he had ever imagined it to be, and bid him rise

to that. He has not one word to say to him about faith, except as it may be remotely implied in following Himself. Nor is it only in connection with this case that the difficulty emerges. It is involved in the whole teaching of the Sermon on the Mount. There the straight and narrow way of life is distinctly presented as the way of obedience. "Not every one that saith unto Me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the Kingdom of Heaven, but he that doeth the will of My Father which is in heaven." It is obedience which makes the difference between the wise man that built upon the rock and the foolish man that built upon the sand. The condition of forgiveness attached to the Lord's Prayer is not faith, but our readiness to forgive others. The woman that anointed His feet is represented as forgiven, not because she believed much, but because she loved much. The test at the final judgment is not faith but good works of love and kindness. It is not enough to say in explanation of this that faith is necessarily involved in the kind of obedience referred to in all these cases just as it was involved in the heroic lives of Enoch, Noah, Abraham, Moses, Gideon and the other worthies catalogued in the eleventh chapter of Hebrews. That is perfectly true. But why is it not mentioned when Christ's purpose was evidently to make the matter as clear as possible? How are we to avoid the conclusion that there is a bridgeless chasm between the soteriology of Paul and that of his Master, Christ?

In one way the answer is easy and has been found instinctively by multitudes of earnest pious souls who have never felt it necessary to formulate the reconciliation at all. But perhaps even they could not have formulated it if they had been asked to do so, and the discussions that perpetually crop up on the matter show that many are befogged. The difficulty is, however, entirely of our own making. During the

past three hundred years the evangelical churches of the Reformation have been laying emphasis upon the doctrine of justification by faith. For the most part this has been necessary as a corrective to the doctrine which had long prevailed in the Church of Rome as to the merit of good works and religious services. But it has had the effect of making the presentation of the Gospel a little one-sided. The truth is, there are two forms in which the way of salvation may be presented to the inquiring soul. According to one, it is by faith; according to the other it is by works, but not in the same sense. In the one case we are stating the ground of the sinner's justification before God, viz.: the righteousness of Christ appropriated by faith, and leading to good works. In the other case we are describing the character which belongs to those who actually enter into life. This character necessarily involves a right attitude of mind toward God, and springs either consciously or unconsciously from faith. From whichever side we start, the other is found to be involved, whether stated or not. There is, therefore, no antagonism between them, however they may appear so on the surface. Both are true from their own point of view, and both may be legitimately used. One was the method chiefly adopted by Christ, the other the method chiefly adopted by Paul. There is no reason why we should confine ourselves to the one in the preaching of the Gospel, rather than to the other. The evangelism of the future will have to make room for them both if it is to reach the highest results, as in fact has been done in an instinctive but somewhat hesitating way in the past. All minds are not alike. Some will respond to the one method more readily, and some to the other. Those inclined to self-righteousness, most need the Pauline form, those disposed to anti-nomianism or pure emotionalism, most require the other.

In the case of the young ruler, the method of the Saviour apparently failed at least for the time. But it was not because it was unsuited to his case. From his reply that he had kept all these commandments from his youth up, it has been commonly concluded that he was somewhat self-righteous. But though he was obviously superficial in his conception of what the law demanded, he can hardly in fairness be called self-righteous. His coming to Jesus as an inquirer shows that he was rather dissatisfied with his state, and ill at ease. His manner indicates that he expected to learn something new from Jesus, and was surprised to find urged upon him simply the old commands with which he had always been familiar. He had been striving to keep these all his life, but had not found peace. There was something lacking, and he would fain know what it was.

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Just here we come upon the greatest practical difficulty of all. "If thou wouldest be perfect," says Christ, "go, sell that thou hast and give to the poor and thou shalt have treasure in heaven." Hardly any verse in all Scripture has been more fatally misunderstood. Upon it has been built one of the most gigantic misrepresentations of Christianity that has ever disfigured its history. For by a false exegesis this has furnished the basis for that doctrine as to the counsels of perfection which underlies all monasticism and the ascetic life. From the days of St. Anthony in the third century, down to the present, voluntary poverty has been supposed by many to be one of the essential steps towards the attainment of a Christian perfection, such as is not open to the rank and file of the Church who retain their position in the world. The folly of all attempts to secure such perfection by that method, has been so plainly shown by the history of monasticism that we need not stay to refute this interpretation of the Master's saying now.

But apart from asceticism, how are we to understand it? If this is not to be taken as an injunction for the few who are aspiring to special Christian perfection, are we to take it as applying to all who would enter the Kingdom of Heaven, requiring that they should part with their goods before being accepted as disciples? In his subsequent reflections on the case, made privately to His disciples, Christ would almost seem to make it a necessity for the rich at any rate. "How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the Kingdom of God." "It is easier for a camel to go through a needle's eye, than for a rich man to enter into the Kingdom of God." Yet the common sense of the Church has never been able to accept the view that every rich man must impoverish himself if he is to be saved. We feel instinctively that if there is to be wealth at all, it ought to be in the best hands and not in the worst. The true view is hinted at in a clause found in the ordinary text of Mark. "How hard is it for them that trust in riches to enter into the Kingdom of God." The words, "for them that trust in riches," though retained with some hesitation in the

Revised Version, are not found in the best manuscripts, and are only an early gloss taken perhaps from a tractate on the subject by Clement of Alexandria, written in the beginning of the third century. But they are in the right line of interpretation. A rich man may be saved even retaining his wealth, for as Christ adds, "all things are possible with God," but only if he is prepared to hold it as a trust entirely subject to God's control. And this, though not impossible, is so hard, that in many cases it practically is so. I presume we have all known rich men whose hearts were so set on their riches or on the things for which riches stand, that they had no room for anything higher; and the only hope for them is either that they should strip themselves of their wealth voluntarily, or that they be stripped by some providential disaster. Apparently the Saviour discerned such a case in the young ruler, and so bade him surrender all. Only thus could he sincerely keep the commandment to love his neighbor as himself, whatever might be possible for others.

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Think not I dread to see my spirit fly  
Through the dark gates of fell mortality;  
Death has no terrors when the life is true;  
'Tis living ill that makes us fear to die.

—Selected.

## THE JOY ELEMENT IN THE "MAN OF SORROWS."

That Jesus was a "Man of Sorrows," is both a doctrine of Scripture and a profound belief in the heart of Christendom. The Old and New Testaments are full of it: sermons are full of it: Christian literature if full of it: painters breathe it upon their canvases, and sculptors chisel it out of marble. As a simple matter of fact, the feeling appears to be common, if not universal, that "sorrow" was the predominating element in the earth-life of our Lord. In setting forth this conception, I cannot rid myself of the conviction that our trinity of teachers—the pulpit, literature and art—have given us but a partial and one-sided Christ. This, for many reasons, is exceedingly regrettable. I do not insinuate that His sorrows have been exaggerated—exaggeration would be impossible in the case of One who was "smitten of God, and afflicted," who "bare our sins in His own body on the tree," and One from whom the burden wrung the terrible plaint.—"Eli, Eli, lama sabachthani?" Nor, upon the other hand, do I charge that the gladsome aspects of His experience have been absolutely overlooked. What I wish to point out is, that our preachers and teachers, and poets, and painters—that our writers, artists and orators—have not given us a fair portrait of the Christ, as He appeared to His contemporaries. They have portrayed the sorrow and suffering freely enough, but the harmony and radiance are lacking. Perhaps this is because our heart-sympathies are stirred more profoundly by pictures of suffering innocence, than they can be by glimpses of subdued joy. The Manger at Bethlehem: the Flight into Egypt: the attempted murder at Nazareth: the bloody sweat in the Garden: the sewing with knotted thongs of leather: the excruciations of the thorn-crown: the mocking, the spitting,

the crucifixion, the broken heart—all are terribly real: all are vividly, though not extravagantly, pressed upon our attention. But I submit, and submit with all reverence, that this is not a rounded but a one-sided view of our Redeemer. There were, there must have been, some joy-moments in His experience. Can we not throw some of these, in some kind of relief, upon our canvas? Let us try.

Naturally we begin with His

*Early Days.*

In a sermon upon the "Solitariness of Christ's Sufferings," Dr. Caird says—"Even the smiles of infancy, may we not almost say? were darkened by the anticipated anguish of death: and in the very slumbers of the cradle, He already, in fancy hung upon the cross." But, is there any warrant in the narrative for such a sombre representation as this? When we have dismissed, as Apocryphal, the "Gospels of the Infancy," with their impossible stories, we have nothing to guide us, but our common sense, and the scanty accounts of the New Testament history. Are we to suppose, then, that the Holy Child never laughed? Did He never indulge those gleeful ebullitions which are so common and so befitting to healthy and innocent childhood? Were all harmless and mirthful recreations, with village companions, overwhelmed by a painful sense of His great mission? If so, the natural laws of adaptation, of youth and of growth, were all suspended in His case, and He ceases to be a human child—He becomes a prodigy. But, surely, it was not necessary to rob that childhood of all cheerfulness, and to lay the accursed cross upon His tender shoulders before His "hour" of sorrow had come! On the contrary, it seems to us that His whole environment was

such as to foster boyish peace and joy. No spot under heaven was more beautiful than that where His early days were spent. He would spend no little time upon those mountains of Zebul n, sloped with delightful scenes and gardens where flourished the orange, the olive, the fig, and flowers of every hue. Would the boy Jesus be insensible to those beauties from which poets and finer natures drink undiluted pleasures? Nay, would the Paradise be a weeping and blood-stained Gethsemane to this growing youth? We must decline the supposition as unnatural and unwarrantable, unless evidence be forthcoming to the contrary. No Scripture has been quoted upon this point, for the simple reason that there is none to quote. In the absence of anything to prove that the "smiles of infancy were darkened by the anticipated anguish of death," we prefer to give play to common sense. Nowhere, in His whole youth, or young manhood, do we discover a single touch of the "Man of Sorrow." The presumption is, that, being human, and youthful, and healthy, He enjoyed Himself in a harmless way, and partook of the youthful pleasures of His village companions.

We have another argument upon

#### *His Perfect Human Nature.*

He was bone of our bone, and flesh of our flesh. In every sense, except sin, He was "a man of like passions" with ourselves. He lived an intensely religious life,—the one member of our race who reached the old Hebrew conception of fearing God and keeping His commandments. This being so, it is legitimate to infer that all the ecstatic experiences of piety were open to His entrance and possession. These experiences included, among others, all the beatifications unfolded in His own "Sermon on the Mount." Just as He felt the hatred of which He spoke, in the same measure did He feel the "Blessed." It is the privilege of every

believer to press that cluster of "fruits of the spirit," mentioned in Gal. v., 22, the second of which is "joy." Now, as a member of the human family, and as one living in harmony with the Holy Spirit, the "Son of Man" would possess all those "fruits," even the fruit of "joy," in its tropical fulness and excellency. The godly man is exhorted to "rejoice evermore." Is it not morally certain that the one perfect man obeyed and fulfilled this command, as He obeyed and fulfilled all others? In this, as in all other duties and privileges, He must have "left us an example." His work was that of a "Servant," and His life was that of an "example," and was there not a deep heartfelt joy in meeting these conditions?

Again, there is one trite saying that we

#### *Can only give but we have.*

It is a common fact of history that, wherever Jesus went, peace, gladness and joy followed His steps as Summer follows Spring. The very skirt of His robe yielded a benediction, and all the wondrous acts of His life were miracles which bestowed health and joy. What a strange contradiction to all experience, if He, who spent His life in giving gladness to thousands, was Himself a stranger to its heavenly sweetness! If He was not the fountain of joy, how could He bestow joy upon others? There is no greater joy upon earth than that which springs from disinterested benevolence. Times without number He must have experienced the truth of His own words,—*"It is more blessed to give than to receive."* There must have been a felt, though unspoken, joy, running side by side with the intense purpose of His life. It is not an unfair inference, that He anticipated the experience of every believer, and was "filled with all joy and peace in believing." His healthy spirit would never bend to the lashings of asceticism. He was no pessimist. His darkest hours were gilded with the joy of hope, and confidence,—

He knew well enough that ultimate triumph would crown His cause. But can we think of the descent of the Holy Spirit—the voices from the opening heavens—the testimonies of the Baptist and the Centurion, at Capernaum—the enquiring visit of Nicodemus—the grasping faith of the Syrophenician woman—the glad some love which greeted Him at Bethany—Mary's box of spikenard—the widow's mites—the request of the devout Greeks—the hosannahs in the temple—the prayer of the penitent robber, etc., without feeling that there was a deep spring of ineffable joy in each? Surely these were joyous events—rifts in the clouds of sorrow, and, withal, but the first-fruits of a glorious harvest! When the seeking shepherd found these wandering and bleeding sheep, and when he laid them upon his shoulders, and returned with them to the fold, would he not say,—“Rejoice with me; for I have found my sheep which was lost?”

At this point we are met with another fact, namely, that

#### *Jesus was a Typical Man.*

He was the new variety in our world, from which a new departure was to be made. In other words, He was God's pattern of a fully equipped and perfect manhood. If this be true, who shall say that He took into Himself only that which was pitiful and painful? If He only represented the dark problem of human suffering, He must have failed to set forth that other hemisphere of our experience—the hemisphere of light and gladness—which equally constitutes a portion of our heritage. Like the rest of us, He was but a partial, and not a universal man. Joy is as truly a constituent in our experience, as is sadness. As the typical man, Jesus was emphatically the Man of Joy, as He was the “Man of Sorrows.” If He had not this joy-element, then He was not our brother through all the changeful moods of our ever-changing lives. As our Leader,

He was a pillar of light, as well as a darksome pillar of cloud. Had He been a stranger to happiness, He might have “wept with those that wept,” but there would have been no rejoicing with those who did rejoice. But is it not upon record that He was a guest at the “house of feasting,” as well as a visitant at “the house of mourning?” Did He not go to Cana as well as to Nain? Was He not the Bridegroom as well as the Slain Lamb? The capacity for enduring sorrow, implies the capacity for joy, and the amount of His agony was but the measure of the joy. Moreover, the joy was not a visitant, but an abiding guest of the Smitten of God. The joy of the Lord was His strength. We venture to suggest that, one reason why we are more vividly impressed with His sorrow than we are with His joy, is found in the fact that His sorrow breaks out more suddenly, breaks out with greater force. His grief was startling and tragic, while His joy, though no less real, was concealed and tranquil.

In turning to the Old Testament, two correct, yet dissimilar, if not

#### *Contradictory Delimitations*

of the Holy One. In order to reconcile these, the Rabbins adopted the easy device of supposing that two Messiahs were coming,—one, the Suffering Servant, and the other a Conquering Prince. To them it seemed an impossibility that unspeakable woe and unspeakable gladness should meet in the Child of Bethlehem. We know what was the radiant and jubilant spirit which figured so prominently in the true Messianic conception. An illustration or two may be quoted—“Therefore, my heart is glad and my glory rejoiceth.”—“Men shall be blessed in Him, all nations shall call Him happy.”—“I will greatly rejoice in the Lord: My soul shall be joyful in my God.” Even that wail of profound anguish—the 53rd chapter of Isaiah—is relieved with notes of victorious joy.—“The pleasure of the

Lord shall prosper in His hand."—"He shall see of the travail of His soul and be satisfied."—"Therefore I will divide Him a portion with the great, and He shall divide the spoil with the strong." And why was He "anointed with the oil of gladness above His fellows?" The answer is not far to seek—that He might give unto the sorrowing, "Beauty for ashes: the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness." Such passages could only have had their fulfilment in a Lord who was not only a "Man of Sorrows," but one in whom joy held glorious sway.

The man is an object of pity who fancies that he is paying Christ a compliment by averring that

*"Jesus never Laughed*

or smiled." This is easier said than proved. Holy men of old laughed, and even represented the Deity as indulging in that very human act. Whether the angels laugh, or not, it would be impossible to say; but there is room to suspect that some of us supply them with plenty of occasions for doing so, when we strike our grotesque attitudes, or represent the Christ's life as made up of unrelieved tears and anguish. A face which cannot smile is like a bud that can never burst into flower. If Christ was human, He had the power to smile and laugh, as other human beings. The smile, as well as the tear, is one of nature's safety-valves. And, in all conscience, He saw and heard enough to make Him smile. It is not pretended that He indulged in "foolish talking and jesting which are not convenient." That would have been impossible in His case. But might He not have, occasionally, indulged in a little pleasantry, and a little genial wit, without any unseemliness? It does not appear difficult to discover some exquisite touches, some rippling light, in many of His sayings among the people. For instance, when speaking of the man who came at midnight, to borrow three loaves,

there was sufficient to start a smile upon the face of His auditors as He told them of the surly reply which the sleepy man growled from his bed, at the untimely request. Then, His reference to the children in the market-place, and their mimic funerals and marriages, was a piece of by-play, a touch of semi-railery, which would do much where serious talk would fail. So of the questions which he sometimes proposed, and the answers which He sometimes gave. Think of the manner in which He turned the tables upon the accusers of the woman taken in adultery—upon giving tribute to Caesar—the post-resurrection state of the married—the baptism of John—David's Son and Lord—the neighbor—the great commandment, &c. It is easy to feel humor at the easy manner in which He disposed of His foes. Nothing would stir the risibilities of the by-standers more than to see their ecclesiastical rulers cornered by these Socratic methods. Well, then, are we in error? and are we wanting in reverence, when we suggest that the Master, Himself, would catch the infection and relax into a smile? Why should He not do so? It would be neither a breach of dignity, nor an outrage upon morals. But if He did smile, it would only show how human He was.

But we are not without some

*Living Teaching*

upon our theme. When the seventy returned, and related the marvellous success of their mission, we are told that "In that hour Jesus rejoiced in spirit." Then, again, during His last journey to Jerusalem, He went before His disciples, "And they were amazed; and as they followed, they were afraid." Why "amazed" and "afraid?" Because the crisis had come, and He set off to meet it. The Council had doomed Him to death. Who will say that His conduct upon this occasion was compatible with the idea of a broken-hearted malefactor, on his way to a horrible cruci-

fixion? Was it not, far more, like that of a warrior hastening to victory? It seems to us to be an embodiment of Isaiah's triumphant prophecy,—“Who is this that cometh from Edom, with dyed garments from Bozrah? this that is glorious in His apparel, travelling in the greatness of His strength? I that speak in righteousness, mighty to save.” And may we not enter the last Supper Room with confidence? If ever chamber was filled with a depressing atmosphere, it was that, and at that moment. And yet, out of its very heart He could exclaim,—“Now is the Son of Man glorified. . . . These things have I spoken unto you that My joy might remain in you, and that your joy might be full!” Still further,—“And when they had sung an Hymn.” What Hymn could it have been? Perhaps we are not wrong in fixing upon—“And in the night His song shall be with me.” Or—“Thou shalt compass me with songs of gladness.” If so, would Jesus remain silent? Would He be the joyless and songless one of the company? Think also, of that intercessory prayer, recorded in the 17th chapter of St. John. Perhaps, as a matter of order, this should have been noticed before the singing of the “Hymn.” But let that pass. This prayer was offered on the same evening, in the same chamber, and within a few hours of the crucifixion. The feature which strikes us is that it has more the tone of the resurrection and the after glory, than it has of the cross and an excruciating death. Its varied petitions are such as our Great High Priest might now be offering in the Upper Temple. There is the return to the Father—the resumption of His celestial glory—the gift of the Holy Spirit—the triumphant success of His Church—the final gathering of the people to His Father's House, etc. All these filled the foreground of His vision. And then how startling His utterance. —“And now I am no more in the world!” To a careful reader the words

are like an echo of His words to Nicodemus—“Even the Son of Man which is in heaven.”

