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THE TRUE STAFF OF LIFE.

A SERMON

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*"Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God."* Matthew 4: 4.

THE circumstances under which these words were uttered were of a very trying nature. The Saviour was, at that moment, suffering with hunger. He had fasted forty days and forty nights. To this were added the struggles of temptation—a most unwelcome compliment indeed—but the tempter seems to take advantage of a man's darkest hours and weakest moments as being the most suitable and promising periods for attack. So here. He assails the blessed Redeemer with his fiery darts, when in His most straitened circumstances; and endeavours to bring about His fall. Jesus, however, knew with whom He had to deal. He was equal to the occasion, even though in a famishing condition. He withstood the attack nobly and successfully. The Rock of Ages cannot be moved. In this, His trying moment, He did not lose sight or hold of the true principle of life.

When darkness seemed to envelope Him like a cloud and the floods rushed upon Him, He still held His eye upon the Light that gladdens and guides the soul when all others fail. He betook Himself to the true and impenetrable asylum. He grasped firmly, and acted accordingly, the mystery of existence of life. Straitened circumstances tend to raise the soul to a true conception of what life really is. It thus derives true and renewed strength so as to enable him to cope successfully with the occasion. In the instance

before us Jesus rose anew, as it were, to this full conception, and through its inspiration foiled the attack of the calumniator. A firm hold of truth is always the best antidote for temptation and difficulty. It, from its very nature, crushes falsehood, and reduces it to nothing.

"Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God." A firm rock indeed—a sure foundation for the tried. It is quite evident that the Saviour intends to take this principle in its comprehensive signification. Let us examine it more in detail.

The theme is: *The true staff of life.*

I. Notice first *its negative aspect.*

"Man shall not live by bread alone." Life is a mystery. Its intrinsic nature is still enveloped in obscurity. We are unable to say what it is. The manner of life is, however, quite apparent. It invites the free inquiry of all. It manifests itself unequivocally in its varied spheres. In man it may be considered under three or four different phases. These are: the physical, the intellectual, the moral and the spiritual. As far as we have any experience in this matter, we know that human life is not something that has its sufficiency in itself. On the contrary, we know that it requires to be constantly sustained by some outside power. From whatever side we view the matter, we find that some nourishment must be provided or life will decay and become extinct.

What is this something then that is so absolutely necessary for the sustenance of life? Whence shall this something be obtained?

Man's physical life is sustained by material food. This food is partaken of at regular intervals, and, in obedience to certain laws, it becomes assimilated to the system. Life is refreshed, strength recruited, health maintained. This is the result under ordinary circumstances. There are not a few instances, however, in which the system is deranged. Certain organs refuse to perform their proper functions. The result is loss of life and vigour—the general health of the system is impaired. But there is no lack of food. Famine is not the cause. There is bread enough and to spare. There is free access to the bountiful stores of Providence. Food is employed in order to restore order and healthy activity. It is proffered in very varied forms. All the dainties that the hands of a loving mother can prepare are employed. All the medicines that the skill of the best physician can compound, as calculated to prove an ample antidote, are employed. But all is in vain. Order is not restored to the system. The process of derangement and decay progresses rapidly. Immediate dissolution is inevitable. Why should this be so? Why should bread fail to sustain life here? It is sufficient, to all appearance, under ordinary circumstances. Why not under all? The answer is not far to seek. Bread, though of much value, has no inherent life in itself. All men do not perish with hunger or for want of proper food. Yet all men, without exception, "go the way of all the earth," and bear

irrefutable testimony to the truth of our text : "Man shall not live by bread alone."

But again : Man has a life that is in its nature higher than physical life. Man is an intelligence. As such he requires nourishment as surely as he does as a physical being. Some foolishly suppose that this life may be sustained and developed by means of material food. According to them mind is a form of matter—a function of brain. Consequently the food that sustains the physical life goes also to sustain the intellectual life. Facts of experience are so much against this that we need hardly give it a passing thought. Emphatically may we say that "man—the intellectual man—shall not live by bread alone." But, taking a more consistent conception of the intellectual part of man, we observe that he requires material for thought on which to live. Accordingly, there is abundant provision made to this end. The universe is a store from which all may draw their meat in due season. All minds that are thus active—in whatever sphere of nature it may be—thrive and develop. Not infrequently, however, we see intellectual power failing—intellectual light going out. Master minds that made themselves immortal in the intellectual world, that have been able to grapple successfully with the most involved and searching problems, have become childish and unfit to solve the simplest problems. Why is this? There is no famine of material for the healthy activity of thought. We may have recourse to all the restoratives imaginable. We may endeavour to bring about the most favourable circumstances ; open up the most attractive and delightful fields for intellectual investigation and recreation—but all to no avail. The mind continues to flag. Its aptitude for intricate reasoning continues to vanish. Here, as before, the answer is not far to seek. There is no inherent life in the material provided. It has no life of its own that it can impart. The mind itself has no creative power and so it must yield—fail. However enticing to the fancy may be the thought of others or even our own, yet there is nothing to afford mental vigour. The reader of light literature, of exciting novels, though delighted for the moment with his treasure, yet becomes dwarfed and stunted in intellectual powers. "Give me great thoughts" are among the last words of a truly great man. No. "Man shall *not* live by bread alone."

But again : Man is a moral being. As such he stands in vital relation to the whole moral universe. He is an integral unit of that whole. For the maintenance of this relation in strict accordance with equity there must needs be some motive power. To this end various standards have been erected. Nature ; the eternal fitness of things ; the greatest good to the greatest number ; selfishness and many others have been established as the sources from which the moral man may derive his strength, and sustain his moral relations unbroken. Hosts have come to all of them for bread, but received

a stone. The God of this world gives peculiar prominence to selfishness as a standard of morals. He endeavours to influence us to enrich ourselves with the treasures of this world—to feed upon its glittering gold and sparkling diamonds. His sole concern is that we should bend the knee to him and thus establish for ourselves a kingdom. We were foolish enough to obey. We allowed ourselves to be enticed by the proffered treasure. But alas, the sense of equity, as well as the moral sense within us, revolted. There was no real satisfaction to our moral nature. Bread, material wealth, self-aggrandizement, social honour, are all beautiful and attractive under ordinary circumstances. But when obtained at the expense of moral relations they become repulsive. When the gloomy isolation, that is their inseparable accompaniment, looms up before the mind, they lose their attraction. When the moral sense remains dissatisfied, and moral responsibility presses heavy, whether willingly or unwillingly, they all lose their glitter and become loathsome. The Belly is an unprofitable God to serve. The end pursuant on serving him is destruction. The provisions of the flesh are poisonous and inimical to the moral nature. If they are patronized and indulged in, instead of gratifying the wants of the moral nature, instead of nourishing and building up, they rather feed and sustain the very hunger or want which they are calculated to appease. The power that is at work in undermining the system, so to speak, is supplemented, and the process of degradation is accelerated. The moral nature becomes a wreck. It is perishing with hunger in the palace and at the table of the Prince of 'this world.' "Man shall not live by bread alone."

In fine: Man is essentially a spiritual being. His destiny is a most noble destiny. There is no other creature that can, without presumption, lay claim to such high aspirations as he. He is "made a little lower than the Elohim." But in order to attain to the realization of this lofty destiny—fellowship with God—there must be nourishment and development of divine life in the soul. So, as in every sphere or phase of life, means have been abundantly provided for this end. But here, as elsewhere, the means are merely the forms in which the true nourishment is imparted. In themselves there exists no true nutriment. In themselves they are mere husks; and those who endeavour to live on them are lean and lifeless. Properly used they are of incalculable value. They do contain that which helps the soul to rise in the spiritual scale. If taken alone, however, we are forced to say, "Man shall not live by bread alone." This we see exemplified around us in life. We see it exemplified in the record of history.

Some have endeavoured to obtain and sustain spiritual life by making undue use of the precepts of Scripture with reference to the body. They sought the new life in the grave of the old one. They lacerate the body—deny themselves the comforts of life. High attainment in the spiritual life

is not the result, however. Some endeavoured to reach the same end by seclusion, pure meditation, reading and prayer. Some have had recourse to works of charity and benevolence. Some to a faithful and diligent observance of the outward Means of Grace, a close adherence to the ritualism of the peculiar church to which they may have belonged, supposed experience of conviction, faith etc., at a certain period in the past. With regard to all these, men who have tried them exclaimed, "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity." They have left them, not enriched in the spiritual life, but with empty souls and aching hearts. There may be a name that he is alive, as the possession of him who thus endeavours to purchase and nourish spiritual life. But there is one thing against him. He is *really* not alive at all. He may *think* that he is rich, increased with goods and has need of nothing. But the estimate of the judge of all the earth is that he is miserable, poor, blind, naked. He is perishing with hunger and fainting to fill his belly with the husks, even while within the pale of the church of the Living One. "Man shall not live by bread alone." Thus, then, from whatever stand-point we view man, we find that he has no life in himself—that he consequently cannot be sustained by any mere human invention.

The provisions of this life—in the widest signification—are, in themselves, altogether insufficient to sustain and continue us in life. Over and above this there is the one efficient source of life—the one and true staff of life. This is: "Every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God."

II. Let us consider this staff of life then, in the second place, from its *positive side*.

The great body of Christian men and women recognise God as the author of their being. They see in Him, too, the Great Provider that satisfies the wants of every creature and that overrules every thing for His Own glory. Few, however, seem to realize to any great extent the true nature of the relation that we bear to God as the source of life.

Few—comparatively speaking—seem to get a firm grasp of the truth, that it is in Him we live and move and have our being. Man, even as a physical being, has no life even for the shortest possible duration, save *in* God. "From Him we receive life and breath and all things." It is true that there are certain laws of health which must be carefully observed by us, if health is to be preserved. But what are these laws themselves? Are they not such as can be legitimately classed under the term "laws of nature?" Are they not, further, as all laws of nature are, simply manifestations of the method in which it pleases the Divine Mind to work in our frame and sustain it in life? Material food may be partaken of to the full—indeed it must be partaken of in obedience to the Divine law written in our system—but unless the digestive organs are in a healthy condition, unless the law according to which food is assimilated to the system is in active operation,

there is no satisfactory result. Or, in other words, unless God is pleased to work in our system, and cause that the food partaken of become conducive to the nourishment and strengthening of the body, then it becomes rather a burden, oppressive, working death. Unless God is pleased to limit Himself and permit that we should have power to make free use of our limbs and organs of sense, we could by no means enjoy them. Had He not been pleased to sustain us by His own power *in* the free exercise of that power, we might as reasonably endeavour to move a mountain as to move a muscle. Had God not been pleased to make me a *free agent* and at the same time lay his own power at my disposal—consonant with my limited capacity, of course—I could not even control a thought, or intelligently put forth any energy whatever, even in the direction of using the means provided to sustain life. In presence of this thought the words of David acquire new meaning to us—“I am fearfully and wonderfully made.” The possession, on our part, of such power and freedom to use it, is explicable only in the light of the truth of our text. “Man shall not live by bread alone, but *by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God.*”

The materialist, or he who denies the existence in the universe of a free, personal pervading Spirit—a Supreme and Transcendental Being in vital relation with every possible form of existence—cannot, with any possible degree of fairness, claim freedom or the power of self determination. Moreover, the fact that he is conscious of such freedom and power is absolutely inexplicable upon his theory of existence.

Whatever freedom, then, whatever power or energy, whatever life, with its attendant pleasures and other associations, we receive and enjoy it from the Gracious hand of Him who *is Life*—who liveth forever and ever. We live *in Him* and by His word.

All this is true in a higher sense of our intellectual life. God is Himself the highest and only self-sufficient Intelligence. And as such He alone is sufficient to afford intellectual life to all other intelligences. He alone can create thought; and consequently every other intelligence must of necessity ponder and feed upon His thoughts. He alone is the Infinite Intelligence, and as such He is beyond all and above all. No other intelligence can possibly go beyond the Sphere of the Infinite. There is, and there can be, no field of intellectual research other than the thoughts of the Divine Mind. Whatever the researches of man may have been, and in what department soever, they all may be represented as interpretations of the Divine thought in the Universe. The common mind attributes the achievements of the poet to Genius or poetic inspiration. But, we ask, what is Genius? Whence poetic inspiration? Simply another name for the aid of the Divine Spirit—the influence of the immanent and Transcendent Intelligence. The poet takes a morning or a twilight stroll over a field or hill or along the sea

coast. He is impressed with the unsearchable riches and indescribable beauty of the surrounding landscape, the undulating seas and smiling ripples. The expression of thought of the Infinite that whispers into his soul thrills his very being, inspires his mind. He is filled with emotion. He seizes pen and paper and writes down the thoughts that overflow in his mind, in rhythmic measurements. A most excellent poem is the result, but the poem is not his. He only read it as he saw it inscribed in the book of nature. The poem is the creation of the Divine Mind. The only difference between the true poet and the non-poetic is, that God gave to the one the capacity to *read* poetry, and withheld it from the other. This capacity is what men call genius. So then the true and honest poet, as every other student of the Divine Mind, is constrained to fall prostrate at the feet of Him who fills His whole creation with poetry while he gives a few of His creatures eyes to read—capacities to receive and delineate. "How precious are thy thoughts to me." So it is with the prose writer too. His intellectual power is in God. His inspiration is from the Almighty. The true orator—that handles questions of burning interest—thrills, and move his audience into full sympathy with his theme because the eloquence of the Divine Mind, in presenting the same theme to him, thrilled and inspired his own soul with thorough and melting sympathy with it. The intellect which does not come in contact with, or draw from the depths of the Eternal Mind, is neither fresh, nor instructive. He is neither interesting nor thrilling in the true sense of these words.

The Physicist, or the student of the laws of Nature, observes that certain laws operate in Nature with unvarying regularity. He cannot shut his eyes to the volumes that are here contained. He reads and listens. His soul is stirred within him because he feels his own insignificance before the Glorious and Majestic and Eternal Mind that expresses Himself to him. He finds life in communing with that Mind, and there alone. His mind develops and increases in capacity and power to grapple with these laws and their uses. Deprive him of the study of these laws and you deprive him of his richest and most valued treasure—his intellectual food—his intellectual life. So it is with all finite intelligences, whatever department of thought they investigate. As long as thought is bounded by the outlines of the mere object of thought, without entering deeper than its surface, life and development are at a low ebb indeed and used in most unfavorable circumstances for development. When man, on the other hand, comes to realize that in every possible object of thought he but comes in contact with the Infinite and Eternal Mind, he immediately finds himself in a new world altogether. His intellectual nature receives a new and powerful impulse for true development. Nature—the Universe—is resplendent with new light, by the aid of which he is enabled to unravel problems that were previously hidden mysteries. How

true! "Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth from the mouth of God."

But, not only does our physical and intellectual life consist in God; our moral nature also, receives a new impulse in this truth. Any system of conduct or morality that has not God for its beginning, middle and end, is lamentably at fault. Every other moral standard, all inventions of the perverted mind of man, must give way, in order to make room for this one absolute and supreme standard—the nature of God. Our relations are considered in the true light only when we recognize them as sacred—sacred because they were established by a Holy God, and since the holy law of God is set as a guardian on them. A comparative study of the human races living under various codes of morals, will make this very apparent. That code alone which recognized God as its centre has elevated man to an elevation in the moral scale which could never have been realized under any other code.

In our modern civilization we must regard this as its redeeming character, its foundation. In spite of the influence of the powers of darkness, of the evil and degraded nature of man, of the terrible extent to which pollution and crime have prevailed; in spite of all this we have attained to a stage in the moral development never before realized in the history of the World. To what shall we attribute all this, if not to the fact that the nature of God is our universally acknowledged moral code? To what shall we attribute the good we so frequently find among men, professedly non-Christian, unless to the spirit of God. Truly we must bow in reverence before Him who liveth for ever and ever. He is slow to anger and plenteous in mercy. He has not yet forsaken the earth. He is still working in and through men who even refuse to be influenced, permanently at least, with His higher love, and makes them shew forth His praise and glory by binding firmly on their shoulders the immutable bonds of personal responsibility.

The progress of civilization, then, the advancement of morals clearly show the truth of the text: "Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God."

In fine, man's spiritual life not only can have no real strength, but can have no real existence at all save in Him who has life in Himself. Man, as he is by nature, is dead to the Kingdom of grace. The moral man cannot grow into the spiritual man. He may approach the very threshold of the Kingdom. He may attain to that high degree of morality that he may even persuade himself, as well as others, that he really does belong to the Kingdom, that he really does possess the spiritual life. As I said already, he may feed on those outward means of grace, continue to perform good moral works, enjoy all the privileges of the visible Church, but so far there is no real *spiritual* life. "Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word



that proceedeth out of the mouth of God" Unless the soul feeds on the living word, there can be no life. The spirit of life must needs implant life, must needs sovereignly regenerate, bring about a capacity to receive new influences, to appreciate new thoughts, to assimilate new nourishment. Living union with God is the first and absolute necessary condition to a new and spiritual life. When this union is consummated, an entirely new life begins to develop in the soul. This life is sustained directly by God Himself. The soul must needs keep close to him, live in Him, commune and walk with Him, in order to this end. He must needs be much in prayer, and meditation and sympathy with the Word, both written and Incarnate, otherwise there will be starvation, retrogression, death.

So then, from whatever standpoint we view man's life, we find that he has no life in Himself, that there is no real sustenance in mere means and externals, that "this" world, with all its pleasures and allurements, is an empty show, mere husks. We find that man's true life is in God, that God is constantly with him in all his undertakings, and that He sustains his complex life by His own power, for He alone has life in Himself.

When Christ uttered these words he spoke a universal and eternal truth. He opened up a mine of wealth, rich with thoughts the most inspiring, invigorating and solemn. When he spoke these words he uttered what has proven a balm to the sick; an asylum of refuge for the tempted and tried; a refreshing fountain for the thirsty; a resting-place for the way-worn; and a store-house for the hungry.

Let us apply this text to ourselves, still more closely, by drawing an inference or two from it.

God is always near.

This is a most important truth, especially to the Christian. There is hardly any time of life in which the tempter is not near, ready to pounce on his prey. There are so many channels of temptation, that we may be regarded as being always in a narrow place. There is consequently a constant need of watchfulness, care, and energy. So when the soul is harassed with temptation and the difficulties associated with it, it is well always to remember that the Lord is near. We need never fail, for He is always ready to assist us when we call upon him. We should also follow the example of the Master in temptation, and lay hold upon the eternal principle that "man shall not live by bread alone, etc." We are destined to a life in and with God. It is beneath such a destiny to stoop to mere husks. We are not destined to grovel in the mire, to spend our life in the pursuit of worldly aggrandizement, enjoyment and pleasures. This is not our life. Let us therefore be strong in the face of temptation, and aspire heavenwards. Let us not be slow in faith, and dishonour Him who destined us to so noble a life, by despising its native aspirations and grieving the Holy Spirit. Let us rise to a realization of

what life really consists in. Let us not be duped by the tinselled glitter of worldly glory and worldly treasure. They perish with the using of them. Man shall live by "every word that proceedeth from the mouth of God." This is our rightful table, the only one that can suffice us. We are children of the King. Shall we not grow and be strong in Him? In the Christian warfare with sin within and in the world, then, as well as in personal struggle with the tempter, let the nearness and the presence of the Lord inspire our hearts with new courage and vigour. "We shall reap if we faint not." So let the thought that our God is near prove a bulwark and a garrison for us. If God be with us we can defy all who can be against us. Let the Lord, mighty in battle, cheer us on in the fight. The victory is sure.

