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Our Graduates' Institute.

THE SEMITIC QUESTION.

REV. W. D. REID, B.D.

Last spring, while in Harvard University, I received a communication from the committee of this "Institute" requesting me to prepare a paper upon the "Semitic Question." Knowing that the world has had before it a "Semitic Question" for the last four thousand years, and feeling that such a period of time could not be satisfactorily dealt with in the time allotted me, about one hour, I replied, desiring more definite information as to what would be expected. I received the answer, "the way is open to discuss the subject from 1898 backwards for four milleniums, take as much or as little, and whatever part of it, you wish." Nothing could be fairer, no field could be larger, no scope could be wider. I accepted.

After some thought on the subject assigned, I decided to deal with the Semitic, or rather Anti-Semitic question of the present day. No thoughtful person can ignore the fact that the Jewish problem of to-day is pressing its way to the front, especially among the European nations, and is demanding a solution with a voice that can no longer be silenced.

My decision arrived at, the next question to settle was, from what source shall the information be drawn? I corresponded with prominent Jews on both sides of the Atlantic, subscribed for several Jewish periodicals, bought a number of books which I was assured would throw light upon the subject, but, alas, discovered that nearly all of the said books and magazines were occupied in the discussion of "the fulfillment of prophecy;" "the times of the end," the "big and little horns of Daniel," etc., etc. After searching in vain for some standing ground among the varied opinions of theological speculators, I decided to throw them all aside and deal with the Jew of the present day and his relationships to the nations of the world. While in no way belittling the discussion as to the fulfillment of prophecy, while in no way casting any reflection upon the big or little horns of Daniel, I shall endeavor to cast aside all speculation and will deal with the Jewish question as a purely political and sociological phenomenon. I shall approach the Jew as he is, and investigate his unique position among the nations, the causes that have led to that position, and for a short time will glance at the solutions of the problem that are being offered:

I.

In the first place I shall ask your attention to the Anti-Semitism of the present day.

In the time of Solomon, the palmiest days of Israel's glory, there were supposed to be about 10,000,000 of Jews in the world. A few centuries ago a historian recorded that persecution, the stake, and torture had reduced their numbers to about 2,000,000, and the writer expressed the hope that the

race would soon be exterminated. At the end of the 19th century the number of Israelites in the world is much larger than it ever was before. In Russia alone there are 5,000,000 Jews. In Austria and Hungary there are 1,500,000; in Roumania, Bulgaria and Galicia, there are considerably over 1,000,000. In North and South America there are 1,100,000; in Africa, 1,500,000; in Germany, 600,000; in England, 175,000; in France, 75,000, and so on. To-day it is supposed that, at the lowest computation, there are 12,428,500 Jews scattered abroad throughout the Gentile world. In all countries, in all climes, in every rank and grade of society, in every occupation, trade or profession we find the Jew; and it is equally true that wherever he is, we discover unmistakable evidences of hostility towards him by his Gentile neighbor. Sometimes this hostility is latent because of circumstances—a smoldering fire, but ready to burst into flame at any moment. In the olden days when the kings of England pulled the teeth and otherwise maimed the sons of Abraham, in the days when this detested nation was decimated with fire and sword, this kind of work was called "Jewish persecution," but in these days when it is carried on by our so-called cultured, civilized, Christianized nations, it is known by the more refined name of "Anti-Semitism." There is not a nation in Europe that has not during the last few years shown in one way or another a decidedly Anti-Semitic sentiment. From the time when Napoleon summoned his Jewish conference in 1807 until twenty years ago, the Jewish question attracted but little attention in the political world. In 1891 and 1892 the civilized nations of Europe and America were horrified at the abominable persecution of the Jews in Russia. The Liberal press in Britain burned with indignation and abounded in denunciations of the barbaric usage to which the Jews were being subjected. Many of the most prominent citizens of Britain signed a petition to the Czar pleading for a mitigation of the stringent laws being brought to bear upon this oppressed people. The Czar was not in the least moved by this intervention, declaring that the Jews were the mur-

derers of Christ, and therefore must suffer, and returned the petition without further comment. Men were sent from Britain to investigate the troubles and, if possible, to obtain from the Russians themselves their reasons for such terrible persecutions.

"The Jew," said the Russians, "is not faithful to the Czar, he detests Russian people, and, as a parasite, feeds upon them. He dislikes manual labor, but is temperate, thrifty, sober, and intellectually superior to the Russian. His assiduity is such that, if all careers were thrown open to him, he would Judaize all Russia before a decade had passed." Even in religion, the Russian considers himself endangered. Within the last quarter of a century some 5,000 Russians have become bigoted Jews. The Russian ministry looked at the matter in this light, and openly declared to the world that it did not intend to commit political or religious suicide. In accordance with this avowed purpose the Government has determined not to allow the Jews as a body to come into contact with the bulk of the Russian people. It will not sign its own death warrant by permitting the Jews to take advantage of the privileges that are extended to the Russian people. A Jew may not farm for himself, he may not purchase land, he may not be a miller, a fisherman or a gardener.

As a nation they are denied light, driven into confined areas, excluded from schools, and are degraded in every way, mentally, morally and physically. They are herded like a lot of sheep in fifteen of the western provinces of Russia; and there, restricted, oppressed, crushed under the iron heel of tyranny, nearly 6,000,000 Jews eke out a most miserable and wretched existence. No such compliment of fear of the innate superiority of a people has ever been paid to one nation by another. To-day there is no problem in Russia that is attracting more attention, rousing more genuine concern, or more urgently demanding solution than is the Jewish question.

In Germany, where dwell some 600,000 Jews, Anti-Semitism has developed with marvellous rapidity during the last de-

cade. Emperor Frederic III. stated publicly that Anti-Semitism was a standing disgrace to Germany. Prof. Monnson, in an article on the Jewish question, makes the somewhat startling statement that Anti-Semitism has rolled back German civilization at least a century. This movement has evolved a complete literature of its own of over 1,000 books and pamphlets. In these Anti-Semitic publications the Jews are accused of every imaginable crime.

Strange to say, the Anti-Semitic movement in Germany had its origin among the learned men. Philosophers paved the way for its future development. Hegel combatted vigorously the Jewish spirit as being alien to the Germanic spirit. Schopenhauer pictured the optimism of Judaism as a degrading phenomenon by the side of Hellenic ideals. Prof. Treitschke found in the Jew his "bête noir," declaring him to be "the plastic demon of man's decadence." He complains of the arrogance of the Jew, his resentment at the slightest insult, his scathing criticisms of men and things, as almost unbearable. Anthropologists, economists and metaphysicians were among the first in Germany to become possessed of the idea of expelling the Jew as a heterogenous element in the national life. The logical end of philosophic Anti-Semitism was to abolish Christianity, which is but a secondary form of Hebraism, and was also declared to be incompatible with the Germanic spirit. But here philosophic Anti-Semitism bade fair to fall between two stools, as Christian men and Christian bodies would have nothing whatever to do with it, and Democratic Atheists had a rooted aversion to intolerance in any form. But here Anti-Semitism entered the arena of politics. To the wily politician the question suggested an appeal to the latent religious prejudices of the enfranchised democracy. Men like Bismarck saw in the question a plausible bait for the ignorant voter who had hitherto been hurrying on in the direction of socialism. Anti-Semitism ceased to talk philosophy and entered politics as one of the vital issues of the day. The Conservative party of the Reichstag has openly avowed itself Anti-Semitic.

In this way Judeophobia arose in Germany, and to such an extent has it developed that a Jew may no longer hold a commissioned office in the German army.

In order to deepen the prejudice and to incriminate the Jews, men perjured themselves, and many prominent, respectable Jews were arraigned before the courts of Germany, charged with murdering Christian children for the ritual uses of their blood. These stories were circulated and this propaganda carried on, not by the lower orders or the criminal classes, but by the so-called respectable politicians and journalists.

In France we find the Jew even more cordially hated, if that be possible, than he is in Germany. In 1791 all French Jews were emancipated and given equal rights with other citizens. For years the people of Israel fondly called France the land of liberty, the Zion of God's people; but, alas! in these days France is taking the lead in her hatred and bitter persecution of the Jew. No contumely is too vile to be hurled at him, no deed of injustice too villainous to be perpetrated upon a Jew. The latest and most sinister form taken by this hatred has shown itself in the law courts of France. The man who has done more than any other to stir up Anti-Semitism in France is Monsieur Drumont, honorary president of the Anti-Semitic Society of France and editor of an infamous sheet called "La Libre Parole." Drumont first started the agitation by publishing a work in which he accused the Jews of the most monstrous crimes. No calumny was too abominable, no hatred too bitter, no accusations too terrible, or cowardly, or treacherous, for its columns. In these indictments, of course, the blood accusations were again brought to the fore and the Jews were called a nation of murderers. When Cesario Santo assassinated Monsieur Carnot, the French President, La Libre Parole announced to the world the falsehood that the murder had been committed by a Jew. This vile slander was caught up by the other French papers and carried from one end of the land to the other, and every means was used at that time to rouse the

populace against the Jews. When the Panama scandals astounded the whole of France and astonished the world, *La Libre Parole* attributed the trouble to certain Jewish bankers, and succeeded in raising a storm of indignation against the people of Israel. Every means was employed—every attempt was made by this paper to arouse the superstitious passions, and salacious tastes of the ignorant masses against the Semites. Even many of the clericals took up the Anti-Semitic cry as a means of stemming the reaction that was setting in against themselves and the church. Politicians endeavored to turn the “have nots” from socialism and to attach them to their own skirts by means of the Anti-Semitic cry. As a result of all this we find that Republican France, with its low social tone, its predatory press, its corrupt political life, has proved to be the ground for a ranker growth of Anti-Semitism than was possible elsewhere in Europe.

After this Drumont and his associates played a new card and a bolder game. They commenced a campaign against the Jewish officers in the French army, declaring that the Jews were not only an alien element, but that they were treacherous to the land of their adoption. These accusers became bolder and announced to their compatriots that by Jews holding offices in the army the whole country was endangered. By this time a very distrustful feeling towards the Jew had been awakened in the public mind in all parts of France. The nerves of *La Belle France* were unstrung and she was ready to go off in one of her periodical hysterics at the proper time of the moon.

This was the state of affairs when Captain Alfred Dreyfus, an officer on the general staff of the French army—an Alsatian Jew—was arrested for high treason. Thus far the crusade of the fire-eating, Jew-hating Drumont had been a sort of fiasco. He required a victim to substantiate his statements with regard to the army: this he found in Captain Dreyfus. On October 29th, 1894, *La Libre Parole* announced that an important arrest had been made for high treason. The following day a secret communication was

delivered at La Libre Parole office and there immediately appeared in that paper a flaming article under the startling heading: "Arrest of a Jewish officer for high treason." All kinds of rumors were afloat—great statements were made at intervals by this Anti-Semitic sheet to the effect that the War Office had positive proof against the arrested Jew. At times it would bring out the statement that Dreyfus had confessed the whole conspiracy. Everything was done that could be done to inflame the public against the Jews in general and Dreyfus in particular. After the public mind had thus been under pseudo-pathic treatment for seven weeks, the trial of Dreyfus took place behind closed doors. Throughout the investigation General Mercier, Minister of War, employed the most unscrupulous means to keep the Anti-Dreyfus mob at boiling point. He lost no opportunity of assuring the public through the press, and otherwise, that Dreyfus was the guilty man, and that they had proof positive of the guilt. Semi-official notes issued from his cabinet, all interviewers of newspapers were welcome. This minister stated to representatives of "La Patrie" and the "Figaro" that the documents which he had in his possession were damning proofs of the Jew's guilt. Throughout the whole investigation the public were made aware of none of the facts of the case—the strictest secrecy being maintained. Was it any wonder that in a place like France the whole country howled for the blood of the Jewish traitor? About the end of December of the same year Dreyfus was condemned to imprisonment for life beyond the seas, and was publicly degraded amid the execrations of all Paris—the howling mob expressing the keenest disappointment that he had not been sent to the guillotine. The condemned man was shut up in irons and a loaded revolver put continually within his reach with the hope that he would commit suicide. When this plan failed he was sent to "Isle du Diable" in the deadly climate of New Guinea. All this took place without any of the facts of the case having been made public. Nothing definite could be gathered from any of the men who were behind the scenes. Mon-

sieur Rochefort, one of the leading men in the trial, when asked about the matter, said that for him it was quite sufficient that Judas was a Jew. He evidently forgot that Jesus was a Jew and the victim of a treacherous conspiracy. Anti-Semitic journals took up the cry and pressed the conclusion with great vigor, that all Jewish officers should be expelled from the army as possible traitors.

Through a sort of reflex action the public began to make further enquiries into the matter. The family and friends of the condemned man believing him innocent made strong representations on his behalf. Monsieur Scheurer Kestner, the distinguished vice-president of the Senate, who had at first accepted the evidence without question, had serious doubts raised in his mind from the fact that one of the most plausible and condemning stories given to him by a well informed person was found to be a complete fabrication. Public feeling was aroused, and to allay it General Mercier published in a Paris daily, the summary of an apparently damaging document which he said had been produced at the trial and was but part of the documentary evidence used to condemn Dreyfus. His object in so doing was to deepen the prejudice in the public mind against the hated Jew. It had the very opposite effect. The matter was taken up by Monsieur Bernard Lazare, a Paris journalist and detective, who, with a patience and devotion beyond all praise, gradually pieced around this statement all the facts of the trial. He proved that this document was the only evidence produced at the court-martialing of the prisoner. This famous piece of parchment was called a bordereau and contained certain vital secrets about the French army, which it was asserted had been copied by Dreyfus, treacherously given over to the Germans and then filched from the German Embassy in Paris by a French spy. The German Embassy denied having ever had such a document in its possession. The bordereau was submitted to men who never claimed to be experts in writing, and their testimony was by no means unanimous as to the writing being that of Dreyfus. One Mr. Bretilien

gave his judgment against the prisoner on the ground that his writing was so dissimilar to that of the bordereau that the hand must have been disguised. . . Monsieur Lazare secured a fac-simile of the famous bordereau and submitted it to twelve of the most eminent experts in writing in the world, and they all declared that the writing was not, some said could not possibly be, that of Dreyfus. The conclusion is irresistible that Captain Dreyfus was convicted upon flagrantly insufficient evidence. This fact even the Anti-Semites do not attempt to deny. The world to-day beholds a sight that should make every justice-loving man burn with indignation: in Republican France, at the end of the 19th century, a citizen torn away from his family, immured in an island bastille, without any real trial, without any real evidence having been produced. We ask the question, why?—there is no other answer than "He is a Jew."

But the tragic Anti-Semitic farce has not yet all been played. On January 13th, 1898, there appeared in the "Aurore" a letter from Emile Zola to the President of the Republic, which concluded thus: "I accuse the first court-martial of violating the law of a free country by condemning a prisoner on the evidence of a document which was kept secret. I accuse the second court-martial (this was said with regard to Esterhazy's trial,) of screening this illegality by their order and committing in their turn a judicial offence, by knowingly acquitting a guilty man." The prosecution of Zola was ordered immediately.

The facts of the case are still fresh in every mind. We all remember how the jurymen were bullied by the press, how their names, addresses and professions were published in the daily papers; how they were warned over and over again that, unless they condemned the prisoner, they were ruined men; how Drumont and his friends threatened publicly, that if the Jew-defending Frenchman was acquitted, they would take law into their own hands and mete it out to Zola and all the Jews in Paris; how the prisoner was not allowed to defend himself, and how nearly all his witnesses fell sick

and were unable to appear at the trial. Only the patriotic verdict of the jury condemning Zola saved Paris from the "red blood fury of the Seine" being repeated. The intrepid author was condemned to a year's imprisonment, the sum of \$50,000 was expended, every principle of modern jurisprudence was violated, and all because of the intense hatred prevailing against the Jew. While the trial was proceeding one of the very noticeable features of the event was the tremendous anti-Jewish feeling that found expression upon all sides. Mr. D. C. Murray, of the "Contemporary Review," writes thus: "On the second day of the trial, as I stood behind the courtyard railings, a big man standing near me accosted a little man. 'Thou carriest a big nose,' said he, 'too long for my taste, thou art an Israelite, n'est-ce pas?' The little man shrugged his shoulders, spread his hands, and answered: 'Yes ser, but I am Jew.' The big man, without further talk, hit the little man on the too long nose, and in a second he was among the feet of the howling mob. After some time he was dragged forth muddied and bleeding, more dead than alive, while the infuriated savages howled with delight at having been able to injure a Jew." This was but one of the many episodes of the same character which took place at the trial, all revealing the most astounding animosity to the Hebrew. The final card of the terrible game has not yet been played. As we read from day to day the confessions of the scoundrel Esterhazy, as to how he forged the papers upon which Dreyfus was condemned, as we observe that a new trial for Dreyfus has been ordered, and as we watch the frenzied Frenchmen vowing that the Jew shall be lynched should he ever again put foot on French soil, the story grows fiercely tragic, and many prophesy that France may again be disgraced with another St. Bartholemew's day.

I have at some length gone into the exhibition of Anti-Semitism in the three great countries of Europe, in order to show the unreasoning intensity, the unprincipled unscrupulousness of the movement, and also to reveal the fact that it is gaining ground with alarming rapidity. In Austria, we find

the Semitic antagonism as deep-seated and as bitter as it is in Germany. In the late municipal elections in Vienna, out of ninety-three men returned, forty-six were avowed Anti-Semites. In Italy several very violent articles have appeared lately in the "Italia Reala," exhibiting bitter hostility to the Jews. In Switzerland a petition signed by 84,000 names was presented to the Federal Chambers asking that several of the Jewish customs be abolished, especially that of slaughtering animals in the Jewish fashion. In the United States the boasted land of "the free and the brave," the same Anti-Semitic feeling very frequently finds expression. In many of the hotels of the larger cities it is publicly advertised that no Jews are admitted. Not long ago a very sick lady was ejected from a large hotel in Chicago under the most painful circumstances because she belonged to the Israelitish nation. The hotel-keeper afterwards bitterly repented of his action, as the millionaire husband of the aggrieved lady immediately started a rival establishment across the street and ruined the Jew-hating hotel-keeper. Even in Britain, within recent date the Gothic arches of Westminster have re-echoed to the demand "prohibit the immigration of the outcast Hebrew."

