

THE
Presbyterian College Journal.

VOL. X — DECEMBER, 1890 — No. 2.

Our Graduates' Pulpit.

CHRIST THE SAVIOUR OF SINNERS.

A SERMON

BY REV. THOMAS BENNETT.

*This is a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptance, that
Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.—
I Tim. i. 15.*

IT is not well to dwell continually on the first principles of the doctrine of Christ; yet every Christian is re-awakened and refreshed by going back occasionally to the first principles of our faith—the elementary truths of the gospel, as those of our text, “Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.”

These primary truths are best suited to children—who do not want baby talk. God has made the Bible for them. It is wonderfully suited to all understandings, though it contains mysteries which the angels desire to look into. And to those who are unsaved no truth should be more precious than this primary one—“Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.”

I fear we do not preach sufficiently that men are sinners, and as such, their folly and wickedness and danger, and therefore men do not realize their need of the Divine Saviour, and the importance of the immediate acceptance of Him. Christians, while I preach, keep praying that the Holy Spirit may light up and bring home to every heart the old but ever new truths of this text. Allow me to say that whoever you may be, my

sermon will be personal, -to *you*, and I shall speak of three things: First, sinners, secondly, Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, and thirdly, our duty to accept this saying, and be saved, for "it is a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptation that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners."

I. SINNERS.

1. *All are sinners.* -A sinner is, literally, one who has missed the mark likeness to God. As God created man in His own image only he who is like God is like man. As every one naturally is in spirit, temper and power unlike God, every one has missed the end of his being.

A sinner is a person to whom a definite work was given and who had not done it. God says, "This people have I formed for myself: they shall show forth my praise." But as everyone naturally lives for himself and seeks his own praise, everyone, as to his doing, has missed the mark. Can any word better express everyone's character, than the word sinner - one who has missed the mark, and fallen short of the end for which he was created?

2. *The folly of sinners.* I mean of you if unsaved. You know that you are a sinner, having an immortal soul and yet never seriously thinking.

"The numbered hour is on the wing
That lays thee with the dead."

"This night thy soul may be required of thee." What shall be its home then, and when the stars have burned out, and forever? What folly!

Ah, sinner! if death should come now your soul would be lost for all eternity, and yet you go on preferring sinful pleasure a little longer, with the risk of eternal misery, to the immediate acceptance of Christ, with an hundred-fold for what you would have to give up. What folly! Defending yourself in that choice, it may be, by boasting of your honesty and calling Christians hypocrites, as if, forsooth, your fractional, commercial honesty, which passes you among men, would pass you in the heavenly circles. If not beside yourself, you never would claim honesty while using every power of the being, which God gave you and which He redeemed, in the service of self and Satan; nor would you display the filthy rags of your own righteousness boastfully. You remind me of an old woman who used to pass along the street near our college with rags upon rags, of every colour and hue, placed upon her as a garment and calling herself a queen. So in the sight

of God, your self righteousness is a display of filthy rags and if not crazed by sin, in sorrow and shame, you would abandon it all at once.

Remember, Christ uttered His most scathing rebukes against self righteous sinners.

3. *The wickedness of sinners.* What base ingratitude to receive life, health, strength, food, raiment, home, friends and every blessing from God, and yet, as the unreasoning swine that eat the fruit beneath the tree and never look up, you never look up to God with grateful acknowledgement!

What wickedness that you, whilst a fellow-sinner with men, should set yourself up for a judge with God. Unmercifully condemning the imaginary or real but *occasional* sins of God's children whilst your whole life is one of *constant* rebellion and sin. "He shall have judgment without mercy that shewed no mercy." "Though hypocrite first cast the beam out of thine own eye."

How wicked in the sight of God and of angels to blight, dwarf and destroy your own soul notwithstanding Gods loving efforts to save you, whilst at the same time you are sowing the devil's seed in the hearts of others! You mean some day to stop. Unless God help, you cannot, and if you should, what of the past? A dying man of ill-spent life said: "Oh that my influence could be gathered up and buried with me." That could not be: for it, there was no shroud nor burial. It will ever walk the earth a pestilence to destroy. Will there be souls in hell whom you shall have sent there in a similar way? It was a wise penitential prayer of a man, who had exercised influence for evil, "Lord forgive my other men's sins." What awful wickedness to help the devil destroy yourself and others! What monstrous wickedness to continue doing this deliberately, persistently!

4. *The danger to which sinners are exposed.* God to sustain government must have law. Law must have penalties attached to it, otherwise it is merely good advice. If criminals should be let off with good advice merely, they would grow worse and multiply, and life would be unsafe. Law must have prisons. Once those who are in our penitentiaries were sweet babes, but sinners. "Evil men and seducers," God says, "shall wax worse and worse." So, sin in you will grow and multiply--if you are not soon saved until it would dethrone God and blot out heaven. Therefore, as in time we have many, in eternity God has one great prison house--hell.

Make light of sin! Angels sinned but once and were cast out of

heaven. Our first parents sinned but once and were cast out of paradise. If God spared not the angels, nor our first parents, will He spare thee in sin? Behold His wrath against sin in the strugglings and wailings of the thousands drowned in the deluge and in that of the thousands who went down beneath the liquid fire that overthrew Sodom, of whom God tells us. Centuries after that they are still suffering the vengeance of eternal fire." Make light of being a sinner because of God's goodness! If all the suffering that has been for six thousand years is consistent with His Fatherly goodness, why may not such suffering be consistent with the same goodness in the world to come?

Make light of being a sinner! When if death come now you would die without Christ, without God, without hope, without peace, without excuse, without escape and be lost to all eternity.

You expect to live on, and change. But, "we all do fade as a leaf" — in Autumn; A bird, a thrown-stick, a gust of wind may cause any leaf to fall and fade in early Summer. So God says: "When sinners shall say peace and safety sudden destruction cometh upon them" The fever day with its dull insensibility, apoplexy, or any one of the "ten thousand accidents," may come suddenly and you will see not, hear not, speak not, to those who gather round you — you will be in eternity—and echo will keep wailing around you evermore, the saddest of all words "It might have been." It might have been this throne or that throne, this crown or that crown in heaven; it is hell. You need salvation now. And if you realize this, you will appreciate the next leading thought of our text.

II. "CHRIST JESUS CAME INTO THE WORLD TO SAVE SINNERS."

The fact that Christ Jesus came into the world implies His pre-existence. He existed and then came into the world. So we read in i. Peter, "We are redeemed with the precious blood of Christ, * * * who verily was foreordained before the foundation of the world." Redemption was no after-thought remedy of an unforeseen evil. God in the past eternity held an ordination service, then the Father by the Holy Spirit set apart the Son to be the Saviour of sinners. Again we read, "I was set up," that is, anointed, "from everlasting, or ever the earth was * * * and my delights were with sons of men."

God hated sin but loved sinners, and, therefore, Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners by the sacrifice of Himself.

When any man awakes to a sense of the awfulness of sin he cries out for a sacrifice, for an atonement. The heathen feel this, and offer the fruit of their body for the sin of their soul. The holiest among men feel this need. We believe that the angels felt the absolute need for an atonement if man would be saved. God felt it to be an awful reality. He must have an atonement that will satisfy the conscience of all moral beings : an atonement of which angels will say, "Yes, that is enough," and of which demons will say, "We can say nothing against that," and of which the human conscience will say, "God can be just and the justifier of him which believeth." Who could make such an atonement? Not man. He is a sinner himself. Not angels. They are finite and the violated law is infinite. In John 3rd we have two "musts." The first, "Ye *must* be born again" to see the kingdom of God - the kingdom of the saved. The second "must" is "the Son of man" - the Son of God - "*must* be lifted up," *i. e.*, on the cross. It indicates the absolute necessity for the eternal Son of God and man to expiate sin by suffering. Christ Jesus came into the world not to separate sin and suffering, but to separate sinners and suffering, by His own suffering in their stead. If grace would reign it must be not apart from, nor despite, but through righteousness.

Glorious gospel : "He bore our sins in His own body on the tree."

"Justice will not the payment twice demand :

First at my glorious surety's hand,

And then again at mine."

More than that : "As the Father hath life in Himself so hath He given to the Son as Saviour to have life in Himself." And by the Holy Spirit through the gospel He brings sinners by faith into union with Christ so that they receive of His everlasting life, are born of God, and become new creatures, having new views, new aspirations, new works.

A lady thought she recognized, leading a religious meeting in prayer, the voice of a swearing Captain, and failing to be assured of the fact by her own knowledge and the answers of friends, she timidly asked him, "Are you the same man I heard swearing on the street near my house?" "Well," he said, "I am the same person and yet, thank God, I am not the same." "If any man be in Christ he is a new creature" - not a perfect creature, only a babe in Christ, yet so glorious that when thus saved, there is joy in heaven," for "it doth not yet appear what he shall be."

He is a sinner saved, and no more to be the football of the world, the flesh, and the devil, true if he has lived long in sin, he may have to say as Augustine, "Lord I began to love thee too late, the devil was too long in me, my will got too much twisted, it is the rudder that turns the boat oftimes as I do not want it to go." He may even be as one who seemed to be saved but sadly fell and when rebuked said, "what can you expect of public house sweepings?" Such saved ones may fail in particular battles but they shall not in the whole campaign. They may have intermediate failures but they shall have final victory. Drunkards have been made sober, thieves honest, unclean persons chaste, and they have lived on for years, compared with the best of unsaved men, clean without and white within: and when they died, they went, we hope, to heaven. "Such were some of you but ye are washed, but ye are sanctified, but ye are justified in the name of the Lord Jesus." As the stars of heaven is the number Christ Jesus saved from childhood, before they were enslaved by the power of sinful habit. And as the majority die in infancy, we cherish the hope, that as the sands on the sea-shore is the number Christ Jesus came to save.

" Ere the world its snares around them threw
Or its sins and its cares they ever knew,"

Christ Jesus came into the world to save, not a few, but "a great multitude which no man can number." Will you and I, when a few days or years have come and gone, stand among that multitude in everlasting glory? Blessed saying! Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.

III. OUR DUTY TO ACCEPT THIS SAYING; "CHRIST JESUS CAME INTO THE WORLD TO SAVE SINNERS."

We should accept it because it is a faithful and worthy saying. Wherever this saying was accepted, men were delivered from bondage of sin, lived lofty Christ-like lives and triumphed over the fear of death. But, as the acceptance of a medical prescription will not save the sick unless he also take the medicine prescribed, no more will the intellectual acceptance of this saying, Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, save unless we also accept, lovingly and joyfully, Christ Jesus Himself. "To as many as received HIM to them gave He power to become the Sons of God, even to them that believe on His name."

The statement, "worthy of all acceptance" means :

1. That Christ Jesus is worthy of acceptance as Teacher, Exemplar, Sacrifice, Saviour, King, and in every sense in which He is presented to us in the word. Said an eminent Unitarian, "I believe Him to be my judge." "If judge then why not believe Him to be your Saviour," replied a friend.

We need Him especially as Saviour to save us from the love and power as well as from the guilt of sin. Surely no one can expect that he may cherish any sin, and yet have Christ Jesus and be saved. This is a contradiction in terms. If saved we are saved from sin "A man cannot be made white and yet continue black, he cannot be healed and yet continue sick, neither can one be saved and be still a lover of sin." Will you hold on to your sin and go to hell, or accept Christ Jesus, be saved from sin, and go to heaven. There is no other choice. If you put off deciding, or neglect to think of the matter, you choose sin and its consequence, and next Sabbath it may be too late to choose Christ and its salvation—reason may be gone, the Spirit departed or death who is busy amongst us may not wait for your repentance or the comfort of your friends. Accept Christ Jesus now, in every office and aspect of His being, but especially as saviour from sin, for it is a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptance that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.

2. Worthy of the acceptance of all kinds of sinners. If Satan can no longer make you believe that you are in no great need of salvation he will tell you that you are too great a sinner to be saved. How often the awakened sinner says, "I have sinned too long and too grievously to be saved." Let me answer that. "Christ Jesus is able to save even to the uttermost." Saul of Tarsus was one of the greatest of sinners. His very breath was that of threatening and slaughter to the disciples of the Lord, and his soul was stained with their blood. That he was saved is positive proof that Christ Jesus came to save the worst of sinners. At the Fulton street prayer meeting, a man said that though he had a praying mother yet he became a reckless prodigal, but that upon his mother's death he felt that he ought to get into better company. He thought he would join the Oddfellows. They enquired about his character and finding that he was a drunken sailor, they black-balled him. They didn't want him. He went to the Free Masons.

They learned that his character was not good, and they too black-balled him. Upon invitation he went into a prayer meeting. He heard that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners. He believed Him. He took Him at His word, and said that he came to Christ without any character and Christ didn't black-ball him. Oh, sinful man, having none among men to love you, Christ Jesus loves you. Accept Him and He will save you. Once when George Whitefield was preaching he declared that Christ would save the devil's castaway. Afterwards, in Lady Huntingdon's drawing room, he was chided for using that vulgar expression. Just then a letter was put into his hand, in which the writer thanked Whitefield for that very remark, for said he, I had fallen so low that my companions forsook me. I felt that I was the devil's castaway to whom you referred in your sermon. Whitefield handed the letter to his critics and said, that must be my answer.

The least sinner needs the Infinite Saviour, the greatest sinner has not over-matched Him. Greatest sins are not a preparation for the Saviour. Thank God if you have been kept from them. But the question is not are your sins few or many—are you a little or a great sinner? The question is, do you accept Christ Jesus?—are you united to Him? It is generally supposed that the late American war began about slavery. The North was against slavery, the South for it and they appealed to arms, but it is well known that soon the question of slavery was swallowed up in the more important question of union—the union of the States—who is for or against the union? The question for us now is not about the origin of sin in Eden or the degree of sin in sinners, but who is for or against union with Christ Jesus? The question of all questions for you is, am I for or against this union *now*! In a little while you may be in the agonies of death. Do not think that since He came to save even the chief of sinners the prayer, "God be merciful to me a sinner," said when dying, will result in your salvation. You may not have time in which to say even that short prayer, or you may say it, and it will be no prayer, because not from your heart, and so you may die in your sin and mourn your folly and lash yourself for evermore.

Whoever you may be, you are a sinner, and need the Saviour *now*. Accept Him in all His offices as Saviour, and, though heaven and earth pass away, your soul will not be lost, you will have passed from death unto life everlasting.

Montreal.

Symposium.

THE WESTMINSTER CONFESSION OF FAITH.

REV. JOHN CAMPBELL, LL.D.

THE genial editor of the *Canada Presbyterian* can generally see as far into a millstone as any other man, but he was at fault when he inferred from the article on this subject in last month's JOURNAL that there was no doubt what side the writer was on. The spectacle of a college faculty, divided against itself and warring in words in the organ of their own students and graduates, was felt to be so undesirable that the members of faculty asked to write on the subject met with the editor and unitedly agreed to favour, not necessarily revision, but important changes in the articles of faith. From that agreement neither of the writers has expressed to the other or to the editor his intention of receding. It will, therefore, be necessary to read between lines, to judge as much by what the article *does not* affirm as by what it does, and especially to note that the third alternative, a new confession, is not touched at all. Any one familiar with the numerous public duties of the writer will not wonder at the necessity for leaving some things unsaid.

Historically, the Westminster Confession can be traced back to the personal experience of St. Augustine of Hippo. The licentious young Manichee, as his Confessions relate, was suddenly brought to rest, almost as by an open miracle, on the merits of Christ, and so found peace, and freedom from the lusts of the flesh. From his own experience first, and then by a search for Scripture texts to confirm it, he formulated his creed of absolute predestination and irresistible grace. The way by which Providence led him at Tagaste and Carthage, at Rome and Milan, the prayers of his devout mother, Monica, the preaching of Ambrose, his own soul struggles, the friendship of Alypius and others, the mere Pagan aids afforded by Cicero and Plato, were clean forgotten or merged in these two doctrines which are really one, falsely attempting to glorify Divine Sovereignty by a Divine

monergism, in which free will is lost sight of and man becomes a practical automaton. Theologians blame John Wesley and Schliermacher and Zinzendorff, because they built their theological systems largely on their own readings of their religious experience, a most dangerous method to follow, inasmuch as there is in such experience infinite variety, the Free Spirit of God working as liberally in the realm of spiritual phenomena as in the boundless variety of natural objects. Had Augustine merely set forth the great things God did for him, he would have conferred, as in great part he has done, a boon upon humanity. But when he went farther, and declared, with science little less in its pretensions than omniscience, that he knew the absolute divine method in that experience, he transcended the limits of those Sacred Scriptures which he quoted in favour of his own theory.

When the great father, for he was great and ever will be, looked about him for the principle on which God governs the universe, he found it, not in that love which is the fulfilling of the law, but in the law itself, or, worse still, in stern retributive justice. Augustine was a Latin speaking and Latin thinking man, a Roman. He was familiar with the story of Junius Brutus, who put to death his own sons, Titus and Tiberius, because they were traitors, while all that beheld were filled with grief. He knew how the gallant young Manlius, son of Torquatus, taunted by a Latin champion, disobeyed orders and brought the spoils of the slain foe to his father's feet, and how all unmindful of the whole army's pleading voice, and of the mother at home awaiting the return of her brave son from the wars, that father condemned him to die. Before his eyes was the goddess Justitia in the forum, with bandaged eyes and scales and naked sword; before his mind the heathen words, "Fiat justitia, ruat cælum!" This stern, uncompromising justice was the Roman's glory. He would have seen nothing wrong in Shakspeare's Shylock demanding his pound of flesh by bond. Was that Roman atmosphere of thought the proper one in which to formulate a gospel system? What does the Bible say, nay, what does the incarnate God say, in this matter of justice? "The Father judgeth no man, but hath committed all judgment unto the Son," John v. 22. But the Son says, "I came not to judge the world, but to save the world," John xii. 47: "I judge no man," John viii. 15: "God sent not His Son into the world to condemn the world," John iii. 17. And yet again, "For as the Father hath life in Him

self, so hath He given to the Son to have life in Himself : and hath given Him authority to execute judgment also, *because He is the Son of man,*" John v. 26, 27. Christ, as the Son of man, came for judgment upon *the prince of this world,* John xvi. 11 : and this judgment he pronounced, not alone, but with the first fruits of the Gentile world, John xii. 31. "Do not think that I will accuse you to the Father : there is one that accuseth you, even Moses in whom ye trust," John v. 45. Paul writes in the same strain : "Do ye not know that the saints shall judge the world?" "Know ye not that we shall judge angels?" I. Corinthians, vi. 2, 3. Augustine's theology knows nothing of this marvellous truth. To him the gospel of John was as if it existed not. He was more familiar with the psalms than with any other portion of the Scriptures : but in his mind the 50th was more than the 51st, the 90th than the 91st, the 102nd than the 103rd. He was a great man and a good, but a one-sided man, who brought the prejudice of his ill read personal experience and of his Roman thought and ideal of excellence, to the study of theology.