We have not forgotten that “He was made sin for us who knew no sin,”—that He “redeemed us from the curse of the law, being made a curse for us.” Self-sacrifice was a prominent feature of His atoning work: but how far that self-sacrifice required Him to give up the element of joy, we are not in a position to state. That some possible joy was sacrificed, we are not permitted to question. Upon this point we may refer to a well-known, but a generally misinterpreted passage in Heb. xii., 2, “Who for the joy that was set before Him endured the cross, despising the shame.” This text is generally quoted as teaching that Christ was prompted to “endure the cross,” with all its agony and shame, by the prospect of a coming joy. But this interpretation imports an element of selfishness into the work of our Saviour, as the personal, actuating motive of His death. But such an interpretation belies the whole teaching of the New Testament. Unselfishness was the very essence of His sorrow. And this is really the teaching of the passage under consideration, as a glance at the original will show. The word translated “for” in the A. V. is “Anti” in the Greek, and means over against, or instead of. So that we have, “Who instead of the joy set before Him, endured the cross, &c.” He sacrificed some joy then; but to what extent, it is not in our power to say. That He did not sacrifice all joy, we have endeavored to show, and trust that we have succeeded in our purpose. Where these views are adopted, they will tend to give a happier tone to much of our preaching, by lifting it, occasionally, out of the sombre and tragic. The true conception of our Lord's experience seems to be most perfectly set forth in the Pauline paradox —“Sorrowful, yet always rejoicing.”

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## PREACHING THAT TELLS.

To preach is to proclaim, to reason, to argue. The range of subjects that may be thus treated is very comprehensive. John preached the baptism of repentance, and Jesus proclaimed the acceptable year of the Lord. Paul reasoned with the Jews out of the Old Testament Scriptures, and disputed with them in their synagogues. His method of handling sacred themes is not yet inappropriate or obsolete. If Paul were here to-day, he would still be keen and logical in argument, and use his critical skill and inspired insight in drawing the substance of his sermons from Moses and the prophets as well as from the story of the life of Christ. The matter of the proclamation is not necessarily defined by the act of preaching. Some preach history, science, politics, social reforms and philosophy; and if they take the proper time and place for such work, it may be eminently useful. Such preachers need not be designated reverend. Physicians, for example, might well indoctrinate people on the vital questions, What shall we eat? What shall we drink? Where-withal shall we be clothed? This would probably diminish the number of their patients and lighten the onerous cares of the profession. Influential citizens, lay and clerical, might profitably preach in tones of thunder and with the vividness of lightning on the crying need of common honesty in the administration of civic and political affairs. Such sermons would bear occasional repetition, too, with very slight changes. Would that thousands of unordained preachers might arise to denounce with resolute purpose, and follow with appropriate action, prevailing weakness in enforcing the laws of God and man against the traffic that makes drunkards, and against the public pro-

fanation of the Lord's day, social impurity and other clamant evils.

But I have in view just now sermons delivered in Christian pulpits by men who have a right to be regarded as ambassadors of Christ. Under what conditions are such discourses effective?

A sermon, to tell, must be understood. This was the opinion of the chief preacher of the apostolic period. It seems a simple thing to say, but Paul deemed the thought deserving of elaboration and requiring to be impressed upon a people who counted themselves advanced thinkers, and who were really characterized by many remarkable gifts.—So he wrote them—“If the trumpet give an uncertain voice, who shall prepare himself for war? So also ye, unless ye utter by the tongue speech easy to be understood, how shall it be known what is spoken? for ye will be speaking into the air.” And no great military conquests were ever made by meaningless blaring of trumpets after this fashion, and no church was ever filled with living converts by sermons delivered “into the air,” instead of being sent with unmistakable clearness and point home to the hearts and consciences of the people.

It is amazing how hard it is to make oneself understood by an ordinary congregation. What is plain and simple to the speaker, is often utterly incomprehensible and meaningless to the hearer, and cannot therefore be forceful in moulding his character and conduct. The time spent in making discourses metaphysical, learned, profound and eloquent, might be laid out to vastly better purpose in adapting them to the intelligence of the parishioners for whom they are intended.

A sermon, to tell, must be instructive.

Instruction in divine truth—in the whole Word of God, is a prime object with the true preacher; and this demands on his part fullness and accuracy of knowledge, as well as skill in the presentation of the matter of discourse. An ignorant ministry makes an ignorant people, so far as legitimate pulpit themes are concerned. Instruction begins along the line of ignorance in the minds of hearers; and it is not difficult to discover how our efforts in this respect are received by them. They will show symptoms of attention or inattention according as they are being enlightened by the lucid statement of fresh information or confounded by turbid inanities. Senior pupils in our Sunday-schools are often restless and ungovernable because they get nothing in the lessons to command their attention. They withdraw from classes and are condemned for doing so; but who are the really blame-worthy parties in the case? The teachers. Men and women are grown-up children, and behave very much in the same way. They, too, become inattentive, listless, ungovernable in the big congregational class when the man who professes to feed them with the finest of the wheat gives them chaff instead. He may scold them as stupid dunces because they distinguish a stone from bread, and a serpent from a fish, and prefer an egg to a scorpion. But is he right? Is it well for him to be angry because his sermons tell only in emptying his pews? By a little calm consideration of his own conduct and work, might he not discover that his "silly sheep," as they are sometimes described, are quite ready to follow him when he leads them into green pastures and by the still waters?

A sermon that tells must be convincing. When this is the case it is easily remembered. The hearer speaks of it, and can give some account of it years after it has been preached. It is a sort of latent force in his heart, an abiding witness present to his intellect and con-

science. It has so fastened itself upon his whole nature that he cannot shake it off. A man is convinced when he is so thoroughly penetrated by the truth that he cannot help acting upon it. It is one thing to allow statements to pass unchallenged, and quite another thing to yield oneself fully to their dictation and power. Multitudes have not the courage to oppose or assail truth, they even assent to it and speak of it in commendatory terms, without being convinced in the sense just stated. They acknowledge, for example, that it is right and good to attend prayer meetings and the services of the Church of God, and then habitually absent themselves. They assent to the proposition that the Gospel should be preached to all nations, and even speak with seeming enthusiasm of the self-denial and heroism of missionaries, and then give nothing to support them.

I once preached a sermon on faith, and called the next morning upon a somewhat wealthy man—not in Montreal—for a subscription for Church work. He praised my discourse in such extravagant terms, and wished so earnestly that ministers, and especially his own pastor, would preach on faith, that I imagined I had convinced him. But he speedily undeceived me when I presented my book, repeating the words—"Faith without works is dead—how much do you subscribe?" That was the crucial question. He became instantly poor, a result I have frequently witnessed in similar circumstances. The times were bad, he was losing money, and could really give nothing, &c. &c. I kept firmly to my text, feeling that it was true, and tried to make it plainer and more forcible to his conscience by argument and the citation of parallel passages. It was a hard struggle, but at length he yielded to the amount of fifty dollars; and I learned the lesson, not for the first time, that we need to stick to our sermons after they have been delivered, and to make

them more pointed by personal dealing than may be possible in the pulpit. Probably discourses fail of producing conviction for lack of this supplementary treatment. Some, no doubt, fail from other causes. They are ill-prepared, weak, disorderly, inconclusive and self-contradictory. They lack the prime qualities of unity, progress, completeness and rhetorical power, which should characterize all sermons. The theme is not followed throughout with logical consistency, and there is a paucity of Scriptural truth which of itself is disastrous. They are collections of pious remarks thrown together in any order. These are not sermons: and ability to talk in this manner should not be accepted as qualifying a man to preach.

A sermon to tell must be textual. The text should be always taken from the Bible. It seems necessary to say this when so many preachers yield to the temptation of selecting curious subjects from other sources with which to entertain their people. The text may be short or long—it may be a verse, a paragraph, a chapter, or even a whole book. Given skill and culture on the part of the sermonizer this variety in the length of texts is quite compatible with the spirit and letter of the canons by which he is bound. He should always be certain that the passage selected is complete, because the *textum* is the thing woven. It is woven into the great web of revelation and should be clearly exhibited and enforced in the sermon. It sustains a grammatical connection with what precedes and follows it, and must not be arbitrarily wrenched out of its divinely determined setting. It also bears doctrinal relations to all parts of the system of truth contained in the Word, and these, too, cannot be neglected in unfolding its meaning and applying its lessons.

To be textual is to be exegetical, and therefore faithful to the intent and

spirit of the portion of Scripture chosen as the foundation of discourse. By following this method, the special form in which each passage is expressed is sacredly regarded, and its distinctive peculiarities are unfolded and illustrated. The sermon thus takes its unmistakable coloring and character from the text, so much so that it cannot be set to another text without being materially changed in structure. I have met with only one minister in the course of more than thirty years who assured me that he had disregarded this rule. He told me that he had preached a sermon on the words, "I am the bread of life," and two or three weeks after delivered it again, without any change, setting it to the text,—"I am the light of the world," and, in his opinion, his hearers imagined that they were treated to a new discourse.

The reader can judge how far this preacher was textual, what liberties he felt free to take with the Word of God, and how he estimated the intelligence of his flock. It is the delivery of such peculiarly constructed sermons as this must have been that begets in the minds of many people the pernicious thought that a clever preacher can bring any meaning he likes out of a given passage, and that the sacred writers failed to convey a definite sense by their communications. Precisely the reverse is the fact. Prophets and Apostles were always definite, pointed, forcible, and so are preachers who follow their example and stick to their texts.

A sermon that tells must be evangelical. This is another way of saying that it should be a fair presentation of some aspect of Gospel truth. Not that it should contain a digest of the leading features of dogmatic theology as formulated by Augustine, Calvin, Hill, Hodge or their antagonists. No. It is a mistake to cram a sermon with the bare bones of Systematic Theology, or Apologetics, or the Higher Criticism. And it is no less an error to steer so clear of

the distinctive doctrines of grace that Socrates or Plato or a Buddhist priest could deliver the discourse with great comfort and full approval of his contents. It is wise to avoid both extremes. The system of theology ought to be mastered by every one who does not wish to wander at will and daily extemporize his creed; and, while we are not sent to preach the System but "Christ and Him crucified," due regard to its great dominant principles should guide our thinking and give consistency and strength to our expositions and general lines of teaching. To be evangelical we cannot ignore the anti-theological facts of sin and grace. The one cannot be minimized any more than the other. Sin cannot be represented as a mere mistake, an inconvenience, a limitation, a partial estrangement from God—it must appear in its true character as defilement of man's nature and rebellion and enmity against God and its condemnation and penalty should be proclaimed as a terrible certainty. *Culpam poena premit comes.* "The soul that sinneth, it shall die." "The wages of sin is death; but the free gift of God is eternal life in Christ Jesus our Lord." Grace, on the other hand, is not to be represented as something vague and undefinable, a sort of kindly helpful influence such as one friend may exercise over another. It is rather the power of God unto salvation—the omnipotence of the Holy Spirit lovingly exercised upon the soul of man in accordance with the laws of his being making him a new creature. Grace in its generic sense is shown in many ways, and fully meets the wants of fallen man. It goes without saying that these wants are numerous. He is spiritually dead and receives spiritual life from Christ. He is defiled, but is washed in the blood of atonement. He is depraved, naturally full of raging passions, but the love of God is shed abroad in his heart by the Holy Ghost given unto him. He is feeble and help-

less, prone to become the prey of the devil, but he is by the power of God guided through faith unto a salvation ready to be revealed in the last time. (1 Pet., i., 5.) He is in the world, but translated by grace out of the kingdom of Satan into the Kingdom of God—and the two kingdoms cannot be made to coalesce any more than the two kings can be united. He is mortal, his body destined for the tomb, but by the power of Christ it is to be raised in glory and seated with Him on His own throne. These are but hints of the manner in which sin and grace should be emphasized in an evangelical discourse."

The sermon that tells must have a definite aim. Not necessarily always the same. The work of the minister, and the lessons of the pulpit are varied, and everyone of them important in its own proper place. The minister is called upon to convict, to reprove, exhort, comfort, instruct, &c. But there is one great essential aim which should be ever deeply impressed on his heart, namely, an intense desire to save men. The chief of the Apostles said, "I have great heaviness and continual sorrow in my heart. For I could wish that myself were anathema from Christ for my brethren's sake, my kinsmen according to the flesh." (Rom. ix., 2-3.) And acting in the same spirit and with the same precision of aim he wrought so powerfully upon one of his congregations that he declares—"I bear you record, that, if it had been possible, ye would have plucked out your own eyes and given them to me." (Gal. iv., 15.) And the stimulating cause of this state of mind on their part, is found in his own very definite and intense feeling towards them as expressed in these words.—"My little children, of whom I am again in travail until Christ be formed in you." To still another church he says—"Even as it is meet for me to think this of you all, because I have you in my heart: inasmuch as both in

my bonds and in the defence and confirmation of the Gospel, ye all are partakers of my grace. For God is my record how greatly I longed after you all in the tender mercies of Jesus Christ. Yea, and if I be offered upon the sacrifice and service of your faith, I joy and rejoice with you all." The preaching of a man in this state of mind could not but be effective, and the many churches which he founded by the grace of God, and the brilliant Gospel victories which he gained in the very strongholds of heathenism, bear witness to his success.

The sermon that tells must be delivered in the right spirit. What is it? The spirit of love. The spirit of the Master who "beheld the city, and wept over it." (Luke xix., 41). It is a fact that the dominant feeling in the mind of the speaker spreads more or less in the audience. If he is in a magisterial scolding mood, hearers will speedily get into a similar temper. And if while he delivers his message his heart rises to God in strong desire for the salvation of those addressed, they will be moved in the same direction. This may seem to put very much in the power of the minister, and to lay heavy responsibility upon him; and is not this the Pauline view of the matter? That apostle says, "For we are unto God a sweet savour

of Christ in them that are being saved—and in them that are perishing; to the one we are the savour from death unto death; and to the other the savour from life unto life. And who is sufficient for these things?" (2 Cor. ii., 15-16).

Finally, the preaching which is effectual is accompanied by the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven. It was so when Peter preached on the day of Pentecost; and so in the house of Cornelius. "While Peter yet spake these words, the Holy Ghost fell on all them who heard the word." But the minister is not on account of the efficacious work of the Spirit relieved of the sacred duty of doing his utmost and showing the deepest earnestness in pressing home his message from God. Christ saves and not men. Christ does all, while His servants seem to do all. It was so at the marriage in Cana of Galilee. The servants filled the water pots, drew off the wine, and carried it to the governor of the feast—they seemed to do everything—but it was the omnipotent power of Jesus that turned the water into wine. So it is in the spiritual domain. Paul may plant and Apollos water, but it is God that giveth the increase. "Not by might nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord of hosts."

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Such as everyone is inwardly, so he judgeth outwardly.

—Thomas a Kempis.

## THE CHILD AND THE KAISER.

(From an incident in the life of Kaiser William I. of Germany.)

The Kaiser came to the school one day,  
And stood by the Master's chair  
As he taught the children and heard  
them say

The work they were set to prepare.  
And when their several tasks were  
done

He passed through the dingy hall  
With a word for one and a nod for one.  
And a kindly smile for all.

He paused where a group of little ones  
played,

And drew a child to his knee  
With "What do you study, my little  
maid?"

"I learn of the kingdoms three."

The Kaiser drew off a costly ring.

Set with gems of ruby fire;

"And where shall I find this pretty  
thing?"

"In the mineral kingdom, Sir."

"And this," he asked, as he raised on  
high

An oak stick, stout and strong.

"All trees," the little one made reply,

"To the kingdom of plants belong."

"And this?" caressing a noble hound  
Which crouched by his master's side;

"In the animal kingdom the dog is  
found"

The little maid replied.

The Kaiser silently mused a while,

Then glanced at the listening throng;

"And I," he said with a quiet smile.

"To what kingdom do I belong?"

The maiden paused a little space,

Then timidly lifting her head

With clear eyes bent on the monarch's  
face,

"To the Kingdom of Heaven," she  
said.

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## AN ESSAY ON BYRON'S "MAZEPPA."

Of all Byron's longer poems there is none, I think, that will more amply repay a careful perusal than this one whose hero gives it its name. The style and subject matter are alike good; while the story therein narrated is simple, interesting, and in many respects, extremely pathetic. The chief interest in the tale centres round Mazeppa who, together with a small band of faithful chiefs, accompanied Charles XII. of Sweden in his flight after the dreadful battle of Pultowa had decided his fate. Having galloped many a league, the king and his followers reached a dense, dark forest where nothing could be seen save the beacon fires of their enemies "blazing on the hills afar." There they determined to spend the night; and, to while away the weary hours, or possibly to bring sleep to the tired king, old Mazeppa related the most thrilling experience of his own life.

In his narrative, which forms the greater part of the poem, he tells them how, fifty years before, when he was a page in the Court of John Casimir, he had fallen in love with the young and beautiful wife of Count Palatine; and how the Count, having learned that he was tampering with the affections of his spouse, had him securely bound to the back of a wild horse that was then let loose upon the open plains.

The description of his wild ride over hill and dale, through fogs and streams, day after day and night after night, is most thrilling. There is only one consolation to the reader as he passes along in his perusal of the smoothly-flowing lines, namely, that the poor unfortunate was saved at last, for he it is who tells the sad tale.

Although the narrative is in the main

pathetic, the poet has managed to make its conclusion extremely artistic and pleasing. The last scene of suffering is where Mazeppa is represented as slowly losing consciousness, as he lay "the dying on the dead!"—his wild steed having fallen dead upon the plain from exhaustion; but suddenly the scene is changed, and we find the young hero regaining consciousness amidst the most pleasant surroundings—in a humble cottage, lying at ease upon a couch, and tenderly watched over by "A slender girl, long-hair'd and tall."

One cannot but regret as he reads the closing line of the poem, "The king had been an hour asleep," that he, for whose sake the tale had been narrated, should have heard only the saddest portion of it. But, however, when we recall the fact that Mazeppa had told the story expressly in order that the king might reap "Perchance, from it the boon of sleep," we cannot help admiring the success of his undertaking.

In regard to style, this poem ranks high, though the subject matter does not show any great extent of thought. This, however, cannot justly be regarded as a fault, for the subject is a simple one, and consequently the thought and language of the poem must be simple to be in keeping with the theme dealt with. In it we find the three leading qualities of style almost perfect. In fact, clearness may be regarded as its distinctive characteristic—there being not a single line in it that requires a second reading to make clear its meaning to the intelligent and careful reader.

The figures of speech are, for the most part, carefully selected, and have the apparently easy flow of spontaneous productions. Most prominent among these figures, is the simile, the charac-

teristic mark of reflective poetry. The careful reader cannot but observe the frequency of these figures in the earlier portion of the poem, and their absence in the last five sections. This, of course is easily explained. The first part was carefully composed, and as a result, we there find numerous and well thought out comparisons, while in the concluding sections which, in all probability, were written more hastily, we find none. The metaphor is not nearly so common in this poem as the simile. The few that do appear are rather common-place, with but one grand exception. This exception is found in the latter portion of the second section where he describes the manly, or rather kingly, way in which Charles bore up under all his misfortunes. "And made, in this extreme of ill,

His pangs

the vassals of his will."

Another prominent feature in this poem is the element of motion which gives vivacity to the narrative. We would naturally expect this, for the tale itself is one of motion of the wildest kind. Moreover, Byron, being a great admirer of Scott as a poet, naturally imitates him in this particular as also in the use of colors which may be noticed later. In regard to motion, the author falls but slightly short of his model, as may be seen by referring to one or two instances. The first of these is where he describes the wild steed, as he is loosed, bounding

Away! away! and on we dash!—  
 Torrents less rapid and less rash.  
 Away! away! my breath was gone—  
 I saw not where we hurried on;  
 'Twas scarcely yet the break of day,  
 And on he foamed—away—away!—

And again in describing the wild horse in his mad career as he crosses the river and gains the opposite bank, he uses lines of almost equal vivacity.

In his descriptions of scenery Byron appears to be more of a mathematician

than an artist,—at least in this poem, for here he gives us his ideas of places and things by recounting their dimensions and form rather than their color. We do find three or four cases, however, where he resorts to the latter means of describing things: as, "The sky was dull, and dim, and grey;" or again in picturing the wild wood through which Mazeppa passed, he says,

" 'Twas studded with old sturdy trees,  
 That bent not to the roughest breeze  
 Which howls down from Siberia's  
 waste,  
 And strips the forest in its haste—  
 But these were few and far between.  
 Set thick with shrubs more young and  
 green,  
 Luxuriant with their annual leaves  
 Ere strewn by those autumnal eves  
 That rip the forest foliage dead,  
 Discolored with a lifeless red."

