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CHRIST OF THE GOSPELS AND MODERN
APOLOGETICS.

THERE is a wonderful progress of doctrine from Genesis to Revelation. The streaks herald the dawn, and the dawn the day. From the living seed the *Tree of Life* grows, spreading her foliage and yielding her fruit for the healing of the nations. The course of revelation runs on in an ever-increasing volume. The germs planted in the early times bud and blossom out into the life and character of Jesus Christ, which is the clearest proof of His Messiahship, and of the Divine origin of the Scriptures—Old and New. In the Old Testament the great burden of all its deliverances is *a Saviour to come*. While in the New Testament it is *a Saviour already come*. But in both the Son of Man is lifted up and everything leads to the bleeding Lamb and is focused on Him who was slain from the foundation of the world. To every corner of the Divine enclosure lines of light radiate from Him who is the *Light of the world*.

The glory of the same Redeemer had different sides reflected by the different evangelists, each catching a distinct phase of the Master's character and portraying what seemed to come closest to himself. It could not be otherwise than that the Sun of the spiritual heavens should find no single mirror large enough to take in all the

brightness of His image which was to be adequately presented to the world from many sides under the direct teaching of God's Spirit. Hence *the Gospel according to Matthew*, the Gospel according to *Mark*, *Luke*, *John*. The common name by which we designate them, embodies a great truth. It means the one Gospel as it presented itself to their different minds. And these four biographies contain ample evidence that they are not copies taken, the one from the other, but four separate and independent records. Instead of having a mechanical repetition—a mere copy struck off four times—we have Christ's life and work viewed from so many angles, and photographed from different points of view. The same scenes, incidents, sermons, and miracles are described and recorded by each writer in his own way, with no effort at reconciliation with any previous account; and with no labored design to make the records tally. There is no comparing of notes for any such purpose, but on the contrary, a fearless setting forth of what they knew. Each speaks with a boldness of statement that becomes the messenger of the Lord, with a consciousness of truth that never hesitates, and a transparency which reveals their honesty of purpose. Matthew, Mark, Luke and John have all distinct, well-defined mental and moral characteristics, and these are reflected in the accounts which each gives of our Lord's life.

It has been asked, "If the various writers were inspired, why were they not inspired to write the same account in the same way so as to agree with each other?" But if such had been the case, what would have been the result? Such a supposition implies that the evangelists should have written the same account in identical words, chapter for chapter, verse for verse, sentence for sentence and word for word. But if we had four such documents as these, they would not have been our four Gospels, but merely one book written four times. And this would have destroyed all value from their separate testimonies. We know the value put on separate and independent witnesses where everything is to be settled by moral evidence—"In the mouth of two or three witnesses every word shall be established." Now what the early Church specially needed was testimony to the facts of the Gospel. Repeated testimony from many independent centres is the strongest corroboration of a fact. And surely it confirms our faith in the facts of the Gospel that we have four witnesses instead of one.

The life of our Lord lies mirrored in the Gospels as the glory of the morning in the summer valley—sweet, beautiful, resplendent! What a rich, inexhaustible study—the life of Jesus the Christ. A life so wonderful, so calm and holy, so sweet and pure and unselfish; a life so perfectly natural, and yet so far above nature! Some men object to miracles and yet they have in Him whom they profess to believe the great miracle of the ages—nothing less than God manifest in the flesh!

In universal history Jesus stands alone. We have only one Christ. We have had many philosophers, many poets, heroes and soldiers in every age. We have had men of genius in all departments of knowledge. Every man on earth has had many compeers. Christ alone is unique, solitary, unapproachable. And we ask why is this? If one Christ did so much good, why did not a kind Creator give us many Christs? Christs in every age and among every nation? But he has given us only one. Why? Because in giving us one he has given us all—"God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son." Jesus Christ is the manifestation of the Divine in the sphere of the human; and in His sinless perfection and glory is without a rival. He still stands out over the ages in solitary and unapproachable grandeur—the fulness of the Godhead bodily. He is the Divine mystery for the ages; the world's imperishable wonder, and man's everlasting problem. And the nearer men come to the historical Christ, the more of God they see. It is when we stand on the sunlit mountain top of His Divine glory that we see God face to face. In His every utterance the truth of God lies mirrored, and His acts bear the stamp of eternity. His very enemies fall in admiration at His feet as the soldiers did who came to take Him in the garden. There is nothing of themselves in what the evangelists record; they simply delineate what they saw and heard, and hence the life-like reality of the Gospel story, and a character is portrayed such as the world had never seen or conceived of before.

The essence of the Christian religion lies in the *Person* of Christ, and not as is sometimes supposed in certain mysterious doctrines supported by miracles as their fitting evidence. All the doctrines, promises and hopes of the Gospel spring out of, and cluster around Him who was the son of Mary, and at the same time declared to be the Son of God with power. Happily the tendency of thought in

recent years has been toward the study of Christ's character as the Father's revealer. And man's faith is seen to rest, not in certain abstract propositions and theological dogma, but in the *Living One*. Men are saved, not by believing certain truths, but by believing Him who is true—"He that hath the Son hath life." *He is the unanswerable argument for the Supernatural*. In defending Christianity it has been too much the custom in past days to run our line of defence along the entire front of Christian doctrine. As apologists we have sought to include the whole encyclopædia of Bible knowledge in all the multifariousness of its contents. We have entrenched ourselves behind every claim which has ever been put forth on behalf of the Bible. We have gone out from the citadel to defend outposts. But must we in the first instance stake all on some one position which, no matter how important, is not vital, instead of entrenching ourselves in the inner fortress from which nothing can dislodge us? Surely sound reason dictates the proper method which the exigencies of our times demand.

Hitherto secondary questions have occupied the chief place, and the supreme argument for Christianity—its inner temple—has been made subordinate. We have staked all on the question of verbal inspiration; the authenticity and genuineness of all the books of the Bible; the Mosaic authorship of the Pentateuch; the criticism of the text; the evidence of physical miracles; the method of creation, etc. Divine revelation has in this way been made to rest on some secondary question which though important is not the crucial question to be settled. "Is *the Christ* the Messiah? And is the Christ of history God's great revelation to man?" Even to a casual reader it is evident that the New Testament is the record of two different kinds of revelation. (1) The record of Christ incarnate—His life, death, resurrection, ascension, etc., those objective facts on which Christianity is based. (2) The commentary made on these facts by apostles and evangelists as far as their meaning was made known by the Holy Spirit. And this brings out clearly the distinction between Christianity as a *revelation*, and Christianity as a *theology*. It is with the former, and not with the latter that the apologist has, in the first instance, to do. We have in the New Testament itself this very distinction. The Gospels are a record of the facts on which Christianity is based. And the epistles are the inspired commentary on these facts—the disclosures

made to inspired men of their nature and meaning. And this commentary begun within the New Testament has been carried on by theologians through all the subsequent ages of the Church. Hence in his defence the apologist must carefully distinguish between what is *fact* and what is *commentary*, especially what is *uninspired* commentary, or theological opinion. In this distinction the province of the apologist and of the theologian are manifest. The latter stands in the same relation to the facts of Revelation as the scientist stands to the facts of the universe. His province is not to create or change, but only to verify, formulate, compare, and reduce the truths which they contain. And the apologist is not called on to defend the extended position of the latter, but merely the presence of the supernatural in the facts of the former which is the key of the position—the facts of Christ's person and work.

"The testimony of Christ to Christianity," is the title of an admirable little work on evidence by Peter Bayne. But its title might suggest a misconception. Christ is not a mere *witness* to Christianity. Christ *is* Christianity. He is the substance of his own testimony. As God's great revelation, Christ is witnessed to by *law* and *prophets*, by *apostles* and *evangelists*. "All things that are written in the law and the prophets *concerning him* must be fulfilled." *Christ* first, and then the *book*—"They are they which testify of me." The revelation which God has given to us, and which we are called on to accept, is not the *Bible*, but Christ; not the *written* but the incarnate, *Living Word*. The former is but the *record* of the latter, and must be treated as such. We see God in nature, there we touch the hem of His garments, but we cannot know Him till we see His glory in the face of Jesus Christ. We cannot find our Father by sheer force of intellect, by chemical analysis, by telescope, microscope, alembic or retort; but by sitting at the feet of Jesus and learning of Him in whom dwelleth the fulness of the Godhead bodily; Jesus is the revelation of the Father which the soul needs, and which God has given. Gospel truth is truth as it is in Jesus. Every moral precept has its sanction from Him, every doctrine is rooted in Him whose life and work *created* the Gospel. All teaching is focused on Him who is the wisdom of God and the power of God. The one great truth on which the New Testament insists is that Christianity is Christ. Granted the

historic life of the Lord Jesus Christ as that is portrayed in the Gospels, and we have got all that is vital in Christianity, and all that is precious in the glorious Gospel of the blessed God. The Lord Himself is His own evidence; what He *is* more even than what He *does*. It was a fault charged that some would not believe without signs and wonders; and it was a condescension to their weaker spiritual apprehension that the simple command "Believe Me" was changed "Or else believe Me for the works' sake." He is a Christian according to Christ's own decision who has come to Christ and believes on Him. It is not the man who holds the doctrine of the *Trinity*, or the *atonement*, or *inspiration*, or *miracles*, or the *Mosaic authorship* of the Pentateuch, and who maintains the old lines on all questions of Biblical Criticism, who is a believer; but the man who has come to Christ and who abides in Him. It is not even a question of orthodoxy on certain debatable doctrines. But the vital principle of Christianity is a living relation to a Living Person, while all other truths take their proper places as subordinate to Him. The Person and work of our Lord as portrayed in the four Gospels is the essence of Christianity and a clear proof of its Divine origin. We do not now ask whether the Christ of the Gospels were a real or only an ideal character, but simply call attention to the fact that such exists—perfect as man, perfect as God, perfect as the God-man. No one doubts that such a character is portrayed as is to be found nowhere else. And no man expects a repetition. The four evangelists did what had never been attempted before, and shall never be attempted again (for the world expects no second Jesus of Nazareth) in portraying One who has been the wonder and admiration of all men. Even unbelief itself would be bereft of its ideal beauty, and feel the world colder if He were taken away. Read Matthew, Mark, Luke and John, and the superhuman glories of His Person and Life come out in their Divine proportions such as is not true of any other man that ever lived, but all so natural and real in the life of the God-man. That such a character is in the Gospels all admit. But how did it get there? Is it an ideal creation? An effort of literary genius? Has it been pieced together and built up as Shakspeare, Scott, or Dickens have built up their characters? These men sit down with the settled purpose of giving the world a new character, and many of their creations are so life-like that we count them among our dear