Even the Old Testament Scriptures, in presenting the legal aspect of the Divine character, present it as working not for condemnation, but for salvation : "For the Lord is our judge, the Lord is our law-giver, the Lord is our King : He will save us," Isaiah xxxiii. 22. Humanity as a whole and in the individual is not an outside public world of aliens, but, with all its sins, a spouse, the mother of God's children : "Thus saith the Lord, Where is the bill of your mother's divorcement whom I have put away? or which of my creditors is it to whom I have sold you? Behold for your iniquities have ye sold yourselves, and for your transgressions is your mother put away" : Isaiah v. 1. Augustine knew all about the bill of divorcement and the creditor. In his *De Doctrina Christiana*, of all the cardinal passages quoted above, the only one he touches is that in Corinthians. The Augustinian exaltation of the Divine justice over every other attribute took fatal possession of the Church in all its divisions. So-called mystics, pious souls, in all lands and ages, that could not endure the wrangling of the schools, betook themselves quietly to the love of God : even those among them who wrote and preached however, were unable to modify the Church's judgment. Nevertheless, it is a false judgment of God, inconsistent with thousands of Scripture statements, and with the entire revelation of the Father in Jesus Christ. It is time in these last days, when we, the product of nineteen centuries of Bible study,

are, if we use our opportunities aright, the fathers, and the Westminster Divines, the reformers, the scholastic doctors, and the so-called Fathers, are the children, to vindicate the character, and set forth the true glory, of that one Father in heaven, whose best name is Love.

The glory and strength of Augustine's system is its decided opposition to Pelagianism, but, even in this, neither he nor his successors got at the root of the matter, namely, that all the light and life and love, all that is beautiful and good and true, every good as well as every perfect gift in the realms of nature and of grace, all these come down from the Father of lights. The ray of sunlight in a coal mine or in a filthy hovel is sunlight all the same: so goodness great or small, whatever its surroundings, is the work of the Light which shineth in the darkness that comprehend it not. By losing sight of this, by denying any good to the so-called natural man, in other words, by ignoring common grace, the Augustinian system is really, in spite of itself, semi-Pelagian. Rome, for the sake of establishing a basis for good works, became Pelagian, although many of its greatest doctors, and, in comparatively late time, the Jansenists and Port Royalists, protested against a departure from Augustinian orthodoxy. But the bishop of Hippo's extreme views on absolute predestination never found entire favour in the Church. Many a time, down the centuries, men who held predestination to damnation, and its almost necessary concomitant, predestination to sin, were condemned as blasphemous heretics; and so they were. Who dare preach such doctrines to-day in the Presbyterian Church or out of it? And yet we speak of the glorious Augustinian system: I will not refer to superstitions and other errors of this great father in doctrine and practice, as my object is not to sit in judgment upon him or any man, but simply, and even somewhat unwillingly, to exhibit the unscriptural nature of parts of that ancient system on which the theology of our confessional, but happily not to any extent of our pulpit, teaching, is based.

Anselm, Lombardus, Aquinas, and the other scholastic doctors who followed Augustine, handed down his tenets, mingled with much rubbish of their own, and rigidly ruled by the Aristotelian system, for the benefit of the reformers. In his Institutes, Calvin draws enormously upon Augustine, and, to a lesser extent, upon Ambrose, Basil, the Gregories, Cyril, Jerome, Chrysostom, Cyprian, Tertullian, and other fathers. Nor does he neglect the schoolmen, among whom appear Bernard, Lombard, and Thomas

Aquinas. These he quotes to approve or to refute, according as their statements confirm those of Augustine or differ from them. Augustine ruled the Reformation. Luther and Knox were Augustinian monks, and almost if not all of that order joined the reformers. The Augustinian was the best of the two existing systems of theology, so the reformers accepted it, and sought to separate from it the additions made by the schoolmen, and the more glaring errors of the great father himself. They modified the old scholastic definitions, it is true, and had their successors continued to improve upon these, a Scriptural system might have been reached in time; but they did not. On the contrary, they relapsed into the scholastic method. Dr. Walker, in his *Scottish Theology and Theologians*, says regarding the Scottish divines of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries: "They were most thoroughly familiar with the Nicene theology, and adhered to it closely; and the great Christian writers of the first centuries, especially the Latin ones, were their careful study. Boyd and Rutherford, and Gillespie, and Brown, would have found themselves engaged in a perfectly congenial occupation, debating the doctrine of the Trinity, whether in its metaphysical or its historical aspects. It is, indeed, one of the notable differences between our older and our later theology - the greater dependence of the former on the ancient Church. A theological work used to be regarded as incomplete, without the witness bearing of Augustine, and Hilary, and Chrysostom, and Basil. In some cases the pages of these old Presbyterians groan under the weight of patristic quotations and references." This says more for the erudition of the Scottish divines than for their ability to understand the Scriptures for themselves. The same thing, adding the schoolmen, may be said for Owen and others of the Puritans. The Swiss were worse. But, why go any farther than Hodge's System, laden with human authorities of every kind?

Did any one search the Scriptures for a scriptural system? I should like to know that good man's name. Save in a few minor points, the post reformation theologians, not including heretics and rationalists, have followed blindly the lead of the reformers, as a flock of sheep, their bell-wether. It has not been a question of "Thus saith the Lord," but, "Thus say so many reputable theologians." Beza was more scholastic, logical, and more Calvinistic than Calvin: he died in 1605. Two years before Beza's death, Arminius, who had studied under the great Genevan, began to impugn the absolute decree of predestination, and wandered off into semi-Pelagia-

nism. He and his followers were infamously treated by the orthodox divines and statesmen of Holland, so that his life was thereby shortened. Nine years after his death, or in 1618, the Synod of Dort began to sit. It was a hard, cold, semi-political, scholastic farce to reach a foregone conclusion, that Augustinianism or Calvinism is all the truth. Its atmosphere, religious-political, was one of prejudice and passion, unfavourable in many ways to a calm and reverent survey of the Divine Word. Little more than twenty years later, the slumbering strife between the King and the clergy of England, and the Presbyterians and Puritans generally, who had been cruelly oppressed, burst into open warfare, and, on the first of July, 1643, while war was yet raging, the assembly of divines met at Westminster. Fuller was right in speaking of them as "Good with the trowel but better with the sword, more happy in polemical divinity than in edifying doctrine." They had been contending for long years with the King and the bishops, and they contended fiercely and bitterly. Granted the learning of many of them, the fervent piety of a few, the sufferings they had endured, they were there as warriors, bound to struggle, until England and Scotland were dominated religiously, by the canons of the Synod of Dort. It is a pitiable sign, not of their character, for, spite of Clarendon's and Laud's assertions to the contrary, they were men of good lives, but of that of their opponents, that they hardly dared use the sacred name of love, while the cavaliers had smirched and trailed in the mire. What is a confession of faith in God, that needs continually to have the inferior terms and mere co-ordinate attributes, goodness, mercy and the like, raised up to the dignity of supreme love? Thank God for the spiritual evolution that makes this necessary: but, in the name of common sense, and in the higher name of Divine truth, if God be love, why not say so in plain words, as did the Apostle John? Well, the Assembly made the Confession and presented it to the Parliament on December 3, 1646; but was sent back again *to attach marginal notes, to prove every part of it by Scripture.* This was Jedburgh justice: Thirty years later, the Formula Consensus Helveticus turned creeds into a comedy by adding, to the most rigid predestination, the inspiration of the Hebrew vowel points. And yet men speak of the giants of those days: With whom does ignorance lie?

Put the venerable document on the shelf among historic relics, a weapon of the past. Convoke a Canadian assembly of ministers and elders who know their Bibles well, men mighty in the Scriptures, with all the aids of

Greek and Hebrew scholarship. Begin it with fervent prayer to the Spirit of God, of peace and love and of a sound mind, for light to interpret the holy oracles. Then, make a first careful induction of the sayings and significant doings of the Lord Jesus Christ, the Father's revelation, that is of the four gospels. Thereafter, do the same with the Acts of the Apostles and the Epistles; and, finally, of whatsoever is accordant to those in the Old Testament, or may be added thereto from the Apocalypse. When this work is all done, then, but not before, consult the fathers and the scholastics, the reformers and later divines, confessions and catechisms, either to approve or to condemn their sayings. Let no man come to the assembly saying, I am a Calvinist or I am an Arminian, or go to work on the foundation of any *ism* whatsoever. It may take years to accomplish the work; it certainly will call for men of independent minds, and of godly lives, and of loving Christ-like hearts: but it will be a work worthy of the greatest Church in Christendom, exalting to its true place the sword of the Spirit, and, through Christ, bringing glory to the Father He revealed.

A single word in closing. The Church of Scotland was in existence eighty years before the existence of the Westminster Confession. It is, therefore, no voluntary association founded on that document, giving impertinent people a right to say "sign or leave." It is neither Christian nor manly for any upholder of the Confession, as in the United States and Britain, to charge with lack of Christian scholarship, with a foolish desire to do away with the systematic teaching of Divine Truth, with indefiniteness of religious conviction, or any defect in science, piety or motive, those to whom they find themselves opposed in this discussion. It needs strong conviction of truth, moral courage, and the fear of God, to assail the Augustinian ramparts, that have frowned down upon the Christian Church for ages: and if these words of mine can help such reformers in any way I shall be satisfied.

Presbyterian College.

Contributed Articles.

CERTAINTIES AND UNCERTAINTIES IN BIBLICAL INTRODUCTION.

IN view of the wide diversities of opinion as to almost all questions connected with the literary origin of the books of the Bible, it is inevitable that any article professing to indicate the boundary between certainty and uncertainty should partake largely of the nature of a statement of the writer's own individual conclusions. It may be as well therefore to say at the outset that my general attitude on all such questions is conservative. I am content in the main to abide by the opinions that have been most generally held in the Church as to the date and authorship of these books; not of course simply because they have been held by the Church, but because after examination I believe them in the main to be true, being supported by the most satisfactory evidence at our disposal. In several cases I accept of these with some modifications, or as being perhaps only partial statements of the facts, but yet as true or as having a clear basis of truth as far as they go.

I am conscious that it requires some little courage to hold this attitude in presence of the scholars of to-day, many of whom are ready to express pity and contempt for those they regard as held fast by a hide-bound traditionalism. But one is comforted for this on observing the trend of the more recent criticism. It seems not unlikely to prove the winning side after all. After more than a century of free investigation and a generation of pretty thorough radicalism, it is noticeable that scholarship is steadily coming back to old positions which it was thought had been left behind forever. Like a traveller it has gone far abroad to seek its fortune, and has had many an adventure, but now it shows a disposition to return to the quieter resting-places from which it had somewhat wantonly departed. It is significant that almost every important question of New Testament criticism has been settled in favour of the traditional view, and it is largely because they have been so thoroughly routed in that portion of the field that radical and destructive criticism have concentrated their forces on the more exposed out-posts of the

Old Testament. No one now for example puts the gospels in the second century as was done by many twenty-five years ago. The Johannine authorship of the fourth gospel, ten years ago almost scornfully denied, is to-day pretty well set at rest. One of the most confident conclusions of criticism has been the early date of the Apocalypse before the destruction of Jerusalem instead of at the close of the first century—a conclusion all the more remarkable and apparently all the more trustworthy, because it has been so unusual for criticism to antedate any of the books. In a recent article in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, Harnack, one of the most prominent German scholars of the day, returns to the old view in a somewhat modified form. Dr. Milligan, in the Baird lecture for 1886, accepts the old view without modification, and ably defends it. Many of us may yet live to see the day when the Pastoral Epistles will be universally acknowledged as Pauline and Moses re-instated as the author of the Pentateuch. Meantime conservative thinkers may patiently wait for fuller vindication in view of these partial confirmations of their general position. It is one of the certainties that very much of modern criticism has been rash and its results untenable.

While adhering to conservative views, we may frankly own, however, that Biblical science owes very much indeed to the labours of many whose views are now everywhere abandoned. If they have been lacking in caution and sometimes even in reverence, they have not been wanting either in enthusiasm or acuteness. They have called attention to the literary characteristics and individual peculiarities of the sacred writings in such a way as to make us study them with a new interest. They have led us back of the writings themselves to the sources from which they were often drawn, and to the movements from which they sprang, so as to make them more really human to us, though not on that account the less divine. They have taught us to interpret them as literary productions rather than as logical formularies in which every word has a dogmatic or polemic point protruding from it. They have helped us to read these books with the eyes of contemporaries for whom they were primarily intended, rather than with clumsy seventeenth century spectacles, which, while better than none, made every object in turn unduly large and threw it out of proportion. They have delivered us from a good many conventional fictions and brought us nearer to the simplicity and naturalness of Scripture truth. Thanks to them we no longer look at the Bible as a series of Chinese pictures, analytically

drawn without perspective, but as paintings true to nature and coloured to life, having depth as well as breadth and background as well as foreground. Schleiermacher and Ewald, Bauer and Strauss and Renan, Kuenen and Wellhausen, have not given us the truth, but they have helped to take away the veil from our eyes, so that we might the more easily see it for ourselves. With all the aberrations of criticism, no honest lover of Scripture would blot out the past century of its work, even if he could. But to proceed.

I believe it to be one of the certain conclusions of criticism that those books of the Bible which contain clear statements as to their authorship, were in every case written by the persons to whom they are distinctly credited. The first place to which we naturally go in order to get information about the origin and aim of any literary work is the book itself, and unless it be fiction or satire, so that the writer has an object in concealing his identity, we expect a book to tell the truth about itself, whatever value it may have otherwise. In so far then as the books of Scripture do make such statements about themselves there would seem to be no good reason why they should not be taken without serious question ; all the more when it is borne in mind that very many of them are of an official or semi-official character and, therefore, likely at once to challenge close scrutiny by contemporaries. It is hard to conceive, for example, how any one could successfully palm off on the Church, as a letter from Paul, something he never wrote, at least while any of his own time were still alive. It would at once provoke enquiry ; enquiry could hardly fail to lead to detection and rejection. At any later time the difficulty would be increased rather than diminished, unless it can be supposed that the whole body of the Church had some sinister design in common with the forger.

As against this it is not enough to point to the frequent use of pseudonyms in all literature and to the special practice among orientals of adopting as pseudonyms the names of well known persons of historical eminence, even though that practice does seem to have been more affected in religious compositions than in any other ; for the only clear cases of this are among apocryphal books never received as canonical. And one of the obvious reasons for their exclusion from the canon would seem to have been just this very fact that they were pseudonymous. Many critics seem to proceed upon the assumption that there was no such thing as intelligent criticism in the Church previous to the present century. But this is utterly

erroneous, as is clearly shown by the large number of religious works, possessing considerable worth, excluded from the canon. It is true the principles on which they formed their conclusions were not quite the same as those in vogue at Tubingen. They were really more sensible, because more distinctly historical and more firmly applied. Hence in the case of canonical books accepted by the Church, the presumption is strongly in favour of receiving their statements as to authorship at their face value.

Now how far has this presumption been borne out by recent criticism? Out of the sixty-six books which compose the collection, there are thirty-three that may be regarded as making direct statements as to their own authorship. These are, Canticles, Isaiah, Jeremiah, Ezekiel and the twelve minor prophets, except Jonah, in the Old Testament; the thirteen Pauline epistles, those of James, Peter and Jude with the apocalypse, in the new. Every one of these have been scrutinized in the most searching way, and with what results? I believe it can be said broadly that there is no single instance in which the criticism of the nineteenth century has succeeded in finally discrediting their genuineness. Some of them, such as the Pastoral epistles and Second Peter, have trembled in the balance, but as yet they keep their place and seem likely to do so. Canticles has, by very many, been referred to some author long after Solomon's death, but Prof. Robertson Smith, one of the most thorough-going disciples of the German critical school, while questioning the accuracy of the title attributing it to Solomon, now admits that it must have been written about Solomon's time. If so, it is little better than downright perversity to allow any theory as to the interpretation of the book to set aside a plain statement as to the authorship; for even if this statement is not as old as the book itself, it certainly represents the earliest and only tradition on the point. As to the rest, perhaps the most serious doubt at the present hangs over the latter part of the book of Isaiah, which is now very generally attributed to a nameless prophet of the captivity. The question, however, is by no means closed, and there are a good many points that will bear further investigation in the new light that is being thrown on Isaiah's time by recent Assyrian discoveries. But even if it should turn out that those chapters are not Isaiah's, this would hardly be an exception to the above statement. The book has always been known to be a collection of separate compositions, though believed to be all by the same writer. This last section, however, is really anonymous, and is cou-

✓

nected with the rest only by the running title at the head of the page. We might account for its association with them by the supposition that its author was one of the disciples of the school of Isaiah.

Of the remaining 32 books, nine make statements as to their authorship which are somewhat vague and ambiguous, twelve have simply running titles traditionally attached to them in manuscripts with various degrees of probability, two are collections of pieces by different writers, some known some unknown, while ten are altogether anonymous. For the determination of these we must fall back largely upon other sources of information—history, tradition, literary conjecture. What have been the results here?

