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THE VERDICT OF ENEMIES.

THERE is no witness that is considered so conclusive as that which is given against one's will, and against one's interest. Greek history furnishes an interesting illustration. Demosthenes and Æschines once engaged in a famous disputation before the Assembly of their countrymen. It was no ordinary contest, for upon its issue hung the best interests of the parties, and, possibly, even life itself. Demosthenes triumphed and Æschines was condemned to exile. While at Rhodes, Æschines founded his famous School of Eloquence, and on one occasion read to his pupils the very masterpiece of his opponent which had driven him from home, a wanderer. They could not restrain applause as they heard its glowing periods. Æschines said to them: "If you cannot now refrain from applause, what would you have said, what would have been your admiration, had you heard from his own lips what I have read!" It is a very remarkable fact that while the Christian religion has so many, such varied, and such malignant foes, if we should collate and compare the *various concessions* made by liberalists to orthodoxy, and even by the professed foes of Christ and Christianity, to the Bible and to the divinity of Christ, *every essential truth*, for which we evangelical believers

contend, might be established from the admissions and affirmations of the enemy or adversary of sound faith! While one party denies a truth, another affirms it, and in turn, perhaps, denies what the other admits. They lack agreement among themselves, but from their confessions and concessions the whole fabric of Christian faith might be built.

Two books, among many, may be mentioned as setting forth this very remarkable fact, viz: Schaff's "Person of Christ," and Dorchester's "Concessions of Liberalists to Orthodoxy." Dr. Schaff gives, in the Appendix to his little book, the testimonies gathered from all sources, to the Divinity of our Lord; from liberalists, indifferentists, and open infidels, and the array of testimony is very startling. Dr. Dorchester, from the writings of the "liberal" school selects and arranges concessions that fully establish the three great doctrines regarded as peculiar to orthodox Christianity: the Divinity of Christ, the Expiatory Scheme of the Atonement, and Endless Punishment. We advise any and every doubter to read for himself what other doubters in their better moods are led to say on these vital themes, when not perplexed by speculation, intoxicated by applause, or maddened by controversy. No more conclusive witness to the vital truths of religion has ever been compiled and arranged than may be found in these little volumes, accessible to all readers.

We are reminded of what is said in Deuteronomy xxxii. 31: "Their rock is not as our Rock, even our enemies themselves being judges." In primitive ages men were wont to seek refuge from danger in the strongholds of nature. Artificial defences, and all the elaborate instruments of defensive and aggressive warfare, belong to a more advanced age and state of civilization. Hence the rock, the natural refuge and fortress, is associated with safety, immunity from attack, giving a vantage ground to those who hold it in the hour of contest. Our enemies being judges—taking their own concessions and confessions—the exalted and sublime position afforded to believers by the Christian faith is far superior to any foothold or standing place possible to the sceptic, or the infidel, or the unbeliever.

The enemies of Christ cannot, when they are candid and outspoken, deny the immeasurable superiority of the morals taught by Christianity, the vast superiority of Christ to all other teachers,

philosophers or philanthropists ; and the supreme excellence of the whole system of the Christian religion to all other forms of faith or life ; and, above all, when judged by the results either in the individual or on society.

For example, Pecant, while trying to prove Christ's moral imperfection, in a very eloquent passage, concedes that his character "rose beyond all comparison above any other great man of antiquity and was wholly penetrated by God." Renan compares Jesus with others, and is constrained to confess that in the double view of his words and works, he stands without equal ; his glory is complete. Pontius Pilate, while condemning Christ, virtually justified and acquitted him: "*I find no fault in this man.*" The centurion at the cross said, "*Truly this was the Son of God.*" Judas, the traitor, who would have been only too glad to have had the slightest moral obliquity to charge upon his Master, in order to justify his own treachery and apply it as a soothing salve to his own conscience, could only say, "I have sinned, in that I have betrayed *the innocent blood.*" Take those three confessions together and you have Christ, upon the judgment of a Roman Governor, a heathen centurion and a treacherous apostle, confessed to be innocent of wrong, a faultless man, and the Son of God.

Julian, the Apostate, the most gifted and the most bitter and malignant of the early opponents of the Christ, was compelled to admit the fact that Christ wrought miracles of healing, while he endeavors to depreciate their worth as a witness to his divinity. Dr. Schaff cites such testimonies as those of Thomas Chubb, the English deist, Diderot, the infidel at the Infidel Club, Rousseau, who, in a comparison of Christ and Socrates, concludes by saying, "If the life and death of Socrates were those of a sage, the life and death of Jesus are those of a God."

Napoleon Bonaparte told General Bertrand that Christ must be more than a man ; that his empire was founded not on force but *love*, and that it did not depend, like other empires, upon the personal presence of its founder ; but after he had been dead nearly two thousand years, that empire was still gaining new adherents and achieving new conquests.

Dr. Channing, the founder of Unitarianism in this country, concedes that his character is wholly remote from all human

conception. Strauss, the German Rationalist says, "He remains the highest model of religion within the reach of thought." Theodore Parker, who said some of the most violent things that ever assailed the Christian faith, wrote that hymn :

"Jesus, there is no dearer name than thine,
Which time has blazoned on his mighty scroll ;
No wreaths and garlands ever did entwine
So fair a temple of so vast a soul!"

Frances Power Cobbe compares the Parthenon with the cathedrals of Milan and Cologne, as the symbols of the Christian religion, and confesses the superiority of the faith represented in the Gothic forms to anything ever dreamed of by the Greek philosophers. Nelson on "Infidelity," Dr. Patterson's "Fables of Infidelity and Facts of Faith," and many other like books shew emphatically that while the denials of infidels are destructive of infidelity, their concessions might be used to construct Christian creeds !

In Dr. Dorchester's admirable book, it is plainly shown that every possible attempt has been made to evade or avoid the admission of Christ's true and proper deity as Son of God. Some Liberalists have taken refuge in the Socinian view that he was a mere man, never having an existence before his birth of the human mother ; others, in the Arian view, that he was created, but in the remote ages of a past eternity—"there was when Christ was not," being the Arian statement. Others tried to advocate the Sabellian doctrine that Christ was but a mode of manifestation of God, not a proper person, as the sun manifests himself now in light, now in heat, now in life-giving power in the same beam. Others have embraced the Logos view, all being attempts to get rid of the real Bible doctrine of the Divinity of Christ and the Trinity. But, as Dr. Dorchester shews by extracts from the works of Liberalists themselves, one man shews Socinianism to be untenable and unsatisfactory ; another equally proves Sabellianism, and another Arianism, to be inadequate ; and the final conclusion is that nothing does satisfy but the truth as set forth in the Word and in the creeds of the Reformed Churches.

When John Smeaton built upon the Eddystone rocks the famous lighthouse, dovetailing into its foundation the Portland

stone and encasing granite of which it was constructed, he felt much anxiety lest, during the terrific storm which prevailed during the very night which succeeded its completion, *it might fall*. Early in the morning, before dawn, he went upon a high rock overlooking its site and there, kneeling down, waited, in prayer, for the coming of the day. As the grey dawn came on, he shaded his eyes with his hand and looked earnestly through the mists, seaward. At length he caught sight of it, and exclaiming, "Praise God," he caused to be engraven on it, on one side, "Laus Deo" and on the other side "To give light and save life." But what can express the joy of the Christian to find that, though trials must come, though night comes down, though storms rage fiercely, the faith he has built upon the rock, *stands!*

Philadelphia.