Life is a sacred gift from God.

This truth should cast a halo about all our relations and associations. How awe inspiring to think that God is so very near and so vitally related. Every breath we breathe, we receive it from the hollow of His hand. Every muscle we move, every volition we exert, we do it purely in the strength of God. Our very existence is absolutely inseparable from Him. Oh how awful! We cannot engage in any work, of whatever nature, our lawful avocations, our amusements and relaxations, but by the power of God and in His immediate presence. We cannot perform any sin, of any description, but God, in His wonderful long-suffering, sustains us in life and soundness. Even when reason and conscience refuse to follow us, we bring God with us.

How awful the thought! Yet it is not more awful than true. How solemn a thing it must be to live; what a sacred thing is this gift of God. Shall we continue to desecrate this holy gift before the very face of its Author? Shall we not rather resolve that we shall pour it out as a living and sacred oblation to Him who gave it? It would be our reasonable service. Let us live under the presence of this thought: that our life is a sacred gift. Let us submit our will to His will, and so endeavour to lead lives that will reflect honour upon His holy name, and of which we ourselves shall not be ashamed when the books are opened. Let us live as we would die.

"Man shall not live by bread alone but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God."

*Kirk Hill, Ont.*

## Symposium.

### CURRENT UNBELIEF.

BY REV. PRINCIPAL BARBOUR, D.D.

THAT is an excellent observation by Archbishop Tait on John's gospel: "At first sight it might appear strange that, in his introduction, the apostle attacks no existing heresies on the person of our Lord. But, he opens no polemic, makes no apology, goes into no evangelical argument—simply goes over again the life of our Lord, in such form as to convince gainsayers."

In adopting this method John is but following the way of the Leader Himself, who, when appealed to by one in hesitation over his Messiahship, said to the Messengers, "Go and show John *again* the things ye do see and hear—the blind receive their sight, the lepers are cleansed, the lame walk, the deaf hear, the dead are raised up, and the poor have the gospel preached unto them. And blessed is he whosoever is not offended in me." According to this scripture, our Lord presents his miracles as evidence of his Messiahship. Nor is this the only instance. Reflecting on Jewish unbelief, he says: "If I had not done among them the works which no other man did, they had not had sin." And again: "The works bear witness of me, whence I am." And, in a conversation upon the feeding of the five thousand, he said that "Himself had God the Father sealed."

Although to ourselves miracles, as credentials of divinity, are of less account than to those beholding them, yet to none but those whose minds are narrowed to the seen and temporal can the way in which our Lord commended Himself to mankind cease to be of interest; and, during the "current unbelief" which affects a rejection of both Christ and the record of Him, may not the good Bishop's notice of John's method suggest to us a better way of conviction than the detail of wrangling—namely, the keeping aflow of a "current belief" in what our Lord counted the truth, as an offset to prevailing error.

In the belief that this *is* the better way, we shall pursue it in this paper, and go over again the miraculous attestation of our Lord's divinity, in a form we may think fitted to convince gainsayers. Here we must recognize the fact that, if any have so exhausted the possible as to be certain that, prior to all evidence, miraculous interpositions are impossible, the interest of lesser minds in what they may believe possible is likely to appear puerile. But, as Sir William Dawson's reference to

Professor Huxley in the February number may show, not all the unbelieving have gone that length. However that may be, for ourselves, we have lived long enough to learn that God has done a great many things we should not have believed he would do; and we see Him acting now, on principles beyond our comprehension, with features of government we should not have introduced; so that we are content to sit in stillness when a wisdom so far beyond our own makes itself known in "wonders, signs and mighty deeds."

Moreover, Christians are prohibited from acting in any other manner. "Prove all things and hold fast the good." "Buy the truth and sell it not"—buy it at the cost of prejudgments, sell it not to plausible objections. The truth, in all worlds, is the only Christian pursuit; not philosophical truth only, nor scientific truth only, historical or theological truth only, but all realities of things within reach. A "current unbelief" in unreality should be encouraged—a "current belief" of the truth should be encouraged. In aid of both, let the Christian miracles be described as they meet us in their record. Like their great worker, fury is not in them. Mainly, they are for healing, for restoration to life, for the spread of blessing, and blessing only. When asked for signs pleasing to the people our Lord refused to show them; when asked to work certain miracles of vengeance He refused; when sought for to be made a king, because a miracle-worker, He escaped from the honor. But one is on record as a miracle of destruction, and that was on a tree practically dead already. It was enough, however, to show that the destructive as well as the restoring power was in His hands. And *that* is a blessing, for the best blessing to some objects is their destruction.

Viewing them more closely, our Lord's miracles meet their particular ends as "signs, and wonders, and mighty deeds." Some of them evoked "wonder"—the stilling of the tempest did, causing men to cry: "What manner of man is this, that even the winds and the seas obey him!" As John Foster has it, they were "the ringing of the great bell of eternity, that the people might listen to the sermon to follow." Others were "signs"—blindness removed, leprosy cured, the dead raised and the people fed—showing the nature of the Messiah's mission, giving token to the variety of his redemptive powers, followed as they were by instruction on light, life, purity, and bread for the life with God forever. And still others commended themselves as "mighty deeds," such as the resurrections wrought on himself and on others.

Turning from this sketch, in which a certain sweet reasonableness seems to solicit our approval of them, let us ask what justification is there for their performance. "Why should they be wrought at all?" is the question of some. "We see," say they, "a divinity in Christ's life and teaching, for we can test their power on human life; but miracles are difficulties calling for defence rather than encouragements to faith."

It has been already allowed that they are of comparatively less value to

us than to the primitive Christians, and for the reason just presented. Men see the internal fitness and beauty of Christianity, and they feel its power more fully on the inner life, and can thus more easily believe in its divine origin. But how were men at first to give heed to this leavening truth, now able to work its way with a certain amount of cumulative evidence behind it? How were they to know that the propounder of it came from the Maker of the world, how know that he could heal the inner sores of humanity, control the invisible, and decide the destinies of mankind? Must He not bring certain credentials with him, bearing proper signs and seals?

And it may be said this flattery of Christianity as able to stand without the miraculous comes with a questionable propriety from those who, with one breath, tell us how needless to our Lord's divinity the miraculous seems, and in the next breath tell us how near to Christ in life and wisdom are Confucius, Marcus Aurelius, and other moralists of the instructive school. If for no other reason than to show our Lord as a Saviour by *deed*, as well as by *word*, it is a mark of a higher than human wisdom, that with such powers as he possessed, "Him did God the Father seal."

And let it be further said, it is anything but romance that has made it possible for Christ's servants to point those, torn with their own tempestuous passions, to the Christ who stilled the Galilean Sea, who to them might not only say, "Peace, be still," but back his saying with the gift of peace. And what a prayer is that which the restoration of eyesight has made possible in our world: "O Thou who didst open the eyes of the blind, will it not please Thee to do the like to me." Those who think that this is nothing sentimental, have not likely handled many of the heart-strings of strong men in need of a great blessing from one "mighty to save."

But, in case it may be thought that this is to keep the Book of Truth more prominent than the World of Fact, let the facts of life come forward with their testimony on the miraculous, its possibility or impossibility, as this world is arranged. The current unbelief has much to say upon this side of the investigation—may the current belief be allowed a word upon this same matter. We find this world framed and ordered on certain principles, one of which is, that all lower interests are subordinated to all higher interests. Minerals are subordinate to vegetables, and *they*, in turn, to animals; and *they*, in turn, to mankind, so that, as the highest of the natural orders, man has "dominion over the earth, bringing forth the herbs bearing seed, whose fruit is in itself; over the fish of the sea, the fowl of the air, and over every living thing that creepeth on the face of the earth." And not only so. Man's animal nature is subordinated to his spiritual nature; and so, whatever promotes man's highest well-being, has every visible thing subordinated to it. Thus, unless the Creator, blessed be his name, interferes with this grand structural principle, whenever any lower order can be turned to serve a higher, it will thus be

turned, its own primary laws to the contrary notwithstanding. Thus, water, made originally to run down, if it can be made more serviceable to man or beast, or even plant or flower, it may be made to run up, as in the case of that simple interference with its natural law, the barn-yard pump for the watering of cattle, or the garden pump for the refreshment of the flowers. In like manner, stones made of coherent atoms, made to lie prone on the ground, being under this higher "law of the good," can be quarried, dressed, and borne aloft, for defence and comfort, when the well-being of sentient creatures calls for such superseding of the laws of their nature.

But, to shorten this argument, when mankind can be impressed with a good that is spiritual, by interferences with laws that are natural, it is exactly in accordance with the structure of things, that such interferences take place. Should they *not* take place, the unchanging God has departed from his common principle of subordinating all to spiritual good; or else He remains helpless among environments of so-called natural law, that his creature man, rids himself of, at any turn of his will!

To this, let an illustration be appended, to show that when an end worthy of what we call a miracle, or an interference with a natural law, can be served, a miracle may be wrought. Let a boy be on board a steamship on a lengthened voyage; he sees the untiring forces of propulsion, he studies the engines, he notes the heading of the vessel, and he sees no deviation from the one steady progress toward the desired haven. Law reigns, nothing but law could preserve the order, secure the progress, and keep up the hope of a prosperous voyage. He wonders, however, if the ship *could* be stopped; a sailor tells him he has seen it stopped, and that though neither the firemen, nor the engineers, stop the vessel, the captain can stop it anytime he pleases. He asks the captain, who tells him, kindly, that he cannot stop the ship, because it is not made for stopping in the middle of the ocean, and he adds that the boy does not understand the sailor's remarks; and so the youth concludes it is more likely that the sailor is in a mistake, than that the captain ever stopped the ship. Still, since he sees every one and every thing obeying the captain, he should like to know if the ship itself would obey him. During his pondering, one day he lets his pet dog fall overboard, and runs screaming to the captain, beseeching him to save the life of his little favorite, by turning the vessel round, and having it picked up. But the captain tells him, quietly, that little boys must take better care of their pets as ships never stop to pick them up. This settles it to the youth, that the vessel is incapable of being interfered with; and he farther thinks that the captain is hardly master of the ship itself, only of the sailors, and the cargo, for could the thing be done, it would have been done in the case of *his* loss, as *he* should have had it done then, if ever.

Shortly after he has this all settled, one day a cry is heard, "Man over-

board!" and, in an instant, the captain gives a signal, the engines cease, the great hull swings round, boats are lowered, the man is rescued, and the vessel heads her way as before. What, now, does the boy think of the captain and his power over the ship, of his skill, of his kindness,—is he more or less as a captain than he was before? And, what does he think of the vessel, as perfect or imperfect? And, what does he think of himself, his foolish laments, his more than foolish unbelief? And, what one thing is it that has cleared the matter up? It is the *end* in view, for which the ordinary laws of action were turned in another than their ordinary direction, their force being in play as before.

But, perhaps, the most imposing objection to the miraculous is based upon the universal perfection and grandeur of law. That is not a perfect universe, it is said, which has room for interference in either its structure or its management. In noticing this objection, let it be said, it is reverence for law, in its grandly inflexible order, that makes a miracle worth anything. None plead for law more urgently than Christian thinkers, led by Him who died to magnify law and make it honorable. But, as real a fact as the law's stern inflexibility, is the fact of its transgression. And, touching this fact of broken law—natural and moral—as in accidents and sin, the only appeal is to the state of the case. Are there any such things as disorder, sin, pain, penalty? Is there any preventable evil, any redeemable evil, in the universe? To say there is *not*, is to say what nobody believes.

And, to condense whole moral systems, it is enough to say that were God a Creator merely, or a Law-giver merely, or an Artist merely, He with reverence be it written, might have made things incapable of interference. But God is the Father, as well as the Ruler, of sentient, observant, moral beings, free in their actions, capable of understanding and of valuing ends and means, and of securing both instruction and happiness thereby. These are facts, as indisputable as any others, pertaining to creation, law, government, destiny. And, in view of them, it is, at least, believable that the Maker of such a system might exercise His own good pleasure in reaching such beings in extraordinary ways, when extraordinary good can be done in extraordinary crises.

But, to descend to particulars Many, in the current unbelief, cannot get over David Hume's objection to miracles, "that experience being against them, it is more likely that those who testify to them, were in a mistake, than that the miracles were wrought." Testimony has often been false, while the laws of nature are uniform, is the substance of Mr. Hume's objection. Granting it, that we may get a hearing, what is to be done with this fact, as real a one, as any under Mr. Hume's *dictum*: "Men are so made that they must believe well-accredited testimony. And, while they may not have seen the dead raised, and indeed may be inclined to believe that the dead have

never been raised, what are they to do with their other lawful experience, that they are equally inclined to believe unimpeachable testimony." The course of nature is uniform, certainly, and here is a course of nature, as uniform as the course of law, because it *is* a law, as real as any other. In view of this, suppose Mr. Hume's famous *dictum* to be turned the other way, "That it is more likely that what is called the course of nature is a mistake, than that the testimony of honest men is untrue," to show how hazardous it is to let one-sided assertions dispose of well-accredited facts. It may be worth while here to show that miracles, such as our Lord worked, meet a certain adjustment of human nature to the supernatural. We are made for the wonderful, as really as for the practical; and all men acknowledge it, in some form or other. If not met and satisfied by wholesome supernaturalism, by this craving men become the prey of degrading superstitions. Men have been known to become superstitiously afraid of superstition,—that was the form it took in them.

Look over enlightened Christendom, and see if our Lord's unveiling of another world, and His management of it, in common with His management of this present world, has wrought good or evil through man's love of the wonderful. And may we ask, why should man have this fitness for the miraculous in him by creation, and then be balked in its exercise, by having nothing extraordinary ever happen to him? Are we asked, "Are there not calm and well-poised natures, devoid of this perception and enjoyment of the supernatural, who sincerely abjure it?" The answer must be, "Yes, as there are some clear, and discerning eyes, that are color-blind." Good eyes for the thick of life, but not good eyes for the beautiful. But exceptions do not change the general facts of human experience. And let it be further said, that entering into human life, as they have, these wonderful works of Christ have to be accounted for,—and the easier way to account for them is to take them as the gospel gives them, as contributions to the Saviour's power. If they are not real, nor the accounts of them trustworthy, they must be myths, hallucinations, or impostures. But those giving attention to these suppositions in detail, soon see it to be far more incredible that the Jewish people, (and especially their officials, who examined the miracles closely) let them pass into history undenied, than that they are true, and truly told. It is harder to believe that all the acuteness in the world, and the good sense also, fell asleep in the early centuries, and allowed such works to be palmed off upon humanity without remonstrance, than to take them as they are detailed,—the wonderful works of the Wonderful One.

Indeed, if it is all an imposture, or a hallucination, this elaborate and systematic effort, to show nature, humanity, and the invisible world under control for redemptive purposes, it is one of the most accountable things in the history of the world. And we are truly a dignified race, when our greatest



fact is embedded in our greatest falsity ; when we have to confess that our greatest falsity, or fiction, has helped us farther forward in our well-being, than all our life-long accumulations of the truth have done. Or: such a supposition, Pontius Pilate would seem to be our greatest man, for *he* asked at the central figure of all this gigantic pretence, "What is truth?" and proved himself our profoundest philosopher in not staying for an answer!

Notwithstanding this "current unbelief" in them, we can only reiterate the glory they bring to Christ, the comfort and hope they bring to mankind. It is our "current belief," that they justify His revelation of the Father as making mind to master matter, thus caring more for human welfare than for the order of the world ; that they make luminous the love of God in wider experiences than law itself allows ; that they seal the Son of God as just as able to befriend us in the unseen, as in this present life ; that, in a word, miracles are tangible earnestness to us, that He who conquers the elements of nature, the diseases of humanity, the denizens of the invisible world, and death itself, "is able to change our vile bodies, that they may be fashioned unto His glorious body, according to the power, (thus demonstrated), whereby He is able to subdue all things unto Himself."

For such a contribution to His divinity, and to our consolation, we say : "Now unto Him, who is able to do exceeding abundantly more than we can ask or think, according to the power that worketh in us. Unto Him, be glory in the Church, by Christ Jesus, throughout all ages, world without end."

AMEN.

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## Contributed Articles.

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### ONE ISAIAH OR TWO.

THE book of Isaiah is one of those in which the historical method of interpretation now so universally adopted, has wrought something like a revolution. There is scarcely any portion of the Old Testament except the Psalter which has been more read and valued by the church. The large number of its Messianic predictions and the distinctness with which they portray some of the most characteristic features of the Messiah's career have endeared it to the heart of every Christian, while the fulness and the freeness of its offers of divine grace to the penitent sinner, have made it one of the great storehouses of almost every evangelical preacher. But that very fact long militated against the careful and systematic study of it in the light of the historical events amid which it took form. The many edifying truths which lie upon its very surface prevented many from searching deeper down for other truths that might be found below. It was inevitable therefore, that when the historical method came to be firmly and systematically applied to it, the results should be in many cases surprising, sometimes perhaps a little startling to the church.

And yet it is obvious that any thoroughgoing exegesis must proceed along historical lines. The addresses of the prophets were always, or at least nearly always, in the first place, sermons to their own times, and we must reproduce for ourselves as far as possible, the historical situations that gave rise to them if we would catch their drift and read aright the allusions to contemporary affairs that abound in them. In the case of hardly any prophet is this more necessary than in that of Isaiah, for he was the patriot—poet and political seer of his generation, as well as the preacher of righteousness. Like all such, he was an idealist, and firmly seized great, broad principles, such as would hold good in every age and under all circumstances. Hence the perennial interest of his teachings. But he was no dreamer. He exalted the Messianic ideal of the nation's future destiny mainly in order to draw from it a motive for the faithful performance of the nation's present duty.

The first great task, accordingly, which scientific exegesis had before it was to reconstruct the history of the period during which Isaiah laboured. Happily the materials for this, both in the Bible and out of it, are tolerably abundant and exceedingly helpful, even though not always free from obscurity or inconsistency. It is true we are told very little about Isaiah personally, but we know the very year in which he received his call and approximately the date of his death. We know the reigns during which he exercised his ministry, and we have in the historical books of the Old Testament an unusually full account of these very reigns, embracing the leading incidents that furnished the motives for his most important discourses, while our knowledge is supplemented as to foreign nations by the writings of Herodotus and other Greek historians, also by the recent discoveries of Assyrian inscriptions and tablets. These last, which have all the authority of strictly contemporary documents, have added much to our knowledge of Isaiah's time, have added perhaps even more to our interest in it, and have given an impetus to the study of the political events of the period, which cannot be without good result in the long run, whatever judgment may be formed as to any individual's reading of them in the meantime.

Within the limits of this paper, it will not, of course, be expected that I should give, even in outline, the history of that period, but one or two general points may be noted.