As to the ten books which are entirely anonymous recent criticism has not been able to tell us much that has not long been known, nor has it reversed many of the conclusions reached by the Church fifteen centuries ago and since then held traditionally. The Acts of the Apostles, the only one of this class in the New Testament is still attributed to Luke as it always has been. Judges, Ruth, and Esther in the Old are still anonymous as they always have been. The Talmudical traditions as to the authorship of Job, Kings and Chronicles, which traditions were committed to writing only after the Christian era and never universally accepted, are perhaps not now held with as much confidence as formerly. But even these have not been quite set aside, except in the case of the book of Job which hardly any one now would attribute to Moses. A vigorous effort has been made to bring Chronicles down to a time much later than Ezra, but with only partial success. The one point where important results are loudly proclaimed is as to the authorship of the anonymous book of Genesis. The origin of this, however, is closely bound up with that of the rest of the Pentateuch and will be noticed later on.

Besides these ten which are admittedly anonymous there are twelve more which are so really, but with which the names of certain authors are associated in the titles. These titles of course formed no part of the original texts, but were attached at a later time and are simply expressive of the generally accepted opinion of the Church at that later time. As might be expected, criticism has shown these to be of somewhat unequal value. But probably they were not all intended to express authorship. Thus for example Samuel can hardly have been regarded as the writer of the books bearing his name, since the history is brought down to a period considerably

after his death. The title must have been intended to suggest either that he contributed the early portion of it, or more probably that it gave the history of the important national revolution in which he so largely figured. In this last case it tells us nothing as to authorship. The same may be true of the books of Joshua, Jonah and Daniel, though the reasons for so thinking are far less obvious and by no means conclusive. On the other hand one would scarcely think of any other purpose in the title of the book of Ezra than that it was meant to suggest authorship, though it is the history of his own public life. His literary tastes and habits make it exceedingly likely that he would leave some such record as we find there preserved. The name of Jeremiah is first connected with Lamentations in the Septuagint, but no sufficient reason has arisen to set it aside. In the New Testament the authors of the three Synoptic Gospels are indicated only in the titles and their correctness was at one time confidently denied, but after a century of inquiry they are now almost universally accepted with some reservation as to the narrative portions of Matthew's Gospel. So the first Epistle of John is attributed to him only in the title, but by common consent the claim is now acknowledged. On the other hand the Epistle to the Hebrews should probably be anonymous, which it is in the oldest manuscripts.

The two *collections* in the canon are the books of Psalms and Proverbs. But beyond emphasizing the obvious fact that they are collections of pieces by different authors at various times, recent criticism has added little to our knowledge. All attempts to deny the hand of David in the one or of Solomon in the other have so far proved futile. Attempts to revise and supplement the detailed headings which are attached to many of the separate pieces in these collections have likewise proved almost entirely visionary.

There remains now only one class of canonical books to be considered,—those which make statements as to their authorship, but in such form as to leave room for some uncertainty as to how much is meant by them. It is here, however, that we came upon the points where the most serious controversies have arisen.

In accordance with the principles already laid down all such statements contained in the books themselves should be taken at their full value, and frankly accepted, unless the evidence from other quarters is such as to show them false. But the practical difficulty has been to determine just what that full value is. The question of interpretation is raised and the still more

delicate question of the fair inferences that are to be deduced from them. On the one hand there is the tendency to sharpen these statements somewhat and see in them more than is actually affirmed; on the other to explain them away so as to mean as little as possible. Both tendencies are subversive of truth if blindly followed, but as between the two it is by no means easy to hold the balance even. Unfortunately for the calmness of critical judgment dogmatic considerations are almost necessarily involved and have commonly entered into the discussion on both sides even when not acknowledged. Certain interpretations have been urged because they bore on the inspiration and authority of the books in question, or because they favoured certain views as to the supernatural. It is indeed difficult for any one who is sufficiently interested in these subjects to study them at all, to avoid such virtual prejudice in some direction, and quite impossible to avoid the suspicion of it by the opposite party. We shall try nevertheless to see how much is certain here and how much fairly open.

The books which may be regarded as containing such indirect or ambiguous statements as to their authorship, are the Pentateuch, Ecclesiastes and Nehemiah in the Old Testament, and the fourth gospel with the second and third Epistles of John in the New. As the statements are made in various forms, each case must be studied for itself.

The simplest from this point of view is that of the fourth gospel. This work more than once states its authorship to belong to "the disciple whom Jesus loved," but no where gives any name. Some have tried to make out that this is an ambiguous description which might apply with perfect truth to any honoured member of the early Church. But obviously it implies more than that, for he represents himself as one of those present when the risen Jesus manifested himself to his disciples at the sea of Galilee and identifies himself with the disciple who leaned on his breast at supper. If the statement is true the author can be none other than John the Apostle, and the early Church without any hesitation put the name of John at the head of it in the title. If not by John it is a forgery, as surely as if his name had been given. And this is really the issue that has been fought out by criticism. The conflict was long, of the fiercest kind, and was embittered by the large dogmatic interests supposed to be involved. It is hardly too much to say now that this question is set at rest for ever by the triumphant vindication of the Johannine authorship of the book.

In the two epistles on the other hand the description of the writer is too vague for us to build almost any conclusion on it. He speaks of himself simply as "the elder." They are virtually anonymous, and their Johannine origin rests on the testimony of the second century supported by the similarity of the style to John's other writings. In spite of some apparent hesitation in the early Church as to their recognition the evidence in favour of the traditional view is quite strong enough to warrant its acceptance.

Among Old Testament books I have placed the book of Nehemiah in this category, though it opens with the declaration that these are "the words of Nehemiah the Son of Hachaliah." This is not strictly speaking ambiguous, nor is there any good reason to question its accuracy. But in view of the marked change in the style when the story of Nehemiah's own work is completed it seems simpler to suppose that it applies only to that portion of the narrative, and that Ezra or some other writer incorporated in his work this memoir by Nehemiah, giving him full credit therefor in this form. Of course it might be explained also on the supposition that Nehemiah incorporated an original narrative by Ezra. But the other view is more in accordance with the position of Ezra as the scribe of the restoration period, while Nehemiah was rather its statesman. The question is one of little importance, however, as on either view the work would still be a contemporary one.

The case of Ecclesiastes is not so easily disposed of, but the difficulty is not quite so serious as it is sometimes made to appear. It represents itself as "the words of the Preacher, Son of David, King in Jerusalem." Knowing that Solomon had literary tastes one naturally thinks of him as the person obviously intended; and as it seemed to be supported by the correspondence between the experiences therein related and the known facts of Solomon's life, it is not surprising that he should have been commonly accepted both in ancient and modern times as the writer. Modern criticism, however, asserts that it is post-exilic from its style and language. The critics may yet prove to be wrong as they have been wrong before, but the question can hardly be closed as is sometimes done by an *ad captandum* appeal to the heading. The traditional interpretation of it, natural enough in the absence of any evidence to the contrary, is not required by anything in the book itself, nor is it the only interpretation. The work has neither historical nor prophetic character that would be enhanced in value by an early date or

diminished by a later one. It is purely didactic, based upon an experience that might have been reproduced in any age. In accordance with established Hebrew usage the description here would apply to any one of the Kings in the line of David equally well with Solomon. Under such circumstances even the most reverent and conservative is free to ask the question whether we are bound to insist that the first obvious suggestion of the title must be taken at all cost.

We come now at length to the case of the Pentateuch around which the chief battle of criticism is raging at the present time, and which certainly presents one of the most serious literary problems of which the world knows anything—serious not only because of the issues that are supposed to be involved, but also from its inherent difficulty. One can hardly hope at the present stage of the controversy to make any statement that will represent the final result of it all, but a few general remarks may serve to indicate the state of the question and also the writer's view as to the direction in which the probable solution will be found.

The Pentateuch nowhere distinctly gives the name of its author, but it contains various statements which have an obvious bearing on the point. It is largely a book of laws and the whole of the legislation which it prescribes is plainly represented as Mosaic in its origin. It is also stated repeatedly that Mose wrote a "book of the covenant" which contained at least a portion of that legislation and may have contained it all. Another large part of the work is historical, giving the story of the exodus and wanderings of Israel during forty years in the wilderness; and he is represented as writing "their goings out according to their journeys according to the commandment of the Lord." The book of Deuteronomy which closes the work consists of a series of discourses and describes itself as "the words which Moses spake unto all Israel." Now of course these statements do not necessarily involve the Mosaic authorship of the books in their present form. They may imply only that a large portion of the materials from which they are drawn is Mosaic. But the statements are at least suggestive of more than this, and it is not to be wondered at that in the absence of any information to the contrary they should have been interpreted as meaning that Moses was the writer of them all, including the preparatory book of Genesis which gives a summary of history from the beginning of the world down to his own time. There is a manifest unity of plan running through the whole series seeming to require

unity of authorship and it was not unnaturally felt that no one was so likely to have written it all as Moses, saving only of course the appendix at the end of containing an account of his own death. Certain it is at any rate that this became the accepted view in the Jewish church as far back as we have any means of tracing it. It is found in the Talmud. It was current in the days of Christ and his apostles, being received by them in common with all sects among the Jews, Pharisees, Sadducees and Essenes. It was firmly held even by the Samaritans who considered themselves the mortal enemies of the Jews and owned no other Bible than these five books. The legislation and the history contained in the Pentateuch are repeatedly referred to in the books of the Old Testament from Joshua down as Mosaic, as if it were a well-understood fact, and nowhere is there the slightest vestige of any variant tradition or any suspicion that the accepted view did not represent the truth. The book of the law is spoken of as being discovered in the reign of Josiah, but not as having been written at that time. Ezra reads the book of the law of Moses to the people and gives the sense, but nothing is said about his writing, revising or editing it in any way. It appears rather as a work already venerable from its age and acknowledged authority.

To-day, however, this simple theory of the origin of the Pentateuch no longer satisfies the demands of criticism. After a hundred years or more of serious investigation it claims to have established that while there is probably a small nucleus of the legislation Mosaic, the Pentateuch cannot possibly have been left by Moses in the form in which it stands now, that in fact it is not the work of any one man or of any one age, but the resultant of a succession of efforts to formulate the institutions and ideas which constituted the national life of the Jewish people. Criticism points out that there are contained in it three distinct codes of laws widely divergent from each other and asserts that these represent three stages in the historical development of the Jewish system, first the original covenant of Exodus embracing the decalogue, second the code of Deuteronomy representing the prophetic interpretation of this in the time of the later Kings of Judah, and lastly the more elaborate code of Leviticus which was simply an attempt made by priests during the exile to embody in permanent literary shape the unwritten sacrificial system that had grown up in the nation through long centuries of usage. It supposes that all these were incorporated after the Restoration in a

continuous work which gathered up also the received traditions as to the national ancestry of the Jews, the episodes that blazoned the early days of their national history and the ideas that underlay their national religion. It claims furthermore that the sources from which these last are derived can also still be distinguished by their varying styles, especially in Genesis. It insists that these can be shown to belong to two well defined classes, one Jehovistic or prophetic and the other Elohist or priestly, often parallel to each other, but not always in agreement. The Pentateuch thus stands before us no longer as an original work, but as a mere harmony of previously existing traditions.

Space will not allow a discussion of this radical theory, nor does such discussion lie within the purpose of this article. It is being widely accepted by scholarly critics of the present time, and, certainly, something can be said in its favour. Of course if the evidence for it becomes clear, it will have to be accepted by all, and adjusted as best it can to other verities of the faith. But one cannot help remarking on the folly of proclaiming it as one of the certain conclusions of criticism, as is so often done. In this form it is not yet a generation old, and no one can tell how soon it may be replaced by some other theory even as it has replaced various predecessors. The traditional view is not free from difficulty, but this view is encumbered with no end of perplexities. Its advocates are by no means agreed among themselves as to details as yet, and it rests after all upon so many unproved suppositions, that some happy discovery or suggestion, some restatement of the old conservative view, might at any moment capture all its strong features, leaving it to collapse as completely as Strauss' mythical theory of the Gospels. The possibilities of the traditional view are by no means exhausted as yet. There are various directions in which it may be open for restatement so as to account more adequately for the facts that have been brought to light by the patient and thoroughgoing investigations of the past century. Thus for example, the question of the literary methods of Moses has not received as yet the attention it deserves. Many of the alleged difficulties arise from the supposition that being a continuous work the Pentateuch must have been written continuously, whereas it may have undergone repeated revision from Moses' own hand, and his own material, as well as earlier material, embodied in it in various ways. This would account for a good deal in the way of variety of style, and difference of

standpoint. In this year of grace, 1890, everybody is reading Stanley's latest work, entitled, "In Darkest Africa," giving account of his expedition for the relief of Emin Pasha. The work is well written, but it presents some curious literary phenomena. It is said to have been written in fifty days, almost at one sitting; but any one can see at a glance that there are two quite different styles in it,—one, terse, disjointed, scrappy, being that of his diary during the expedition, which has evidently been transferred to the work without much change; the other, the more flowing style of continuous composition. Almost every question is discussed from two different standpoints, and sometimes from more, as events developed themselves. We happen to know that it is all by one hand. But if this work had been written three thousand years ago and we had known less about the author than we do, our critics would have had a problem very similiar to that of the Pentateuch, and would no doubt have solved it in very much the same way. The same work may also furnish an apt parallel on another important point. The critics make a great deal of the fact that certain portions of the Pentateuch laws were disregarded, even by good men, at a time long after the days of Moses. They conclude from this that they were really unknown and non-existent. The sad history of Stanley's rear column shows only too plainly how the clearest instructions may be completely disregarded by men who give fullest evidence of their earnest sympathy with the objects which these instructions were meant to secure. The truth is, our critics, with all their literary acumen, show a great ignorance of human nature, and make little allowance for the possibilities of misinterpretation, the vagaries of popular opinion and the unconscious perversities of good men. Assuredly the last word has not been spoken in this controversy; but it is safe to say that advanced criticism is very far as yet from having made good its whole claim. That the work is in some sense composite in its origin seems altogether probable; but Moses may very well have been the compiler even of his own materials. That it has been edited since the days of Moses and somewhat modernized is also probable; but it is by no means certain that the changes or additions have been at all considerable.

Apart from the question of authorship there are other questions with which Biblical Introduction has to deal that are no less important and difficult, such as the circumstances under which these books were produced and

the immediate purposes they were intended to serve. But all such questions must be left over for future treatment. The above is a brief summary of what I believe to be the present condition of our knowledge on this one question. Perhaps no other student in the same department would quite agree with me at every point, but I am satisfied that in the main it represents the results of reverent criticism so far as they are assured. It may be a surprise to some to find how much is still unknown as to the origin of our Scriptures, and that we must take so many of the books of the Bible on trust. But it must be borne in mind that there was a time when all this was known, and that it was upon such knowledge the Church acted in recognizing these books as authorities. And if we sometimes have to take the conclusions of our ancestors without being informed of the grounds on which they were reached, we still know enough to furnish a sound historical basis for belief as regards all the essentials of Christianity. He must be judged inexcusable who rejects that which is certain because there is associated with it something that cannot be explained to his full satisfaction.

JOHN SCRINGER.

Presbyterian College.

Poetry.

NOTHING.

"There is nothing."—I. Kings xviii. 43.

The Prophet's servant, with an eager eye,
Swept mountain, sea, and plain :
Before, the rippling waters spread ;
The land, behind, was parch'd and dead ;
From rim to rim the sky, o'erhead,
Showed never sign of rain.

"Nothing!" And yet, despite his fainting cry,
A rich response was nigh.

How oft our faith, striving with very tears,
Finds stay and surety gone !
Doubt cuts th'untwining strands, which Hope
Flings thro' our darkness, like a rope,
And our wrack'd souls, despairing, grope
In blindest anguish on.

"Nothing!" Then God, amid our skeptic fears,
Speaks,—and the way appears.

When stern affliction's flames our spirits prove,
Or we in trials bend,
Joy flies from life; sweetness from breath ;
And our crush'd hearts so groan beneath
A weigh of agony that Death
Is met as dearest friend.

"Nothing!" Yet God reveals himself in love,
And points our souls above.

Oft in contrition bow'd we feel, in deed
And mind, weak to fulfill
His hest, whom men should crown the First.
Our best is nothing, yet our worst
Is often proffered him, accurst
With double sins of will.

"Nothing" we have ; and yet our very need
Calls forth the greater meed.

Where waves of sorrow o'er our life are driven,
 When strong grief shakes the heart,
 Our souls, o'erwhelmed by the rude blow,
 Obscure the face of God, and go
 Reeling in shadow thro' their woe,
 Nor wish the clouds to part.
 "Nothing!" And yet, perchance, the grief was given
 To win us back to heaven.

We strive with earnest prayer the goal to win :
 We sow thro' weary years ;
 But oft the answer seemeth not
 Responsive to our suit, tho' fraught
 With priceless destinies, and sought
 With wrestling and with tears.
 Yet God from this our "Nothing" born of sin,
 Shall bring rich harvest in.

"Nothing!" Still hangs this screen on human sight
 Thro' all the ways of life.
 On each an hour of weakness falls,
 When Hope, deject, more faintly calls,
 And even prayer Unfaith entralls
 In throes of dubious strife.
 "Nothing!" our bitter cry ; yet is our night
 But ushering in of light.

R. MACDOUGALL.

Presbyterian College.

THE SECOND TRIUMPHAL MARCH.

The glowing sun with brilliancy intense
Shone on that hall magnificent and grand,
Where Rome her judgment wonted to dispense
To David's house with high, imperious hand,
Whence went the edicts at her proud command
That made of Judah's children bondsmen base,
And daily deeper marked the servile brand
On them from whom the nations fled apace,
Whom Moses, Joshua led—Jehovah's chosen race.

Its lustre burned upon the splendid gates,
And clothed those walls in their majestic light ;
It beamed upon the hoary armour-plates,
And lit the lance of the flame-crested knight,
On spotless steed caparisoned with light,
Mounted, and keeping guard the gates beside,
A seeming statue, motionless and white.
The scene was Rome's own glory ; but her pride
Knew not whence glory came, looked upward and defied.

Sudden the gates swung backward, and the crowd,
That filled the place before in seething throng,
Brake the dead silence with commotion loud,
As all the demons that to hell belong
Were loosed the city streets and ways among :
There rent the air a wild, conflicting cry,
A shout of jeering laughter, hoarse and long
Brake forth, and yells of hate that would imply
They thought 'twas not enough to beat and crucify.