ARTHUR T. PIERSON.

KNOWLEDGE.

WHAT is more large than knowledge and more sweet ;
 Knowledge of thoughts and deeds, of rights and wrongs,
 Of passions and of beauties and of songs ;
 Knowledge of life ; to feel its great heart beat
 Through all the soul upon her crystal seat ;
 To see, to feel, and evermore to know ;
 To till the old world's wisdom till it grow
 A garden for the wandering of our feet.

Oh for a life of leisure and broad hours,
 To think and dream, to put away small things,
 This world's perpetual leaguer of dull naughts ;
 To wander like the bee among the flowers
 Till old age find us weary, feet and wings
 Grown heavy with the gold of many thoughts.

—From ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN.

LUTHER'S CAREER ILLUSTRATIVE OF THE RELATION EXISTING BETWEEN CREED AND LIFE.

THE history of the Reformation proves that no man lives or dies to himself. A bad man multiplies his badness just as a little leaven leavens the whole lump, whilst a good man not only has light in himself, but radiates it to enlighten those around him.

In the days of Luther, Popery had attained so vast and blighting an ascendancy over the hearts and lives of men that light must come to them, for in such darkness they could not much longer live and work.

The false church system, begun by Cyprian and perfected by Gregory the Great, had reached such depths of sin and error that men cried out of them for help and God heard and sent deliverance. The main agent employed by Him in sending succor was Martin Luther.

Luther's lot from his youth was one of hardship. Poverty and toil were his early companions. His father, appreciating the abilities of his son, destined him for the legal profession. Hans Luther, entertaining a just conception of the evils and dangers of monastic life, was so averse to his son becoming a monk that when he heard of it he disowned him as a son. He only consented to meet Martin after he had lost his two sons by the plague.

When eighteen years old Luther went to Erfurth. He attended the university there three years. The result, religiously, of these years was the resolve to enter the Augustinian monastery in that place. His resolve to enter the monastery consisted in the decision to lead a religious life—a decision which he never relinquished in principle, although, happily, for our good as well as his own, he was so led of God to change it in form that millions have been blest for "the life that now is as well as that which is to come."

During his three years in the monastery he learned by pain of mind and body what "the Ministration of Condemnation"

meant ; what legal righteousness was capable of doing and what it could not do for the soul. In vain did he exert all his energy and skill to establish a righteousness of his own. When from the lips of Staupitz the announcement came to him that all righteousness must begin in faith in the love of God, it fell upon his soul

“ More tuneable than lark to shepherd’s ear,
When wheat is green, when hawthorn buds appear.”

Luther must have an object of trust. In truth or error he must cling to something external to himself. His character was singularly objective. His monastic life even shows this. He was no spiritual dyspeptic loving the gloomy and ascetic for its own sake. His was a genial, social, exuberant nature. In his character there was no morbid suppression of the emotional and religious elements, so that he could comfortably live without a thought of God. His soul was athirst for God, for the living God. Luther had too rich a nature to live either in the moonlight of mere culture and æstheticism or in the moral Sahara of agnosticism. His rich, positive, objective nature, either blessedly or tragically must be in relation to God.

Luther was a man of convictions. Sincerity was indispensable to him. Never was a monk richer in his hopes of what good things monasticism could do for him. Had it contained the wells of salvation, such a searcher as Luther must have found them, for the promise is, that if we ask, we shall receive, that, if we seek, we shall find.

The explanation given by some of Luther’s career is that it began, at least, in mere monkish envy and quarreling.

One might as well inform us that a lucifer match has, in itself, heat sufficient to work the engines of an Atlantic steamer from Europe to America, as that such a quarrel could evoke the powers of heart and conscience necessary to begin and sustain such a movement as the Reformation. As well tell us that an Indian with his tomahawk excavated the Mont Cenis tunnel as that Luther, armed with so paltry an interest as a dispute among friars about monkish appointments, could open up the way so long, and alas ! so successfully obstructed, of temporal and spiritual progress. Effects must be commensurate with their cause. “ Men do not gather grapes of thorns or figs of

thistles." No Amazon could roll its mighty waters through a tiny island of the deep. Neither could a movement that has brought healing to the nations and light to the world, find its channel in a breach consisting merely in the dividing asperities of monastic orders. It was a movement related to the abiding and deepest interests of men, and confined in its scope to no mere classes of men, but having a vital bearing upon man as man. In short it was a *spiritual* movement. Hence it was mighty and irrepressible in its action upon reformer and reformed.

The truth of God took such hold of Luther that it was as fire in his bones. Like Paul, woe was unto him, if he did not preach the Gospel. He speaks of himself as hurried on by a power other than himself so that he could not keep quiet. In soul agony did he recoil from the work given him to do. He did not wantonly combat the religious teachers and leaders of his day. He anxiously questioned himself whether popes and cardinals might not be right and he himself wrong, whether his conviction of duty might not after all, be but deceptions of the devil. It needs to be well remembered that Luther's convictions were not on the one hand the issue of partizan zeal, or on the other the outcome of blind, unquestioning, arrogant self-confidence. In marking whatever strength or aggressiveness is associated with his convictions, this fact ought never to be forgotten respecting their formation. In every step he took in the path of duty he was most emphatically "an anxious enquirer."

The grand and invariable instrument he used in this inquiry was the Word of God. It, too, was the sword with which he ever fought the battles of the Lord, as well as the rock upon which he stood unflinchingly in his discussions with the enemies of truth and in meeting every charge which his assailants made upon himself. The Bible was in verity the Word of God to him, for the doctrine and dissemination of which he counted not his life dear to him.

He gave up Romanism, as we have intimated, only after a severe struggle. We now ask why did he cut his connection with it henceforth and forever? We answer, on account of evidence producing the convictions to which we have made reference. This evidence he found in the Bible. But why did this evidence weigh so heavily with him as to produce the change

it did in his life and conduct? We reply because of a change in his prevailing tastes and tendencies.

Luther having become spiritually-minded must have a spiritual creed. Being renewed in the spirit of his mind all things else became new, and among these his creed. The tree had become good, so must the fruit. A man's creed holds a vital relation to the character of the man himself. "As a man thinketh in his heart so is he." The heart must be kept "with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life." Men's doings and sayings, their acceptances and repudiations, their advocacies and oppositions are but the event or outcome of the cherishings of their hearts. Hence, the bent of a man's nature, in a very marked degree, determines the selection of the evidence operating to produce his convictions. A selfish mind will lay hold of considerations favorable to the interests of self; a sectarian one will fill its treasury with shibboleths; whilst a spiritual nature will find heavenly food and fragrance in evangelic truth.

Luther's heart, transformed by the renewing of his mind, must feed upon the Word of God whilst his life must be given henceforth to its defence and dissemination. We cannot truly appreciate either the character or work of Luther without carefully remembering that his whole career as a reformer was simply the outcome of his renewed spiritual condition. That the relation of a man's life to his creed is no other than that of stream to fountain, of effect to cause, no one discerned more keenly than Luther himself.