Counting from the year 740 B.C., which is given by the most recent chronologists as the year of Uzziah's death, to the end of the reign of Hezekiah in 696 B.C., Isaiah's activity may be taken as covering about 45 years, or the latter half of the eighth century before Christ—the century in which Rome was founded and authentic Greek history begins. The time was one of great anxiety and trouble for Judah, as it was for all the smaller states on the shores of the Mediterranean, owing to the aggressiveness of Assyria. Before the century was out, several of these states were indeed extinguished altogether, and it was more by the kindness of providence than by good management on the part of her rulers that Judah did not share their fate. The first half of the eighth century had been a period of comparative quiet and prosperity. Both Egypt on the one hand and Assyria on the other, seem to have been weakened by internal dissensions, so that the small Syrian states between them had been left to themselves. Whenever that was the case they always prospered. But in 744 B.C., Tiglath-pileser, a vigorous

ruler, seated himself firmly on the throne of Nineveh and began to reconstruct his empire. The effect of this was felt far and wide almost immediately. The western states took alarm and, headed by Damascus, sought to form a confederacy against him. Israel at once joined it, but Ahaz, King of Judah, farther away from the danger, refused. The confederates determined to force Judah into the alliance by placing a creature of their own on the throne. They sent an army which defeated the forces of Ahaz in the open field, and began to invest Jerusalem. The king and people were in terror, and the question was, where should they look for aid. Apparently there were two parties among the king's advisers, one arguing him to appeal to Egypt, the other suggesting that he should summon Tiglath-pileser himself. It was in the pause caused by this conflict, between the opposing factions, that Isaiah came prominently to the front and boldly advised the king to rely on neither, but to trust in Jehovah alone for deliverance. He sought at the same time to revive the national spirit, and kindle afresh the national hope of the Messiah, always the secret of everything that was best in the people's history. It was then that he uttered that striking message as to the birth of a child from a virgin, which has occasioned endless difficulty to the commentators, but which the good sense of the church has always rightly interpreted as a prediction of the incarnation. It was all in vain however, that he struck the chord which should have vibrated in the heart of the king and nation alike. The unbelieving Ahaz appealed to Tiglath-pileser. He was soon relieved by a force sent to take Damascus, compelling the allies to draw off from Jerusalem. But of course he himself was henceforth only a vassal of Assyria.

The other great occasion in the active ministry of Isaiah, falls some 33 years later, in the reign of Hezekiah, and is strikingly parallel to it in some respects, though very different in its results. This also was political in its character, and arose from a coalition against Assyria, this time headed by Babylon under Merodach-Baladan, and including Egypt. Adhering to the one general principle that Judah should trust only in Jehovah, and avoid all entangling foreign alliances, Isaiah warned the king against being drawn into it; but he had already committed himself, and would not draw back. Sennacherib promptly sent an army to reduce the western provinces again to submission, and laid waste a large portion of Judah. The main part of the expedition hurried onward to the Egyptian frontier, but a detachment was

left behind to besiege Jerusalem, when Isaiah again advised the now humbled king to cast himself upon the Lord. This time he was more successful. In response to his prayer, Sennacherib's army met with a great disaster at El-takeh. The special nature of it is not altogether clear, but it compelled him to desist from his enterprise and return to his capital.

There has been much question whether there was not another invasion of Judah, some ten years before this, made by Sargon, to punish an earlier rebellion against Assyria. Egypt and Philistia were certainly involved in it, for the Egyptians were defeated with great slaughter at Raphia, and Ashdod was razed to the ground. The supposition that Judah was likewise implicated in it, and that Hezekiah saved his capital by a speedy submission and promise of tribute, would explain the somewhat mysterious passage in II. Kings, 18: 13-16, and also some difficulties in the book of Isaiah. But however that may be, his chief work seems to gather around the two great deliverances of Jerusalem, the false one under Ahaz, a few years after the beginning of his ministry, and the true one under Hezekiah, a few years before its close. These are the culminating points in his career.

After reconstructing the history of Israel's time as far as possible, the next task of exegesis is to fit his prophecies into their historical setting. As soon as we open the book we find that it is not a continuous composition at all, but a collection of documents of various lengths, giving reports more or less full of discourses delivered on different occasions to which they are appropriate, together with several historical episodes in the life of Hezekiah, either taken from the book of Kings or drawn from the same original source. One striking chapter, the sixth, gives an account of the prophet's call. About twenty of the addresses have headings or inscriptions, which tell us something as to the circumstances out of which they arose, or the persons towards whom they were directed. As regards the rest we must be guided solely by internal evidence, availing ourselves of such allusions as they may happen to contain.

Notwithstanding the abundance of such allusions the task of allocating the various discourse to their historical situations has not proved to be an easy one and, as to some of them, opinions have always varied very considerably. The difficulty is much increased by the fact that neither the dated nor the undated ones are arranged in the order of delivery. Nor does it seem probable that they are arranged in the order in which they were

committed to writing for permanent preservation. The problem is therefore similar to what we find in the book of psalms, though of course confined within very much narrower limits.

So far, however, as the allusions are to events strictly contemporaneous the question is merely one of detail and it may be assumed that fuller discussion and perhaps fuller information, which may yet be obtained from ancient monuments, will enable all authorities to come to some substantial agreement. Much has already been accomplished and the possibilities are by no means exhausted.

The real problem is with regard to a series of discourses which do not seem to refer to contemporaneous events at all, but to a situation that did not arise until more than a hundred years after the death of Isaiah. These discourses take up the last 27 chapters of the book entirely, but are also found interspersed among the earlier chapters as well. From the 40th chapter on to the end the prophet no longer writes as if in Jerusalem addressing the wayward Kings and people of Judah, denouncing their sins and warning them of the judgements that would come upon them, but as if in Babylonia seeking to comfort the exiles with the hope of deliverance "The holy cities are a wilderness. Zion is a wilderness, Jerusalem a desolation. Our holy and our beautiful house where our fathers praised thee is burned up with fire and all our pleasant things are laid waste"—(chap. 64: 10-11) "Our adversaries have trodden down thy sanctuary."—(chap. 63: 18.) Such is the language in which he describes the existing condition of things. But deliverance is near at hand. He mentions Cyrus by name as the personage through whom the deliverance should come, and he is spoken of not as one in the distant future, but as having already appeared upon the historic field. The standpoint of the writer is not that of Isaiah's time but of the time of the exile, when it was already drawing near its close and the hopes of the people are beginning to revive in the prospect of great changes whereby their enemy Babylon should be humbled and they set free to return to their own land.

Assuming that the historical Isaiah was the author of these chapters we must suppose that he was projected in spirit into this future situation a century and a half ahead and was inspired to prepare these discourses in advance for the comfort of his exiled fellow country-men when they should find themselves so sorely in need of it. As to the fact that about one half of

the book relates to this subsequent period there is no longer any question with critics or exegetes of any school. The only question is as to whether this is a satisfactory explanation of it or whether we should conclude that the writer of these proportions of the book was not Isaiah at all, but some later prophet of the exile whose name has perished and whose writings for some reason have been attached to those of Isaiah.

It need hardly be said that the question thus raised is altogether a modern one. Apart from a single hesitating query by Aben Ezra in the 12th century the opinion that it was all written by Isaiah was held continuously without dispute so far as known by both the Jewish and the Christian church for 2400 years. It is barely a century since the difficulty began to be raised. It is only in our own day that doubt has become at all widespread in the English speaking churches, and the reconsideration of it forced upon Biblical students every where throughout the world. The deepest interest in it has been awakened by the appearance of a succession of scholarly and brilliant commentaries all accepting the new view, some with a little hesitation and some with none. Orelli, Smith, and Driver are practically a unit on the point. Cheyne appears undecided but is really not so. Even the veteran Delitzsch, who had long opposed it, felt constrained to adopt it in the last edition of his commentary published shortly before his death. In the face of such writers it is impossible to ignore the question longer. We cannot refuse to consider it. We are bound to look at the evidence and deal with it fairly.

Before looking at that evidence, however, there is one remark which it may be well to make, and that is, that the alarm which has been excited in many quarters among earnest believing Christians over the discussion of this question is wholly needless and utterly without reason. It may be true that some of those who have raised the doubt as to Isaiah's authorship of a portion of this collection which bears his name are opponents of Christianity and hostile to the recognition of any supernatural element in the Bible. But this is by no means true of them all. Many of them are as reverent and evangelical as we could desire. And there never was a critical question freer from possible dogmatic consequences than this. It touches the authenticity of no historical narrative, for there is none to touch. It in no way affects the question of prophecy, least of all of Messianic prophecy, for on any supposition it must be put more than 500 years before Christ, and a hundred years less or more beyond that makes no difference. Nor the

question of inspiration, for there is no part of the O. T. which will more readily be recognized as inspired whoever may have been the author of it. The sole point is as to whether it was written by Isaiah whose name is traditionally associated with or by some later prophet whose name has been lost. Any fears which we may have as to the integrity of the Bible, if we find the new view to be true, are needless. The last half of the book simply becomes an anonymous composition like Samuel, Kings or Chronicles in the O. T. or like the Epistle to the Hebrews in the New. We may then look at the question dispassionately.

Now it is hardly too much to say that if these 27 chapters had come down to us in the form of a separate anonymous book of the O. T., hardly any one would hesitate for a moment as to his decision between Isaiah and some prophet of the exile. Not that it would be impossible for God so to inspire Isaiah as to enable him to project himself into a future situation which he had predicted and compose a discourse, suited to the needs of that future day. But it is on the face of it somewhat improbable and quite the reverse of what we find God doing in other cases. Everywhere else he seems to provide the man for the crisis when it comes, and the probabilities are that he would do so here. In that very period of the exile He did raise up more than one prophet to do precisely this kind of work. Ezekiel and Daniel show plainly enough that the spirit of prophecy was not dead, nor even asleep. Is it likely then that he would anticipate the event with such a remarkable series of discourses as those to be found in the latter half of the book of Isaiah? This consideration is one that will certainly strike different minds with different degrees of force. I must confess that with me it gathers increasing weight the longer I study the Old Testament prophets. Of course if the evidence is clearly in favour of God's having pursued an unusual method, even in this single instance, we must accept it. But it is one of those cases in which the evidence must be reasonably clear to outweigh the probability on the other side. What, then, is the evidence?

A little examination at once reveals the fact that the evidence as to the authorship of the last 27 chapters instead of being unusually strong is exceptionally weak. The tradition so long accepted without question seems, so far as we can judge, to be based upon the narrowest possible foundation, and to be itself of the most indefinite character. The chapters themselves are entirely anonymous, and contain no hint or allusion anywhere that points to



Isaiah as the author, though his name is repeatedly attached to other portions of the collection. The historical evidence practically reduces itself to the single fact that these discourses are inserted in the same volume with those which undoubtedly belong to the great prophet, and that Isaiah's name is continued as a running title across the head of the pages. That running title is of course no part of the original text, and has no authority in itself. It may represent an early tradition among the Jews, just as the titles of the gospels represent the early tradition among the Christians, and in that case it would have exactly the value of that tradition, no more and no less. But it is equally open to us to suppose that the tradition arose from finding it put there by the copyists as a general designation of the collection. That fact would be quite sufficient to account for its origin. It has at least no other authority that can now be discovered.

But may it not receive subsequent confirmation? As guaranteeing its authority some would be disposed to lay stress upon the fact that the New Testament writers quote from these chapters some half a dozen times under the name of Isaiah. But there is nothing to show that they did so in any other way than as they quote from the Psalms under the name of David, for distinction's sake, though they knew perfectly well that many of them were not David's. Such quotations prove only that the collection passed under Isaiah's name then as it does now, and that the title is not simply characteristic of the comparatively late Masoretic manuscripts that have come down to us. The New Testament writers never base any argument upon Isaiah's authorship specially, or indicate that they regarded the matter as one of the slightest importance.

Much has been written to prove that the style of these chapters is the same as that of Isaiah's acknowledged discourses, and so probably his. But equally marked differences can be pointed out, and the question can hardly be settled on that ground. In any case, much less weight is now attached to mere matters of style than was formerly the case among critics.

So that we come back to the one fact of their being attached to Isaiah's works in the Old Testament Canon as the sole ground for claiming him as the author.

Now it may be admitted that under certain circumstances this fact would be decisive. If it could be shown, for example, that this whole collection of discourses in its present form was issued by Isaiah himself, or if the general

title at the beginning even contained any direct reference to these particular discoveries, it would be well nigh impossible to resist the conclusion that they are his. But neither the general title nor any of the special titles refer in any way to them. We know nothing of the circumstances under which these discourses were attached to Isaiah's works, or of the reasons that may have weighed with those who arranged the Canon in so placing them. And we do know that they were in the habit of grouping inspired writings together without a very strict regard to human authorship. Witness the book of Psalms with their various authors, some known and some unknown; the book of Proverbs, consisting of collections made at different times and with two appendices by other writers than Solomon. The twelve Minor Prophets formed with them but one book, and many think a portion of that collection attributed to Zechariah ought also to be regarded as anonymous. It may not be without significance that in the Talmudical arrangement of the Canon the book of Isaiah comes after the books of Jeremiah and Ezekiel instead of before them, as though in its present form it had been completed only at a later time and represented the prophetic activity of this later period as well as of the earlier.\* In view of all this we cannot be sure that they meant to attribute the whole collection to Isaiah. If not, the whole argument breaks down under our hand, and we are thrown back on the internal evidence as the only means of determining the origin of its anonymous parts.

To most it will probably present itself as a difficulty against the view of anonymity, that if there lived towards the close of the captivity in Babylon any such prophet as is here supposed, capable of writing such remarkable compositions as those which form the concluding portion of this collection, all memory of him should have been lost among the Jews and every other trace of him should have disappeared. In some respects he is without peer as a writer in the Old Testament Canon, greater even than the historic Isaiah himself; and yet he has been as completely effaced from the page of history as if he had never lived. The explanation of that is certainly not easy and

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\* The Talmudical explanation of this fact at any rate can hardly be regarded as satisfactory. It is found in the Tract *Baba Bathra*: "(Quest.) How is it? Isaiah was before Jeremiah and Ezekiel. Ought Isaiah to be placed before at the head? (Ans.) Since the book of Kings ends in ruin, and Jeremiah is all of it ruin, and since Ezekiel has its beginning ruin and its end comfort, while Isaiah is all of it comfort, we join ruin to ruin and comfort to comfort." This passage well illustrates the Rabbinical method of inventing recondite explanations for the simplest facts.

never can be anything more than conjectural. But the case is not without a parallel at a much more recent time. One of the most remarkable books in the New Testament is the Epistle to the Hebrews; and yet no man living knows the author; nor has anyone known it, so far as we can discover, for the past 1800 years. He has been lost under the name of Paul as completely as the great unknown of the exile was lost under the name of Isaiah. And perhaps for the same reason. Whoever he was, he owed so much to his great predecessor, that he was content to have God receive all the glory and himself to pass into oblivion.

As regards the discourses in the first part of the collection that appear to relate to the time of the exile, the case is somewhat different. Obviously addresses which are interspersed among those acknowledged to belong to Isaiah have a much stronger *prima facie* claim to be regarded as his than a separate series added at the end. Furthermore, there is only one of them in which the historical allusions are so distinct and clear as apparently to demand a later date, viz.: that contained in chaps. 13-14, which describes in graphic terms the approaching destruction of Babylon. If that is Isaiah's the rest may well be his also. Now this one is distinctly ascribed to Isaiah in an inscription which stands at the head of it. Smith in his commentary dismisses this inscription rather summarily as being simply the report of tradition, and of a later date than the rest of the text. But it can hardly be disposed of so easily. Of course it may have been only a marginal note by some copyist that has found its way into the text without due authority, like those put at the end of Paul's epistles in many manuscripts and printed texts, but now universally discarded. But in the meantime the manuscript evidence here is decidedly against that view. The oldest version, the Septuagint contains it as well as, I believe, every known manuscript of the Hebrew. Even if it does represent only a tradition, that tradition is at least very early and very distinct and so entitled to respect. If the early editors were so indiscriminating and reckless, why did they not date all the discourses? Their very reserve in other cases shows that they were not wholly uncritical. And until we get some better evidence, it is safe to be guided by what we have, avoiding all dogmatism as to what it was possible or impossible for a prophet to do. The facts should govern the theory and not *vice versa*.

Nor should it seem to us such an unnatural thing that Isaiah should foretell the destruction of Babylon. Assyria rather than Babylon was certainly

the great enemy of Judah in Isaiah's time. Babylon appeared only as the friend and ally of Hezekiah. But it hardly needed a seer's penetration to discover how hollow and false that friendship was, and the prophet's stern message to the King after he had received the embassy from Merodach Baladan, as related in chap. 39, shows that he fully understood the danger that was yet to come from that quarter. Yet while foretelling Judah's captivity in Babylon he could not leave that as his final message to his country. It was rather in harmony with his doctrine of the remnant as a holy seed that he should look still further forward to the deliverance by judgment on Babylon. A message of that kind would be but the fuller development of the commission which he received at the time of his call as related in chap. 6, and would be one suited to his own day quite as much as for the days of the exile. Such a consideration might not be sufficient to account naturally for a long series of discourses and yet be sufficient to explain such a prediction as that given here. Hence with the evidence before us at the present time there seems no sufficient reason for disintegrating the collection of discourses in the first 39 chapters, or for attributing any of them to another author than the historic Isaiah.

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## MANNING AND SPURGEON.

THE death of two such distinguished religious leaders as Cardinal Manning and Mr. Spurgeon occurring within the same month, suggests the coupling of names which in life, I dare say, were not often joined together. There might well seem to be little in common between the most pronounced advocate of Ultramontaniam in Britain and the fearless champion of Nonconformity. In views of doctrine, in methods of work, in their conception of the Church's rightful place in the midst of the community and the nation, they were as unlike as could well be imagined; and if the Christian is to be judged solely by opinions, it is impossible that both should hold the title. Yet, widely removed as they were in life, in death they are not divided. I believe that both are together now in the clearer light of the throne of God, and perhaps we shall find that there were some things which would have made them brothers even on earth "in the kingdom and patience of Jesus Christ."

Cardinal Manning did not possess in anything like the same degree that introspective tendency of mind which gives to Newman's *Apologia pro sua Vita* such subtle and fascinating interest, and therefore he does not furnish us with any elaborate argument for his change of communion. For years after Newman's secession he continued, with Pusey, a leading spirit in the Oxford Tractarian movement; and it was not till he had reached middle life that he finally left the Church of England and embraced the Roman Catholic faith. There, he tells us, as never before, he found rest to his soul. While not denying to others a "fragmentary Christianity," he finds in Catholicism alone the full content of religion, and submits himself without questioning to what seems to him its infallible authority. "There was but one truth," he says, "the same in all the world, until the perverse will and the perverted intellect of man broke off fragments from the great whole, and detained them in combination with error, 'holding the truth in injustice'—that is, imprisoned in bondage to human falsehood, and turned against the revelation of God. There cannot be two Christianities, neither can a fragment be mistaken for the whole. \* \* The unity of Christianity is its identity in all the world." ("Temporal Mission of the Holy Ghost.") With much of this we may surely agree. Religion obliges Protestants and Romanists alike to acknowledge a supreme authority outside themselves. The difference between them lies in their

conception of this authority, and of the relationship it has to each individual soul.