friends. But they are all like the friends we know in life, fallible men and women. But the evangelists bring before us One who is sinless as man, and natural as the God-man in all He says and does. And they have done it all without any settled purpose ; for nothing is more artless than their writings, which do not bear the slightest design of describing a character at all. They are ignorant of any such literary venture. They simply note a few things of what they saw and heard, and tell of Jesus as they knew Him in life, recording a few of His many words and deeds, and lo! the Jesus of the Gospels stands before us in all His matchless beauty as the Saviour of the world. In the Gospels we have four delineations of the same person, portrayed from four different standpoints, and written independently with no attempt at harmony. One such portrayal is a wonder and a feat never before attempted ; but four such successful portrayals increase the marvel and is a conducive proof of the historic reality of the life described. And further, all four blend in one. Like the separate pieces of a mosaic they are compliments of each other, and unitedly reveal one Christ—complete in each, and complete in all, *i. e.* the same character is brought out from the Gospels united, as is seen in each separately. And this unity can be accounted for only on the supposition of its historic reality, and the evangelists simply describe what they saw and heard and knew, and the portraiture of a great character is the result, that of Jesus Christ our Lord. Only one explanation is possible of all this, they copied from real life. This alone satisfies all the conditions of the case. All admit (and unbelievers as readily as any) that a grand character is delineated in the Gospels, unique, unapproachable, Divine, that, in short, it is the world's greatest moral glory. This character consists of a great number of parts ; these, when placed together, make a perfect unity ; they all fit into one another as parts of a greater whole—the subordinate sketches of a wider plan. The worker of miracles is the same Jesus, with the same moral aspect as Jesus the Teacher. The miracles and the discourses—the things He did and what He said are the complements of each other. While the vast number of parts are not a mere collection of facts but a grand moral unity. Now the unity of the character and the exquisite harmony of the parts are consistent with only one supposition—it can only be the delineation of a historic reality. Each evangelist tells a simple story of what he

saw and heard ; their accounts are separate and independent but the same Jesus is seen in each, and when all are put together there is still but one moral unity. As an ideal sketch it is as impossible as a number of artists, each painting a little sketch and by simply throwing them together to produce a painting like some of the great historic pictures of Christendom—all parts blended in a grand unity. The problem was one utterly beyond human effort as an ideal sketch ; *e. g.* take the one problem of exhibiting a Divine consciousness in connection with suffering and dying, that a man when dying still show Himself to be God, and not to allow the Divine and human to overlay each other, and Gethsemane and Calvary are the answers. The weakness of exhausted strength is upon Him as he lies fast asleep in the vessel ; but the next moment He rises up in His manifested omnipotence. Side by side, and in quick succession His humanity and Divinity manifest themselves, and each scene is natural in Him who was God and man in One Person. But there is only one such character portrayed in all literature for only one such character has been lived. Each writer emphasizes a certain aspect in our Lord's life and work. In Matthew it is the idea of law ; in Mark of power ; in Luke, grace ; and in John the glory of the Lord. And yet there is nothing expounded in any one, that is not affirmed in each of the others. It is the same Jesus witnessed to by each, as truly the Son of God in the first Gospels as in the last, and as really the Son of Man in the last as in the first. In Matthew he laid claim to the prerogatives of Deity, and in John he shed the tears of our common humanity. The Man Christ Jesus who is God over all. No one who has studied the tendency of modern religious thought can fail to see a hopeful change that has taken place within the last ten or twenty years. Apologists now, instead of defending outposts have entrenched themselves in the citadel of faith, where they are invulnerable against every form of assault. From spending much time and strength on secondary questions, they have passed on to those of primary importance, and instead of fighting for temporary forts and behind brick walls which human speculation has thrown up, they now guard the key of the position from which nothing can dislodge them. Writers on the evidences usually began at the outside, and then attempted to fight their way to the centre. They set out by showing man's need of a revelation ; that the Bible was

this revelation of God's grace ; they defended verbal inspiration ; and showed that miracles were the chief and fitting evidence of the Supernatural. And after these long preparatory stages were crossed then Christ in His person and work was adduced as an additional proof. This order created unnecessary difficulties and it has been reversed. The apologist now begins by "Beholding the Lamb of God," and he sees in Christ—His Person and work—not only the key of the position to be defended, but that the Christ of the Gospels is the great defence, and the grand argument against which nothing can be adduced to weaken it. The apologist here is invincible.

The portrayal of the central character of the Gospels is one of the wonders of the world. With what exquisite delicacy the incidents of the Lord's life—His birth, infancy and early days—are touched on in the first and third Gospels. The veil that conceals that holy life is lifted softly, and is neither soiled nor torn by rude hands. What a contrast to this reserve and reticence of the canonical Gospels is the rude curiosity and vulgar tattle of the apocryphal stories that profess to belong to the same period of His life. And in some instances their silence is even more remarkable than their speech. It is a wonderful silence that hangs over the earlier years of the Lord Jesus Christ. With much that is told yet what a holy reserve. And while a fond fancy fills up many an imaginary scene, we must walk with reverent feet through the silent sanctuaries of our Lord's life. Men have tried to break that silence and tell us something of the infancy and boyhood of that wonderful life, and imagine what He did and said. But the attempt to fill up the omission only proves how Divine the accounts are which we possess in the four Gospels ; and how the glory of Christ shines through the whole ! The beauty and vital force of Christianity are not its miracles and signs, but the Person who stands at the centre of our faith as its citadel and source of regenerating power. And He occupies this centre because He was at once the Son of the Eternal and also the child of time, who came from the bosom of the Father to reveal Him to men.

Jesus Christ is not the product of the age ; the ripened fruit from the blossoms and germs of Judaism. Nor can He be accounted for on the principle of natural evolution. He is not the product of His times—the mere culmination of progressive humanity.

for thousands lived under the same conditions as He did, born into the same faith, nurtured under the same influences, lived in the same society, and in relation to the same influences of nature. But after all there is but one Jesus Christ, and future ages will furnish no duplicate. He grew on no stock found among men, but stands apart and alone, a new life on earth, and a direct revelation from God.

The evangelists tell a simple, earnest, unvarnished story of facts and incidents, and the character of Jesus is the result. In their artless way they draw a picture in which we see the Christ of God; the Saviour from sin at once human and Divine. And they portray a character such as no literature in the world contains. And all this by men who probably never wrote a line before. Consider the men, the task, and the result, and the impossibility of doing it is manifest, unless as recording matters of fact of which they were personally cognizant. As sketched by the evangelists it is the record of a real life actually lived among men. He looks through tears on Mary's pale, pleading face. But when those same eyes look upon the earth it trembleth, and when He toucheth the hills they smoke. We know Him as the Man Christ Jesus, but we also commit our souls to Him as to a faithful Creator, who is God over all blessed forever.

What then constitutes the essence of the Christian religion—the key of the position which the apologist must defend? Is it a system of theological dogma—articles of belief logically arranged? Is it a reasoned-out elaborated series of philosophical propositions? Or does its essence consist in its moral teaching? The essence of the Christian religion and of God's revelation to man is a historic life—the life of Jesus Christ. It consists neither in a body of dogmas, nor in a code of precepts, but in a Person. If the life of Jesus Christ be taken away it would be the removal of the keystone, the whole fabric would collapse into a mass of ruins. This is not the case with any other system of religion that has ever obtained among men. Take the three forms of religion—Brahminism, Buddhism, Mohammedanism, and the essential principles of all these three forms of faith consist in a body of dogmatic teaching and not in a personal history. The person of their founder might be removed and this would not damage the system. And this is true of every form of religion that ever had an existence. But

Christianity is Christ. To remove Him would leave nothing behind.

If the Gospels are a collection of myths, put together, as those affirm who deny their historic character, how can the grand central figure which they portray be accounted for? If these fables and floating traditions have been invented and put together in the course of years by many different minds, how can you account for the unity of that unique character which fills the Gospels with a glory all its own? If these writers were fanatics and the dupes of their imagination—wild enthusiasts, as some would have us believe—whence the sublimity and grandeur of the character that stands disclosed in all the glory of moral perfection? If again the portrayal of the Christ of the Gospels was an attempt at deception to impose on the credulity of men, whence its moral and spiritual elevation? How could men, capable of such deception, conceive such sublime moral elements, that even His enemies are compelled to admire, the perfection of one never convinced of sin. As a fact there is such a character portrayed, and no sane man expects a duplicate. A character unique in its Divine proportions, on which man must gaze as the most blessed thing this world has ever known! How did this unique character get there? Will any theory account for it other than the fact, viz. the full admission of its historic reality? The evangelists testify of what they had seen, and tell simply what they knew of Him, and as the result we have Him who is the Light of the world lifted up to draw all men to Him. Take the long chain of prophecy, one end of which is fastened in Eden, and link was added to link through the sundry times till the other end reached the sepulchre, or rather the consummation of all things. And in looking backward across the ages we see the unfolding of One plan, and the revealing of One Person. The Incarnate Saviour is the burden of it all. The desire of all nations crowns the inspired page. All its unfoldings centre in Him who came in the fulness of the times. His incarnation is the axis on which all turns, and from His sacrifice, as from the heart, the life-blood of revelation courses through the whole body. And the Bible explained in the light of Calvary is the glorious unfolding of the great plan of grace.

It was more the custom in past time to demand belief *concerning* Christ. Now, with a truer appreciation of fundamentals we

demand belief *in* Christ, *i.e.* we are to believe in Christ and not merely about Him. Religion formerly was made more impersonal than now, and men were more apt to believe doctrines than believe in the Son of man. But the Gospel requires us to believe not only in the Divinity of Christ, but also in a Divine Christ. But while we hear a good deal just now of a distinction (a distinction which we admit) which some are anxious to draw between faith in Christ, and belief of a doctrine, yet the one must never be set over against the other as if these two things were opposed. For when faith in Christ is demanded the question is at once asked: Who is He? And the answer to this is a doctrine. Nay, what is belief? And the answer to this is another doctrine. So that doctrines and vital Christianity are parts of each other. But these doctrines are not abstract propositions or dead dogmas. As vitalized principles they lead up to, encircle around, and inhere in the Person of Jesus Christ. He is the object of faith. We rest not in our knowledge, our experiences, or in our feelings; but in Himself—"Blessed are all they that put their trust in Him."

We need this Saviour to-day as much as ever. The most vital facts remain from generation to generation. Men are born, grow old, weary, and at length lie down and die now as they have ever done since days began. Sinning, guilty men need pardon and peace to-day as our fathers did. The toiling, suffering masses break and disappear on the shore of the invisible world, and have the same fear in the prospect of death as in the times of the patriarchs, when through fear of death they were subject to bondage. "Man's life is still brightened with the same joys, saddened with the same sorrows, ennobled with the same virtues, and stained with the sins." So as related to all this, the story of God's great love in Christ—the old, old story—will ever be fresh to the yearning heart as the spring blossoms and song of birds, though they have blossomed and sung since the days of Adam. And men will, on the last days of life on the earth as on the first, turn for hope and victory to Him who is the same yesterday, to-day and forever.

J. THOMPSON.

THE CHURCH AND THE POOR.

IT is a common charge against the Church that she has not sufficient sympathy with the poor ; that too much time and energy and talk are spent in trying to save men from perdition in the world to come, but never a helping hand is stretched out to save them from the Inferno of the present life ; that her ministers are so busy teaching men how to die they forget to teach them how to live, and so in Western vernacular ministers are called "sky pilots."

Now if this charge be true, it is a fatal objection to the Church. For if a pilot cannot guide a vessel through the waves and breakers in mid-ocean, who could trust him to guide it safely through the narrows? Not only so, but if the Church is out of touch with the poor, she has drifted altogether from her moorings. Christianity was proclaimed by Him who issued its decrees to be emphatically a Gospel for the poor. The crowning evidence given to the disciples was the most wonderful thing of all, "To the poor the Gospel is preached." To reach the poor He voluntarily chose a life of poverty and labored for the greater part of His ministry in the poorest district of Palestine,—Galilee. His miracles were wonders of mercy for the relief of suffering. His bitterest denunciations were hurled against those who oppressed the poor and devoured widows' houses, though for a pretence they made long prayers. His aim was to lift men up and save them, not only from a hell in the future, but also and chiefly from a present hell, and to establish a society on the basis of unselfishness. His first published sermon was an explanation of the duties men owe to their fellows and the final goal of the new life was to be perfect LOVE. So it is the duty not only of every patriot but especially of every Christian to "consider the poor."