At the Diet of Worms there were men who thought they had found a way of escape for Luther from the toils of his enemies. "Retract your doctrinal errors," said they, "but persist in all you have said against the Pope and his court and you are safe." His reply is deeply significant and for many in our day one of necessary consideration. He said he had no great opinion of any reform that was not based upon faith.

Pertinent to our subject, dealing as it does with the relation of creed and life, we might ask what did Luther antagonize, when he opposed Romanism, but a false life flowing from a false creed? If true faith is the root of all true reform, in life and morals, Rome prevented it on account of ceremonial observances, human authority, the merits of saints, and similar errors. There is no

direction in which man is so inclined to be slothful as in religion, and Rome, knowing this, has acted as the parent of the most thorough-going spiritual sluggardism. If she cannot cure religious asomnia, in so far at least as narcotics are concerned, no one else need attempt it, for all that is vital, and personal, and internal in religion she undertakes to effect for her devotees by priestly manipulations and proxies.

The awakened soul must have the living God in direct relation to it, refusing the intervention of all deadening or obscuring *media* between God and it. For itself it must say in relation to God: "I know whom I believe." This was the case with Paul, with Luther, with all spiritual minds in every age and clime. For such religious appointments only exist to deepen and purify their own direct and individual relation to Christ.

At this point in our discussion, there emerges, among other things, the essential difference between the Romish and Protestant conceptions of the Church.

Romanists proceed from the idea of the Church as an institution to the individual believers in relation thereto; Protestants begin with the individual souls constituting the Church, descending therefrom to the conception of the Church as a visible organization. With Rome, the Church makes believers; with Protestants, believers make the Church. With the former, circumcision cannot be said *not* to avail anything; with the latter, neither circumcision nor uncircumcision availeth anything, but a new creature.

The Bible, the sacraments, in short, all religious appliances only serve the end for which they are given in so far as they develop the new life in each believer, and bring him more and more fully into direct relation with Christ.

In this connection, what does this whole subject teach us, but that we must first have true men before we can have right conduct; first secure superior workers before we can obtain superior work. Given the worker and the works follow. Given a Stephenson and the Victoria Bridge is ours. Is God to enrich His Church with the teachings of the "Pilgrim's Progress?" He raises up a John Bunyan. Is He to give us correct ideas of Church life and organization? He sends us true churchmen like Wycliffe, and Huss, and Luther.

Organization is a great thing, as even the history of Romanism convincingly shows. It is, however, not the greatest, Earnest, living souls, God's gift to us, next in value and importance to Himself, are mightier in both building up the Kingdom of Christ in the world and at the same time "in pulling down the strong holds of sin and satan."

Romish organization had succeeded in half-stifling Lollardism in England and scattering Hussism through Bohemia, till Luther arose and thundered forth words of truth and life that roused them into victorious engagement in "the good fight of faith." As we can study the mass in the particle, as it is true that,

"The very law that moulds a tear
And bids it trickle from its source,
That law preserves the earth a sphere
And guides the planets in their course,"

so the contemplation of Luther's spiritual development and history supplies us with the clue to the essential principles he advocated, and to the evil genius and teaching of the religious system against which he so successfully and heroically fought.

In conclusion, Luther's career demonstrates that the greatest human character is that which springs from the root of piety.

History abundantly shows that it is religion, which, in the highest degree, makes man great.

Spiritual greatness differs from that of natural genius in that it can and ought to be a matter enlisting the imitation of all of us, whatever our outward lot may be. The power that made Luther great can give glory and significance to every life which it quickens, protects and guides.

For ourselves and others, let us see to it, that the rays of the Sun of Righteousness reach every heart by our more resolutely sweeping away all the awnings of sacramentarianism and priestcraft that chill and cramp the spiritual and natural powers of men. The upas tree of priestly domination and error is casting its blighting shadow over all our interests; and will it be believed in a land boasting of British connection and freedom, that love of pelf and power successfully interposes to spare it? How long, O Lord, how long!

Toronto, Feb. 9th, 1889.

G. M. MILLIGAN.

SKETCHES OF THE SUMMER ISLES.

THE REEFS.—If a line be drawn due South from Halifax and another due East from Charleston, S. C., those two lines would meet very near the place where the waves of the Atlantic break over the Bermuda reefs. Seven hundred and fifty miles of sea lies between that lonely spot and the nearest port. At the time of the famous voyage of the *Challenger*, when she made her plan of deep Atlantic soundings, it was found that the sea sank to a great depth as they sailed eastward from the American coast, but after voyaging for a time in the warm waters of the Gulf Stream their soundings revealed that they had come to a high mountain rising up from the bed of the ocean. So lofty is that mountain peak that its limestone rocks reach the surface of the sea.

In the waters round about there is a large amount of lime held in solution. Here also is the home of little insects that have the power of secreting this lime which, by their handiwork, is formed into soft porous rock. Round about the mountain top these busy little workers have wreathed a crown of coral. They work not in the sheltered places, but where the incoming sea brings them most food, so that their best and strongest work is found upon the side of the island where the sea breaks most, driven in by the prevailing south and south-west winds. To the north of the group a great bed of coral stretches ten or twelve miles seaward. The reefs lie just below the surface. No ship can pass this barrier, which is a natural fortification along one side of the island. Boats can find their way among the reefs only when guided by skilful pilots. The appearance is novel and very beautiful. While the water is disturbed we have an indistinct view of what is beneath; everything is wavy and distorted. A ripple on the surface screens the beauties below. A breath of air dims the great mirror into which we look. But these difficulties, like many others that destroy much good, are superficial. We overcome them by means of a water-glass, which is simply a square box with a pane of glass in the bottom. This is pressed down into the water and gives a perfectly smooth surface the size of the

glass. Through this window in the top of the ark, we look down and see God's wonders in the deep.

Here are great beetling cliffs overhanging deep gorges. A gigantic well of limpid water is enclosed on all sides by rock. There are irregularly-shaped pools, fantastically carved basins—rocks that take shape with the movements of the boat, or the vagaries of one's imagination. Here is a great bear with outstretched paws. There is a crouching lion, another stroke of the oar and the same rock may be "very like a whale." Clinging to the sides of these cliffs are sea-anemones blindly waving their tentacles for food; black sea-rods strike their roots into the rock; living sponges point up their fingers; sea fans resplendent in the sunlight, like huge butterflies, lift up their purple gold-rimmed wings. In some places the jagged rocks are cushioned with mossy growth that looks soft as velvet pile, fitting divans for the mermaids as they sit "combing their hair with combs of pearl." Many fathoms down, but plainly seen through the clear water, are bits of delicately-formed coral, that look as if the little workers had let them drop when busy at their toil. Here also are strangely convoluted stones lying upon their white beds below. We see upon the bottom what appear to be pink and white grains of sand; when brought up with a dredge and placed beneath a microscope many of these grains are found to be perfectly-formed shells, delicately traced, so beautifully tinted, that they become to us little gates of pearl through which our hearts go out to the Maker of all, before whom we bow and involuntarily exclaim, "How precious also are thy thoughts unto me, O God." The lime deposit in these waters, as secreted by the zoophytes, clings even to the dry seaweed upon the shore. The berries upon these weeds are sometimes so encrusted as to look like strings of pearls. Substances thrown into the water after a time gather about them a coral formation. As you move over the harbors in front of the towns and look down into the clear water you are surprised to see great numbers of bottles lying at the bottom. These are empty beer bottles, the natives call them *marines*. They are the pioneers of civilization, bearing silent testimony to the fact that Bermuda has been colonized by Englishmen. The zoophytes put a white shroud of coral round about these black demons and bury them out of sight.