Therefore, though we may not sympathize with Cardinal Manning's action at this crisis of his career, nor even understand it thoroughly, few will be inclined to doubt the sincerity of his convictions or the uprightness of his purpose and aim. It has been reserved for *The Saturday Review*, with its usual cynicism and audacity, to think otherwise. Thus speaks the oracle: "It is, we believe, the unanimous opinion of those best qualified to judge that he never would have left the Church of England if it had not been that, at the time of his leaving, all future seemed closed to the High Churchman of the new variety." In common fairness to the memory of the departed prelate, such a judgment must be indignantly rejected. That the English Archdeacon at the time of his secession was not devoid of personal ambitions, nor without desire to find the most congenial atmosphere in which to realize them, need not be denied. But the departure from the Church of his fathers was to him clearly a matter of duty—of mistaken duty, as we may regard it—but one which he felt himself bound to obey.

We must be prepared to accord to others, in their religious conduct, the same integrity of motive which ought to govern ourselves. The days are surely gone by when a public character may become the object of dislike or suspicion simply on account of his theological attitude, however erroneous we believe it to be. Nor should any undue importance be attached to the movement, even of the most distinguished personage, in leaving one church and joining another. Such changes are inevitable. In many individual cases they may be productive of much benefit; but of themselves they prove nothing at all as to the relative merit of the two communions. Religious belief is not always hereditary; and what we want in such matters, therefore, is perfect freedom. I would counsel no man to remain a Protestant who felt that his spiritual activities would be strengthened and his actual character improved by membership with the Church of Rome. Perhaps the leap from the extreme High Churchman to the Ultramontanist may not be such a formidable one after all. On the other hand, every man who desires to think for himself on religious questions, who is dissatisfied with mere ecclesiastical dogma, who humbly and reverently believes that he was made, apart from all foreign intervention, to be himself a king and priest unto God, ought to feel at full liberty to break with old associations, however venerable, and while he

respects the past, to begin his religious life anew. Whether such a man ever calls himself a Protestant or not—and that is a matter of secondary consequence—he is the best kind of Protestant at heart.

Cardinal Manning in his new surroundings soon showed himself a model example of the Christian at work. He was a controversialist to the end, resolute but courteous. No more unqualified defender of the decrees of the Vatican could be found anywhere. He never forgot, in the midst of his varied activities, the interests of his adopted communion. Looking at things from his standpoint, such enthusiasm is worthy of all admiration, and rebukes the religious apathy of many who would laugh it to scorn. Some of the time spent in attacking Romanists might be better employed in imitating their virtues. Cardinal Manning uttered no idle boast when he said: "I am conscious how little I have ever done in my life; but as it is now drawing towards its close, I have at least this consolation, that I cannot remember at any time, by word, or act, to have undermined a revealed truth; but that, according to my power, little enough as I know, I have endeavoured to build up what truth I knew, truth upon truth, if only as one grain of sand upon another, and to bind it together by the only bond and principle of cohesion which holds in unity the perfect revelation of God." ("England and Christendom").

But it is his energy in practical affairs which most challenges our attention. He was at once a prince of the Church, and a citizen of the world; and no man in this age more closely brought to bear the beneficent features of Romanism upon the needs of modern civilization. He himself says: "Catholics cannot meet without being forced into the time-spirit. We do not live in an exhausted receiver. The middle ages are past. We are in the modern world—in the trade-winds of the nineteenth century; and we must brace ourselves to lay hold of the world as it grapples with us, and to meet it intellect to intellect, culture to culture, science to science." ("Miscellanies," Vol. 1). Exeter Hall is the last place where one would expect to meet a Cardinal. Yet there and elsewhere he joined in associated movements of philanthropy, and his trenchant voice was heard in favour of temperance, on behalf of persecuted Jews in Russia or famine-stricken provinces in India, or in eloquent advocacy of the needs of the poor at home. In one of his writings he says: "I claim for labour the rights of property. There is no personal property so strictly one's own. The strength and skill that are in a

man are as much his own as his life-blood ; and that skill and strength which he has as his personal property, no man may control." ("Miscellanies," Vol. II). With more influence, perhaps, than could have been found in any other living Englishman, he appealed to the labourers in the great strike a year or two ago in the dockyards of London. He was a Christian Socialist as well as a Cardinal, and he never tired of proclaiming that the reform of English society must begin with more adequate consideration both for the temporal and spiritual needs of the great body of the people. It is this singular combination of qualities, rather than transcendent ability in any one particular which makes Cardinal Manning such a conspicuous figure in modern religious history. When we recall his earnest allegiance to what he believed was right, his incessant labours for the progress of Christianity, his practical friendship with the poor and destitute, his self-sacrificing devotion to the cause of noble reforms—when we recall these things, then, in spite of our wide dissent from many of his theological opinions, we may still join with his most ardent co-religionists in a common admiration of his lofty character, and a common sorrow over the loss of a great and good man.

Let us turn now to look at another distinguished leader of religious thought and action, whose earthly career closed still more recently. In view of the varied standpoints from which judgment may be made, one should be slow in using unqualified superlatives about any man. And yet when we think of his long career of usefulness, his magnetic power over the people, his abounding fertility of resources, his large, warm human heart, Spurgeon well deserves to be called the greatest preacher of the nineteenth century. He did not possess the keen analytic power of Frederick Robertson, the scholarly eloquence of Liddon, the many-sided vision of Henry Ward Beecher. But in the permanence of his hold upon the masses he excelled them all. The congregation at the Metropolitan Tabernacle had upon it the stamp of mediocrity. Not many wise, nor mighty, nor learned were called. But the common people heard him gladly, and the poor had the Gospel preached to them. And this fact alone, I think, ought to enshrine him in immortal remembrance. If anyone attended his services to find stimulus to more profound religious thought, or glimpses into unexplored territory, he was likely to come away disappointed. So manifold was his work that his sermons sometimes more clearly revealed a natural aptitude for preaching than patient research into truth. No one man can do everything ; and it would be folly



to have expected from him, so placed in the mid-stream of thronging activities, the graces of leisure or the wealth of profound philosophy.

And now that his work is done, who could wish that it had been otherwise? So long has his name been a household word, that many will feel surprised to learn that he was but fifty-seven years of age when he died. Nearly forty years ago the almost untrained youth began his ministry, and during those four decades, save for the interruptions of sickness, he has maintained his seemingly inexhaustible energy. Many will remember the unkind things which were said of him at the outset of his career, and his uphill fight against English prejudice and the prestige of the Establishment. But he had strong self-reliance born not of conceit and thoughtlessness, but of profound conviction that there was a work which the Master had given him to do. His earlier places of ministry became too small, and in 1861 the present Metropolitan Tabernacle was finished, and Sunday after Sunday, year after year, as almost every visitor to London can testify, this immense building was thronged with thousands of attentive worshippers. Nor was he content with preaching only. The Pastor's College which he established and maintained for students for the ministry; the Stockwell Orphanage where numberless poor children found a home; the Colportage Society and other beneficent organizations attest the many-sided activities of his great heart and mind. His published works, also, on various subjects, are numerous; he was the Editor of a monthly Magazine; and for many years his sermons have been read by tens of thousands. What a busy life he lived! How contagious must have been his enthusiasm and his energy! What a blank he leaves in the religious world now that he is gone!

What were some of the causes of his phenomenal success? It may be easy to account for transient popularity; but no trick of sensationalism will maintain the steadily growing work of years. On the physical side, his most remarkable possession was his voice, winning, resonant, clear as a bell, seeming to need no forced activity, but pouring forth its music in the easy perfection of nature. As to his speech, it was virile Anglo-Saxon, direct, incisive, spontaneous. He never seemed to want a word, never seemed to utter one which could have been with advantage displaced by another. And then, the doctrine which he taught—he was sure of it. It was the conviction of his inmost soul, and easily comprehensible to the average listener. Through his whole teaching there ran a magnificent simplicity. Never, pro-

bably, assailed by religious doubts himself, he was not pre-eminently a preacher to those who had passed through them. He left some provinces of truth untouched, and the trim exactness of his theological opinions would have made them almost repellant to many earnest minds. But he recognized his distinctive mission, and nobly did he fulfil it. With him it was always the same old story, presented in ever new forms by the kaleidoscope of his fertile brain and rich personal experience.

Possibly his end may have been hastened by the unhappy differences which existed of late years between him and some of his brethren in the ministry. Believing them to be on the "down grade," he felt it his duty to sever his fellowship with them. To one so tender and sympathetic as he was, this act must have been full of pain. It may seem to some of us that he exaggerated the difficulty, and that in his burning zeal for a pure religion, he fell into the mistake of distrusting those who were not less earnest and devoted than himself. This, I think, must be admitted. But, Luther-like, he recognized no other master than his Conscience. "Here stand I; I cannot do otherwise; so help me God." And the world needs some lion-hearts like that to carry forward the message of the Gospel in the midst of abounding wickedness. Though his earthly work is now done, he has left to the Church universal the inheritance of his good name, of his tireless Christian fervour, of his zealous devotion to the welfare of humanity and to the truth of God. In no tone of pride were his last words uttered: "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith." So spake he truly; and the soldier of Jesus was at rest.

It is impossible even thus hastily to review the career of these two great leaders of religious thought and action without being impressed with the fact that, in spite of their wide differences, there are some things, at least, in which they heartily agree. Great, indeed, is the chasm which divides pure sacerdotalism from absolute individualism; yet, across even this gulf they join hands together. The faith of both of them was rooted and grounded in God. Both were unswerving in their allegiance to what they believed to be true. Both were earnest in effort for the spread of what each regarded as the kingdom of Jesus Christ. Both were irreproachable in their Christian character. Both were devoted to the cause of the poor and needy, and to the moral amelioration of the world. More eloquent than any eulogium on Cardinal Manning is the significant fact that his worldly accumulations in all the long

years of his life-time were a library of books, and a few hundred pounds in money. Not less marked was the unselfishness of the great Protestant divine ; and we need not wonder, therefore, that both should be followed to their graves by the tears of thousands. It is to be hoped that there was some mistake in the despatch which informed us that Unitarians were not wanted at Spurgeon's funeral. That is not a time for insisting on doctrinal divergences, or drawing cords round the circle of sympathy. Irrespective of creed or Church association, Manning and Spurgeon alike deserve and will receive the unfeigned homage of all who have at heart the welfare of humanity, and the speedy enthronement on earth of the Kingdom of Jesus Christ.

*Ottawa.*

W. T. HERRIDGE.

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### FIRST LOVE.

The spell is broke ; the youthful fancy's gone ;  
 Life's morning mist hath lifted, and the sun  
 Shines clearly forth at length. Earth hath begun  
 To look more real in the truthful dawn.  
 By broader landscapes, ampler hill and lawn,  
 Homeward I ride. The early chase is done.  
 Yet who shall say, tho' seems there nothing won,  
 What vigorous strength therefrom hath not been drawn ?

Our youthful passion is a great forge-fire  
 Wherein the soul is tempered. Uncontrolled,  
 The steel is hard and brittle, soon to tire  
 And shatter into fragments. Faint and cold,  
 Pliant and soft. But strongly reaching high'r,  
 A brand of might, fit for its sheath of gold.

MERLIN.

## PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF SPURGEON.

THE foremost preacher of the world went home to God when Charles Haddon Spurgeon was delivered from his conflict with excruciating pain, and ended the long struggle with infirmity and disease. Born in Kelvedon, Eng., June 19th, 1834, he went to heaven from Mentone, France, at the close of Sabbath, January 31st, 1892, aged 57 years, 6 months and 12 days.

In the corner stone of the Metropolitan Tabernacle is this statement, made by the deacons: "In December, 1853, Mr. Spurgeon, by a surprising providence, was first invited to occupy the pulpit of our chapel for one Sunday. Having been born on the 19th of June, 1834, he was then only in his twentieth year. His preaching at once gave signs of singular attraction, and on his repeating his visits to the metropolis, each occasion witnessed the increasing interest his ministry excited. In January, 1854, he accepted the invitation to supply the pulpit for six months, three months of which only had expired when he was unanimously chosen pastor."

From the day he commenced his labors in this church, which traces its commencement to 1652, it pleased the Lord to grant a revival which lasted until the present time. London was his sounding board, the whole world his parish, and uncounted thousands of redeemed souls the stars in his crown of rejoicing. A great Brother Man has left the earth. His departure takes out of this world a vital force, a loving influence, a fountain source of religious power, with which the world has been enriched and without which the world will be very poor to uncounted thousands.

### HIS BUSY LIFE.

The wonderful thing about such a life as this of Spurgeon's is what it costs the individual to grow it. The sermons, books, editorials, letters, and witty utterances withdrawn from circulation is like subtracting one of the rivers of India, that supply moisture and fertility to vast plains on which, because of them, mighty harvests are grown. From an early period of his ministrations in the British metropolis the skill of the shorthand reporter was invoked to reproduce for the devout reading world a portion of the pleasure experienced by his auditors. It was found that, contrary to what might have been expected, the impromptu utterances of the gifted boy read exceedingly

well in print, and when read to other audiences were attended with power and unction—so that scores on shipboard, in foreign climes, in homes, men and women, were led by them to Christ. As a result, not a word of Spurgeon was suffered to fall to the ground; all his sermons, addresses, prayers, and even casual remarks from the pulpit or lecture room were issued to the world by the religious press and speedily gathered into volumes, some of which circulated by the hundred thousand in all parts of Great Britain, Canada, Australia and the United States.

As an educated man, as Rev. Joseph Cook has well said, Mr. Spurgeon has been greatly underrated. He had a splendid education in the essentials, and he was an indefatigable student in his way. His large house was filled with books—an ordinary house would not have been adequate for his large library. Although he was a born orator he said, "Nothing is fit for publication as I first utter it." This permits us to understand in part the draft upon his time and strength which was required to prepare for the press his "Lectures to Students," "Speeches," "Tabernacle Histories," "Expositions," "Books of Devotion," "Popular Books," "Shilling Series," "Readings," either for the Family or the Closet, and his monumental work, "The Treasury of David," in six volumes, with his "John Ploughman's Talk," which in one year reached a circulation of 320,000, and of the sequel published subsequently over 100,000 were sold.

It was

IN 1868 I FIRST SAW HIM.

He was then at his prime. That was before "The DOWN GRADE Experience," when he was the most popular man in the world. His College was getting on its feet, his Orphanages and Retreats for the aged were blossoming into beauty and usefulness. Twenty-five hundred copies of his sermon were each week bound in paper to be loaned out to the sick and infirm, deprived of the privilege of hearing him on the Sabbath, and after they were used there they were sent to the regions beyond.

After the sermon on the Sabbath I was invited into his magnificent reception room on the floor above the pulpit. Up we went two flights; I was asked to remain in the vestibule for a moment until my name was handed in. Quickly came the invitation to come in. There he sat, after preaching one of the finest sermons to which I ever listened, as calm and considerate as if he were the servant rather than the governor of a work attracting to itself

attention from all parts of the world. His welcome I can never forget. On presenting my letters of introduction he said, "You are very welcome, I know you well." One letter was from Rev. Thomas Armitage, D.D. He took it and held it, saying, "Dear Thomas, is he in good health?" Then I said, "He told me to ask you, if you were going anywhere to preach, to allow me to go with you, and to ask you to permit me to come to your house." "Dear Thomas, that is just like him," said the great preacher with a laugh. "Well, I am not preaching much now. What are your engagements?" "I have none," was my quick reply. "Everything in London and England is secondary to the privilege of being with you and of coming in touch with your work." "Can you come here to-morrow eve at five sharp?" "I can." "Well, come then, and we will see what can be done" I started to go down stairs, and had got down half way the first flight, when some one called out, "He wants to see you!" I went back, and he said, "Would you like to go to Rochester and see the shipping and the oldest castle in England?" "If I can go with you a desert or a palace is alike to me." "That is good. Come to-morrow at five." The next night I was there precisely at five. That pleased him. When I entered the room he pushed aside the last of his work, and as I said, "You look tired," he replied, "So I am; I have been here since seven o'clock this morning, reading proofs, and correcting my sermon of yesterday morning." That was what it cost to be Charles Haddon Spurgeon, not for one day but for every day for forty years, with no time to visit America or Australia, or even to have a day's pleasure such as comes to less busy men.

#### HIS WORKING ROOM

deserves a description. It was large and sunny. Before him was the finest portrait of Oliver Cromwell I saw in Europe. Near by, was a fine portrait of Dr. Gill, the first Pastor, and other pictures, and a fine marble bust of himself that was a speaking likeness. A lounge was there on which to rest, and the chairs were all inviting but not luxurious. It was not a den, with books and papers scattered about. It was a working and a reception room where the business wrought out in the Tabernacle was planned and talked over.

On my entering I felt that I was a welcome guest. He showed me the Tabernacle which was his pride. Its acoustic properties were praised. He looked upon it as God's gift to the poor of London. Then we visited the

Library of the Church and college which had in it everything that would shed light on Baptist history in England. There was his Secretary who had much of his literary work in hand. Out from the church with its bookstore and storeroom of books for his ministers, out of which has grown the great benevolence of Mrs Spurgeon which has given 120,000 volumes to indigent ministers of all denominations in ten years, we passed to the Retreat for aged women, connected with the Tabernacle and the Orphanages, where I saw what God had done through this unselfish man who lived not for himself but for God's glory and the good of his fellow-men.

#### HIS KINDNESS OF HEART

was apparent. Here was a man giving up time to a perfect stranger from whom he could expect no compensation, simply because of the goodness of his heart. What he did for me he has done for hundreds more from all parts of the world.

The same evening I went to

#### HIS PRAYER MEETING

No sooner did I enter than his eye caught me and I was invited to the platform, and was permitted to enjoy the greatest privilege of my life and trace to its source the marvellous power of the man. The prayer meeting was a colossal fact. It surpassed anything I ever saw before. Its size was surprising. Without anything of an extraordinary nature, the ground floor was full at the opening. And still they came until the first gallery was full and the crowd began to darken the second gallery. Then the meeting began promptly on time. The singing was not extra. No instrument. A good leader and all sang old tunes in an old-fashioned way. Nothing yet to explain the marvellous crowd. The Scripture was read and the comment on it was good, but nothing surprising. The secret was not in the reading of the Scriptures. The prayers were in no way extraordinary. On the platform sat the father, mother, wife and brother of the great preacher. Deacon Olney read the requests for prayer, and told us all something about the extent of the work in London and throughout the world, and then he prayed; the meeting was still dead. Then Spurgeon arose and talked and said, "I want to introduce to you the noblest and best of living men, my honored father." Up arose the honored man, but nothing came of it. Then came Deacon Olney and said to the Pastor, "you better take the meeting." I looked at his face and I think I

will remember how it looked in heaven. The red lines ran up and down his cheeks. He was in silent prayer. Whether he said anything preceding his prayer I do not remember, but if he did it was only to get ready for the prayer. Then in an humble manner he said, "let us all go to the throne of grace." No British regiment ever followed Havelock into a terrific charge, with more determination or with a greater sense of the crisis to be met, than did that praying host on that occasion. In a moment the enemy of souls was charged. He said: "Oh God! here is the Devil doing his best to break up this prayer meeting. I hear him saying, "Spurgeon's prayer meeting is a failure" "The church is dead," he says. "Faith," he claims, "is dying out." I hear him, Lord, claiming that the people are satisfied with the collections, and great congregations, and that they are letting go of the right hand of the Lord Jesus, in whom is all the might and power now and forever more. It is a lie, Oh God There is not a bit of truth in what the Devil claims. We trust in thee Jesus." Then he praised his Christ. He warmed to the theme Then the Amens began to roll forth. "Come, Jesus, lift us out of ourselves and into thee." "Amen" was our united shout. It was done As I have seen the tide come into the harbor on whose muddy bottom lay great ships, and lift them until the mud disappeared and it looked like the sea, on which navies might ride, so on this night the tide of redeeming love came through the gates of praise and rolled in mastering waves until we were out on the Ocean of God's love sailing. There and then I saw Spurgeon, and there I found the hidings of his power. God was in him a wonder and a praise.