The mournful march emerges. In the front,
With sullen look of sternness and disdain,
The proud centurion rode as was his wont,
In whose steel eye's gray gleam, depicted plain,
Rome's reflex might be read and Judah's chain.
On either side two soldiers were arrayed,
Whose scoffs their sacred prisoner profane
As with their taunts they goad Him on, afraid
He sink beneath the weight, which on Him they have laid.

But He, and He alone, advanced unmoved,—
Except by inward pity, for anon,
Whene'er it chanced the raging fiercer proved,
Or railed more wildly the malicious throng,
His gaze He moved compassionate along,
And felt it more than cross and thorny sting.
But e'en though pitiful, a something strong,
Some lofty and supreme, majestic thing
Illumined that mighty brow, proclaiming Him a King.

How many a noble triumph have these streets
 Beheld in ancient days when Zion was her own,
 When still who sate in Judah's royal seats
 Did kingly homage to Jehovah's throne !
 What proud processions, too, her streets have shown
 Of pagan pomp ! How glorious, too, within
 A week ago when palms beneath were strewn !
 But nobler this than all that yet have been :
 The Prince of Heaven went forth to conquer Death and Sin.

—*Wm. M. MacKeracher.*

Presbyterian College.

THE LOOM OF LIFE.

All day, all night, I can hear the jar
 Of the loom of life, and near and far
 It thrills with its deep and muffled sound,
 As the tireless wheels go always round.

Busily, ceaselessly goes the loom ;
 In the light of day and the midnight's gloom,
 The wheels are turning early and late,
 And the wool is wound in the warp of fate.

Click, clack ! there's a thread of love wove in :
 Click, clack ! another of wrong and sin ;
 What a checkered thing will this life be
 When we see it unrolled in eternity !

Time with a face like mystery,
 And hands as busy as hands can be,
 Sits at the loom with its arm outspread,
 To catch in its meshes each glancing thread

When shall this wonderful web be done ?
 In a thousand years, perhaps, or one ;
 Or to-morrow. Who knoweth ? Not you or I,
 But the wheels turn on and the shuttles fly.

Are we spinners of wool for this life-wep, say ?
 Do we furnish the weaver a thread each day ?
 It were better then, O my friend ! to spin
 A beautiful thread than a thread of sin.

Ah, sad eyed weaver ! the years are slow,
 But each one is nearer the end, I know ;
 And some day the last thread shall be woven in,
 God grant it be love instead of sin.

—*Selected.*

AN OYSTER'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

I PROPOSE to talk about myself. And why not? The great foe of my family, the lord of Creation, never wearies in talking about himself. And if I say something about my fellow creatures, also, who shall chide me? Have I not as much right to gossip as my respectable enemy? "Vanity," is it? Be it so; but it is not vexation of spirit, since I have no spirit to vex. Besides, I am no more vain than my neighbors, who pretend to more mental and moral qualities than I possess.

Well, about myself! Speaking negatively, I have no genius for warfare, like Miltiades the hero of Marathon, or Themistocles of Salamis—I do not dabble in literature, like Ruskin, Carlyle or Tennyson—Nor am I a theological student, or even a College Professor.

I am only an *Oyster*—a humble specimen of that wretched degeneration, which a lazy, torpid, backboneless, inactive creature, is bound to reach. Though only an ocean groveller, I am the "Innocent Abroad." I am not what you would call great, but I am a great relish and greatly prized. I have no head for anything; but I am often found in the head of my foes. Having no head, I have no brain worth speaking about, but it is sometimes conceded that I do service in helping the brain power of some rather pretentious beings. I have neither arms, *eyes*, nor *ears*, and I am not even sure that I have a *nose*. A few wisecracs, known as Naturalists, say that I have one; but others pooh! pooh! the idea, and say that I have not. If I am allowed the honor of wearing a nose, methinks it must be a curious one, for those who contend for it say that it covers my whole body! But even my direst enemy admits that I have a *heart*, and this is more than can be said of him and his friends. I know that I am thin skinned, but why taunt me by avowing that the only *sense* I have is the sense of *touch*? It is not christian to retaliate, but the sense of *touch* too often passes for "common sense" in some quarters. My skin is called a "*Mantle*," which is a trifle too large for me, it is true; but my dress-maker has put a number of tucks in it so that it hangs in graceful folds about my body. I am not ashamed to say that I have a "*beard*," but as I have no face to wear it upon, it does duty as a fringe to my "*mantle*," and is more talked about, perhaps, than Samson's is. I am

told, again, that I have *lungs*. Still, though my house is somewhat damp, and the climate rather humid, cases of pneumonia are unknown in the family, and the only consumption dreaded is that of the human gourmand who consumes us wholesale, *vi et armis*. I can breathe at the bottom of the sea, without difficulty, for I have a faculty for separating and breathing what little air the water contains, and that is sufficient for me.

To be an honest Oyster, I should tell you that I belong to a race called "*Molluscs*," and so am a grey, soft, flabby, boneless, voiceless creature, without the power to gossip with my neighbors, or abuse my friends. I cannot tell my own tail—I have no tail!—I am telling my autobiography, never mind how! I have plenty of blood, however,—real aristocratic *blue blood*,—much the color of milk, after the milkman has skimmed off the cream and supplied its place with water. I commenced *house-keeping* on my own account, when I was quite a baby. My house, moreover, is my own property. In building it, I did not advertise for tenders, and so have had no swindling bills for "Extras": I pay neither rent nor taxes, and I am supplied with oceans of water, without any dread that the Corporation man will come round to turn it off. Who built the house I know not; but I have always supposed that it "*grovued*," like Topsy. It appeared, however, to grow about one inch in diameter per year, for the first three years; but after that it grew but slowly. The *architecture*, without exaggeration, may be described as, peculiar. In style it is much like those of my cousins: the Mussel and the Clam—but, if those relations of mine attempted to copy my habitation, I can only say that the attempt has not been a very great success. Their houses bulge out on both sides, while mine only bulges out on one. They laugh at me, and tell me that the outward appearance of theirs is far more attractive than mine,—but some people like to make a show in the world. I never saw the outside of my house, although I may have seen that of my neighbor's. But what care I for the outside appearance? Give me comfort and elegance at home? Only look at the *inside* of my place,—why, every speck of its walls is beautifully decorated with "Mother of Pearl," as the home of a respectable Oyster ought to be! It may appear strange, but my house has neither fireplace, chimney, foundation, nor gable wall. It has but two side walls, for which reason I am called a "*bi-valve*." One wall is flat—the other is a little the other way. Both are joined, at the back, by a kind of *hinge* made out of some tough sinewy material, which acts much like a spring,

whenever I please to contract it, or let it loose--open the door or shut it. I must mention one more strange fact about my house—it has but *one room!* Please do not take this as an indication of poverty, for it is not so. I happen to be chained to both walls and could not visit, or use, other appartments if I had them. You will notice, therefore, that in one way I live a very solitary life--I can neither go out to evening parties, nor receive visits from my relations. But life is not that solitary after all, for our people congregate in large nations, and swarm even in larger multitudes than the Chinese. And then, if we do not happen to be stuck to a rock, or a log of wood, we can walk about, without feet or legs, by the rapid opening and shutting of the two walls of our houses.

How did I come to live, move, and have a being? Well! I scarcely know. Nor have my enemies, who claim to know so much about me, settled that matter as yet among themselves. They seem to have decided, however, that there are neither *ladies* nor *gentlemen* in the Oyster world, and, consequently, we know nothing of the sweet bliss of courtship, or the agonies of marriage. But, stranger still, they seem to have decided that, sometimes, I am a gentleman and sometimes a lady, and that, all things considered, I am *both lady* and *gentleman* wrapped up in one!

My parent had a very *large family*--you would scarcely credit me if I told you how large. That of the "old woman who lived in a shoe," was nothing to it. We sprang from tiny yellow eggs, which our parent first deposited, and then hatched, within the folds of that wonderful "mantle." Some who pretend to know declare that there were not fewer than 100,000 eggs in that "mantle." Others say there were 200,000; but a big German, not to be beaten, says there were at least 10,000,000!--surely, he had forgotten his multiplication table. At any rate, we were kept within the folds of the "mantle" until we *set up house* for ourselves. We were able to do this when we were very young and very small. I tell you, if you could only have looked upon our "*bank*," as you call it, you would have seen a wonderfully busy world. Why, whole nations of us were born in a day! For miles around the very waters were literally darkened with us, as we went waltzing about like atoms of living dust. We had a grand time of it, dancing round and round, for a few days, among waves, and rocks, and logs, and sea weed. Now, and again, we were more than a *little alarmed* as foe after foe attempted to make a meal of us. At such times we would scamper off to our parent

and hide within the folds of its ever friendly "mantle." During those early hours I was supplied with a number of slender things called "*cilia*"; they were fine, hairlike strands, too small for your big eyes to see without a microscope. By the aid of these I could paddle about at pleasure. One day, however, tens of thousands of us were *washed* against some logs of wood and branches of fallen trees. There we *stuck*, and our paddles dropped off, as we had no longer use for them. I was one of these; but thousands of our family were not so fortunate; for many were swallowed by fishes, and others were driven out to sea and lost for ever.

Even an oyster can be proud in its way. I am proud; and if some of you were as rich as some of my relations, you would be proud also. Some of them have splendid *pearls* shut up in their houses, worth from 100 cents to \$100,000; while a few are said to have as many as 150 pearls in each. Sometimes we embed the pearl in our bodies, and sometimes in the walls of our homes. One day a neighbor of mine *opened* his *door*, and the sea washed a particle of sand, or something of the kind, into his house. The intruder irritated him very much, so he *coated* it over with "mother of pearl," which made it nice and smooth. Then he added another layer, and another, till it grew quite large, and shone with a beautiful, pure and modest whiteness. Some years after this, however, my friend was *fished* up by a Diver, in the Persian Gulf, and *Julius Caesar* got hold of his treasure,—worth, it is said, \$240,000. The famous Cleopatra had a pearl, valued at \$300,000, which I am told she dissolved in a *cup* of *acid wine*, and drank—no wonder she was so beautiful, if she fed upon pearls—they should be more successful in this line than paste and rouge.

But, as an Oyster, I have *many wrongs* to complain of. My wants and desires are few and trifling; but my injuries are too great and cruel for any inoffensive and civilized being to endure. It is a mystery to me why the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has never interfered in my case. Prevention! Bah! It can busy itself about a cat, or an ass, or even a sparrow, but—*poor me!*—I am beneath its august notice, except in the shape of a stew or a pattie. In France they ill-use our people shamefully—but what can you expect from a nation which eats frogs and snails? Only fancy—not satisfied with violently dredging us from our peaceful beds, they next drop us into *long canals* filled with green, stagnant, filthy abominable water. In their grotesque and inflated language, they call these nuisances,

"*Oyster Parks*"! Forsooth! Our experiences and sufferings, in these filthy, slimy ditches, are beyond description. Having nothing else to feed upon, we are compelled to drink that offensive stuff. But what is the result? Just look at me! I am as grossly fat as a Dutchman; as diseased as a leper and as green as the eye of a jealous lover! When we have reached this stage, we are again dredged up, and eaten as a *relish*, by our admiring foes! The whole process, after living in the clear waters of the sea, is simply revolting—but the *last stages*!—half suffocated in a barrel,—rolled, tossed and kicked about from Dan to Beersheba—exhibited in shop windows—this is outrageous. But this is not all,—pitiless hands, a blunt knife, a terrible wrench,—our houses in ruins, our bodies bleeding, carried to the table on plates, then thoughtless wretches called men, dust our jagged wounds with pepper, drown us in vinegar. And then, oh horrors! they pitch us into their mouths, grind us between their teeth—or bolt us whole, and—*Sic transit gloria mundi*.

I could speak of other foes, but have not the heart to do so. It is well for these gormandizers, these epicureans, these—these,—what shall I call them?—that they do not see all. If they would only dissect us, before they swallow us, the act would neither improve their appetites, nor keen their relish. Ah! my enemy, if thou art going to an oyster supper, do not look too closely into the make-up of that soft, fat, flabby, green grey specimen of my family. As surely as you do not respect this advice, so surely your host will not suffer much from your gastronomical behavior. Ask no questions, for conscience sake, and then of all the dishes upon the table, I shall bear the palm. Without boasting, I am the most palatable, digestible and nourishing mouthful thou canst swallow. Doctors and patients, rich and poor, proclaim this as the universal opinion. If the appetite is a little squeemish, try a dozen or so of my friends, and you will be able to do your duty like a man to the turkey, beef and pudding. Then you can retire with a clear conscience, and sleep without the nightmare.

Before I "shut up," my shell, I may as well say that I am of *any nationality* you like—a regular cosmopolitan—a citizen of the world. I am an honest John Bull—a phlegmatic German—a red haired Dane—a barrel bodied Dutchman—a Spanish Grandee—a Persian Shah—an Italian artist—a Russian liar—a French Republican—a Bombastic Yankee—and a fair maid of Canada! The Yankee and the Frenchman, however, pretend that

they do most for me—probably because I do most for them. They put down logs, trees and rocks into their still, shallow bays—just to catch me—and they call this “*cultivating*” me! the cheats and deceivers. Then they drive stakes round our “banks,” just to mark where we live, and set men to *protect* us, until it is worth their trouble to kidnap and eat us. Alas for *human friendship*,—it like the friendship of the butcher for the young porker—*it fattens* only that it may get a *larger bite*! We have a grand home, and thrive immensely in Chesapeake Bay; but your unfeeling Uncle Sam makes sad havoc of us, for the sake of dollars and cents. He employs 15,000 boats and 53,000 men, to pet and plunder us. He drags us out of our beds at the rate of 23,000,000 bushels a year, and pockets from \$10,000,000 to \$15,000,000 for his pains. Other nations, also, are making themselves rich at our expense; but what is the good of talking? Even at this moment they are fishing for me—ah! I am caught at last—one word more, I am off to do the honors at an Oyster Supper—Good Bye!

JOHN NICHOLS.

Montreal.

The Mission Crisis.

MAY WE NOT HAVE A GREAT MISSIONARY PICTURE ?

THESE are days of great Expositions ; the industries of the world bring their products together, the achievements of the age array their mightiest trophies, to astonish the eye and overwhelm the mind of the beholder. While we write, preparations are in progress for a visible demonstration of America's greatness in connection with the quadricentenary, which will probably make the grand exposition of 1892 the most magnificent and colossal World's Fair ever known in human history.

The thought occurs to us—and it is not the first time it has found expression in these columns—that the fulness of the times has come for a grand *Exposition of Missions* : and it ought to be in connection with this great commemoration at Chicago. America's discovery was really the result of a missionary spirit, as any one will feel who knows the history of Columbus and has seen his own manuscripts with the signature—*Christo Ferens*. Moreover, there is a curious and suggestive coincidence : the year 1892, while it marks the completion of the fourth century since the discovery of America, completes the first century of modern organized missionary endeavor. The same year, therefore, that commemorates our quadricentenary, also commemorates the centenary of missions.

Why not, at least, then have a great missionary exposition on canvass ? At Paris, in the gardens of the Tuileries, there is a famous painting by Alfred Stevens and Henri Geroex called the *Histoire du Siècle* (1789-1889), and a marvellous picture it is, presenting the grand outlines of the history of France during the century past. Both its conception and execution are unique. The huge canvass lines the entire interior wall of a circular building, whose circumference we take to be not less than one hundred and twenty feet. At one point on the vast painting is represented an ideal statue of France. Toward the right of the statue stretches a marble corridor, with pillars and arches, completely covering the canvass, until it curves around to the left of

the statue. At the base of this corridor, on its steps and pavement, are represented life size figures of the great men and women who have made French history for a hundred years past, and through the arches are to be seen the various historic events, portrayed in vivid forms and colors, which have marked the progress of the age.

By following the picture from the left of the observer around the entire circle, a complete and very unique panorama of the century is made to pass before the eye. The days of the Revolution, with the horrors of the guillotine, then the Napoleonic epoch, with all the glory of victorious war; troops returning from brilliant triumphs passing in review before the Empress Josephine; then Louis XVIII and his court; the days of the new Republic; then Louis Napoleon and the *Coup d'Etat*; then the Franco-Prussian war and the fall of the revived Napoleonic dynasty, and then again the Republic, until we reach again the statue of France, at the foot of which stands that typical Frenchman of the latter days, Victor Hugo.

As we stood studying the superb picture and artistic achievement, again the conviction forced itself upon us that the *History of this Missionary Century*, from 1792 to 1892, affords a theme for the painter's brush and the artist's genius which it would be difficult to surpass in suggestiveness, fruitfulness or attractiveness. Let us suppose that some artists of a high order of ability should undertake such a grand work, what a magnificent picture might result. We can even now see it stretching around the inner wall of some cycloramic building. The Cross of Christ might be the central object, with a supernal glory breaking through the deep darkness and lighting up as with a touch of gold, a little shoemaker's shop at Hackleton. The door stands ajar and reveals a young man of eighteen years cobbling, while his eyes wander from his work to a book that lies on the bench beside him. It is Cook's voyages. Before him, on the rude wall of the shop, hangs a rough brown paper map of the world, made in cobbler's ink, on which, by different shades of color, the comparative religious condition of the different races is set forth. A little farther on that same young man is seen preaching from the box pulpit in Andrew Fuller's chapel at Kettering, and just beyond is seen Widow Wallis' humble home, where a small group of obscure Baptist ministers are signing the first modern covenant of missions. Among the surrounding figures may be seen Sidney Smith, who points a scornful finger at the nest of consecrated cobblers, whom he proposes to "rout out" with

the arrows of his wit. Then a vessel is seen to set sail and on board stands that same William Carey on his way to India. Further on may be seen the shores of Tahiti. Mr. Nott is standing in the midst of a group of savages and cannibals, reading from a new translation, just completed, of John iii. 16. A warrior in the group is moving forward and reaching out his hands toward the missionary—the first convert after fourteen years of toil. Around may be seen the cannibaloos, even now roasting human victims for the feast. Let the eye now pass around the circle and see Tahiti half a century later. Every mark of Christian civilization now marks the island. All western Polynesia now appears as part of the domain of Christendom. On the Fiji Islands alone are nearly 1000 churches of Christ. That first convert has now multiplied to 750,000.