THE LAND.—Along the Southern edge of this field of coral a long low line of hills rises like some great sea monster above the level of the ocean. This land was first seen by Juan Bermudez in the year 1527. At the time Virginia was being colonized by the British, Sir George Somers, an Englishman, was wrecked upon the Bermuda reefs. Learning thus, by accident, of these islands, he was so delighted with them that, through his instrumentality, they were colonized in 1611, two years after his first visit. Bermuda consists of a group of about one hundred and nineteen islands, of which the four or five largest are connected by causeway, bridge, and ferry, so that a twenty-five miles drive may be had from one end of the group to the other. In some places there are but a few rods of land on either side of the longitudinal road. In the widest part it is not more than three miles from ocean to ocean. The inhabitants live in houses built of native stone. Almost every hill may be made a quarry. The stone is soft and is cut with saws into blocks twenty inches long by five inches in depth and width. These huge bricks are built up into solid masonry. The outer face of the wall is covered with cement so that the mortar-pointing is not seen. Some of these blocks of stone are sawn into slates three quarters of an inch thick, and with these the roofs are covered. The whole house is annually washed with lime and cement. The roof is always glaring white, the walls sometimes slightly colored. It is not unusual to see houses built upon the spot where the stone used in their erection has been quarried. The roads of Bermuda have their bed, for the most part, on the solid rock. The carriage-way is picked over and made smooth. In some places the roads pass through deep cuttings, giving shadowy walls of rock on either side. The falling rain quickly sinks into the porous soil and mud is unknown. These roads are unsurpassed in the estimation of bicyclists. Bicycle clubs sometimes come to the islands, attracted by the prospect of an unimpeded run through a land where every turn in the way gives a pleasant surprise. The whole island is one great park. The trees that cast their broad shadows over the smooth white roads are mostly the cedar and Pride of India. A foreigner represents Bermudians as planting their trees with pickaxe and crowbar. This might be literally true of the Pride of India, for it grows readily in the

soft rock. The stone walls by the wayside are clothed with moss. Upon them flourish the prickly pear, and other kinds of cactus, with here and there the woven tendrils of some pretty vine. Where the road is worn deep the living rock becomes the wayside wall. The moisture, trickling from the hills above, keeps damp the sand in the crevices of this rock, and there the delicate maiden-hair fern finds its habitat. Sometimes the road skirts the base of a hill rising two hundred feet or more, precipitously. A turn in the road may find us looking down into some happy valley with its sward of crab grass, green in the light and dark green under the broad shadows of the tamarind and calabash. Here are clumps of the tall straight bamboo, solitary sagos, and occasionally a lonely palm. A banana field is waving its great broad leaves in the sultry air. A vegetable garden rejoices in the shelter of an oleander hedge. You are greeted with the smell of orange blossoms, and see the lemon and the lime growing wild. Here we find the loquat plum, the surinam cherry, the avacado pear, the cheromoya apple, the papaw, the fig, the olive, and the cocoanut. At the gate way to the grounds, stiff palmettos stand sentry, their position flanked here and there with spanish bayonets. The winding road, quite hidden by thick foliage, leads to the old house built, perhaps, one hundred and fifty years ago. Over the verandah may be seen a climbing rose or the gorgeous bougan villier, while old parts of the building are claimed by the moss and ivy. Birds of gay plumage make their nests in the branches of the trees, and their sweet notes are heard when the valley wakes, wet with the dew of morning. It would be a paradise if one touch of nature could make the whole world kin. But its very blissfulness is sad, it makes us feel so keenly that Paradise is lost, for our thoughts go out to the world rejecting its Saviour with God-defiance, ingratitude and folly. "He was in the world and the world was made by Him"—Oh, so beautiful! "and the world knew Him not."

THE OCEAN.—It is the ocean more than anything else that gives a charm to this land. There are beautiful little bays whose waters, clear as crystal, are full jeweled with islands. In and out among these islands, white-sailed yachts are constantly running to windward and leeward. The carrying trade of Bermuda is nearly all done by boats. In this respect the islands are a

modern Venice, though it requires a stretch of imagination 'to make the boatmen "gay gondoliers." There are picturesque lagoons sleeping lazily in places sheltered from the sea. Round about them is a green fringe, formed by the mangrove tree that grows low down by the shore and out into the water, there standing high on stilted roots. Along the Southern shore of the island, the sea breaks in a long line of white-crested waves, the unceasing roar of which may be heard in the calm of the night, when the heavy swell reaching the shore brings tidings of some distant storm. There is an interesting spot on the beach where a narrow opening in the rocks leads from the open sea to a sheltered lagoon. As seen from the high cliff near by, the many-tinted waves seem to be chasing one another to see which will reach the entrance first. Two great seas approach at different angles. They meet at the mouth of the narrow channel. They wrestle fiercely, mounting high in the air; then they fall together with deafening crash, and creep slowly into the sheltered bay.

A moonlight row upon these waters is enchanting. As the boat moves slowly over the unrippled surface she bears along at her bow a phosphorescent glow, the torchlight procession of the animalculæ. In the light of the moon, almost as bright as day, we see the outlined shore; we hear the ripple of the surf as it gently laves the jagged strand, or ebbs, with hollow, sucking sound, from the caverns of the coral cliffs. The water is an undimmed mirror, and the stars above look down on the stars below. "The air breathes upon us here most sweetly," bringing the smell of the brine and the refrain of a boatman's song.

THE CLIMATE.—The climate of the islands is very near perfection, the thermometer in summer ranging from 78° to 87° and in winter varying from 60° to 76°. Frost is thus unknown, but the continual fine weather grows monotonous and one longs for a change. It is perpetual Spring. Some trees like the banana and lime have no season. Their fruit is as abundant in January as in June and blossoms may be found on them any day in the year.

THE GOVERNMENT.—The civil government of the Bermudas consists of a Governor, Council and House of Assembly. The Governor is appointed by the Crown, as are also the eight men who form Her Majesty's Council. The thirty-six representatives

in the House of Assembly are elected by the people. The island is a military and naval station. A British regiment is kept there, together with several companies of engineers and artillerymen, besides the Army Hospital, Ordnance Store, and Commissariat Corps. The ships of the North American fleet lie at the dockyard. Much of the work at this dockyard, as well as at St. George's Island, where there is a military camp, was done by convict labour, for Bermuda was once a penal colony and became, for a time, the home of many who were banished from their country for their country's good.