Thus we see that over the whole world, among all civilized nations, Anti-Semitism is forging its way to the front. We find in it a religious question, a philosophic bugbear, a serious economical and sociological problem. Truly prophecy with regard to God's ancient people is being fulfilled with an awful minuteness: "Ye shall be scattered as outcasts among the nations and shall be hated of all men."

II.

I wish now to investigate some of the causes leading up to these Anti-Semitic movements. The continental journals give very abruptly and bluntly the reasons why the Jew is so universally hated. "The Hebrew," says one of the most prominent of these periodicals "is the cause of all the evils of society—he oppresses the laborer, corrupts the capitalist, bribes

officials, contaminates the press and misleads justice: The Jew is a Semite and therefore must be antagonistic to the Aryan. The Aryan is a born idealist, the Semite an unmitigated materialist. The Aryan is slow, frank unselfish; the Semite cunning, shrewd and selfish to the core. The Jew causes financial paralysis, mental consumption, and is the modern promoter of that Bright's disease of the nations—Socialism, etc., etc." These are the principal accusations laid at the door of the continental Jews by their enemies.

Looking at the question from a Jewish standpoint, we find very different reasons given for Anti-Semitism. The Hebrew says that his persecution takes place because of prejudice and because of the religious bigotry and intolerance of the Christian nations. Looking at the question from an unprejudiced point of view I wish to advance several reasons that seem to me to enter very largely into all modern Anti-Semitism.

(1). In the first place the Jew is an individual who will never coalesce with the nation in which he may be sojourning. He is a stranger and a foreigner, and will remain so to the end of the chapter. His only fatherland is "the other Jew." So far as his own race is concerned he is possessed of an instinct of solidarity that can dispense with even the cement of free-masonry. But so far as other nations are concerned, he defies amalgamation or extermination. The United States assimilates or extinguishes all races except the Jews—Jonah is still indigestible. Nations come and nations go, but he goes on forever. This inability to coalesce with other nations arises from the political and religious beliefs of the Jew. Ever since the destruction of Jerusalem by Titus, the majority of the Jews have expected, longed and prayed for, and believed in, a bodily return to Palestine. This is what we might call the political side of the question. With that return they have always associated the idea of a Messiah. Thus we see that the Jew has always had his political and religious hopes strangely intertwined and blended. These political and religious hopes distinguish him from the Christian. The

Jew is first and foremost a member of the Jewish state—the very core of his belief is that his nation is the select nation of God. According to the Old Testament, salvation to the Jew came chiefly from the fact that he belonged to the Jewish nation. He claimed God's blessings because of his Jewish citizenship. He found all solace and comfort and assurance in the thought that his people was God's nation. Between the individual and God stood, as a sort of Mediator and Saviour, the people of Israel as a nation. This was the one fundamental and ineradicable creed that made and still makes the distinguishing feature of Judaism. With the Jew the Messiah is at best but an agent of God in the interests of the Jewish nation. He who believes in this kind of mediatorship of the Jewish nation is a Jew; he who does not believe this is not a Jew.

The Christian believes in Jesus of Nazareth as a Saviour, not a mere agent or leader of any particular nation, but as one who *is* salvation, and has salvation for the individual, independently of his people or nation. He is to the individual Christian in a certain sense what the Jewish nation is to the Jew. The belief of the Jew is, one particular nation differentiated from all others, which nation is a kind of mediator between God and man; the belief of the Christian is that Jesus Christ is the Saviour of the individual—the only Mediator between God and man.

To believe in Christ, then, as the Christian does, is to the Jew treasonable to the Jewish nation. He can never amalgamate either politically or religiously with Christian nations; religious and patriotic consideration, strangely combined forbid it. In this fact that the Jew must always, from the very nature of things, in all Christian countries remain an alien, an outsider, a stranger, lies one of the most powerful reasons why the Hebrews have in all ages been hated, despised, disabled, robbed and banished by the Christian nations of the world.

(2). A second cause of Anti-Semitism may be found in the Jew's phenomenal success as an individual in every calling of life. Either the nation or the individual that succeeds well

in the world is bound to provoke the hatred and jealousy of all small natures. Britain to-day is almost universally hated by the other powers, and we all know that one very cogent reason for that animosity is her remarkable success as a nation. The same reason holds good with the Jew. His wonderful ability and success in the world is undoubtedly responsible to a large degree for Anti-Semitism.

We live in a day of commercial enterprise, when money is no longer earned but won. Application and industry in the commercial world at the present time are of but secondary importance. In these environments we behold the evolution of a new type of man, the manipulator, the exploiter, the expander, the puffer, the wire-puller, the rigger, the schemer. This is the much-sought-after man of the present day; this is the man who succeeds in politics, literature, journalism, commerce, and we blush to say it, even to a certain extent in the church. Of this type of man the Jew furnishes a very large percentage. Karl Marx said, when society succeeds in eliminating the manipulator, the Jew will become an impossibility. The Jew understands and accommodates himself to the public as few men can do. The Jew is the great advertising agent of the continent; the press on the Seine, the Spree, and the Danube is largely dominated by Israelites; the great international telegraphic news companies, such as Renter, Wolff, etc., are owned by Jews. The drama, the theatre, the opera are largely in his hands. When Wagner, in his anti-Semitic rage, wrote a piece of music to beat "the hated Jew," he found that every man who drew a bow in his orchestra was a Jew. The Hebrew secures high social recognition among the nations; titles, medals, and decorations have often fallen to his lot. He also receives high political honors at times; a large percentage of the consulships of Britain have been held by Jews. The professors' chairs and the professions on the continent are crowded with the same people. In Prussia, where there is but a mere handful of Jews, ten per cent. of the judges, ten per cent. of the students in the universities, and eight per cent. of those occupying professors' chairs are

Jews. The financial monarchs of the world, the bankers of this commercial age, belong to this detested nation. Kings must ask credit of the Jew before they can "let slip the dogs of war." In fact, there is no more striking feature in the histories of nations than the unqualified success of the Jew in whatever arena he chooses to enter. The question naturally arises, why does such phenomenal success attend his career? Many answers might be given. For over 1800 years he has been a stranger in a strange land. This has aroused in him all the shrewdness, aggressiveness, energy, and often, daring recklessness, that is sure to develop when a strong character is thrown upon its own resources. He is sober, temperate, and wary; particularly keen in judging men and events. He possesses self-reliance, and has that suppleness and alertness of mind which is absolutely necessary to success in the battle of life. He has also the speculative temperament which, combined with his natural shrewdness and caution, makes him the successful speculator. There is no doubt that exceptional fitness in the face of tremendous odds is the secret of the Jew's wealth and power, and his wealth and power the secret of a very great part of the Anti-Semitism that prevails.

(3) From the strongly pronounced democratic tendencies of the Jews, we find a third reason why he is so universally hated in Europe. In many places, especially in Germany, he is considered to be a menace to the State. A very large percentage of the leading Socialists of the past and present, such as Marx, Lasall, and Singer are and have been Jews.

In politics the Jew is very apt to throw all his influence, his power and his vote on the side of the man or the party that will go with him against his foes. It is a well-known fact that the crusade in Austria against Russia, which at one time brought these nations to the verge of war, was largely the work of Jewish journalists, because of Russia's hostility to the Jew. In Germany the Socialistic party of the Reichstag has come to be very largely identified with the Jewish nation. In New York, not long ago, the Jews went solidly Democratic in grateful remembrance of some Jewish diplomatic appoint-

ment made by Grover Cleveland. The Jew is thus considered by conservatives to be a very dangerous element in any political body, inasmuch as he will always sacrifice the interests of the nation upon a Jewish altar. One of the leading Jewish statesmen of Britain was once asked, "if a question arose where the interests of the Jewish nation conflicted with those of Britain, what would be your course of action?" He replied, without hesitation, "to the Jew the Jewish nation must always be first." For this cause, then, the Jew is looked upon with suspicion, and often hatred by politicians and patriots.

(4) The Jew is a proud man; he is proud of his ancestry; proud of the part he has played in the world's history; proud of his success as an individual, and when he becomes wealthy he isolates himself to a certain extent from the Gentile world. It is universally acknowledged that this pride is a very fruitful source of Anti-Semitism from a social point of view.

III.

I have looked at outbreaks and development of Anti-Semitism in Europe; I have endeavored by analyzing the Jew—his character and history—to point out a few reasons for the Anti-Semitism of the nations, and in the third place I wish to notice briefly the Jew's reply to this Anti-Semitism, viz., Zionism.

In the 16th and 17th centuries, nationality was but a name. Now the word nation means something. Within the last ninety-nine years men have become intensely national, and the man who is a cosmopolite is an outlaw. All down the ages the Hebrews have been, above everything, national. When other peoples barely stammered the first primer of nationality, the Jew was studying his elaborate text-book. One of the greatest discoveries of the century has been nationality. This being the case, it was inevitable that the new nationality should come into conflict with the old. Zionism is the answer of the old nationality to the new. So-called Christian countries have thrown down the gauntlet to the Jew, "we do not want

you." Zionism is the picking up the gauntlet. Zionism, political or religious, is the instinctive reply of a people who cannot or will not coalesce with other nations.

The Jew demands his freedom, but he does not intend to fight for it. The Protestants of France, Germany, Austria, Hungary, the Albigenses, the Waldenses, Hussites, and Covenanters fought like lions for freedom, and in some cases were almost exterminated, but, since the days of Hadrian, the Jews, as a body, have never united and fought for freedom.

The Israelite has been fought and oppressed, in public and in private, by fair means and foul; persecuted systematically and at random, from above and below, and yet he does not retaliate. The Jews of the later centuries are the only people in modern history who, being openly attacked, recoil from openly fighting their assailants. They suffer, they endure, they moan, they wail, they complain, they write long articles explained by foot notes, but they do not fight for freedom.

Zionism is not a movement with any fight in it; it is a proposal to go and take peaceable possession of Palestine. There are two movements among the Jews with somewhat the same end in view, called respectively religious and political Zionism. Religious Zionism desires to send back to their native land a few Jews—ten or one hundred and ten—without giving unnecessary offence to the powers that be, in Turkey. They believe in the coming of a Messiah, but do not expect that Israel as a nation shall ever return to Palestine.

Political Zionists have a much bolder scheme. They call upon Jews all over the world, and especially those dwelling upon the continent, to rise as a body because of their intolerable sufferings, and leaving the inhospitable shores of Europe, go back to their own native land. At the head of this latter movement stands Dr. Theodore Herzl, a journalist of Vienna. In 1897 he issued a pamphlet, sending it to all the prominent Jews in the world, in which he characterized the treatment of the Jews by the Christian nations as the

“disgrace of the century.” He called upon all Jews who had the welfare of Zion at heart to meet in conference at Bâle, Switzerland, and there discuss the possibilities and probabilities of a second exodus. The object of this congress, he stated, was as follows:

1st. To consider the condition of Jews in the different countries.

2nd. To discuss the feasibility of a return of the Jewish nation to Palestine.

3rd. To investigate colonization in Palestine and its results.

4th. To discuss objects of Jewish charity in Palestine.

5th. To deal with questions of finance.

6th. To discuss the diplomatic relations of the powers to the movement.

Jews came from all parts of the world, and the convention was opened by Dr. Herzl. Pathetic and heart-rending were the tales of oppression and cruelty that were there narrated. As to the colonies in Palestine, it was decided to help those that were already there, but to send no more aid until some adequate legal guarantee had been exacted of the Sultan of Turkey. The question of diplomatic difficulties was taken up and discussed, and Dr. Herzl gave his ideas as to how the Sultan of Turkey should be dealt with by the Jews. He expressed the opinion that the Sultan would accept the sum of £100,000 as an annual tribute with the guarantee of further loans as the population increased. He further stated his belief that the Sultan would grant them autonomous government. It was also reasoned that the drawing off of an unhappy and detested element of population, which is everywhere in a state of unrest, identifying itself continually with extreme parties, would be considered a boon and a blessing by the nations of Europe. During the session of the congress the following articles were drawn up and adopted:

1st. The object of the Philo-Zionist movement is to foster the distinctly national idea in Israel.

2nd. To promote the idea of the complete colonization of Palestine and neighboring territories by the Israelitish nation again.

3rd. To diffuse the knowledge of Hebrew as a living language.

4th. To further the moral, intellectual, and material status of Israel in every possible way.

Another item of business was the starting of a national fund, which it is hoped may rise to the sum of \$50,000,000 in a few years.

A thorough investigation was made as to the present colonization of Palestine. There were reported to be twenty-five distinct colonies, varying in population from one hundred to seven hundred each. In these colonies every species of fruit is grown, farming is carried on more or less successfully, and silk is spun from the mulberry trees. In many of these settlements schools have been established, good libraries have been furnished, and synagogues and hospitals have been built. These colonies have been aided very materially by the liberality of millionaire Jews, such as Baron Hirsch, Rothschilds, and others, but as yet they have not paid their way.

The above-mentioned subjects were discussed at great length at the congress, but nothing very definite was accomplished, except that the subject of a national return of Israel was brought before the world, and men have been led to think seriously upon the question.

In estimating the probable success of both the political and the religious Zionists, it is difficult to see anything before either of them but comparative failure. The political Zionist must fail, because the movement is a purely utilitarian political scheme, without any religion in it. Never have the Jews, as a body, been moved to united action unless that movement was based upon religion. On several occasions they have been profoundly stirred all over Europe, but each time the movement centred around the belief that the Messiah had come.

A merely political gospel without a Messiah will never rouse the Jews to anything like national action.

The religious Zionist commits the opposite blunder of not making his propaganda a national one. The religious Zionist looks for and expects a Messiah, but no national return. It is useless to appeal to the purely utilitarian motives in the complex nature of a people whose great hopes have always been founded upon religion; it is also equally futile to appeal to the purely religious aspirations of a race that has always been intensely national. The two must be combined. An exodus from Europe can be effected only as it was achieved over three thousand years ago in Egypt, when Moses, a man full of religious fervor, yet burning with national zeal, led forth the hosts of Israel to the land of Canaan. What the Jews of to-day want is a Moses full of divine inspiration, combining a patriotic energy with religious devotion.

Again, in my opinion, the land of Palestine could not support one-half of the Jews that exist at the present time. I travelled over the land from Damascus to Hebron, and found that a large portion of the territory is rock. There are fine valleys, such as Esdraelon, Elah, Jaffa, etc., yet I cannot get away from the belief that the land is for the most part poor and rocky and barren. I do not think it could ever be made to support a large population. Just at the last moment as I write this paper, comes the intelligence that the Sultan of Turkey has issued the following decree: "The entrance into Palestine is formally prohibited to foreign Israelites, and the Imperial Ottoman authorities are hereby instructed to prevent the landing of immigrant Jews in that province." Thus the hopes of the Zionists are for the present dashed to the ground.

Notwithstanding all these obstacles, the unrest among the Jews is becoming more feverish year by year. Something like the autumnal instinct in the bird seems to be stirring in the heart of the Jew wherever we find him. To-day, as never before, he is wistfully looking away over the sea with a longing to return to his native land, and he is earnestly looking

for the time when the Lord will again build Zion.

When in Jerusalem, perhaps one of the things that touched me most, of all I saw, was the pathetic sight at the Jews' wailing place. There stood venerable Rabbis, with beards white as the snow, swaying themselves backwards and forwards in strange anguish, and, as the tears coursed down their furrowed cheeks, they kissed the remaining stones of the old temple and frantically pleaded with God to have mercy upon and bring back his outcast people. How, or when, if ever, the Israelites shall return to the land of Canaan is a question that is hard to answer. This much seems to be made clear in the revelation of God, and is corroborated by the history of the Jewish nation, viz., that before God's ancient people there is a great future. Although for the time being the olive tree has been broken off, and Israel has for centuries been but an outcast among the nations, yet we believe the day is dawning when "the Lord will have mercy upon Zion, for the time to favor her has come." Israel shall yet be joyful in her king. We have reason to believe that the time will come when the ransomed of the Lord shall return and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads, and His people will obtain joy and gladness, and the sorrow and the sighing of the dark night of her tribulation shall have fled away.

Ah! no man knows his strength or his weakness, till occasion proves them. If there be some thoughts and actions of his life from the memory of which a man shrinks with shame, sure there are some which he may be proud to own and remember: forgiven injuries, conquered temptations (now and then), and difficulties vanquished by endurance.

—Thackeray

A WOMAN'S FACE.

Her soul looks out through hazel eyes,
Where all the light of paradise
In their pools of shadow lies.

Her lips are gates of constant song,
Whence melody clear, rich, and strong,
Pours its quivering tide along.

All her face is pure as night,
When its orbs swim into sight,
And her eyes are starry bright.

Sunbeams straying down the air,
Fall'n upon her shining hair,
Have left a crown of glory there.

Rests a nameless, saintly grace,
Like a glory, on her face,
As she moves from place to place.

From her dress sweet odors sway;
O'er her richest censers sway,
Dropping incense on the way.

Round about her zephyrs sing,
O'er her perfumed garlands fling;
In her footprints blossoms spring.

Low by hers my spirit bends,
Unto her each thought ascends,
All my life on her depends.

In her service I am free,
For the bond is sweet to me;
Love is highest liberty.

Robert MacDongall.

Harvard University.

PSALM CXXXIV.

BENEDICTION OF THE NIGHTWATCHMAN.

The Congregation (retiring).

O bless the Lord, all ye who stand
By night His house to guard;
Lift up your hands in holy awe,
And bless Jehovah, Lord.

The Nightwatch (responding).

From Zion's hill, His dwelling place,
Thee now Jehovah bless,
Who heaven above and earth hath made,
His glory to express.

THE IDEALS OF THE OLD TESTAMENT.

II.—THE IDEAL RULER.

BY THE REV. PROF. SCRIMGER, D.D.