#### SPURGEON THE PREACHER.

In 1868 when I first saw him he was but 34 years of age. He was at his best. In 1856 the Pastors' College was founded, the Stockwell Orphanage in 1867. Money was flowing in to him like a tide wave. He was at that time the most popular and successful minister in the world. The Boy Preacher had flowered into the Modern Whitfield and had passed Whitfield and Wesley, Robert Hall and all others in capacity to draw and influence people. His sermons were being translated into every living language—published so that mankind was being brought into touch with the work of the Tabernacle. The limits of this paper forbid descriptions of the man, as he was seen in 1868 and 1889. In '68 the gout that was to kill him had not shattered his gait nor marred his face His step was light and free. His gestures were graceful and telling. His text was found in Psalm xlii: 1. "As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after thee O God." It was suited to the highest and best form of dramatic art. I can see him now as without a pulpit or a note he stood before 6,000 people, every eye on him, picturing that hart on the mountain's brow, thirsty, ears



back, tongue out, hunted and almost famishing from thirst, seeing the brook running through the valley in the distance and then without a care making for it by leaping from crag to crag until he reaches the stream, there to slake his burning thirst. The entire audience drank with the hart, and were refreshed. Wheeling at once he portrayed the Christian's thirst. How dry we became. Then he uncovered the fountain in Christ. It seemed to me that I had never seen my Christ before. There he was in his beauty. That morning all saw him and were refreshed. It was good to be there.

The battle-scarred veteran of 1889 was a greater wonder than was the preacher at thirty-four. The gout had lamed him, and was a continual torture. "What is the gout, Mr. Spurgeon?" With an inimitable laugh he asked, "Do you know rheumatism?" "Yes. Have seen sufferers with it." "Bad?" "Yes." "Well when it is at its worst take two more turns and that is the gout." There he was, helped by a crutch and a cane. It was Thursday night. Posters were out that he was to preach. My daughter went with me to see and hear him. There was a prayer meeting preceding the preaching service. We sat back among the multitude, in one of the smaller rooms. It soon filled. In he came. A deacon was assisting him. He was very lame, and sick. How they greeted him! The meeting opened. He recognized his acquaintance of twenty years before, and asked him to lead in prayer. At the close, his kind and loving greeting for the daughter can never be forgotten. Up we went into the Tabernacle. It was crowded to the doors. The preacher was helped with difficulty to his place, and with his knee resting on a chair, he began the service. The voice was the same. No hurry. Time enough to hear from God out of his word. How he hit Romanism and Ritualism and Rebellion. He stood there the defender of "The atonement," "The personality of the Holy Ghost," and against calling "The fall of man" a fable, or speaking slightly of "Justification by faith," or refusing credence to the Dogma of the "Plenary Inspiration of the Scriptures," or holding "That there is another probation after death, with possibilities of a future retribution for the lost." There he was as much a Baptist as ever, though he had withdrawn from the Baptist Union. He was full of God. The man who never swerved from the beaten path was before them not so much to warn as to encourage faithfulness to Jehovah. The sermon surpassed anything I ever heard. On he went clambering heights, inaccessible to the most of us, where with the transfigured Christ on the mount he held converse and seemed to hand down views of the infinite fulness that enriched us all, and added no sorrow. Down that height we came to earth again, but with God and heaven in our hearts as never before. It was worth our trip across the sea; and if we had obtained no other blessing we would have felt ourselves rich indeed.

*Montreal.*

JUSTIN D. FULTON.

## GOD'S GIFT OF BEAUTY AND ART TO MEN.

ALL beauty in the physical and moral world, and the ability to perceive and reproduce it in an appreciative way, is a Divine gift. Whatever is good and beautiful and true amongst men is a reflection, more or less dim and blurred, of the Divine beauty and perfection, and whatever masterpieces of art man has produced have been but remembered notes of Divine whisperings to human hearts. The gifts of beauty in nature lie all around us, from the tiniest blade of grass carpeting the fields to the rugged mountain top encircled with clouds; all showing perfect adaptability to their purpose, and exquisite beauty in their form and colour. Art is the realized effort of man to reproduce this beauty in his own way.

All men have the endowment of the sense of beauty to a greater or lesser extent; with most men it is the latter, but some have the higher endowment, and have thereby the right—and to them it becomes a duty—to cultivate it and use it for the glory of the Giver and the good of mankind. There are many earnest souls labouring to-day to express great and noble thoughts through the medium of art, who realize deeply and in their inmost hearts that art may be God's minister, and that it has, without doubt, a heaven-sent commission to weary and sad hearts. Art, however, is no new gospel; it cannot usurp the functions of religion; it has no inherent power to make a vicious man virtuous, or a degraded nation an exalted one. Were I to affirm so the history of art would belie my words, for we know that a high state of excellence in art has sometimes been contemporary with a low state of national faith and morals. But I venture to say this, that the highest quality of art cannot long accompany a low moral sense, for art, to be true, must be a faithful reflection of a nation's faith and morals, and will rise or fall accordingly. But without claiming the highest ethical influence for art, I claim for the best expression of it a high moral and refining influence upon any nation.

Many good people look askance at beauty and art, if they do not actually despise them, and hold them to be snares and possible stumbling blocks; abused, they may be, but used aright, they are God's good gifts.

It would be most interesting to trace the evolution and spell out the history of art down the ages, beginning in the most primitive way, as part of the Divine Architect's plan to educate mankind, from the infancy of the race up to manhood; but the limits of this paper forbid. This much may be said, however, that art is not systematically progressive. I sometimes wish that like science this were possible, and that building upon all the achievements of the past we could rear up in cumulative magnificence an edifice, grander, nobler and more sublime than any that went before. What labour and weariness and bitter disappointment we should often save ourselves. If we

were the custodians of the heritage of art's noblest efforts in all ages we should be able to take up the brush, the compass, the chisel, as they fell from the nerveless grasp of our predecessors, and limn, build or hew out great works in steady upward progression. But this is to misunderstand the whole genius of art. In whatever age, what man has achieved in art has not been by the cumulative knowledge of academies and schools of design (although these have had their share and are noble helps), but rather have been the outcome and revelation of the individual's temper and quality of mind. Much may be done to raise the general standard of proficiency of art expression by means of museums, ateliers, etc.; but the creative faculty, the genius, the insight into what is true and beautiful and of good report, and the ability to give noble expression to it, is not hereditary, and cannot be stored like motive power to be switched on when required.

We cannot have a Michelangelo, a Titian or a Brunelleschi at will; but we can so prepare the way that when a greater than these arises we shall hail him with due appreciation and honour.

On the other hand, however, there is a law of compensation which reigns; if art cannot profit as much by past knowledge as science, neither do its past achievements become so profitless.

Every schoolboy knows more now than the great scientists of a past age dreamed of; much of their work is valueless comparatively—has become superseded, and has only an historic interest; not so with art. I suppose in no age has ancient art been more studied than in the present, and never have the masterpieces of the ages been more appreciated. Honest good art will always charm as long as it holds together, whatever be the fashion, and I do not despair of seeing art impregnate and dominate all grades of life, and rise to heights of attainment never hitherto reached.

Art is not a dress to throw on or off at pleasure; it is like duty, it should rise with us in the morning and go to rest with us at night; it should permeate our waking and our sleeping thoughts; it should be allied to our very nature, and is indeed a necessity of a full rich life. Were we but attuned to the Divine harmonies as expressed in art, we should taste of joys which to us are now unknown; our eyes would see deeper and fuller meanings in the spiritual as well as in the natural world; our ears would catch the strains of sweeter and loftier music than any we hear now; our whole senses would be enlarged, and we should receive the gift of a new sense—even that of using aright what we have got. If we have received this gift, let us use it for the highest good of our fellow men, obeying the apostolic injunction, "Freely ye have received, freely give."

*Montreal.*

ANDREW T. TAYLOR.

## THE DEATHLESS VOICE.

I hold him worthier poet's song  
Who dies in doing one grand deed  
To aid the weak and right the wrong,  
Or help his brother in his need,  
Than him whose court the nations throng.

For what of worth is in his hands  
Whose ships traverse a hundred seas  
To bring the riches of the lands  
And pour it all about his knees,  
While armies wait on his commands,

If men shall point his grave and tell  
How all his days were given to seize  
The reins of mart ; to buy and sell ;  
And say of him, regarding these,  
" His work is finished : it is well ! "

Ah, well for him that he is dead,  
And well for us that we shall die  
If only words like these are said  
By those who follow when we lie  
At rest, and all our days are sped !

A note of truer worth is heard  
In our dear memories of a soul,  
In spirit pure, sincere in word,  
Whose life hath ever crowned the whole  
With deeds by noblest virtue stirred.

The memory of one strong, sweet life,  
Unfading thro' the dusk of years,  
Wedded to us, as man to wife,  
And hallowed with slow-dropping tears,  
Hath nerved us for the coming strife.

A light from such high deeds has gone,  
Whose glow shall deepen to the last ;  
For worth of years is never done,  
And voices ringing from the Past  
Still lead the glorious Future on.

R. MACDOUGALL.

## The Mission Crisis.

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### TURKEY.

THERE is no other country which has such a great and varied mass of interest attaching to it as what is now known as the Turkish Empire. Here, in all likelihood, was the early home of the race. Here lived holy men of old—patriarchs, prophets and apostles—to whom were granted such visions of the Almighty as made the scenes of these sacred and forever memorable. This is the land which, more than any other, has impressed its character upon the Bible. Its mountains and valleys, its rivers and seas, its fields and fruits, as well as its climate and soil, affect and enter into the composition of the sacred Book to such an extent that, apart entirely from other evidence, there is no room to doubt what land gave it birth. How strange it is that the countries where both Judaism and Christianity had their origin and early development should now be the possession of the infidel Turk, and be governed by the successor of Mohammed. Yet so it is. Bible lands set forth, in our day, the same lesson they did in the times of Israel's humiliation and captivity—viz., that as idolatry is countenanced in the church the divine favour and presence depart from her, leaving her weak and incapable to stand before her enemies. A distinguished rabbi once said that the captivity forever cured the Hebrews of idolatry, but the ancient churches of the East have yet to learn the lesson, for they are still joined to their idols. For centuries past the seats of early Christianity have continued to be trodden down by the enemy, but the church thus far has lacked either the ability or the right measure of jealousy for the honour of God and His cause to win them lack.

Great credit is due the Presbyterian Church in Canada in undertaking to send missionaries to Turkey, notwithstanding the many fields she has already entered and is now occupying with marked success. Although young in years and carrying on a great mission on her own soil, she has not taken so long as others to perceive that it is her privilege and her duty to labour also for races from whom we received the heritage of the gospel. Seeing then that the

Canadian church is now directly interested in missions to Turkey, an article on the country and its people may not be entirely amiss nor altogether uninteresting to the readers of THE COLLEGE JOURNAL.

Let me speak first of—

#### THE CLIMATE AND PHYSICAL CONDITIONS OF THE COUNTRY.

These vary with the locality. But this is an advantage, inasmuch as one can have a change of climate whenever he desires it, and that without much difficulty or expense. There are some districts—as for instance the plain on which Tarsus stands—where the heat is intense for three or four months in summer, during which period no rain falls. In general however, such places are not far distant from the mountains, and railways now in course of construction will make travel of less account than heretofore. The missionary in Turkey who, for the sake of his health, goes to some mountain resort, does not necessarily lay aside his work or take leave of absence from the people. Wherever he goes he will find abundance of work surrounding him, and multitudes whose dense ignorance of the truth and of the way of life will make it impossible for him to sit at ease or hold his peace. There are but few instances, however, in which missionaries are obliged to change their residence for any part of the year. Within the past two summers cholera has visited many of the cities of Asia Minor, but missionaries everywhere have remained at their post, ministering to the sick and dying without fear of infection. The accounts contained in English and American newspapers of the ravages of this disease are very often incorrect and exaggerated. To one who knows what precautions to take against it it has less of dread than certain other diseases which cannot be warded off so easily and surely. Even the sluggish and fatalistic Moslem, by enforcing a strict quarantine during the late outbreak of cholera, succeeded in preventing the spread of it to an alarming extent.

The scenery of this part of the country cannot be said to be either grand or varied. As the people are all gathered into towns and villages, the eye of the traveller is never relieved by the sight of farm-houses surrounded by cultivated fields or any other sign of human life and industry, save that now and then a shepherd may be seen tending his flocks, and living, doubtless, very much after the same manner as Abraham and the patriarchs of Old Testament renown. Thus it is that large sections of the country are solitary wastes, uninhabited and uncultivated. The Cilician gates—the famous pass of the

Taurus Mountains—quite near Tarsus, have a certain amount of grandeur, which is very much enhanced by the historical interest connected with them ; so it is all through this land ; associations of the past surround every mountain, river and plain with a halo of glory, but apart from this they would be considered commonplace indeed.

THE PEOPLE, THEIR LANGUAGES AND HABITS OF LIFE.

The inhabitants of Turkey are principally Ottomans, Greeks, Armenians and Arabs ; but besides these there are found in smaller numbers Jews, Kurds, Druzes, Zeibeks, Fellaheen, Circassians, Youruks and Bosnians. So numerous and diverse are these races that a better constituted government than that of Turkey would find it no easy task to keep them all within the limit of the law. The languages commonly spoken throughout the empire are Turkish, Arabic, Armenian and Greek. Turkish is the official language ; Arabic prevails in Syria and the seaport towns ; Armenian in Eastern Turkey and Greek in Western Turkey. In Asia Minor almost all the people, of whatever nationality, know Turkish. Evidently the Ottomans had no written language up to the time they became a conquering people, for to this day they use Arabic characters in writing and printing Turkish ; but Greeks and Armenians use the characters of their respective languages for this purpose. Turkish has a large admixture of Persian and Arabic ; the higher it is the more it contains of these. It is a very euphonious language, the pronunciation of which can be easily acquired by a foreigner, whatever his native tongue may be. To become familiar with the construction, however, is a far more difficult task, as it is in almost all respects the very opposite of the English. Armenian is harsh and by no means attractive in sound, but being similar to English in construction, missionaries find it comparatively easy to master. Greek is largely spoken in the territory once known as the Byzantine Empire. It differs widely in pronunciation from the Greek taught in Colleges in America. The one is about as far removed from the other as Italian is from the Latin. In the structure of words and sentences, however, the difference is not so marked. For richness of vocabulary and vigor of expression Arabic easily takes the palm from all the languages of the East.

The common estimate of the Turks, that they are a barbarous and sanguinary people to whom one cannot safely trust his life, is incorrect. This impression was given, doubtless, by the atrocious acts of the Janizaries, whose history of crime and inhuman cruelty is attributed to the nation as a whole.

It should be remembered, however, that the Janizaries in the first place were youth taken from the homes of christian subjects. It is asserted that altogether half a million of such were forced into service and disciplined by the Turk. It was the enormities perpetrated by the members of this institution that gave the Ottoman the unenviable reputation he bears to this day. For some time before their extinction the Government of the Empire was entirely according to their dictation. At length the Sultan Mahmoud II. saw the necessity of extinguishing the Janizaries in order to save the nation, and accordingly, in 1826 they were all—40,000 of them—slain in one day. From that time hope began to dawn for Turkey; progress and the entrance of humanizing influences were made possible. So much by the way. The Turk, and in fact every Oriental, is by nature hospitable and courteous. Moslems have a special inducement to be so, seeing that their religion counts hospitality highly meritorious, and sure to be rewarded in the future life. To partake of a meal in common with a stranger has with them very much the force of a sacrament. If occasion should demand it, the host, by exchanging morsels of bread with his guest, pledges himself to defend and care for the wayfarer as he would for a brother. It matters not how regardless the person has been of all other law, human or divine; this is an oath that must be kept inviolate on pain of everlasting punishment. This favour, however, is not to be extended to heathen and atheists; it is only for those who believe in the existence of God and who possess a book revelation of Him. No one can be more polite than the Oriental in his way, but his politeness is confined entirely to men—never extended to ladies. Eastern salutations are very elaborate and occupy much time in the performance, sometimes half an hour or even more, it is said. Hence our Lord's command to the seventy, "Salute no man by the way." Time seems to be of very little value in the East. The poorest appear to have abundance of leisure; hurry and speed are entirely unknown here. Among the people there are no hard workers. The labouring man earns ten or fifteen cents a day, and he deserves no more. The typical Moslem never thinks of making circumstances and events bend to him. He resigns all to fate and takes what comfort he can out of the present. Cholera or the plague may surround him, but commonly he shows no alarm and takes no precaution for his safety. His fatalism proves to be indeed fatal to him, for these diseases make terrible ravages among his people, while the Christian population suffer but little from them. This is one reason why the Christian races are



increasing rapidly in numbers while the Mohammedan remains stationary. Another reason is that Greek and Armenian youth cannot be taken into the army of the faithful, and military service cuts short the life of many of the Moslem young men. Hence women among the Turks outnumber the men ; yet polygamy does not prevail among them to that extent which is commonly supposed. The law prescribes that the husband shall provide a separate dwelling for each wife, and thus very few have the means to support more than one household.

There is perhaps no other thing which sets this country in such contrast to Christian lands as the treatment and position assigned to women. In the Turkish language there is no word for home. The wife is commonly designated by expressions equivalent to ' my fool,' ' my lacking thing,' or ' my ash-carrier.' What is most remarkable is that the adherents of the old Christian churches are in this scarcely any better than the followers of Mohammed. Turkish women conceal the whole face by a piece of dark cloth, the figures on which often give them a most hideous appearance. It is not the custom for women to eat with men ; they must first serve, and afterward they may have what remains. Very little notice is taken of them, a word being seldom spoken to them except it be in abuse. I have heard the Protestant pastor of a congregation not far from Tarsus say, that before his conversion, and while he yet observed Armenian customs, he and his wife lived together for five years without exchanging one word. Parents consider it the greatest misfortune to have a daughter born to them, and it is said that among the Turks, girl infanticide prevails to a large extent. A father usually reckons his family according to the number of his sons, daughters not being counted. If you look in at the door of a Mosque during the hour for prayer, you see not one woman in the assembly. In some Mosques, and in the so-called Christian churches, a gallery is provided for the women, where they are shut off from observation by a high lattice-work. Dogs may, and do often enter these holy (?) places, but they must not be defiled by a woman's foot. So strongly embedded in the life is this feeling, that even Protestants of the second generation have not shaken themselves free from it. In Protestant churches men and women sit on the same floor, but on opposite sides of the building, and often with a high partition between them. It is quite common to have girls from ten to fourteen years of age given in marriage. Daughters have never a word to say in the selection of a husband ; they are traded off

by their parents, like so many dumb cattle, often to a life of slavery and degradation. A man may put away his wife for any or no reason; he may beat her as he would a beast, which is a thing of daily occurrence, but she has no redress; she must bear it all without a murmur. So long has this tyranny and inhumanity prevailed, that the women of the East seem to have no spirit left in them. They are content with their slavish and degraded condition, never dreaming that they have any right to a better.