These two attempts at scenery-painting by the use of colors are, I consider, his best; and will suffice to show that his powers of description are not artistic.

A few remarks may be added in reference to the hero of this poem. In many respects he is a man to be admired. As he, the old man of seventy, goes on narrating the sad tale of former years, we cannot but honor and pity him; yea! and even make excuses for his error which bore such bitter fruits. He manifests one trait of character, however, which is neither admirable nor excusable. That trait is revenge. No one who has a strong sense of right and wrong and a proper conception of true manliness can highly respect Mazeppa as he proudly boasts of the havoc he made upon Count Palatine,—upon the man whom he had so wronged; and thus forced to take such measures as he otherwise would not have done. If we could make excuse for Byron's hero by saying that he was not conscious of the injustice to the Count, we would gladly do so; but this we cannot do, for he



himself says Count Palatine had good reason to be angry.

“An angry man ye may opine,  
Was he, the proud Count Palatine;  
And he had reason good to be.”

The most admirable character in the whole poem is the Cossack's daughter. In this young girl we have a true, perfect type of womanhood—kind, sympathetic, thoughtful and loving. Of the

whole poem, I consider section nineteen, in which the poet has so briefly, and yet so clearly portrayed the sterling qualities of this fair maiden, the “pearl of great price.” Yes! even if the whole narrative amply repays a careful perusal, a person cannot help feeling doubly repaid by the grace and extreme delicacy of section nineteen.

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Heaven is not reached by a single  
bound;  
But we build the ladder by which we  
rise.  
From the lowly earth to the vaulted  
skies,  
And we mount to its summit round by  
round.

We rise by the things that are under  
our feet,  
By what we have mastered in greed  
and gain,  
By the pride deposed and the passion  
slain,  
And the vanquished ill, we hourly meet.

—Selected.

## THE DEVELOPMENT OF SOCIAL MORALITY.

Man is essentially a social being, and, as such, he is brought into contact with his fellow-man, whom he influences, and by whom he is influenced. In this contact of man with man, social morality has its origin. There can be no social morality in the conduct of a man who is excluded from his fellows. He develops the personal side of his moral life, but the social instincts of his nature are crushed. As we look upon the social morality about us to-day, and compare it with that form which appears to us in the pages of history, we are made conscious of the fact that our social life presents a higher standard of thought and action than that which existed in the past. But as we follow along those pages of human story, there is indicated at each successive stage that progress in the moral life of the world which it is my duty in these pages to trace.

A man's life is natural so long as he is governed by the mere impulses of nature. In this state, more natural impulses are at work in the government of all his actions. All the lower animals are in this state of nature, as it may be called. They seem to be wholly governed by the passions or desires of the moment, and are wholly absorbed in any sensuous gratification of appetite or pleasure as the case may be. But no man lives such a life, because, for human creatures it is a mere hypothesis. Some missionaries, who have gone to carry the Word of God to some savages, have found these people in such a degraded condition, that they were considered to be totally destitute of any moral conception; but fuller information has shown that such was not the case. No man is non-rational or non-human, but in the very lowest type, of the human

species there is an element of moral life involved in man's humanity. That moral element is shown in the savage who is reflecting on his own actions. By this intelligent reflection he is carried forward and upward to a more general law of conduct. He sees that he has certain duties to perform in his own behalf, and in behalf of those about him. Thus, personal and social virtues arise, and it is the development of the latter which I desire to follow at the present time. When a man understands that there are certain rights which belong to himself, and similar privileges which are the heritage of those with whom he comes in contact, he must acknowledge that he is bound to respect the rights of others. The question now arises in his mind—how many shall I include among those to whom I am under obligation? Am I under obligation only to those of my own household, or community, or nation? Or, am I under obligation to all embraced in the wide circle of humanity? Am I, like Paul, "a debtor both to the Greeks and to the Barbarians, both to the wise and to the unwise?" It is in the solution of these problems that we see, in its most vivid form, the development of the moral life of society.

In primitive times, the family was the unit of the social organization, and the interests of the individual were subordinate to those of the household. The natural relations of the family tie constituted the strongest moral relations of those early days. The members of the household were bound to one another, and all the world beyond that circle was regarded as hostile. The father defended that home as the wild beast defends its den. As the family became larger, a rudimentary form of social organiza-

tion was formed upon the plan of the family. The father was invested with extraordinary power; even the power of the life and death of all the members of the home was in his hands, and often the child was sacrificed for the good of the household. This stage has its parallel in the Biblical patriarchal period; but, among the Hebrews we have no evidence that the power of the parent was so great. Children were not sacrificed among the chosen people of God, because Abraham was taught an object lesson which he and his people never forgot. He had come forth from the Chaldeans among whom human sacrifices were common, and he was commanded to go up into the mountain and sacrifice his beloved son Isaac. He obeyed, and just as he was about to strike the fatal blow, God stopped him, and he turned round and found the ram provided instead. Never afterwards were children sacrificed to Jehovah among the chosen people of God.

Still, if the demands of reason were followed, a very high type of social morality may have been developed among the members of the family; but the great world beyond that domestic circle was utterly neglected. Consequently there is a narrowness in the moral life of this age which we, in this last decade of the nineteenth century, consider to be unreasonable.

From this stage of society the family grew into the gens, or clan, or village community. Although there were various forms of this early society, the members always claimed to have a common origin. It was analogous to the Russian village community, although in the latter, the idea of a common ancestry is often absent. Even when the clans were united into tribes, the family nature of the organization was still present; and the tribe was governed by a chief whose will was law. Nevertheless there is a decided advance, because the members are under moral obligation to more than simply those bound to them

by blood relationship. The family tie was extended, and persons of a different ancestry received the rights and privileges of blood relationship, by being adopted into the family, and thus becoming a member of the clan. In this there is the beginning of that expansion which to-day brings all mankind within the range of our sympathies.

In spite of this fact, the range of moral sentiment in this stage was extremely narrow. The individual clung with enthusiastic devotion to the interests of the members of his own clan; and many a page of romance furnishes evidence of this fact. But, at the same time, he exhibited an utter disregard for those persons beyond the boundaries of that clan. In consequence of this, chronic warfare existed between different clans. An illustration is found in the constant warfare carried on formerly among the Scottish Highlanders, and in the massacre of the Macdonalds of Glencoe by members of the Campbell Clan. The absence of central authority within the clan caused each member to be thrown upon the defence of his own rights. So a system of blood-revenge arose. When a man was killed it was the duty of the nearest friend of the deceased to avenge his kinsman's death. Among the Hebrews, at a certain stage in their history, this custom existed, while it was found alongside of them in many other nations and tribes. But the Hebrews were far advanced beyond all other nations. This may be seen in the fact that regulations were made in regard to accidental death, and in the appointment of cities of refuge to which the manslayer might flee and find safety from the avenger of blood. In this period of social morality a military type of character was developed. All the gentler virtues of humanity, except those manifested in relation to members of the same clan, were ignored. This all arose through exalting the interests of the clan to an unreasonable extent. We have passed beyond those

days, but there are cases to-day of the survival of these old feelings which shock the moral tastes of the modern mind. The religious fanatic, who professes to possess such minute acquaintance with the mind of God as to say that every denomination is under the wrath of the Almighty except his own miserable little religious sect, and who is ready to persecute all who do not worship God as he does, belongs to a bygone age of moral progress. He belongs to the old tribal days when it was especially true that "man's inhumanity to man," made "countless thousands mourn." He was born a few centuries too late. I once knew a man who seemed to think he knew a great deal of the future, for he affirmed that no Presbyterian could enter heaven. Poor fellow! I pity a Christian who cannot rise above his own sect and see in every denomination members of the household of faith.

Contemporary with all these changes in the moral life, there was an institution which has now become a stranger to civilization. Slavery had a most vitiating influence on both the slave and his master. The slave was deprived of the essential rights of mankind. The master was a man who subjected his fellow-creature to the most shameful servitude, and who did not consider that a man made in the image of God was worthy of better treatment. At the same time, religion often had a most pernicious influence on the moral ideal of the people. Shocking scenes were enacted in religious worship, and alongside of the loftiest precepts we find regulations for the celebration of the most revolting religious rites. And from the Car of Juggernaut in the east, and from the human sacrifices of the Mexicans in the west, we have instances of the influence of religious rites on the moral life of uncivilized nations.

But this narrow tribal morality did not always have full sway. Reason and the social nature of man revolted against

it and conquered it, and man marched on to a higher and more comprehensive moral life. There were at times outbursts of higher sentiments, as well as customs which show a wider sphere in the range of moral obligation. I have already referred to the custom of adoption, by which the family tie was extended. During the same period, hospitality was extended to all, whether members of the same tribe or not. The weary traveller who knocked for admission, and who asked to be admitted as a guest, was received and entertained even if he were a member of a hostile tribe. Thus the idea of moral obligation was bursting beyond the bounds of the tribe, and was advancing to embrace all humanity. As this process went on, all the devotion to the tribe expanded into devotion for the nation, and thus patriotism arose. We in Canada, whose ancestors came from across the Atlantic, are in danger of thinking more of our particular European connection than of our duty as citizens of the Dominion. In other words, we are in danger of being too clannish. Scottish-Canadians sometimes boast of being of Scotch descent, rather than of being citizens of "the land of the maple leaf." Last summer, in one of the towns of Ontario, the Sons of Scotland had a day of sport, and to enliven the proceedings, a Highland band was secured from Toronto. There was a great gathering of the clans. When the games were over, some of the members of the band remained in town for a few days, enjoying the Scotch whiskey, of which there was a copious supply on hand. They were to be seen about the streets dressed in their tartan, and the members of the Sons of Scotland were justly ashamed of their fellow-countrymen, and came to the conclusion that it would be better to have a few more Sons of Canada, than to keep up the traditions and customs of the old tribal days. I am Scotch; I was born that way, and I could not help myself, but I consider

that Canada is dearer to us than Scotland, England, Ireland, or any other country.

"Breathes there a man with soul so dead,

Who never to himself hath said,

This is my own, my native land!"

"Patriotism," says Dr. J. Claff Murray, "is a grateful loyalty to the beneficent institutions and traditions of one's country, rather than a pugnacious attitude toward foreigners." Bolinbroke says, "Patriotism must be founded in great principles, and supported by great virtues." The Chinese do not exhibit patriotism in their riots against foreigners, nor do Irishmen show it in wrecking the public buildings of England.

From patriotism the moral ideal of society expanded still further. Among others the Socratic School of philosophers sprung up as a consequence of the national success of Greece. The members of this school were the first to use the expression "a citizen of the world." This is an advanced stage of thought in which a man considers himself, not a citizen of any particular state and bound by its obligations, but a citizen of the whole world, and bound by an imperious obligation to the whole human family. The Socratics used, in an abstract form, the phrase quoted above, but they were never able to rise to the practical conception of all that it involved. Even Plato could not think of a state except as broken up into petty factions like his mother country Greece. But, swooping down from the north came Alexander the Great who shattered the old organization of the Hellenic world, and joined into one Empire Greece and the Empire of the Medes and Persians. Then he was so foolish as to sit down and cry because there was not another world to conquer. But in the providence of God he had done his work, and he was an instrument in the hands of God for paving the way

for the coming of the Gospel of Peace. The old ideas died with the political power of Greece, and a new school of thought arose, known as the Stoical school. The prominent members of this school were not of pure Hellenic blood, and consequently were able to view moral questions from a foreign standpoint. They taught that man owed a duty to mankind because he was a member of the human family, and not because he happened to belong to the same nation. It is to their credit that they first put into practice the old Socratic phrase, "a citizen of the world." But they held that only a very few were able to rise to this conception; only a few could be moral, and the vast majority were condemned to a life of vice; and so their moral influence was limited. The Empire of Alexander crumbled to pieces, but a new power was rising on the seven hills overlooking the Tiber, for Rome was extending her power among the barbarians about her. The hostile nations were thus brought under one central government, and a way was opened for that new power of which the angels so heartily sang on the Plains of Bethlehem.

In connection with this, it is important for us to notice that it was an unforeseen source from which this new power sprung. Greece, and Rome, and the great world moved on while Jesus quietly lived the life of an humble youth, and later, the life of a village-carpenter in Nazareth, a place which was so despised that it was seriously questioned whether any good thing could arise from it. He sprung not from the families of the great, nor from the brilliant men who would be the admiration of any people. He was "a teacher come from God," of whom the popular testimony was that never man spake like He. With untiring zeal He travelled through the beautiful rural districts of Palestine, from village to village, and through the streets of the great city of the Jews. Everywhere He taught the

multitudes that gathered around Him. Never did He sanction the religious prejudices of the Jewish people among whom He moved, but with wonderful emphasis He called Himself the "Son of Man." This a higher, concrete, and more practical application of the old phrase "citizen of the world," of which the Greek philosophers made use. His sympathies are broad, and we have in Christ a brother of every man. In the midst of intense poverty He carried on His work. The foxes had holes, and the birds of the air had nests, but He had no, where to lay His head. He sacrificed His life in the accomplishment of His great design. That design was not to organize a spiritual aristocracy of the Stoical type, but to bring down to the lowest and most despised members of society the reality of a practical, rational faith. This practical faith is the source of a spiritual morality which is open to every people and every age.

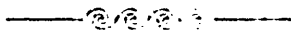
Christianity thus gave an expansion to the ideas of social morality. As a result, this morality came to include something which it had never before embraced. Previous to this time virtue was concerned only with civic obligations which, as everyone knows, are of an external nature. Men are now taught by Christianity to look beyond the external act to the motive by which it is prompted, because it is by the motives of the heart that a man is to be judged. Man looks at the external appearance, but God looks upon the heart. Christ emphasized this in His Sermon on the Mount, when again and again He said, "but I say unto you:" and that "I" is an emphatic one. Men now find

personal culture to be an object of moral endeavor, and they strive to find a principle of action which it would be proper for all men to possess at the same time. This principle is found in the golden rule. This moral culture has as its foundation the new birth concerning which Jesus instructed Nicodemus. Here we find the highest type of morality in human experience. A man is under obligation to consider his own personal rights, the rights of others, and the claims of his God upon him.

In this development of social morality man is continually seeking for a rule of conduct which is applicable to himself and to all other men at the same time. He began with that form of morality which was found in the ancient home, the simple, natural relationship of the members of the same household. From this sphere man advanced to enjoy the moral life of the clan, tribe, and nation; and to-day we have that form distinctively called Christian morality, which embraces every sphere of human life and every man made in the image of God. The Omnipotent One has been leading man gradually up through the ages, and causing him to rise to a higher and higher level in his moral life. For this purpose He has progressively revealed Himself to man, and customs, laws, and ceremonies have had their place, which have long since passed away.

"The old order changeth, yielding place to new,  
And God fulfils Himself in many ways.  
Lest one good custom should corrupt the world."

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Every human being whom we approach should be the better for us.

—William Ellery Channing.

## FROUDE ON CALVINISM.

Extracts from his address to the students of St. Andrews, March 17, 1871.

I am going to ask you to consider how it came to pass that if Calvinism in indeed the hard and unreasonable creed which modern enlightenment declares it to be, it has possessed such singular attractions in past times for some of the greatest men that ever lived. And how—being, as we are told, fatal to morality, because it denies free will—the first symptom of its operation, wherever it established itself, was to obliterate the distinction between sins and crimes, and to make the moral law the rule of life for States as well as persons. I shall ask you, again, why, if it be a creed of intellectual servitude, it was able to inspire and sustain the bravest efforts ever made by man to break the yoke of unjust authority. When all else has failed—when patriotism has covered its face, and human courage has broken down—when intellect has yielded, as Gibbon says, “with a smile or a sigh,” content to philosophize in the closet, and abroad worship with the vulgar—when emotion and sentiment and tender imaginative piety have become the handmaids of superstition, and have dreamt themselves into forgetfulness that there is any difference between lies and truth—the slavish form of belief called Calvinism, in one or other of its many forms, has borne ever an inflexible front to illusion and mendacity, and has preferred rather to be ground to powder like flint than to bend before violence, or melt under enveloping temptation.

It is enough to mention the name of William the Silent, of Luther—for on the points of which I am speaking, Luther was one with Calvin—of your own Knox and Andrew Melville, and

the Regent Murray, of Coligny, of our English Cromwell, of Milton, of John Bunyan. These were men possessed of all the qualities which give nobility and grandeur to human nature—men whose life was as upright as their intellect was commanding, and their public aims untainted with selfishness: unalterably just where duty required them to be stern, but with the tenderness of a woman in their hearts: frank, true, cheerful, humorous, as unlike sour fanatics as it is possible to imagine anyone, and able in some way to sound the keynote to which every brave and faithful heart in Europe instinctively vibrated.

This is the problem. Grapes do not grow on bramble bushes. Illustrious natures do not form themselves upon narrow and cruel theories. Spiritual life is full of apparent paradoxes. When St. Patrick preached the Gospel on Tarah Hill to Leoghaire, the Irish king, the Druids and the wise men of Ireland shook their heads. “Why,” asked the king, “does what the cleric preaches seem so dangerous to you?”

“Because,” was the remarkable answer, “because he preaches repentance, and the law of repentance is such that a man shall say, ‘I may commit a thousand crimes, and if I repent I shall be forgiven, and it will be no worse with me: therefore I will continue to sin.’” The Druids argued logically, but they drew a false inference notwithstanding. The practical effect of a belief is the real test of its soundness. Where we find a heroic life appearing at the uniform fruit of a particular mode of opinion, it is childish to argue in the face of fact that the result ought to have been different.

\* \* \* \* \*

The Calvinists have been called in-

tolerant. Intolerance of an enemy who is trying to kill you, seems to me a pardonable state of mind. It is no easy matter to tolerate lies clearly convicted of being lies under any circumstances; specially it is not easy to tolerate lies which strut about in the name of religion; but there is no reason to suppose that the Calvinists at the beginning would have thought of meddling with the Church if they had been themselves let alone. They would have formed communities apart. Like the Israelites whom they wished to resemble, they would have withdrawn into the wilderness—The Pilgrim Fathers actually did so withdraw into the wilderness of New England—to worship the God of their fathers, and would have left argument and example to work their natural effect. Norman Leslie did not kill Cardinal Beaton down in the castle yonder because he was a Catholic, but because he was a murderer. The Catholics chose to add to their already incredible creed, a fresh article, that they were entitled to hang and burn those who differed from them; and in this quarrel the Calvinists, Bible in hand, appealed to the God of battles. They grew harsher, fiercer—if you please—more fanatical. It was extremely natural that they should. They dwelt, as pious men are apt to dwell in suffering and sorrow, on the all-disposing power of Providence. Their burden grew lighter as they considered that God had so determined that they must bear it. But they attracted to their ranks almost every man in Western Europe that “hated a lie.” They were crushed down, but they rose again. They were splintered and torn, but no

power could lend or melt them. They had many faults: let him that is without sin cast a stone at them. They abhorred as no body of men ever more abhorred all conscious mendacity, all impurity, all moral wrong of every kind so far as they could recognize it. Whatever exists at this moment in England and Scotland of conscientious fear of doing evil, is the remnant of the convictions which were branded by the Calvinists into the people's hearts. Though they failed to destroy Romanism, though it survives, and may survive long as an opinion, they drew its fangs; they forced it to abandon that detestable principle, that it was entitled to murder those who dissented from it. Nay, it may be said that by having shamed Romanism out of its practical corruption, the Calvinists enabled it to revive.

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Calvinism was the spirit which rises in revolt against untruth; the spirit which, as I have shown you, has appeared, and reappeared, and in due time will appear again, unless God be a delusion and man be as the beasts that perish. For it is but the inflashing upon the conscience with overwhelming force of the nature and origin of the laws by which mankind are governed—laws which exist, whether we acknowledge them or whether we deny them, and will have their way to our weal or woe, according to the attitude in which we please to place ourselves towards them—inherent, like electricity, in the nature of things, not made by us, not to be altered by us, but to be discerned and obeyed by us at our everlasting peril.