THE INHABITANTS.—In 1834, by act of Parliament, slavery was abolished in the British colonies. The slaves liberated in Bermuda remained in the island and continued to do all manual toil. The present colored population of the country are, as a class, industrious, thrifty and intelligent. They have good schools and take great pride in them. There are now about 8,000 colored people in the island. They find employment as planters, laborers, fishermen, boatmen, carpenters, masons, merchants, government employes, doctors, lawyers, editors, and ministers of the Gospel. Some of them are good for nothing—but the same may be said of some of the whites. The negroes of Bermuda present an example of what may be accomplished by their race when placed on an even footing with white men. It is about fifty years since slavery was abolished in these islands, and in that short time this down-trodden race has risen, step by step, till they now stand, in many respects, shoulder to shoulder with their fellow-citizens, whose advantages have been so much greater. The resources of the dark continent are not yet known; the opening of the Congo valley is beginning to show what wealth is there. Give Africa schools, and the Bible in her schools, and in the years to come the negro race will not have to beg for equality and fraternity; they will have freely given to them a brother's place in the great family of that God who hath "made of one blood all nations of men to dwell on all the face of the earth."

The white population of Bermuda numbers about 7,000. Some of these are descendants of the old English families who first colonized the island. Others of them have more recently arrived. They are, as a class, cultured and refined; besides

having fair facilities for schooling at home, many of them are educated abroad. The majority of the people belong to the Church of England, although the Wesleyans and Presbyterians are increasing. At the last census seven hundred of the inhabitants enrolled themselves as Presbyterians; though few in number they are loyal to the blue banner. Warwick Presbyterian church was built in 1713, since which date it has undergone some changes. It is beautifully situated and the grounds are cared for by ladies of the congregation, who take great pride in the tastefully dressed walks and shrub-grown parterres. This church has, for nearly two hundred years, been giving to the country its generations trained in the Shorter Catechism. It was there that President Patton, of Princeton, got his first lessons in systematic theology. Upon the walls of the building is a tablet to the memory of Whitefield, who preached there at the time of his visit to Bermuda. In one corner of the church is the old pulpit in which the famous evangelist stood. It is after the same model as the desk in the Museum of Antiquaries, Edinburgh, shown as John Knox's pulpit. The congregation is now under the management of the colonial committee of the Free Church of Scotland, and is ministered to ably and most acceptably by Rev. A. B. Thompson, of Edinburgh. The Presbyterians have a church in Hamilton, the capital of the island, built in 1843. The congregation is in connection with the Presbytery of Halifax. It is doing a good work and gathering strength as the years go by.

When we make a contrast between life in the tropics and life in temperate climes we are inclined to think that nature has given a clear indication of how these various portions of the globe are to be peopled. The temperate climate is best suited to the white races. Here will live the men that rule the world. Here will be the best development of brain and brawn. The warmer climates are designed by nature as the dwelling place of the colored race. Their temperament is in sympathy with their environment. Near the Equator men are sluggish, indolent and apathetic. It is so easy to live that they do not get the full benefit of the blessing that comes to those who must earn their bread with the sweat of their brow. Missions among the inhabitants of warm climates

will ever be discouraging to teachers sent them from the north. A clergyman who had lived in a Southern city told me that they never had any religious interest except at the time of an epidemic. But for the conversion of the millions who live beneath the burning tropical sun, we are not to wait for epidemics or earthquakes. The great work must be done by native teachers, men who are suited to the climate and can be employed at a fraction of the expense required for sending out the multitudes of white missionaries that would be needed. In these lands foundation work must be done. Though the fruits may be long in coming, we must work patiently and give our strength to the founding of schools and colleges, where men and women may be trained for work among their own people. This will demand greater sacrifices on our part. It will need more men and more money than we have yet given, but it is work that will pay.

Orono.

J. A. MCKEEN.

OUTLOOK.

Not to be conquered by these headlong days,
 But to stand free : to keep the mind at brood
 On life's deep meaning, nature's altitude
 Of loveliness, and time's mysterious ways ;
 At every thought and deed to clear the haze
 Out of our eyes, considering only this,
 What man, what life, what love, what beauty is,
 This is to live, and win the final praise.

Though strife, ill fortune and harsh human need
 Beat down the soul, at moments blind and dumb
 With agony ; yet, patience—there shall come
 Many great voices from life's outer sea,
 Hours of strange triumph, and, when few men heed,
 Murmurs and glimpses of eternity.

—Selected.

KNOX COLLEGE AND ITS LITERARY COURSE.

THE question raised in the December number of the MONTHLY as to the difficulties at present besetting the development of Knox College, has received some attention in the two following issues. I must own to serious disappointment that the thoughtful paper of Mr. Wallace in the January number was not followed up by further discussion of this living question on its merits. The brief communication of Mr. McKellar was little more than a protest against the contention of my open letter in the December number, on the ground of the undeniable and universally admitted usefulness of a special preparatory course. My positions, I think, were hardly understood by my critic, though for that the printer is, perhaps, partly responsible.* It is noteworthy that the most thorough sifting of the two courses as well as the largest presentation of facts so far attempted has been made by one who has not yet been a theological student at all, but is looking forward to entering some divinity school after completing his preparatory studies as a University under-graduate.

In the concluding part of my former brief paper I ventured to observe that it is irrelevant to the main question to plead that the vacant charges and mission fields must be rapidly supplied and that the present system must be continued in order to satisfy the demand. This remark has also been misunderstood. As it implies the gist of the whole contention, I shall present it again and a little more fully and clearly. The great consideration is: What is to be done with and made of Knox College? It is the interests of Knox College that must be made the determining element in all discussion and in all legislation upon ministerial education in this section of the Presbyterian Church. If it is admitted that the object of the founding and fostering of Knox College was to give the broadest and fullest theological education to her candidates for the ministry that the Church can afford,

*I especially regret that I should seem to have supposed that any minister who has not taken a full University course should not be regarded as "truly qualified."

then it would seem to follow that the maintaining and raising the standard of such culture must be the chief end of the endowment and direction of the College. If, again, it is conceded that the Church is right in expecting that her ministers shall, whenever possible, and as a general rule, avail themselves of a full university course or of its proved equivalent, it would seem to follow with regard to all other candidates, not that the Church should disregard or discourage them, but that she should provide a separate training for them, apart from the ideal thorough education to be provided as preparatory to the divinity school, which is, of course, arranged with reference to the best institutions of secular and general training which this or any other country possesses. Or if this is not granted by all, it will at least be admitted that it is no *necessary* part of the functions of such a college as Knox to take in hand those who are, according to the principles and rules of the Church, strictly exceptional cases. Now if it comes to pass, as it has undeniably come to pass, that a Church college such as Knox is swamped with exceptional cases, it is obvious that the main issue still is not, how Knox is to make the best of the exceptional cases; but how Knox is to make the best of herself, exceptional cases or no exceptional cases. If it is said that circumstances demand the more speedy turning out of preachers than the full general and theological courses admit of, and that therefore Knox College, as a nursery of the Church, must, in any event, undertake to get these needed ministers through, the answer must be: No; the Church is bound both to decide upon these special cases and to provide for their training; but she is not bound to have this done, or, rather, she is bound not to have this done by means and at the expense of a great institution expressly designated for another task. Otherwise the result will be—nay, actually has been—that the exceptional cases take the place of the normal or regular cases, that they determine the actual standard of work and of effort within the college, that they dampen its energies, cripple its functions, retard its development, and defeat its purpose. It is surely something like a usurping of the prerogatives of Providence thus to make the last first and the first last.