Another scene, very early in the century: Adoniram Judson has just ('35) arrived in Burmah with his devoted wife. They are beginning work among the wild men of Burmah, the despised, enslaved Karens. A decade passes, and in the next section of the picture we behold a simple church of eighteen Karens, the insignificant fruit of ten years of labor. Sweep the eye around the circle again until fifty years more are passed, and the picture now represents a memorial hall built to the memory of the first Karen convert. The *Kho Thak Byu* Hall stands confronting the *Schwey Mote Tan* Pagoda; they are close by, and they bespeak the contrast between the Karens of 1815 and the Karens of 1865. The same picture might represent the Lone Star Mission as it was in 1853, when the American Baptist Missionary Union threatened to abandon it, and a quarter century later, when all along the river banks might be pictured over 2000 converts baptized in one day. The picture we are imagining would, of course, represent Morrison wearing the cue and studying by the light of his little earthen lamp, far into the small hours of the morning, while he sought to translate the Bible into the Chinese tongue; and seventy-five years later, Hudson Taylor pushing his 300 Evangelists and teachers into the unoccupied inland provinces of China, and planning to preach the Gospel within the next five years to every soul in the middle kingdom. The picture would portray Commodore Perry's squadron anchoring in the Bay of Yeddo in 1854, and with the open Bible on the capstan, seeking to unlock seagates barred for 200 years; and thirty years later Japan revolutionized, with nothing unchanged but the natural scenery.

The artist would, of course, give Africa a place on his great canvas : her thousands of slaves driven in their yokes to the coast, falling in scores by the way ; Robert Moffat and others like him making their way into the interior with no weapon but the sword of the spirit ; he would depict David Livingstone dying on his knees in the little grass hut at Ilala, praying for Africa ; and then the missions that crowd around the great eastern lakes and creep up the Congo from the west. The canvass would represent Stanley raising his cap to the hero whose heart is buried in Africa, when he found him at Ajiji in 1871, and then in 1890 the canvas would glow with the magnificent reception to Stanley in Albert Hall in London.

How would Carey in his cobbler's shop contrast with that great Ecumenical Council of Missions in 1888, with Exeter Hall crowded for ten days with the nobility of the Church from all lands.

We have no space to depict further the wonders which such a painting might embody ; but it is a marvel to us that no artist has yet elaborated the conception. What is Waterloo, Gettysburgh, Sevastopol, to the Divine War of the ages. If French history for a hundred years furnishes an inspiring theme which makes the artist's brush thrill with patriotic emotion, what shall be said of a century of missions that has seen the whole Church of Christ marshalled into line for evangelism and the face of the world transformed ! If artists seek transcendent themes here is one. If only the pecuniary reward is in view, what throngs such a painting would attract ! No part of the Glasgow exhibition drew larger crowds than the Indian exhibit, where, in miniature, the homes, costumes, temples and rites of India were set before the eye. When we were in London, in the Stanley-African exhibition, the most attractive features were the *tableaux inanimés*, in which the dwarfs and other tribes of Africa were represented as they are in their native wilds, and the Arab slave hunters were represented in the act of capturing human prey. We venture to predict that could such a picture, representing the *History of the Missionary Age*, be hung in a suitable building in Chicago in connection with the great exposition of 1892, it would pay the cost of its production *in a single season* and be an educator of the mind and heart of hundreds of thousands ; and that after it had accomplished its work there, it would go around the world the greatest argument and appeal for missions and the grandest defense of Christianity in our day. The conception grows upon us as we consider it, and we hope some one capable

of executing it will undertake it. While we have not the genius, the experience and the facile brush which are needful to make such an idea crystallized into achievement, we would gladly contribute from our limited acquaintance with the history of the century, such of the material necessary as we have gathered by a long and a painstaking study of the theme. Let some others who have skill in art and wealth in store, give the thought embodiment in visible forms and give the world its greatest historical painting.

ARTHUR T. PIERSON.

Philadelphia, Pa.

INDIA : SCENES AND PECULIARITIES OF THE PEOPLE.

LETTER FROM REV. G. MACKELVIE TO REV. J. BARCLAY.

(Continued.)

IN order to get a good view of things, let us "make a day of it," and leave the bungalow about 5 a. m., note book in hand. Do not think 5 a. m. too early : for, as we leave the house we find that nearly all the servants are up. Indians are early risers. As we walk in the direction of the village bazaar we pass what is called a river. It is composed of patches of water kept in place by "bunds," and seems to be almost stagnant. Here are great numbers performing their daily ablutions with all solemnity and earnestness : for bathing is a religious rite. It is begun by a repetition of certain texts and other forms sufficient to satisfy the cravings for ritual of even the Bishop of Lincoln himself. After these have been satisfactorily performed the bather sets about the serious occupation of washing himself. This being completed he washes his garments, and winds up by taking a hearty drink of the water that he has been washing in. If he be a Brahman, low caste men will be anxious to drink this water, as it confers great spiritual benefits on them. Leaving this pond, with its groups of bathers, let us hurry on to the bazaar. As we enter we see great numbers sitting on their heels at their doors performing the first important religious rite of the day—teeth cleaning. If this is not done according to strict rule, and with due repetitions of the proper texts, the merits of the whole day's religious rites are lost. Hence the solemnity with which they all sit, like so many crows in a row, scrubbing away at their teeth. The proper instrument to be used is a twig from the fig tree. It is never used a second time. No words can depict the repugnance with which an Indian views the Englishman's tooth brush that has done duty for a month. After the tooth-washing ceremony comes the bathing. Next comes the worship before the images of the gods, which is wound up with the sacred mark of the forehead. This also is accompanied by elaborate forms. The mark is made by ashes from the sacred fire mixed with pigments of different colours. These marks are of different kinds ;

some have only one red spot in the centre of the forehead, some perpendicular, some horizontal bars, etc. But each kind is well defined from the other, and indicates to the initiated the particular god whose favour is solicited.

One would think that after all this elaborate ceremonial the worshipper would be in need of some breakfast. But, no. The Hindu has only two meals a day, if so many. —one at midnight and one in the evening. These meals have to be preceded by elaborate ceremonies and washings. For the Hindu's cravings for ceremonial is insatiable.

As we pass through the bazaar we see another class of men at work—the national barbers. All Hindus shave except ascetics. No Hindu shaves himself, not even the poorest. This duty is performed by a caste of men whose ancestors were barbers, boasting a hoary antiquity, before William the Conqueror imported the first of our nobility. Every Hindu shaves his whole body, arm-pits and head, except one or two tufts. These, according to the taste of the owner, are left: *i. e.*, a mustache and either a tuft on each side of the head above the ears, or one top-knot. Wealthy men are shaved every-day, poor men once a week. This ceremony must be performed in the open air, usually under a tree.

But before going home let us go up this little alley, carefully picking our steps among the mangy parish dogs that are lying basking in the sun. Once we are in the houses and shops do not look much worse than those in the main bazaar. For not even the wealthiest shops have glass windows, except those owned by Parsees, who are a small body numbering only about 90,000 out of the 250,000,000 of India, *i. e.*, one man in about 2,777 is a Parsee. As we go up this lane we wonder, not that people occasionally die of cholera here, but, that ever they die of any other disease except typhoid fever. All the vilest smells in the universe seem congregated and intensified at certain corners. But we have come to the place I want now. It is an opium hell. We pass through an archway into the court yard. There are a number of these in the bazaar; but the description of one will pretty well fit any of them. As we pass from the court into the inner building we are met by the owner, a decent looking Mohammedan, who welcomes us very graciously, and proceeds like an accomplished showman to explain the various sights. This outer room, he explains, is for Mehtars (very low caste men). As we look in we see four Mehtars in various stages of stupefaction. Passing into

the next room, which is very much larger, we find it occupied by six groups, all sitting or reclining on carpets on the floor. In the centre of each group is a little lamp with a bare flame about the size of an ordinary bean. Let us go round and view each group of smokers, and we will find that the *modus operandi* of each smoker is very similar, and pretty much as follows :

Having purchased a small plateful of the poison--it is usually sold in small tin plates, about the size of a silver dollar, in a liquid or treacley state the smoker leaning on his left elbow holds this plate in the left hand : with his right hand he rolls the end of a long piece of wire in the poison. He now dries what adheres to the wire in the small flame of the lamp. This process is repeated several times till a portion of the opium, about the size of a pea, adheres to the wire. This is pressed into the bowl of a pipe with a very large head, but only one small hole in the head serving for a bowl. Now the smoker stretches eagerly forward to the flame with his pipe. He inhales right into his lungs every particle of smoke from his filling. Now he falls back and allows the smoke to ooze slowly from his nostrils and sometimes his ears. After one, two or three pipes, according to the stage he has reached in the down grade, he falls back into a state of stupor most ghastly in appearance, like a horrible emaciated corpse.

Do you feel sick with the heat of the day and the horrible stench of the smokers? Well, we will soon leave the place after we have taken a look at some of the individuals composing the groups. The first group consists of two women and three men. One woman is old at any rate seems to be old. The other looks to be about sixteen years of age. The men, although they may be young, all look old, with that horrible opium old-man look--the dried skin drawn tight across the bones of the face, and the eyes glassy as those of a corpse. The groups are arranged with a view to caste--for all castes smoke. Let us hurry out, the vile air of the lane is fresh compared to this.

I am told that this opium habit is spreading with frightful rapidity through India. These dens are all licensed by the British Government. This is a fact that not one of these poor slaves will fail to cast in your teeth if you try to save him from the vile habit.

There are other things that we might see. The drinking habit is also, under British protection, closing its deadly meshes over India's millions. As you pass along you see numbers of these licensed bhang shops. The usual

furniture of these shops is one or two large rough barrels and a rough table to hold the drinking vessels. It is all open to the street, having neither window nor door.

At first, I am told, only the lowest caste drank. Now all classes are taking to it, Mussulmans as well as Hindus.

It is now long past mid-day, so we will hurry home. This Indian summer sun is very exhausting; and the hot winds seem to dry up the flesh on ones bones. I would earnestly warn all "globe trotters" against visiting India during the summer months.

The following morning we might learn a little more about Indian life by visiting the schools. But let us first go with the preachers to the bazaar in the evening and help to proclaim the way of salvation. The *modus operandi* is pretty much like the open-air preachers at home. A suitable place being fixed upon, we gather an audience by singing hymns or bhajans. The people much prefer the bhajans. Though why, Europeans can hardly tell. There is no harmony in the bhajan. It is all melody, and the chief point is the repetition singing the same lines over again. Musical natives do not at all like our music, and natives are all musical. They delight greatly in the quavers: sometimes one note is drawn out and filled with trills and quavers. It seems very comical to an European at first. And if asked his private opinion he would probably reply that the native can no more sing than a corn-crake. This also is pretty much the natives' opinion of an European. However, we mostly sing bhajans in the open air as it gathers a crowd quickest. After the bhajan and a short prayer one after another reads a short passage and speaks on it with more or less fluency. You will generally find about the outskirts of the crowd two or three Mohammedans annoying and saying nasty things to raise a laugh. Of course, this audience is a very transitory one. People are continually coming and going. In our church the audience is more satisfactory; for the most of the people remain during the whole of the address. It is not customary now for preachers to ridicule the Hindu gods as they used to do. This has been found unprofitable, as the people are quite willing to laugh at them and still believe in them. We find that if a Hindu sees the truth as it is in Christ, and is born again by the Spirit of God into a new life, that these old superstitions fall away like the decayed caterpillar's skin from the butterfly. The Indian's opposition to Christ is not so much of the

head as of the heart. We find here, what we find at home, that the carnal heart is enmity against God. We find numbers who are intellectually convinced of the superiority of Christianity, and who are yet its deadly opponents. Such men have formed themselves into Somajs or guilds, in which they encourage one another in their fight against Christ. They profess to believe in one God. Their professed belief seems to be a kind of Pantheistic Unitarianism. But while in words, condemning caste, they are in practice the most strict observers of caste. In their meetings they imitate the worship of the Christian Church, have prayers and sing hymns. These hymns are generally Christian hymns mutilated—all reference to Christ being struck out. At Indore they issued a catechism. Miss Beatty, M. D., kindly procured me a copy. It was neither more nor less than the "Shorter Catechism" with the clauses struck out that contained the name of Christ. Not one new thought had been introduced. If any young man is impressed with the truth of Christianity, they instantly cluster round him and try to entice him out of the way.

In one way their appearance is full of hope. It is one of the signs of the approaching downfall of heathenism, and reminds one of the last expiring effort of Greek heathenism, in the form of Neo-Platonism, to arrest the progress of Christ in the early ages. On all hands we see signs of the times. This virulent opposition to Christianity is but a mark of its advance. It is but an evidence that the devil is drawing his black legions more closely around him for the final struggle. There in the arena may be seen the phalanxes of Hinduism, Buddhism and Mahommedism drawing within themselves and collecting their powers, like the Cobra of the jungle, for the fatal spring, while the followers of the Nazarene have descended with bare sword and scabbard cast away never to return till the world has been brought to the feet of their Master.

I might give an account of some of the Hindu beliefs, but as there are so many books written on the subject accessible to all, I think it wiser to refrain. Besides Hinduism is so nebulous—like a huge cloud hanging over the land—that it is hardly possible for any one to get a correct conception of their belief. When one inquires into the belief of even one sect, he is met by a confused chaos of fancy, romance and indecency, all strung together in the most extravagant way. What respect, indeed, for fact, accuracy or truth, can be expected in a people who are firmly convinced

that everything is an illusion— their own existence and the existence of everything around them. This, indeed, is the only sure thing in Indian belief— Pantheism. They are only sure that they themselves are nothing : that they are but illusive phenomena of a Divine Being that is itself an illusion, for it has no personality. It is astonishing to see how widespread and firm a hold this Pantheism has on the people. They are prepared to argue the question, from the city pundit to the village cowherd : all showing a considerable knowledge of the subject. But, showing this above all, an invincible determination to pay no attention to what may be said on the other side.

We might say a few things on the outward phenomena of their religion. The first thing that strikes an European is the excessive veneration and worship of the cow that is prevalent all over India. This is the more remarkable as Indian cows are only conspicuous for being the leanest and most miserable looking cows on this round globe. But to the Indian the cow is the most sacred thing in the world. If a man can only lay hold of a cow's tail when dying, death has no terrors for him. His friends, at any rate, are sure that his spirit has escaped the dread officers of Yama, the god of hell, and that in his next birth he will have a better chance in the world. The five products of the cow are especially sacred. When a brahman wants to make a place very holy and sacred for the most solemn duty of life, cooking and eating his food, he plasters the room with cow dung. It matters not how unclean the place may have been before. Though it may have been used by sweepers or Europeans, this simple process takes away all the pollution and renders it holy. All the vessels are purified by being passed through the smoke of a cow dung fire. An European has some difficulty at first in getting his milkman to understand that the fumes of this hallowed substance does not improve the natural flavour of the milk.

If any one should break caste, which is the greatest sin known to a Hindu, the only known mode of restoring him is by eating a certain quantity of this sacred material : the exact amount to be prescribed by the brahmins, who, of course, receive a heavy fee for this valuable revelation. In the villages, even in the most wealthy houses, the cow occupies the same room as her master, or, as he prefers it, her human brethren. The fact of Christ being cradled in a manger is, to a Hindu, not a sign of poverty, but a sign of special sanctity.

Next to the cow the brahman is venerated by the lower castes. He only knows the sacred texts and Mantras, and an ordinary Hindu would rather offend all the gods than a brahman. He argues thus—if I offend against the gods, by paying money to the brahmans, I can compel the gods to be favourable to me. For the brahman by repeating the sacred spells and texts can compel the gods to do what they like (and many stories are told and believed, illustrating the power of the brahmans over the gods). But, if I offend against a brahman—who can avert his cure from me? Manu the Hindu sacred law book teaches that: “A Brahman is a mighty god whether learned or ignorant,” and “from his birth he is regarded as a divinity even by the gods.” While I was at Rutlam, visiting Mr. Campbell, I saw one of these holy men drawn through the streets on a three wheeled coach by his devotees. He was a wretched looking specimen of humanity; but evidently held in high veneration by himself and his worshippers. In these degenerate days the brahmans are not all worshipped in this way. In the first place they are too numerous, numbering some millions. Besides, other influences are at work that have somewhat lessened their power e.g. the English have on more than one occasion, hanged one of these divinities for murder!

I find that I have done little more than entered on my subject yet, some other day I hope to have the pleasure of writing on what I have seen of the twin curses of India: -Caste and Debt. At present I think it wiser not to trespass further on your time, but make my salaams and retire.

Yours sincerely,

GEORGE MACKELVIE.

Mhow, Central India.

HONAN.

I.

Name.—The word Honan means south of the river, and the name was given to this Province because the greater part of the territory included in it lay to the south side of the *Huang Ho* or Yellow River.

Position.—Honan is one of the northern Provinces of China, situated on the western side of the Great Plain, and comprising some of the most fertile parts of that productive and densely settled portion of the Chinese Empire. On account of the central position it occupied, and the bountiful nature of its soil, the province received at an early date the name *Chung Hua Ti*, or the "Middle Flowery Land," afterwards enlarged into *Chung Kuo*, or "Middle Kingdom." This last name the Chinese now apply to the Empire at large, desiring to indicate thereby that China is not only the geographical centre of the world, but also its centre of light and civilization. In form the province is somewhat like an irregular triangle. Its area is divided into three basins, that of the Yellow River on the north, the Huai river on the south, and the Han river on the southwest. Between the last named two rivers lies the Fuh-Niu-Shan range of mountains, about 300 miles in length. This mountain range has an elevation of 5,000 feet, and is crossed at Nan-Chaw by a remarkable pass about 30 miles long, which affords great facilities for trade and travel between the central and northern Provinces. Honan lies between the 32nd and 38th degrees of north latitude, and 112th and 121st degrees of east longitude.