If you fear.

Cast all your care on God: that anchor  
holds.  
—Tennyson.



## Missions.

### A PECULIAR FACTOR IN FOREIGN MISSIONS.

There is no escape from it. Just because we are human, we come under its influence; and just because God hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth, we may expect to find it—unblushing and unabashed—in every quarter of the globe.

In a half apologetic tone, as if conscious of having given it a bad name, Humanity calls it Inquisitiveness; and yet as a matter of correct usage there is nothing inherently wrong in the mental state so designated. Other things being equal an inquisitive mind is bound to make more progress in the attainment of knowledge, than a mind which never feels this impetus. "We are curious," says Webster. "when we desire to learn something new: we are inquisitive, when we set ourselves to gain it by enquiry or research." A chronic disposition to seek information, therefore, is not in itself reprehensible, unless it passes over into "uncontrolled and impertinent curiosity"; and even then, the criterion of impertinence will vary—perhaps more than the untravelled imagine—with every variation in nationality.

A foreign missionary is led to reflect upon this trait in human character as a factor in his work, no less when home on furlough than when engaged in the varied duties of field activity; for it does not seem possible to escape it in any clime. In his first close contact with the heathen it is so marked as to tax severely his patience and good nature: whilst even at home, amongst eminently Christian men and women,

the questions most commonly propounded traverse those very grooves which our Saviour has marked as peculiarly indicative of a heathenish state of mind. Summed up, they simply amount to this: "If we stay-at-homes go to the Foreign Field, what shall we eat? and what shall we drink? and wherewithal shall we be clothed?" For, all the world over, inquisitiveness fastens most readily on what is materialistic.

It is no exaggeration to say that many an animated conversation with a returned missionary begins and is sustained in the following fashion:—

"I am so glad to see you. There are a hundred and one things I want to ask about. Now, tell me, what do the Chinese eat? Rice, I suppose."

"No."

"What!" (with a rising inflection that seems to challenge at the outset your trustworthiness as an informant): "I always thought the Chinese live on rice."

"So they do,—in the South; but in the North, where I have been working, it is a comparative luxury. There the staple food is millet. China is a big country."

"Oh, of course. And in your region, as I understand you to say, they do not use rice."

"Very seldom."

"What then? Rats?"

"Well, yes. In the South, rats are eaten by the poorer classes, but I have never been there to see; and, at all events, there must have been more than a mere glimmering of wit in the retort of a Chinaman across the line who, when

twitted as to his reason for discontinuing this unsavory diet in America, protested, 'Mellican lats no samee.' I have been credibly informed they are not the same. It is the field rat that the Southern Chinaman eats, and as that little creature feeds upon wholesome grain, not garbage, I presume if it comes to a matter of nicety, there is really little choice between the Englishman's hare and the Chinaman's rat. But in the North, we found no evidence that rats are used for food."

"Well, but anyhow, they use meat, don't they?"

"Not as a general rule. They are great vegetarians, and when they do reveal carnivorous tendencies, they prefer pork and fowl (both wretchedly fed) rather than cow's meat. In fact, they have scruples against killing their cattle at all. In some editions of the 'San Tzu Ching,' or 'Trimerical Classic,' which the children study in school, distinct warning is given that it would be ingratitude to eat the flesh of the cow because it tills the field, and ingratitude to eat the flesh of the dog, because it guards the home. Of course the Buddhist doctrine of transmigration has also a deterring influence. A devout Chinaman surely ought to shrink from such a cannibalistic act as would be involved in eating the flesh of some possible relative in the form of a cow or dog. Both these precepts, however, are sometimes more honored in the breach than in the observance. I met a medical missionary in Shian-Tung, for instance, who had occasion to poison a dog with arsenic. He buried it—as he thought—deep out of harm's way. But overnight, it was dug up; and a whole village feasted on the carcass."

"Shocking! And did they eat it with those queer chopsticks of theirs?"

"I suppose so, but not in the way you probably think. They do not hold their 'nimble lads,' one in each hand, like a knife and fork. That would not

be genteel enough. Both of the sticks are held in one hand. The bowl of food, as likely as not, is raised quite near the mouth, and then a steady stream of the pasty fluid (whatever it may happen to be) is directed into the gurgling orifice; for the more noise you make in the process of eating, the greater the evidence of your good breeding. Prolonged sipping, smacking of the lips, and persistent belching are but so many audible manifestations that you enjoy the good things of life."

"But do they never feel thirsty?"

"Oh, yes."

"And what do they drink?"

(A new order of questions which experience has led you to expect).

"I have heard that the water in China is not good."

"It depends upon locality. As a rule, river water is preferred to that from wells, as these are often brackish."

"But are not even the rivers very muddy?"

"So much so, that at times you are almost inclined to doubt if there be anything at all in the yellowish brown ooze which can accurately be analyzed as H<sub>2</sub>O. But do not despair. Just let the mud settle to the bottom of your kang, or water jar,—a process accelerated by the judicious use of alum. Then dip it out. Boil it. Filter it through cotton batting, and let it cool. It will now in all likelihood prove most acceptable for drinking purposes; at least, we found it so in our region."

"So then, the Chinese can get a decent drink of cold water when they want one?"

"Yes, but they scarcely ever want one."

"What!" (Again the rising inflection in distinct yet polite challenge of your trustworthiness).

"They scarcely ever want one. To drink water cold, is the mark of a barbarian. They want it hot; and flavored (if ever so faintly) with tea leaves."

"To be sure, I had not altogether for-

gotten their favorite beverage, either: for rice and tea,—these two—have always been associated in my mind with China. I was almost afraid to speak of them as drinking tea, lest I should fall into the same error as I did over the rice. Do they drink tea in the North, as well as the South?"

"Certainly. But without milk or sugar."

"Without milk? Do you mean to say that they never milk their cows?"

"Never."

"Why, how is that?"

"Presumably for the same reason that they do not eat their flesh. Cows, you must remember, are used as draught animals."

"Well, we sometimes hear it stated that they never become intoxicated. Have they no liquor?"

Oh yes. They make a sort of wine from kao-liang seeds, and drink it from very small cups, quite hot; but it does not seem to make them frantic with intoxication. It rather muddles, than excites: though at times they become noisy enough over the Bacchanalian game of Mora."

"And their clothes, what of their clothes? Are they really comfortable?"

"Of course they are; and extremely well adapted to the climate. In summer, they wear just as little as is consistent with Oriental ideas of decency; whilst in winter, they wear a superabundance. In the absence of artificial heat, they resort to wadded garments in quantities which vary according as the temperature rises or falls. Very close readings of the thermometer prove scarcely necessary, when anyone can tell you from individual knowledge that it is 'two coats cold,' or 'three coats cold,' or even, in some regions as high as 'twelve coats cold.'"

Now, a sensible missionary never becomes provoked at the persistence of inquiries of this kind. He knows—if he knows anything—that there is no

heinous sin involved either in propounding or answering such questions; and, indeed, by actual observation, he has found that some of the most godly and spiritual men in the Church take pleasure in thus adding to their knowledge. So far from feeling provoked, therefore, the missionary is delighted to find people sufficiently interested to question him at all. His supreme anxiety is to convey whatever information may in the slightest degree contribute to a more intelligent understanding of the conditions under which he seeks, beyond the seas, to establish that Kingdom of God which is neither eating nor drinking; even though in order to attain this end he must become reconciled to a considerable expenditure of time and energy to meet an inquisitiveness the culpability of which is by no means commensurate with its universality.

Yes. Let patience have her perfect work. A pioneer missionary, of all persons, should not betray vexation at the multiplicity of curious questions with which he is besieged on furlough. In some respects, their very multiplicity but proves to him the unity of the race.

"What shall we eat? and what shall we drink? and wherewithal shall we be clothed?" Experience schools it into him that the Gentiles—not merely these of Gentile descent in Christian lands—but more especially the Gentiles in the unevangelised regions beyond, are pre-eminent for seeking after these things. If proof were lacking, he finds it in the very salutations with which he becomes acquainted in a land like China. *Ch'ih-la fan mei yu*, ("Have you eaten your rice?") is a phrase heard more constantly than any other, even in districts where rice is seldom if ever eaten, and is equivalent to our less gastronomic, "Good day." *Ch'ing ho shui, ch'ing ho shui*, ("Please drink tea, please drink tea."—literally, "water;" but always implying that it is hot and flavored with tea leaves), is another form of speech employed in-

differently upon the open street, where neither tea-pots nor tea-cups are ready to one's hand. Hai ya, t'a ch'uan-ti i-shang hen k'o i, ("I tell you what:—that man's clothes will do,") is a favorite mode of summing up a stranger: for it should be no more difficult in China than in Europe to obtain the widest endorsement for the "grand" proposition in "Sartor Resartus," that man's earthly interests "are all hooked and buttoned together, and held up, by Clothes."

Accordingly, when the Herald of the Cross arrives upon a pioneer field with his distinctively spiritual message, his auditors are far from manifesting a receptive disposition. Before even he knows a word of their language, they flock about him; but that circumstance affords little or no encouragement when, after he has gained a more intimate acquaintance with the dialect, it comes unmistakably to the surface that they thus throng him, not in eagerness to hear the words of life,—not in open-eyed and grateful wonderment at the message of salvation,—but in mere open-eyed, open-mouthed inquisitiveness of the most personal and grotesque description. How old is he? Was he born with a full-grown beard? Is his moustache no barrier to the reception of his food at meal-time? Has he ever been in that foreign kingdom where rumor says the subjects are all women without any men? Is there a sun in his country? Does it rain? Are his fellow-countrymen sufficiently civilized to know how to cultivate the soil? What sort of food do they eat? What do they drink? What do they wear? These are the all-absorbing questions on which his auditors are anxious to obtain instant and exhaustive information. "What must I do to be saved?" is not a likely question to be provoked by even the most earnest preaching at this incipient stage of the work; later on, that question will indeed be wrong from many a

heart by the Holy Spirit, but largely in proportion to the fidelity with which the work has been prosecuted in this most uninteresting and at times disheartening period in the missionary's experience.

Well then, what is to be done about it all? In view of such persistent (albeit natural) inquisitiveness both at home and abroad, how ought the foreign missionary to pursue his avocation? Two courses are open to him:—

1st. Frown, and make no reply.

This summary method both on furlough and in active service may prove effective. But at what a cost? Is the goodwill of those with whom he mingles something to be made light of? Surly wretch: when he cannot answer a civil question in a civil way, what right has he to expect that men, either at home or abroad, are going to recognize the force of his representations as an ambassador of the God of missions?

2nd. Smile, and make the best reply you can.

Answer politely every polite question; keeping carefully in mind the consideration already adverted to, that the variations in the conventional standards of politeness are quite as marked as those more obvious in matters of habiliment and dietetics.

If it requires a peculiarly sanctified tact to make the inquisitiveness of Christian people at home contribute towards a truer understanding of the actual conditions of Foreign Mission work in its spiritual aspect, it requires no less of "grit, grace and gumption," to treat patiently and lovingly the rude (or rather, crude) inquisitiveness of the Black-haired Race beyond the seas. But encouragement to pursue this course is found in the fact that already many of them have been brought to realise, in common with all spiritual-minded men throughout Christendom, that Food, and Drink, and Raiment (however big we spell them) are far from representing the paramount in-

terests of our Race ; though, undoubtedly, legitimate and necessary accretions to that higher spiritual life in Him who says, "Seek ye first the Kingdom of

God and His Righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you."

JOHN H. MACVICAR.

Edinburgh, Scotland.



## A WESTERN EXPERIENCE.

To expect identical descriptions of the West from tourists who spend a short holiday there, especially, if their visits have been made to different localities, is almost out of the question. Even those who remain some months are often found to give conflicting reports, some apparently never wearying of its praises, while others refer to it only in the most disparaging terms. This may seem, and certainly is, a little strange, coming as it often does from those who have spent days and even months over "these gardens of the desert," or through the stupendous piles that make our western province second, perhaps, to none in the world, for rugged and majestic scenery. This strangeness, however, is completely eel' ed when we find settlers who for eight, ten or twenty-three years have braved the western blizzards and enjoyed the more friendly chinooks narrating experiences as divergent as the poles and with apparently little or no attempt at exaggeration.

The writer's experience extended over fourteen months, three of which were in the Okanagan district, B. C. ; five in the city of Winnipeg.

The Rockies were sighted July 6th. Revelstoke, a little village nestled between the Gold and Selkirk ranges, at the second crossing of the C.P.R. and the Columbia, was reached about a day later. Then followed a run down the Columbia and through the Arrow Lakes to Northport, on the American side. From here we were conveyed by train to Marcus, where, after a stay of some

thirty hours enjoying the hospitality of our Western American neighbors, Kettle River District, known as Grand Prairie, was reached after a forty mile stage drive over heavily-wooded mountains and sandy plains. This district, in which a hard-working missionary, Rev. Mr. Patton is now located, lies about midway between the 118th and the 119th meridians, and along the American boundary. The industries are farming, ranching and mining. Silver is abundant, and gold found in paying quantities. Our people have a manse and church erected at a cost of something like \$1,500. The preaching stations are three in number, two of which are separated by a ramification from the Gold range, necessitating the making of a fourteen mile mountain trail every Sabbath, through dense forests, uninhabited by man, but cheered by the crackling leap of the mountain deer and the howl of wolves and coyotes. Mounted on a fleet and sure-footed cayuse "no fears alarm," and any inconvenience or exhaustion is amply repaid by the magnificent scenes of "woods over woods in grand theatric pride." At each of two stations the services are conducted in the dining halls of log hotels. The attendance varies, according to the weather or good fortune in prospecting. If a new find of ore is made on Saturday, it must be visited and talked over on Sunday, and attendance at worship is out of the question with a large percentage of the mining class. In fact, many camps are as actively engaged on

Sabbath as any other day in the week, and the plea for non-attendance presents itself as "seven days labor or discharge." The companies are mainly responsible for this Sabbath desecration. Many of them are composed of professing Christians, citizens of Spokane, Minneapolis, Chicago and even Montreal, where, doubtless, they are found making long prayers and dazzling their brethren with the splendor of their offerings, whilst out among the Selkirks, they hold first place in the service of the devil, and rob the poor man of the repose which God intended he should enjoy.

The social atmosphere in all these districts is strongly American, and that of the western type. All sorts of pleasures become works of necessity on the first day of the week. Hunting, fishing and boating are works of mercy, as, forsooth, professional men, clerks and those engaged in business would be subjecting themselves to a slow process of suicide should they fail to take advantage of the diversion which every returning Sabbath has to offer. Harvesting is in order at any time after the golden fields have been entered by the reaper. This does not always hold true, as the following incident will confirm. The farmer with whom the writer boarded, asked a Roman Catholic neighbor to assist him with his wheat harvest. The kindly-disposed neighbor drove up with his binder on the following Sabbath, and had done considerable work while the owner was engaged in his morning devotions and preparations for worship at a schoolhouse some distance from his residence. His wife, a true follower of the Master, first discovered the Sabbath-breaker, and urged her husband to order him to desist. He proceeded to the field, but through fear of offending the man or lack of moral courage, he turned his steps homeward, offering the apology that "since the work was begun, no worse evil could now come of it." A few minutes after-

wards the reaper had made his exit, having received orders to do so from one who, though a woman and marked by all the qualities common to her sex could, even in British Columbia, be a true heroine for the cause of Christ and His kingdom.

The cayuse is the only means of conveyance across the mountain trails. To describe this animal would well-nigh battle the McGill zoological demonstrator, keen as he may be and certainly is, in observing the characteristics and habits of that portion of creation which falls within his province. Sure-footed and cautious on the verge of a ledge, he will bear you safely across, if only you manage to hold to your saddle. Having reached a more favorable spot, he will often, on short notice, ease himself of his burden and quietly begin to crop the herbage alongside of his indignant master, as if nothing had happened. To tire him seems almost impossible and, after making forty or fifty miles without feeding, he suddenly surprises you by an exhibition of his strength and activity, in a determined attempt to buck off his saddle, before entering the comfortable quarters in waiting for him. A large number of the shacks are occupied by single young men who had grown weary of home restraint; others, by victims of vice, who sought to turn over a new leaf by cutting off their old companions by miles of plains and mountain barriers. These offer no obstruction to Satan, and, instead of the expected reform by isolation, the catalogue of vices has been enlarged by the addition of unmentionable and degrading sins.

Okanagan Valley is more Ontario like. It lies between the one hundred and nineteenth and the one hundred and twentieth meridians, and on each side of the fiftieth parallel. In it lies Lake Okanagan, a beautiful sheet, one hundred and eighty miles long and averaging three or four miles in breadth. On the east side are His Excellency, the

Governor-General's estates, one consisting of five hundred acres of the very best soil, and the other of three or four thousand acres, adapted mainly for ranching purposes.

The fig and all Canadian fruits grow luxuriantly. Hops are being successfully cultivated and bring the best price, in European markets. All kinds of grain do well. Roots and vegetables grown in this valley can scarcely be surpassed. The winter is short, and feeding lasts for less than three months, adapting it admirably for ranching, which occupies the attention of a large portion of the population. In less depressed times, land sold at sixty and even seventy-five dollars an acre, but now it is much less. In the summer of '93, and winter of '93-'94, church services were conducted at four different points in the valley. At Benvoulin, three miles from the Lake, is a beautiful Presbyterian Church edifice, erected at a cost of about two thousand dollars, one-fifth of which was furnished by the present Governor-General. A year following the building of the church, Kelowna sprang up on the lake shore. At this point services are regularly conducted by the Presbyterian missionary, and steps have been taken to build. In '93 the attendance at Kelowna averaged about forty. This summer the number has increased, and will doubt-

less continue to do so for years to come, owing to the fertility and beauty of the valley, together with the advantages afforded by way of direct steamboat communication with the terminus of the Vernon branch of the C.P.R. The white population of the valley numbering about 500 souls, is the most desirable and fully abreast of the times, intellectually and otherwise. Both Episcopalian and Methodist services are regularly held but our people surpass both the others, in numbers, and promise to be self-supporting within a few years at most. Living is higher than in the Eastern provinces, but the climate is more desirable and the scenery unsurpassed elsewhere in Canada. Mission work was pleasant. The people were kind and obliging, industrious, and supporting church ordinances in a way that would put to shame many of the greater and wealthier congregations throughout other parts of the Dominion.

After visiting the Pacific and narrowly escaping a land and snow slide in the Coast range, the writer bade adieu to the mountains and streams of the picturesque British Columbia to attend the summer session at Winnipeg, in connection with which something was said in our last issue.

A. MACVICAR.

Montreal, Nov. 20, 1894.

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## AN ANGLO-FRENCH MINISTRY.

The views of the Rev. Dr. Armstrong do not seem to have met with the approval of one of the contributors to the November number of the "Journal."

In the spirited article entitled "An Anglo-French Ministry," the writer seems to urge the view that, in mixed communities of French and English, our French brethren should take up the work, and preach in both languages.

Dr. Armstrong, on the other hand, believes that it is the duty of English students to learn French, and thus be able to preach in the two languages. Now, as a native of the Province of Quebec, and as one who has labored at different intervals in mission fields in mixed districts, I am inclined to think that Dr. Armstrong has a good deal of right on his side.

It is often said that the want of a knowledge of the French language handicaps many an English minister in certain sections of our country. The writer in the November number seems to question the truth of that saying. He says, "I have yet to learn of a single instance, where a French Roman Catholic, anxious for the light, came to any of our ministers, and could not be led into the way of truth because they did not both speak the one language." Well, I am very glad to be able to say that I can give the author of the above statement the "single instance" which is necessary to the enlargement of his present knowledge.

Again, with regard to the French people in the districts in which the aforesaid writer labored, it is stated:—

"As far as I was able to judge, the large majority of them were able to speak English." This is quite true, no doubt, but then there are other places where the large majority of French inhabitants cannot speak English, and in order to do them any good it is absolutely necessary that the English missionary be able to speak to them in their own language.

In the article referred to the possibility of such circumstances is admitted, and the writer goes on to say, "If such be so, why not send a French missionary to a field of this description?" Yes, but why not send an English missionary to such a field? Because the English are few in number, that is no reason why a Frenchman should be sent to them.