The oriental conception of civil government is fundamentally different from that which has come to prevail in the western world, especially among Anglo-Saxon peoples. Whether the form be that of a monarchy or of a republic, the ruler of modern times is simply the embodiment of the people's will, and so soon as he ceases to represent that will, he must as speedily as possible make way for another who does. Right or wrong, public opinion is supreme, and insists on having its behests obeyed. Ministers of state are but servants, to do its bidding, and may be dismissed at pleasure. It need hardly be said that such a conception is and always was wholly foreign to the mind of orientals. To them the sovereign was the representative of God and ruled by divine right, according to his own will or best judgment, even when, as not infrequently happened, he came to power through some form of popular election. Like all absolute despotism everywhere, the practical operation of the theory was tempered by the possibilities of rebellion and assassination, but the ruler was supposed to be at once the maker and the executor of the laws, under no constitutional obligation to his subjects, and amenable only to God. This conception, of course, prevailed among the Jews as well as among other oriental peoples, and our whole study of the Old Testament presentation of the ideal ruler must be conducted in the light of that fact.

In one way, indeed, the Jews carried this idea of the divine mandate of the ruler to an extreme that may be said to be without parallel elsewhere. Their government is often called a theocracy. The name is perhaps a misleading one if

pressed too strictly, but it serves to set forth the idea that theoretically Jehovah himself was always supposed to be the real King of Israel, and all earthly rulers, by whatever name known, simply his vicars or lieutenants.

Nor was this a mere theory with them, as it was probably with some other oriental peoples. With the Jews it involved certain practical consequences of great moment.

1. In the first place it affected their whole legislation, and gave it the sacredness of a divine institution. Their laws once enacted or revealed were regarded as unchangeable, save by the indirect method of interpretation. This, of course, had the effect of making them tremendously conservative, and tenacious of arrangements once established, a feature which has characterized them as a people in all their subsequent history. It also serves to explain why it was that so much in the way of interpretation was found to be necessary in the later period of their national existence, as is evident from the contents of the Talmud. It explains, too, how under the guise of interpretation their lawyers sometimes made the law of God of none effect even when it was a permanent moral principle that should have been preserved in its integrity. The influence of the same theory is seen in the fact that when Jesus Christ appeared to inaugurate a new era, he distinctly disclaims any intention of destroying the law of the old, but contents himself with "fulfilling" it, that is elevating its standard by a new and more spiritual interpretation of its precepts.

Now it is easy to see how the acknowledgment of the divine origin and sanction of all their laws and institutions must have limited the caprice of individual rulers. Of course, the ingenuity of selfishness and pride will find a way to evade any laws, however good and venerable, and no doubt great liberties were taken by those who were not in sympathy with their spirit. But it immensely strengthened the hands of any reformer that the rallying cry was always "back to the old law." The ideal age, as represented by the prophets, was always one in the future, so that their message was a message of hope, but that ideal age would become actual by the com-

plete enforcement of the old law and the hearty revival of the old institutions.

2. A second practical result of the theocratic idea was that it made the Jewish people sit somewhat loosely to political forms and modes of government, provided only they secured the main ends for which all forms of government exist, the honest administration of justice and the unity of the national life.

It has often been remarked that the Mosaic legislation presents the peculiar phenomenon of being originally unprovided with a definite office for executing the power of the state. It thus avoided attaching a divine authority to any one form, and left that to be determined by the varying circumstances of each age. Accordingly, we find several forms of government prevailing at different periods of their history, some of which are a little difficult to define very accurately, but all equally legitimate so long as they accomplished their purpose. So soon as they ceased to do so, they were required to give way to some other that seemed likely to prove more effective.

This is a point for which we in modern times have had abundant reason to be thankful, for it has mightily helped the cause of true constitutional government by preventing the Christian Church from definitely committing itself to an absolute monarchy as a divinely sanctioned system. There was a time in English history when it seemed on the point of doing so, and with the popular reverence for Scriptural authority it would probably have succeeded in its mistaken intention if it had been able to point to any definite passage that plainly prescribed it for the Jews. The same consideration, no doubt, restrained the Jewish kings themselves at times when they were disposed to stretch the royal prerogative unduly and interfere with established rights.

But for our present purpose it is more important to notice that it had the effect of making the national life of Israel largely independent of any form of government and prepared the way for the time when the people of God on the earth was to be a church rather than a nation, a spiritual community

under appropriate officers of its own rather than under any form of civil administration whatever. It also made it possible for some at least among the Jews, when the proper time came, to recognize their Messianic king as the true sovereign of the Kingdom of Heaven, though he came in humble guise, without any of the accessories of earthly royalty and wielding only the spiritual weapons of truth and goodness.

Wholly in accordance with this same theocratic theory is the conception of the ideal ruler that dominates the Old Testament scriptures. It is not that of a hereditary sovereign however brilliant and successful, but that of a man called by God himself to the work of judging the people and qualified for it by the gift of the Holy Spirit. Paradoxical as it may seem to say so, the ideal ruler is the prophet rather than the king, and the original function of the prophetic order was that of government rather than that of preaching. The first leader of Israel was Moses, and the only title he ever applies to himself is that of prophet. When the seventy elders of the people were selected to assist him in the administration of justice their formal consecration to the office was accompanied with the gift of prophecy. Or perhaps it would be really more correct to say that they were chosen because they were believed to possess it, and their decisions were thus regarded as having divine authority. Throughout the long and troubled period of the judges the men who shaped the history of the people were men who felt themselves thrust forward into action by a divine impulse, and gained their successes even in war far more by their spiritual power than by their military genius. Samuel the last and the best of them fitly closed his career by organizing a school of the prophets to prepare them for the new role which they were henceforth to fill as religious teachers, owing to the revolution produced by the elevation of Saul to the supreme place as a military leader under the title of king. But so closely had the prophetic order become associated with the duties of government that, before entering upon his office, Saul is formally initiated into the order, somewhat to the surprise and scandal of those

who knew his real character. When events proved how little he corresponded to the conception of the ideal ruler, he is set aside, and his successor, David, is put forward first as the nominee of the prophets and then as the choice of the people by general acclaim. Among all his sons, Solomon succeeds and again it is as the candidate of Nathan and the prophetic order. Their course during the subsequent history of both kingdoms is in keeping. Though deprived of political office through the military reorganization of the nation introduced by the kings, they never ceased to take an interest in politics, and on more than one occasion they practically dictated the course which the kings had to take. After the restoration the order lost its prestige and disappeared, but their nearest representatives, the scribes, became the lawyers and judges of the people. For several centuries the real power seems to have oscillated between them and the priests, each claiming to be the most direct representatives of the divine will. The instinct of the people taught them that whoever could make good his claim to speak in the name of God was the one most entitled to their support and obedience, irrespective of all considerations of hereditary descent or official position.

Of all the kings that sat on the throne of the two kingdoms by far the most heroic and engaging figure is David. His life was marred by a great double sin that shocked even his contemporaries and for a time endangered his position as sovereign. But he had the qualities that made him at once a victorious general, a capable administrator, and a popular hero. He would have risen to distinction in any age and in any country. Even these qualities, however, would hardly have secured for him his unique position in the national imagination but for the fact that he also had the prophetic gift of inspired song. It is as the sweet psalmist of Israel he lives, even more than as the founder of a line of kings and the consolidator of the kingdom. One can easily see, therefore, why he is taken as the type of that coming ruler who should combine in himself all conceivable excellencies and fulfil the highest national

expectations. He should be prophet as well as King, and reveal as none other could do the features of the divine.

Even that, however, hardly rises to the full height of the ideal that was in the mind of some of their greatest seers. At best even the prophetic King was human and subject to human frailties. It was inevitable that at some point he should fall short of the perfection demanded. What they longed for, hoped for, yet hardly dared believe in the possibility of, was that somehow Jehovah himself would appear to set the world to rights and establish a Kingdom of righteousness on the earth. Whatever may have been the original occasion of such psalms as the second and the one hundred and tenth, one is made to feel that the language must ever remain unsatisfied by anything short of this. What else again can be made of such predictions as the well-known ones of Isaiah:

And there shall come forth a shoot out of the stock of Jesse,
 And a branch out of his roots shall bear fruit;
 And the spirit of the Lord shall rest upon him,
 The spirit of wisdom and understanding.
 The spirit of counsel and might,
 The spirit of knowledge and of the fear of the Lord;
 And his delight shall be in the fear of the Lord;
 And he shall not judge after the light of his eyes,
 Neither reprove after the hearing of his ears,
 But with righteousness shall he judge the poor,
 And reprove with equity for the meek of the earth,
 And he shall smite the earth with the rod of his mouth,
 And with the breath of his lips shall he slay the wicked,
 And righteousness shall be the girdle of his loins,
 And faithfulness the girdle of his reins.

Isaiah, XI., 1-5.

Even more striking is that given in an earlier chapter:

For unto us a child is born,
 Unto us a son is given,
 And the government shall be upon his shoulder,

And his name shall be called
Wonderful, Counsellor, Mighty God,
Everlasting Father, Prince of Peace.
Of the increase of his government
And of peace there shall be no end,
Upon the throne of David,
And upon his Kingdom,
To establish it and to uphold it
With judgment and with righteousness
From henceforth, even for ever.

Isaiah, ix., 6-7.

One feels that there must have been times when they themselves were startled at the boldness of such a conception as the incarnation of Deity. But they had been often disappointed in the men that gave the highest promise of filling the ideal and had come to see that nothing short of this could ever wholly realize it. The way was thus prepared for the recognition of a divine Messiah in spite of their intense monotheism which otherwise would have made it forever impossible.

No endeavor is in vain;
Its reward is in the doing,
And the rapture of pursuing
Is the prize the vanquished gain.
—*Longfellow.*

TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY YEARS AGO.

BY REV. J. S. BLACK, D.D.

An old book lies on my desk of which this is the title page :

PRECIOUS
REMEDIES
 AGAINST
SATAN'S DEVICES ;
 OR,
 SALVE FOR { BELIEVERS' } SORES
 AND
 UNBELIEVERS' }

Being a companion for those that are in Christ, or out of Christ; That slight or neglect ordinances, under a pretence of living above them; That are growing (in Spiritualls) or decaying; That are tempted or deserted; Afflicted or Opposed; That have Assurance, or that want Assurance, etc.

By Thomas Brookes, a willing servant unto God, and the faith of his People, in the glorious gospel of Christ, at Margarets, Fish Street Hill.

The Third Edition, Corrected and Enlarged.

Put on the Whole Armour of God, that yee may be able to stand against the Wiles of the Devil.

Ephes, 6, 11.

London: Printed by M. Simmons, for John Hancock, and are to be sold at the first shop in Popes Head Alley, next to Cornhill, 1656.

Such is the title page of this book of which Mr. Thomas Brookes was the author, and as this was in its third edition it is quite evident that he was popular in the time of the Commonwealth. The publisher has done his part well. It is a good specimen of the bookmaker's art. John Hancock was

evidently a good publisher and a shrewd man of business. I find that in quite a goodly list of works published by him there appears "The Covenant of God's Free Grace Unfolded, by that worthy Minister, Mr. John Cotton, of New England." Our author was fortunate in securing this publisher. The matter which we put into our foot-notes is put into marginal columns and the use of Greek and Hebrew indicate not only the scholarship of the author, but also testify to the resources of Simmons' printing establishment.

Instead of our "Preface"—he has an "Epistle Dedicatory," which is addressed to "His most dear and precious ones: The sons and daughters of the Most High God, over whom the Holy Ghost hath made him a Watchman.

Beloved is our Dearest Lord."

This dedication is not too lengthy and is subscribed:

"Your loving pastor under Christ,
according to all Pastoral Affections,
and engagements in our Dearest Lord."

After this dedication there comes a word to the reader, and a very plain and searching word it is.

It is not my intention to review this old book. If that generation which produced our Confession of Faith and Catechisms is to be clearly understood, we must get in touch with it, and one of the best ways of accomplishing this is by listening to the sermons that were preached and then published. The seventeenth century has given us an ample supply of sermonic literature, and Thomas Brookes is one of the most interesting of them all.

Let us glance at a few of his illustrations, from Nature, or perhaps more properly speaking, from natural history, and we will be convinced that the Baconian method had not yet had time to do its work.

"That in all your trials you may be like the stone in Thracia which neither burneth in the fire, nor sinketh in the water."

"When the asp stings a man it doth first tickle him, so as it makes him laugh."

"In Sardis there grew an herb called Appium Sardis, that would make a man lie laughing when he was deadly sick."

"The Devil deales with men as the Panther doth with beasts, he hides his deformed head, till his sweet sent hath drawne them into his danger."

"Afflictions are like the prick at the nightingale's breast, that awakes her, and puts her upon her sweet and delightful singing."

"It is said of the Basiliske, that if he look into a glasse, he presently dyeth. So will sin and a sinner (in a spirituall sense) when the soul looks into the word, which is God's glasse."

"The world may be likened to the serpent Scytale, when she cannot overtake the flying passengers, she doth with her beautiful colours so astonish and amaze them, that they have no power to pass away, till she have stung them."

"Sicily is so full of sweet flowers that dogs cannot hunt there; and what do all the sweet contents of this world, but make us loose the sent of Heaven."

"Do not the naturalists tell you that the mountains that are big with gold within are bare of grass without."

"The best men's souls in this life hang between the flesh and the spirit, as it were like Mahomet's tomb at Aleppo, between two Loadstones."

"The dragon is subtile and bites the elephant's ear, and then sucks his blood, because he knows that to be the only place which the elephant cannot reach with his trunk to defend."

"The stork is said to leave one of her young ones where she hatcheth them; and the elephant to turn up the first sprig toward Heaven, when he cometh to feed, out of some instinct of gratitude."

It is at first strange to find these remarkable illustrations from natural history alongside of so much learning and eloquence. Bacon's philosophy was not yet bearing much fruit.

Newton was yet in the future. The Galileo incident occupies so large a place in our thought of the 17th century that we forget how general and how dense the ignorance was. Luther says: "People gave ear to an upstart astrologer who strove to show that the earth revolves, not the heaven and the firmament and the sun and the moon. Whoever wishes to appear clever must devise some new system which of all systems is of course the best. This fool wishes to reverse the entire science of astronomy, etc."

Six years after the death of Copernicus Melancthon wrote: "The eyes are witnesses that the heavens revolve in the space of twenty-four hours, but certain men, either from love of novelty or to make a display of their ingenuity have concluded that the earth moves, etc." . . . "Now," he continues, "it is a want of honesty and decency to assert such notions publicly, and the example is pernicious." Calvin, in his commentary on Genesis, quotes the 93rd Psalm and triumphantly asks "Who will venture to place the authority of Copernicus above that of Scripture?" Need we wonder at Brookes taking seriously these nature extravagances.

In the course of the last few years we have been straining our vocabulary in search of epithets to fit the unspeakable Turk. Brookes anticipates us in this sentence, "The whole Turkish Empire is nothing else but a crust, cast by Heaven's great housekeeper to his dogs."

Our author abounds in illustrations, metaphors and similes which have for the most part escaped the literary hacks who compile those crutches called "cyclopedias and illustron, etc."

"A crown of gold cannot cure the headache, nor a velvet slipper cannot ease the gout."

"The heart of man is a three square triangle (sic) which the whole round circle of the world cannot fill."

"'Tis a heavy plague to have a fat body and a lean soul; a house of gold and a heart full of sin."

"God's house of correction is His school of instruction."

All the stones that came about Steven's ears did but knock him closer to Christ the Corner stone. The waves did but lift Noah's ark nearer to heaven."

"Most men are like a top that will not go unless you whip it, and the more you whip it, the better it goes."

Many of his illustrations would not be acceptable to the congregation of to-day. Some are too coarse, as when he uses "rape" and "adultery" quite often to illustrate his theme;—some are too much like nursery tales of the 19th century as he gravely tells us that "The inhabitants of Nilus are deaf by the noise of the waters."

This is severe on Job's wife:

"Sometimes he (the Devil) shows his malice by letting those things abide by the soul, as may most vex and plague the soul, as Gregory observes, in his leaving of Job's wife, which was not out of his forgetfulness, carelessness, or any love or pity to Job, but to vex and torment him, and to work him to blaspheme God, despair and die."

But he can be very tender, and at times he reminds one of M. Cheyne.

"Tell me, saints, doth not God look more upon His people's graces than upon their weaknesses? Surely he doth. He looks more at David's uprightness than upon his infirmities, though they were great and many. He eyes more Job's patience, than his passion. . . . He that drew Alexander whilst he had a scar upon his face, drew him with his finger upon the scar. God puts his finger upon his people's scars, that no blemish may appear. Ah, saints, that you would make it the top of your glory in this, to be like your heavenly Father; by so doing how much sin would be prevented, the designs of wicked men frustrated, Satan outwitted, many wounds healed, many sad hearts cheered, and God more abundantly honored."

Here is an utterance on Christian union which is for us to-day:

"Dwell more upon those choice and sweet things wherein you agree than those things wherein you differ. Ah! did you

but this, how would sinful heats be abated, and your love raised, and your spirits sweetened one to another. You agree in most, you differ but in a few, you agree in the greatest and weightiest, as concerning God, Christ, the Spirit, the Scripture; you differ only in those points that have been long disputable amongst men of greatest piety and parts. . . . you differ only in such things as have least the heart of God in them, and that shall never hinder your meeting in Heaven."

In the end of this third edition, the editor inserts the letter he had received from a man who had been converted by the reading of the first edition. It is a heart-searching and dictatorial book and a very mine of erudition. There were no "Best thoughts of Latin and Greek authors" in those days, no concordances, no dictionaries of quotations. All the more surprising, therefore, is his knowledge of the Bible, his familiarity with the Hebrew text. The Fathers and the Classics are at his finger ends.

The study of those divines who write from the time of the Reformation to the end of the Protectorate, say 1560-1660, has a peculiar interest to the student of literature. It was the Augustan age of our literature—the century of Sir Philip Sydney and Spenser, of Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, Bacon and Milton, of the authorised version of our Bible, and of our Confession of Faith and Catechisms. There is a distinct educational value in the understanding of the spirit of this Reformation century. I know of no better employment of time for a minister after he graduates from the Theological Hall, than to browse a good deal in this Puritan pasturage.