Extent. The length of the province from north to south is 1,200 miles, and its breadth from east to west 1,190 miles. It embraces an area of 65,104 square miles, and contains about 41,666,560 acres.

Resources. The resources are extensive, but to a large extent undeveloped. This is unfortunately true of much of the mineral wealth of this vast Empire. The coal fields of the Province are reckoned at 10,000 square miles. Lime is plentiful in certain districts and iron in others. Cotton, silk and hemp are raised in considerable quantities throughout the Province. Among the fruits and vegetables grown in abundance may be mentioned

apples, pears, peaches, plums, apricots, grapes, sweet potatoes, turnips, cabbage, carrots, squash and cucumbers. The total revenue of the province is reckoned at \$5,651,000. (1 Tael = \$1.33.)

General features. In the north, along the Yellow river, the soil is level and fertile, the richest and most productive portions of the province being found in that region. Canals for irrigating purposes are numerous in the vicinity of the mountains and are well supplied with water during the "rainy season." In the extreme north, and along the western and south-western sides the province is mountainous. The mountains do not present many features of interest, however, being barren and devoid of trees or shrubs. An American traveller has described the landscape generally as "flat and cheerless." The absence of many objects with which European and American travellers are familiar in other lands, accounts to some extent for the sense of monotony which they experience in China. Trees are not numerous throughout the province. A few are usually found near the margins of streams and rivers. These are meant to protect the country from being flooded with water. Some trees are also invariably found in the vicinity of villages and graveyards. Anything like a forest is not to be found. The presence of trees and shrubs would greatly enrich the Chinese landscape. The people are not famed for their aesthetic tastes, however, and it is to be feared that the time is yet distant when Honan shall have groves and forests, shrubberies and nurseries. To the south of the Yellow river there is a greater variety of scenery than in the north. Vegetation more nearly resembles that in tropical regions. In that part of the province also are to be seen the districts made famous by the enactment of many remarkable events in China's history. The Loh valley, between the Fuh-niu Mountains and the Yellow River, will furnish food for thought and interesting speculation to the intelligent student of Chinese history. The houses are generally built of brick, made of clay or mud. A glance at them is enough to convince one that they are not built for posterity to inhabit. The making of mud bricks is quite an industry at certain seasons. The Missionary knows but little of the home life of the Honanese. The houses keep their own secrets, and the hearts of the inmates know their own bitterness. Thousands of towns and villages are dotted all over the province. The exact number it is not easy to find out. We would probably be within the mark in saying that there are fully 20,000 villages in northern Honan alone.

Idol temples are to be found in large numbers, and in better repair than those in some of the adjoining provinces.

Historical Incidents. This province has occupied a prominent place in the history of China. Some of the people affirm that Honan is the centre of all under Heaven, and the proof adduced is that a stick stuck in the ground at Kai-fung-fu, the capital, gives no shadow (?). Others of the Honanese say that Honan is to China as the heart to the human body, if Honan is corrupted the eighteen provinces of China will suffer. Some writers contend, and the theory is said to be favoured by the Chinese themselves - that the race came into China from the north-west, along the Yellow River valley, settled in Honan, and from thence spread over south-eastern Asia. It is certain that the earliest records of the Chinese frequently refer to this province. Twenty-six dynasties have held sway in China during the past 4,000 years, and the Capital has been changed seventeen times. It has been located in Honan seven times out of the seventeen. An extensive collection of historical records were kept at one time in the Archives of the City of Loh. This city lay near the site of the modern Honan-fu. There is good reason for believing that this region, if thoroughly explored, would furnish many relics of ancient times. Rock-cut temples, and old inscriptions, together with graceful bas-reliefs have already been discovered. The famous Lao Tzu, founder of the Taoist system of religion, was a native of Honan. The city in which he was born stood near the modern Kuei-ti-fu, in the east of the province. At Koo-yang the house in which Lao Tzu is said to have lived is still shown, and his memory is further preserved in the same region by a temple dedicated to his honour. This Lao Tzu was for a time "Keeper of the Archives" under the imperial Court of Chow, in the City of Loh. To this city Confucius wended his way for the purpose of studying there the records of antiquity. While so engaged he had several interviews with the philosophical Lao Tzu, in which China's great sage seems to have been decidedly worsted in argument. Nor was Lao Tzu the only marked man which Honan gave to China. The famous Lze-ma-ts'ien was also a native of this province. His celebrated work - the "Historical Records" was the first attempt at a comprehensive history of China. The book commences with the mythical reign of Huang Ti, and comes down to B. C. 104. As in the case of so many works dealing with the early history of nations, fiction and fact are so blended together in this book as to make their separation somewhat difficult.

To the Christian Missionary it is of some interest to note that Honan was the first province into which Buddhism was introduced in China. This is believed to have occurred during the reign of the Emperor Ning-Ti, who came to the throne in A. D. 58, and reigned until A. D. 76. This monarch is said to have had a dream in the third year of his reign, in which he saw a golden figure flying from heaven and hovering over his palace. Its head was surrounded by a glory equal to that of the sun and moon. Inquiring into the meaning of this dream, the Emperor was informed by one of his ministers that he had heard there was a divine person born in the west called Buddha, and that probably his dream was connected with that circumstance. Eighteen persons are then said to have been dispatched on a mission of inquiry to India. They went as far as the country to the south of the Ganges. Having obtained books, pictures and relics, and accompanied by two Buddhist priests, they returned homewards, and arrived at the Capital, Lo-yang, in A. D. 67. Many monks and priests came at intervals during the next 600 years. We read of one translator in the second century who worked at Lo-yang for forty years, translating books, "Moved by a desire to convert men." Buddhism spread rapidly in China. In 535 A. D. the Chinese were allowed to take monastic vows themselves, and as many as forty two convents had been built in Lo-yang alone. What Christian is there who does not wish that the Emperor's Commissioners had continued their westward journey, until they had met St. Peter, St. Paul, or St. John, learned the truth as it is in Jesus from them, and then returned, not to introduce the "Light of Asia," but to point the Chinese to Him who is the "Light of the World?" Had this happened, how different the history of Honan, and of China!

People. The Honanese have been noted for their roughness and violent hostility towards foreigners. In only two other provinces has there been evidence of a stronger anti-foreign feeling than in Honan. The people are proud of their province and its traditions. Large contingents of soldiers have gone forth from among the Honanese to fight China's battles. The "Honan braves," are still spoken of, and to be met with, in many parts of the Empire. Regarding themselves as the true descendants of the original inhabitants of the province, the people are desirous of having their fair fame maintained. The strength of the anti-foreign feeling in Honan was shown in a very marked way some twelve years ago. At that time a great famine wrought terrible havoc in northern China. Missionaries of all denominations com-

bined and organized methods of relief for the sufferers. So strong was the feeling against them that for a time it seemed as if their laudable enterprise would be completely frustrated. They were supposed to have sinister objects in view, their charity was refused, and for a time their lives were in imminent danger. Gradually however the distributors bore down the ill will and aspersion of all classes. Doubt and distrust gave place to gratitude and respect, and those men were ultimately regarded as the Saviours of the people.

This was the case in the provinces of Shansi, Shensi and Shantung. It was far otherwise in Honan. Through the influence of the officials and gentry in the provincial Capital—Kai-feng-fu,—the famine relief distributors were to the last forbidden to remain, or even to carry on their work in the environs of the city. In the same place the scholars decorated the window of the room in which the famine relief men stayed with a set of four pictures, representing: (1) A foreigner pouring poison into a well; (2) Tearing out a child's heart; (3) Scooping out a boy's eyes; (4) Operating on a woman. A placard stated, "If foreigners come we shall not have a virtuous woman left. We don't want the devil's relief here." A member of the Canadian band tells of a placard on which it was stated, that, "Eyes were cut out, hearts opened, and bloody means made use of by the foreign doctor." Persons who saw operations performed yet asserted that the blood was taken away by the foreigner. These are but samples of many incidents which could be adduced to show how deep seated and virulent the antipathy to foreigners is in this province. A similar state of feeling prevailed in most of the other provinces at first, but it is now fast becoming a thing of the past. At present there is but little indication of such a change in the feelings of the Honanese. It may be asked, how account for such a strong anti-foreign feeling in Honan? Different reasons have been given by the way of explanation.

1. Historical. The position assigned to the province, the traditions perpetuated in it, the remarkable events which have occurred there, and the courageous character of the Honanese soldiers, would all come under this head. The people are loyal to their traditions and wish to have them transmitted to posterity uncontaminated by any admixture of foreign ingredients.

2. Geographical. Honan occupies an insulated position. The people have had but little contact with foreigners. When meeting any of them it did not always happen that those seen were good representatives of foreign

lands. The Honanese have not had such familiar intercourse with men actuated by Christian principle as the people in the sea board provinces have enjoyed. They know comparatively little of what Christianity, Literature, Art and Science have done for the outside nations of the world

3. Social.—There are large numbers of officials, literary men and gentry in this province. They have a strong influence over the common people, and are bitterly opposed to Christianity and contact with foreign nations. In almost every case where trouble has occurred thus far their influence was behind the agitators. They are known to have plotted together for the destruction of the Missionaries. Agitators and leaders of riot and expulsion are protected by them, and are eligible for promotion on account of their subserviency to their cruel designs.

4. Misrepresentations.—The foreigners are not understood, their motives are misconstrued, crimes of which they are innocent are laid to their charge, defects in their character are magnified, and thus formidable indictments are drawn up against them. Those doing this know that they have the ear of the people, that their influence is paramount, and that the foreigners cannot reply.

5. Ignorance. Multitudes of the people are woefully ignorant, both regarding China and other lands. Being so, they are also unreasonable. Pride and prejudice go hand in hand with the preceding. Unscrupulous agitators know how to work upon the credulity of such persons to the detriment of the Missionary. During the French trouble with China the Missionaries found serious disturbance, occasioned in Honan by a rumour that the French were sending to the country a gunboat five miles long, and one and three quarters broad. When agitators know how Chinese are treated by the enlightened and far seeing (?) governments of America and Canada, the news will not be calculated to allay their animosity or moderate their violence.

6. Romanism.—As early as 1642 the Roman Catholics had a Portuguese priest Roderic de Jigueredo in Kai-feng-fu, the capital, and their system soon gained a considerable number of followers. Their efforts to acquire property and the fact that a sort of barracks or fort was formed in their chief centre, excited the suspicion of the Chinese. This has never been forgotten by them. Exaggerated accounts of the doings of Romanists in other provinces have also reached them. As a consequence Catholics

and Protestants suffer. The Chinese do not discriminate between the systems represented by missionaries of those churches, and thus great confusion prevails.

This list does not, by any means, exhaust the explanations that have been given. There may be some grounds for thinking that the people are naturally of a more violent disposition than those in some of the other provinces, and that the work before the Christian missionary there will be exceedingly difficult.

MURDOCH MACKENZIE.

China.

THE EXAMPLE OF THE MORAVIANS.

Dr. Pierson says that if all Christian denominations gave in the same proportion as the Moravians do, that is one foreign missionary to every sixty members, instead of 5,000 or 6,000 missionaries in the field there would be 500,000. Though they are the poorest of all denominations the Moravians give more money per head than the richest church in Christendom. They insist that every congregation shall make missionary contributions : that every congregation shall give workers to the foreign field : and that every congregation shall take a living interest in the work. They consider a congregation dead if it does not contribute to send forth missionaries — *Missionary Echo*.

Partie française.

POURQUOI LE CHRÉTIEN PEUT-IL MOURIR TRANQUILLE ?

DOUES de la faculté d'aimer, les hommes s'attachent à ce qui les entoure. En apparaissant à la surface de l'existence, ils trouvent des êtres qu'ils aiment d'un pur amour, et à mesure que ce développent leur corps et leurs facultés intellectuelles, se multiplient pour eux les objets à connaître, à admirer et à aimer.

Chacun prend sa place sur la terre, recherche ce qu'il aime et acquiert ce qu'il peut. Comme de petits rois, les hommes règnent sur leurs chères possessions qu'ils s'efforcent de parer et d'augmenter, et, comptant sur un avenir brillant qu'ils croient éternel pour exécuter de grands projets, ils vivent heureux dans un monde qui leur plait. L'imagination leur montre de grandes choses et l'espérance leur promet de beaux résultats : mais pendant que leur âme est bercée dans ces rêves enivrants, une voix pénétrante leur dit : " Il faut mourir ! "

Ah ! il faut mourir ! voilà ce à quoi on ne pense pas assez souvent.

Ne trouvant pas la mort naturelle, l'homme l'oublie volontiers, croyant par là échapper à son courroux inflexible qui ne recule pas même devant la vie innocente d'un tout petit enfant.

Pourquoi mourir ? répond le savant qui admire la grandeur et la beauté de la nature ; qui observe le mouvement des millions de mondes qui circulent dans l'espace avec une vitesse vertigineuse sans jamais s'entre-choquer : qui voit notre globe avec toutes ses merveilles, et la belle position de l'homme sous la voûte étoilée ! Pourquoi mourir ? répond le riche qui ne connaît point de privation ; dont la vie est une succession de jouissances ; qui ne sait d'autre souci que celui d'échanger son or pour des plaisirs ! Pourquoi mourir ? répond le père entouré de ses enfants qui savent ce qu'ils lui doivent et semblent ne vivre que pour lui prouver leur reconnaissance et leur amour ! Pourquoi mourir ? répond le jeune époux que le roi des épouvantements veut ravir à celle qu'il aime plus que lui-même, à sa chère épouse qui l'arrose de ses larmes !

Quand je regarde la mort dans toutes ses cruautés, je comprends que l'homme puisse demander sa raison d'être ; je comprends qu'il la craigne et la fuie. Car mourir, ce n'est pas seulement quitter des objets précieux, laisser pour jamais des parents et des amis qui nous pleurent ; ce n'est pas seulement dire un éternel adieu à la terre, mais c'est aller rendre compte de sa vie à Dieu que l'on a offensé, sinon méprisé. Comparaitre à la barre du Souverain-Juge, ah ! voilà ce qui arrache des cris de détresse au mondain dans les serres de la mort !

Qu'est-ce donc qui fait que le chrétien en face de ce rois des épouvante-ments, au lieu de protester, accepte son sort avec résignation sinon avec plaisir ? Qu'est-ce donc qui lui donne la fermeté, la tranquillité qui étonne l'homme du monde ?

Cette réponse qui pourrait remplir des volumes peut cependant se résumer en peu de mots. Le chrétien croit que dans son corps mortel, est une âme appelée à vivre parfaitement heureuse dans un lieu saint. Connaissant la courte durée de la vie présente, il n'en a pas fait son but, mais il s'en sert comme d'un moyen pour entrer dans la vie éternelle. Il sait qu'il est pécheur, que le péché est une révolte contre Dieu et que cette révolte doit coucher son corps dans la poussière et conduire son âme devant le tribunal du Dieu-Vivant ; mais il sait aussi qu'il a en Dieu un père qui lui a prouvé son amour de plusieurs manières, et en Jésus, un Sauveur qui a versé son sang pour effacer les transgressions des pécheurs repentants. Il regrette amèrement ses fautes, se jette dans les bras de la Miséricorde divine qui les lui pardonnera certainement et le fera héritier par le salut de Jésus-Christ de la félicité des élus. S'il laisse sur la terre des parents et des amis qu'il aime, c'est pour suivre un guide qui le conduira à travers la vallée de l'ombre de la mort, le présentera à l'Eternel, plaidera sa cause devant le Saint Tribunal et après avoir obtenu un jugement favorable, lui adressera ces réjouissantes paroles : " Viens le béni de mon père et possède le royaume qui t'a été préparé." Il quitte la terre, mais il quitte aussi la nature pécheresse qui l'éloignait de son Père-Céleste, pour revêtir la sainteté qui lui fera savourer pour jamais les délices des rachetés.

Voilà pourquoi la mort, au lieu de terrifier le chrétien, lui donne des ailes pour s'envoler vers le séjour des bienheureux.

MOISE MAYNARD.

NOUVELLES PERSONNELLES.

Un de nos étudiants, Mons. J. Savignac, par une chute cruelle, s'est brisé la clavicule de l'épaule droite. Il doit suspendre ses cours pour près d'un mois. Le Dr. Bell qui l'a pris sous ses soins nous donne lieu de croire que rien de sérieux n'en résultera. Nos sympathies pour notre condisciple et frère, et nos souhaits sincères pour son rétablissement prochain.

On nous apprend que la Providence combla de joie Mons. le Pasteur, S. Rondeau et sa dame en répondant au vœu de leur cœur. Car vers le mois d'octobre, l'apparition d'une charmante petite fille fit rayonner dans leur demeure, de nouvelles espérances et augmenta de beaucoup leur bonheur.

Nous avons eu le plaisir d'avoir au milieu de nous, il y a quelques jours, plusieurs de nos gradués de langue française : parmi lesquelles se trouvaient, les Revs. E. Seylas, J. Bourgoïn, Z. Lefebvre, S. Rondeau et A. J. Lods. Ces amis nous ont intéressés vivement par un rapport encourageant de leurs divers champs de travail, aussi bien que par leurs bonnes paroles. Nous nous réjouissons de ce qu'ils pensent à nous, et encore plus de ce qu'ils viennent nous voir.

Editorial Department.

THE INTERCOLLEGIATE MISSIONARY ALLIANCE

THE sixth annual meeting of the Intercollegiate Missionary Alliance, lately held in the Wesleyan Theological Seminary of this city, deeply impressed three facts upon the minds of those who attended its sessions: the rapidly developing opportunities for extended work presented to evangelistic workers; the phenomenal growth of the missionary spirit and deepening of missionary zeal among the Christian churches; and the pressing need of greater means for the utilization of the forces at the disposal of the various Mission Boards of the Church.