Let us note some of the most important facts that have been established with regard to the character of the preparatory course and its influence upon the status of Knox College.

It has been shown by Mr. McNair that the present literary course in Knox is meagre and insignificant as compared with the corresponding requirements of the University course, and we hear no complaints that the University course is too high for the fully trained minister. It has also been pointed out that in those departments where the University lectures are availed of, the immunities and relaxations are so extensive that to the majority of the Knox preparatory men the attendance on such lectures is largely a matter of form without substance, altogether apart from the disadvantage of the lack of the preliminary work for matriculation, and the general literary culture that goes with it. It was at the same time suggested what the result must be, and actually is, of such a dual system of instruction made to serve entirely distinct classes of students on quite different levels of academical standing and discipline. And it was finally indicated that the literary students themselves were necessarily the chief sufferers by this complicated and incompatible mixture of incomplete and inefficient systems, since, in their classes in the regular theological course they have to sit side by side with men who, according to the regular and ordinary prescription for divinity students, have, necessarily, as university graduates, a much more adequate equipment of knowledge, habits of study, and general mental training.

Now, to come back to the main thesis: What is the effect of all this upon the efficiency and standing of Knox College itself? No thoughtful, unprejudiced friend of the institution can fail to see that it must be injurious, and no intelligent, impartial observer can fail to see that it is injurious in the extreme. And even the most partial friend of Knox College or the most thorough-going upholder of its literary course would, we think, be led to the same conclusion if he were candidly to answer the questions: What Knox College should be, what it might be, and what it actually is.

An educational institution such as a great theological school is, in these times, the product of several factors. Its scope and efficiency are determined, not by its material resources alone or by the competence of its teaching faculty, which are two of the most important elements, but also by the intellectual and moral character of its students. To these must

be added as constant factors, the recognized aim of its institution, the interest manifested in it by its friends and supporters, and that less palpable but very real and energizing influence, the force with which it makes to be felt in its constituency and the larger world its moving ideas, its genius, and its living work. But the most tangible manifestation of all the concurrent forces is the character of the faculty and students, their activity and working power. Old Dr. Hodge, in the course of a memorable interview with some of his pupils propounded the theory that students were not necessary to a theological seminary, which might be a mere association of men for purposes of study and investigation. It does not seem to have occurred to the great theologian to ask himself why the alleged faculty of such an ideal university would need to associate themselves at all, if teaching were not to be one of their functions. Dr. Hodge, with all his talent and his many graces, was neither a great teacher nor was he personally interested in his pupils, and these striking views of his are little known in the educational world, it being in fact everywhere acknowledged that, not only are the students what the college makes them, but also that the college is what the students make it.

It requires no formal demonstration to prove that the results of college work must depend mainly upon the character of the students and the work they are enabled to accomplish. But it may, perhaps, help towards clearness and seriousness of thought on this special subject if the conditions are looked at somewhat narrowly.

In the first place, the intellectual work of a theological school is properly *university* work. That is to say, it is the training for a special profession, the qualifications for which include the cultivation of a particular range of sciences. These sciences—theology, biblical and systematic, biblical interpretation on the basis of the original languages, the history of doctrine and beliefs, the relations of theology and secular science—can only be thoroughly cultivated, even under the best guides and with the best text-books, by one who has learned to study and think with independent judgment, and has gained breadth of view as well as abundant knowledge of the facts of human nature and history by means of a systematic and laborious course of preliminary education. The studies

of the theological college are, properly speaking, post-graduate work, that is, work which, in a land of adequate educational facilities, can, in ordinary cases, only be duly and satisfactorily performed by those who have successfully passed through the processes and stood the tests of good secular colleges. Accordingly, the theological schools have adjusted, or should adjust, their general standard of required scholarship, their methods of biblical study, their scientific treatment of the facts of the Bible, in short, their whole methods and processes of teaching, to the level of the results reached in the best universities of the country. This recognized principle implies, moreover, that with the progress of science and learning and the advance of the higher education generally, the standard of scholarship maintained by the theological colleges and the details of their several courses of study must be raised and enlarged. Now, let us suppose that one-fourth or one-third or one-half of the successful applicants for admission to the theological classes of such a college as Knox have not enjoyed the preparatory training admitted to be normally necessary, and have in no way secured its equivalent, what is the inevitable result as far as the college is concerned? The results are manifold and all of them evil. If the college has already the proper theoretical standard it will be unable to uphold it. The stringency of examinations will be relaxed. The system of lecturing will have to go on the principle of accommodation. For example, in the interpretation of the Bible from the original texts, the professor will have to confine himself to the simplest passages and the most familiar words and phrases if he is to carry his hearers with him; and the students will be listening to lecturers when they ought to be under tutors. In other words, the course is not a success from any point of view: the best prepared do not get either stimulus or a sufficiency of instruction; those prepared in another fashion cannot either "receive" or "accept" what is offered to them in the regular course.

Further: how, under these conditions, can the highest theological schools of the Church advance and develop as they ought? The best secular colleges in the country and in the United States are always raising the standard of scholarship both in entrance and for under-graduate study; and the theological

schools must keep up with the advance of their feeders and helpers, or they will dishearten the ardent students and fail of their high calling to supply them with the best intellectual and moral outfit that the resources of the modern Church can afford. But if special preparatory schools are perpetuated as an essential part of the theological colleges, and as their constant feeders, how is it possible to accelerate the slow development of the latter? The faculty may be enlarged, new and necessary studies may be introduced and be made compulsory, but there will be a lack of activity and vigor in the whole system; the enfeebled body will neither sustain nor move the abnormally developed head. Indeed, it is fair enough to point out the contrast between the theological schools of Canada, where the theoretical rule of the Church as to literary requirements is habitually disregarded, and the leading seminaries of the United States, where the rule is more rigidly observed. In the latter may be observed a continuous expansion of the curriculum, with the constant addition of optional studies all of them important and valuable for students in Canada as well as for those across the border. One observes, moreover, that this normal and unbroken development is welcomed by the students and is, in fact, partly a response to their own demands. True, there are relaxations of the rule for qualification there also, as there must be everywhere, but they do not find encouragement in a set system of instruction like the literary course of Knox College, which invites, and, as long as it exists in any form in conjunction with the College proper, always will invite and stimulate the recommendation by Presbyteries and individual ministers of "exceptional cases," until, it may be, the exceptions will prove the rule. But what is specially to be marked is that our secular colleges, or so-called universities, the normal feeders of the divinity schools, are continually developing at a faster rate than almost any of the multitude of the corresponding institutions among our neighbors, and are, in fact, far ahead of the great majority of them. What is to be singled out as the leading influence that debars our theological colleges—or say Knox College—from rapid progress towards the level attained by Princeton or Union? The need of a highly educated ministry is just as great here as there. The facilities for a thorough liter-

ary and scientific preparation are just as good and abundant. Our Provincial University for example, is far ahead of most of the colleges which form their sources of supply. Why then are we so far behind and content so to be, with a small and but slowly increasing faculty, whose strength in individual excellence cannot compensate for its limited opportunities; with a contracted curriculum; with a library that needs ten-fold its present rate of development to bring it within sight of the average collections of the seminaries to the south of us; with an endowment that is kept so lamentably small even in its most sanguinely anticipated increase? No doubt it is easy enough to point to historical causes, and to say that the several colleges of the Church are there already, and that each one is working its own district for what it is worth. But the answer is not sufficient. Ontario is not worked for what it is worth, or rather for what it would be worth if the standard of theological education were, and were always growing, higher. It is surely not an error to hold the irrepressible conflict and attrition, and the reciprocal weakening and damage of the two incompatible systems united in the management of Knox College, mainly responsible for the repression of her inner spirit and her failure to fulfil in due measure her rightful destiny.