That the poor to-day are vastly better off than in our Saviour's time need not enter into consideration, for poverty in this climate is vastly different from poverty in Southern and Eastern lands where life is so easily maintained. Nor need we consider the fact

that the Church is doing a great deal, laboring in the dark places to prevent the spreading of poverty and its attendant evils, vice and its nameless horrors. The question is, Is she doing her whole duty? Is she working along proper lines, or is some new departure necessary? Is there any ground for the declaration of a popular preacher in London (Hugh Price Hughes)—quoted so often in secular newspapers—that some very earnest Christians are so busily engaged in saving souls, that they have no time to save men and women? Any ground for the reproach that Christians are so absorbed in their own individual salvation, that they neglect the wants of their suffering fellowmen?

Religion ought certainly to deal with *physical* as well as *spiritual* distress. Christ attended to the bodies as well as to the souls of men. If spiritual distress is great to-day so is physical. Misery abounds everywhere. Here is a woman overworked, underpaid, ill-fed, struggling for existence. There, men fighting like wild beasts for a job, as in London during the recent strike, whilst their wives and children were starving at home, and yet the spokesman of these miserable men, the man who kept them in moderation and control was not a minister of the Church, but a Socialist. John McNeill candidly confesses that the Churches were caught napping. Yet every thoughtful man knows that in the Church ought to be found the panacea for all these evils. Any thoughtful man knows the utter absurdity of expecting relief from a system which would destroy or terrify capital, disturb the peace, set class against class, teach the ignorant and criminal and lazy to regard the owners of property as thieves, and that the only way of settlement is to seize by force that property of which they imagine themselves wrongfully deprived. That would be the most speedy way of turning partial distress into total ruin, for labor and capital should never be divorced. Their interests are identical. What impairs one impairs the other.

No, there is no hope in anti-christian socialism. Is there in the Church? The Lord Jesus intended the Church to be a leader in social progress. The only place for a Christian minister is to be in the van of every battle with iniquity, first in all self-denying reform, and ready for any sacrifice the cause of humanity may require.

What can be done? Nothing can be efficient which does not strike at the root of the evil. We must not be doctoring symptoms

if we wish to cure the body politic, but find out the cause and purify the blood. We must discover the causes and apply the remedy.

1. The first cause I would mention is one with which politicians have to deal, and which is probably of least importance—*unforced idleness*. Multitudes would work if they could get work to do, and it is easy to understand how a laborer, with a family to support, suffers pinching poverty when work is slack, and he is thrown out of employment. Indeed one wonders how they can get along as well as they do. There are multitudes of such cases in our cities.

Now what is the remedy for this evil? How can employment be secured? This is the cause which the Anti-Poverty Society specially aims at removing—so far as its aim is to remove poverty. A man will not starve nor let his family starve if he can get work. So they would take that which they say Providence evidently intended for the public—the *unearned increment*—that which comes from the increased value of land arising from the increase of population. This could be reached, without resorting to confiscation, by the single tax, *i.e.*, by taxing land value up to five per cent, and devoting the proceeds to public work and improvements, to the furnishing of resources for the public so as to make it easier to live. Light and water which are indispensable to health, cleanliness and purity would then be supplied free, sanitariums would be erected—easy of access and free to all. Railroads, street cars, etc., would be run on the same principle as that on which the proprietor of a large hotel runs an elevator. The expense of living would be reduced in a thousand ways, and then existence would be made a pleasure rather than a burden, as it is now, both to the very poor and the very rich.

This glittering social theory has been polished and charmingly presented to the public by Henry George, and seems to supply, even to many thoughtful minds, the very thing society needs, and as a *mode of taxation* it is extremely plausible. What with the iniquitous income tax, which has degenerated into a crying farce, the accumulation of large fortunes by speculators who render no returns to the public for the increment which is increasingly large as the cities grow, with the gulf which separates the highest from the lowest classes in society ever widening, one gladly looks for relief to a theory like this. And yet a careful examination will show that as a *means for the abolition of poverty* it is on altogether

too narrow a basis. If human nature were sanctified, if men by some magical process could get suddenly rid of those elements of selfishness which manifest themselves in such numerous and varied forms, this theory would have a plausibility it does not now possess.

Following the example of Him who took human nature as He found it and aimed at lifting it up to an ideal state, what remedy has His Church for this evil? Has she any message to deliver? Most emphatically Yes. To teach that property is a trust, and that the man who uses it as his own is guilty of embezzlement; that life is a sacred stewardship, and infinite wisdom and goodness demands that we give an account; that he who lives for self is the unprofitable servant, and he who serves his age and race well is a faithful and wise servant. All the prejudice on the part of the hard working people against the rich will cease when men of large means, by the endowment of libraries and churches and hospitals, show their interest in the less prosperous. Thus Socialism would be silenced and the lives of many unfortunates would be bettered. What would be most refreshing would be to see more of the spirit of public benefaction manifested a little earlier. It is boldly claimed that Atheistic Socialism is ready to make greater sacrifices than Christianity. Hence we need to get ourselves into thorough sympathy with the poor. In Asia the Buddhist priest devotes a portion of each day to the contemplation of the misery of mankind that his sympathy may be aroused. Let us once realize the sacredness of every human being, however poor, ignorant, degraded, and the necessity of making everything in society, all laws and organizations, contribute to man's growth; let the rich realize it when they contrast the wealth, comfort and artistic surroundings of their homes with the filth and meanness of the lower portions of the city; let the landlords realize it, who live in costly mansions and collect rents from hovels not fit for dogs to live in; let employers realize it, between whom and their employees there only exists what Thos. Carlyle calls a "cash nexus;" let wealthy governments realize it, which create monopolies and so encourage combinations to increase the price of the necessities of life, *i. e.*, to enrich the rich and impoverish the poor, and see what a revolution would take place.

2. Ignorance and inefficiency caused by ignorance is a prolific

source of poverty and degradation. The ignorant man toils and grubs and groans and reaps one handful where he has scattered two, whilst he who thinks, foresees, plans, reaps abundantly. A man who can only work and not think can be replaced by a machine, or a horse, or a Chinaman. Hence the ignorant and inefficient will always be the children of poverty. Therefore it ought to be the business of every statesman and of every Christian to see to it that all the children are educated, and along proper, helpful lines. Let every policeman be a truant officer to compel children to go to school. This surely the State has a right to demand, and let the end of education be thorough equipment for work, not merely for the purpose of *culture* or *pedantry*, but to qualify them to *act rightly and to make out a living*. During the middle ages labour was considered dishonorable. Then war was the only honorable pursuit. The warrior was a knight, the farmer a *villain*. And in England to-day there are numerous traces of this feudal system. For the younger sons of the nobility only two professions are open, the church and the army with the civil service. To labour for a living would be a disgrace. Christianity ought to redeem our educational system from this servile conception of labour, and so lay the axe at the root of this tree. It is thought right to educate the brain, but the hand is not educated to fashion, nor the muscle to do, nor the body to endure. The farmer remains in ignorance of chemistry and of the special adaptations necessary to produce a crop; the merchant of the great laws of trade on which the markets of the world depend. Our young men in High Schools get a knowledge of ancient mythology and a smattering of the dead languages, but the great principles of political science how little they know of these! How many yet think they can make the country rich by taxing everything valuable which is brought in from the outside! Young Englishmen of noble birth and of superior education cross the Atlantic with crudest ideas of the state of our society and totally unfitted for pushing their fortune. Our young women must be taught the fine arts but kept in ignorance of that which would enable them to be independent if they so desired. Let essentials come first and be considered of primary importance and as possessing a dignity true and noble; and embellishments afterward if there be opportunity. This is a utilitarian age.

3. Thriftlessness or prodigality is another cause. A man with foresight and prudence will deny himself to live within his narrow income, and in summer remember the winter. But this is not the case with many of the poor. When in receipt of good wages they waste what would keep them when work is slack. They have no higher ambition than to make expenses balance income, and if they have a little money they have no peace until they spend it. There is too much *fast* living amongst them, fast in the sense that it is beyond their means; clerks living beyond income; travellers spending on trips more than they can afford; labourers not exercising a reasonable self denial, but giving way to desires with regard to food, raiment, house entertainment, which are too expensive, however desirable they may be. So thousands lead lives of anxiety, impoverishment and privation whose experience might be quite the reverse if they were not so extravagant, for between prodigality and pauperism there is a very short step. An old proverb of Confucius says "He that will not economize will have to agonize," and as they know little about economy they experience a great deal of agony.

Now it is extremely difficult to say what is the proper remedy for this evil. There are some things to which we are inclined to resort which only feed the disease.

Indiscriminate almsgiving is one of these. This very often does more harm than good. It may be a very easy way of disposing of the poverty-stricken, but it is a very bad way. Thus the deserving poor are overlooked. It is the undeserving who go around from house to house and pour their piteous complaints into sympathetic ears, as anyone can prove by endeavoring to find the fictitious addresses given. Archdeacon Farrar says the East of London has been irretrievably demoralized by the careless scattering of ill-considered gold. Wisdom needs to be exercised. And yet it is vastly better thus to give than not to give at all. An example must be set of prudence combined with charity, and of intelligent foresight combined with liberality. Probably the best plan is to afford cordial and substantial aid to the relief societies and enable them so to widen and deepen their work that none shall be overlooked, for only some have time and special aptitude for intelligently relieving distress.

But now we pass on to consider that which breeds more dis-

comfort and pauperism than all the other causes combined—the *appetites and passions of men*. The men who represent animalism will always be at the bottom of society. They may say it is the social organization, or the barrenness of the soil, or the rigor of the climate, or want of capital, or stress of circumstances which keeps them there. They may say what they please but in nine cases out of ten, the cause is the devil—of laziness or of passion that comes out in drinking and drunkenness. It is not necessary to discuss here the question whether drink causes poverty or *vice versa*. To say that poverty causes drink is to simply utter the most common truism. To say that it is the *sole* cause is to utter the most arrant nonsense. The *public* house is the *poor* house in the worst sense, because it makes men poor. The working people can never be strong politically or socially while so many put their wages into these “bags with holes in them,” that are standing wide open on our main thoroughfares, and into which we see so many wage-earners dropping their wages. Many a man, whose family to-day are in direst need, would have enough, if the saloons were closed, to provide for them a great many comforts and privileges to which they are total strangers. They may preach about unfair laws, and the lack of charity of the rich in refusing to divide with them, and men may talk about abolishing poverty by better land laws; but a *grand prohibitory law* properly enforced would do a hundred times more than any other measure in winning, consolidating and securing for the people the power and the property to which they are entitled as free citizens in a free state. A sum sufficient to redeem the whole city from poverty is spent annually in drink; and so long as we sow our streets broadcast with snares and traps of glaring temptation, there will be poverty and degradation of the most pitiable kind.

Have the poor any ground of complaint against the Church? Has the Church done her whole duty here? Have her ministers taken the stand we would expect our Master to take if He passed along our streets to-day?