There are also incidental aids to culture that are not to be despised. For example, Dryden, 1631-1700, is credited in our manuals of quotations with "Ignorance is the Mother of Devotion," but Dryden was a small boy, when Brookes wrote "Rome saith Ignorance is the Mother of Devotion; but the Scripture saith 'tis the mother of destruction."

Another example—Brookes has this epigrammatic sentence "Let Heaven be a man's object, and earth will soon be his ab-

ject." We might almost say that abject had ceased to be a noun, but Psalm 35, 15, "Yea, the abjects gathered themselves together against me," and in Shakespeare, Richard III., I, 1.

"We are the Queen's abjects and must
obey."

Did space permit much more might be culled from
Brooke's Precious Remedies.

It is worth reading, and if it is not in the college library, I suppose I must pay the penalty of writing this article by giving my copy to the Library. So be it.

The characteristic of heroism is its persistency. All men have wandering impulses, fits and starts of generosity. But when you have chosen your part, abide by it, and do not weakly try to reconcile yourself with the world. The heroic cannot be common, nor the common heroic.

—Emerson.

THE RELIGIOUS MESSAGE OF ROBERT BURNS.

BY THE REV. D. J. FRASER, M.A., B.D.

There is a prejudice in many minds against allowing Robert Burns to don the garb of the religious teacher, but the prejudice is surely unreasonable. The Scottish poet, it is true, was not an orthodox churchman, when measured by the conventional standards of his own day, but many of God's greatest prophets were the heretics of their age. Burns even went so far as to heap satire—sometimes coarse and bitter, it must be acknowledged—upon the popular institutional religion of his contemporaries, but do we forget the lowly teacher of Galilee who hurled his merciless rebukes—and in one case at least his bitter irony—against the religionists of his time? May not Willam Watson's words on the Scottish poet be fittingly applied to that other prophet whose spiritual religion Burns understood far better than the bigots who denounced him:

“He saw ’tis meet that Man possess
The will to curse as well as bless,
To pity and be pitiless,
To make and mar;
The fierceness that from tenderness
Is never far”?

It is also true—and pity 'tis true—that some, especially the “unco’ guid,” would deny our hero the name of Christian; but, even so, did not St. Paul give us a worthy example when he used even a heathen poet to teach the Christian doctrine of the Fatherhood of God? It may, however, be objected, and with greater reason, that it is not as a religious poet, but as a writer of love songs that Burns has taken his rightful place among the Literary Immortals; but we must remember that in his devotional moods—to which he was no stranger—he gave

us also hymns which are being used to-day by many Christians as their favorite pilgrim-songs. But the chief objection to Burns as a religious teacher—the only one worthy of being seriously considered, is that he failed to practise what he preached. If this be true it rules him out of the company of the world's authoritative religious guides. But is it true?

We cannot hold up the character of Burns as that of a model saint; nor can we in justice depict it as that of a consummate sinner. Good and evil or,—perhaps we should say, strength and weakness—were so strangely blended in his life, that the problem of his character is not yet solved. It is an

“Unquiet theme

Where gentlest judgments may misdeem;”

and it is but little understood even by his most sympathetic biographers. On the one side, was his higher nature—true nobility of soul, transcendent endowments of head and heart, the intellectual force of the strongest man and the emotional sympathy of the tenderest woman, a keen sense of right and wrong which was developed in a pious home whose pure and elevating influences he has so feelingly portrayed in *Cottar's Saturday Night*. On the other side was his lower nature—fierce and turbulent passions as hard to restrain as they were fatal to indulge. From his earliest manhood to the last his soul would seem to have been a veritable battlefield in which these two forces contend sorely for the mastery. And the deepest tragedy of the fight lay just in this—that the poet himself, with true psychological insight, watched the grim struggle, with full knowledge of what conscience demanded, but with a will so weak and irresolute that even he could not force the final issue. Which of these contending forces did actually win in the end, no student of Burns' life will care dogmatically to say.

Certain it is that he was not a model saint. He had indeed those generous endowments of flesh and spirit which a more modern poet has said are necessary to the evolution of ideal manhood:

Let us not always say,
 "Spite of this flesh to-day,
 I strove, made head, gained ground upon the whole!"
 As the bird wings and sings,
 Let us cry, "All good things
 Are ours, nor soul helps flesh more, now, than flesh
 helps soul!"

If a richly endowed sensual nature as well as a generously gifted spiritual nature be essential to the culture of model sainthood, as Browning believed, then Burns certainly had a splendid chance of spiritual fortune. And why did he not grasp his opportunity to become an ideal saint? Because of his fatal lack of self-control. Goethe has said that no clever fellow can allow himself to drift, "for in this sea of time, the rudder is given into the hands of man in his frail skiff, not that he may be at the mercy of the waves, but that he may follow the dictates of a will directed by intelligence." Burns knew this as well as his brother poet. He had obeyed the old injunction: "Know thyself." He had taken the exact measure of his capacities and his tendencies—a strange and a noble thing in one of his violent impulses and headlong plunges. In all the tragic story of his life, I think there is nothing sadder than the self-knowledge which is so clearly revealed in "A Bard's Epitaph."

"Is there a man whose judgment clear,
 Can others teach the course to steer,
 Yet runs, himself, life's mad career
 Wild as the wave?
 Here pause—and, through the starting tear,
 Survey this grave."

The poor inhabitant below
 Was quick to learn and wise to know,
 And keenly felt the kinder glow
 And softer flame;
 But thoughtless follies laid him low
 And stained his name."

This was the secret of his final failure. He did the very thing Goethe said such an one could not afford to do; he allowed himself to drift. At least he did not sail with a sure chart for on his own confession he had

“Nae thought, nae view, nae scheme of livin,’ ”

In the critical currents of life he did not stand steadily at the helm, or to change the figure to that of Plato, the dashing steeds of passion and intellect were yoked together, and the goal was clearly in view; but what alone could happen when the charioteer of will was absent? And the supreme final lesson of this life is that

“Prudent, cautious self-control,
Is wisdom’s root.”

If we are not justified, then, in canonizing the Scottish poet, with still less justice is he to be anathematized. It would seem as if he kept up a brave, pathetic struggle with his lower nature. He had the large free spirit to sympathize with the struggle of his fathers for religious liberty.

“The Solemn League and Covenant
Cost Scotland blood, cost Scotland tears,
But faith seal’d freedom’s sacred cause;
If thou’rt a slave, indulge they sneers;”

Only a native nobility of soul can prompt the lines:

“The honest man, tho’ e’er sae poor,
Is king o’ men for a’ that.”

Too honest was he to spare the faults even of Holy Church, —too manly to cringe before the little great folk of his day— too humble to condone his own misdeeds. His first fall into sensual vice, from which his higher nature revolted, landed him in depression and melancholy which would have driven a weaker man to suicide, but nothing could be more worthy of the good Christian or the true philosopher than his cry to God out of the depths of his suffering:

“Sure, thou, Almighty, canst not act
From cruelty or wrath;
Oh free my weary eyes from tears,
Or close them fast in death!

But if I must afflicted be,
To suit some wise design,
Then man my soul with firm resolves
To bear and not repine,”

There can be no irreverence in comparing these words with the *De Profundis*; or in placing his Prayer in the Prospect of Death in the same manual of devotion with the Shepherd Psalm. There is surely hope for the man who in this life descends into the “region of hell,” and whose sensitive soul experiences the “horrors of the damned.” The bitterness of his remorse reveals his essential goodness; and his cry for Divine forgiveness, his sincere piety. Shall we not, then, in passing judgment on the unfortunate poet, heed his own pathetic appeal:

“Then gently scan your fellow-man,
Still gentler, sister woman.
Though they may gang akennin wrang,
To step aside is human.
One point must still be greatly dark,
The moving why they did it,
And just as lamely can ye mark
How far, perhaps, they rue it.

Who made the heart, ’tis he alone
Decidedly can try us,
He knows each chord—its various tone,
Each spring—its various bias.
Then at the balance let’s be mute,
We never can adjust it;
What’s done we partly may compute,
But know: not what’s resistd.”

Justice demands that we reserve final judgment on the character of Burns; and charity pleads that we think not of his failings but of his warm human love which covers a multitude of sins

“Not ours to gauge the more or less,
The will’s defect, the blood’s excess,
The earthly humors that oppress
The radiant mind;
His greatness not his littleness
Concerns mankind.”

So much then by way of apology, if indeed apology were needed, for allowing Robert Burns to speak thus on the subject of Religion. And now let us hear his religious message. To find what was the nature of his personal piety and his religious creed, we must go not to his hymns and psalms, for these were merely his tribute to conventionality, but to his private letters, his nature poems, and even his Satires, which express his revolt from orthodoxy.

I.

In the first place, Robert Burns bears a testimony, which I regard as very valuable for our own day, to the Reality of Religion. In a letter to his friend Cunningham, he writes these significant words—and I recommend them for serious thought to any one who has never gone deeper into Burns’ philosophy of life than what is revealed in his bacchanalian ditties:

“I do not remember that you and I ever talked on the subject of religion at all. I know some who laugh at it as the trick of the crafty few, to lead the undiscerning many; or at most as an uncertain obscurity, which mankind can never know anything of, or with which they are fools if they give themselves much to do. Nor would I quarrel with a man for his religion any more than I would for his want of a musical ear. I would regret that he was shut out from what, to me

and others, are superlative sources of enjoyment." There are many persons, I dare say, who do not appreciate the penetration of these words. With that intuition into the region beyond the veil of sense, which belongs to every true poet, Burns attained "knowledge absolute" of spiritual things. He was perfectly assured of the "eternal verities" of religion—God, Duty, Immortality. To the atheist who denies, and to the agnostic who doubts, Burns would say: "My good people, I am sorry for you. These things are true, and pity it is you cannot appreciate them. I don't blame you, for you have not a musical ear trained to catch the heavenly harmonies. I will not argue with you, for what you need is not logic, but a spiritual faculty—the sixth sense—the power of vision." This is the faithful and true witness which is borne by every God's prophet to the realities beyond the veil. The poet is a seer. He does not reason out spiritual truth—he sees and then declares. He knows by immediate vision, "the truths which can never be proved." Had not Burns this absolute assurance of religious faith, he had been no true poet. Had Robert Burns any religion? is sometimes asked even by men who acknowledge his supremacy as a lyric poet. The question is absurd. Every poet has imagination, intuition, faith—call it what you will; the sixth sense through which comes to us knowledge of the spiritual world. Let the question be answered once for all in the words of Burns himself: "A mathematician without religion is a probable character; an irreligious poet is a monster." Such a testimony from such a man is a real reinforcement of religion.

II.

Burns also bears an impressive testimony to the value of personal piety as an enricher of life. In that same letter to Mr. Cunningham, having referred to enjoyments which his religious faith yielded him, he adds: "These are no ideal delights, and I ask what of the delights among the sons of men are superior, not to say equal, to them? And they have this

precious vast addition, that conscious virtue stamps them for her own, and lays hold of them to bring herself into the presence of a witnessing, judging, and approving God." In another letter he says: "Religion has ever been to me not only my chief dependence, but my dearest enjoyment." * * * "I am, I must confess, too frequently the sport of whim, caprice, and passion; but reverence to God and integrity to my fellowmen, I hope I shall ever preserve." And in his common-place book we find these words, which we do well to lay to heart: "In the first place, let my pupil, as he tenders his own peace, keep up a warm, regular intercourse with the Deity." These are the words of a young man who was in revolt against conventional religion. They are words, moreover, which he had not the slightest notion would ever meet the public eye. We cannot doubt, therefore, that they reveal their author as a man of personal piety—of strong religious convictions. One sin can certainly not be laid at Burns' door. He was no hypocrite. He smote the religious shams and theological absurdities of his day hip and thigh. He was merciless to those who used religion as a cloak for their sins.

But twenty times I rather would be an atheist clean,
Than under gospel colors hid be just for a screen.

His very fear that he might be suspected of hypocrisy led him to write too bitterly in his satires. His utter disgust with pharisaic sins of the spirit made it easier for him to fall a victim to the foolish vices of the flesh. Here is this man, then, who is nothing if not honest, appealing to his pupil to make a "warm, regular intercourse with the Deity," the thing of first importance in life, and testifying to religion as the source of his own supreme enjoyment. His religion did not have its perfect purifying work, but it yielded him manly endurance under terrible anguish of soul, it kept his spirit indomitable under persecution, it gave him a light heart amid poverty, it nerved him to perform at least one deed of heroism which we shall ever cherish in grateful and admiring remembrance—to own as his wife, when duty and inclination were

opposed, the woman whom he had wronged. Whatever estimate we may make of his worth as a man, he could not have been nearly so great without his religion; and at the man whose character was not the finished product of his religion, who of us shall throw the first stone?

III.

Burns modified in many ways the hard outlines of the popular Scottish theology and did a great deal towards ushering in that warmer, truer theology of the heart of which we are the heirs. I think it was Oliver Wendell Holmes who said that he could not understand how Dame Scotland could clasp her national poet to her bosom as she has done without bursting her stays. Perhaps Dr. Holmes did not know, as well as we do, that Scotland has never been quite so straight-laced since she embraced this playful child of nature. He carried the freedom and the beauty of nature into the theology of his country. He did in Scotland something of what Jesus did in Palestine, and his method was the same. He humanized religion—cleansed what a complacent piety deemed common and unclean—extirpated the lingering fear of a savage superstition; and his method was “the fierceness that from tenderness is never far.” Just as the Galilean poet—for the life and teaching of Jesus are essentially the idealism of the poet—showed no pity to the prating religionist, but grew tender over the lilies and the sparrows, and was a brother to every sinner who needed sympathy, and help; so the poet of Scotland dealt pitiless blows against the conventional religion of his church, but melted in mercy for the wounded hare, immortalized the mountain daisy, and let his heart go forth in pity for the “ourie cattle” that must bide the blast, while he taught the secret of the highest religious life in those tenderest lines:

“Affliction’s sons are brothers in distress,
A brother to relieve, how exquisite the bliss!”

He headed a revolt against the "otherworldliness" of the popular religion and sought to forward the realization of the kingdom of God as a better social order in this world. And I know of few finer commentaries on the prayer of Jesus, "Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven," than the plea of Burns for charity and justice between man and man. Where can you find a teacher more on fire with the enthusiasm of humanity? It was of human passions he always sang. Nature was attractive to him, but everything in nature only suggested illustrations of his central theme—mankind. The mountain daisy, for instance, which he overturned with his plough-share, made him thoughtful of wronged humanity. Its fate suggested to him the "fate of artless maid by love's simplicity betrayed and guileless trust," of the "fate of simple bard, on life's rough ocean luckless starred," even of his own doom when stern ruin's coulter should crush him beneath the furrow. But he thought not chiefly of himself. His heart went forth in tenderest sympathy for oppressed humanity. His voice comes to us as a pitying cry from the crushed experiences of his fellow-men. How he was bowed down under the burden of the social guilt and suffering is revealed in his song: "Man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn." But he had too much faith in the religion of Christ as a regenerating force—too much faith in his Father God, and in his brother man—to despair of the future of the world.

Like the old Hebrew prophets he had a passion for righteousness, and he dared dream dreams of a Golden Age. He longed and hoped for the time when wrong should be righted, moral worth redeemed from poverty, benevolence and brotherhood enthroned. His was the prophet's vision of a regenerated world—of an Ideal Social Order; his was Christ's own vision of the Kingdom of God to come on earth as it is in heaven.

Is not the Religious Message of Burns, then, a timely one for our day? When the pulpits of the church as never before are preaching the gospel of peace on earth among men

of good-will; when Christian Socialists are seeking to apply the ethics of the Sermon on the Mount to our economic relations; when the two great English-speaking peoples are calling to each other across the ocean in a kind of antiphonal chorus: "We are brothers;" when the representative of Eastern Christianity is appealing to the nations to take seriously the religion of the Prince of Peace; when a new era of human brotherhood is dawning upon the world, and the expectancy of the church after its long weary vigil is being quickened anew by the call of her Lord: "The Kingdom of Heaven is at hand"—shall we not allow the Scottish poet to join in the celebration of the Coming Glory, and will not every son of Scotland respond to his Christian summons:

"Then let us pray that come it may,
As come it will for a' that,
That man to man the warld o'er,
Shall brithers be for a' that."

St. John, N.B.

What have these lonely mountains worth revealing?
More glory and more grief than I can tell,
The earth that wakes one human heart to feeling,
Can centre both the worlds of Heaven and Hell.

—Emily Brant.

THE ATTITUDE OF CHURCH TO STATE IN ITALY.

BY REV. ALEXANDER ROBERTSON, D.D.

The Papal Church is recognized by all in Italy, as having nothing to do with religion. No one thinks of it as a spiritual institution, or as caring for anything of a spiritual character. It is regarded as simply a political organization intriguing, and conspiring, by fair means and foul, for its own selfish ends. As Signor Bovio, one of the members of the House of Deputies, says in his pamphlet on St. Paul, "If Jesus Christ appeared at the door of the Vatican He would not only not be admitted, but it would be said 'Turn that idle man away, my kingdom is of this world.'" Most emphatically it is of this world. The one object it seeks is the restoration of the temporal power. Its policy is entirely directed to the securing of this, and it scruples at nothing if only it may be helped towards it. The attitude, therefore, of the Church toward the State in Italy is one of complete antagonism. The securing of the temporal power can only be brought about by the dethronement of the King and the upsetting of the constitution; and for these ends the Church plots and labors. For example, the Church is never tired of circulating amongst travellers in Italy stories to show the popularity of the Pope and the unpopularity of the King. Whereas as a matter of fact King Humbert is beloved, and the Pope (I am not speaking of him as an individual, but as the head of the Church) is hated, and twenty out of the thirty millions of Italy's inhabitants would rejoice to see him turned bag and baggage out of the country. On the 20th of September last, the anniversary of the fall of the temporal power, and a red letter day in the Italian calendar, at a public meeting held in the open air, under the blue sky and bright sunshine, around the monument of Fra Paolo Sarpi, in Venice, a speaker publicly and openly de-

nounced the Pope as the assassin of the kingdom. He said, "On the spot where we stand Sarpi was stabbed by Pope Paul V., and the whole Republic rose in his defence. What then should we do when there sits at Rome not the assassin of an individual, but the assassin of the young kingdom of Italy." That, then, is what the Pope, representing the Church, is recognized to be—the assassin of the nation. As such the Church tried to create a revolution at Florence, and at Milan last May. In the attempt it allied itself with the Socialists and Anarchists. These three forces, Clericalism, Socialism, and Anarchism, acted in concert. The result was very serious riots, which were only quelled by the calling out of the Italian troops. And now the representatives of these three forces are suffering together in Italian prisons. During the trial of some priests and editors of clerical journals at Milan, a paper was produced in court, which well discloses the aim of the Papal Church, namely, the restoration of the temporal power, and the means it does not hesitate to adopt in order to secure that aim. The paper was not unlike a post-card in form. On one side of it was a portrait of the Pope, and on the other side were the following words which I here translate literally from the Italian:

"1. The Pope, the visible head of all the Churches, is by divine right free from every earthly authority. For his complete independence, in the present order of things, there is no other means than a true and effective temporal sovereignty. The necessity for this temporal sovereignty has already been defined by the supreme head of the Church as an object which, without being of the faith, is yet closely connected with it, and ought to be believed by all Catholics.