The contributor, whose views are the subject of criticism, appears to think that there is an overplus of French ministers at present, and a scarcity of congregations, and that therefore it would be well to place some of these French graduates over those mixed congregations where the English are few in number. Well, if it be a fact that a good many of our French graduates are obliged to go to the United States for

work, because of the lack of places for them in Canada, then it is time to stop graduating Frenchmen. One reason why so many object to French graduates taking charge of English fields and doing English work is, that part of the money given to the French evangelization scheme is given to train men for French work, not for English work. And, moreover, it is not right and fair for our French brethren to go to the neighboring Republic, and leave their own people.

The article in your November issue puts forth an entirely different idea of French evangelization from that generally held. It is commonly thought that the object of French evangelization is (1) to convert Roman Catholics to Protestantism, and (2) to train up a certain number of men who will be missionaries to their own people.

In accordance with this idea we have a French Professor in our College. His duty is to prepare men for French work, and because his work is such, it has been agreed that his salary be paid out of the French Evangelization Fund. Consequently, we say that, if any large number of our French graduates give up French work, either wholly or partially, for English work, then it will be found that many of our English congregations will cut off their contributions to the French Evangelization Fund.

And in regard to Dr. Armstrong's views, he surely does not mean to say that every graduate from the Presbyterian College, Montreal, should be compelled to speak both languages, because this would be exacting an impossibility. Surely his meaning is that some inducements should be held forth to obtain a certain number of English students, who would be willing to prepare themselves for French work as well as for English.

A. C. REEVES.

Lakefield, Ont.



## INDIAN MISSIONS IN THE NORTH WEST.

This article is an extract from a letter recently received by our Missionary Society from the Rev. A. W. Lewis, of Mistawasis Reserve near Prince Albert. — Editor.

Not counting our mission to the Indians of British Columbia at Alberni, our Canada Presbyterian Church is seeking to evangelize the red man in thirteen localities in the North-West. Of these stations the most easterly is Portage la Prairie, 56 miles west of Winnipeg, where there is an industrial school; and the most westerly near Edmonton, at Stoney Plain,—another industrial school. The other industrial schools are to be found at Birtle, Crowstand, File Hills, Round Lake, and chief of all, at Regina. At the last named place is the Government Industrial School with one hundred and twenty-five pupils, carried on most efficiently by Rev. A. J. McLeod and staff. At Okanase, Prince Albert and Mistawasis there are only day schools. As far as I know there is as yet no school teacher at Lakes and (or) Miscoupetungs, Bird Tail, and Pipestone. Among these are scattered seven ordained ministers, but the teachers are as truly missionaries as the ordained men, and they are working with the most hopeful class.

I presume that the work at one of these stations is much like what it is at the others. Yet some are more decidedly Christian and settled, others more pagan and changeable. The oldest is Mistawasis which has the largest number of church members. As I have not visited any other mission station I must confine my brief remarks to this Reserve. About fifteen years ago a block of fertile land in a beautiful country, forty miles west of Prince Albert was reserved for the sole benefit of the tribe of our good old Chief, Mistawasis. Although it is a rectangle 6 by 12 miles the number of families is discourag-

ingly small—about 30. To make matters worse the terrible plague of scrofula carries off nearly all the children in many of these homes. At the communion season about 50 partake of the holy emblems. Some of these are also members of the Roman Catholic Church which has a reserve adjoining ours on the south. A small minority still resist the strivings of the Holy Spirit; and they are harder to reach because of evil influences brought to bear upon them by those of whom I cannot here speak.

The mission is beautiful for situation. The ridge slopes gently to the west and north, more abruptly to the east and south. On the northern end is the mission house. Beside it stand the storehouse and the barn; to the north-west is a lovely lake surrounded by a fringe of small trees and separated from the house by a beautiful grove of little poplars and willows. Along the top of the hill, 135 yards south, is the pretty little white frame church with red trimmings. In it is an organ, pulpit-desk, and two rows of benches separated by an aisle in which stands the stove. The preacher faces the east. To his left sit the men and boys; to the right, the women, girls and babies. (These last must be heard to be appreciated.) The majority can read the "syllabic," and a goodly number of Bibles bound in leather and printed in these characters are to be found in the seats. The hymn books have parallel columns, written in syllabic and in English letters. The language spoken is the Cree.

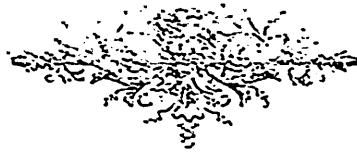
The school-house, a neat little log building, is perhaps 75 yards west of the church, and on slightly lower ground. Here our excellent lady teacher, Miss McIntosh, instructs the rising generation in letters, manners, and morals. At the end of September she had completed her first year, and the improvement in the school was marked. All the teaching is done in English. The

school is partly a government and partly a church organization. The government builds the house, keeps it in repair, provides material for "running" the school, (including biscuits, rice, books, etc.) and pays three hundred dollars towards the teacher's salary. The church appoints the teacher, subject to Departmental approval.

The missionaries' work consists in preaching in Cree, visiting the people, overseeing the school, disposing of a ton of clothing sent by the kind ladies of Ontario, and looking after the Mission premises. The different mission stations are allocated to the different Presbyterian Societies of the W.F.M.S. This work of these devoted ladies is deserving of all praise. In the face of the fact that the government attends most liberally to the wants of the wards of our nation, they seem absolutely destitute at the beginning of our severe winters. The quilts and wearing apparel of a by-gone winter seem to have been blown away by the prairie winds. In the autumn, the munificent gifts of the W.F.M.S. come as a God-send. They are given gratis to those unable to work or purchase them. The able-bodied must do something in order to obtain; and it

is astonishing to see how little work in their opinion ought to purchase a winter's outfit. The school-children, as well as the old and sick, receive presents as the weather and their needs demand; and at Xmas, the long-to-be-remembered tree dazzles their eyes. The school-girls are taught sewing, knitting, etc., at school; and most of the women can make their own clothes. The fair sex exercise their manifest right to smoke tobacco and "kitty kinie," like their "lords." And can I tell them that God wants them to keep their mouths cleaner than the men theirs?

I cannot close without saying a word about our respected Chief. No one knows his age, but he must have been born very early in this century. He has been old for a score of years; yet this summer he never failed to be in his seat in church for the morning Sabbath service, unless he was ill. Before he became a Christian, he had two wives. Then he married the younger, and has supported the other until now. He says he loves all ministers because they are men of God; and he loves to talk of heavenly things. He asks me to come in often to read from the "Great Book," and pray with him.



Find your niche and fill it. If it be ever so little, if it is only to be a hewer of wood or a drawer of water, do something in this great battle for God and truth.

—Spurgeon.

## Partie Française.

### L'URGENCE D'UN COLLÈGE PROTESTANT FRANÇAIS À MONTRÉAL.

Persone ne contestera l'importance d'une éducation supérieure, pour notre jeunesse protestante française.

Aujourd'hui, après soixante années de lutte et de souffrance, nous avons acquis le droit de cité. Nous ne sommes plus à l'état d'enfance. Le manteau d'ignominie, que l'on avait jeté sur nos épaules, est tombé par terre et nous le foulerons sous nos pieds. On grandit quand même sous l'orage. Bon gré, mal gré il faudra compter avec nous. Les humbles et pauvres petits persécutés d'hier deviendront les hommes de demain. Nous aurons nos avocats, nos docteurs, nos écrivains et des hommes politiques qui imprimeront une vigoureuse secousse à la vie sociale et morale du pays. Ce n'est pas toujours le nombre qui pèse dans la balance d'une nation. Ce sont ceux qui savent, qui possèdent l'énergie des convictions sérieuses; des hommes de foi.

Cette noble et vaillante population française du Canada, à étrangement souffert depuis des siècles. La priver d'éducation c'était amoindrir sa vie et briser ses élan. Les Chinois, dit-on, prennent un chêne, l'emprisonnent dans un petit vase et parviennent à faire, du roi des forêts, une espèce d'avorton qui végète, rabougris, pendant des années. Que voyons-nous au Canada? Le peuple aux allures franches et vives, rapetissé par de coupables mains. L'ignorance, cette cause puissante de malaise et de dégrada-

tion, s'est étendue comme un brouillard sur les deux rives du St. Laurent. Le brave *habitant* s'est trouvé à l'abri de toute influence progressive et libérale. Il s'est résigné, à cédé sans se plaindre, est devenu passif, heureux même quelquefois de ne pas savoir lire.

Il faut le proclamer hautement: le Canada français a besoin d'une nouvelle éducation.

Ces vieux systèmes dont nos collèges romains semblent avoir acquis le monopole, ne sont plus propres à la culture de l'homme moderne. Nous en avons assez de cette éducation sans patriotisme, sans liberté et sans largeur.

À l'heure présente, où une importante réforme doit s'accomplir dans la Province de Québec, notre patriotisme est appelé à jouer un rôle immense. Il doit refaire l'éducation du pays. Il faut qu'il secoue l'apathie et l'insouciance, qu'il déracine les fausses idées, en donnant une éducation plus complète, plus libérale, et qui s'adapte à la raison, à l'imagination, aux sentiments, aussi bien qu'à la mémoire. Instruire c'est attaquer le mal à la racine, c'est faire violence à la routine, c'est apprendre à l'enfant à raisonner, à réfléchir; c'est adoucir les mœurs, c'est délicatiser les consciences; c'est former des caractères et relever la dignité humaine.

Certes, voilà une tâche digne de stimuler notre zèle. Faire de nos écoles des foyers de force morale, développer l'initiative personnelle, dissiper les té-

nèbres, sortir le peuple de la vieille ornière... quel noble privilège!.. L'instruction, d'ailleurs est une garantie de moralité, une sécurité dans la marche vers le progrès et une source de richesse et de prospérité.

Si notre jeunesse doit prendre le dessus au Canada—et il faut qu'elle en arrive là—il est grandement temps d'établir une école supérieure, un collège qui maintiendra dignement l'honneur du protestantisme. Le champ c'est le monde, c'est-à-dire, l'être humain, le cœur, l'esprit, la conscience, l'âme enfin. Il s'agit d'ensemencer ce noble terrain, et de veiller avec un soin jaloux, à toutes ces jeunes plantes de nos églises afin qu'elles poussent droites et qu'elles s'élancent libres et fortes vers le progrès.

Nos écoles évangéliques ont déjà accompli une œuvre importante au Canada, en provoquant partout un intérêt puissant en faveur de l'éducation. Elles ont excité tout un courant d'émulation, même chez nos compatriotes catholiques. Le but de ces écoles a été atteint quelquefois au prix d'énormes sacrifices. Elles ont été, et sont encore, les meilleures écoles préparatoires que je connaisse dans la Province de Québec. Elles ne sauraient aller plus loin. Plus loin, c'est le collège.

Dans nos écoles missionnaires, la plante humaine se développe avec une singulière vigueur; le cœur se réchauffe, le caractère se forme, on prend le noble prix du travail. Le sentiment des responsabilités et le besoin de connaissances plus étendues se réveillent avec énergie. Il serait criminel d'arrêter ces élans, de décourager ce bel enthousiasme, de dire à notre jeunesse : c'est assez, pas plus loin. Il nous faut le collège, avec son cours classique et les sciences et les arts.

Une telle institution, située à proxi-

mité de l'Université McGill et du collège presbytérien, aurait une influence extraordinaire sur le pays.

N'oublions pas que la Société Canadienne passe par une époque de transition, époque qui pourrait bien être tourmentée. Le mouvement des idées s'accroît; il y a tout un frémissement qui ébranle le corps social, jamais dans le cours de notre histoire, le besoin d'une éducation supérieure; d'une éducation large, pratique et chrétienne ne s'est fait sentir d'une manière plus profonde. Nous en avons eu assez de cette vie au rabais. Il nous faut maintenant des leçons de justice, un patriotisme plus loyal, une vie sociale plus intense et un enseignement qui soit en harmonie avec notre destinée supérieure. Pour ma part, j'ai confiance en notre jeunesse protestante. Je sais qu'elle prendra librement sa part de ce grand travail de réformation. On ne saurait compter sur le clergé catholique; il a la main trop lourde pour appliquer le remède, il étire et brise. On ne saurait compter sur les écrivains mercenaires ou sur les journalistes sacristins; ils continueront d'exploiter le peuple, c'est leur métier. Il y a longtemps que ces gens là ont jeté leur conscience aux vieux fers. L'établissement d'un collège protestant français est donc une chose urgente.

Avec nos écoles évangéliques, notre faculté de théologie à Montréal, une autre école que l'on devrait fonder à Québec, et un collège pour toutes les dénominations protestante, nous aurions de quoi révolutionner la société. Ouvrons donc toutes les portes à notre jeunesse, afin qu'elle puisse courir en avant vers le bien.

J. PROVOST.

Springfield, Mass.

13 Décembre, 1894.

## UNE JOURNÉE À TANGER LA BLANCHE.

Vous le voyez, ce titre n'a rien d'alarmant, car on ne voit pas grand chose en un jour, et ce que je vais vous lire ici n'est en réalité qu'une page du journal de mes pérégrinations de cet été. Notes prises à la volée, tracées à la hâte entre deux lambeaux de conservations ou deux éclats de rire et au bourdonnement des voix, sur un pont de bateau à vapeur, tandis que le vent vous arrache votre chapeau, que la pointe du crayon se casse et qu'à chaque instant, on lève le nez pour admirer de nouveaux points de vue. Et puis il faut subir les lazzis de ceux de nos compagnons de voyage qui ne prennent pas de notes et se vantent d'absorber davantage. Ne leur en déplaise ; les notes ont du bon et j'avoue que je suis toute contente de les retrouver, quel qu'informes qu'elles soient. Je vous les donne donc telles qu'elles, phrases sans verbes consacrées par les Loti et les Bourget,—on ne saurait trouver mieux à imiter... au moins de loin ! et je vous prie d'en appeler à votre imagination pour combler les lacunes.

GIBRALTAR, 3 JUIN 1894.

Nous partons à six heures et demie du matin. On se couche très tard et on se lève très tôt en Espagne, le jour on fait la sieste—quand on n'est pas touriste. Le port est déjà tout animation et le marché que nous traversons bat son plein. Nous prenons un de ces petits bateaux qui font le trajet de la jetée aux vapeurs stoppant au large et dont le sifflet strident déchire l'air et les oreilles. C'est charmant d'être ballotté ainsi par les vagues courtes et vives, pailletées des rayons d'or d'un soleil matinal et de regarder derrière soi la masse formidable du rocher historique. Pour le moment

il est coiffé d'un nuage, et les nombreux navires aux mâts enchevêtrés s'estompent dans une brume légère que bientôt le soleil vainqueur va dissiper. Notre vapeur est fort beau avec son salon mauresque. Il s'arrête en face de la ville d'Algeciras, aux maisons blanches qui se détachent sur une grande chaîne de montagnes bleues au fond. Les côtes sont très abruptes et déchiquetées. De temps à autre se dressent des tours mauresques d'où l'on observait l'ennemi—la mer est d'un bleu foncé admirable ; dans la verdure se cachent des groupes de maisons blanches de forme cubique. Il fait frais, très frais même ; sans doute, vers midi, nous sentirons les caresses du soleil africain. A bord, des Espagnols obèses, des Maures en turban et en babouches, des touristes américains. L'air est délicieux, la journée parfaite et on a une tentation continuelle de tout "croquer." Vue du cap Tariffa, pointe méridionale de l'Europe, formée de rochers roses couronnés de ruines mauresques et sur l'extrême pointe d'un phare blanc.

Trois heures après midi.—J'ai la tête dans un véritable chaos. Quelle fantasmagorie, quel plongeon subit d'une existence raffinée, civilisée, compliquée à l'excès dans ce monde africain si différent du nôtre où l'on sent que les choses n'ont pas changé depuis mille ans.

Sur le port déjà, nous sommes entourés de Maures en burnous aux gestes de prophètes, de nègres, de Juifs sordides ; nous nous engageons sur les pavés glissants, le long des ruelles si étroites qu'on peut à peine se rencontrer et pourtant à chaque pas il faut se ranger pour laisser passer des caravanes de petits ânes pliant sous le faix d'énormes paniers pleins de toutes sortes de choses, d'ordures parfois, car il y a une éditilité à Tanger ! Oh !

les guenilles, la saleté, les odeurs, une odeur particulière qui me rappellera toujours l'Afrique, la foule grouillante, les figures ravagées par la petite vérole, le chancre et la lèpre peut-être, où le nez manque ou n'est plus qu'un amas de filaments blanchâtres : d'autres, nobles et sympathiques, comme celle d'un grand Mahométan enveloppé de son blanc burnous et descendant gravement la rue principale pour se rendre à la mosquée au minaret vert. Ici un mendiant accroupi et demandant la charité d'un geste impérieux, une jeune femme tenant un bébé moricaud et nous souriant d'un air si gracieux qu'on ne peut lui refuser le 'backshish' (égyptien pour charité,) c'est incroyable comme ils sont irrésistibles tous ces petits mendiants aux yeux de velours noir ! Nous nous arrêtons sur le trottoir pendant que nos amis vont à la banque.—C'est un défilé interminable ; on croirait que tous ces gens se sont donné le mot pour passer devant nous, nous ne savons où regarder. C'est un kaléidoscope, une foule mouvante, bariolée, gesticulant et passant, passant toujours comme si la population s'était donné rendez-vous. A chaque pas un type nouveau, horrible ou curieux.— Nous passons une des portes principales et nous nous trouvons sur la grande place du marché qui est en dehors de la ville. Une poussière épaisse et sablonneuse couvre le sol, les vendeurs d'eau qui la transportent dans des outres en peau de chèvre agitent leur sonnette, et offrent la scabille de bois aux passants ; des chameaux reposent tranquillement couchés et lèvent de temps à autre leurs têtes étranges, les petits ânes s'en donnent de braire et leurs guides de crier et de les battre.

Il fait chaud, très chaud : on a la sensation devant cette plaine de sable blanc

que le désert n'est pas loin et que le vent qui fait tourbillonner la poussière a passé sur les immenses étendues du Sahara— D'énormes aloès se dressent le long de la route poussiéreuse, et comme nous allons les regarder de près en longeant un mur blanc, une porte étroite s'ouvre tout à coup à nos regards. Vite un pourparler accompagné de l'inévitable backshish avec le superbe Maure en turban rouge qui garde l'entrée de ce lieu mystérieux et nous voilà admis. C'est un jardin féérique, un paradis, vrai fouillis de fleurs sans nombre ; énormes liserons violet foncé qui s'enguirlandent aux branches ; geraniums roses grimpant jusqu'au sommet des arbres les plus élevés, formant de gros massifs, palmiers, acacias, roses de toutes les nuances, bégognias aux superbes feuilles et chargés de fleurs, giroflées, marguerites, toutes nos espèces du nord, mais plus grandes, plus belles, presque violentes de couleurs et de parfums. Des allées sans nombre s'enfoncent dans les taillis, les pins parasols se balancent majestueusement, au fond de la verdure se cache une villa toute blanche, c'est le consulat allemand. Nous nous arrachons à la contemplation de ce jardin parfumé, la grille se referme, le Maure nous montre toutes ses dents blanches en guise d'adieu et de remerciement, et nous voilà de nouveau dans la poussière du chemin sous l'aveuglant soleil et au milieu de la foule bigarrée et mouvante.

SOPHIE CORNU.

(Concluded next month.)

## SPIRITISME ET SALUT PAR GRÂCE.

Qui ne connaît les idées du Spiritisme sur le salut par grâce et ses erreurs touchant la personne de Jésus-Christ ?

Ce système prétend que l'homme par

l'effort de sa propre volonté, peut acquérir une à une toutes les vertus. Hélas ! où en serait l'humanité si chacun devait gagner ses propres batailles, qui n'en a pas fait l'expérience, qui ne connaît notre faiblesse, notre tendance au mal, notre cœur trompeur et désespérément malin ? En vérité, on ne saurait concevoir une idée plus absurde, plus opposée à la vérité et surtout plus prétentieuse que celle de croire que l'homme pourra faire par les efforts de sa volonté ce que Dieu seul peut réaliser.