#### GOVERNMENT AND LAWS.

The form of government is an absolute monarchy, the sovereign now reigning being Abdul Hamid II., who, although a Turk, is honoured, by Moslems generally, as the successor of the Caliphs and the high priest of Islam. This is supposed to give him authority over Moslems outside of Turkey, but in reality, such is not the case any more than that the Pope controls Christendom. The Sultan of Turkey has ministers and counsellors around him, but they are in no sense representatives of the people. They are called to office and dismissed by the will of the Sultan. The empire is divided into a number of Vilayets, over each of which is placed a Vali or Governor General. This, and even higher offices are by no means limited to Moslems. In recent times Christians and Jews have been called to fill some of the most responsible positions in the nation. To every town or city is given control over its local affairs, the people appointing representatives to form a council for the assistance of the Kadi. Since the fall of Constantinople, Greeks, Armenians, and Jews, have been represented before the Turkish government by a spiritual head, to whom almost absolute power is given over his own people. Protestants, too, are supposed to conform to this law, and every congregation should have a representative with whom the higher powers can deal in all matters affecting church relations. This law gives the old churches complete control over their own religious and educational matters. At first sight this would seem to be an advantage, but it does not always prove to be so, seeing these irresponsible officers may abuse the power delegated to them, as they often do, so that, in some respects, the direct government of the Sultan is more desirable. Not so long ago a foreigner could reside in Turkey only for a number of months specified in his permit. If he remained beyond twelve months he could no longer claim the rights of hospitality, but must be taxed and treated as a 'Rayah.' Now, however,

because of treaties made with European nations, foreigners are more highly favoured than the natives of the country. They are secured against arrests, and the entrance into their homes of any civil officer unless he be accompanied by the consul, by whom also they may claim the right to be tried in all cases of law. The importance of this privilege can be fully estimated only by those who know the constant annoyance to which natives are subjected by groundless trials and domiciliary visits in which boorish officers may insult the household and damage the owner's property without fear of punishment. An accused party may select to be tried according to either the Mohammedan or the French code. In 1839, in order to put an end to secret executions, it was decreed that, "in future the cause of every accused party will be tried publicly, and until a regular sentence has been pronounced, no one can put another to death, secretly or publicly, by poison or any other means." The oft repeated statement that Turkey is governed according to the Koran, is misleading. Only a small part of the Koran can be construed into law, and still less of it can be made to apply to the present time. The Mohammedan code, framed in the reign of Suleiman the Magnificent, (1520-1566) was gathered from the Koran, the life of the prophet, early traditions and commentaries. This work is said to consist of fifty-five books, and to contain religious, civil, criminal, moral, political, military, judiciary, fiscal, sumptuary, and agrarian codes. The defects so often charged to the Turkish government are due, not so much to the laws which in the main are just, but rather to frequent failures in enforcing these. Bribery, corruption and extortion prevail to such an extent as to bring within sight the complete demoralization and decay of the Empire. The elements of destruction developed and harboured within itself, have so far accomplished their work as to make the question of 'who shall divide the spoil,' the subject of greatest international interest relative to Turkey.

*Tarsus, Turkey.*

*(To be Continued.)*

J. C. MARTIN.

## STUDENT MISSION WORK.

### FRENCH MISSIONS.

I WELL remember the time when I first thought of studying for the Christian ministry, and I have never questioned when and why I resolved to devote my life to the French cause. I know it now and shall explain it in a few words. It is not because I love my father more than I do my mother ; but because I believe the soul of a Frenchman to be as precious in God's sight as that of an Irishman or an Englishman. And as there are so many English missionaries employed in the work of the ministry and so very few who are willing to devote themselves to the mastery of the French language in order to prepare themselves for the French work, I feel that I am justified in choosing the latter cause and in advocating French Evangelization as one of the grandest schemes ever organized in Canada by the Presbyterian Church. Hence the pressing demand for and urgent need of men trained for the battle against Popery.

We must expect to meet with *obstacles* in this religious campaign. Long marches through forests of difficulties and frequent encounters with our foes. Our conflict is a deadly one. The field of engagement is vast and the enemy is numerous. They are increasing in number and advancing upon us like the "hordes" of Mahomet to take possession of our land. Our duty is to stand and face them, to fight and conquer them. The battle we have to fight is not against the French Race, but against Romanism as a religious system. We have temples and shrines to demolish ; idols and altars to overthrow ; beads to unstring and scatter ; bottles of holy water to break and spill ; images to tear down and burn ; error and superstition, prejudice and fanaticism to banish from the mind of a benighted people who love their religion dearly, respect and adore their priests and "pères spirituels" and who live in constant fear of being excommunicated or persecuted if they manifest the least desire to read and think for themselves.

It is in our opinion greatly to be deplored that men who profess to be Christian Protestants discountenance any effort made to convert the Roman Catholics to a living Christianity because it interferes with their own commercial business, and who even set obstacles in the way or destroy what is being done in the name of the Christ who has said : "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature."

But we have our *triumphs* also to crown our labours, and our prospects of success to encourage us. The French missionary has reason to feel hopeful when he sees that he has the sympathy and support of pious, influential men who take an active part in the work and contribute largely and

liberally towards the scheme not only their *mite* but their *might*, time and talent as well. And what is there more consoling to us than the satisfaction that we have won souls from the power of Satan into the Kingdom of Christ? We would not boast of a conversion, but we thank God that he has been willing to choose us and use us as instruments in His hand to do His work. We could quote many striking and touching incidents where we have witnessed the power and effect of the divine Word on the souls of sinners. We are convinced that we have not sown in vain. God hath given an increase. He has fulfilled His promise in our own experiences: "My word shall not return unto Me void?"

We are assured also that Christ is able and willing to give us the victory over error and sin. If we know how to use the weapon of the gospel, we need not fear to face the adversaries of the truth. We often have to encounter the priests whom we find very troublesome in our fields of labour; and we must constantly be on the look-out lest they overturn the soil and steal the gospel corn which we have sown. Hence the urgent necessity of a thorough college education in order that we may be able to controvert the false teaching of those whose own training, except on special subjects, is one sided and deficient. "Let us not be weary in well-doing, for in due season we shall reap if we faint not."

What is our motive in studying for the ministry? If we have no special object in view, why should we spend our time in college delving into books, sitting at the feet of learned professors straining our intellects in seeking to acquire the knowledge which they are endeavoring to impart? But is not our chief end a grand and noble one? Is not our mission work to seek and save, to teach and instruct, to sow and reap, to fight and conquer? We are called upon to go forth bearing the truth of the gospel, endeavoring to impart unto others the glorious doctrines revealed to us in Christ to the end that we may win souls from the thralldom of sin and Satan into the Kingdom of our Redeemer who rules in Love. And love alone, pure and unselfish, must reign in our heart, if we wish to accomplish this object. Sympathy for those who are the slaves of sin, error and superstition, can alone constrain us to seek and to save the lost through the convincing power of the Word and the Spirit of God. Do we possess this? If so, then we can go forth boldly to fight and conquer, cheered by the hope that through our instrumentality many in this Province may be won from the bondage of Rome, whom they feel in many cases to be a hard taskmaster, into the service of Him whose yoke is easy and whose burden is light.

## Partie française.

### LES MARIAGES EN BRETAGNE.

(Suite),

Les formalités à remplir sont terminées et l'on se met à table. Les deux fiancés doivent boire dans le même verre. Pendant qu'ils se content mutuellement des douceurs et forment déjà des projets pour l'avenir, les vieux parlent de la position qu'occuperont les futurs dans le monde. Ils calculent ce qu'ils pourront posséder jusqu'au dernier centime. Puis, par une suite logique d'idées, ils en viennent à parler de leur jeune temps, du jour où ils ont été fiancés eux aussi etc. La soirée se passe ainsi joyeusement et souvent ces conversations se prolongent très tard dans la nuit. Quelquefois aussi un *vieux* chante une chanson de sa jeunesse, la chanson même qu'on a chantée pour sa *demandaille*, puis il se plaint du temps présent. "Oh ! mes enfants, dit-il, toutes vos nouvelles chansons ne valent pas celle-là, on ne fait plus rien de bon aujourd'hui." *Laudator temporis acti.*

Cependant, comme ne manquent jamais de le dire les bonnes gens, "il n'y a si belle et si bonne société qui ne soit obligée de se séparer." On finit donc par s'en aller après avoir renouvelé ses souhaits de bonheur pour les futurs époux.

Le mariage a lieu ordinairement dans les trois semaines qui suivent la *demandaille*. La semaine qui précède celle fixée pour la noce, les deux fiancés doivent faire leurs invitations en personne et tous les deux ensemble. Ils doivent surtout prendre garde de n'oublier aucun de leurs parents ou de leurs amis. Un tel oubli est considéré comme une injure mortelle et fait le sujet des conversations pendant huit jours. Quoique les parents les plus proches fassent partie de *la noce* ex officio, une invitation est obligatoire tout de même. Ici encore se répètent les jérémiades et les salamahecs dont j'ai parlé plus haut. L'usage veut que les invités se fassent prier disant qu'ils ont trop d'ouvrage, qu'il leur est impossible de perdre une journée etc. Comme bien, vous le comprenez ces objections sont pour la forme et ne

tirent pas à conséquence. Si on les prenait au mot, ils seraient furieux et en garderaient une rancune éternelle.

Nous voici maintenant au jour du mariage, de *la noce* comme on dit. Le jeune homme doit aller prendre sa fiancée chez elle. Mais il ne la conduira pas lui-même à l'Église. Ce rôle est réservé au père, au frère, ou au tuteur de la jeune fille. Ils marchent en tête de la bande, puis vient le futur mari avec la fille d'honneur, ensuite les parents et les amis deux à deux par ordre de parenté ou d'intimité. Avant de partir pour l'Église où ils doivent être unis pour toujours, les deux jeunes gens se mettent à genoux aux pieds de leurs parents pour demander leur bénédiction. Dans certains endroits, la coutume locale exige que la jeune fille s'échappe ou fasse mine de s'échapper et de se cacher le long de la route. Le jeune homme court après elle et la supplie de revenir. Refus catégorique. Nouvelles supplications et nouveaux refus tout aussi péremptoirs. Il ne reste plus au malheureux qu'une ressource : l'enlever de force. C'est ce qu'il fait lorsque tous les arguments ont échoué. Il saisit sa fiancée à bras-le-corps et la soulève de terre. Du moment qu'elle a perdu *plante*, elle lui appartient. Toute résistance cesse et son sort est scellé.

Quelle est l'origine de cette curieuse cérémonie ? Je l'ignore. Les vieux prétendent qu'elle a été instituée pour représenter le suprême combat de la pudeur virginale et de l'amour de la liberté innés chez la femme.

Je ne parlerai que pour mémoire de la cérémonie religieuse qui n'a rien de particulier. Cependant il y a deux petits détails à noter. La jeune femme ne doit point laisser son mari passer l'anneau nuptial plus loin que la première phalange. Si elle oubliait ce point important, elle s'exposerait à devenir esclave de son mari pour la vie. L'autre point n'a pas moins d'importance. Dans l'Église catholique, un cierge est placé à côté de chacun des nouveaux époux. Si par malheur le cierge du mari meurt pendant la messe, c'est le mari qui partira le premier pour l'autre monde. Si au contraire, c'est le cierge de la jeune épouse, c'est elle qui est destinée à mourir avant son mari.

Aussitôt qu'on est sorti de l'Église, on reforme les rangs toujours deux à deux, mais cette fois le jeune homme prend possession de sa femme et tous les deux marchent en tête, toutefois derrière le joueur de *vieille*, compagnon obligé de ces sortes de fêtes. Une noce sans joueur de *vieille* n'est que de la

petite bière. Les jeunes couples surtout ne sauraient danser sans cet instrument indispensable et la jeunesse bretonne raffole de la danse.

On s'en retourne ordinairement par le chemin le plus long pour se montrer. Le long de la route, on est salué par une fusillade bien nourrie quand on passe devant la maison d'un parent, d'un ami ou même d'une simple connaissance. Il n'y a pas jusqu'aux pauvres qui n'aient leur part de la fête. Ils ont soin de placer pour la circonstance devant la porte de leur maison une chaise recouverte d'une serviette bien propre et d'une assiette. Chaque membre de la noce se fait un devoir de déposer quelque chose dans l'assiette.

Le banquet de la noce a lieu généralement chez les parents du jeune homme. La mère de celui-ci se tient à la porte de la cour avec des gâteaux et une bouteille de vin pour recevoir les nouveaux époux et les invités. Elle commence par embrasser sa nouvelle bru et puis lui offre le pain et le vin. Ensuite c'est le tour du mari et de chacun des invités. Cette cérémonie est absolument obligatoire. Enfin on se met à table. Le banquet autrefois n'était pas fort recherché, mais aujourd'hui le luxe s'est glissé jusque dans nos campagnes. Le menu se compose ordinairement d'un potage, du bœuf cuit dans la soupe, d'un autre plat de viande et d'un rôti de veau. Pour dessert, différentes sortes de gâteaux et même du pain de savoie. Les boissons comprennent le cidre, le vin, le café et le cognac. Mais il faut voir comment tous ces braves paysans savent tirer leur épingle du jeu. Habitué à ne manger que du lard salé, ils raffolent de viande *douce* comme ils disent. Aussi s'en paient-ils une gillettée suivant leur expression, à faire éclater leur cuir. On dirait qu'ils n'ont pas mangé depuis trois semaines. Que de fois j'ai envié cet appétit formidable digne de Pantagruel. A l'heure actuelle, je crois que je donnerais volontiers une fortune pour le posséder.

Maintenant réfléchissez que souvent il n'y a pas moins de deux ou trois cents convives à ces banquets et calculez approximativement ce qu'il faut de viande et d'autres choses pour tant d'estomacs affamés. Vous vous figurez peut-être que c'est une ruine pour les parents du jeune homme. Détrompez-vous. Chaque invité doit offrir un cadeau et ces présents consistent ordinairement en quartiers de bœuf, de veau, de mouton ou en gâteaux et pains de savoie. La plupart du temps non-seulement les Amphytrions n'ont rien à acheter, mais ils ne savent que faire de tant de viande etc.



Aussitôt le potage expédié les hommes tirent leurs pipes et commencent à fumer. Il est vrai que la plupart du temps le service est très lent et qu'il se passe une demi-heure avant l'apparition du plat suivant. Il est aussi de mode qu'à chaque fois que les bonnes gens boivent, ils commencent par *tringuer* (choquer leurs verres) auparavant et dire : A votre santé, la compagnie !

Ces diners durent de 1 à 3 heures. Puis on sort pour danser. Mais la danse ne dure jamais plus d'une heure car on tient à faire un tour de promenade pour se montrer, digérer plus facilement et gagner de l'appétit. On revient souper, puis la danse continue pendant une partie de la nuit. Le lendemain a lieu le *retour de noce*, mais seulement l'après-midi, car on était fatigué et l'on a fait la grasse matinée. Enfin le troisième jour c'est la conclusion. Les intimes seuls sont invités. C'est surtout une réunion de famille pour discuter et arranger définitivement les affaires des nouveaux mariés. Le soir de ce troisième jour avant la séparation définitive, toute la famille réunie va conduire le jeune couple jusque sur le seuil de la chambre nuptiale. Les deux soirs précédents, la jeune mariée s'en est retournée avec ses parents et a couché à la maison paternelle. Ce n'est que le troisième soir qu'on permet aux nouveaux époux de cohabiter. Les deux premières nuits ont été consacrées à la vierge. Et ainsi finit la noce et aussi l'histoire.

*Montreal.*

L. MARTIN.

# College Note Book.

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## STUDENT LIFE.

THE Rev Dr. Robertson delivered a very interesting address here recently on "Mission work in the North West." If Dame Rumour speak truly, his efforts have not been fruitless, for we have heard that some of the graduates and under graduates are hearkening to his and Horace Greeley's words of counsel: "Young man, go West."

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One of these shadowy individuals called insurance agents, hovered round our halls for a few days. He evidently was seeking to waylay our graduating class, but failed to report his success at our office.

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H. C. Sutherland has been elected the valedictorian of his class. He is favorably known as an advocate of wholesome brevity in all college exercises, and there is ample room for an application of this sound principle on the night of convocation.

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Two of our students have distinguished themselves outside the college. We quote from an account in a daily paper of a concert in the Fraser Institute: "John R. Dobson entertained with some readings, and Donald Guthrie was heard in a couple of recitations. Both gentlemen displayed much elocutionary skill."

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Photographers seem to be reaping their harvest now. The First Year Theology is getting a class photo, and it is rumored that the Arts Freshmen are following their example. The JOURNAL staff has had the annual photos taken with everyone, of course, deeply interested in an article that is being discussed. The graduates expect their class picture to excel all the others, but there is differences of opinion on the subject.

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We sympathize with some of our fellows in the loss soon to overtake them. The telephone is to be removed from the college, and after the kalends

of March, much of the down-town intercourse will cease, or our friends will be constrained to speak face to face, or through the *post*.

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One of our number marched out of the dining room bearing a very expressive notice. All slopers should appreciate his thoughtfulness in giving this timely warning, and we would call attention thereto as a forecast of their inevitable doom should they continue in their present course.

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There is a great surplus of modesty among some students here. The night of the election of officers they resigned by the score. How bitterly disappointed some of them must have been when they found their resignations were accepted!

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We regret to hear that J. A. Cleland has taken the measles. As he lives outside of the college, we hope no more of the students will take the disease at this critical time.

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It has been decided after mature deliberation to have a *conversazione* wherewith to close the session, and those students who excel particularly in the *extra-mural* course, are already restless in anticipation.

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Mr. Black, a representative from Queen's to McGill Y.M.C.A. meeting, brought greetings to our students from his *alma mater*. We were glad to hear him speak with such high appreciation of our University and city.

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J. D. Anderson, an honorary member of a missionary society in Ottawa, received several delectable specimens of cake, being the fragments gathered after an entertainment there. We have gleaned this information from sundry vague reports, but none were admitted into his confidence or box.

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#### ECHOES FROM THE HALLS.

"How can we make a noise up here when you are studying down there?"

"Give me one of your sermons. He wants to go to sleep quick!"

"Did you see the Exchange editor faint on reading February's Banner?"

"The druggists are all purchasing a photo of the First Year to place in their window in order to increase their business"

GEORGE C. PIDGEON.

## OUR GRADUATES.

**W**E notice by *The Scotsman* that Rev. J. A. Morrison, B. A., preached on Feb. 14th in St. John's Parish Church, Edinburgh; and also presided at a noon prayer meeting in St. Giles Cathedral.

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A short time ago we had a visit from the Rev. C. J. Hastings, of Constable and Westville, in the State of New York. He has been there for two years, and during that time the membership of the church has been doubled. Mr. Hastings in the dining hall gave us a speech, in which he assured us, with eloquent language that occasioned bursts of applause, of his interest in his *alma mater*, and of his warm attachment to Canada. We wish him continued success in his work.