"2. The Pope, infallible, cannot fall into error. When he calls an action just it is just, unjust it is unjust, and he has already said that the usurpation of his temporal sovereignty is unjust, dishonest, and sacrilegious. Therefore a Catholic who does not want to cease being a Catholic must believe this.

"3. The Pope has received from Jesus Christ power to punish the evil actions of his children, and the punishment fulminated against those who deny his temporal sovereignty is that of excommunication.

"4. The evil is not to be thought less because of the great number of those who believe and speak and write otherwise. Numbers did not save the guilty in the time of Lot and of Noah. Lofty station does not rescue them for there is also a Judas in hell, who was even one of the twelve. The Pope has spoken, and if an angel from heaven teach the contrary let him be Anathema."

Here temporal sovereignty is not one claimed by the Pope, but it is virtually made an article of faith. It is the keystone of the Papal system. And to labor for it is made the passport into paradise. At the door of heaven, Italians, according to the Papal system, will not be asked, Did you believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, but did you conspire against your King and country and fight for the restoration to the throne of that Papal power that was for ages the bane of Italy and of humanity? The whole claim is too preposterous, but yet circulate such treasonable teaching, with goods and money, as bribery, amongst poor ignorant men and women who still believe in the Papal Church as a Christian church, and the result is the uprisings that took place in Milan and Florence last year. Not only so, but by such teaching the Papal Church enlists against Italy the money and the influence of bigoted fanatical Roman Catholics in good position in England, Canada and America. And this is the most serious side of the matter. In Italy let the Pope bless or let him ban, no man of position and intelligence regards it more than the whistling of the wind. He is utterly condemned by every one of any note in the country, including all intelligent citizens and workmen. But he plays for foreign support. Indeed he knows, as well as anyone, that the temporal power is a delusion: that his getting it back is an utter impossibility, that as the Syndic of a town once said to me, "We would turn Italy into a slaughter house, and every

mother would give her best son's blood before we would give the Pope an inch of Italian soil." But by dangling the idea of temporal sovereignty before the eyes of the world he gets the moral support, and, what is of more consequence, he gets the money of rich English Roman Catholics. Of course if the Pope had money enough and if he could carry out his will he would bring in the French to-morrow, and the Canadian Roman Catholics, and the Irish from Ireland and America, and break up the kingdom of Italy. Indeed in his last Christmas address to the representatives of the Roman Catholics of English-speaking nations he avowed this, and his secretary had to apologize for his treasonable language to the Italian government. And since then in his last encyclical he in substance said the same thing, and the *Adriatico*, one of our Venetian newspapers commenting on his words, said, in an article entitled, "The Trumpet Blast of War of the Vatican against Italy":

"The Pope has broken every restraint of prudence, and desires to reassert with the clearest and fiercest words the inextinguishable war which the Vatican wages against the Government of Italy. Against everything that has been effected for the unification of the country, against every work in the interests not simply of liberty, but of humanity, that has taken place in young Italy, has been launched this encyclical of Leo XIII., and the trumpet sounds loud and long calling to the war against Italy even foreigners, as has been done not seldom before by the Pontificate."

But now let me tell something of how the government keeps this rebel church in check, and I wish with all my heart, that some of its laws could be adopted in England and in Canada, for I believe that a free constitution cannot exist alongside a free Roman Catholic Church. I believe that the Roman Catholic Church is in England and in Canada that which it is in Italy, a political conspiracy against the rights and privileges of free citizens. The State, in Italy, then, has turned priest-teachers out of her public schools, and priest-professors out of her universities. It has abolished chaplain-

cies in the army and navy because it found the priests tampered with the loyalty of the pupils and students, and soldiers and sailors. It has taken from the church all its charity money, which it found the Church simply used for its own purposes. It has taken from the priests the power of celebrating marriages, in the interests of morality, because it found the church was prepared to marry any two people, no matter who they were or what their natural relationship, if only they paid enough money for a dispensation. Of course moral distinctions are only counters with which the Vatican plays, as was said in that Milan paper, "what the Pope says is just is just, what he says is unjust is unjust." He can make black white, and wrong right. It is illegal for the Papal Church to hold or inherit property. All the churches in Italy and all their furniture and pictures belong to the State. The Church does not own a stone nor an inch of soil, and cannot. The parliament of the country passed some years ago a penal code to deal with priests, which holds them in check as regards interfering with Italian subjects exercising their rights at the poll, and sending their children to Protestant schools, etc. No Italian can now be annoyed by a priest for doing what the Italian law permits him to do, no matter how opposed to his actions the church may be. For example a priest in Brescia who persistently said he would not give the privileges of the Church to those of his parishioners who should vote for a certain candidate, was after several warnings, apprehended, fined 500 francs sentenced to three months imprisonment, and was for a period of five years prohibited from exercising the office of a priest. Therefore in spite of all the pretensions and all the plottings of the Papal Church, Italy is one of the first countries in the world to work in. Protestant workers who are only seeking the good of the people and the welfare of the country, are protected. The law is made for the punishment of evil doers, and for the praise of them that do well, Protestant countries sadly lack the law for the punishment of evil doers. Hence in England and in Canada, Roman Catholic evil doers get a free hand, and in a thousand ways citizens are terrorized and

mischief is wrought. It is only in Protestant countries that the Papal Church—which is, as I have said, essentially a political corporation—is allowed, unfettered and uncontrolled, to plan and plot against the people and the government. Monastic institutions have long been abolished in Italy, in England they exist even without inspection. Protestant work flourishes in Italy. Every church can report progress. The Bible is one of the best bought books in the land. When a table was compiled some five or six years ago as to the relative demand for books the Bible headed the list. Well, the Papal Church cannot long stand against that. Where the Bible goes, the Papal Church disappears. The Bible is the light dissipating the Papal darkness. We have only to work and wait a little longer to see the Papal Church overthrown in Italy. My hope is that good King Humbert will one day soon be master in his own house, when the enemies of the country and of humanity are cleared for ever out of the Vatican. The Pope is but a tenant at will, at best. He is there by act of parliament, and he will go by act of Parliament, or force of arms it may be one day. And as the speaker at Fra Paolo Sarpi's monument, whose words I have already quoted, said, "When the Vatican no longer shelters the enemy of the country will date the rising of the third Rome." And let us say what he said, "Most certainly we will do all we can to hasten its coming."

From God we come, to God we go,
 And though we may not see Thy face,
 By Faith, and Hope, and Love we know
 That God fills all the interspace.

—*Ernest N. Colridge.*

College Note-Book.

STUDENT LIFE.

Following the custom of the past few years, we shall give in this and the following issue a short biography of each member of the graduating class of '99. Should any of the boys find that their loveliest traits have not been brought out, let them not feel slighted, as space is too precious to be wasted.

John Nathaniel Brunton was born and reared at his father's house at Marvelville, Ontario. From his earliest boyhood, John manifested a very matter-of-fact disposition, which stood him in good stead during his course, especially in his experiences on the North Flat. Brunton, with hair unkempt, bears a strong resemblance to the wild plantigrade quadruped of the genus *Ursus*. We never doubted John's orthodoxy, even when he attributed certain ominous, nocturnal sounds to dark agencies. Mr. B. has the good fortune to be somewhat of a "lady's man," figuring quite prominently at our last Conversat. He finishes his course as an extramural.

Moses Wellington Byron hails from Wakefield, Quebec, a small town in the rugged and picturesque valley of the Gatineau, which seems to have stamped its impress upon him. In his youth he had the misfortune to lose his right hand, but through pluck and shrewdness, is where he is. Moses, like the ancient whose name he bears, has spent many years—less than forty, however—in diligent study, preparing himself for that high office for which he thinks he is fitted. In the meantime, he is bishop of the Dean's Flat. Very methodical and persistent in his studies, not being turned aside even by such allurements as have tempted other great men. Permit us here to correct the impression that he is a *Canayen*, an

impression which got abroad without his sanction. Byron's melodious voice will, no doubt, capture many hearts, and for him we may predict a most glorious future, excelling even that of his famous ancestor Lord Byron.

We pass now to a very prominent personality, William Thomas Berger Crombie. Where could we find adjectives sufficiently adequate justly to characterize this illustrious member of the class. He is of "celestial birth," the son of a prophet, a profound philosopher and theologian, and a chronic anti-girlist. Is blessed with a deep bass voice, which frequently brings him into serious trouble, especially when he sings. During his college course W. T. B. developed much more mentally than he did physically. Took a brilliant course at McGill, obtaining his B.A. degree, with Honors in Philosophy in '95, and his M.A. in '98. Has been on the Journal staff, a prominent and successful debater in our Literary Society. Elected unanimously valedictorian by the graduating year. Bright prospects.

Hugh Gibson Crozier is our next subject; he also is the son of a prophet. Short and well-built, rather handsome in appearance; the youngest member of the class. Quite modest, not wishing to have his virtues displayed in these columns, feeling certain that a short biography such as this can by no means do him justice. Would doubtless be a great man, if he only had the *parts*; thoughtful—of himself; generous to the hungry—supplying his own wants first; very popular—the ego of his year. Hugh took a fairly good literary course, and may yet, if his aspirations be realized, become an authority on theological questions. He is honored in being the first to receive a call. Congratulations.

Robert James Douglas bears the characteristics of the westerner, although a blue-nose by birth. For three years he eschewed the charms of society, and has assiduously devoted himself to hard work. One of the few imbued with the college spirit. Douglas possesses considerable literary genius,

obtaining the prize in '98 for best English essay. Nothing pleases him more than to be appointed president of the different societies, and it may truthfully be said he received many such appointments. A graduate of McGill, Arts class '97, when he took the Erskine Church scholarship for general proficiency. Ex-president of the Missionary Society, president of the Dining Hall, associate editor of the Journal. Has been very successful on the mission field, rides a wheel, and cultivates what he actually believes to be a moustache. We anticipate great things for Doug. if he should take the proposed post-graduate course in Edinburgh.

Christopher Haughton has reached the second critical stage in the experience of some men—hair coming out on the top of his head. Chris. is the small man, and often finds it necessary to stand on something while preaching. Quiet and unassuming, he never took a very active part in college life, but in the Dining Hall he could always be depended on. Has taken a good literary course. Would make an excellent nurse, his musical tendency on certain occasions having such a manifestly soothing effect. Haughton has many friends, and no enemies, and we trust he may continue to retain this coveted disposition. His relation with a certain damsel became so strong on one occasion that it is now rumored he is engaged—the only Englishman of his year. We shade our eyes from beholding his future.

Now we are confronted by a unique character, in the personage of William Erskine Knowles, who by no means is the least of the sons of the prophets—in some respects. To judge by the look of guileless simplicity which he wears, one would conclude that his is a mind in which no evil thought was ever found, and his a life of innocence. As a leader-of-raids he stands easily first among his class-mates. His many accomplishments, his noble appearance, and swinging gait, ought to make him irresistible among the fair sex. A pleasing speaker, one who is destined to sway an audience contrary to their wills. His future is full of promise.

We are pleased to see the smiling countenance of Mr. A. B. MacLeod with us again, after his severe attack of "la grippe."

Mr. G. D. Condie, we are sorry to say, found it necessary to move to the Victoria Hospital for treatment. He was thought to be suffering from capillary pleurisy, but we are glad to report he is now convalescent.

Prof. (illustrating)—"It wouldn't do for you, Mr. M-cL-n, to propose immediately on being introduced, the thing has to be worked up."

We thank the young people of Stanley Street Church for their kind remembrance of the students of this college, in extending such a cordial invitation to attend their anniversary social, held on the evening of January 12th. The students always appreciate such an occasion, and on this evening spent a very enjoyable time.

In the Intercollegiate debate, Mr. F. J. Worth, B.A., distinguished himself as a logician. He was the right man in the right place, and no doubt the decision of the debate was owing largely to Mr. Worth's efforts. Again, in the McGill-Varsity debate, Mr. W. Brown, of the Presbyterian College, displayed his oratorical powers in such a manner, that here also the question was decided favorably.

Graduate's plan of discourse:

Introduction—Glad to be here.

Subject—Nothing.

Conclusion—Sit down.

Many of our graduates during the last month availed themselves of the opportunity, while in the city, to revisit the old haunts again, and to give us the pleasure of hearing their after-dinner speeches. No fewer than four—the Revs. Dr. Amaron, N. A. MacLeod, B.A., B.D., of Ottawa, Wm. Patterson, B.A., of Buckingham, and D. N. Coburn, B.A.—

dined with us on one occasion. These gentlemen, together with Rev. J. R. Dobson, B.A., B.D., and Rev. D. MacVicar, B.A., again favored us with their presence in our Literary Society meeting, when the Rev. W. D. Reid, B.A., B.D., gave us a lecture on the present theologians of the Old Land, which was exceedingly interesting. We only wish such events could occur more frequently, as the effects are lasting and fruitful.

Freshman's Directory:

Name—John.

Address—Toronto.

In case of serious accident, please notify my father, whose name is Old John, and whose address is home (the farm), Manitoba.

Prof.—“Is Mr. W. present?”

B - r - n—“Yes, sir; he's sick.”

This, that, and the next thing:

F. J. W.—“Stop that breathing, M., I want to sleep.”

Rond—u—“If I die to-morrow, I shall get four hundred down, the remainder in a few weeks.”

G. W. T.—“This thing is booming.”

H. G. C.—“You bet I won't pay for it.”

W. J. I.—“What do you think of my new hair-cut, Hugh?”

C. J. M.—“She's my bright and shining star.”

F. M.—“That's beneath your dignity.”

J. S.—“There's no bugle in my room.”

Arts Man—“He should be very sick, all the Meds are attending him.”

H. H. Turner.

REPORTER'S FOLIO.

The Philosophical and Literary Society held its first meeting of the new year on Friday evening, Jan. 6th. The principal feature of this meeting was an address by one of our

graduates, Rev. W. D. Reid, B.A., B.D., of Taylor Church, Montreal, and a few pithy remarks were given by Rev. Messrs. Dobson, Paterson, MacLeod, MacVicar and Coburn, who also are graduates.

Mr. Reid took for his subject "Some personal impressions of Scottish theology and theologians." The address took the form of an informal talk, and proved very interesting, as we were taken in thought on a visit to some of the historical places and universities of the Old World.

Mr. Reid did not confine himself to universities, but took us to hear some of the great pulpit orators of the Continent, and, portraying them to us, he showed in what varying ways different men present the same truth.

A hearty vote of thanks was tendered to Mr. Reid for his very delightful and instructive address.

INTERCOLLEGIATE DEBATE

The annual Intercollegiate debate was held on Friday evening, 13th inst., in the Wesleyan College.

The subject of debate was "Resolved, that strikes are detrimental to the best interests of the laboring classes."

The affirmative was introduced by Mr. F. J. Worth, B.A., of the Presbyterian College, and supported by Mr. Thomas Powell, of the Wesleyan College. The negative side of the question was ably handled by Mr. S. Boyle, B.A., of the Diocesan College, and Mr. D. D. Hambly, B.A., of the Congregational College.

Rev. Dr. J. C. Antliffe presided, and in his introductory remarks congratulated the colleges upon such a gathering, and spoke of the advantages which must necessarily follow. He hoped that not only should the colleges engage in annual intellectual contests, but eventually in physical contests, which was a "consummation devoutly to be wished."

The large appreciative audience which crowded the James Ferrier hall must have helped to inspire the debaters, whose speeches showed careful preparation, and were well delivered.

The affirmative argued that strikes lowered both the social and moral standing of the community, depressed trade, decreased the national power, and were not as satisfactory as arbitration in obtaining the desired results.

The negative argued that strikes, though producing many evils, were nevertheless the cause of ultimate good. Without strikes no arbitration could have been obtained or concessions secured by the laboring classes.

The judges were the Rev. Principals MacVicar, Shaw, George, Hacket and Mr. P. T. Lafleur, M.A. These gave their decision in favor of the affirmative.

The other contributors to the evening's entertainment were the Wesleyan College Glee Club, Mr. W. Munroe of the Congregational College, Mr. J. J. Willis, B.A., of the Diocesan College, Mr. A. E. Lloyd of the Wesleyan College, Messrs. A. G. Cameron and N. V. McLeod of the Presbyterian College. D. S.

OUR GRADUATES.

Another of our Alumni has passed away, in the person of Rev. Chas. Chiniquy, D.D., who died on the morning of January 15th, at 10 o'clock. A vast assemblage of respectful mourners and curious spectators thronged the streets between his residence and Erskine Church (where the funeral service was held) to pay their respects, or to obtain the last look at this truly famous man.

We had the pleasure, on the evening of January 6th, of having with us at our meeting of the Philosophical and Literary Society, seven of our many popular and successful graduates. Of course they all knew that Rev. W. D. Reid was to give us his "impressions of present-day Scottish theology and theologians," and each knew that all the others would also be asked to speak.