It is a subject of deep anxiety as well as of fervent thanksgiving to those who have the cause of missions at heart, that the whole world may now be said to be open to the advance of Christ's army. If the burden of the world's salvation rested on the Church of Christ when many nations had closed their doors against every attempt to propagate the Gospel among them, it weighs with tenfold force now that they are ready to receive the Gospel. The work of the world's evangelization is nearing a critical point in its history, for many tribes are casting aside the religions of their false gods, and are trembling in the balance between the influences which shall draw them into the light of the Gospel of Christ and those which tend to Atheism and Materialism. One life spent now among such a people may avail more for their salvation than a score when their intellectual life has become confirmed in its Atheistic philosophy. And while the Church of Christ raises her voice in thanksgiving for the manifest working of His spirit in the opening of so many new ways into the midst of heathen peoples, she feels with an ever keener appreciation the weight of the Master's yet unfulfilled command to make known His Gospel over all the world. The merchant and the explorer have become the forerunners of the Gospel herald, and new avenues have been prepared on every side for the missionary's advance, "till, at the command of Jehovah, land after land be

admitted the herald of the Cross, till every people is now accessible, and in the most hopeless field the harvest waves," ready for the hand of the reaper.

With this has come a correspondent awakening of missionary zeal within the Church. This revival has been neither sectional nor denominational, but, extending to all sects and through all countries, it has been an infusing into the Church as a whole of a new spirit of missionary enterprise and devotion. Most remarkable among the manifestations of this awakening is that movement among the students of the colleges and universities of America, of which the Intercollegiate Alliance is an outcome. Originating in the formation of a mission band, consisting of one hundred members, at Mr. Moody's summer school in 1886, it spread with phenomenal growth throughout the American universities, till, at the close of two years from its inception, over 2,000 young men and women stood pledged to go as the way might open and proclaim the Gospel in foreign lands. Yet another two years passed and to-day above 5,000 are waiting the call to go as the Master may direct. This movement is but a type of the more universal revival of missionary zeal within the Church. And not within the home churches alone, but tribes which a short two score years ago were sunk in almost hopeless idol worship, are now becoming centres from which light is shining out out to other peoples who still lie in darkness, and convert nations are putting the mother churches to the blush by their devotion.

But how shall they hear unless the preachers be sent? The world will never be evangelized until the Church awakes to the conviction that it must not only pray with and talk about missions, but also work for them. The cause urgently requires funds. Increase in the number of laborers implies a greater drain on the resources of the Church and a consequent necessity for increased support from its members. There is now given to missions an annual sum amounting to one-sixteenth per cent. of the value of the Church's possessions. The doors are opened forward into the heart of heathen nations; they need to be opened backward into the hearts of Christians at home, that they may give more fully to the work. The command rests equally on every disciple of Christ. if some are ready to give their lives for its fulfilment, cannot those who remain contribute more than one dollar in every sixteen hundred of their property?

OUR FRENCH SCHOOL.

FOUR years ago our Missionary Society determined to concentrate all its energies on French evangelization work. Accordingly it was resolved to establish a mission school, and steps were immediately taken to raise funds for the erection of a building. The place selected was St. Jean Baptiste ward, where the Roman Catholic element largely predominates. The efforts of the Society to raise the necessary funds have been crowned with success. Many of our friends in Montreal have rendered valuable assistance, but the success of the undertaking is due principally to the liberality of our friends in Western Ontario and the indefatigable labour among them of two of our French students, Messrs. Chas Vessot and T. S. St. Aubin. The work of construction, however, has not yet been begun. The building committee, of which the Rev. Prof Scrimger is convener, has been proceeding cautiously. It was deemed advisable to experiment. Consequently, last year a school was opened in a rented house, and Mr. W. Charles, B.A., B.Sc., one of our French students, and his wife were appointed teachers. Mrs. Charles teaches the day school and Mr. Charles a night school which was opened in January. For a time the work was highly successful. Forty-eight pupils were enrolled in the day school and fifteen in the night school. The children manifested intense interest and the prospects for effective work were in every way encouraging.

But during the summer came a reversal. The Curé of the parish had discovered that rays of light were penetrating the darkness, and he resolved at once to check the good work. Our missionaries were denounced publicly and privately, and Catholic parents were commanded, under threat of the curses of the Church, to withdraw their children from the school. This, however, has not crippled its usefulness. There are still 21 pupils in attendance at the day school and the attendance at the night school has scarcely been affected. The success which Mr. Charles has achieved in the face of this opposition has fully vindicated the wisdom of the committee in his appointment. He works quietly, vigorously and effectively, and above all in the spirit of sympathy and love. In addition to teaching, religious services have been held regularly every Sabbath, and four hundred and fifty Roman Catholic families have been visited. Three of these have already become Protestants, and twelve more are known to be in sympathy with the work.

College Note Book.

STUDENT LIFE.

ON the evening of Oct. 16th, the customary reception was given to the new students. At a somewhat later hour than the ordinary tea, the men of all years streamed into the dining-room, and were greeted by the sight of tables that might have done credit to the palace of a Persian monarch (if he wasn't unreasonably greedy). They groaned (I didn't hear any groaning till afterward, but they always say that) 'neath the weight, that had been imposed upon them by the Steward, to the tune of "We'll never get drunk any more." By the way, they haven't broken their pledge yet, although the boys were prepared to treat them with a little indulgence had they done so on Thanksgiving Day. Well, the luxurious provision (the Sophomres called it *the grub*) was abundant and dainty, calculated to satisfy equally the appetite of a Vitellius and the refined tastes of a Parisian epicure. Here were piled golden pears and maiden-ckeeked peaches; there were, heaped side by side, the red of the apple and the green of the grape, mountains ruddy with sunrise, kissed by the billows of the sea. The dishes on which the fruits were placed were tastefully spread with the autumn-hued leaf of the maple, and little branches hung about the hall. The writer attended in the capacity of Local Editor. Any man who has taken honor classics knows that the word *editor* is derived from the Latin verb *edo*, I eat. In this light he did ample justice to his capacity, although there were several Freshmen at the table. His progress was eventually interrupted, however, by a burst of applause. He looked up, and found that the speaking had commenced. The worthy President held the floor (this is the way they always put it, but I think it ought to be that the floor held him) Now had commenced the second banquet,—“the feast of reason and the flow of soul.” (I hope no reader will misinterpret this capital quotation, as did a gentleman to whom I used it at the time. He thought that by the latter clause was meant the applause with the feet. But he is not a Senior.) Mr. Frew's speech was copiously interspersed with quotations from Burns. We could catch such

expressions as "the lassies, Oh!" etc. His words were those of welcome, advice, and consolation. He concluded by telling the new men that although they now occupied a humble position, one of them would yet attain to his exalted station:

"Lives of great men oft remind us
We can make our life sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time."

The second speaker was Mr. J. K. G. Fraser, who in kindly and appropriate terms pronounced the address of welcome in behalf of the third year in Theology. Mr. Sutherland followed, and dwelt on the importance of a student's exhibiting manliness of character. Many of Mr. Moss's humorous remarks were lost by reason of the clamorous applause. Mr. McLennan delivered a good, solid speech. He didn't pander to the conventional theory of college socialism, which we pretend to admire so much; but, courageous enough to say what most men only feel, he reminded us that there is here, as elsewhere, a certain distinction of class, the extent of which, however, is dictated to every gentleman by his sense of propriety. Speeches followed by Messrs. Robertson, Pidgeon, A. MacVicar, E. Maynard, Graham, and MacKeracher: and the meeting merrily broke.

Hallowe'en was observed with the usual orgies. The Freshmen very generously followed the example set last year, and furnished the barrel of apples. The transitory nature of these was soon demonstrated. When the hour for conflict had arrived, there were no apples to contend for. But the usual struggle had to take place between the old building and the new. And it did. What it was for, nobody knows, unless for the possession of the barrel. This was, however, valueless after being used by a favorite speaker as a rostrum. This gentleman's speeches are usually a great success, but this time he put his foot in it--indeed, he fell into it bodily.

The Principal has been at Halifax, conducting the anniversary services of Park St. Church. He addressed the students of Dalhousie University in the afternoon, and on Monday evening delivered in the church a lecture on "Social Discontent." The Halifax papers give glowing accounts.

Mr. Savignac has been compelled, by an accidental injury to his shoulder-blade, to confine himself to the building and suspend work for a few weeks.

Students who wish to borrow handsome walking-sticks can do so from Messrs. Dolson, Gordon, or McGregor since the tug-of-war. We congratulate these gentlemen on their success.

Mr. Cossum, Secretary of the Students' Volunteer Movement, took dinner with us recently, and favored us with a profitable missionary address.

VOICES FROM THE HALLS.

What's the matter with "Boots"?

Have you had your height measured?

Well, Mac., what are you taking this year?

Mac. -- Taking it easy.

Not the editor-in-chief, but the editor in *mischief*.

W. M. MACKERACHER.

REPORTERS' FOLIO.

MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

THE first meeting of this Society was held on Friday evening, Oct. 16th. After preliminary exercises, reports were heard from Messrs St. Aubin and Charles, who had been laboring under the auspices of the Society during the summer.

Mr. St. Aubin, in presenting the report of his summer's work, gave an interesting account of his endeavor to collect funds for the erection of a French Mission School in Montreal. In the course of his remarks, he spoke of the many encouragements that he had received in Ontario, where a lively

interest is manifested in French Evangelization. In rehearsing his experience, he was glad to say that he had met with much kindness and liberality and was thus enabled to give a satisfactory financial statement.

Mr. Charles reported on the success of the St. Jean Baptiste school, which was organized in January last, with Mrs. Charles as assistant teacher. This school has been progressing favorably in the face of many difficulties. During the month of June there was an average of over thirty in attendance. Besides the regular day classes, Mr. Charles has under his supervision, Sabbath meetings, a singing class, and night school; all of which are giving strong evidence of the untiring energy and Christian seal of the workers.

The next item of business was the election of officers for the ensuing year, in which the following were the names of those appointed: President, Mr. Vessot; 1st Vice President, Mr. McGregor, B.A.; 2nd Vice-President, Mr. D. J. Fraser, B.A.; Recording Secretary, Mr. Townsend; Treasurer, Mr. Gordon; Executive Committee, Messrs. Maynard, Graham, McLean, A. MacVicar, Reid, B.A.; News Committee, Messrs. McKenzie, Charles, B.Sc., Mahaffy, Dobson, Proctor, A. McGregor.

Mr. D. MacVicar, B.A., as treasurer for the past year, then handed in his report, and Messrs. McKenzie and D. J. Fraser were appointed to audit the books.

Touching the matter of supply for Petite Côte, it was agreed that the students should take up this work during the winter. The meeting then adjourned.

PHILOSOPHICAL AND LITERARY SOCIETY.

A meeting of this society was held on Friday evening, Oct. 23rd. There was a large representation, as might be expected from the nature of the programme, which gave promise, apart from everything else, of a lively discussion on student preaching. The debate "Resolved that students should not enter the mission fields of the Church before completing their arts or literary course," was ably supported on the affirmative by Mr. J. K. Fraser, B.A., and Mr. McLennan.

On the negative was Mr. Vessot as leader, followed by Mr. Tenor, who in their turn ably upheld the practice of the Church with respect to the matter in hand. Although an old and much vexed question of the Society,

yet to it was brought, by the debaters, much that was new and worthy of consideration.

The contest was decided in favor of the negative, and as a result the action of the General Assembly is sustained unsullied for another year.

Mr. D. MacVicar, B.A., acted as critic on the occasion, whose word of commendation and reproof was sufficient to exclude anything of a like nature here. During the intervals of the programme, music was discoursed by the College Glee Club, in the persons of Mr. Reid, Mr. Mahaffy and Mr. Anderson.

The Society held another meeting on Monday evening, Nov. 10th. Owing to the Missionary Alliance being in session, it was deemed wise to postpone the regular meeting which should have taken place on Friday evening. Although the first of the week, when students are supposed to be most busily engaged, still the attendance was none the less large. To meet the exigencies of the hour, the programme was confined to the debate merely.

The discussion in this instance centred round the resolution that "Party government is detrimental to the interests of a country." Messrs. McKenzie and Graham supported the affirmative; opposed to them were Mr. Gordon and Mr. R. McDougall, B.A. The question was ably discussed on both sides, but with a sufficient clearness on the part of the affirmative to warrant a decision in their favour.

After the necessary process of rejection and readjustment by the critic, the Society adjourned to meet on the twenty-first of the month. If the success of these meetings be any criterion, the Philosophical and Literary Society has a hopeful outlook for the winter.

W. T. D. Moss.

OUR GRADUATES.

Rev. A. Lee, B.A., of Sherbrooke, has accepted a call from the congregation of Campbell, B.C.

During the past month we had the pleasure of a visit from Rev. A. J. Lods, who graduated in '89 and is now labouring at Grand Falls, N.B.

Rev. S. Rondeau, of Ottawa, who was also in the city, did not omit to call upon us.

The Presbytery of Regina has recorded its sincere regret at parting with the Rev. S. J. Taylor, B.A., who has been appointed agent for the Board of French Evangelization.

The Rev. M. L. Leitch of Elora, Ont., has been granted leave of absence from his congregation, and has gone with his family for a short season to Williamston, Glengarry.

Mr. W. M. Rochester, B.A., who, for some time, has had charge of Erskine Church, Montreal, has been appointed by the Home Mission Committee to the charge of the congregation at Prince Albert, N.W.T.

The congregation of Knox Church, Cote St. Gabriel, has succeeded under the skilful management of the pastor, Rev. S. F. McCusker, B.A., in erecting a new church, which was opened a few Sabbaths ago. The building is a large and comfortable one, and cost about \$1,100. Mr. McCusker was ordained in the month of April, and he seems to be already making rapid progress in the work of the vineyard.

Rev. W. K. Shearer, B.A., late of Fitzroy Harbour, has been inducted as pastor of the congregation at Princeton, Ont.

We notice in a Winnipeg paper a very interesting account of one of the regular meetings of the Salt Lake Presbytery. Mr. C. W. White, B.A., was ordained by this Presbytery on the fourth of August, and was inducted as pastor of the congregation of Killarney.

The Rev. W. L. Clay, B.A., has been inducted into the charge at Moose Jaw, N.W.T., recently vacated by the Rev. S. J. Taylor, B.A.

JOHN A. CLELAND.

Talks about Books.

JUDGE PRINGLE'S name is a household word in eastern Ontario. Deeply interested in all kinds of religious and benevolent work, he is also an elder in the session of St. John's Church, Cornwall. By the bye, that was a good idea of our older congregations to call their churches by the names of the apostles and evangelists. The later Knox and Melville, Erskine, Cooke, Chalmers, and Guthrie churches savour of semi-insular narrowness, sectarian bigotry, and unecclesiastical bad taste. There may be Luther and Melancthon, Zwingle and Æcolampadius, Calvin and Beza, churches on the continent of Europe, but if so I have neither seen nor heard of them, and don't want to. While yielding to none in honouring our great men living or departed, I contend that it is enough to make the angels weep to find sections of the Church Universal, built up upon the foundation of the apostles and prophets, meeting in buildings called by the names of Burns, Willis, and Caven. Thank God there are no MacVicar, Grant, MacKnight, or King churches, and pray God there never may be. The kind of hero worship that will put a local stamp upon the Church of the Living God would paint Warner's Safe Cure on the Pyramids and Pears' Soap on the Vatican. Call a church if you will by the name of the street in which it is situated in order to localize it: that is quite permissible: but do not shut it out from the universal fellowship of the saints by a name that stands for a shibboleth. "I am of Paul" says one, and "I, of Apollos," says another, and "I, of Cephas," cries a third: a little less of this, and more of Christ who was crucified for us! What is the reality of our union, if we still in name keep up our invidious distinctions: what, the value of our boasted catholicity, when nominally we are as national as a St. Andrew's Society, as sectarian as an Orange lodge? But, to return to Judge Pringle, who is in no wise responsible for this outbreak: he adds to his other claims for consideration that of authorship. "Lunenburg or the Old Eastern District, its settlement and early progress, with personal recollections of the Town of Cornwall from 1824" is a large, well printed and bound, octavo volume of 420 pages,

published by the Standard Printing House of Cornwall. In preparing the materials for this book, so deeply interesting to all who live or have lived within the bounds of the Eastern District, and containing most valuable information for every student of Canadian history, the Judge has spared himself no pains. Documents that otherwise would soon have been irrecoverably lost he has been the means of permanently preserving. Among the many authorities quoted by him may be mentioned Mr. Croil's Dundas and Dr Campbell's History of St. Gabriel's. Though laden with statistics, as such a work must necessarily be, it is by no means dry, but is written in the simple, unaffected, and pleasant style that one would naturally expect from its genial author. If the men of Glengarry and Stormont, of Dundas and Grenville, fail to put this volume on their book shelves, they will deprive themselves and their posterity of much knowledge and satisfaction.

When a man is so great as Mr. George W. Childs, the proprietor of the Philadelphia Public Ledger, so wealthy, so patriotic, so benevolent, and so universally sought after, it seems a pity that he could not afford to get somebody to blow his trumpet for him, or find among his innumerable friends someone worthy to relate his experiences and achievements. His "Recollections of General Grant" has been sent to the JOURNAL for review, and the JOURNAL has no animus against Mr. Childs, but the reverse: yet this little brochure of a hundred odd pages does not satisfy the taste of the JOURNAL'S critic. It contains a great deal about General Grant, and about Mr. Childs too, that is interesting, extremely interesting: but when its author blazons himself forth as the entertainer of all the notabilities that ever visited America, as the trusted confidant of its chief public men, as the munificent presenter of oil paintings, the portraits of Generals Grant, Sherman, and Sheridan, to the West Point Academy, and of many costly benefactions in Europe and the United States, one naturally asks "Is his trumpeter dead?" Mr. Childs is a princely giver and a man of great culture. He deserves, and ought to receive, unlimited praise and esteem for his noble acts and qualities. The greater the pity therefore that he should be compelled to be his own harper, piper, or poet laureate, singing to the world his personal laudations. Why can't great and good men be content quietly to do great and good deeds, without sounding a trumpet before themselves, and grumbling because they think the world does not praise them enough? Verily I say unto you, they have their reward! So also great and good ministers, and some that

are neither great nor good, keep the newspapers informed of all their movements, and regard that issue as of a *dies non* which does not contain a self-contributed notice of themselves and their doings. Better lie in the shade all your life than thus shamelessly angle for popularity! The local editors know your handwriting, and do you think they never tell their friends, or at least their wives, who it is that has so high an opinion of Mr. So-and-So? The world knows too and laughs at it, but its laugh is the laugh of contempt that robs your gospel message of all its force. When will men, and Christian men especially, learn that the great thing is not to be thought something, but to be it, thus esteeming the praise of God more than that of man?