Why are these curses of society kept so carefully out of the aristocratic portions of the city and planted so thickly in the lower parts where the poor live? No saloons on Jarvis street or on St. George street if you please, but let Queen street from one end to the other be dotted with them! No saloon next door to my

house or church, but put it next door to the dwelling of that poor brother who has inherited a tendency he cannot resist when exposed to temptation, and whose sole safety consists in keeping away! What is the use of trying to lift men up from degradation, and squalor, and filth, when you do nothing to take temptation from them? What use in building inebriate asylums and soup kitchens, and hospitals, when you license men to make men drunk and poor and sick, and *protect* them in doing it? It is like a poor idiot trying to purify the bay by pouring in disinfectants, whilst the great sewers are continually belching forth impurity. Be consistent and either banish the traffic from society or let its wretched victims alone.

This does not require me to loose sight of the fact that the Church's object ought to be first and mainly the *regeneration of the man himself rather than his circumstances*. Improve the circumstances and not the man and they will not stay improved. To give a man power to resist and overcome temptation, is better than to remove temptation altogether. To help him help himself is the better way. Hence though none more than He, ever aimed at fulfilling the prophetic command of the old prophet, "Cast ye up, remove the stumbling block out of the way of my people," He was the greatest social reformer the world has ever seen (because He went further than any other) and His Gospel the best antidote to poverty. To give men higher aims and wake up in them the consciousness that they have a capacity for good things, for industry, frugality, purity, morality, kindness, to teach them that their little lives reach into a great eternity, where they will reap as they have sown here, and above all, that if they give themselves to the Lord Jesus, He will save them from the devils that possess them—in other words to bring men to Christ and Christ to them—is to do infinitely more for them than to build mile after mile of almshouses and soup-kitchens.

W. A. HUNTER.

Toronto.

CAMBRIDGE LIFE.—II.

BY A CAMBRIDGE MAN.

LET us suppose our freshman to be in for Honours. That means hard work and some brains, though there are men who boast of having scored off the Examiners by getting through without either.

The first and chiefest difficulty is getting up in the morning. The young student has generally been brought up on the "early to bed and early to rise" principle, but he finds the former impossible and the latter therefore by no means easy. After a while he gets sceptical about copy-book philosophy and salves his conscience with the good old saw that "you can't burn the candle at both ends." Some of the cleverest scholars in the 'Varsity are the worst offenders in this respect, and I'm afraid they don't always make up for it by burning the midnight oil. If you ask them how they got genius enough to beat the rest they answer, like Topsy, "specs it growed." One of the cleverest men I ever met with usually turned out about 11.30 and appeared to regard morning work as perfectly useless.

The average hour of breakfast for the reading man is 8.15, after morning chapel; but when he has read till past midnight he sometimes concludes that the flesh *is* weak and takes another forty winks.

Some men think Sunday is a day of rest all round, and lie in bed till dinner time at 4 p.m., and such is the difficulty of getting up to 10 o'clock Chapel that attendance on Sunday mornings counts three towards the weekly seven necessary for the Bishop's satisfaction.

Breakfast varies in quality according to the taste and pocket of the man. The reading breakfast consists of coffee or cocoa with bread and butter and unlimited marmalade; sometimes a little meat or honey is taken for a change, but two eggs are said to convey the most nutrition with the least trouble. I know an

old tutor who has taken cocoa and two eggs for breakfast every morning for longer than even his bed-maker can remember.

The training breakfast for the athletes is a little more substantial, including among other things, porridge, fish, underdone beefsteaks, eggs and plenty of buttered toast. The athletes always take a gentle walk after it to recover.

Lectures run breakfast uncomfortably close, beginning at 9 and going on at various hours till 2. The first lecture is always introductory, and generally ends with the announcement that gentlemen wishing to attend this course of lectures will kindly bring cards from their tutor next time. The introduction may take an hour, but as a rule the lecturer comes late and goes early. He talks about the subject in a condescending tone, mentions the fact that certain men have treated of it before, but gives you to understand it was a pity they wasted their time, for what they said is all wrong; now he has examined the facts, he has fathomed their lowest depths, he has fished out the only true theory, and undertakes to explain it all on receipt of lecture cards for his fee.

The poor freshman will perhaps have four hours of this sort of thing, and he comes home to lunch fagged out, his notes a puzzle that baffle all attempts at solution, his head a whirl of confused ideas, his maw as ravenous as a wolf's. It is not to be wondered at that his good resolutions are often broken and his attendance at lectures gets rather sporadic. Then he gets "hailed." I find Chamber's Dictionary defines the verb "to haul" as meaning drag, pull with violence, but at Cambridge it means "to summon before the Dons," perhaps because in the old days the assistance of a porter was necessary. The interview generally ends with a sentence of "gated" for a week or more, which confines the culprit within the College or his lodgings after 8 or 9 p.m., indeed an abominable trifling with the liberty of the subject, a cruel bondage to the man who likes nothing better than to talk and smoke around with his friends till 10 or 12.

But we are "cutting" our lecture. For the ordinary pitcher that goes but to be filled, lectures are a glorious boon, but a man with a little "gumption" finds he can do as well and sometimes better by going to the standard books themselves. The lecturer performs the function of an American squaw chewing the strong meat into pemmican for the dainty stomach of her lord and

master. To salt and pepper it with a judicious sprinkling of jests seems indispensable to some lecturers, but their constant repetition makes them rather too much expected in the traditional places. Some time ago an incorrigible undergraduate instead of laughing at a lecturer's attempted pun shocked the whole class by remarking "There, that'll do Mr. G., quite enough, we've heard that before!" It must be admitted that most of the lecturers are thorough masters of their subjects; but many lack the secret of teaching, or else it is that they are casting their pearls before swine.

Lectures ended and lunch over, all sensible men turn out to enjoy the fresh air for a spell. The hard reading man takes something under two hours and goes up Trumpington St. and round by Granchester home; or should he require a change he goes round by Granchester and down Trumpington St. home. "Grinding" is the name of this process, and some Dons always go the grind mentioned, perhaps wisely, for you have to go a long way round Cambridge to find any variation of scenery. Our flat fenland roads have but few trees and are all equally muddy in winter and equally dusty in summer. You almost invariably find the regulation deep ditch and squab hedge, with a patch of grass for horse riding. But the dull monotony of the landscape is not without its blessing for the 'Varsity man. Undistracted by the earthly charms of Nature, he can give himself up to the full enjoyment of the higher world of ideas. Maybe its only wool-gathering at times, but many a learned page has been planned on the grind.

Rainy afternoons the reading-man will not waste on whist and Cavendish, but will take a turn to the 'Varsity library. Our library like the Bodleian at Oxford, has a legal claim to a copy of every book published in the Kingdom, so by this time its endless rows of old shelves are stocked with a splendid collection of all sorts of literature. And you are not kept waiting beyond all patience by lazy clerks like those at the British Museum, you are at liberty to browse at leisure and take down any book you please—now sipping some lilt of Swinburne, now poking into an Early Father or a Papal Bull, now having a glance at the latest Zeitschrift from Germany. Sporting men say the very smell of the place gives them a headache. It must be admitted that the atmosphere is a

little close and redolent of musty old calf bindings, and, perhaps, that is the reason why the attendants who flit about noiselessly as shadows, always look so lean and melancholy. Or perchance that array of countless volumes ever before their eyes, oppresses them with despairing thoughts about the vastness of human knowledge and the feebleness of individual effort to grasp it all;—or, perhaps, I am crediting them with a great deal too much, for my experience is that they are far more affable than intelligent.

But we are spending too long in the Library. The average man takes up some sport or other. The "boats" find most favor all the year round. First comes a course of "tubbing" and, after a Term, a chance for the "Eight." When that is reached, one begins to learn how to row, by doing a course of six miles every afternoon.

It is a pretty sight to watch all the "Eights," each with its College colors on blazers and oars, rowing one after the other down stream, stopping now and then for a rest, or once in a while to let the "Varsity Eight" go by.

Some rowing men think they will die happy if only they can get in the "Varsity Eight," and they save at the oar, cut their studies, and go any length to attract the President's notice. And should a man achieve his ambition, he cheerfully endures more slavery, more training, and three weeks exclusively devoted to boating in London, until at last comes the day of glory that rewards all his labors, the day when shouting thousands gaze from the banks and bridges of the Thames, while he rows his boat to victory and himself to eternal fame. The malady that leads a sensible man to these reckless excesses is called "Boating Fever" and is said to be extremely contagious. It seems to be still raging with unabated violence.

In its season Rugby football comes in for a very large share of the popular favor. Those who don't play, look on, and a Varsity Match will always attract crowds. As a *Methodist Times* reporter might say: Some seven or eight hundred young men who ought to know better, collect in a field to see thirty other equally deluded, but somewhat more muscular young men, pushing one another about in a most ungentlemanly fashion, now scrambling in the mud, now rushing furiously after one another, wrestling and falling, and continually disputing by the space of an hour over the possession of a leather cased bladder, that reminds one of a dirty ostrich's egg.

What cares a Varsity Blue for grandmotherly whines of that sort? He knows very well that there is no better way of bringing out true British pluck than a fast game of Rugby. Perhaps there's more skill in Association, but it has certainly less admirers.

Cricket, Tennis, Fives and every other sport is well patronized in season and out. So there is no need for the afternoons to be dull. It is only the reading man who finds time to put in an hour, before six o'clock dinner in hall, and that is said to do more harm to his empty stomach than good to his overloaded brain.

At 5:30, or thereabouts, comes Evening Chapel, which is certainly far better attended than the Service before eight in the morning.

Dinner in Hall is the grand event of the day. For most it divides the day into two eras, Before Hall and After Hall, and they regulate their daily chronology accordingly. The writer's Hall is of course the prettiest in Cambridge (like everybody else's). It is pannelled in black and gold and lighted by stained glass windows, emblazoned with benefactor's arms, and a beautiful star-spangled roof, with great cross beams, and sticking out beside them gilded angels, which are said to have been carved on the model of a female Esquimaux. Four long tables run down the Hall for the men, while on a raised dais at the top, runs transversely the High Table—that Valhalla where Dons revel in the successes they have achieved over unwary examiners.

As to the victuals the men get, of course it is a good Briton's privilege to grumble at them. I have heard of a Hall where the pastry falsifies the adage, that there's nothing like leather, where the beef is as old as the College and the mutton as indestructable, where the kitchen recipe for College steak, is "beat a piece with a board, put away the steak for future use, and fry the board." There is a Hall where they never get poultry except on the Sabbath, and then they find that chickens in their second childhood are on the table, though invariably described as duckling on the menu. Such things occur in other Halls than mine. I don't think an entree, for instance, that answers to half a pound of rump steak, with potatoes, etc., to match, is altogether to be grumbled at. Maybe it is plain, but there's always plenty.

Varsity Halls are a splendid training for speed in consumption, the average time for four or five courses being twenty-five minutes.

The waiting—well the waiting when I was a “fresher” was very good, especially *our* part of it. The waiting machine needs the lubrication of a judicious tip terminally before it acts with ease and rapidity.

One may suppose that dinners in Hall were originally meant to feed the mind as well as the maw; yet the conversation rarely seems very elevating. Should an enthusiast venture to suggest that he went to lecture that morning and it so happened—the very mention of such a thing as a lecture at Hall cuts short his coming story with cries of “shop,” “shop!” But give a thrilling story about a boatful of Girtonites upsetting, or the latest from the *Sporting Times* on football, and its astonishing what a lot of talking can be wedged in between five courses in twenty-five minutes.