La Bible est remplie des invitations les plus pressantes à ce sujet, c'est Dieu qui par sa volonté, par l'illumination intérieure de son Esprit, agit sur nous. Mais, disent-ils, la Bible a été falsifiée, on a tronqué certains textes ; une connaissance prétendue plus profonde des langues anciennes, ou des données historiques sur la composition du canon sacré leur paraissent, mais à tort, atténuer la valeur doctrinale ou inspirée des dernières épîtres admises. Cependant l'Écriture Sainte telle que nous la possédons, affirme et proclame ce grand fait, à savoir : l'efficacité du sang de Jésus-Christ pour le salut, et par suite pour le progrès spirituel de tout croyant.

Le Spiritisme le nie, le Christianisme l'affirme.

Hâtons-nous d'abord de rappeler ces paroles du grand apôtre (1. Cor. II : 14.) *L'homme animal ne comprend pas les choses qui sont de Dieu, elles lui paraissent une folie, car c'est spirituellement qu'on en juge.* (1.) *Nous n'avons pas reçu l'esprit de ce monde,* dit Saint Paul, *mais nous avons reçu l'esprit qui vient de Dieu, afin que nous connaissions les choses qui nous ont été données de Dieu,* et il conclut en disant : (15-16.)

*L'homme spirituel juge de toutes choses, mais personne ne peut juger de lui, car qui a connu la pensée du Seigneur pour le pouvoir instruire, mais nous nous avons connu la pensée de Christ.* Quand à nous, chrétiens évangéliques, fidèles aux enseignements de Jésus-Christ et de ses apôtres, nous nous basons sur ce fait, que le sang de Jésus-Christ nous purifie de tout péché. Mais s'en suit-il par là que nous n'ayons plus à nous inquiéter de notre avancement spirituel et que nous n'ayons plus qu'à attendre tranquillement le jour où nous délogerons de cette tente terrestre pour revêtir notre domicile qui est du ciel ? Nullement, et c'est justement là le point important que le spiritisme ne comprend pas ou ne veut pas comprendre.

Apprenez donc enfin, O Spirités ! que la foi qui justifie est un principe qui produit toujours la sainteté et qui répand sa douce influence sur toute la vie de celui qui la possède, mais *c'est une croyance positive et non négative* qui nous est proposée, ce n'est pas une croyance vague qui n'aurait son siège que dans la tête. Plusieurs parlent avec confiance de Jésus-Christ et de ses mérites et cependant n'obéissent pas à ses commandements. Jésus-Christ disait lui-même à des gens de ce caractère. (Luc. vi., 46.) *Pourquoi n'appellez-vous Seigneur, Seigneur, tandis que vous ne faites pas ce que je dis.* Mais dira-t-on, nous ne voyons pas à quoi sert ici le sang de Jésus-Christ puisqu'il faut néanmoins obéir à ses commandements, eh bien ! c'est précisément *une foi solide* en l'efficacité de ce sang versé pour la rédemption de l'humanité qui nous ouvre les portes d'un ciel que nous n'avons pas mérité et qui par suite pousse le croyant à marcher sur les traces de son Sauveur,

qui le porte à suivre son exemple, qui en un mot lui fait réaliser ce que vous, spirites, prétendez pouvoir accomplir seulement par vos propres forces. Comment? Par la reconnaissance qu'il éprouve pour un don aussi grand, pour tant d'amour, car Dieu est amour? Ne comprenez-vous pas que l'homme étant trop faible, le sang de Jésus-Christ est ici un stimulant, un aide qui en peu de temps accomplit en vous ce que jamais vous n'obtiendrez par le pouvoir de votre volonté chancelante? Ah! dans quel découragement ne serions-vous pas tombé si nous avions dû accomplir cette œuvre à l'aide de nos seuls sentiments. Mais objectera-t-on encore, si le sang de Jésus-Christ nous purifie de tout péché et par conséquent nous ouvre gratuitement les portes du ciel, à quoi bon nous efforcer de devenir meilleurs, d'abord hâtons-nous de le dire, il n'y a pas effort, il y a plaisir, bonheur, félicité, une paix qui surpasse toute intelligence, si donc vous ne sentez pas en vous la joie, le désir de posséder les vertus qui caractérisaient le Divin Maître, c'est que tout simplement *vous n'avez pas la foi*, car celui qui n'a pas l'esprit de Christ n'est point à lui. Sans doute il est très facile de dire: Je crois, sans pour cela être un vrai croyant, mais vous reconnaîtrez *que vous possédez réellement la foi*, si votre cœur est changé et tend à s'améliorer sans cesse. En somme, *la vraie foi, celle qui justifie* produit en vous, ce que le spirite croit pouvoir obtenir par ses luttes, et *ceci est un fait* et les faits sont des choses incontestables.

Mais dira-t-on enfin, comment obtenir cette foi à un assez haut degré pour que cette transformation puisse s'effectuer? Ici encore, la foi n'est pas plus le résultat du travail de l'homme que celui de s'amender par ses propres forces. Qu'est-

ce alors? *Un don de Dieu*, une illumination incompréhensible du Saint-Esprit. *« Personne ne peut venir à moi, disait Jésus-Christ, s'il ne lui a été donné du Père. Personne ne peut venir à moi si le Père qui m'a envoyé ne l'attire. Mais que faire? (Ps. xxxvii., 5.) Remets ta voie à l'Éternel et te confie en lui, et il agira. (Prov. xvi., 3.) Décharge-toi de tes affaires sur l'Éternel et tes desseins seront affermés.*

Se confier en Dieu, lui abandonner notre volonté rebelle sur laquelle il agira selon son bon plaisir, lui dire enfin, *Seigneur, je crois, je veux croire, mais aide-moi dans mon incrédulité*, et c'est alors seulement que vous reconnaîtrez, par expérience la vérité des paroles de Jésus-Christ. (Jean vii., 17.) *Si quelqu'un veut faire la volonté de mon Père, il reconnaîtra si ma doctrine est de Dieu* et par suite celle de Saint-Paul qui dit: (1. Cor., 15.) *L'homme spirituel juge de tout chose et personne ne peut juger de lui.* D'où nous concluons humblement que l'homme animal, serait-il mille et mille fois plus savant que le plus savant des philosophes, ne comprendra pas davantage ces grandes vérités que ne les comprenaient les grands savants du temps de Jésus-Christ, s'il ne les a reçues d'En-Haut, car encore une fois, *c'est un don de Dieu* et conséquemment, les ouvrages les plus profonds, la logique la plus serrée, les sophismes les plus éloquentes des adversaires du christianisme se trouvent donc réduits à l'état de zéro, *quant au spirituel* et Saint-Paul disait encore à ce sujet: (1. Cor. iii., 1-2.) *Pour moi, mes frères, je n'ai pu vous parler comme à des hommes spirituels, mais je vous ai parlé comme à des hommes charnels, je vous ai donné du lait à boire et je ne vous ai point donné*



*de riante, car vous n'étiez point en état de la supporter et même présentement vous ne le pourrez pas encore supporter parce que vous êtes charnels.*

Et maintenant, chose étrange ! Le spiritisme qui enseigne qu'une foi solide en certaines pratiques peut produire en l'homme des prodiges, n'admet pas qu'une foi sincère en l'efficacité du sang de Christ puisse produire des résultats similaires. C'est invraisemblable ! une foi réelle disent-ils quelque soit le but qui la guide réalise toujours ce que la personne a crû sincèrement.

Sans aucun doute ! Jésus-Christ n'a-t-il pas fait souvent allusion à ces choses lorsqu'il parlait de la foi ? *Si vous aviez la foi, seulement gros comme un grain de moutarde, ou bien, par la foi, toutes choses nous sont possibles.* Mais alors, pourquoi donc avec une foi réelle au salut par grâce, n'obtiendrait-on pas aussi les vertus dont nous avons parlé et qui font de nous des disciples de Jésus-Christ.

Peut-on comprendre enfin *qu'une foi persistante en l'efficacité du sang de Jésus Christ* doit remplir le cœur du feu de cet amour du beau, du bien et du vrai, qu'elle doit faire de nous des enfants de Dieu, évitant le péché, pratiquant la charité, l'amour du prochain qui lui donne en un mot les vertus sans lesquelles nul ne peut s'approcher de Dieu, le connaître, le comprendre et par suite l'aimer et le glorifier et savoir enfin pourquoi Jésus-Christ s'est appelé le *chemin, la vérité et la vie.*

Nous résumons notre pensée en disant : L'homme charnel ne pouvant par l'effort de sa propre volonté se détacher de la matière à cause de sa faiblesse, de sa nature vicieuse qui l'entraîne sans cesse au mal, a nécessairement besoin qu'un

changement s'opère en lui. Cette transformation s'obtient par *une foi solide et inébranlable en l'efficacité du sang de Jésus-Christ* qui est *un don de Dieu*, laquelle foi change aussitôt le cœur, et ce, par une profonde reconnaissance pour l'amour de Dieu, laquelle fait passer l'homme du charnel au spirituel. Cette nouvelle naissance procure non-seulement une paix ineffable faite de sécurité et d'espérance, mais un amour profond pour Dieu et pour tout ce qui est agréable à ses yeux, car (Eph. II, 8.) *Nous sommes sauvés par grâce et par la foi, cela ne vient pas de nous mais c'est un don de Dieu afin que personne ne se glorifie.* Et cette doctrine pour si haute qu'elle soit, rencontre un grand écho dans nos âmes, elle ne blesse ni notre raison, ni notre conscience. Elle nous attire comme une solution raisonnable du problème de la vie.

Tenons-nous sur ce chemin pour arriver sûrement et alors nous comprendrons toute la portée et ressentirons toute l'efficacité de la réponse de Saint-Paul au géolier de Philippes (Actes XVI, 31.) *Crois au Seigneur Jésus et tu seras sauvé.*

— JEAN REY.

Nous avons sollicité des articles de la part des écrivains distingués de notre protestantisme français. Plusieurs nous ont répondu déjà ; nous les en remercions bien sincèrement, espérant que ceux qui nous ont fait des promesses les réaliseront.

Notre partie française deviendra de plus en plus importante grâce au concours de nos amis. Ceux qui sont au loin ne nous oublient pas et quoique à l'étranger ils savent nous montrer, par leurs écrits bien pensés, qu'ils sont patriotes et veulent le bien de leur mère patrie, et que ce bien-être soit acquis sur son propre sol.

RÉDACTION.

## PAX HOMINIBUS.

Les anges, proclament un auguste mystère,  
 Viennent planer sur nos autels ;  
 Ils chantent : " Gloire à Dieu : que la paix  
 sur la terre  
 Soit le partage des mortels."

" Oeil pour œil, dent pour dent : " telle était  
 La devise de votre pauvre humanité.  
 Le divin Rédempteur vient fonder une Église  
 Qu'il base sur la charité.

Le chœur des chérubins, se faisant l'interprète  
 De la clémence du Grand Roi,  
 Annonce à l'univers que l'Éternel décrète  
 L'égalité devant la loi.

Il promulgue la loi qui brise nos entraves  
 Et rétablit la vérité,  
 Loi sainte qui fait luire aux regards des es-  
 claves  
 Le soleil de la liberté.

Voulez-vous du bonheur résoudre le problème ?  
 Aimez Dieu de tout votre cœur,  
 Aimez votre prochain. Telle est la loi su-  
 prême  
 Que prêchera le Dieu Sauveur.

De sa religion l'amour pur est l'essence ;  
 Par l'amour il veut nous unir.  
 Des paroles de paix signalent sa naissance  
 Au monde qu'il vient rajeunir.

Chrétiens qui vous pressez sous le sacré por-  
 tique,  
 Soyez miséricordieux.  
 Vos œuvres de pardon, comme le saint can-  
 tique,  
 Diront : Gloire au plus haut des cieux.

TREMBLAY.

## A COLLEGE REMINISCENCE.

More than twenty years ago,  
 When our hearts were young and  
 brave,  
 Met in class-room number one  
 Academical conclave.  
 Our professors sat in state,  
 While we students played our parts  
 To the friends who held our fate  
 In their sympathetic hearts.

All the week 'we'd been on guard  
 In the aisles of Cote street :  
 This one night was our reward  
 For much weariness of feet,  
 For the risk of damage run  
 From a hostile mob : but fight,  
 As we said, there had been none,  
 "So we shan't be missed to-night."

We are done : the chairman tells  
 All our arguments once more.  
 Hark ! the ring of sleighing bells,  
 Footsteps in the corridor,  
 Totters in a well-known form,  
 One we greet with three times three,  
 For all students' hearts are warm  
 To the good Pere Chiniquy.

On his feet he tells his tale,  
 How, his guard no longer there,  
 Enemies had leaped the rail,  
 Climbed the sacred pulpit stair :  
 How he fled, and o'er the wall  
 At the back had swiftly gone,  
 Saved his life, but got a fall,  
 Fall that tore his "pantalon."

Laughingly he said if he,  
 Done to death in Montreal,  
 Had reached heaven, there to be  
 Face to face with great St. Paul ;  
 And "he saint had made a fuss  
 Over the torn "pantalon,"  
 He'd have said "At Damascus  
 You'd a basket : I had none."

When the good Pere Chiniquy  
 Went to Cote street again,  
 Sleighs went with him, one, two, three,  
 Sleighs filled full of well-armed men,  
 Stout the sticks we students bore,  
 As, with "Free Speech" on the brain,  
 Each one held his own pew door,  
 Sentries placed by big MacLean.

Waiting for the signal when  
 Time had come to strike a blow,  
 Three hundred stout city men  
 Thronged the basement down below,  
 Sworn to guard the good old Pere,  
 Offering his Father's love  
 With his countrymen to share,  
 In the pulpit up above.

All is quiet till the end,  
 When the church is quickly cleared,  
 Then a thousand voices rend  
 All the air. 'Tis as we feared,  
 Tide of war rolls up the street,  
 Pistols, stones, and clubs resound,  
 The three hundred on their feet,  
 And we students rally round.

There's no need to strike, for see !  
 Breaks the mob up everywhere,  
 Warriors full of battle glee  
 Throng around the brave old Pere.  
 He, a soldier in the fight,  
 Never wasting time on fears,  
 Had a royal guard that night,  
 Full twelve hundred Volunteers.

So, we fell back, and the lads  
 Made the brave old man their own :  
 'Twas no time to act like cads,  
 Standing on the work we'd done.  
 In their love we too delight,  
 Helping hands we ne'er refuse,  
 But in church we claim our right,  
 Sentinels before the pews.

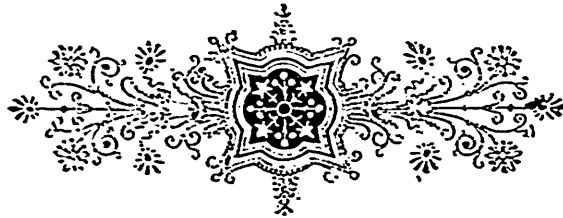
Thus it was in Montreal,  
 In the days when we were young,  
 Heard our hearts the battle call  
 For Free Speech in any tongue.  
 Not through hate or zeal of creed  
 Facing many for the few,  
 Ready for the same, should need  
 Come to Romanist or Jew.

Free Speech won, e'en onwards now  
 Fearless may their trumpets blow,  
 And oft do, forgetting how  
 It came twenty years ago.

Whate'er troubles may intrude,  
 Protestants should all agree,  
 Linking in true gratitude  
 Free Speech and Pere Chiniquy.

May he live his hundred years ;  
 Flourish long his Gideon's Band ;  
 The Twelve Hundred find their peers  
 In young soldiers of the land.  
 Not for praise we make this song,  
 Papal Zouaves taste its joys ;  
 When our General comes along  
 He'll reward His College Boys.

AN OLD BOY.



If we pray for any earthly blessing, we must pray for it solely "if it be God's will." "if it be for our highest good ;" but for the best things we may pray without reservation, certain that if we ask, God will grant them. No man never yet asked to be, as the days pass by, more and more noble, and sweet, and pure, and heavenly-minded ; no man ever yet prayed that the evil spirits of hatred and pride and passion and worldliness might be cast out of his soul—without his petition being granted, and granted to the letter.

—Frederick W. Farrar.

## College Note-Book.

### STUDENT LIFE.

Mr. Leslie Pidgeon, who attended the literary classes here last winter, is pursuing his studies this year in the Arts department of Morrin College, Quebec.

Mr. J. C. Stewart, who represented this college at the Belleville Convention, reports that the Inter-Collegiate meetings were both pleasant and profitable. The next meeting, we learn, is to be held in our spacious convocation hall, in 1896. We assure the Convention of a hearty welcome to Montreal.

We were glad to have a call from Mr. John Griffiths, of Knox College, recently. Mr. Griffiths was visiting the different missionary organizations in the various Canadian Colleges.

We are rich in valedictorians this winter. The Morrice Hall contains no less than three of them. They are worthy men all, and we beg leave to present them.

First in order as in stature, is the Rev. I. L. Hargrave, B.A. This gentleman took his arts course at McGill, and his theology in this college, graduating in 1888. Shortly after leaving college, Mr. Hargrave took Horace Greeley's advice and went west. He ministered with acceptance to the congregation of Rosedale, Man., for some time. Returning to Montreal in 1891, he entered on the study of medicine, and the disciples of Esculapius have placed honor where it was due, when they selected him to pronounce their words of farewell.

"Who is MacIntosh?" was a question asked some time ago in the hall of the University Arts Building. We pity the ignorance of the Artsman who does not know Mac, but he probably was a freshman, and what could be expected. Mr.

MacIntosh hails from Summerside, P.E. I. He took his preparatory course in Prince of Wales College, Charlottetown, and attended for some time to the enlightenment and edification of the rising generation. He entered McGill in 1890, and has taken a splendid stand throughout his course. A graceful and fluent speaker, and well versed in any subject, Mr. MacIntosh has always been a popular member of our Literary Society. We congratulate the graduating class in Arts on the honor they have done themselves in choosing as their valedictorian a wise man from the East.

Speaking in the professional vernacular: "finally and in conclusion," allow me to present the valedictorian of theology, Mr. D. Hutchison, B.A. We all know Hutchison, the quiet unassuming occupant of No. 30, New Building, and we know him as a worthy representative not only of his classmates, but of all the theologians. Mr. Hutchison belongs to Brechin, Ontario, and since entering college has been a hard-working and successful student. He has had a wide experience in the mission fields of our Church, and spent one summer as a student missionary in Western Alberta. He is one of our best speakers, though one not often heard from. Last spring he won the Brown prize in honors and ordinary work in this college, and spent the summer in the Grande Mere Mission, near the town of Three Rivers.

We take this opportunity of expressing our thanks to the minister and session of St. Paul's Church, for their invitation to attend their congregational social held November 20th. Those who were present firmly maintain that Dr.

Barclay and his people thoroughly understand how to make an occasion of this kind heartily enjoyable.

We are glad to see Mr. McCallum about after his recent illness. Mr. McCallum has always been popular with his fellow-students, who sympathized deeply in his enforced rest.

Some men are particularly obliging. So a prospective B.A. thought, when a junior literary man condescended to regard him as a suitable porter for his books, while he—happy man—went home with his girl from the social. We are sorry to reprove our juniors, in general they are a hopeful lot, but this is an aggravated case. Respect for seniors is a rule emphasized in College etiquette, and founded on solid common sense. Sophomores, you should be alive to the duties of your office.

It is high time to call "rats" on some practices we could mention. The King of rat land must have died lately, for there was a full convention in a certain room not long ago, and every ward was represented, as nearly as the occupant of the apartment could judge. That is why K—th is opposed to the license system, especially when his neighbor holds the license.

The poet has been around. We barred the sanctum door against him twice, but he persevered, and this is his latest effusion:—

#### A LAY OF THE MODERN TIME.

Sing, of water fights, the hero  
Who inhabited the North Flat,  
Ever thoughtful, careful, watchful,  
Had overheard their scornful plottings  
Which they plotted in the doorways,  
And in corners black with darkness,  
"Ha!" he said, "my friends, I guess  
not!