Our old friend and sometime Lecturer in Sacred Rhetoric, the Rev. J. S. Black, now of Minneapolis, kindly contributes to our table "The American Christian Scholar," his address at the opening of Macalester College. He will, I trust, pardon our agnosticism in regard to this institution. If it be half as good as the lecture, it would be safe to advise all the Minnesotans who cannot come to Montreal to go there and become Christian scholars. Mr. Black does not agree with Emerson in his statements that "the long apprenticeship to the learning of other lands is drawing to a close" and that "the millions, that around us are rushing into life, cannot always be fed on the sere remains of foreign harvests." Emerson spoke as a philosopher and a visionary, forgetting that the main part of knowledge is fact, a limited quantity only of which can be grown on American soil. If he meant that Americans ought to do their own thinking, this is nothing more than, I am sure, Mr. Black would concede to every man, American or otherwise. Our quondam colleague says: "In Minnesota in 1890 I can give you a word which was not so heartily spoken in Harvard in 1837. I ask you to cultivate Christian manliness. The world has made many efforts to get along without Christ and has failed. Socialism invites failure until it becomes Christian Socialism. Scholarship robs itself of its crown as long as it is not Christian scholarship. All helpfulness takes on a new glory when it is in His name." The whole lecture is fresh, thoughtful, practical, and kindly, and the lecturer characteristically wishes the boys "many a good time." May he have the same!

The Open Court Publishing Company of Chicago sends for review "The Ethical Problem," a series of three lectures delivered by Dr. Paul Carus. This handsomely printed book of 90 pages, the retail price of which

is fifty cents, contains much valuable matter in an interesting form, at least to students of Moral Philosophy. In his first lecture on Ethics, a Science, Dr. Carus makes the Ethical Basis a human ideal arising out of a conception of the wants of humanity. The Data of Ethics, which he treats of in the second lecture, he finds to be the motives for human action, and the purpose of Ethics is to determine the moral import of the different motives. The third lecture on Theories of Ethics critically passes in review Utilitarianism, Hedonism, Pessimism, Optimism, and Christianity, and finally decides in favour of Meliorism and the Religion of Science. Undoubtedly the foundation of a system of Natural Ethics is found in the human confession voiced by Ovid :

"Video meliora, proboque : deteriora sequor."

But the question is "Where do you see the better things?" Dr. Carus frankly confesses that he sees them in Jesus Christ and in the Scriptures which he often quotes. He also speaks of man being in the power of Satan : yet, unlike his usual courtesy, allows himself to refer to the cherished belief of many millions of the world's wisest and best in these contemptuous terms. "The religions of supernaturalism teach that the source of all goodness and morality is a great personal being residing beyond the skies : and he, by means of magic, implants into man's bosom the ethical ideal. No wonder that Laplace could not find God ! A medicine man, who works miracles, has no room in nature, even though he were omnipotent enough to let the stars spin around his fingers." Then he goes on to allow that there is truth in the idea of God, by which he means the pantheist's impersonal law of the universe. Now, first of all, we who are supernaturalists do not believe in a God residing beyond the skies and working by magic, but in a God omnipresent and working in all things, the God in whom we live and move and have our being. "Mind" says Plato "is the source of all motion even in matter" : much more must it be the source of all volition. Given mind with volition, and you have personality. We refuse to call the dust our father, or a concourse of eternal atoms our spirit's progenitor, and hold it to be abject folly for any man to do so in the sacred name of science. We believe, antecedently to all experience, that the omnipotent and omnipresent God is free to work in a uniform way which some men, in their blindness and ingratitude, call "law of nature" : or, without any greater exercise of spontaneity, to vary His working in the form which men call miracle. To actual miracles,

history, which is as far above philosophy so called as fact is above imagination, clearly bears witness. The largest number and most beneficent of these miracles were performed by that man Jesus Christ to whose divine wisdom and vast moral grandeur Dr. Carus testifies. His wisdom and virtue are indissolubly bound up with His reiterated assertions of divinity, and, as spiritual phenomena, whether of the times in which He lived or of any other, are inexplicable save as revelations of God, given, among other reasons, for that of bringing to men the true ethical standard. With Dr. Carus's pantheism no intelligent Christian can have any sympathy. What is good in his writings, and of this there is much, is derived from Christianity. When he laughs at the idea of Laplace sweeping the skies with his telescope and finding no God, he is as rational as the professor of surgery who had dissected many bodies but never found a soul. So God is a soul, a spirit, a being too great, too exalted to be brought under such vulgar aids to sense as the astronomer's telescope or the dissector's knife. Perhaps Dr. Carus remembers the toadyism and servility, the turncoat rascality, the meanness, of Laplace. He was no Sir Galahad, pure in heart, who might see God. Even Napoleon, and he was a mean soul too, when he turned his astronomical minister of the interior out of office, called him "the genius of the infinitely small." Dr. Paul Carus wants to patronize Christ, to patronize the Truth. No true man does that. If I be a true man, I do not possess the truth, but the truth possesses me. It is my master, and "to whom ye yield yourselves servants to obey, his servants ye are to whom ye obey." Our stand is clear: obedience to the truth is obedience to Christ. If Dr. Paul Carus will go his Buddhist way of making men gods, let him go his way. Satan poses at times as an angel of light, but the cloven hoof appears beneath the whitewashed robe. Throw your inkbottle at him, like Luther, good Dr. Carus, and come forth, not a dead, but a living Faust.

The venerable Dr. Scadding who (sad fate for one that loves books so well) has well nigh lost his sight, has remembered his fellow member of the Canadian Institute, and sends me a pamphlet of eleven pages, called "Specimens of Pioneer Typography, being the contents of the Log Shanty Book Shelf for 1890." It has been my happy lot to know some very loveable old men. Dr. Scadding is one; another is the Rev. Abbe Cuoq of the Seminary of St. Sulpice: but there are many more that I might mention, who have taught me lessons of humility, of kindness, of literary culture, of

honourable and child-like bearing. God bless these dear old men, who show us the power of divine grace and give us an indication of what our race yet may be. My fathers, I honour you, and pray that when we also become fathers in the Church of God, men, and you young men of our college, may see the Christ in us! Well, this dear Dr. Scadding, with the aid of his devoted daughters, has given a catalogue of many ancient works, mostly, if not altogether, from his own library, which appear on the shelves of the shanty erected by the York Pioneers on the Toronto Exhibition grounds, the oldest of which is a Peter Lombard of 1468. This Peter was the first man in Europe to formulate a system of theology, and, "bad cess to him!" as the Irishmen say, he gave us a very bad system. Yet, with some exceptions, Peter has been followed by Calvin, Baza and all the rest of them, down to Hodge and Shedd. Get out of this scholastic rut and search the Scriptures for yourselves, if you are not old book shelf men, but God's true ambassadors.

The Rev. John Nichols, of St Mark's church, has republished in pamphlet form his lecture on the Plymouth Brethren, called "Plymouthism weighed in the balances." It was first read before the Montreal Ministerial Association, then published in the COLLEGE JOURNAL, and afterwards in the *Canada Presbyterian*. Still it lives. If any Plymouthist reads it, he will have *un mauvais quart d'heure*, for it comes down like a sledge hammer on the people who say, "Stand by, for I am holier than thou!" Plymouthism as a system is bad, replete with spiritual pride, antinomianism, unscriptural wrestings of Bible texts and ecclesiastical anarchy. But many individual Brethren and Sisters are, in spite of their system, the very salt of the earth: kind, generous, self-denying and hungering to save souls. I wish the salt would not centralize itself in one deposit, but mingle with our common humanity to do us good and save us from corruption. If they are all right, why need they fear to step down and help us, of whose present and eternal welfare they have so much doubt? We cannot harm them, and they might do us good. A good minister, living still, once said, and he was right, "When the devil finds he can't separate a saint from Christ, he makes him a Plymouth Brother and so destroys his usefulness." I don't think that even Mr Nichols in his admirable address has said a harder thing of the universal sheep stealers. What a strange idea these people must have of God and of His servants' duty in a world that lieth in the wicked one! If our Father's delights are with the Plymouth Brethren, there is little hope for

the best men that ever lived. They wrap what talent they have (not too much generally) in the napkin of their exclusiveness and bury it in the dingy holes where they profess to preach an otherwise unknown gospel. Yet God endures this sort of thing : his long suffering is infinite.

The table, in an obscure corner, lest visitors should see them, hides two numbers of "The Canadian Indian," edited by the Rev. E. F. Wilson and Mr. H. B. Small. This magazine makes the reader intensely sorry for Lo, at least for the Canadian part of him. What has he done to be thus treated? One can never be happy enough that he has an "untutored mind," for, were it otherwise, this last act in the century of dishonour would be too much for him. Mr. Wilson is a splendid fellow, the best Indian evangelist the Church of England ever sent forth, and his Indian homes do him infinite credit. His little magazine, called "Our Forest Children," was in its way admirable : but the dejected yet healthy looking Indian, whose tobacco is clean gone, so that his pipe lies idle across his lap, while he stares sullenly into vacancy for more, from beneath the scanty shade of a broken topped pine tree, introduces the reader to no feast of reason or flow of soul. Mr. Small I do not know : but the "Canadian Indian" is small, unspeakable small, one of the poorest journals that ever suggested it was worth money. It is full of twaddle, unmitigated twaddle, such as any penny-a-liner could write, but for information concerning our Canadian Indians and the work done for them, you might as well consult the Montreal city directory. This is the second time the glamour of the Indian name has been too much for me. The first time it was a Bay of Quinte paper that issued one number, took in my subscription and thenceforward never appeared. Now it is the Tobaccoless Indian that comes brazenly forward, in blissfull ignorance that every American student of any reading at all knows Catlin and Carver, and the Smithsonian Institution publications, from which he filches the meagre ethnological fragments that adorn but do not cover his intellectual nakedness. We COLLEGE JOURNAL men can be merciful, even generous, but we will show no favour at all to literary shoddy. No man is bound to write, whether he can or no.

A very safe thing to make a transition by is a library catalogue : there is nothing in it to ruffle the emotions or to elevate the soul unduly. Its stories are brief and to the point. Such is the catalogue of the books in the Legislative Library of Nova Scotia, a large octavo volume of about 290

pages, which I owe to the kindness of the Chief Librarian, Mr. F. Blake Crofton. To bring a veteran Joe Miller back upon the field once more : the magazines just reviewed are calculated to make ill red men, but the catalogue now before us should help to make well read men. Mr. Crofton's arrangement of his many and valuable books is excellent. By printing author entries in large type, title entries in small type, subjects in capitals, subdivisions in smaller capitals, cross references and notes in italics, the eye takes in at once the nature of each item presented without any difficulty or confusion. Another almost unique catalogue, beautifully printed and substantially bound, but whose great merit is its perfect arrangement, is Mr. James Bain's Reference Catalogue of the Toronto Public Library, of which he is Chief Librarian. This library has over 60,000 volumes on its shelves, and is peculiarly rich in Canadian books and books and documents treating of Canada, a field in which Mr. Bain's wide reading and extensive research make him *facile princeps*. A Chicago gentleman who combines literary with legal studies, whom I have never yet seen, but who, by his kindness to friends passing through the city, has more than repaid me for any exertion made on his behalf, wrote me several times, under the flattering impression that my historic resources were unlimited, asking information concerning the Canadian parentage of the Half-breed, Billy Caldwell, the Sogonish of the Pottowattomies. I consulted printed authorities in vain ; appealed to Mr. J. M. LeMoine, the accomplished historiographer of Quebec ; to the late Mr. Bibaud, author of "Les Sagamos illustres," and many other learned specialists. We all knew Caldwell's life in the Western States, but nobody knew anything about Billy in Canada. Mr. Bain was then in England, nevertheless I tried the effect of a letter upon him. The answer came by return of mail, giving full particulars of the early life of the Sogonosh and filling Judge Furness's heart with joy. Mr. Bain knows Canadian history and a great many things beside, nor, with all his many labours, even to entire strangers really wanting information, is there a more courteous and generous correspondent.

The JOURNAL has received, by the kindness of the author, the Rev. Charles B. Ross, B.D., M.A., of Lachine, an elegant volume, published by Messrs. T. and T. Clark of Edinburgh, entitled "Our Father's Kingdom." This is a series of twelve lectures on The Lord's Prayer. The introduction is partly apologetic, in the theological meaning of that adjective, for the

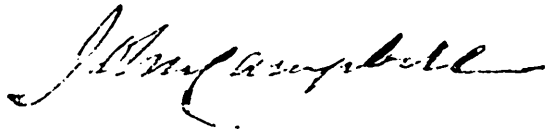
lectures need no apology, asserting, in simple but chaste English, the objective reality of prayer. Then follow four lectures on the Invocation, the others having for their titles, Hallowing God's name, The Kingdom of grace, The final reign, (two lectures), Obedience to God's will, Prayer for our daily bread, Prayer for forgiveness, and Prayer to resist temptation. The lectures, which extend to about 190 pages, are solid but not heavy, evangelical but thoughtful and suggestive; void of the stereotyped pulpit phraseology which ill-natured people call cant, but also free from theological technicalities. To be the author of sermons that are readable as well as instructive and quickening is a high merit, and this I think Mr. Ross may claim. A specimen of Mr. Ross's pulpit manner taken from his last lecture is the following: "The evil is not to be overcome by avoiding contact with the world, but by preserving a spirit of purity amid the duties which bring a Christian into relations with the world. Christianity does not nurture the spirit of asceticism, but the spirit of discipline. Our religion is no delicately nurtured plant which can only bloom when sheltered from the blasts of the world. On the contrary, the noblest virtues of Christians have only been manifested when they have passed through the trial of temptation." There is no rhodomontade here, no attempt at fine writing, no striving after effect. Should the style, however, fail to be effective, the reader must have something to answer for in himself.

The Jesuits, or as some country people call them, the Geeshoots, need not flatter themselves that they are going to be let alone. Principal Austin, A.M., B.D., of Alma Ladies College, St. Thomas, is on the warpath, and his 50 page pamphlet with an introduction by Mr. James L. Hughes, Inspector of Public Schools in Toronto, has come to the JOURNAL, with the gratifying statement that in one year 30,000 copies have been sold. It is entitled "The Jesuits" and contains chapters on their origin and history, principles and aims, immoral teaching, their condemnation and expulsion, including the bull of Clement XIV, together with papers on the Jesuits' Estates Act in Canada by distinguished Canadians. This is a very complete manual of the Jesuit question, not only repaying perusal, but also containing matter that the general reader would like to retain for reference. A tract even of this kind would be all the better of the addition of references for every statement, as guarantees of complete good faith. Several are given, and doubtless, when Principal Austin enlarges his manual, he will furnish them all. The Jesuits is to be had, price 15 cents, by addressing the author at St. Thomas.

I have only time to refer to the "Century Magazine," or rather to two articles in recent issues. Mr. H. T. Lodge in the October number has an article, "Why patronage in offices is un-American." Mr. Lodge holds that such patronage is born of despotisms and aristocracies. This may be, Mr. Lodge, but it is none the less true that nowhere, as far as I know, in all the world is there such wholesale patronage as in connection with American presidential elections, extending often from the professors in State universities to country postmasters, any of whom may be swept away, with circumstances of gross injustice and cruelty, to make room for carpet bagging friends of the unwashed but elected patrons. The system is disgraceful and demoralizing: creating an army of hangers-on that ought to be set to hard work and made useful. In the September number, not yet noticed, the Rev. Charles W. Shields, D.D., has a paper on The Social Problem of Church Unity. Taking for his text Voltaire's sneer, that, when Christendom should have opposed a united front to the Saracens, it was divided into two hostile camps on the Monothelete question, Dr. Shields proceeds, briefly but with much ability, to show the necessity for Christian unity at the present day in view of the mighty forces of evil the Church has to oppose. Dr. Shields writes Monothelete, or perhaps the printer did it for him: you know, whichever of you it was, that you can't turn *etc* into *i*.

The veteran Premier of Ontario is among the Apologists. His lecture on Christianity and some of its Evidences, published in extenso in the Toronto Globe, is an admirable summary. If some of our ministers or professors were to deliver such a lecture, they would be characterized as old fogies, behind the age, and all the rest. It is refreshing, therefore, to find an accomplished lawyer and very able statesman, first of all, true to his colours as a Christian man, and secondly, bold enough to declare, though with a freshness all his own, the good old arguments of ancient days. Many of these are still valid, and all of them are helpful in confirming the faith of those Christians who have not found their way into the heart of Christianity. But our ministers need to know more than this, namely, the way to reach the higher consciousness, the heart and conscience of the sceptic and the infidel. Paley and Keith will glance off from their mailed coat of unbelief as weapons from the armour of Achilles. We are trying now to find the agnostic's vulnerable heel. The confessions of Rousseau, Mill and other writers who have patronized the Christ of God, the infidel meets at once by saying "Why

then did they not believe in Him?" Good old Joseph Addison in the last chapter of his Discourse of the Christian Religion shows that the real witness for the truth is not the man who praises it but the man who obeys it. "Wisdom is justified," neither of Rousseau nor of John Stuart Mill, but, and these are Christ's own words, "of all her children." These remarks are made in no fault finding spirit, which God forbid, but as kindly criticisms of a very valuable lecture from which much good may be expected. Apologetics, as students know, is a large subject, and may be made as dull as it is vast. Mr Mowat is far from dull, and so will every one be who regards Christian Evidences as an active instrument for leading men into, and keeping them within, the Church.

A handwritten signature in cursive script, likely reading "J. M. Mowat". The signature is written in dark ink and features a prominent, sweeping flourish at the end.