After Hall the men divide off into groups of three and four, and adjourn for coffee and digestion to one another's rooms. The process of digestion varies in length according to constitution. The reading-man gets it done very well in an hour, but many never get it over till bed-time. Where conversation fails, cards are an infallible resource or sometimes music, but music is forbidden after eight—at least it is in my College. “Music not allowed except between 1 and 8 P. M.” is a very strict rule. The enthusiast therefore takes very little exercise in the afternoon, except grinding up and down the piano after the lost chord. When, as often happens, there are three pianos on a staircase all going at once, the mixture of Beethoven, Mozart and Arthur Sullivan, with plenty of accidentals and all double forte, does make five o'clock tea a little irritating.

There was a deluded student who was possessed of an ambition to learn the cornet, but being afraid the neighbors on the staircase might scalp him, locked himself in his bedroom and practised the “Blue Bells of Scotland” in dumb show before the looking glass. After he got tolerably used to the notes, he began to wonder how it would sound when he was really blowing, but wisely he went down for a week's change to Cromer before he ventured to try.

Of course there is the theatre, concerts and the usual array of time-wasters every evening. But whatever triflers do, the man who has a good “Class” in his eye generally manages to put in two or three hours work of an evening.

Wet towels I suppose are still in vogue, and I have heard of a

man who works morning, noon and night all through the Dog Days, locking himself in his rooms, with his feet in a bath and a sponge perpetually in action; but I never knew a First Class man who went in for foolery of that sort. As a rule the best reading-men work a steady average of about eight hours a day, and do their utmost to keep in thoroughly good health, in fact paying a good deal more attention to their health than to their reading for a few weeks before an examination.

And now having sketched the ordinary Cambridge day, we can go on to recall a few of the red-letter days.

Everybody knows the old countryman's answer to the question, "What do they do at Cambridge?" "Go ridin' and spend money," said he. True, there is a deal of that going on still, but now-a-days the chief end of man at Cambridge is to get through Exams and earn money. And the man who wants to win, subordinates everything to that end.

Exams confront him as soon as he comes to his Alma Mater. Before enjoying any of her higher favors he must pass through the portal of the Little-Go. There are a goodly few who never can, although they are allowed three tries a year for an indefinite period. After failing once or twice, they generally go to a private "coach," tell him their woes, inform him—quite superfluously—they've no brains, and expect him to supply that commodity with enough "cram" to defraud the examiners for the modest fee of 6/8 an hour.

When once the Rubicon is crossed he finds he has only been spared for nobler conquests or defeats. Once or twice a year his College Dons take stock of him, and at the end of three years he has in prospect the awful week in May that shall decide his scholastic destiny.

There are many ways of taking Exams. Some men who are blessed with only a ten day's memory spend the last two weeks in a terrible process of cramming, open the cork for the occasion and let it all out for ever and a day. Others go down for a week's holiday and come up with their heads full of Ellen Terry and Regent Street. Some men get the Tripic fever and now dash frantically at their books, now go in for hygiene or Dr. Jaeger's system for a week, now give way to melancholia, and at last go into the Senate House looking as dismal as a wet blanket. Most

good men believe in striking a judicious mean, studying resignation and good health for a month before hand.

An experienced eye can tell at once the man who is going to get floored. He never seems comfortable on his seat, turns the paper over a few dozen times, studies the carving on the ceiling or tests the flavor of his quill, and at last looks frantically at his watch and scribbles hard for half an hour, recommencing the aforesaid process, and so on *à la capo*.

There is a story that in the great Mathematical Tripos a certain boating hero came day after day and still found himself with nothing to give up at the end, when a tender-hearted examiner came up to him and kindly said "Do try something; is there really nothing you know?" "Well!" said he, "I once took a common pump to pieces and I know how it works; would that be any good?" "Put it down" said the Don, "put it down!" He did: and got the Wooden Spoon.

When at last the ordeal is over, when the papers are all sent in for better or for worse, then comes the day of rejoicing, the interval of true paradise before the result comes out. A short period of about a fortnight, filled with the May festivities, is allowed the hapless victim before the final sentence of doom is published on the Senate House door.

That sentence is as sure as Judgment Day, but "a short life and a merry one" is the student's motto for just a fortnight.

Everybody's people are coming up to enjoy the sunny weather and the river, to peep in every nook and corner of the quaint old Colleges, and pay visits to everybody else's people. Cousins of the fair sex are in great request, and for the time being reign supreme. They irritate every steady going Don in the Quad by thumping their host's piano all the morning, they cannot be offered anything for lunch but the best the College kitchen can provide, they will rearrange the books and furniture and take all the comfort out of a room, and they break the bed-maker's heart by pointing out a term's collection of dust beneath the sofa. The poor bachelor is powerless—a word of remonstrance brings down upon him all the artillery of their most bewitching glances and he is done for at once. Mostly he submits to his fate and dances attendance to the ladies like a good lap-dog. And when the grand event comes off—the May Races—day by day he toils like a galley

slave pulling a boat-load down the river in the broiling sun, with the girls tugging the rudder this way and that, and landing him now in the bank, now in somebody else's people's boat, raising a pretty squealing from both boats and barely escaping a general upset.

It is impossible to give an accurate idea of the races. Outsiders might find it rather tame at first; you want to have a dear friend in one of the boats and work yourself up to a firm conviction that his life depends upon his winning, you want to feel all the glory that comes of bumping the boat in front, the photo depicting eight men in a boat, dressed in gauze vests and knickerbockers, the silken flag upon the boat stern, the Bump supper with wheelbarrows at twelve, the pewter pot with your name thereon emblazoned, and, hung in the study, the oar wherewith you rowed to victory.

The main crowd collects at Ditton Corner, on one side of the river, commanding a long view both up and down the course. There you may see proud and happy mothers, sisters and cousins of the men in the boats mingled with curious strangers, and here and there a man in College blazer. The ladies, if the weather be propitious, don the gayest of colours and insist upon standing up in the boats, of course requiring the gallant assistance of the other sex.

For a dozen feet or more in front of the bank boats are packed tightly together, and little ferry boats are continually plying to and fro. But hark! a gun is heard in the distance, what are they doing up the river? The eights have got in order in a long procession with an equal distance between each, the race consisting in bumping the boat in front. Another boom and the boats push out into the middle of the stream, the coxswain holding the chain, the crews straining to get an inch more on the stroke, and the "coach" holding chronometer steadily calling, half a minute, twenty, quarter minute, ten, five, four, three, two. Boom! again, and off they go. With them, on the towing-path alongside, run the College men in full array of College colors, with trumpets, catcalls, rattles, bells, patent foghorns and lungs, all in full swing. On you run, swept on by the crowd a mile or more, till see! our boat is gaining—how neatly the Cox. took that corner, he's gained half a length at least, yes! they'll do it at the next corner, there's only a few feet

now. Hurrah! They've done it! No! The wily Cox. in front pulls the rudder sharply to the right and sends a great wave all down the side of the boat behind, driving them back at least three feet, but the Cox. in front says quietly to Stroke, "Can you quicken." Stroke nods and puts on forty-eight to the minute. There's a crunching noise at the bow. It's done! a bump! "Pull her ashore!" shouts the Cox. There are scores of ready hands to seize the rowlocks, pull the men out, shake their hands and shout and roar, and jump like very madmen. A gorgeous silken flag is fixed astern for a while, and then carried home in state by the College men arm-in-arm, six a-breast, singing and shouting in victorious glee.

Meanwhile the crowds are pouring down the banks, or the lucky ones rowing up the river in an endless line of boats, of all sizes and descriptions, jostling and bumping and racing, every now and then within an ace of capsizing entirely.

Four days are spent in merry carnival. Races in the afternoon, College concerts and dances in the evening. Then comes a day or two to recover before the grand procession of boats. All the boats, gay with flowers and College colors, row up the river to the front of King's College Lawn, and there pack themselves closely broadside to broadside, while the men standing up raise a forest of many colored oars and fill the air with hurrahs.

This sort of merriment is not altogether fruitless, it serves to drive away the thoughts of Result Day that is still stealing nearer.

Now is the time for castles in the air, for imaginary first-classes and Fellowships. One hour finds a man jabbering inanely to his friends about what he will do when he takes a Lectureship, how he'll make a revolution in the Professorial system, etc., another finds him plunged in the depths of despair, fully convinced he's clean ploughed.

The fatal day arrives at last. After a sleepless night the more valorous make their way to the Senate House to hear the result read out from the gallery by a Don at 9 A. M. Some there be who indulge in jesting, but generally it is but a ghastly attempt to conceal the inner sinkings. Many people prefer to hear their fate in bed. Some there are pachydermatous enough to need the shouts and kicks of their returning chums before shaking off their heavy slumber and then take a Wranglership with a yawn. Happy men!

Degree-day is supposed to be the only day the Vice-Chancellor really does any hard work. As a rule, in June, he has to give his blessing in the Latin tongue to some nine hundred men. The floor of the Senate House is occupied by the bachelors-elect with their College præfectors, while Dons and Dons' wives and friends are seated near the dais at the upper end. In the centre of the dais sits the "Vice" supported by Senators all in their Sunday scarlet. The gallery is reserved for interested bachelors, undergrads and their friends, and this celestial sphere, by immemorial custom, enjoys complete liberty of speech. Should the Vice-Chancellor on entering forget to lift his cap there's always a roar of "cap! cap!" and he usually submits. But he is generally late, and the time would hang heavily but for the conversation from "the gods." There is a story that when our Prince Albert Victor came up to be made a Doctor the awful silence was rudely broken by a voice from the gallery, "Ain't he like his mother?" All this may be amusing but it ought to have been done away with long ago; still we live in a democratic age, the mass will assert itself when it can.

At last the ceremony begins. Out of all the throng of be-gowned and be-hooded bachelors one man steps to the front and walks up to the Vice-Chancellor amidst prolonged applause; the man who has won the world famous name of Senior Wrangler.

And what sort of an animal is a Senior Wrangler, I've often been asked. As a rule there is nothing odd about him, he is generally a pale, quiet little man; the one in my year might have left the plough-tail the day before, and it is said had often been mistaken for a farm lad. There may be no fiery look of genius about him, but study his face well, you will see there a quiet power bespeaking an infinite capacity of taking pains, which Carlyle tells us is the genius of to-day.

Again and again some poor minister's son has worked his way up through School and College by careful plodding to the highest honours the University can bestow. Perhaps he has shunned society and lived in his work alone, perhaps he has been set down by his neighbours as a "smug" and a misanthrope, but the day of reckoning comes without fail, when the last are first the first are last.

Such is Cambridge life!

Cambridge, England.

FAIR PLAY FOR FAITH CURE.

DR. CLARK'S article, in the February number of this magazine, upon "Faith Cure," has attracted a good deal of attention, partly because of the eminent name attached to it and partly because of the intrinsic importance and growing prominence of the subject discussed. The treatment of the theme was vigorous, almost heroic, but defective in accuracy and thoroughness, and faulty, if not intemperate, in its indiscriminate destructive scope. "Christian Science" deserved all it got and probably a little more. But in regard to "Faith Cure" the cause of truth, to say nothing of the courtesies of Christian controversy, demands a calm and attentive hearing, a careful and very deliberate investigation, before disposing of claims so vast and important, made in the interests of humanity and religion, in some cases at least, by earnest, able and devoted men. Such men hardly deserve to be branded as "medico-religious fanatics or impostors," or "theological charlatans" and "cranks," "afflicted with mental weakness" or "unwonted credulity." These are arguments of a kind common in infidel assaults upon earnest Christians, and we venture to say had better be left to those whose resources are insufficient for legitimate controversy. Much better "speak evil of no man," but if honest and sincere and his theme of sufficient importance (1) give him a fair hearing and then, if satisfied he is wrong, (2) expose the fallacy of his views and (3) help him into the light of the truth.