Mr. Reid's address, or, rather, informal talk, as it was, and the well-timed remarks of the other grads, constituted a highly satisfactory programme.

Mr. Reid has a rare power of "sizing up" a man; and so

graphically did he portray their appearances and so minutely describe their characteristics, that the "impressions" made us feel as if we ourselves had made the acquaintance of the great men with whom he had come in contact. We trust that our society will again have the presence and assistance of any graduates whose convenience and pleasure it may suit to attend.

Rev. Mr. Woodside, of Carleton Place, gave us a flying call on New Year's (Monday) morning, taking breakfast with us. He was believed to be on pressing business to a certain city—not a thousand miles east from here; but, of course, he made a very good attempt at concealing the fact.

Mr. Woodside's (St. Andrew's) church is in a prosperous condition, as was shown by the reports submitted by the treasurers of the various societies of the church at the annual meeting last month. Upwards of \$3,000 was contributed last year for all purposes, and some of the treasurers have neat little sums on hand with which to begin the new year.

The precepts and example of the pastor have a great deal to do with training a congregation in liberality. Such has been exemplified in the case of Rev. G. T. Bayne, pastor of the rural congregations of Ashton and Appleton, Ont. One of these congregations, consisting of some thirty-four families, contributes annually about \$150 towards missionary purposes alone. Of this sum \$50 is given by the Sunday school, and allocated to the Pointe-aux-Trembles schools.

The following extract from a letter by a gentleman in Dawson City gives an interesting description of Rev. A. S. Grant's work in that place:

"We are only about thirty feet from the Presbyterian manse, which Dr. Grant has just completed. The doctor has built a fine log church, 25 x 50, and our congregation is so large that they hardly find standing room. The doctor works hard every day in the week on the building, and preaches from two to three sermons every Sabbath; and not one man in a thousand would have worked so

hard or accomplished so much as he has done along the trail and since his arrival in Dawson last spring.

"He has been exceedingly kind to us in many ways since we came here."

Dr. Grant is a man much sought after in Dawson. His services are constantly in demand, either to heal the sick, pay the last rites to the dead, or speak words of hope and consolation to the living. He makes no charge for medical advice or attendance; and if the patient is in straitened circumstances he invariably provides or supplies the medicine gratis. He is the right man in the right place; and I do not think I am putting the truth too strongly when I say that he does more for humanity and Christianity in one day than any other man in Dawson does in a year, and all gratuitously.

The annual meeting of Calvin Church, Pembroke, was held on the 11th of January, and marked the close of another prosperous year in its history. Nearly \$800 was the figure for missions, while over \$4,000 was contributed for all purposes. Since the settlement of the present pastor, Rev. G. D. Bayne, Ph.D., in 1888, the communion roll has risen from 141 to 486. In that time over \$60,000 has been contributed by the congregation for all purposes. This includes the price of the new manse, which cost \$6,000, and the payment of \$12,000 of debt on the church. This year Dr. Bayne and his people will celebrate the jubilee of the congregation's organization.

We are pleased to hear that the Rev. M. D. M. Blakely, B.A., is prospering in his new charge (Alice, etc.). Recently the manse was invaded, and an old-time "surprise party" left a bountiful supply of good things as a token of the warm-hearted appreciation of his people.

The Rev. D. L. Dewar, M.A., B.D., formerly of Ailsa Craig, is now in Pueblo, Col., and has so far regained his strength as to be able to preach.

The congregation of Thamesford, whose pastor is Rev. George H. Smith, M.A., B.D., has been advancing by leaps

and bounds. In less than three years 121 members have been added to the church. This congregation has risen from 40th to 5th on the Presbytery's list of "average amount per family for congregational purposes."

Rev. John Lindsay was called at the close of the year from the Presbytery of Barrie to Kintore, Presbytery of London, where he was inducted December 29th.

We make the following clipping from a Three Rivers paper, dated Jan. 17th: "Sunday was a red-letter in the history of the St. Andrew's Church of this city. The occasion was the installation of a new pipe organ for use in the service of praise. The Rev. J. R. MacLeod, the pastor, conducted the service. He treated of various topics connected with praise, his text being Psalm CL. . . . The choir and congregation are to be congratulated on this addition to their church outfit."

A good part of a column is given by one of Ottawa's papers of Jan. 13th, to the announcement of the marriage of Rev. F. W. Gilmour, of Sawyerville, Que., to Miss Alice Maud Bayne, of Ottawa. After a brilliant description of the event, the article remarks that "by the marriage of Miss Bayne, Ottawa loses one of the finest elocutionists ever heard in Ottawa;" but we think that the people of Ottawa will be willing to rejoice with Mr. Gilmour—for their loss is his gain. Congratulations, Gil!

We are pleased to learn that our distinguished alumnus, Dr. Robertson, of Venice, whose article on the Romish Church in Italy we publish in this number, has been decorated by King Humbert with the cross of the Order of S. S. Maurizio e Lazzaro. This is the King's own order, and the decoration is given in this case in recognition of the services rendered by Dr. Robertson to the cause of Italy and the loyalty he has ever shown towards the Royal Family. We congratulate Dr. Robertson most heartily, and recognize the honor as a compliment to him and to Protestantism.

G. W. T.

STRIFE COMES WITH MANHOOD AND WAKING WITH DAY.

Doth only pity move us that the child,
Grown to a man, shall man's sad wisdom learn—
Shall know defeat and loss, and though he yearn
For what is best, shall be by worst beguiled;
Shall taste of wild despair, of hope more wild;
Shall eager for the front of battle burn,
Yet fall before the foe he most did spurn,
His golded harness broken and defiled?
Fair flaunts the flag that battle never knew,
But all eyes turn from banners fresh and brave
To colors stained and torn, shot through and through,
Because round them the changing battle drave,
And he that never desperate stood at bay
Knows not the victor's joy at close of day!

—*M. A. M. Marks.*

Argosy.

NATURE.

Still, like an artist, she her meaning hides,
Silent, while thousand tongues proclaim it clear;
Ungrudging, her large feast for all provides;
Tender, exultant, savage, blithe, austere,
In each man's hand she sets its proper tool,
For the wise, wisdom; folly for the fool.

—*Lawrence Binyan.*

TALKS ABOUT BOOKS.

If any theologically disposed reader of these talks should find it in his heart to grumble at the amount of trivial literature that is passed in review in them, the talker can only retort that it is not his fault. He is willing to notice anything, from a child's horn-book to the Adi-Granth of the Sikhs, but these don't come his way. Publishers and booksellers send what they choose, and he has to be thankful for what he can get, and read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest it for the benefit of the Journal. Mr. Chapman sends Clement Shorter's "Victorian Literature, Sixty Years of Books and Bookmen," an admirable work, but which unfortunately has been already disposed of. He also contributes two beautiful little volumes, of 225 pages each and many full-page illustrations, entitled "Feudal and Modern Japan," written by Arthur May Knapp, and published by the Joseph Knight Company, of Boston, for three dollars. In the compilation of this pleasantly written book, Mr. Knapp has consulted a great many authorities of note. In his first volume he treats of Japan as the Crusoe of the Nations; of the Soul of Japan or Yamato Damashii; of the People under Feudalism; of Feudal Commerce; of the Japanese Outcast; of a Patriotic Cult, which is Shintoism or aboriginal idolatry; and of Religious Invasions, Buddhist, Confucian, and Christian. The second volume deals with the Colloquial Language; the Written Language; a Japanese Library; Temple and House; Invasions and Contradictions; the Nation's Unity; and ends with a Bibliography. A very suggestive paragraph in the first chapter of the first volume is the following: "It would be difficult to say whether they more resemble the ancient Greeks or the North American Indians. So close is the resemblance to the latter that arguments from language, physiognomy, superstitions, and customs, strengthen, if they do not confirm, the theory that the great Kuro Shiwo, or Gulf Stream of the Pacific,

sweeping many a hapless junk from the Japanese shores, has carried to our Pacific coast numerous accessions to our Indian tribes, if not their actual progenitors." This statement is thoroughly in accord with what I have taught for the past twenty years, namely, the Japo-Siberian origin of the Huron-Iroquois, Dakota, Muskhogean, Paduca, Sonora, and many other American stocks of postponing speech. Every Japanese person is Hito, a Hittite. Japan itself is Yamato, the mountain door, a term out of which the Hebrew writers made Hamath, and Hamath Dor, and Bab Hamath, when they and the Japanese were neighbors. The Hamathites were Kenites, or scribes, so called from the Japanese Ken, wise or clever. Among the ancient Peruvians such wise men were called Amautas, and the Mexicans of old termed them Amoxoaquis. Some of the Hamathites who travelled westward gave name to the Greek Hymattus, and the larger body that journeyed to the east left theirs to the Emodi Montes or Himalayas. Mr. Knapp is in error in making Buddhism an intrusive religion from China. The Japanese adopted it when they were in India. Sidhartta, its princely founder, was a Sakya of the same Hittite race, and his religious title, Gotama, is pure Japanese, meaning the great or illustrious master. But Shintoism was no doubt older; although, in the time of Moses and Jethro, some at least of the Kenites were monotheists. Mr. Knapp's book is a very interesting and instructive one, full of a kindly and even enthusiastic appreciation of the many good things that are to be found in the Japanese Empire, its history, life, and literature. A more attractive little gift book for a thoughtful reading friend I have not met for a long time. The two handy volumes are very neatly bound in a gilded cloth cover, and are contained in a plain card-board case.

Another of Mr. Chapman's books is "Bob, Son of Battle," by Alfred Ollivant, pp. 356, crown Svo., Toronto, George N. Morang, in paper, fifty cents, and in cloth a dollar. Bob was the last of the famous breed of Gray Sheep Dogs, owned by the Moores of Kenmuir in the north of England, and the

eventual winner for his master of the Shepherd's trophy, gained by three successive victories in the great herding match. Many other dogs come in for notice, but the chief competitor with Bob was Red Wull, a cross-grained puppy that grew to be an enormous animal, and was supposed to be of the Red McCulloch strain. His owner was a hard working and drinking, cantankerous and vicious little Scotchman, who feared not God, neither regarded man, including his own son David, but who lavished all his affection upon Red Wull. This Adam McAdam and his son David, with Red Wull, stood in various relations with James Moore and his daughter Maggie, and Bob, son of Battle, known in later years as "The Owd Un." In the midst of the churlishness and black malignity of the owner of the Grange, there appear two redeeming spots of feeling and light, his love for the memory of his dead wife and his devotion to the red dog, faithful and kind to him and to him only, with all the rest of the world abhorrent and at war. Red Wull gained the cup once, and for a year it was in McAdam's possession, a source of unqualified delight. But the Owd Un, Bob, took it from him and gained it for good. Then Red Wull, whether incited thereto by his vicious owner or not, took to sheep killing, and was watched by Bob and found out by Moore. Yet he was not shot nor hanged. The other sheep dogs, a large pack, fell upon him, and, although he killed many in the contest, he at last succumbed. The light went out of McAdam's life. He carried the corpse of Red Wull over the hills to the Devil's Bowl, and was soon after found lying dead beside it. David inherited the Grange, married Maggie Moore, and the book closes with the picture of two personages, little Adam McAdam, the younger, and Bob, the Gray dog. This is a splendid book, as any one who loves dogs must confess. But, whether one cares for dogs or not, the story is so full of human nature, of incessant waspish spite, and patient, strong, generous forbearance, of hatred begotten of cruelty, and love born of kindness, that it must appeal successfully to a large class of readers. It is so admirably written that no temptation is

afforded to skip a page or even to lay the book down when once one has begun to read it. The dogs themselves are real dogs, very obedient, brave, faithful, and wise, but not Aesopian talkers, like those of Kipling, that tend to make one tired.

"Diane of Ville Marie" is a Canadian novel, or romance of French Canada, as it calls itself, by Blanche Lucile Macdonell, 251 pp., crown 8vo., published by William Briggs, of Toronto, and sold by Mr. Chapman in neat cloth binding for a dollar. It is a Montreal story of crossed love, dating from 1690, when the narrative begins. Diane de Monestrol, the niece of a widowed lady of rank from France, that has taken up her home with the wealthy trader, Jacques le Ber, who is also seigneur of Senneville, is in love with his youngest son, Jean Le Ber du Chesne. Unfortunately, his affections are engaged by a certain Puritan damsel, Lydia Longloy, whom the Le Bers ransomed from Indians hostile to the New Englanders, but friendly to the Canadians. After various adventures at Senneville and in Montreal, Jean joins a military expedition against Albany, and is brought home wounded mortally. Diane conceals her love, and accepts from the dying man the charge of his betrothed Lydia, who is represented as an attractive blonde, but cold-hearted and selfish to a degree. The Puritan maiden soon consoles herself with M. de Gallifet; and even the incomparable Diane, far from betaking herself to a cloister, goes home to France as the wife of the Duc de Ronceval. There are several minor characters, more or less attractive or amusing; the devotees of the Le Ber family; Nanon, who is Madame de Monestrol's maid, and her lover, Jean the valet, a saucy coward; and big valiant, silent Baptiste Leroux, known as Bras de Fer. Nanon does much of the talking of the book, and is a very slangy young woman. The story contains a brief skirmish with the Iroquois, a canoe trip, and a Canadian boat song (like all Canadian novels), a dig at the Jesuits, an Indian witch, and a pilgrimage to Maisonneuve's cross on the mountain. Miss Macdonell is a careful student of French-Canadian history, and the manners and customs of the French regime. In

graceful language she depicts scenes of historic interest, in which her characters are skilfully grouped. The absence of anything that may be called a plot, however, imparts a tameness to what is otherwise a faithful and well-told story. Its theme is virtually the self-renunciation of a woman's great love; but, as she evidently has not much respect for the Puritan Lydia, this self-renunciation is a trifle hard on Jean Le Ber.

Once more Mr. Chapman ministers to the Journal with a crown 8vo. volume of 326 pages, and some maps and plans, entitled "With Kitchener to Khartum." Its author is the war correspondent, G. W. Steevens, the publishers are the Copp, Clark Company of Toronto, and its price in cloth binding is a dollar and a half. For anyone who desires to have a full and accurate account of the Anglo-Egyptian campaign against the Mahdi and the Dervishes of the Soudan, this book leaves nothing to be desired. From cover to cover it is most readable, sprightly, and entertaining. The carefully thought-out plans, the patient preparations, and the relentless, deadly execution of the Sirdar, meet with a full share of appreciation and praise. The personnel of the Anglo-Egyptian army, Tommies, Egyptians, and Soadanese, the prominent officers of all ranks, the marches, camps, and skirmishes, are all graphically portrayed. The chief interest of course centres in the bloody battles of Atbara and Omdurman, in which the Dervish forces were simply annihilated. Mr. Steevens gives the credit due to the enemy for the indomitable valor that made them victors on many former fields of battle, but which on these later occasions only led to their extinction, under a merciless hail of fire from well disciplined battalions. Among those in whom Canadians are specially interested, his book mentions Bimbashi Girouard, the director of railways, of whom it speaks in terms of unqualified praise, and Captain Urquhart of the Cameron Highlanders, who fell at Atbara, once a well known figure at Government House, Ottawa. The story of the entrance into Khartum and Gordon's funeral, is told with feeling. Evidently the service at the funeral was

brief, for the Presbyterian chaplain read the short fifteenth Psalm, the Anglican repeated the Lord's Prayer, the Roman Catholic added an undefined memorial petition, and the Methodist apparently did nothing. Perhaps he pronounced the benediction. "With Kitchener to Khartum" is the brightest, clearest, most graphic record of a campaign I ever read, and beats Xenophon and Thucydides, Polybius, Livy and Caesar all hollow. The author draws you with him into all the scenes he depicts till you feel that you are part of them, and no writer can do more.

The William Drysdale Company sends "Diane of Ville Marie" in paper cover, price fifty cents. Otherwise it is the same as the cloth bound copy already reviewed. Almost the nearest thing to theology that it contributes this month is "Windyhaugh," by Graham Travers, which is a pseudonym of Margaret G. Todd, M.D., the author of "Mona Maclean, Medical Student. This is a book of 446 pages, 8vo. bound in cloth, with poppy designs, and is published by The Copp Clark Company of Toronto, for what looks like a dollar and twenty cents, but of the exact meaning of the hieroglyphic I am not sure. It is the story of a girl called Wilhelmina Galbraith, from childhood up to full womanhood, who passes through various religious, intellectual, and social experiences. Her mother dead, and her father a handsome, but careless man of the world and a gambler, who makes his home chiefly on the continent, she lives with her paternal grandmother at Windyhaugh, a bleak, big house, near a small town on the Scottish sea-coast. This grandmother is a religious woman of the old Scottish type, of genuine piety, but rigid in the extreme. Mr. Darsie, the grocer in the town, is inclined to liberal opinions, and the story opens with a conversation between him and the child Wilhelmina on no less a subject than her personal election. After a while, her fashionable aunt comes upon the scene with her children, and is the means of widening Mina's views of life, and of exercising her very tender conscience. The grandmother dies and the father comes home, further to enlarge the girl's sphere social-

ly and religiously. Yet she has a happy time, till Harley Brentwood, a sickly young literary man with some money, thinks he has fallen in love with her. He does marry the girl, and she, finding out from a letter she has no right to read, that he repents of the engagement, leaves him at once and flees to London. There she falls among all sorts of people of the world and changes her opinion concerning them and their occupations, undergoes peculiar religious experiences with revivalists and an amiable Anglican divine, and finally becomes a mixture of student and philanthropist. Her father re-appears and takes her to Europe, spends all his money, breaks down in health and returns home to die. Harley Brentwood, who had met her in society, falls again in love with his wife, and all ends happily. The evidences of morbidity and lack of social culture in Miss Galbraith's early days are so glaring that one does not wonder at her husband's disappointment. Her letter to his sister, beginning, "Dear Lady," would be enough to disenchant anyone but a flunkey. The aim of the book is to show that reasonable Christianity and culture go hand in hand, although perhaps Dr. Todd has overdone her task. There is much to interest the reader in this book, but much of the interest is painful. It is valuable as a religious psychological study, and is always reverent. Mercenary people will be glad to learn that Mr. Darsie leaves the heroine all his money.