Another and very serious consequence of the present system must be mentioned by the way. Allusion has been made to the growth of the secular colleges in Ontario and their perpetual endeavor to reach a higher standard. The theological college or colleges that fail to respond to the implicit demands from below will lose many of their best students. Loyalty to our country or our Church, or to our section of the Church, or social advantages or entanglements, or the fact that the course at Knox admits of sufficient leisure to permit a student to do much outside work of one sort or another, any or all of these reasons along with some special advantages in the course in spite of its drawbacks, may act as deterrents in the case of many students; but many others will feel compelled to spend their years of special training for life work in other institutions where they can obtain the advantages denied them here through no fault of their own.

Not a word has been said by myself or can be rightly said by anybody against an abridged course of training for legitimate

special cases. For these I for one have the most profound sympathy, and I regard their education as just as important, in its sphere, for the Church's work, as that of the normal candidate. It is the error and the vice of combining, in one system, their training and that of the regular wards of the Church that needs to be exposed. What is to be done for them is a great problem pressing for solution, but it is a separate problem from that which is discussed here, the problem of saving and fostering the real and ideal Knox College for her rightful service to the Church and the world.

There are so many matters related to the main theme that still need consideration that I must beg to be permitted to discuss them in a future paper.

University College.

J. F. MCCURDY.

AN OCTOBER SUNSET.

ONE moment the slim cloudflakes seem to lean
With their sad sunward faces aureoled,
And longing lips set downward brightening
To take the last sweet hand kiss of the king,
Gone down beyond the closing west acold;
Paying no reverence to the slender queen,
That like a curved olive leaf of gold
Hangs low in heaven, rounded toward sun,
Or the small stars that one by one unfold
Down the gray border of the night begun.

—*From* ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN.

ACROSS THE ALPS ON A WHEEL.

BEFORE you can cross a bridge you must first get to it. We found the same law hold with the Alps. We, collectively, are five men and five new "Rapid Safeties," with Edinburgh left regretfully behind and the glorious Alps before us, but individually we are as follows: First is our Financier, who holds the pot, and after much figuring on large sheets of paper in resting moments, presents neat and startling accounts, who wrestles for us with railway officials and hotel clerks, often calmly almost always successfully, but invariably to our admiration and delight. Next comes the Artist, who catches us on the fly and in striking attitudes, but has no one to do the like for him which, perchance, he does not regret. Then there is the Doctor, expecting rather than wishing a case, possessed of a pair of legs and a pair of lungs very distressing to anyone undertaking to push him. After him the Poet, who makes verses, is invariably good-natured and does not enjoy the passages in which our Financier terrifies the polite continentals, though he comes to his aid with his store of French. Lastly the writer, having many of the excellencies of the others and lacking some of their failings. So with our luggage strapped to our wheels we are off for the Alps.

From Edinburgh a rainy walk of two miles brings us to Leith; the good ship *Amulet* carries us down the Frith, past the lights of Portobello—for it is night—and out on to the German Ocean, between the dungeoned Bass and North Berwick, where are no lights now, for our friends are fast asleep, we hope, soothed to rest and dreaming by the deep-drawn breathing of the in-rolling ocean, on whose bosom we too lie sleeping, rocked into dreamland in her closely circling arms. From wandering in that unearthly land where are glad meetings with loved ones or agonizing attempts to escape unutterable calamity—much depends upon your supper—we are recalled by the first breakfast

bell and find we have been steaming down the coast of "Merrie England." A day at Middlesboro', a night among its flaring furnaces and beds of molten iron settling into pigs; another day along England's headlands, crowned with ancient tower and abbey, and still another day and we are in the land of low sandhills and high windmills, of dykes, tiled houses and queer church-spires.

We are at Antwerp. We visit its museums, we stand in its old cathedral with Ruben's *Descent*, we walk its narrow streets between high gabled houses, we saunter into its beer-gardens, where we are regaled with an American nigger-show (the occasion of much uncertainty to the crowd), we thread a market-place crowded with dogs hitched to carts, both in wonderful variety, busy, clean-looking women and good-natured sleepy-looking men, selling everything saleable from a buttonhole bouquet to a litter of puppies. Then we shake hands with old Antwerp and bid it adieu. Our Financier entered into negotiations with the man of the puppies, found them to be possessed of many endearing qualities, but their pedigree was defective and that was decisive. We found no reason to regret this decision; our yearning for faithful canine attendance on our course was fully, quite fully, satisfied. Indeed the Poet found that fidelity may be pushed beyond the line of virtue.

We are off for Brussels, paddling carefully, for this *pavé* is somewhat nervous. Our road runs between rows of over-shadowing trees which line the deep ditches on either side. The centre of the road is paved with cobble stones, on each side of the *pavé* deep sand, and close to the ditches, on each side, winding in scollops about the roots of trees, a narrow footpath. We persevere with the *pavé* for a mile, we change to the sand and immediately to the footpath. "This is first-rate, try this, boys, this is fi - n - e, but look out for roots." We look out for them, frequently dismounting to investigate their peculiar organism. Surely these roots of Belgian trees are fitted for a nobler destiny. We find them of absorbing interest. The Doctor has gone back to the *pavé* with resignation. "How is it there?" we ask in a few minutes. "Oh, confound Napoleon anyway!" We venture a mild remonstrance, pointing out that however appropriate the imperative when found in our National Anthem,

applied to the politics of the enemies of our Gracious Queen, it could hardly be defended in the present instance. Besides we felt there was a slight anachronism involved. Our meditations upon this latter point might have been crystallized into permanent shape had not our attention become suddenly and utterly engrossed in the exciting attempt to balance our wheel within one inch and a-half of the ditch. A Belgian ditch is a serious, well-developed affair, invaluable as a defence against foreign invasion, but as an incident in the course of a new "Rapid Safety" it may easily be dispensed with. We emerged and arrived at the nexus necessary to the understanding of the Doctor's exclamation. This road was of Napoleon's conception, but our sympathy with him had by this time received a shock. On and on we follow this *pavé* between flat fertile fields, like market-gardens, ruled off into squares by rows of stiffly upright poplars. On over sluggish canals, where snubnosed barges are floating; on through queer quaint straggling villages, whose queerer and quainter inhabitants rush into the street with many gesticulated exclamations to see the five strange figures flash past. That is, we ought to have flashed, but owing to this *pavé* we have no time, as our Financier is wont to say. At Malines, (Mechlin), we alight and lunch in a clean sanded *café*. Our charming black-eyed hostess, not without boarding-school accomplishments, having satisfied our appetites, attacks the ancient piano which, with painful protestation, breathes out—as a kind of grace after meat, the Poet says—*The Maiden's Prayer*. We return her musical courtesies with *Dixie*, after which the Poet assures the admiring crowd about the open door that his name is *Solomon Levi*. This appears satisfactory; and after a look at the old cathedral church, curiously built of small irregular stones and bearing on its furrowed weather-beaten face the footprints of the centuries, the procession sets out. Gamins in great numbers and wooden shoes attend us with enthusiastic shoutings and clatter, and when they find themselves too much a rearguard, they slip off their wooden clattering shoes and give chase in stocking-feet.