I will teach you all a lesson  
That not soon will be forgotten!"  
Soon he heard the softened footfall,  
Twittered laugh and whispered voices,  
As unto their work of riot  
Came they closing in upon him.

They perceived no danger near them,  
Thought to catch the "possum sleeping,"  
From his place of ambush came he,  
Dashing swiftly in among them,  
And so warlike was his aspect  
That the bravest quailed before him,  
Without mercy then he soaked them,  
Right and left he flung the water,  
And those wretched, half-drowned  
plotters  
Stood against steam pipes like scare-  
crows  
Perched aloft upon the heaters,  
As a signal of his vengeance,  
As a warning to marauders,  
To his wigwam went the victor,  
Much he chuckled in the darkness.

We have received the programme of the 21st annual public meeting of the Knox College Missionary Society. Kinox seems to have a splendid missionary society, if we may judge by its works, and that is admittedly the only right way to form an estimate. We compliment our friends on their success and great usefulness in our Church's wide fields of Christian effort. We frankly admit that we have long wished that we could take a few leaves from their note book.

Prof. Scrimger is conducting our Sabbath morning services just now. He has taken as his subject the temptations of Christ, and is discussing them in a very interesting and instructive way. Those privileged to attend derive much pleasure and profit from the Doctor's expositions.

Very pertinent was the question of that 3rd year Artsman, who inquired if the Hebrew word "or" had any connection with the Auer lights of the college. It has, the charge is the same in either case. Two dollars will secure a year's rental of the one, or a supplemental in the other.

From a letter by the missionary of Kettle River, B.C., published in the December "Record," we clip the following:—"The saloon-keeper told me, 'he

does not care to have anyone come to his place who runs down his business. Why, it is on the Sabbath he has the best show, and must take it. Last year he was doing well, when along comes the preacher, and spoilt his trade for quite a while,' referring to Mr. Mac-Vicar who was here for two months last summer.' We like a testimonial . . . kind.

One of the citizens of the West Wing has been having visions lately. They seem to consist largely of pie, burglars and texts of Scripture. This strange combination represents a disordered state of mind. We are afraid our friend has been making Thanksgiving calls recently. It is high time the local bishop took his case into consideration.

Some rules not yet posted.

I. Theologues shall not slope prayers oftener than once a week, unless they borrow S—th—l—d's beads.

II. All violin and banjo practice shall take place in the tower or basement at special hours to be determined by the President.

III. No person in a students' mass meeting shall move to reconsider a motion within fifteen minutes after it has been passed, or speak more than a dozen times to the question before the house.

IV. No junior shall be absent from the College more than one evening in a

week, without submitting his case to the President and Vice-President of the Dining Hall.

V. Students entering each other's rooms shall rap with their knuckles not with their feet on the door, and shall leave when the proprietor begins to examine his watch.

VI. All freshmen, Arts or Literary, shall remove their hats and behave with due decorum in presence of senior men.

*Things we see and hear:—*

"Exactly!"

"That's awl roight!"

"Who's making all this silence?"

J. C. R.

A new cure for a cold.—Chasing a fire engine from Wellington street to Sherbrooke street.—S. L. F.

There is a broken mirror in the West Wing. Was it the painfully slow growth of a new man's moustache that shattered it, or the general expression of his face?

Wanted.—The artist whose sketch of the collector and the bulldog appeared on the bulletin board some days ago. Address, "The Journal Office."

He is with us again this session, the obsequious, persevering, accommodating tax-gatherer, and he presents his compliments in the same graceful old style.

H. T. MURRAY.

Presbyterian College.

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## REPORTER'S FOLIO.

*Philosophical and Literary Society:—*

This society held its regular meeting on the 23rd of November. The president, Mr. Wm. Patterson, occupied the chair.

After the reading of the minutes of the previous meeting, the business part

of the programme occupied the attention of the members for a short time. The first item considered was the arrangements for the annual competition for prizes in speaking and reading. This is one of the most important features of our society, and calls forth a great deal of interest and enthusiasm

from the various competitors. Hitherto, however, this contest has been held towards spring, when the students are very busy preparing for examinations. To obviate this difficulty, and afford an opportunity for a larger competition, it was resolved to hold the meeting earlier in the session, soon after the beginning of the New Year. It was further decided to ask the Rev. Professors Scrimger and Ross, and Dr. A. B. MacKay, to select the subjects for the competition of the English students, and also to preside as judges; and Prof. Coussirat and the Rev. Mr. Morin, to perform a like duty for the French students.

Mr. Angus Graham then presented the financial statement of the "College Journal," and also a brief account of its prospects for the present session. It affords us much pleasure to be able to say that this statement was most satisfactory, and shows the prospects of this college organ to be in what is perhaps the most hopeful condition for several years. The literary part of the programme then followed. The first item proved to be, what it has too often been in the past, a minus quantity—a chorus from the Glee Club. This ought not to be. What are our musical directors doing? The second number was a reading by Mr. N. D. Keith, the rendering of which was much more impressive than its literary qualities, and proved that it was not in vain that Mr. Keith struggled with the theory of correct expression and the art of effective gesticulation.

Then followed an interesting and practical discussion on the subject, "That the Anglo-Saxon race is destined to retain permanently its position as the leading factor in the progress of civilization." Mr. Angus Graham opened the debate. His speech was able, his arguments forcible, and carefully arranged. With his logical skill he traced the influences which produced Anglo-Saxon greatness to their sources,

and conclusively proved wherein lies the secret of its power and progress.

Mr. Thomson, as leader of the negative side, replied to Mr. Graham's speech, citing in support of his contention the history of Greece and Rome. His arguments were thoughtfully chosen and found expression in excellent language.

Mr. Murray followed in support of the affirmative, and was replied to by Mr. Stephens in mild but convincing terms. Then followed what proved to be the speech of the evening by Mr. T. A. Sadler. He pictured in eloquent language the signs of the future, already too apparent, of the utter ruin and decay of the power and influence of the Anglo-Saxon race. The germs of decay are already in its breast, and all too soon they will bring forth their evil fruits. Mr. Jamieson spoke in favor of the affirmative, and after a short reply by Mr. Coburn. This interesting debate was closed by Mr. Graham, who reviewed the arguments of the speakers of both sides. The audience then gave its decision, which was in favor of the affirmative. Mr. James Irvine gave a very careful criticism of the whole programme, after which the meeting adjourned.

The last regular meeting of the Literary Society was held on Friday evening, the 7th of Dec., the President in the chair. The attendance was unusually small, hinting doubtless to the fact that omens of coming exams were in the air. The treasurer, Mr. H. Young, called the attention of the members to the desire for the prompt payment of the fees. They were also reminded of that regulation in the constitution regarding the compulsory attendance of intending competitors in the annual contest. The programme was of an unusually interesting character. The first number was a trio by three French students, Messrs. Menancon, Brandt and Abram; it was well rendered, and called forth hearty applause. Then fol-



lowed a reading—a selection from Shakespeare, by Mr. T. A. Sadler, it was very much appreciated. Mr. S. L. Fraser next favored the society with a violin solo, after which Mr. G. Weir read an essay on "The Uniformity of nature." The debate then came off, the subject being. Resolved:—"That the Foreign Mission Field has stronger claims upon us than the Home Field." Mr. Sadler led the affirmative, and pictured in touching language the great needs of the Foreign Field, and pointed out the needless waste of energy being expended upon many of the little fields at home. He was followed by Mr. Patterson, who, in a brief reply, attempted to show the claims of the Home Fields. The debate was then thrown open to the meeting. At the close of the discussion the decision was given in favor of the affirmative by a small majority. Mr. A. MacVicar filled the position of critic, and gave a brief critique of the programme. The society then adjourned until after the holidays.

#### *Missionary Society:—*

A special meeting of this society was held on the 30th of November. There was a fair attendance of students. After preliminary exercises the president reminded the students of the annual collection to be taken up for the Christmas tree at the St. Jean Baptiste mission. Mr. Murray presented the auditors' report of the books of the society's collector, Mr. Biron; it was received. On behalf of the committee appointed to visit our mission, Messrs. Brandt and Sadler reported. Both gentlemen spoke very favorably of the work being done. The attendance is good, the people seem deeply interested and the schoolroom and other buildings are in excellent condition. The affairs of the Mission seem to be, on the whole, in a very satisfactory condition. Mr. Beauchamp reported in behalf of the committee appointed to investigate the circumstances and standing of the Mis-

sion with a view to taking steps to have it regularly organized into a mission. He said that the committee found the Mission in a very hopeful state. Twenty-one members signed the petition asking for organization. They strongly urged the claims of the Mission for this privilege. There are fifty-one members and adherents in all in regular attendance. His report was received, and after discussing this and the report of the committee appointed at a previous meeting, both were adopted, and Mr. A. MacVicar was appointed to present the claims of the Mission before the Presbytery.

The last regular meeting of this society was held on Friday evening, the 14th of Dec. The meeting was opened by singing part of the good old missionary hymn, "From Greenland's Icy Mountains." Notwithstanding the busy stage of the session the prospects of an interesting programme attracted a large audience, and they were not disappointed in their expectations. The programme was opened by a quartette by Messrs. Muir, Jamieson, Young and Weir, entitled "The Beautiful Golden Gate." Then followed an address by Mr. H. Dseronian, on "The Customs and Religion of Persia." His description was peculiarly interesting from the fact that the speaker himself is a Persian, and speaks with authority, and that we know comparatively little of that far-off but no less interesting oriental country. Mr. Dseronian is taking a course in theology with a view to returning to tell the Glad Tidings of Salvation to his fellow-countrymen. The French Glee Club next favored the society with a chorus, and were followed by Messrs. Muir and Jamieson, who gave a duet entitled, "Come unto Me." The business part of the programme then took place. The first item was a communication from Mr. Charles, containing some interesting news regarding the thoughtfulness for our mission on the part of the Rev. E. A. McKenzie,

B.A., and his congregation. The monthly report of the visiting committee of the Mission was next received; it showed the prospects of the Mission to be steadily brightening, and the outlook most encouraging. Mr. Angus Graham then moved that the Presbytery of Montreal be requested, at the January meeting, to take the St. Jean Baptiste Mission with all its real estate off our hands. It was seconded by Mr. G. D. Ireland, and unanimously carried; and the mover and seconder were appointed a committee to wait on the Presbytery and lay the matter before that court. The meeting then adjourned until the New Year.

On Tuesday evening, the 4th of Dec., the McGill Volunteer Mission Band held their monthly meeting in this college, the president, Mr. P. C. Leslie, in the chair. The subject for the evening was "Japan," and was introduced by Mr. S. Mallinson. He gave a very instructive talk on this interesting Mission Field. After this, Mr. A. Mahaffy read two letters, one from Mr. McArthur, a missionary in Japan, and the other from the Rev. K. MacLennan, of Honan, China. The meeting proved to be a very interesting and profitable one.

GEO. WEIR.

Presbyterian College.

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### OUR GRADUATES.

The Rev. W. D. Reid, B.A., B.D., preached a popular sermon on the words "A young man's glory is his strength." After dealing at some length with the text, and the temptations to which young men are commonly exposed, he ended his discourse by a straightforward attack on a local practice, viz., the system of treating connected with the drill hall of our city. A portion of his sermon, which appeared in our newspapers, has led to considerable comment. We are pleased that some have raised their voice in his behalf, and we wish also to add our approval of the position taken by him. It is not necessary to notice the puerile apologies of his opponents that have appeared in the press. They were in short acknowledgements of the truth of the statements made by Mr. Reid and others. Intemperance is a ruthless plunderer that enters our homes and churches, robs our fair city of her best sons, unfits them for good citizenship, and impairs their moral sense. When such a condition of life

prevailed in the history of ancient nations, these nations ceased to be leaders; and if a change comes to our mother country, as a leader among the nations, the cause will not be that her men have not been properly drilled, but that they have not been sober, God-fearing men. There is sufficient reason for fearing such a condition of things in these days; for if we keep our eyes open as we go through the world we can see on every side three great evils in the nation that yet awes the world, and if the Christian ministry of our great empire does not rise and oppose their progress, the nation will soon totter to ruin. It is our duty to denounce luxury, intemperance, and indolence, which lead to poverty, wherever we discover them. These three evils, that are causing the deep unrest felt by society to-day, go hand in hand; or rather, intemperance is the cesspool to which the other two lead. Men and women are looking to the Church for help. Christian mothers are asking—Is there no power in the Church to save

our boys? We say to our old fellow-students, and to all who are Christians, led us spread our sails to the wind of our convictions, and with all the force we possess, and in the name of Him who is light and purity strive to put down evil and raise the standard of right. Yet it will be with difficulty we shall stem the tide of immorality that is threatening our homes and country.

The Rev. J. K. Baillie, of Philadelphia, visits Canada every summer during his holidays. He spends the greater part of his time at his father's home at Aylmer, on the shore of the beautiful Lake Des Chenes, a few miles west of Ottawa. Whilst here, in the past summer, he supplied Knox Church, Ottawa, for three Sabbaths, very acceptably. Those who heard him speak of him as a very effective preacher. After his return to Philadelphia he had a severe illness, but has recovered completely.

The Rev. W. E. Clay, B.A., formerly of Moose Jaw, is now settled over the charge of St. Andrew's Church, Victoria, B.C. This congregation is one of the largest and most influential in the West. Thus a very extensive field of usefulness has been opened up to him and we have all confidence in him. I heard many very encouraging accounts of him in the West, and had the pleasure of meeting a gentleman from his old congregation, who spoke of him in glowing terms, making particular mention of his farewell sermon to them at Moose-Jaw. Lord and Lady Aberdeen attended St. Andrew's Church while in Victoria.

Our readers would notice in our first issue an account of the ordination of Mr. D. Guthrie, B.A., also a reference of a somewhat prophetic nature. Well, it was a good hit, as the prediction has been fulfilled to an iota. On the 4th of December he took to himself an helpmeet, Miss Jennie Stirton, daughter of the late Joseph Stirton, of Guelph, Ont. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. R. J. M. Glassford,

who was assisted by the bridegroom's fellow-graduate, the Rev. Wylie C. Clark, of Brampton. Mr. Wm. Patterson, B.A., a member of our graduating class of '95, was groomsman on the occasion. No doubt, Mr. Clark and Mr. Patterson would look forward to the time when they will be passing through a similar experience. We heartily congratulate Mr. Guthrie, and thank him for fulfilling our prophecy.

The Rev. A. MacGregor, B.A., spent some time in Scotland after his graduation, and on his return to Canada, labored for a year at Chelsea and Cantley, where he was very successful. Last September he received a call to Portage du Fort, which resulted in his being placed there; and from what we hear, the work has begun auspiciously. Mr. MacGregor has a quiet effective way of doing good, well worth imitating. His name does not appear often in print, but nevertheless, good follows his labors.

The boys of the "Journal" staff received a very pleasant surprise one evening lately, when one of our number announced the object of our meeting, namely, to enjoy a treat provided by a former Editor-in-chief of our "Journal," the Rev. H. C. Sutherland, B.A. He no doubt remembers his labors on the "Journal" staff, and his depression of spirit when he sat listening to the reading of the manuscripts, and especially "Our Graduates Sermon." But apples are a wonderful help on such an occasion. We thank our sympathetic friend for his good cheer, and we hope that his good example may influence others to go and do likewise.

The Rev. T. Muir, of Scotstown, is now settled at Chicoutimi, where he is enjoying his work very much, and is laboring with much acceptance among the people. His home is situated on the banks of the Saguenay river, a lovely spot in summer.

A. MACGREGOR.

Presbyterian College.

## OUR EXCHANGES.

The exchange man is perplexed. Our contemporaries for this month are like a well spread table—there are so many good things that we do not know which to take up first. And yet, reviewing them is an interesting task—so interesting, one regrets that time and space will scarcely allow him to accord the full measure of justice which they deserve. Let this stand as an apology for omissions made or worthy articles which we may overlook. We have three college papers before us which we always like to read. Their literary matter is good, their style is very attractive: their denominational leaning is Presbyterian after the strict sect of the orthodox. We begin at the West.

First we open the pages of the "Manitoba College Journal." This is decidedly a hustler, as from its location we might be led to expect. Its November issue contains a large amount of very racy local matter. But it also finds room for a philosophical article by Principal King, and a readable sketch of travel by Mr. J. R. McArthur, entitled "Leaves from a Holiday Note Book." Some of our men have taken the summer session and understand missionary life and experience in a shack on the plains. The "Journal" is a much appreciated visitor at our sanctum.

And what shall we say for the "Queen's University Journal?" Queen's College gave us one of our professors not long ago. We thoroughly enjoy reading our live and vigorous exchange from the Limestone City, and judge from its pages that college spirit is well kept to the front in Kingston. No one could doubt it who once heard their slogan on a football field. Queen's is all right, and so is the "Journal."

Just watch a down-easter make for the "Theologue," if you doubt that there is no place like home. We congratulate our sister college by the sea on the recent addition to her profes-

sorial staff. The article in November issue, dealing with a Synodical Evangelist, deserves to be widely and carefully read by all concerned in the welfare of our Church. Will our exchange kindly inform us whether in future we are to say "Augustine College," or "Pine Hill," when we speak of their institution. If the former, why and when was the christening?

The "Canadian Magazine" for December, is an interesting number. We direct particular notice to, "Sport in Troubadour Land," by Mr. Robt. T. Mullin, as well deserving of a reader's attention. His animated description of the Spanish bull-fight, reveals a fine literary style. The article is embellished by several fine illustrations.

What has got into our erstwhile sober and decorous neighbor, the "Diocesan Magazine," we fail to understand. It has been printing some very interesting missionary articles lately, but its recent editorial on Organic Church Union, can scarcely hope to meet with much outside approval. Three of the "foundation stones" which it proposes, are reasonable enough, but "Historic Episcopate" which is set as the fourth, is unsymmetrical, unhistorical, unscriptural, and has several other faults besides. Individual effort with view to a better understanding is very commendable, but organic union on the basis formulated is generally accepted to mean absorption—and in that we properly beg leave to decline. We prefer Apostolic polity to the propositions of the Lambeth Conference of '88, and will seriously consider the proposal when our neighbor can satisfactorily prove that Augustine was an Episcopalian, and the present generation of Diocesan students show evidence of their equality with those of Presbyter of Hippo, who in their time were called saints.

H. T. MURRAY.

Presbyterian College.

## Editorials.

### *New Year Reflections:—*

A Happy New Year to all our readers! May its days be linked together, for them, in a chain of usefulness, designed by our unchangeable God and everlasting Father! Continuity amid changes is a theme for our reflections, which has been suggested by a retrospective glance over the events of the past year. In France a change was wrought by the assassin's weapon. Yet, although President Carnot's wound proved fatal; the anarchistic purpose of his murderer failed. Casimir-Perier quietly succeeded him, and the Government of France moved on majestically. Fears for the peace of Europe hovered over the death-bed of the late Czar of Russia, reminding us of similar fears when the Kaiser of Germany died. Subsequent history has proved that peace did not die with these sovereigns. Again, when Sir John Thompson died even his political opponents pronounced his death a serious loss to our country, and consternation was rife among his political friends. Yet surmises and fears have ever proved unreliable. The country and party may recover from the shock all the sooner for being called upon to seek a new leader immediately and unexpectedly. When Gladstone and Bismarck withdraw from political life, when Macdonald, MacKenzie, Abbott and Thompson are called to their eternal rewards, the world moves on, and their disappearance is unnoted save by a passing ripple on the great tide of political affairs. We do not, on this account, lightly esteem their services. Rather, we thank God for the good they accomplished, and especially for the uninterrupted government of His providence by which our social fabric is preserved from jars and destructive re-

verses. Great changes are taking place in the far east. One nation is rapidly rising into power and prominence, while another seems on the verge of ruin.

It has been hinted that Japan may yet occupy the position now held by Great Britain among the nations. If so it will be in order that she may more faithfully and more successfully than our own nation contribute to the advancement of the Kingdom of Christ in Asia and in other parts of the world. "Thy kingdom come." Trusting in God, we hopefully hail the New Year, and fear not the more remote future.