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Rev. John Anderson, B.D., is pastor of St Stephen's Church, N. B. The annual congregational meeting was recently held. After the election of trustees for the current year, a very satisfactory financial statement was presented by the treasurer, which showed that the total amount raised by the congregation during the past year was \$2,688.

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The following extract from a letter written by one of our graduates in Europe is interesting: "My college classes are all I could desire, and I hope in future years to realize some substantial benefit from this experience. At the same time I am only now perhaps beginning to appreciate in due measure such men as our own in Montreal, and have yet to find anywhere a professor who can begin to equal Dr. MacVicar as a teacher. I am glad that it was my privilege to be his pupil for some years."

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We regret to state that in the latter part of January Rev. T. Bennet of Taylor Church, in this city, was laid aside from his work, by a severe attack of pleurisy. During his illness the students of this college furnished his people with pulpit supply. We are glad to state that Mr. Bennet is convalescent, and will soon be able again to resume his important work.

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On February 13th the Rev. J. A. McFarlane, M.A., called at the college on his way home from Princeton, where he had been studying. Since he has been compelled to resign his charge at Valleyfield, until the present time,

he has devoted himself to the special study of Hebrew and other Semitic languages ; in Scotland he studied under Professor Davidson, and in Princeton under Professors Green and Davis. Mr. McFarlane intends continuing his work in private study, along the same special lines during the spring and summer. In the near future we expect to hear of him as professor of Semitic languages in some worthy institution.

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Another graduate who visited us is Rev. T. A. Nelson, now of Bristol ; in a short address to the class in Systematic Theology he spoke of his enjoyment in the work of the ministry, and of the valuable training received in our college halls. For five years after graduation Mr. Nelson was stationed at Dunbar, Que., whence he removed to Windsor, N. S.; in this large and important charge he remained for over four years. His congregation now is a most active one, and we feel sure that with its present Pastor it will keep up its former reputation.

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We quote the following from the *Hamilton Spectator*: "The congregation of St. Paul's church, Simcoe, of which the Rev. W. J. Dey, M. A., is pastor, have, by a vigorous effort, disposed of their church debt. A few weeks ago the managers asked the congregation to place the whole amount of the debt (\$1,500) on the collection plate on the first Sabbath of November. On that day the collections amounted to \$1,150, and the balance was sent in to the treasurer inside of a week." During the Christmas week Mr. Dey was the recipient of a well-filled purse, and an address, intimating that the gift was for the Pastor from the members of his congregation.

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The Rev. G. Charles, B.A., B.Sc., is doing good work at the mission school, St. Jean Baptiste ; situated as he is in the very centre of a Roman Catholic district, great zeal and perseverance are required in the work. In the day school forty-five pupils are enrolled, with an average attendance of twenty-six ; during the week two gospel meetings are held, and on Sabbath, services morning and evening. The attendance at these meetings is good, the people manifesting much interest, and a desire for instruction. A building has been purchased, and a comfortable building, capable of holding one hundred and twenty-five, has been fitted up. Mr Charles deserves much sympathy in his arduous work, and is to be congratulated on his success.

J. ROBERT DOBSON.

## REPORTER'S FOLIO.

### STUDENTS' MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

A REGULAR meeting of this society was held February 14th. The one item of importance was Mr. G. Charles' report of the St. Jean Baptiste Mission, which was very encouraging indeed. The report showed that the Mission is in a prosperous condition, indicating a steady increase in the numbers attending both the Sabbath services and the day school. The report was received with great interest by the Society, and adopted unanimously.

Messrs. Mahaffy and Anderson discoursed some music.

Mr. J. S. Gordon read an interesting paper on "Mr. Morrison's work in China," and Mr. D. J. Fraser read some extracts from a letter received from Rev. Mr. MacKenzie, Missionary in China. The tone of the letter was encouraging, and contained some kind suggestions for the students at home. For a more complete account see our editorial in last number.

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### PHILOSOPHICAL AND LITERARY SOCIETY.

A MEETING of this society was held January 29th. The interest of the evening centred in the programme. Mr. G. C. Pidgeon was appointed critic. The programme was then disposed of. The first item being a quartette by Messrs. Guthrie, Patterson, Young, and Scott. This was followed by a reading from Mr. M. McIntosh. The audience was then entertained by some music discoursed by Messrs. Reid and Moss. Then came the debate—"Resolved that arbitration could take the place of war." Messrs. K. McLennan and H. Young supported the affirmative in opposition to Messrs. J. D. Anderson and G. Weir, who supported the negative.

Let it be said of the debaters on both sides, they acted their parts well. The decision was not given owing to some misunderstanding as to the terms of the resolution. After some remarks from the critic the meeting closed.

The next meeting of this society was held February 22nd, the president in the chair. After a vote of thanks was tendered to the retiring JOURNAL staff for the efficient manner in which they had discharged their duties, resulting in the present prosperous condition of our COLLEGE JOURNAL, the following were appointed as the staff for 1892-1893: Editor in chief, E. A. McKenzie; Associate Editors, K. McLennan, J. R. Dobson, G. C. Pidgeon; Reporting Editor, J. S. Gordon; French Editors, J. A. Savignac and M. Menard; Treasurer, N. A. MacLeod; Business Managers, J. D. Anderson and G. D. Ireland. The following officers of the Literary Society were also appointed: President, D. J. Fraser; 1st Vice-President, A. Russell; 2nd Vice-President, T. S. St. Aubin; Recording Secretary, M. McIntosh; Corresponding Secretary, A. McVicar; Treasurer, J. C. Stewart; Secretary-Committee, W. Patterson; Councillors, J. McIntosh, J. M. Wallace, F. W. Gilmour, J. B. Sincennes. The judges for the prize competition were then proposed. In English, Principal McVicar, Prof. Scrimger, J. P. Stephens, Prof. of Rhetoric in McGill. English essay, Prof. Campbell. In French, Prof. Coussirat and Rev. Mr. Morin.

ANDREW RUSSELL.

## A BACHELOR'S VIEW OF MARRIAGE.

DEAR SIR,—I have just received a rather curious manuscript from an old acquaintance of mine hereabout, one Peter Carper, who lives a solitary life in a few rooms of the old Carper mansion just east of Cowley's Dyke. He is a singular character, well-read in literature and given to collecting walking-sticks and old music-boxes. In his younger days he was something of a society man, but is now averse to all companionship, and sour and cross-grained to a degree. He wishes me to forward the manuscript to you and tells me you propose to arrange a Symposium for next year's JOURNAL on the question, "Is Marriage a Failure?" the papers to be contributed by lovers, old bachelors, husbands and those who have been divorced, and to which his forms the preliminary essay. I do so, leaving the matter to your discretion; but I fancy the whole thing is one of the old fellow's vagaries. The philological treatment he falls into at the first step is an old habit with him, and is, perhaps, one source of his distorted views of life, terms having taken the place of real things in his mind. The accuracy of his statements I am not in a position to dispute, but the disquisition grows wearisome toward the end. His text from Shakspeare you will allow me to cap with another from the same source as apt to the man as his to the subject :

"Sure, sure, such carping is not commendable;  
No; nor to be so odd and from all fashions."

"Much Ado," III: 2.

Your last number commends itself to all for its excellence, and I eagerly await the next. I have in hand the article you asked for, but have been delayed by several matters.

I have the honor to be, Sir,

Yours most truly,

SAMUEL BADLEY.

*Stobo, East Ridley.*



## BENEDICTISM.

“A young man, married, is a man that's marr'd.”

“All's Well,” II: 3.

I AM a bachelor, Sir, a crusty, sour-visaged, stick-in-the-mud, old bachelor, with as much hair on my head and affection in my heart as an average sized monkey-wrench. In fact, I have always been a bachelor, as far as my memory goes, and always will be, fates and the weather permitting. By the way, the fates were women :

“Spin, spin, Clotho, spin !  
Lachesis, twist ! Atropos, sever !”—

Mark that ! Women are the fate of many a brave lad, and spin the web of his twisted fortune as they list. It's wonderful how much they hold in their hands ; they held me there once,—“infantry in arms ” they called me then ; they don't call at all now, or ask me to call. As I said before, I always will be a bachelor ; and I repeat it, knowing that I stand on the threshold of Leap-year, and that my socks might legally be canonized—yet I have never learned to darn. Benedict ! Turn Benedict, and leave my cosy rooms and happy go-lucky life, my companions and parties and clubs !—to turn Benedict ! The very word has a foreboding sound to it. I wonder what it means—Benedict !

Some say it is from St. Benedict, a monk of the Middle Ages, who entered the bonds—mark the word !—of matrimony and founded an order of married monks. *Saint* Benedict ! Ay ! He had need to be a saint. But there was no married St. Benedict. History says so ; I say so ; the Encyclopedia says so. You can depend on *it* ; it's hard to frighten an encyclopedia into your way of thinking. No ; it's absurd. Would any sane man, having tasted the liberty and pleasures of monkshood, deliberately place his head in the fatal noose and when the knot was tied allow himself to be launched headlong into—matrimony ? True, Chinamen are sometimes sent in bond through the *United States* ; but I have heard it is much against their will. As the old saw hath it : “Better content with a single heart than the best quarter section in the State of Matrimony.

Noah Webster derives it from “Benedick,” a knight in Shakspeare's

"Much Ado about Nothing," who after long-continued snarling and incessant battle of words, married a woman he did not love. To punish her, I suppose; quite natural, if he could only have married her to some enemy of his! A little child was once repeating his Catechism, and in reply to the query, "What is Matrimony?" returned the answer for Purgatory: "It is a state of torment into which souls enter to prepare them for bliss." Behold how wisdom cometh from the mouths of babes! "A hit, a palpable hit," though it were the veriest Miss. "A Miss is as good as a mile," did you say? So she is, Solon, and a great deal better if people were only content to let her remain a Miss. Its a mystery why a Miss must always be maid a Mrs.

My friend Smith holds that it should be written, "Been Edictor," as a kind of pitiful remembrance of one who *has been* 'Edictor,' but is now

"Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,  
Fallen from his high estate"—

full of baneful meaning as the terse, significant phrase of the Roman victors, *Ixit*, a sad remembrance of the time when he was a pilot and governor of his own affairs, a Prince and Law-giver unto himself—an era, now no more, for man and wife are one, and alas for the lord of creation, that one is the woman!

Jones takes issue with Smith about the name, and holds that it is a "*bene dictum*," a happy saying, applied in sarcastic compassion to a wounded spirit, like an anaesthetic administered during a painful operation. He compares it to the name of the Black Sea, which the Greeks called *Euxinus*, "the kind friend," hoping thus to propitiate the deities of that most tempestuous sea. Or to the *Eumenides*, as they named the Furies, "Gracious Goddesses." It seemed politic to these old lovers of all pleasant and beautiful things to clothe with a fair name the malignant deities, who possessed no graces to invite, nor spells to charm, their devotees; as it is at the present day to cover this "state of torment" with a veil of delight, this *bene dictum* of common report.

Little Dick Hardy says it is a composition of "Benny" and "Dicky;" she calls him Benny,—he, Dicky, her, "*Son of the right hand*," and "*Precious*;" all very fine and romantic, no doubt; but Dick is to be married next week and so can hardly be considered in his right mind. Too bad?

Yes, it's too bad, but it's better than /: will be when he becomes a Benedict ; he won't have *any* mind then unless his wife gives him a piece of hers—in this respect most wives are as generous as need be. Let him beware ; he hasn't second sight now, but he will have one shortly, and may find himself thereafter wondering how different it is from the first one.

Marmaduke Robinson gave it as his opinion over at the club the other night that it meant that the victim had *been addicted* to women—and got caught at last I give this without comment ; all Marmaduke's sentiments concerning women, wine and folly, deserve respect, for, as he is fond of remarking, '*experientia* does it.'

It might be derived from the saying, "Its *been a dicker*," that is, a trade ; either between the match (Lucifer)-making mammas, because "It's her last chance," and "Charles will have to take her, you know," or between the contracting parties themselves, when youth is bartered for power, wealth for position, or beauty for title. Or it might be a shortened form for *Benediction*, hinting that as it closes the services, so to the Benedict marriage is the end of all liberty and peace of mind (unless the piece of his wife's mind, mentioned above). Or it might be half a dozen other things which it is not, for my artist friend, Gervais de Rougevert, avers that it is an Anglicized form of the French, *bien à dicter*, fit to be ruled, tyrannized over, hen-pecked, a sorry witness to man's degeneracy when he voluntarily resigns the gift bestowed on him by nature, full, free, abundant,—the gift of bachelorhood. Oh, the mystery of it ! Misery may lead a man to drink, or despair to suicide, or folly to New York, and we can understand these things ; but that one whose favored lot is cast in

"that happy state,

Favored of heaven so highly"—

should fall off (from a precipice, as it w      ith his eyes open, passeth comprehension. This man entered his bondage freely, a willing slave ; yea, he is ready to swear that though she be a Queen he is a King and no bond-servant. Transformed by her Comus-wand the chains she has flung around him are as gold and gems in his eyes and he presses them to his heart with a miser's delight. While I, the astute and keen-sighted bachelor, stand by and see—what I can see. Therefor I am a bachelor still. Marriage may be a mirage to the ill-fated adventurer, and Benedict another name for beatitude, but as long as Bachelordom is bliss I hold 'tis folly to be married.

*Stobo.*

PETER CARPER.

## Editorial Department.

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### SUMMER SESSIONS.

THE Presbyteries seem to be unanimous in favour of summer sessions in Manitoba College. It is not likely that the Assembly will, in the face of this, reject the proposal, and it is almost certain that a session will be held at Winnipeg during the Summer of 1893. We believe this is the proper solution of the difficulty, that the present hasty and clumsy arrangement of extra-mural study will be abolished, and that the students of the various colleges will not fail in doing their part when a practical plan is adopted by the Church.

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### STUDENT SUPPLY.

STUDENTS are called out every Sabbath to fill vacancies in Congregations within reach of the city. As a rule Saturday and Monday are lost in going and coming. This is a serious inroad upon his time and energy, which, with the demands of a busy college session, a student can ill spare. Congregations generally recognize this fact, and take care that the student does not suffer financially as well. Sometimes, however, this burden falls upon him also. He has to spend his money as well as his time. This does not happen in going to so-called poor congregations either, which, in fact, are more liberal in this matter, but in supplying for congregations that pride themselves on giving rather more than the ordinary stipend. Even Ministers, who ought to know a student's circumstances, have been known to send for student supply and to ignore the financial part of the arrangement. We are not unwilling to spend and be spent in the work to which we have devoted ourselves, but it is surely not too much to expect that congregations and ministers, sending for us from a distance, will at any rate save us from actual loss when they are well able to do so.

## THE PREACHER'S POWER.

IT may be thought imprudent on our part to discuss this subject, as we are still inexperienced and, as heralds of the gospel, have had but little practical proof of the statements we are about to make. Better leave it for men of experience who have had a life-long service in the Christian ministry. There is another point of view, however, from which to discuss it. If as preachers we have not practically discovered the secret of the power of a minister of the gospel, we *have* as laymen; and from that point of view we prefer to consider it. What preachers have influenced us the most as we sat in the pew or came in contact with them in their pastoral work? Which of them have made their power felt in our lives by winning us to the Saviour, or by helping us to live more Christlike? It was not always the highly educated man who could overawe us with his genius and his learning who did so. It is true a preacher must have education to have power, and the more he has of it the better; but *education alone, or even a superabundance of native genius, is not that power.* Nor does it consist in his talent as a public speaker. How frequently does the eloquent address of the orator fail of producing any permanent effect! No, the power of education and the power of eloquence are not in themselves sufficient. The preacher may have both of these in a very high degree and yet be a comparative failure as a Christian worker. Behind all these there must be a life, the power of moral character, "a man full of the Holy Ghost and of faith." What does Paul think about it? He says to the Thessalonians: "For our gospel came not unto you in word only, but in power and in the Holy Ghost, and in much assurance; as ye know what manner of men we were among you for your sake." The power of ministers then depends on the "manner of men" they are among their people. It is the personality behind the sermon that gives it effect, and not merely its eloquence and learning. The matter and the eloquence may be quite common-place, but if they are backed up by a blameless life, by an unselfish and beneficent individuality, the words of the preacher go home to the hearts of the people and produce the desired result.

## UNIVERSITY EXTENSION.

THE scheme of University Extension which has been found to work so successfully in England and the United States is about to be introduced into Canada ; and we see no reason why the movement should not be attended by as good results here, especially in our university towns and their adjoining districts, as have been met with elsewhere. The aim of the movement is not, as the name might suggest, to carry the university with all its cumbersome machinery down among the masses ; because those who have never received a thorough preliminary education cannot be expected to take the university course in its entirety. Hence university degrees will not be granted as the result of attending the lectures and passing the examinations of the extra-mural course. Nor is it the intention of the movement to popularize the subjects which are taught in a scientific way in the university, simply for the sake of conveying information ; because the true object of a university course is not so much to give information as mental discipline, not so much to increase the student's knowledge as his capacity for knowledge, not so much to impart learning as to teach the better *how* to learn. With the view, therefore, of giving intellectual refinement to those who are anxious to gain culture but who have been debarred from taking a college training, the committee appointed to forward the movement will select what they regard as the best features—the most educative elements—of the university course and will embody these in the extra-mural curriculum. University extension will thus allow, far more widely than our colleges can or should be expected to do, for the principle of “natural selection” in the sphere of education. Many students come to our college halls not from the unmixed love of culture, but because they need the training to qualify themselves for professional work. They take a college course not because they want to, but because they must in order to fit themselves for making a living in after life. But very few will be found to take advantage of the extension course except those who are really anxious to improve their minds. The opportunity which will thus be afforded of coming in contact with men of cultivated minds and worthy characters who shall inspire them with a love of nature, stimulate them to take an interest in lofty subjects which have hitherto been confined too largely to the college halls, guide them in their

studies in natural science, literature and other fields of research, will be hailed with delight by many of the laboring classes as well as those with greater leisure who are anxious to explore these regions of thought but who have been prevented from doing so, or able to do so only very imperfectly, owing to the lack of proper guidance.

The plan adopted in the Mother Land will need many modifications before being applied in this country, owing to the great distance between the Canadian towns which could be chosen as centres of operation; and it is likely that for some years at least the classes will be confined to university and adjacent towns and that they will be conducted by the lecturers in the various colleges. We may rest assured that all who are interested in higher education and especially the clergy who, according to no less an authority than Emerson, "are, more universally than almost any other class, the scholars of their day," will give this scheme their hearty support, and that much will thus be done to lift the Canadians from intellectual torpor. By means of this movement education, so to speak, will be democratized; the wealth which has too long been hoarded in the universities will be more generally distributed to the enriching of many and the impoverishment of none.