We propose to show that Dr. Clark has failed in the first and therefore also in the second of these obligations. The third and most important he has not attempted, and in his failure he has done worse. His article, as far as it goes, by implication and something more, teaches, intentionally or otherwise, that our only hope for cure of disease lies in the operation of natural laws, aided by drugs and doctors, as exclusively as if his cogent exposure of the falsity of literal interpretation had forever swept the throne of grace and its almighty and tender-hearted Occupant into the limbo of doubtful metaphor. As far as his treatment of the question goes,

neither prayer, nor Christian faith, nor the Great Physician Himself, have any recognition in the chamber of sickness. In this Dr. Clark doubtless does not do himself justice.

As to giving his opponents a fair hearing, a slight acquaintance with the literature of the subject will furnish apposite illustrations, without, let it once for all be remarked, any thought of championing, much less indiscriminately endorsing, the Faith Curists. The present article is simply a plea for fair play and more light.

I. At the outset Dr. Clark enumerates the conditions of cure as "(a) The Christian, (b) Prayer, (c) Believing Prayer, (d) Persistent Prayer, (e) Cure." From these he strangely omits one of primary importance, viz. Renunciation of sin and consecration of body and life to the Lord. The close connection of sin with sickness, or of want of holiness with chastisement by the Father (Heb. xii. 10) is so generally prominent in their teaching that one example will serve for this and our next point, viz :—

II. The exclusion of "Children, idiots, imbeciles and the insane from the alleged benefits of these divine healers," through their inability to offer the prayer of faith. He is wrong there, as the following extract from Dr. Simpson's little book on "Gospel Healing" will show, (p 35); "A member of his own family was suddenly attacked with violent and dangerous illness. It was a little child, so young as to make it certain that it could not be on account of any fault or sin of its own. Amid violent convulsions all human remedies were quickly dispensed with, and the case presented to God in prayer and anointing. Immediate relief was given, but the trouble was not wholly removed, and again that night a very threatening relapse occurred, and the prayer of faith seemed met by a dreadful cloud of hindrance. At once it became deeply impressed on his heart that something was seriously wrong on the part of some member of the family. Earnest search was made, and at length it was found to be indeed so. One person had greatly sinned and covered it. But now a deep and thorough confession was made, and the wrong solemnly made right in God's sight and His forgiveness sought and claimed. Then all the burden rolled away, and the innocent sufferer was instantly healed, and next morning rose with the most marvellous health and buoyancy, and has not been seriously ill since."

III.-IV. Dr. Clark says, "In answer to prayer the Faith Cure

is instantaneous if at all." "Not satisfied with anything short of immediate miracles." (1) This is another mistake, for they repudiate miracles; (2) they acknowledge that the cure is often gradual. Rev. Dr. Stanton, of Buffalo, has recently published in book-form a series of most interesting papers,* in which as well as in Dr. Simpson's booklets, anyone desiring information on the subject will find it clearly discussed in nearly all its bearings. Their readings of old texts in new lights are most striking and often so simple and unstrained as to carry irresistible, even if reluctant, conviction to the critical and wary inquirer. That this is not always the case is no reason why we should allow prejudice to hinder us from following them as far as reason and harmony with the fundamental doctrines of our faith permit. Thus (1) Dr. Stanton, in his eleventh chapter, on "Bodily Healing Supernatural rather than Miraculous," points out the distinction made between "miracles" and "gifts of healing" twice over, in 1 Cor. xii. when enumerating the gifts of the Church under the operation of the Holy Spirit, (vv. 9, 10, and 28-30), also Heb. ii. 4. In harmony with this he says (p. 71), "When dealing with bodily disease and sickness, strictly, we do not find either Christ or the apostles classing the cure among 'miracles,' when as the term healing is frequently used to cover nearly all the mighty works which Christ and the disciples wrought for the human body and mind. The term 'miracle' is also applied to such works as the turning of water into wine, destroying the fig tree, etc." Again (p. 72) "We much prefer to say—and though the term is not a scriptural one, the idea it conveys is eminently so—that the healing of the sick, through the prayer of faith, is *supernatural*. We thus place it alongside of the healing of the soul of sin. In both the body and the soul, in the physical and spiritual realm alike, the healing of the one of disease and the other of sin is by the direct power of the Holy Spirit. It is a power above nature, above man, above means, above diabolical agents, *purely Supernatural*." (2) Dr. Stanton devotes a chapter to the consideration of "why are not all healed immediately, who are healed at all?" stating, "This inquiry has arisen from the fact that in certain cases some are healed at once, rising from their beds where they had lain helpless for many years, and walking forth in full strength,

*Gospel Parellelisms, illustrated in the Healing of Body and Soul," by Rev. R. L. Stanton, D.D., Buffalo.

while others are gradually healed, the process occupying days, weeks, or even several months." We shall not follow him now in his explanations, but simply say they are in his favorite line of analogy between the salvation from sin and the divine healing of the body, but pass on to a fifth point of misapprehension of the views and claims of these people by Dr. Clark.

V. He says, "Surgical injuries are ignored altogether, although any cure of say, a hernia, an undoubted cancer, a broken leg or well assured dislocation would settle the controversy at once and forever." Here again the Doctor is in error, as the records of cure in their publications and their more private narratives do include just such cases. Such is the claim. What the facts might prove on scientific investigation of course is another matter. With that we are not at present concerned, only it might be well to remember that some of them are duly qualified members of the medical faculty, some at least of high standing and repute.

VI. One error more, "God as a law-giver is ignored in these creeds, which allow no conditions except absolute results, based on false assumptions as to the functions of prayer and faith in the plan of salvation." This charge contains two counts, (1) ignoring divine law, and (2) perversion of Scripture on fundamental points. On the first let two brief quotations suffice. At p. 144 Dr. Stanton says, "While the most ample provision is made in the Gospel for both body and soul healing, no one can reasonably hope for either, or even hope to be kept in health for soul or body while reckless of or totally disregarding the plain laws of health which are open to the study and daily observation of everyone. To expect either cure or preservation of health under such circumstances would be the highest presumption. It would be equivalent to asking God to work a constant miracle, for our benefit, while we were living in the open violation of His laws, and in the constant disregard of His will." If, however, Dr. Clark means, with the "prayer-gauge" school, that natural law opposes an inseparable barrier to the operation of prayer and to use his own words, that as "disease is inexorable in exacting the uttermost farthing from its debtors, even from the generation following," therefore faith in prayer to the great Lawgiver is vain, he raises another question we cannot now discuss.

Leaving his misapprehensions of "Faith-Cure" teaching, let

us turn to the scriptural texts. And here we reach the Redan of the controversy. Other difficulties no doubt there are, some advanced by the Doctor, and others which will occur to every thoughtful mind, some of which could be easily and reasonably explained, others inseparable from all Christian mysteries, but all secondary in comparison with the question as to whether the doctrine of divine healing is "based on false assumptions as to the functions of prayer and faith in the plan of salvation," by "weak minded and credulous cranks," "who take advantage of the general and often ambiguous statements of Scripture to bolster up theories which have been conveniently preconceived." It were easy to show that Dr. Clark's assertions as to the danger of the admission of literal interpretation in such passages as Isa. liii. 3-5, and Jas. v. 14-16, are groundless. In fact the danger lies the other way, for, refuse to accept the literal truth that the Messiah "bare our sicknesses and our sorrows," and what becomes of the conjunct inseparable statement "that He bare our sins"? But probably our best course is to let Dr. Stanton speak for himself and his friends, and let the candid and intelligent hearer be prepared for the result whatever it be. (Dr. Simpson's argument is similar though briefer and more popular.) At page 14 of "Gospel Parallelisms" Dr. Stanton says, "The redemption of the body, by the work of Christ, as truly as the redemption of the soul, is the doctrine accepted by all Christians. Both are now under the dominion of sin; both are to exist in an immortal state. The spiritual body provided for the emancipated soul will not probably exhibit a more striking physical transformation than will be seen in the purified soul, as we compare their present state with their condition in the world to come. As, therefore, the body is to exist after death, as truly as the soul, each being changed according to its nature, it is clear that the provisions of grace must be made for both; that while the removal of sin, with all its defilements and corruptions of the soul, is fully provided for, so also the removal of disease, with all its infirmities and deformities of the body, is equally embraced in the Lord's gracious designs. The teaching of scripture on this two-fold redemption is very plain. * * * * Among the most direct statements of this fundamental provision, let us take the declaration of the prophet Isaiah, as understood and applied by

the evangelist Matthew. Both write under the inspiration of the Holy Spirit. * * * * Notice, first, how fully Messiah's sufferings are delineated by the prophet: 'He is despised and rejected of men; a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief, and we hid, as it were, our faces from Him. He was despised and we esteemed Him not. *Surely He hath borne our grief and carried our sorrows*; yet we did esteem Him stricken, smitten of God, and afflicted. But He was wounded for our transgressions; He was bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was upon Him; and with His stripes we are healed' (Isa. liii. 3-5). The whole chapter is of the same tenor. Turn now to the Gospel of St. Matthew, and see the inspired application which the evangelist makes of these words of the prophet. The first act recorded of Christ, after closing his Sermon on the Mount, was to heal a leper (Matt. viii. 2-4); His next act was to heal the centurion's servant, who was 'sick of the palsy grievously tormented' (Matt. viii. 5-13). Immediately following this, Christ entered 'into Peter's house' and healed 'his wife's mother,' who was 'sick of a fever' (Matt. viii. 14, 15). Here are three specific acts of healing, the account of them together filling the first fifteen verses of the chapter, with no other matter introduced, and then immediately follows this commentary: 'When even was come they brought unto Him many that were possessed with devils, and He cast out the spirits with His word and healed all that were sick; *that it might be fulfilled which was spoken by Isaiah, the prophet, saying, Himself took our infirmities and bear our diseases*' (Matt. viii. 16, 17, Revised Version). St. Matthew here applies these words of the prophet respecting the atoning work of the Messiah as having their fulfilment in Christ's healing of the sick. If, therefore, plain language has any force, it was impossible to state more explicitly than the inspired evangelist does, that the healing of the sick was one of the blessings which Christ's atonement was designed to provide for; that this was Isaiah's meaning in the passage referred to; and that this was a part of the mission which Christ publicly inaugurated for the ministry of the new dispensation. Archbishop Magee, in his work on the 'Atonement,' will be deemed competent authority on the matters here noted. The Septuagint used a word (*hamartia*;) for griefs in this passage in Isaiah, which means *sin*. But this is