### *Obituary:—*

Knox College, Toronto, has received a severe blow in the death of one of her most popular and respected professors. R. Y. Thompson, M.A., B.D., who passed to his rest on Dec. 9th, after a severe and continued illness. We take this first opportunity to express our sympathy with the sister college and, especially, with the Professor's bereaved mother who to-day mourns the early loss of a devoted, noble and truly Christian son.

Professor Thompson was in the prime of life, being only thirty-seven years of age, and had filled the chair of Apologetics and Old Testament literature for a number of years. For several years he had suffered from an affection of the bronchial tubes, during which period his courage never failed, nor was he known to complain of the hard lot which Providence had assigned him, but labored on with an energy and zeal which not only won the esteem of his pupils but the respect and admiration of the whole Canadian Church. As a student his course was brilliant, and al-

though several of his classmates have made their mark he might almost have been said to be without a peer. His pastorate was short but successful. As a teacher he was lucid and pointed, possessed of a powerful illustrative faculty and accuracy of thought and expression which marked his strongly logical and philosophic mind.

In 1892, after the Assembly had decided to hold a summer session at Winnipeg, Prof. Thompson was one of the first to offer his services. In spite of his delicate health he again lectured during the summer session of 1894, and delivered many discourses from city and country pulpits which will long remain fresh in the minds of those who heard them.

The church will miss the self-denying labors of such a man. His place will be hard to fill but, blessed be His Holy Name who has seen fit to call him to his reward, her work will not cease, but prosper, until the harvest is gathered in and He shall have declared that "Time shall be no more."

#### *The Eastern Question:—*

The eye of the world is on China; its gaze is turned eastward. The hugest nation of the Orient is being taught its letters, and that under the tutelage of a nation until recently comparatively obscure and insignificant. It is a conflict between eastern and western ideas, between ancient barbarity and modern science, and the contest is one not difficult to umpire. The Chinaman clings to antiquity, to ancient forms and pristine customs, and trusts in mere numbers and doggedness, rather than in a well-trained, patriotic soldiery and good generalship. The amphibious Japs are demonstrating in the East what Britain demonstrated in the West, and what Greece and Spain taught the ancient and mediæval world, that the loyalty of its subjects is the corner-stone of a nation. Like cattle the Chinese

have been herded into the ranks, only to stand cowardly and cringingly before the enemy, to be routed in the first onslaught. The Japanese, on the other hand, have been well disciplined; their officers born to command; their tactics modern, and their war-appliances represent the latest achievements of military science. Who could not predict the result?

But the situation may be viewed in another aspect. While the scientific investigator is studying the efficiency of military contrivances and marine inventions as they are being employed in actual war operations; while the statesman is looking on from the standpoint of nations, apprehensive lest the balance of power may in any degree be disturbed; while nation vies with nation and power with power in selfish rivalry and keeps its war-ships hovering near, ready to seize any prize that may offer; we turn our eyes thitherward in the interests of humanity and Christian progress and ask, what will be the outcome? We see the exclusiveness of the Chinese crumbling away. We see the superiority of western ideas to eastern vindicated, and we ask, whereto shall this lead? Shall the religion under whose influence western ideas as interpreted in modern scientific achievements, have gained such an ascendancy over eastern, win a readier access there? This certainly is a crisis in the Orient—the Orient that is so bound up in our minds with missionary enterprise. It is, moreover, a crisis in missions. The old faiths are being undermined; their massive structures are beginning to totter; and even as this ancient empire is succumbing to its smaller but progressive rival, so we feign take its overthrow as prophetic of the surrender of heathen darkness to the influences of Gospel light. Even now we see the dim glimmerings of the dawn streaming over the hills of eastern darkness and superstition—the Sun of Righteousness arising with healing in His wing.

## TALKS ON BOOKS.

Dr. (D.C.L.) R. G. Haliburton is a Queen's Counsel, a Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society, and of the Society of Northern Antiquarians at Copenhagen, a Medallist of the Ninth Oriental Congress, and a corresponding member of the Societe Ke'diviale de Geographie, Cairo, of the Canadian Institute, Toronto, and of the Geographical Society of Lisbon. He is also the son of the illustrious Sam Slick, the Yankee Clock-maker. Dr. Haliburton travels (happy man !) in all sorts of countries, and, as he travels, he writes. By no means the first favor I have had from his hands is "Survivals of Dwarf Races in the New World." It is a tractate of some fourteen large octavo pages, from the proceedings of the A. A. A. S. for 1894, and comes from Pall Mall, London, with the writer's compliments. Many thanks! When I was a boy at school in London, England, I remember seeing some African dwarfs who were Bushmen, and some Central American dwarfs who were called Aztecs. The latter were a sad downfall for the race of Montezuma. Dr. Haliburton discusses pygmy races in Africa and in the Eastern Pyrenees, in the Andaman Islands, and in the Aino area of Yesso, but draws special attention to those of Central America, in British Honduras, in Guatemala, and in Yucatan. He regards these dwarfs as the remnants of hunting tribes, that, driven from their hunting grounds, and thus deprived of necessary nourishment, have suffered physical deterioration. Yet he finds them to be expert workers in the lower mechanical arts, and to be objects of veneration by surrounding tribes. Strange to say, they seem to be in possession of that linguistic feature which characterizes the Hottentot, namely the "klick." The dwarf in stature is far from being

such necessarily in intellect, yet a dwarf, as such, does not call for worship. The Anglo-Saxon equivalent for a "klick" is a dry cough at the beginning of each sentence, and I have heard that from men who were not physical dwarfs.

A Scotch friend, with whom I have enjoyed many a pleasant talk in Canada, has sent me a book that is not quite new. But it is new to me, and the same, probably, to most of my readers. Its author is Andrew Lang, the genial critic, against whose "snaviter in modo" but "fortiter in re" sides many bumptious young critics have bunted their billy-goat heads in vain. He is remembered and feared by the American scribbler whom wrath has overmastered. Yet no coward dread seizes my soul as I proceed to review "Custom and Myth." The region into which he has ventured is one that I have long made my own. Mr. Lang is too polite to have contempt for anybody, but he has no faith in Max Muller's view that mythology is a disease of language, nor in that of Sir George Cox and his German friends, that it is a personification of the heavenly bodies and other objects and powers of nature. When Mr. Gould's "Arcadia" was in existence, I indicated, in its columns, the close resemblance of a Basque story, told by the Rev. Wentworth Webster, of the French Pyrenees, to a Dakota one told by the Rev. J. Owen Dorsey, of Indian Territory, and argued their common origin. Mr. Webster suggested that Basque sailors might have carried the story to America, although the Dakotas are an inland people; and Mr. Dorsey, also in a letter to me, stated that the narrator of the legend was a French half-breed. In the minds of certain illogical persons, who were in doubt

as to the unity of the human race and the antiquity of its traditions, these two testimonies were quite sufficient. They argued: "A French half-breed Dakota tells a Basque story: Some Basques speak French: Therefore, the French half-breed Dakota is a Basque." This is very bad logic. Mr. Lang would not argue this way. He says, "One has been accused of believing that identical popular tales, the same incident in the same sequence of plot, might arise simultaneously in savage imaginations in all parts of the world. In "Custom and Myth," it will be plain that I say nothing of the sort. The "Far-Travelled Tale" is one instance chosen to show that such a story must probably have drifted, somehow, round the world." Now, this "Far-Travelled Tale," Mr. Lang finds in the languages of the Greeks, the Gaels, the Russians, Scandinavians, Italians, Samoans, Malagasy, Finns, Samoyeds, Japanese, Indians, Zulus, Bushmen, Eskimos and Algonquins. To suppose that some half-breed Greek visited all these other peoples, and communicated the story, is an absurdity.

Mr. Lang thinks that the philological interpretation of mythology and folklore is rubbish, and so far he is right. Neither Sanscrit nor Greek is competent to assign values to the names of the deities and heroes who fill the Indian and Hellenic pantheons. The Latin, Teutonic, and Celtic tongues are powerless to interpret the names of Italic, Germanic and Gaelic mythical characters and scenes. Mythology arose with the Turian sub-stratum of all civilizations, and was borrowed from it by the Semite, the Aryan, and the half-breed Celt. The Turanian, and the Semitic or Aryan half-breed Turanian, in the course of the ages, has been pushed away into the corners of the earth, whither the Folk-lorist pursues him to pick up his tales. He finds that the Turanian's grandmother and his grandmother had the same stories, sometimes immortaliz-

ing the same names. When the names differ, he perceives, if his knowledge of languages be sufficient, that the one is a translation of the other, as is the "Bible Adimelech" of the "Aryan Philistine "Padi-Shah." Mr. Lang agrees that Greek and Sanscrit, Latin, Gothic, Slavonic and Celtic cannot interpret the universal Volapuk of mythology, but, like the inmates of the school of "Stratford atte Bow," the Turanian of science "is to him unknove." He is no worse off than a great many mythologists.

His idea is that myths were originally anonymous, like the Scotch proverbs that are prefaced by "as the man said," or "as the woman said." Finally, different people were compelled to credit them to somebody, and they laid the foundlings at the doors of their mythic ancestors or of their gods, if these be not the same parties. But the myths themselves were stories invented to account for customs. Thus, if when one sneezes, another says, "God bless the child!" there must be invented a myth that sneezing was once the symptom of a plague calling for the invocation. But, Mr. Lang, how did the custom originate? Are the narratives of the institution of circumcision and the pass-over, of Christian baptism and the Eucharist, mere myths to make fabulous account of certain Jewish and Christian customs which came into existence, nobody knows how? The idea is preposterous: customs have their root in history, in the spontaneity of illustrious human beings that existed in definite space and past time. When we celebrate Christmas and Easter, the Queen's Birthday and Dominion Day, we make no myth, but pay homage to historic fact. If customs were the necessary outcome of bound and limited human nature, they would be universal, which they are not. If they are the result of human freedom in circumstance, they belong to history, which is the record of free agency. I do not say that



Mr. Lang denies this ; but he does not emphasize it.

Mr. Lang makes a great deal of the "totem," and doubtless with justice. The animal that the savage takes for his tutelary divinity and sign manual, survives in our modern crests and coats of arms. When I see the boar's head of the Argylls, to which personally I have no right, I recall the story of the mythic ancestor of all the Campbells, Diarmaid O'Duibhne, who killed the famous Irish beast (a mammoth, perhaps, or a mastodon) and was killed by it. But in very, very ancient story, far removed from the British islands, and at a time when Moses was a child, I find that Diarmaid's real name was Near-mada, which means the boar-hound, a very valuable and valiant breed of dog. Here, no doubt, Max Muller is right, and the myth of the killing of the boar, Calydonian, Erymanthian, or Irish, is a disease of language, spreading like the measles out of Near-mada's name. Near-mada or Diarmaid, however, was a real personage, and lives in monumental history, which no higher critics can gainsay. No one familiar with the nomenclature of our American Indians, doubts that people in all ages have had bestowed upon them the names of animals and other natural objects. Sitting Bull and Kicking Horse are western names. I have had in my employment more than one Ojibbeway who prefixed a Christian name to Kina-pik or Snake. At the May meeting of the Royal Society, at Ottawa, I submitted the translation of Central American monuments that treated largely of a fifteenth century conqueror whose name was Thirteen Dogs. It is a peculiar coincidence that a recent American murderess, on trial for several atrocious crimes, when asked what she called herself, answered "Nineteen Skunks."

The disease of language Mr. Lang fights against is prominent in connection with the "totem." If an Algonquin de-

sired to preserve the names Dickson and Miss Smith, he would probably do so by means of two pictographs, the first representing cold weather or "takasin," and the other the white oak or "Mishimige." Ever after, Mr. Dickson would be "cold weather," and Miss Smith would be "the white oak," to that Algonquin. So, in very ancient times, certain Amorites, whom the Hebrew Scriptures name Shob-al, Reaiah, and Ahumai, or their descendants, entered the land of Egypt, and were represented by the solar goose, the sun itself, and the eagle, because these figures in Egyptian were expressed by Seb-ra, Ra, and Ahom. In no other way do the Haidahs of the Queen Charlotte Islands denote the Indian trader Sampson, by the figure of the mythic thunder-bird, which in their tongue is Skam-son. Even God took to himself and consecrated, or permitted His true worshippers to call Him by names of supreme heathen deities that were significant in Hebrew, such as the Phœnician and Amorite Elioum, the Highest, the Hittite Shaddai, the Powerful, and the Philistine, Olam, the Everlasting. To those who enjoy studies in the philosophy of Folk-lore, and their number is not a few, Mr. Lang's volume of 312 tasteful pages, published by Longmans & Co., will prove interesting reading.

In the latest Proceedings of the Society of Biblical Archaeology, the President, Mr. Renouf, continues his translation of the "Egyptian Book of the Dead." The translation, no doubt, is very good, but the Egyptian ritual is the absurdest kind of rant, about all sorts of uninteresting gods and demons. The reading of it, if persevered in, would give the bold peruser a bad fit of mental dyspepsia. The Rev. C. J. Ball's article entitled, "Israel and Babylon," combines a defence of the "Higher Criticism," with notes on Israelite Idolatry, Tuba in and Naamah, which lady the 1000s make the wife of Ham, the purification of palms, and Tammuz the swine god. Mr. T. G.

Pinches asks if Ninip was the name of the most high god of Jerusalem, as the names of god and city are united in the Berlin Tel-el-Amarna tablet, No. 106, sent by King Ehed-Tab to an Egyptian Pharaoh, before 1500 B.C. Mr. F. L. Griffith continues his account of the Rhind Mathematical Papyrus, a curious treatise on arithmetic and mensuration. Professor Hommel's Assyriological Notes are chiefly on Sumir and Akkad, the designation of the two peoples over whom the early Babylonian kings ruled, and Professor Piehl's Notes on Egyptian Philology have no interest for the ordinary reader. It is time that the once active Society of Biblical Archaeology either woke up or died. It is living now chiefly on the memory of former greatness, and as a convenient vehicle for the publication of its president's monotonous translation.

Rudyard Kipling has a curious poem, unlike anything else of his I have seen, in December's Scribner. It is entitled "McAndrew's Hymn," and is introduced by the following—"Extract from private letter." ". . . and the night we got in, sat up from twelve to four with the Chief Engineer, who could not get to sleep either . . . said that the engines made him feel quite poetical at times, and told me things about his past life. He seems a pious old bird; but I wish I had known him earlier in the voyage." Kipling's Scotch is wonderfully good for a foreigner to the vernacular doric. He has got the complex character of the devout Calvinist, repentant of past sins as a John Newton, strong in simple faith, but not above justifying himself to his Maker, and deep in love with his engines, to a hair. The poet's knowledge of such engines is phenomenal for a poet; I boast no such skill, but it reminds me of—my youngest boy. Here is a sample from the beginning of the Hymn:—

"Lord, Thou hast made this world below the shadow of a dream,

An', taught by time, I tak' it so—exceptin' always steam,  
From coupler-flange to spindle-guide I see Thy Hand, Oh, God,—  
Predestination in the slide o' yon connectin'-rod.

John Calvin might ha' forged the same—enormous, certain, slow—  
Ay, wrought it in the furnace flame—my 'Institutio.'

I cannot get my sleep to-night, old bones are hard to please :  
I'll stand the middle watch up here—alone wi' God and these  
My engines, after ninety days o' race an' rack an' strain  
Through all the seas of all thy world, slam-bangin' home again."

Mr. Andrew tells of his great temptation off Pumbawa Head, where, for a time, he renounced his mother's God, but came back to faith again. Here is a clever couplet:—

"Hail, snow and ice that praise the Lord : I've met them at their work.  
And wished we had anither route, or they anither kirk."

This is the song of the engines:—

"Now, a' together hear them lift their lesson—their's an' mine—  
'Law, Order, Duty an' Restraint, Obedience, Discipline!'"

I suppose, like Chief Engineer McAndrew, a man knows when he is doing God's work in the world, even when he feels that he might do it better.

I have had a letter recently from an old student settled in a city in the West. I like to receive letters from my fine old students, as I often do. But this one was glad to see the first "Talk" of the session, and asks me to say a word about Du Maurier's "Trilby," and Conan Doyle's "Refugees." I have

seen many reviews and flattering notices of "Tribby," with which my correspondent does not sympathize, but the book is not yet in my possession. It has not emerged from the bound to the paper covered stage. But the "Refugees" lies before me, "Harper's Refugees," in blue, and red, and gold. It is a tale of Huguenots hounded out of France by the clerical ill-advisers of Louis XIV., and betaking themselves to the wilds of New France, there to find a refuge and a happy ending. The story is historical and it is pure. Huguenot character and mannerisms were those of the Puritans, strong, brave, unflinching and vindictive, snuffing and Scripture-quoting, with a grand Old Testament flavor of Amalek. Those well-meaning, narrow fellows, who could not see beyond the imprecatory psalms, killed the Reformation. Their straight-faced consciences were such that they could not see "half a loaf is better than no bread." Yet they died well. They were not like the orator at a recent college jubilee, who was in words ready to die for his convictions, but whose chief work has been making other people die for theirs. Great men, no doubt, all of them, but lacking in the virtue that is above all virtues, even giving your body to be burned for the faith—and that is Charity!

I admire the three hundred Spartans of Thermopylae, the undespairing Romans of the Second Punic War, the patriot Maccabees of Judea, but I am very glad that I am not in spirit either Spartan, Roman, or Jew. I exceedingly appreciate the force of character of the English Puritans, the French Huguenots and the Scottish Covenanters, but should be exceedingly sorry to see their type reproduced in the Christians of to-day. There is something weak, artificial, outward and conventional in a Christianity that allows a man to talk through his nose, use cant Shibboleths, have his hair and habits, his dress and demeanor cut to order. The men were not weak.

Spite of many reverses, their spirit was unconquered and unconquerable. That spirit was one of firm determination to insist upon and struggle for the rights of the elect. It is a spirit that makes for liberty, until the rule of the elect comes; and then it becomes a spirit of righteous tyranny, no less odious and injurious to true manhood than tyrannies which bear a less sanctified name. We need to be on our guard against this pious tyranny which says, "You shall do as I do, and be good according to my fashion, whether you like it or not." "Who art thou that judgest another man's servant? to his own master he standeth or falleth. Yea, he shall be holden up: for God is able to make him stand."

"Where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty." One very rightly retorts, "But not liberty to lie and steal, to practice indecency and intemperance!" Very true, O man; the Spirit of God frees people from these vices. Nevertheless there is a freedom which the churches have been slow to allow the Holy Ghost in the believer. The right to sing hymns and employ the aid of instrumental music in public worship, to marry a deceased wife's sister, if so disposed, to believe in universal atonement, these rights have been slowly and grudgingly conceded, although the concessions have not proved unfavorable to the growth of genuine piety. Bird-o'-Freedom Sawin was of the opinion that:

"Libberty 's the kind o' thing  
That don't agree with niggers."

All churches have their Bird-o'-Freedom, whose duty and privilege it is to entangle their brethren with the yoke of bondage. I do not find them represented in Heber's "Salvation Army":

"The Son of God goes forth to war,  
A kingly crown to gain;  
His blood-red banner streams afar—  
Who follows in His train?"

Who best can drink his cup of woe.  
Triumphant over pain,  
Who patient bears his cross below -  
He follows in His train."

I had rather be a full private in that  
army. than a general in that of the  
ecclesiastical Bird-o'-Freedom's; but  
there were Huguenots and Puritans of  
both stamps.



My own dim life should teach me this,  
That life shall live for evermore.  
Else earth is darkness at the core.  
And dust and ashes all that is ;

This round of green, this orb of flame,  
Fantastic beauty ; such as lurks  
In some wild poet, when he works  
Without a conscience or an aim.

What then were God to such as I ?  
'Twere hardly worth my while to  
choose  
Of things all mortal, or to use  
A little patience ere I die ;

'Twere best at once to sink to peace,  
Like birds the charming serpent  
draws,  
To drop head-foremost in the jaws  
Of vacant darkness and to cease.

—In Memoriam.