## Talks about Books.

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IT may seem rather late in the day to notice Professor Driver's Introduction to the Literature of the Old Testament, but it must be remembered that, unlike our contemporary, the *Knox College Monthly*, we have no shelves of a Presbyterian Publishing House behind us. We are, therefore, compelled to wait until books come. In the minds of some people the fact that Dr. Driver wrote this book will be its condemnation; in the minds of others, its sufficient commendation. The Talker has no sympathy with either class of prejudiced judges; but, if he had to choose, he would prefer the simple faith and scientific hero worship of the latter to the harsh indiscriminating judgment of the former. The book is not one to be set aside with a sneer. If the student wants an analysis of the individual books of the Old Testament, he will find an exceedingly full, while not exhaustive, and accurate one, in the Introduction. On matters of Hebrew diction, style, and individual word usage, he has here the results of profound philological scholarship and minute investigation. All that could be desired is furnished in the way of Bibliography. For these various ends Dr. Driver's book is invaluable. But, when the writer proceeds to theorize on the authorship and the antiquity of the books, he hands himself and his admiring readers over to Germany. There are many good things in Germany, and in fields of laborious research the Germans cannot be excelled. Neither are all German theological scholars devotees of that work of the imagination, the ultra higher criticism; but those whom Canon Driver follows are. Moses had nothing to do with the Pentateuch. Job's epic was written in the time of Jeremiah or later; there were at least two Isaiahs; Daniel is an impudent forgery of the time of Antiochus Epiphanes; such are a few of the author's conclusions which will not commend themselves to the student of history or the common sense investigator. In my own special field of study I find no help in Driver. He shirks the 36th of Genesis, and the genealogies of Chronicles. I would not be so unfair as to say *ex uno disce omnes*; but I fear, from such indications, that a knowledge of the German and Anglo-Teutonic bibliography of his great subject, and a petty rabbinical juggling with Hebrew words and phrases, have



warped the judgment and narrowed the outlook of an otherwise laborious student and distinguished Hebrew scholar.

In January's *Expositor*, edited by Dr. Robertson Nicoll, Professor J. Agar Beet, on the Doctrine of the Atonement in the Synoptist Gospels, sets forth the importance of the death of Christ as a ransom, not as a martyrdom; but he fails to indicate the nature of that from which it redeemed man, whether the righteous wrath and curse of God, or the power of the devil. To my mind the last is by far most prominent in the Gospels. The wrath and curse of God is a peculiarly Westminster theology expression. Professor Sanday of Oxford, vindicates John's Gospel as essentially one with those of the Synoptists. Professor Cheyne eulogizes Dr. Kuenen, the corypheus of higher criticism; and Dean Chadwick of Armagh asserts the reality of the miracles of Christ. The other articles are of less moment. February's *Magazine of Christian Literature* has an interesting paper on The Moravian Mission in Alaska, by Professor Taylor Hamilton, two articles from January's *Expositor*, and these not the best, and a symposium on the Christian Minister in Politics. I observe that, in properly conducted symposia, the various writers do not see it their duty to review the sayings of those who have preceded them. The opposite course reminds me of the old fashioned country tea meetings, at which every speaker begged to be put last on the list that he might have an opportunity of castigating those who had gone before, or of holding their sayings up to vulgar ridicule. Happily, this barbarism is a thing of the past, and gentlemanly bearing on the part of clergymen keeps pace with progress in general refinement. Dr. Schodde, on Palestine about the year 1400 B.C., somewhat justifies his name, for his materials are taken from Winckler and Sayce. Principal Chapman, on Mrs. Besant's doubts and her interview with Dr. Pusey, is a curious little piece of personal religious history, in which the tractarian divine does not appear with honor. President Northrup writes *The Sovereignty of God in Predestination*, in which he simply shews that ultra Calvinistic is an unwarranted logical intrusion of the human intellect into a reign of knowledge which God has not been pleased to reveal. The man is not yet born who can reconcile absolute predestination with the phenomena of common grace, human freedom, and the universal gospel offer, without utterly destroying the moral character of God, for which some theologians have no regard at all. To give back to the Church, and to the loving hearts of His children, the Father whom Jesus came to reveal, I would

willingly make an *auto-da-fé* of all theological libels from Augustine to Shedd. If these traducers of the Father be not saved at last, so as by fire, out of their wood hay and stubble, it is hard to say where the building test comes in. The other *Christian Literature* articles are well up to the mark.

The Society of Biblical Archæology must have had a very severe attack of the "Grippe," judging by the January proceedings. Mr. Renouf, the president, hardly clears up a difficult passage in the Pyramid Text of King Teta. The Hon. Emmeline Plunket on the Accadian Calendar, Professor Revillout on a Bilingual Papyrus of Ptolemy Philopator, the Rev. C. J. Ball's Babylonian Deed of Sale, and Dr. Karl Piehl's Notes on Egyptian Philology, do not present a very appetizing dish. It is time the Society called in a doctor, or took a tonic, or did something to strengthen the things that remain and are ready to perish. February's *Century* is much more attractive with Dr. Weir Mitchell's Characteristics, Mr. Pillsbury's Recent Discoveries concerning the Gulf Stream, Richard Wheatley's Jews in New York, Ware's poem on Richard Henry Dana, and Palmer's Pioneer Days in San Francisco. The lighter articles, led by Rudyard Kipling, are interesting, and the illustrations are worthy, as usual, of all praise. The New National Guard is of purely American and military interest, but the Australian Registry of Land Titles is familiar to Canadian readers, through the untiring advocacy of the Torrens System by Mr. J. Herbert Mason of Toronto; and the Louisiana Lottery is a world-wide nuisance. One can get a great deal of varied and valuable information out of an average number of the *Century*. In a former talk, I drew attention to the New York *Journal of Commerce* and its devout editor. In the issue of February 6th, he is out with replies to doubters on many points. He sums up the question of future punishment thus: "Perfect holiness is necessary to perfect happiness, and a vicious life must be one of misery. If a man who thus passes from the world has any consciousness at all in the state beyond, he must be suffering. There need be no great white throne, no angry judge, no relentless jailor, no fierce executioner to inflict the penal strokes. Leave the man to himself, and the undying worm will be only a faint type of the relentless memories that gnaw at his vitals." I have an idea that the pious *Journal of Commerce* man is wrong, and that totally depraved and condemned impenitents are too far gone to indulge in any relentless memories which are shadows of omitted good. There is no good thought down there, in spite of the parable of Dives and Lazarus. All good

is of God, and no work of the Holy Spirit can dwell in hell. The talents are taken away before the unfaithful servants are doomed. But Satan and his angels, with nobody knows how many thousand years experience in wickedness, are there, and, as long as they live, the sinner, who voluntarily and in spite of many reproofs, became their slave, will suffer from them, just as the self-willed youth, who enters any Montreal den of iniquity, will infallibly suffer at the hands of adepts in crime, compared to whom he is a baby. The devils themselves suffer from the products of their own hellish malice, as Perillus and Phalaris first experienced the tortures of the brazen bull made by the former for the latter.

The New York *Evening Post* has a remarkable leader on the question : whether a man, who had killed another in the rooms of a disreputable woman, who was converted in goal, and was afterwards liberated on a verdict of justifiable homicide, should be admitted to membership in a Brooklyn church. Sentimentally, it says, and also, according to Christ's teaching, the man ought to be received ; but, viewing the Church as a centre of moral influence, he ought not, because his presence would tend to lower a lofty ethical standard. The *Post* is disposed to leave him out, and to this all the Pharisees would say, Amen ! I have done a very little at reforming criminals, and have found it very hard and thankless work ; but rather than consent to see a repentant Jerusalem sinner kept out of the Church of Christ as now constituted, I would leave it, and start a special gaol mission of my own. The same *Post* of February 9th has a review of *Beast and Man in India*, by J. L. Kipling, C.I.E., the father of Rudyard Kipling, who has confessed that he owes everything to him. The book, which I have not seen, seems to be full of interest, but the reviewer remarks that its author has sojourned so long in *partibus infidelium* as to have forgotten the Scriptures of his childhood, which is a pity for Kipling senior. My kind friend, Mr. Croil, sends me another number of Provost Vahl's *Nordisk Missionstidsskrift*, the most important articles in which are, one on Missions in South and West Australia, and a brief review of Missionary Work in 1891 by Pastor Knudsen. This magazine is valuable for its very exhaustive bibliography of missions, in which it surpasses any other serial publication of a missionary character known to me. It is published at Copenhagen. The *Quarterly Register* of the Presbyterian or Reformed Alliance, amid much matter of importance to every lover of Zion, contains the substance of an address delivered in Edinburgh by the

Duke of Argyle, in which he said: "The truth is, that at the Reformation, excepting in England, there was hardly a bishop over the whole of Europe who accepted the Reform doctrine. Hardly one." And then he goes on to say that Presbytery arose out of necessity, there being no bishops to continue the Apostolic succession in the Reformed Churches. That venerable and excellent man, Dr. Philip Schaff, or one of the men who write books in his name, somewhere said the same thing. This statement is false, and the sooner it is stamped out, the better. Luther had, at least, two bishops, namely, Archbishop Herrmann of Cologne, and Peter Paul Vergerius, bishop of Capo d'Istria in Italy, who died in a professor's chair at Tubingen. In France, one of the Chatillons, a brother of Admiral Coligny, was a cardinal as well as a bishop. In Italy, Gian Battista, brother of Peter Paul, was a bishop and a Protestant. Referring to the latter, the History of the Protestant Church in Hungary adds: "Besides, Martin, Bishop of Wassgrun, declared himself also on Luther's side, by publicly and honorably getting married; and it was not long till Bishop Thurzo also joined the evangelical party." In Scotland, the Bishop of Galloway at least joined the Reformation, but was not allowed to retain his diocese and title. Antonio Caraccioli, Bishop of Troyes in France, became a Protestant Minister, and preached to the Protestants of that city. I mention these from memory, not as by any means representing all the bishops that came out of Rome's communion. Some man, either from ignorance or with evil intent, starts such historical falsehoods as that set forth by the Duke, and, at once, finds a hundred more ignorant than himself willing to receive them. As I have opportunity, I shall nail such lies every time.

The Rev. N. Burns, B.A., is apparently the editor of a monthly magazine, published in Toronto, called *The Expositor of Holiness*, which is the organ of the Canada Holiness Association. It professes to have tried other Holiness Societies, Conventions, and Guides, and to have found them wanting, by virtue of their legal Galatian spirit. It alone, and the association it represents, are free. There were some very ugly quarrels and scenes of unchristian recrimination among the United States Holiness people, some time ago; but Mr. Burns repudiates these people. His holiness seems to be the believer's continued assurance of acceptance with God, which, he ought to know, is the normal condition of the Christian, even if not absolutely essential to faith. The Galt heresy victims, whom it was a very foolish thing to advertise by ecclesiastical prosecution, have evidently got under the *Expositor's* wing.

Their sinless perfection and Mr. Burns' holiness are said to be the same thing, namely, a selfish assurance that they are the people of God. Holiness is the Divine atmosphere, and, as God makes His own atmosphere, and He is Love, it follows that Love is the highest holiness, not pietistic selfishness. The more your love energizes manward and Godward, and the less you indulge in morbidly selfish and self righteous soul introspection, the holier man will you be and the liker God. Mr. Burns seems to be a good and fairly liberal minded Christian, but, in starting or abetting this holiness fad, he is virtually accusing his brethren in the ministry of failing to teach the doctrines of assurance and sanctification, largely, I think, without warrant. In common, I suppose, with other ministers of the city, I have received a copy of a monthly magazine, published by the Gospel Publishing Co. of Chicago, and edited by the Rev. James H. Brookes. An anonymous page, printed in Montreal, is inserted, which sets out with the remark that "a very marked decadence in spiritual life amongst professing Christians seems to be generally conceded and deplored as the feature of the times." Hence we are called upon to circulate the magazine in question, and another called *The Faithful Witness*, published in Toronto. The Chicago magazine bears the humble name of "Truth." I decline to concede to the anonymous slanderer of professing Christians his marked decadence in spiritual life. Spiritual life is less whining, and selfish, and terrorized by peripatetic and stationary cranks, than it used to be. There may be many unjust that are unjust still, and many filthy that are filthy still, and a few hypocrites in all the churches that are hypocrites still. But the spiritual life of to-day is more manly, honest, open eyed, free, lovable, benevolent, useful, powerful in its hold of the world, thinking and unthinking, than the "Come ye out from among them sort of monkery and selfishness and pride" that it has superseded. There are many true things in "Truth," along with some twaddle and some abuse. These revivers of decaying spiritual life are lively with their pens. It makes one of them "sick at heart to face such abominable stuff," as Principal Grant has written in this *Journal*, and Dr. Gibson of London has contributed to the *North Western Congregationalist*. "Its stench reaches to heaven, and will certainly call down the wrath of God." It is not my duty to review or criticise the articles thus referred to, but I am at liberty to say that the language in which they are denounced is not gentlemanly, far less Christian. The "Truth" is an advocate of Verbal Inspiration and Pre-millennialism, and, in its support of

these, it scatters its blows freely upon friend and foe alike. While approving some of its sayings, and sympathizing with its aim to defend the Scriptures from unjust criticism, few ministers and fewer intelligent laymen will allow themselves to be bulldozed by its editorial club. I don't know who "the competent Christian authority" is that deplors the decadence, nor is it a matter of any importance. What is his spiritual life like? How many people of The Truth's stamp do you find in the mission field at home and abroad; how many engaged in pastoral visitation and earnest Christian work? How many go to conventions and talk? The stench of something else beside the higher criticism reaches to heaven.

Homilies of Science is a handsomely printed and bound volume of 300 pages, written by Dr. Paul Carus, and issued by the Open Court Publishing Co., of Chicago. Their address is 169-175 LaSalle street, and the price of the book is a dollar and a half. This is by no means the first time I have noticed, it is hardly fair to say, reviewed, the writings of Dr. Carus. His aim is to reconcile science and all religions in his pantheistic Monism, the universe being the evolution of deity. Dr. Carus writes very good English, is always interesting and comprehensible; he is also a man with high moral ideas, and a genuine religious instinct. Sometimes, he gets out of patience with us, believers in Israelitish and Christian myths, and says a harsh thing, as do some very orthodox folk; but, as a rule, he is courteous and conciliatory, and very solicitous for the union of all religious people, as once was Baruch Spinoza. Infidels, Nihilists, and all that class of unlovely characters, he has no sympathy with. I never met him, but should imagine him to be a very likeable man. His homilies are short and numerous, fifty-nine being compressed into the volume, under the eight heads, Religion and Religious Growth, Progress and Religious Life, God and World, The Soul and the Laws of Soul Life, Death and Immortality, Freethought, Doubt, and Faith, Ethics and Practical Life, and Society and Politics. These homilies contain much that is true, novel, and suggestive, and all breathe a reverent spirit, and one of love for humanity. The crucial homily, from a Christian standpoint, is that on Revelation. The Bible is no more God's revelation than any other sacred book, or even Goethe's Faust, which, had Goethe been an Israelite of old, would have been included in the Canon. The revelation that Kant saw in man's moral nature is a mere empirical development of ethical instinct. The only true revelation is Nature, governed by invisible law. All that he has

written is very logical, very clever, very poetical, but, conceal it as he will, the god of Dr. Carus is a mere machine, destitute of the freedom that his creatures possess. Wherein lies the use, the beauty, the comfort, of this mechanical god? You might as well sit down on a railway track and worship a steam engine, till it came along and killed you. Get back to Freedom, with a large F, Dr. Paul! It is real, it is true, you exercise it continually. You are free, *ergo*, God is free; and revelation, particular revelation, and miracle, and sin and misery, and love and blessedness, are all possible. I regret to learn, from the dedication, that the author's father, Dr. Gustav Carus, Superintendent General of the Prussian Church, has left a world that needed his earnest words, but rejoice to think of him as in the arms of a Personal God.

Where could a Manx book come from but from the Rev. Dr. MacNish, or, perhaps, from the Hon. J. K. Ward? That indefatigable student of Manx Antiquities, Mr. A. W. Moore, M.A., of Cronkbourne, has published, through Mr. David Nutt, 270, Strand, London, *The Folk Lore of the Isle of Man*, in a paper covered small octavo volume of 192 pages. The collection is a large and very interesting one, and must have cost its compiler no little time and trouble to make. The Myths connected with the legendary history of the island had already been set forth by Mr. Brash in the publications of the Manx Society, but Mr. Moore has greatly added to them. Hagiological and Mytho-Historical legends follow, presenting a strange mixture of Celtic and Norse traditions. Fairies and Familiar Spirits seem to have been much the same in Man as in other parts of Europe, even to the exhumed flint arrow heads regarded as their memorials. Among Hobgoblins, Monsters, and Giants, a peculiarly Manx one is the Buggane, although Bocan is Irish for hobgoblin, and Bwgan, the Welsh for spectre, the same doubtless as the English Bogy. These may possibly be contractions of the Iberic Basa-jaun, the master of the forest, or wild lord, famous in Basque superstition. The fifth chapter, on Magic and Witchcraft, shews that the belief in these was publicly expressed and made a matter of legal action as late as 1844. Customs and Superstitions connected with the Seasons is an interesting chapter on the survival of pagan rites in the observance of Christian festivals. Nature Worship is virtually the theme of the seventh chapter, which proves the ancient presence of Sabaeism, Totemism and similar observances in the island. The eighth deals with Customs and Superstitions connected with

birth, marriage, and death ; the ninth with Customs formerly enforced by Law ; and the tenth is a collection of Manx Proverbs and Sayings. Mr. Moore has done his work of collecting, classifying, and putting his material in intelligible and entertaining language, with commendable care and diligence, and his extensive reading has enabled him to enrich the volume with many learned and useful illustrations and notes. His valuable addition to the folk lore of the world may be purchased from Messrs. Brown and Son of Douglas, Isle of Man, or from Mr. Nutt of London, for the small sum of one shilling in paper, and one and sixpence in cloth binding. Plainly, its preparation and publication by the learned author is no financial venture but a pure labour of love.

A little book of about 300 pages, in a somewhat Frenchy binding, and disfigured for convenience sake with a pink index, is Mr. Paul de Cazes' compilation of the Code of Public Instruction for the Province of Quebec, translated into English by Mr. John Ahern of the Montreal Schools, printed at the *Herald* Office, and published by Messrs. Drysdale and Co. It was prepared for distribution to the Protestant Clergy, Teachers, and Secretary-Treasurers (of school boards, I suppose) of the Province of Quebec. Mr. Paul de Cazes is secretary of the Department of Public Instruction at Quebec, and seems to have performed his task satisfactorily. Mr. Ahern also deserves praise, for bestowing pains and genius on what must have been unmitigated drudgery, the work of translation. It is very gratifying to find conscientious men, taking a pride in their profession, willing to do that sort of work well. I trust he was amply rewarded for his pains. It is important that teachers should have, within easy access and the briefest possible compass, the laws by which they are to be governed, and that ministers, who are so often members of school boards, and who come in contact with teachers and pupils in so many ways, should be in a position to understand the complete working of our Quebec educational machine. The book, viewed as a triumph of typographical and bookbinding art, even to the publishers' raggedy card before the title page, is hardly a thing of beauty, but it is a joy forever, reminding us, who came from forty or fifty years back, of childhood's happy days, when such productions were not only possible but common. Boodle takes us back farther, to La Jonquière, Bigot, and Le Loutre ; let us, therefore, be thankful that The Code is only fifty, and not a hundred and fifty, years behind the age in point of elegance.