evidently an error, as observed by Dr. Magee, who says, 'I find that in ninety-three instances the word here translated (*hamartia*), or its kindred verb, is found in the Old Testament, in any sense that is not entirely foreign from the passage before us, there occurs but this one in which the word is so rendered, it being, in all other cases, expressed by *astheneia*, *malakia*, or some other word denoting *bodily disease*. That the Jews themselves considered this passage of Isaiah [He hath borne our *griefs*] as referring to *bodily diseases* appears from Whitby and Lightfoot, *Hor. Heb.* on Matt. viii. 17, and also Poole's *Synopsis* on Isa. liii, 4, *Pes* and *Alsch*. And that the word is to be taken in this sense appears not only from the authority of the Jews, but from that of most of the ancient translations.' Then, after giving many names as authorities, Dr. Magee says, 'All lexicons explain it in the same sense: so that the word *infirmities*, by which Lowth and Vitringa, in agreement with the old English versions, have rendered it in this place, cannot possibly be rejected. Mr. Dodson entirely concurs in this interpretation; and Kennicott asserts positively that the word always denotes *bodily diseases*. In full accord with Dr. Magee, Lange says 'Christ takes away disease, in token of removing its root, sin, by taking upon himself death as the full wages and the full burden of sin.' 'The evangelist gives us here the key to the mystery of Christ's atoning death. By his fellow-suffering with our diseases he gradually descended into the unfathomable depths of his full sympathy with our death. Hence His miracles of healing partook of the nature of atoning suffering, and prepared for it.' Says Albert Barnes: 'In the fifty-third chapter Isaiah fully states the doctrine of the atonement, or that the Messiah was to suffer for sin. In the verse quoted, however (Matt. viii, 17; Isa. liii, 4), he states the very truth which Matthew declares. The word translated, 'griefs' in Isaiah and 'infirmities' in Matthew, means properly in the Hebrew and Greek, *diseases of the body*. In neither does it refer to diseases of the mind or to sin. To bear those 'griefs' is clearly to bear them *away*, or to remove them.' (Notes on Isaiah.) Commenting further on Isa. liii. 4, when speaking of the phrase 'He hath borne,' Barnes says, 'If applied to *sin*, it means that a man must *bear* the burden of the punishment of his own sin, or that the suffering that is due to sin is *taken up* and *borne* by another. If applied to diseases, as in Matt. viii. 17,

it must mean that He, as it were, lifted them up and *bore them away.*' Upon the words 'our griefs' Barnes says, 'The word here used means, properly, *sickness, disease, anxiety, affliction.* It does not refer to *sin*, but to *sufferings.* It is translated *sickness,* Deut. xxviii. 61 ; vii. 15 ; 2 Chron. xxi. 15 ; 1 Kings xvii. 17 ; *disease,* Ecc. vi. 2 ; 2 Chron. xxi. 18 ; xvi. 12 ; Ex. xv. 26. It is never, in our version, rendered *sin*, and never used to denote sin.' These authorities are sufficient for our purpose. * * * It would thus seem very evident to a plain reader that the words of the prophet, as interpreted by the evangelist, were intended to show that the sufferings of Christ, as an atoning sacrifice, cover the *physical* as well as the spiritual needs of the race."

If this does not establish the desired dual salvation, confirmed as it is by manifold harmonious quotations and illustrations from the Old Testament and the New, from the Gospels and the Epistles, it would be interesting and highly desirable to get some "theological specialist," in the interest of truth to show us where it fails. The atonement for and salvation from sin, all evangelical Christians agree to be in the literal explanation of Isa liii. How then can we escape the literal teaching of salvation from *sickness, disease* and *sorrow*? Dr. Clark does not venture to face that difficulty but presses the consequences of literalism as including that, "To him that believeth, all things are possible" even to removing mountains. To this we need only reply, that it brings up the question of miracles, which we have already shown is not now involved, though Dr. Simpson boldly meets the argument that "The age of miracles is past," by the assertion that they belong to the Christian dispensation and may reappear at any time the Lord may please sufficiently to revive the defective faith of His Church. This and many other difficulties are discussed with great force and interest, if not always with equal satisfaction, by these earnest and interesting writers. The inquirer must read and judge for himself, and certainly the problem should irresistably attract every lover of Christ and His religion and of his fellowmen. If it be true that once more He who ascended up on high is endowing His servants in the work of the Gospel with gifts of healing by the power of the Holy Ghost, through prayer and faith in the atonement of Jesus and in the power of a risen Saviour, and if these gifts become general with a reviving faith, possibilities of blessing to the race at

large and incalculable impetus to home and foreign mission work open out to a joyful Church. A new career of triumph will dawn. We live in a materialistic age, when the masses, even in Christian lands, reject a religion which seems to do little for the starving and suffering bodies which shrivel and die around us upon every hand. Can it be possible that our eyes are about to be opened to a fresh epiphany of the glory of our Divine Saviour, in the manifestation of His religion in its efficiency for body as well as soul, for the life that now is as well as that which is to come? Certainly the recovery of the lost half of this dual-salvation, if it indeed be a reality, would mark a memorable era in the history of the world and the Church.

It is hardly fair to our friends of the "Faith Cure," or "Divine Healing," as they generally prefer the subject to be termed, to close the discussion here, but the limits of space in this magazine make it necessary.

WALTER M. ROGER.

London, Ont.

A College Day.

THE COLLEGE SUPPER.

WE are in difficulties to-day. Our "chiel" has been away "takin notes" of men and things, and has just returned, his note book well filled with facts and fancies about college suppers and toasts and songs, college closing and prizes and degrees. What to do with it all, how to arrange it, where to put it, is what troubles the editorial mind more than it was ever troubled by "Dodism." It is not General, or Missionary, or Reviews or Here and Away, or anything else that can be fitted into ordinary departments. Nothing like a free hand and a bold stroke, and so we say to sober Missionary and self-satisfied Review and wise Editorial and saucy Here and Away: Give place; you have had your share for eleven months; give us your pages to-day and we will talk awhile to old college chums, we will forget the years that intervene, and in the glow of sentiment, the sparkle of humor and the good old feeling of college comradeship we will shake off the inevitable yoke, the earthly freight, the crushing custom which the years have laid on us

" Heavy as frost and deep almost as life ! "

The annual supper, dinner, banquet, whatever its proper name, the one great feast of the collegiate year, given by the students of Knox College to the members of the graduating class, is neither old enough to be venerable nor young enough to be an experiment. The MONTHLY for April, '86, keeps green our memories of the first annual college supper. It was a great event. There were those who then thought it a "waste," that "the poor,"—but no, we will not recall their objections. The Supper itself, on that first night, established its right to live, and Gordon's pen did much to give it immortality. Then came the class of '87. It was a great year—so say its eighteen graduates. That was the year the MONTHLY was established on its present basis. That was the year

the College Mission in China was founded, and it was that Class of '87 that gave the Church the first ordained College missionary, Jonathan Goforth. And so that year had a great Supper, "a feast and a good day."

But the bell is ringing and the stampede in the corridors is in the direction of the Dining Hall. Let's go. Sober graduates in clerical garb, "grave and reverend seniors," gay and festive youths—all crowd and jostle each other and no one mentions "your formalities." The old Hall is festooned and garlanded and redolent with the fragrance of plant and flower. Down either side two long tables and at the farther end the seats of honor for the guests of the evening. All present: all standing: all quiet: "Grant thy blessing, O Father!"

A College Supper is unlike any other banquet and different from any other college event. It has a collegiate air which is nothing to the *profanum vulgus* but is recognized at once by old collegians. Its *menu* may not be peculiar, but there is a free and easy style about it provocative of careless jollity and good-fellowship. Examinations are over, results are not known, the great world of care and responsibility is outside, we are all here together, "then to-night we'll merry, merry be," But at these feasts of ours there is no excess. The Baconian maxim, "bold, bold but not too bold," is well observed. There is no burning of the good creature, no blowing of the fragrant spirai wreath, in token of our fidelity to our Alma Mater. There are no "golden beakers of the warm South crushed from the vineyards of Tuscany and the Parthenopian slopes." All that belongs to a forgotten age or to the revelries of foreign halls. It has nothing to do with our "feast and flow." Our *menu* is as rich and varied as our tastes suggest and our appetites desire. We have—

The bell rings While we have been musing and dreaming others have been feasting, and now President Shaw has the floor: "Gentlemen"—then they all cheer—"Gentlemen, you have partaken of a competent portion of the good things of this life and are now ready to receive and respond to the toasts of the evening." And so the toasting began. There were toasts to the Queen, the Country and the College; toasts to the graduates, the class of '90, the undergrads, the Sister Colleges, the sisters themselves, and all. There was history, philosophy and poetry, warning and counsel

and cheer, jest and sentiment and loyal passion, brilliant coruscations of wit and eloquence and apt quotation. All this and whatever else belongs to postprandial oratory was present to add lustre, awaken kindly feeling, and mark the hour as one to be remembered.

What a brilliant gathering! Time and space have been scorned. The past has come back to us and the distant near. Old faces are looking down upon us wreathed in smiles, and voices that we thought were grown harsh in the service of foreign speech or stilled into silence, fall upon our ears and melt into liquid ripples. We all rise and give a cheer for those five hundred, who have come back to hear again the college song and join again in honoring their Alma Mater. Perhaps this is only a pretty fancy suggested by the names that now and then call forth a cheer from the noisy undergrads,—names of Baird, Farquharson, Stalker, McQueen, McLeod and Scoular; names that will shine when the roll of master missionaries is made up and when India and China will crown their heroes; names that are known in the world's great centres, emblazoned in the halls of learning, or recorded only on a marble slab in some forgotten churchyard. Perhaps it was only fancy that made us think they were all back again answering cheer with cheer, linking the Past to the Future and crowning with myrtle and olive the all-triumphant Present. It may have been fancy.

Just here that incorrigible personage, the printer's demon, entered our sanctum and broke the holy spell with one word—"copy." The publisher also ventures to remind us that inasmuch as Fancy is a very fickle goddess that may betray her votaries into endless soliloquies and fruitless imaginings, and inasmuch as the laws of space are inexorable, we had better take cognizance first of facts, and if fancy's "haverings" must be reported some other medium should be employed,—a separate pamphlet or book at the editor's risk and expense. And so we can only join in the closing lines of Auld Lang Syne and add our "hurrah!" to the Himalayan shouts of a hundred others who cheer for "The Class of 1890."

THE ALUMNI ASSOCIATION.

THERE was a time when the Alumni Association of Knox College was thought to be languishing. A tonic was administered in the shape of some good earnest work to be done, and the effect was almost magical. Life began to manifest itself throughout the body, and the extremities became warm. The programme provided for the April meeting was not specially attractive, but the men came up from Montreal, from the Bruce peninsula, from the St. Clair flats, and all points between. And no one was disappointed. The meeting was a good one and some important business was transacted.

The Alumni met on Wednesday evening, the evening after the students' supper. In the absence of the President, Dr. Armstrong, Ottawa, Rev. P. Straith, Holstein, presided. One face was missing, one officer was absent from his accustomed place at the Secretary's table. Mr. Freeman has been so painstaking and faithful in the discharge of his duties that an Alumni meeting without him seemed a little strange. The Association appreciates Mr. Freeman's services, and the first resolution put to the meeting was one of sympathy with the absent Secretary in his afflictions and of hope that his sojourn in the sunny South may give him back health and vigor.