Every man is liable to temptation, and the Talker is no exception. A serious test of his sincerity is made by the Drysdale Company, when it sends him for review the work of a friend. This is "The False Chevalier," by William Douw Lighthall, 328 pages, crown 8vo, with several well executed illustrations, published by F. E. Grafton & Sons, Montreal. Like "Diane of Ville Marie," it is a romance of old French Canada, but not so old, for it begins after the conquest, and ends in the time of the French Revolution. The False Chevalier is a young man, Germain Lecour, the good-looking son of Francois Xavier Lecour, a wealthy bourgeois trader living at Repentigny, in the vicinity of Montreal. The parents of Germain, and especially his ambitious mother, send him home

to France, with his pockets well lined, to see the world. Arriving in Paris, accident throws him in the way of the Chevalier de Bailleul, who has served in Canada, and who adopts him and introduces him to the Court at Versailles. There he rises into favor, and, being accidentally introduced as Lecour de Repentigny, clings to the false title, though with a certain amount of fear and trembling. Marie Antoinette gives him a commission as sub-lieutenant in the Royal Guards, supposed to be all noblemen, who can make good their quarterings, and he has the audacity to fall in love with the titled lady, Cyrene de Merecour. Here the story of the Golden Dog, told somewhat differently from the version of Mr. Kirby, comes in. Le Gardeur de Repentigny, the slayer of the Bourgeois Philibert, arrives in Paris from French India, and in his track comes Philibert fils, the avenger of blood. Young De Lery, who is in the Royal Guards, incited by his uncle, De Lotbiniere, prepares to unmask M. Germain, by showing that the real De Repentigny disowns him. In fact these three know all about his bourgeois origin and false pretensions. In the meanwhile, Lecour has recourse to Maitre Gilles, genealogist, who, by various means, establishes him, not as a Repentigny, but as a Lecour de Liney, and, through a dying scion of that ancient line, endows him with wealth of documentary evidence that only lacks the connection of his grandfather with the genealogical tree. Repairing to the parish church of the quarter whence his father came, Lecour finds the baptismal record, and discovers that he descends from butchers and tinkers. Nevertheless, he faces the music of the guard-room, and fights two duels in maintenance of his claims. These claims are called in question by his superiors, and at the same time his title to be an officer of the Guards. He obtains leave of absence to visit Canada for the purpose of filling in the missing blanks. In this part of the story Mr. Lighthall's legal lore serves him in good stead, but he never allows it to become wearisome. On Lecour's return to Paris, he is about to fall victim to a counterplot of the rascally Abbe Jude, who has collected a mass of incriminating papers, when, fortunately

for his honor, Philibert steals them and bestows them upon him whom they were meant to condemn. The prosecution fails to produce proofs, and Lecour is re-established.

Already the revolution had begun to growl. Its precursors have appeared in starving peasantry, highway robbers, and the band called the Galley on Land. It breaks forth just so soon as Germain and Cyrene have taken possession of the late Chevalier de Bailleul's property. The mob attacks and destroys it. Afterwards, as a body guard, he fights in the palace in defence of the King and Queen, and, being wounded, is cared for by Cyrene. But the officers of the Commune find them, though not before he manages to burn all his bogus title deeds. In prison the chief prosecutor unmasks him, and offers to set Cyrene free, if he, Lecour, will confess his imposture. He manfully does so, and she, still remaining true to him, is liberated. Freedom and life are offered him on conditions, but he will not have them, and so goes to his death; and above his grave was found the body of Cyrene. Mr. Lighthall has two reflections that bear on the morale of this story. Referring to his hero, he remarks, "In his favor it is well to remember the dictum of Schopenhauer, that the English are the only nation who thoroughly realise the immorality of lying." The other is, "The Eternal Justice said to him: No man who has profited by a wrong shall keep its fruits." He has written an admirable novel, virile, carefully thought out, and excellently composed. The historical details, and the properties generally, evince a large knowledge of history, even in its more minute features. One of the best tests of a story is the hold it involuntarily takes on one's sympathies. In the case of *The False Chevalier*, all sympathy goes forth to him, even while he is weaving his tangled web of deceit. Yet we know the whole thing is wrong, because true manhood was forfeited when Germain Lecour became false to himself, and ashamed of his real personality. But there is a lot of this sham in the world. I had a man servant once named Tom Rooney, a very capable and honest, cheerful Irishman. He was standing by, one night when the

mail came in, bringing me a letter from the Marquis Leon de Rosny of Paris. For a joke, I said, "Tom, here's a letter from a namesake of yours in Paris, only he spells his name with an s."

"Is that so, Sor?" replied Tom; "well, they do be sayin' that our family kim from France."

Happily, however, the temptation to false assumption of birth is not what it used to be before the shaking up of the old regime; yet nowhere are genealogical societies more numerous than in the democratic United States. I suppose people place more confidence in a man who has had a few honorable ancestors in the world before him. But you can't manufacture an honorable ancestor.

I see by the newspapers that the individual in the Greek Church in Russia, who answers to the Inquisitor-General in the Church of Rome, is anxious to banish Count Leo Tolstoy, because of his efforts in behalf of the heretical Doukhobors, now on their way to Canada. A postcard also informs me that Principal Shaw is going to address the Protestant Ministerial Association of this city on "Toleration and some of its problems." A problem of toleration was the Rev. James Roy, LL.D., formerly of Montreal, one of the most devout, lovable, right living and orthodox thinking of men, whose heterodoxy lay in the fact that he was more learned, more cultured, and more every way of a gentleman than Principal Shaw's colleagues who hounded him out of the Methodist church. These qualities were doubtless owing to the fact that he was bred a Presbyterian. But, revenons a nos moutons, in other words, let us get back to Tolstoy. The William Drysdale Company sends to The Journal, "What is Art?" by Count Leo Tolstoy, a crown 8vo. volume of 237 pages, plain cloth, gilt top, the Brotherhood Publishing Company of London, price, a dollar and a quarter. Its frontispiece is a characteristic colored portrait of Tolstoy, with a facsimile of his autograph. The book is translated from the original manuscript, unmutilated by the stupid Russian censor of the press, who is a survival of the dark ages, and the work of translation is done by Mr. Aylmer

Maude, a cultured English gentleman, with whom, thanks to Mr. William Drysdale, I had a long and pleasant interview some weeks ago. Our conversation was to me deeply interesting, as representing a till then almost unknown phase of real yet unorthodox Christian life. But, as I have not Mr. Maude's permission to reproduce it, I may simply say, that, like his friend Tolstoy, he strives to follow in the steps of the Son of Man. Count Tolstoy has been working for twenty years on his book. Himself appreciative of art, in painting, sculpture and architecture, in music and the drama, poetry and general literature, he finds a large portion of society occupied with the same, either as artists and the servants of artists, or as the critics and patrons of art. Not only half the civilized world that paints, moulds and draughts, that sings and plays and acts, that writes poetry and prose, that composes music and dramas and comedies, that goes to picture galleries, theatres and music halls, that appreciates sculptures, frescoes, and monuments of architecture, that reads for the beauty of reading—not only is that half devoted to what it calls art, but so also are those who minister to them, the manufacturer of drawing paper, and the mixer of oil or water colors, the quarrier and the mason, the costumer and the scene shifter, with numberless more. Even the peasant, when he leaves his toil, takes to art in his Sunday dress and devotions, and in his holiday dances, songs and stories. All the world is more or less devoted to art.

In twenty years, one who lives in or near a great centre like St. Petersburg, and whose eyes and ears are open, must needs learn a great deal. Count Tolstoy's experience is very large, and his reading very extensive. The chapters in which he reviews the opinions of writers on art, from Baumgarten to Knight, are almost wearisome from their fulness. He holds that there was no real aesthetic before Baumgarten, and that Plato and other ancients confounded the beautiful with the good. I more than doubt this, but have no time to disprove it. Christ taught a true aesthetic, in Matthew ix., 14-17, and parallel passages, when he insisted on the fitness of things.

But we are concerned with Tolstoy's definition of Art, which is the key to his whole complaint against the world that he sees lying in the wicked one. "To evoke in oneself a feeling one has once experienced, and, having evoked it in oneself, then, by means of movements, lines, colors, sounds, or forms expressed in words, so to transmit that feeling that others may experience the same feeling—this is the activity of art. Art is a human activity, consisting in this, that one man consciously, by means of certain external signs, hands on to others feelings he has lived through, and that other people are infected by these feelings, and also experience them." "Art," he says, "is not as the metaphysicians say, the manifestation of some mysterious idea of beauty or God; it is a means of union among men." The beauty of the Lord, our God, therefore, is not art, yet it is necessarily within the domain of aesthetic. Tolstoy's mistake is making aesthetic and art appreciation synonymous terms. He maintains that by far the greater part of so-called art is counterfeit, and that all art is such which awakens no response in the unbiassed soul. He believes in the verse of Goethe, Schiller and Hugo, the novels of Dickens, the music of Beethoven and Chopin, and the pictures of Raphael, Michael Angelo and Da Vinci, but rejects Kipling's short stories, the fleshly French school of novel writing, tinsel verse of all kinds, incomprehensible music, and impressionist painting. To him these are all in wretched taste, a sort of spawn of Beelzebub. The last words of his notable book are, "The task for Christian art is to establish brotherly union among men."

Apply what Tolstoy says to the art of preaching, and what is the result? The preacher hands on to others feelings he has lived through, and thus establishes a bond of brotherly union. Some sermons do comply with these requirements, but others are a virtual invitation to punch the preacher's head. When ministers preach over the people's heads, it is because they preach over the emotions of their own hearts. Water cannot, save by artificial pumping, rise higher than its source. Any really Christian man can preach about miracles,

because he has had experience of the miraculous. But, has he had any experience of the election of his fellowmen to everlasting reprobation, or of a time when he himself was unable to do anything but wrong? If you want to make poetry, get poetical experience; if to be an artist, get artistic experience; if to be a preacher, get spiritual experience. That is really what Tolstoy says, and, in regard to preaching, it is what Schleiermacher's school said before him, and, in the opinion of the Talker, Schleiermacher and Tolstoy are right. "We speak that we do know and testify that we have seen." But, alas! how many Christian congregations are true brotherhoods, or on the way to become such? Some ministers find them a good deal of botherhood, and there are ministers whom congregations find the same. There is a lack of art somewhere.



Poet and Saint! to thee alone are given
The two most sacred names of Earth and Heaven;
The hard and rarest union which can be,
Next to that of Godhead with Humanity:

—Cowley.

Editorials.



Students, like other mortals, have their sins to answer for, and one of the most recent of which they have been publicly accused is laziness. Is it true that they are? If it is, it is something to be deplored, for it means the wasting of precious time and precious opportunities. If it is true it requires to be remedied; if it is false it demands denial.

Can students be accused of laziness? Students should have some knowledge of the facts, and some ability to answer the question, and as students, and speaking for our own college, we answer—No! There may be some exceptions, but these exceptions only prove the rule. It may be feared that laziness has led some of our younger students into a literary course when they should have taken an arts course, and if so, it is likely that the same sin will lead these young men to scrape through their literary course as easily as possible. It will be agreed that the arts student cannot afford, however inclined he may be, to be lazy, as it is well known that if he is there will be little favor shown him when the day of reckoning comes.

But if we take the case of the theological student, that is of those who have passed beyond the arts course, it is questionable if here there may not be found, at least, some appearance of the evil. And why? Because we have two courses—the ordinary and the honour—and as the student who takes both these courses during the term has, apart from the time consumed in taking lectures, more than twice the amount of work to do, as compared with the ordinary student, we need not try to hide the fact that the latter, especially at the beginning of the term, must have a considerable amount of time at his disposal. It may be argued that it is only the ablest students who take up this work, but it is well known

that many of the best students do not take it up, and it can scarcely be conceived at any rate that there is this amount of intellectual difference between the best and the poorest student of the year. As results may prove, some seem to find the ordinary work hard enough, but as a general rule the ordinary student can afford to take it easy. He does not find it a hard matter to take 33 1-3 per cent.

Where does the remedy lie? Not necessarily in raising the percentage of marks required to pass, nor yet in prescribing more work. No doubt some of our students improve their time by dipping into general literature, but even of prescribed work there is plenty, and why, it may be asked, do not more of our students take the honor course? No doubt each man can give his own reasons, and, in most cases, undoubtedly valid ones, yet not such as might not, to some extent, be overcome.

Students, generally, know the value of taking the best possible course, and we have no doubt that the college authorities are convinced of the practical usefulness of the honor course, yet, with all deference we would ask might not something be done to encourage students who cannot see their way to take up the larger task of the whole of the honor work, to take up some part of it, and thus more fully to employ their time? We are aware that two scholarships are given in each year for the full course, which ought to be an encouragement to take the whole, but only two students can get these, and if we take the case of a class where there are three or four students engaged in the competition, the one or two who are unsuccessful get no acknowledgment of the work done, unless they proceed to the degree of B.D., which a literary student cannot do without special permission. Might not a partial Honour Course be arranged, and if no extra scholarship can be given, let there at least be certificates presented to each student taking the required standing. Let this be done in both Honour Courses so that the student may have something to show for the extra work he has taken.

We think something of this kind might encourage the stu-

dents and to some extent relieve them of the odium of being accounted lazy.

WHAT MISSIONS NEED.

Among the latest additions to our library we welcome,—
“Christian Missions and Social Progress.” This volume contains a series of lectures given by James S. Dennis, D.D., to the students of Princeton and other theological seminaries in the United States.

We are justly proud of our library; nevertheless this book shows us, by way of contrast, that the shelves in our missionary alcove need replenishing. We have there much that is excellent, yet very little that has been written during the last ten years. At no time has there been greater progress in Christian missions than during these years, so that to-day there is no sphere of Christian activity that is of more absorbing interest, or that calls for a more thorough examination. It is thus evident that the latest and best missionary literature ought to be available for those who are so soon to be leaders in the work of the Church. We venture to suggest to those interested in missions that contributions of such literature to our library would be a profitable investment for the Church.

Dr. Dennis' lectures also suggest a departure from the ordinary curriculum that might well be adopted in our Canadian colleges. There has been progress in the kind of training men receive for the practice of medicine or of law, while for the work of the ministry, we are told that practically the same course of study is prescribed to-day as obtained two score years ago. Certainly the same great principles must always be studied; but the details should surely vary with the changed conditions of the different ages. Among others, there has been a change in man's conception of his relation to God and to his fellow-man. The result is seen in the rapid progress made in missionary effort during the last few years of this century. Such progress as this presents new problems to be

grappled with and mastered, and at no time can this be so well done as during our college course, and under the direction of our professors.

It is true that the average student finds already enough work to do, so that additional lectures would be a burden to him. But in view of the great importance which our church now attaches to missionary effort, both at home and abroad, would it not be more profitable to give fewer hours to the consideration of dogmas and controversies that may have been of great importance centuries ago, yet have no immediate bearing upon the life and work of the church to-day, and to use these hours for the study of Christian missions? The subject is one that is occupying the attention of the church as never before, and we must derive our inspiration from the present and future rather than from the past.. The necessity for such a course of study is not so much that men might be educated and trained for foreign work. Our Canadian church finds no lack of consecrated men and women who are ready to leave all, that they may carry the Gospel to heathen lands. What we need is that every man who graduates from our colleges should have an intelligent grasp of the missionary problem, and that he be filled with a holy zeal that will stir up and educate the people over whom he is placed, to more liberal giving for this work. At present much that the young minister must know about missions, in order properly to educate his people, must be learned after he has entered upon his ministerial work. Thus, much valuable time and counsel are lost, while he often lacks the enthusiasm which can only be had from personal contact with an earnest teacher.



Partie Française.

ROUSSEAU.

PAR LE RÉVÉREND R. P. DUCLOS.

Jean-Jacques Rousseau, naquit à Genève, le 28 juin 1712, d'une bonne famille bourgeoise qui deux siècles auparavant était venue demander asile dans ce foyer de la réforme—elle avait, à plusieurs reprises, occupé une position honorable dans la magistrature.

* *

Son père, Isaac Rousseau, avait perdu du prestige dont la famille avait été jusque là entourée ; Il fabriquait des montres et donnait des leçons de danse—Rousseau fut de bonne heure, comme tous les enfants de la Suisse Romande de son époque, initié à la *Littérature antique*. Cette instruction élevait la moyenne des intelligences et les préparait à remplir les fonctions les plus importantes de l'Etat. "A sept ans, je lisais, dit-il, Plutarque avec mon père—Brutus, Aristide étaient mes héros—C'est à ce contact que se forma cet esprit libre, impatient de joug et de servitude qui l'a tant tourmenté tout le temps de sa vie. Né citoyen d'une république, fils d'un père dont l'amour de la patrie était la principale passion, il s'enflammait à son exemple.

Cette éducation à la fois forte et lettrée agit favorablement sur le développement du jeune garçon.

Lorsque plus tard il fut en contact avec les misères de la civilisation française, les habitudes des enfants le frappèrent. "N'est-il pas souverainement ridicule, dit-il, qu'on élève des garçons comme de jeunes filles ? ah ! c'est vraiment beau de voir ces petits maîtres de 12 ans les mains potelées, la voix flûtée, un joli parasol vert pour les garantir du soleil à la promenade."

On est plus grossier dans mon pays : les enfants rustiquement élevés n'avaient pas de teint à conserver ; ils ne craignaient pas les injures du temps—les pères les menaient à la

campagne, à la chasse, à tous les exercices ; timides et modestes devant les gens âgés, ils étaient fiers, querelleurs ; se défiaient à la lutte—revenaient au logis déchirés—c'étaient de vrais polissons ; mais ces polissons ont fait des hommes qui ont dans le cœur du zèle pour servir la patrie et du sang à verser pour elle." On pressent dans ces paroles les réformes introduites dans le système d'éducation.

* *

Ses sentiments religieux reçurent une excellente direction d'abord dans sa famille.—" Mon père, dit-il, avait beaucoup de religion et m'avait inspiré de bonne-heure les sentiments dont il était animé.—Puis il passa deux ans chez M. Lambercier, pasteur à Bossey—Rousseau n'oublia jamais les instructions qu'il y reçut et malgré les fâcheux exemples dont il subit l'influence plus tard, il demeura toujours religieux. Voici ce qu'il dit de son culte à 17 ans : " Je me levais le matin et faisais ma prière en marchant, n'oubliant pas qu'auprès du dispensateur des vrais biens, le meilleur moyen d'obtenir ceux qui nous sont nécessaires, est moins de les demander que de les mériter."

* *

Les deux années passées au presbytère de Bossey contribuèrent à développer en lui ce goût, ce culte des beautés de la nature qui devait révolutionner les tendances esthétiques et littéraires du siècle. Les montagnes, le lac, son beau lac surtout avec ses eaux transparentes, entouré d'un cadre de verdure et de montagnes, le tenaient dans un perpétuel enchantement.

" Oh mon lac, s'écriait-il, sur les bords duquel j'ai passé les heures paisibles de ma jeunesse, charmants paysages, où j'ai vu pour la première fois le majestueux et touchant lever du soleil, où j'ai senti les premières émotions du cœur, les premiers élans d'un génie hélas ! trop impérieux . . . O mon lac, je ne te verrai plus " . . .

Il devait le revoir . . .

* *

Rousseau avait 12 ans quand son père se prit de querelle avec un capitaine retraité. Il s'en suivit un duel. L'affaire

fut portée devant le Conseil et le père Isaac Rousseau condamné à demander pardon, genoux en terre, à Dieu et à la Seigneurie et à garder les arrêts pendant trois mois. Il s'y refusa et s'expatria.

Jean Jacques délaissé par son père à l'âge de 14 ans fut placé chez un maître graveur, Abel Ducommun, qui ne tint aucun compte des engagements qu'il avait contractés de le bien élever et de le traiter en bon père de famille. Mal nourri, mal traité, roué de coups, le jeune garçon prit le parti de s'enfuir. Il erra deux jours dans les environs et se réfugia chez M. de Pontverre, curé de Confignon—à une lieue de Genève— Il reçut avec beaucoup de complaisance cet enfant exaspéré, et le lendemain lui fournit les moyens de poursuivre son voyage jusqu'à Anncey, le recommandant à Mme Wanans, jeune dame qui, poussée par des fautes et des chagrins avait changé de religion et recevait une pension que les rois de Sardaigne accordaient aux transfuges du protestantisme.

La lettre que le curé de Confignon adressait à Mme Warens est assez curieuse pour être reproduite ici.

"Madame, je vous envoie Jean Jacques Rousseau, jeune homme qui a déserté son pays ; il me paraît d'un heureux caractère—il a passé un jour chez moi et c'est encore Dieu qui l'appelle à Anncey. Tâchez de l'encourager à embrasser le catholicisme ; c'est un triomphe quand on peut faire des conversions—vous concevez aussi bien que moi, que pour ce grand œuvre auquel je le crois assez disposé, il faut tâcher de le fixer à Anncey. Dans la crainte qu'il ne reçoive ailleurs quelques mauvaises instructions, ayez soin d'intercepter toutes les lettres qu'on pourrait lui écrire de son pays, parce que se croyant abandonné il abjurera plus tôt. Je remets tout entre les mains du tout puissant et les vôtres que je baise.

Votre . . . T. H. S. DE PONTVERRE.

D'Anncey, Rousseau est conduit à Turin où on trouva l'acte qui constate son abjuration, ainsi conçu : "Jean Jacques Rousseau, de Genève, calviniste, entré à l'hospice à 16 ans, le 12 avril 1728, abjura les erreurs de la secte le 21 et le 23 du même mois lui fut administré le St-Baptême."

Après son abjuration, Rousseau demeura encore quelque

temps à Turin, gagnant péniblement sa vie—essayant divers métiers. Il fit connaissance d'un abbé, M. Gaimé. Cet ecclésiastique se prit d'une vive affection pour Jean Jacques. Malheureusement M. Gaimé était déiste et n'admettait pas le caractère surnaturel de la révélation. Il enseigna sa théologie à son jeune disciple.

Rousseau revint chez Mme Warens déiste convaincu et catholique pratiquant sincère au dehors—mélange dans les termes que l'on rencontre souvent dans le monde catholique.

* *

Trente-huit ans après nous le retrouvons en 1754 entouré de l'admiration des cours et des académies. Ses travaux politiques et philosophiques ont provoqué les applaudissements de l'Europe. Il s'arrête un moment. Il revoit le passé—il regrette bien des choses. Il veut revoir son pays—goûter les impressions religieuses de son enfance—rentrer de nouveau dans l'Eglise qui les a fait naître. "La fréquentation des incrédules, dit-il, a ranimé ma foi au lieu de l'éteindre. La lecture de l'Evangile m'a montré Dieu et le sort véritable de l'homme ; je possède l'essentiel de la religion. La forme est une affaire qui concerne les lois et les usages humains." Encouragé par ses pensées il revient au pays—s'adresse à M. Maistre, pasteur à Coligny, homme doué d'une grande douceur de caractère. Après quelques conférences, M. Maistre fait au consistoire le rapport suivant :

" Du 25 juillet 1754, le Sieur J. J. Rousseau, citoyen ayant été conduit en Piémont en bas âge y avait été élevé dans la religion catholique romaine et l'avait professée pendant plusieurs années ; dès qu'il a été éclairé et qu'il en a reconnu les erreurs, il n'en a plus continué les actes ; au contraire il a dès lors fréquenté assidument les assemblées de dévotion à l'Hotel de l'Ambassade de Hollande, à Paris, et s'est déclaré hautement de la religion protestante ; pour confirmer ses sentiments, il a pris la résolution de venir dans sa patrie pour y faire son abjuration et rentrer dans le sein de notre Eglise. Il supplie en conséquence ce vénérable consistoire de l'exempter de comparaître et qu'il lui plaise de le renvoyer devant une commission particulière."

Le consistoire délibère—on représente que le Sieur Rousseau est atteint d'une maladie dangereuse ; que l'on peut user d'indulgence ; que d'ailleurs il est d'un caractère timide et reconnu pour avoir des mœurs sans reproches—on le renvoie en conséquence devant une commission.

Cette commission composée de MM. Sarazin, Pictet et autres rapporte dans le courant d'août que "Le Sieur Rousseau ayant satisfait sur tous les points par rapport à la doctrine est admis à la Cène." Le formulaire de réintégration était aussi simple que complet—on demandait à l'aspirant s'il "admettait l'Ancien et le Nouveau-Testament comme vérité révélée et divine," Rousseau répondit affirmativement aux articles de cette profession de foi.

Rousseau puise dans ce milieu les inspirations et les principes qui le guideront dans sa carrière de philosophe.

Rousseau est élève au milieu de citoyens républicains qui ont tout sacrifié pour conserver leur indépendance et devient citoyen passionné pour les principes républicains.

Enfin Rousseau est frappé de la beauté du monde extérieur ; il en reçoit des impressions inoubliables et des émotions sanctifiantes.

Voilà le cadre où se reflètent les travaux du plus grand philosophe de son siècle. La société qu'il fréquente hors de son pays est franchement matérialiste. La littérature du temps est spirituelle et railleuse. Avec sa nature impressionnable et timide il y avait danger qu'il se laissât entraîner dans le courant—il ne le fit pas. Il proclame des principes politiques nouveaux, approfondit les sujets religieux les plus graves, sonde les mystères de la philosophie—frappe les abus qui dégradent la famille—dépeint les passions du cœur et les beautés de la nature avec une fraîcheur d'imagination et un luxe de poésie qui n'ont pas encore été dépassés.

Ce qui étonne le lecteur c'est que cet homme si puissant dans la conception de sa pensée, si tenace dans le perfectionnement de ses œuvres soit à la merci des impressions extérieures. Elles le dominent et l'entraînent à leur gré—"Dans les affaires de la vie pratique," dit Gabarel, "il ne sait ni combattre ses impressions ni les analyser pour en démêler les vérités et l'erreur.—"

Rien ne prouve mieux la justesse de cette observation que le fait suivant. En 1753 l'Académie de Dijon propose comme sujet : "Quelle est l'origine de l'inégalité des conditions entre les hommes ?" Rousseau se passionne sur cette question — il en sort un ouvrage étincelant de vérités et d'erreurs.

Ainsi il raconte que passant quelques jours dans la forêt de St-Germain, il est si heureux du calme et du bien être qu'il éprouve qu'il voit dans la vie sauvage le type du bonheur le plus réel que puisse offrir l'existence humaine. Il construit une société coulant des jours heureux dans les forêts du nouveau monde. Et la poésie du moment lui voile les combats, les misères matérielles et la dégradation de la vie des Peaux-Rouges. Il fait un tableau que Bernadin de St-Pierre pouvait seul rêver.

Voltaire qui venait de s'établir à Genève, lui écrit : "On n'a jamais employé tant d'esprit à vouloir nous rendre bête ; il prend envie de marcher à quatre pattes, quand on lit votre ouvrage." "Cependant comme il y a 60 ans que j'en ai perdu l'habitude, je sens malheureusement qu'il m'est impossible de la reprendre et je laisse cette allure naturelle à ceux qui en sont plus dignes que vous et moi." Ne pouvant m'embarquer pour aller vers les sauvages du Canada, je me borne à être un sauvage paisible dans la solitude que j'ai choisie auprès de votre patrie où vous devriez être. M. Chapuis m'apprend que votre santé est bien mauvaise, il faudrait la venir rétablir dans l'air natal, jouir de la liberté, boire avec moi du lait de nos vaches et brouter nos herbes."

Rousseau répond : ne tentez, monsieur de retomber à quatre pattes, personne n'y réussirait moins que vous, vous nous redressez trop bien sur nos deux pieds pour cesser de vous tenir sur les vôtres. Embellissez l'asile que vous avez choisi éclairez un peuple digne de vos leçons et vous qui savez si bien peindre les vertus et la liberté, apprenez nous à les chérir dans nos cœurs, comme dans vos écrits. Je suis sensible à vos invitations, mais j'aimerais mieux boire l'eau de votre fontaine que le lait de vos vaches, et quant aux herbes de votre verger, je crains bien d'y rencontrer le lotos (herbe qui fit oublier leur patrie aux compagnons d'Ulysse) "

—L'impossibilité où il est de combattre ses impressions ou la négligence qu'il met à démêler l'erreur de la vérité explique les conceptions étranges de ses héroïnes. Car la Sophie de "l'Emile" et la Julie de la "Nouvelle Héloïse" sont des êtres impossibles. Rousseau suppose chez une jeune fille l'innocence de la pudeur existant avec l'expérience de tous les mystères du libertinage ; la sainte ignorance du mal unie à la science raisonnée du vieux docteur. Pour nous rendre compte de cette étrange anomalie, il faut se rappeler que dans la Société de Mme Warens Rousseau fut témoin de la facilité de paroles et du dévergondage des mœurs qui déshonorent son siècle et qu'il ne fut jamais honoré de l'intimité d'une femme honnête et pure. Dès lors ses rêves de poète pouvaient lui inspirer de nobles images, tandis que le regard de ses yeux amenait sous sa plume des réalités fangeuses. Si au lieu de tomber entre les mains du curé de Confignon qui le présenta dans le salon de Mme Warens, il était resté dans son pays, eut choisi pour femme une jeune fille élevée dans la sainte ignorance du mal, jamais Rousseau n'eût écrit les pages absurdes et dangereuses qui déshonorent ses plus belles compositions.

Il n'y a pas à en douter la Société a exercé une grande influence sur les compositions romanesques du philosophe. D'autre part les vices du temps lui inspirèrent un plan de réforme dans l'éducation de la jeunesse. Il réalisa sa pensée dans la publication de "l'Emile". Lorsqu'on en apporta les premières pages à Buffon, il demeura longtemps rêveur, ses yeux se remplirent de larmes.

— Qu'en pensez-vous, lui demanda-t-on, il n'y a là rien de nouveau, rien que vous n'avez écrit vous-même."

— Oui ! reprit le naturaliste, je l'ai dit, il y a longtemps, mais Rousseau seul se fera écouter... à coup sûr il va régénérer la famille."

Il disait vrai. Les dures paroles du philosophe opérèrent une révolution véritable dans l'éducation du premier âge.

Cependant il ne paraît pas avoir tant voulu offrir un système d'éducation que d'extirper des abus.

L'un de ses admirateurs se présenta un jour chez lui et dans le cours de la conversation, il lui dit : " Monsieur, vous

avez devant vous un homme qui a élevé son fils suivant les principes qu'il a eu le bonheur de puiser dans l'Emile."

— Rousseau le regarda fixement ; tant pis, Monsieur, tant pis pour vous, tant pis pour votre fils. Je n'ai pas voulu donner de méthode, j'ai voulu empêcher le mal qui se commettait dans l'éducation."

— Les personnes qui connaissaient la vie intime de Rousseau se récriaient—Rousseau, donner des conseils aux pères et aux mères ! Rousseau, parler d'éducation. Mais en avait-il le droit ? Lui qui a négligé ses devoirs les plus sacrés, en refusant de reconnaître ses enfants et en les abandonnant à l'Hôpital ? Ses apologistes attribuent cette conduite à une espèce de folie, de mélancolie, d'idées noires qui le hantaient. On le croirait presque, au récit suivant :

En 1774, Rousseau lisait son manuscrit des confessions à une réunion de notables de Paris. La séance avait commencé à 7 h. du matin—on s'était à peine interrompu pour dîner—un murmure de félicitations accueillait l'auteur à chaque pause. Vers les 5 h. de l'après-midi, Rousseau commence le récit de l'envoi de son premier enfant à l'hospice... Il le termina... Un silence glacial règne dans l'auditoire, Rousseau examine les spectateurs et voit leurs yeux remplis de larmes. Messieurs, s'écrie-t-il immédiatement, j'entends votre silence ! Je comprends vos larmes ! Et voici le jugement que je prononce sur ma justification... Il déchire aussitôt quelques pages de son manuscrit, les jette au feu et se refuse à continuer la lecture.

On a retrouvé cette justification et il est facile de reconnaître que l'idée fixe du fantôme persécuteur est la cause de l'abandon de ses enfants.—" J'aime mieux, disait-il, que mes enfants vivent du travail de leurs mains sans me connaître que de les voir avilis, nourris par la traîtreuse générosité de mes ennemis qui les instruiraient à détester, peut-être à trahir leur père. Si je n'ai pas rempli les saints devoirs de la nature, en cela loin de m'excuser, je m'accuse ; quand même ma raison me dit que dans ma situation, j'ai dû le faire, je ne la crois pas, j'écoute mon cœur qui gémit et qui la dément. Je pleurerai toujours sur cet amer souvenir, et c'est en expiation de ma faute que j'écrivis L'Emile, voulant procurer aux enfants

d'autrui un peu du bonheur que je n'avais pu donner aux miens."

(*A suivre.*)

NOTES DE LA REDACTION.

Qu'aura dit Argus en voyant avec ses cent yeux les fautes malheureuses qui se sont glissées dans les notes du dernier numéro ?

Pourvu qu'il n'en ait pas perdu la vue ! oh ! il n'y a pas de danger ; mais toujours est-il que nous n'aurions pas aimé voir l'affreuse grimace qu'il a dû faire.

Comment se réhabiliter, si, une fois encore, le compositeur, à la dernière heure, nous annonce que la presse typographique s'est dérangée et qu'il ne répond pas de l'exactitude de son travail ? Advienne que pourra, nous avons fait notre devoir ; que nos lecteurs soient indulgents, c'est tout ce que nous leur demandons, (nous n'incluons pas dans ce mot tout le prix de l'abonnement de notre "Journal").

Noël et le Nouvel An sont déjà relégués dans le passé et nous voilà sevrés des joies que ces fêtes nous avaient apportées à profusion ; n'allez pas croire que ces jours de vacance et de délassement nous ont rempli d'une sainte ardeur et nous ont donné un nouveau courage ; au contraire, à la rentrée des classes tous les étudiants étaient pensifs et moroses.

Les langues mortes, les longues veillées, les plumes à réservoir, après les oranges, les cadeaux et les sourires les plus doux, c'était un trop grand contraste.

Faudra-t-il pour cela supprimer les fêtes ? oh ! non, prenez-y garde, car si dans le ciel on est toujours en fête, laissez-nous, ici-bas, aussi souvent que possible, jouir des avant-goûts du ciel.

La mort vient de nous visiter ; le deuil est venu frapper à notre porte.

Un de nos frères, le pasteur C. Chiniquy, a été rappelé par le divin Maître.

Celui duquel nous pouvons dire "il travaillait d'une main et de l'autre tenait l'épée," après une longue vie de travail, de

combats et de luttés, nous a dit un long adieu, et s'est envolé joyeux vers son Dieu et vers son Sauveur pour jouir auprès d'eux, du repos éternel.

Nous le pleurons parce qu'il nous a quittés pour ne plus revenir ; nous le pleurons parce que son absence nous fera défaut ; nous n'aurons plus à nos côtés, ce vaillant soldat de Jésus-Christ, qui, toujours à l'œuvre, toujours dispos et jamais fatigué, nous montrait comment on doit travailler quand on est au service du Roi des Rois.

A son épouse et à ses enfants éplorés nous exprimons notre vive sympathie ; à leurs larmes nous mêlons nos larmes ; mais résignés devant le décret de l'Éternel nous unissons notre voix à la leur pour dire ce dernier adieu : Tu nous as quittés, mais ta part est belle : c'est la vie éternelle ; oh ! va nous attendre là-haut.

PENSEES.

“ La mort est la fin de ce rêve inquiet qu'on appelle la vie.”

“ Un tombeau est un monument placé sur la limite des deux mondes.”

“ La vie est un combat dont la palme est aux cieux.”

La prédication est un mystère, le plus profond de tous, celui qui renferme une multitude d'autres mystères. Au fond c'est Dieu qui prêche, et l'homme n'est que son instrument.

VINET.