The greater part of the evening was spent in considering and deciding upon plans for the more efficient working of the "College Mission Scheme" and hearing reports from the Association's missionary, Mr. Goforth. Considerable discussion arose over two proposals, one to provide Mr. Goforth with two native evangelists, the other to send out another missionary from the Association. Both had earnest and intelligent advocates, but caution prevailed and the question of increasing the missionary staff was referred to the Executive Committee to be reported on and discussed at the annual meeting in October. Mr. Wilkie put in a word for India as having claims on the Association, and expressed the hope

that if another College missionary be sent Central India would be the field. By having a representative in India as well as in China the Missionary spirit of the Association would be deepened and its sympathies broadened. Mr. John Mackay, Agincourt, reported for the Committee appointed to raise funds for the College Library. The Association has undertaken to raise \$2,000 outside of Toronto. More than one-half of this sum is still unprovided for, and Mr. Mackay asks the assistance of graduates and other friends, that, if possible, the work may be completed during the present year.

The ballots having been counted, John Neil, Toronto, John Somerville, Owen Sound, and R. N. Grant, Orillia, were announced as having been elected to represent the Alumni on the College Senate.

An adjourned meeting of the Association was held on Thursday afternoon. The attendance was larger than on the previous evening. The one subject discussed was THE MONTHLY and its editor. It was stated that certain articles that have appeared during the past year, notably those of Dr. Marcus Dods and Prof. Campbell, have been considerably talked about and in some quarters condemned. The advisability of publishing such articles, and the measure of the Association's responsibility for the views expressed by writers in the MONTHLY, was very freely discussed by the members. The editor asked for the fullest expression of opinion on the part of the Alumni, and was agreeably surprised to find his course so heartily endorsed and the MONTHLY so intelligently praised. Dr. Campbell, of Collingwood, Colin Fletcher, J. A. Turnbull, H. McQuarrie, John Neil, and a dozen other good men and true, whose orthodoxy no one will question, and in whose counsel is much wisdom, stood by the editor and pronounced THE MONTHLY the best edited magazine in Canada and the past year the best in its history. Ex-Moderator McMullen would not endorse all the views expressed by writers in the MONTHLY but protested against any narrowness of outlook such as would prohibit fair discussion of important theological questions by accredited teachers in the Presbyterian Church. The editor assured the Association that there was no occasion for any anxiety on the part of the most sensitive, and in order to set matters in their true light agreed to have it stated in every issue, what every intelligent reader should long ago have understood,

"That each author is alone responsible for the views expressed in his article." The discussion was very satisfactory and will do much good. The Church at large, however, may rest satisfied that no advantage will be taken of the liberty conceded. The MONTHLY will continue both "sound" and "safe."

CLOSING DAY.

THE first Thursday in April is the day fixed by the General Assembly for Closing Day, and on that day this year the forty-fifth session in Knox College closed. The Semi-Centennial is drawing near. It makes us feel somewhat ancient and venerable. But the Jubilee is five years hence, and in the meantime much good work may be done, and when 1895 comes Knox College will be found stronger, more thoroughly equipped and quite abreast of modern theological education. It may be that the once much-talked-of scheme for the removal of the present buildings will have come to something by that time and the Jubilee of the college's establishment be celebrated in a more commodious edifice in Queen's Park. But all that is somewhat visionary now, and the probability is that our pleasantly-situated home will not be desecrated by granite-footed Commerce for many a day.

Convocation Hall was crowded at the afternoon meeting, the graduating class in the front seats, the students in the gallery. The gallery student is neither as funny nor as foolish as in other Colleges, and rarely expresses himself beyond a whispered speech to the gentleman next. But when the Principal, Professors, members of Senate and representatives of other Churches and Colleges, all in gowns and hoods, make their appearance, filing up the aisles, then the gallery is let out for noon.

Principal Caven presided. Before announcing "the results" he referred to the unusually large number of students studying theology in Knox College during the present session, seventy-two in all, the largest number ever enrolled in any theological college in Canada. The work of the year was considerably interfered with by the influenza epidemic which for a while completely demoralized the several classes. He then, with a knowing smile, produced a paper which, he said, would be of greater interest than any remarks he might make:—

THE EXAMINERS' REPORT.

Having no personal interest in that sometimes kind, sometimes cruel paper, we turned to watch the audience. Fortunately very little was known beforehand, and what had been announced by the too easily stuffed reporters was sufficiently wide of the mark to give an air of uncertainty to the whole. As name after name of prize-winners and scholarship men was called out the gallery answered in genuine gallery style. But the interest and anxiety of the students is no more intense than that of the general audience. Every visitor has some friend among the competing students and his name is listened for with absolute confidence. You can read interesting biographical sketches in some of the faces near you. One face startled us, so rapidly did it change color, from white to rose, from rose to scarlet, and then back again to an expression of "I knew he would!" Aye! aye!

SCHOLARSHIPS AND PRIZES.

FIRST YEAR.

I.	CENTRAL CHURCH, HAMILTON,	SCHOLARSHIP \$60.	GEORGE LOGIE.
II.	EASTMAN,	SCHOLARSHIP \$60	JOHN McNAIR, B.A.
III.	J. B. ARMSTRONG	" 50 - - -	W. GAULD, B.A.
IV.	GOLDIE,	" 40 - - -	A. M. SMITH.
V.	GILLIES,	" 30 - - -	H. S. McKITRICK.
VI.	GILLIES,	" 30 - - -	W. H. GRANT, B.A.
VII.	DUNBAR,	" 30 - - -	A. STEVENSON, B.A.

SECOND YEAR.

I.	J. A. CAMERON,	SCHOLARSHIP \$60	W. W. CRAW, B.A.
II.	KNOX CHURCH, TORONTO,	" 60 - -	J. W. McMILLAN, B.A.
III.	KNOX CHURCH, TORONTO,	" 60 - -	D. M. BUCHANAN, B.A.
IV.	LOGHRIN,	" 60 - -	W. MOHRIN, B.A.
V.	TORRANCE,	" 50 - -	P. M. McEACHRAN.
VI.	HERON,	" 30 -	P. E. NICHOL.
			A. CARRICK, B.A.

THIRD CLASS.

I. BONAR-BURNS,	SCHOLARSHIP \$80	- -	H. E. A. REID, B.A.
II. FISHER,	"	60 -	W. J. CLARK.
III. FISHER,	"	60 - -	M. P. TALLING, B.A.
IV. ZION CHURCH, BRANTFORD,	"	50 -	W. MUIR.
V. BOYD,	"	30 - -	J. M. McLAREN, B.A.
VI. CHEYNE,	"	30 -	J. P. McQUARRIE.

SPECIAL SCHOLARSHIPS AND PRIZES.

FIRST YEAR.

BAYNE SCHOLARSHIP, \$50.	- - - -	JOHN McNAIR, B.A.
PRINCE OF WALES PRIZE, \$60, FOR ESSAY.	- - - -	J. S. CONNING.

SECOND AND THIRD YEARS.

SMITH SCHOLARSHIP, \$50, FOR ESSAY.	- - - -	J. DRUMMOND, B.A.
BRYDON PRIZE,	- - - -	W. J. CLARK.
WILLARD TRACT DEPOSITORY PRIZES, \$30 and \$20.		{ W. MUIR. { W. A. BRADLEY, B.A.

FIRST, SECOND AND THIRD YEARS.

CLARK PRIZE, I., LANGE'S COMMENTARY, FOR N. T. GREEK,	H. E. A. REID, B.A.
CLARK PRIZE, II., LANGE'S COMMENTARY, FOR O.T. HEBREW.	J. McNAIR, B.A.
McKAY SCHOLARSHIP, GAELIC, \$40.	- - - - P. M. McEACHRAN.

THE GRADUATING CLASS.

Although the number of students in theology is greater this year than ever before the graduating class is not so large. It was an unfortunate year, and its once respectable list was reduced to thirteen—a significant number. But if the speeches made at the students' supper are to be believed the "noble thirteen" of 1890 are endowed with more than their share of "grace, grit and gumption." We shall remember their names and wait to see how far they will fulfil the large expectations formed of them. When Principal Caven announced each name and presented each with a college diploma the applause from the gallery was full of meaning to the sensitive ear. When P. J. McLaren was receiving his parchment the gallery repeated the Principal's words, that had it not been for Mr. McLaren's long illness the struggle for third year laurels would have been harder and the results might have been different. The names of the graduates are: H. E. A. Reid, B.A.; James Drummond, B.A.; Walter Muir; J. P. McQuarrie; M. P. Talling, B.A.; P. J. McLaren, B.A.; W. J. Clark; W. A. Bradley, B.A.; Alexander Wilson; Jas. M. McLaren, B.A.; Neil Shaw, B.A.; John Crawford, B.A.

BACHELOR OF DIVINITY.

For several years past considerable interest has been manifested in the laurcating of the gentlemen who in the opinion of the Senate are deserving of distinction. But this year Knox College made no addition to the lists of D.Ds. This is to her credit, and it is to be hoped that in these days of cheap degrees Knox College will hold her honours far above the crowd of scrambling seekers after recognition. But the degree of B.D. is open to all who can pass the prescribed examinations. This year Rev. W. H. Jamieson, Garden Hill, passed the first examination, and Rev. John McGillivray, B.A., Montreal, the second. Mr. MacGillivray was a member of the class of '87, and was known both in the University and in Knox as a diligent and successful student, and the B.D. hood which Principal Caven placed upon his shoulders marks the quality of his work since graduation.

THE SPEECHES.

We cannot recall all the speeches, but the speakers stand out clearly against a good background. Rev. Dr. Fletcher, Hamilton, addressed words of wise counsel to the graduating class sitting before him in the front seat in St. James' Square church, on Thursday evening. His hearty, fervent appeal to his young brethren to keep close to God went to their hearts, refreshing as a breath from the heathery hills. Sir Daniel Wilson spoke better than usual and emphasized, what we have heard from him on other occasions, the necessity for a thoroughly educated ministry in this age of superficial criticism and scientific smattering. Neither Sir Daniel nor Dr. Fletcher occupied much time, giving place to Rev. Principal Grant, of Queen's University, Kingston, Moderator of the General Assembly.

One always listens with pleasure to Principal Grant, even when his speech does not commend itself. There is a depth and fulness in his voice, its sound is like the sea. It is subdued and gentle as the murmur of the wind among the old pines on a Highland crag, or bold and inspiring as the war-cry of his own ancestral clan in the brave days of yore, "Stand fast, Craig Ellachic!" His subject on Closing Day was itself inspiring—John Knox. He did well to urge young Knox men to study

the life of the hero after whom their college was named. He was not so happy in his evening address. His subject—The duty of a minister to his country and his age—was full of promise, but his line of discussion somewhat disappointed us. It was not what we expected. Had he counselled and instructed and warned the young ministers before him, in view of the coming battle—the battle of faith which has already come to Britain and must surely come to Canada—had he warned them against indifference and neglect, awakened in them a sense of their responsibility, and commended to them a faith which criticism cannot touch, he would have had a line congenial to himself, helpful to his hearers, and of infinitely greater importance than any readjustment of political or social relationships. Still his address was strong, and a man can not say everything in two speeches.

Principal Caven addressed a few sentences of farewell to the graduating class. His words were simple, but we doubt if any spoken that day will be longer remembered: I charge you, preach the Word; make full proof of your ministry; the time is short; O I charge you, be faithful till the Master comes. With those earnest words ringing in their ears the graduating class of 1890 passed through the golden gate.

And so "A College Day" closes, and our college Eden is left behind. Its opportunities will never come back; many of its promises will remain unfulfilled. But the true man will never forget

"those first affections,
Those shadowy recollections,
Which, be they what they may,
Are yet the fountain light of all our day,
Are yet a master light of all our seeing."