After much weary *pavé* passed and many villages and gamins left behind, night finds us seeking supper and bed which, after much parley-vouying, we find in French bread, eggs and coffee, and between two soft feather ticks. This little town of Ville-

Vordt we find next morning to be of interest. It is the oldest town in Belgium and has a military penitentiary, to which a poor fellow was brought a few hours ago for desertion and placed behind its rows of staring windows with the nine hundred already there. Poor fellows indeed—we thought with loving pride of our Canada so far away. Here, too, for his fidelity to the Name, Tyndal was honored with a martyr's death. We leave Ville-Vordt and most gladly the *pavé* for a time, and fly along the green-banked canal, in the grateful shade of overhanging trees. We enjoy this rapid breezy race; we have leisure to shout back English salutations to the jovial bargemen and women on the canal, but a shout arrests us. The Doctor has run over a *paysan* who was awkward enough to get in his way and who now is busily engaged in rubbing the sore places, executing meanwhile a war-dance about the Doctor and his wheel, to the accompaniment of fluent Celtic profanity. The Doctor seeks to mollify him with a smile. In vain. The circles in the dance narrow, the profanity becomes scientific; the Doctor's eye is wandering towards the canal—a cold bath has often a calming effect. We rush back, a franc is offered, "*non, non, deux francs.*" The Doctor politely declines and hands him one, we ride off and pull up on one of Brussels' boulevards.

Brussels is indeed a little Paris, almost as beautiful, quite as gay, quite as wicked. Unlike the jaded railway tourist who wanders in sad apathy through museums and galleries, doing dutifully his miles of pictures, we, freshened by our morning run, are ready to enjoy the *Musée Royale*, to enjoy the finest building in Europe, the *Palais de Justice*, ready for the cathedral and the market, for boulevard, park and Bois.

And now for Waterloo, twelve miles away! My diary says, "Fine spin along the boulevards, then bad! worse!! worst!!!" It is this awful Napoleonic *pavé* again, with sandy sides and foot-path dodging the trees. On we go, hot and dusty, bumping over stones and grazing trees. The Doctor runs into one of these and dismounts with a twist in his pedal. No word is spoken, but the strain upon the "moral feelins" is enormous. We want to see Waterloo now as never before. We sympathize with the English Guards begging for a charge on Napoleon. We come to a roadside smithy. The Doctor brightens, walks boldly

in and to the jolly old smith, decked with paper cap, "*Parlez vous Français,*" "*Oh! oui Monsieur,*" with a salute. "Can you fix this?" says the Doctor. The Artist begins to snicker, but as it is a way he has the Doctor ignores him, and gives his mind to the smith and his pedal. Between us we get all to rights. "*Combien?*" "*Dix centimes,*" with a shrug. "A penny!" exclaims the Doctor, and gives him six. "*Bon jour et bon voyage, messieurs,*" says the polite old smith, with many bows. We wave our hands, mount and after a final *pull* are at Waterloo at last. We stack wheels, climb up from the road to Colonel Gordon's monument and look over the historic ground. "Good even, shentlemen." It is the genius of the spot, the inevitable, invincible, wooden-legged guide. "You want me show you de fiel? Tell you everyting about the fight, shentlemen." "Why, were you there?" says the Financier, looking down at him. "Non, non, not meself, but tell you everyting." We hesitate and are lost. We are seized upon and bombarded; we begin to grow excited, so does he; we work him up laughing Napoleon to scorn; he flourishes his stick, lays out the field, places his battalions,—infantry, cavalry, artillery—with Wellington beside us on our right, and Napoleon on the rising ground yonder opposite us; gives the word of command in trumpet tones and we are in the thick of the fight. The artillery thunders at us from the opposite hill; the Chasseurs dash on the squares beside us here, a crash of musketry, they fall back. Marshal Ney leads his magnificent terrific charge across in front of us and down the slope towards La Haye Sainte; the shattered squares reel, waver, then steadily close up. We set our teeth and hold our breath in awful expectation. Napoleon's Old Guard have swung loose their sabres and are thundering down upon us and our squares. No wall of steel has ever checked that rush of deadly-desperate valor. But, see, a quick command, a movement in our squares, a long line of glittering steel; another word and the line sweeps swiftly on, fiercely exultant, into the smoke and mouth of hell. A crash and clash of bayonet and sabre, reeling horse and man, shrieking life-thrust and gurgling grip of death; pitiful groanings of dying men, wild yells of triumph, cries of fierce despair! A clearing of smoke and we look on the smooth fields of fresh springing rye, so quiet, so very quiet,—and

“We felt as men *should* feel
With such vast hoards of hidden carnage near,
And horror breathing from the silent ground.”

Over the silent ground the winds go sighing, whispering to the green rye waving sadly over the dead brave sleeping here. We listen to the winds and hear not the cheers of Honorable Gentlemen and noble Lords at Westminster, who, with cordial and comfortable resolutions, record their complacent approval of death groanings and gory carcasses of other men, but we hear broken *Ave Marias* from pale lips that press the feet of the dead Christ and pitifully pray for the home-coming of the soldier-boy who left his kiss upon the grey hair and withered cheek, and who never came back to the little quiet village of Provence. We see no gorgeous triumphal pageants, but, in a shepherd hut in a Highland glen, an old man, who pauses in the naming of the slain and looks again with trembling eager gaze, and—from his white hair reverently lifting his bonnet—says with lips that quiver “The will of the Lord be done.” No tears may fall, no mourning may be made, for the lad fell doing duty for his country and his God. But the old mother softly strokes her laddie’s plaid hanging where he left it on the wall, murmuring the while words of unavailing fondness. Oh, glorious war! bruising hearts of women, trampling tender children, but glorious withal, heroic!

We go up the mound 200 feet and down again, and then back to Brussels in the calm of the soft-hued evening to spend the Sabbath. To-morrow our Christian nation will go to church in Sunday clothes and pray, “Give peace in our time, O Lord,” but if China perversely refuse to smoke opium or Africa drink rum for our good, then must the pious prayer ascend “Scatter our enemies,” we must e’en fight.

Sunday in Brussels is the typical Continental Sunday emphasized. In the grand cathedrals a few women and girls with a sprinkling of men attend morning service. Then in square and in park, in beer-garden and in Bois, Brussels is *en fête*. Evening falls, but the electric light only adds to the brilliance and gaiety of this Vanity Fair. On three sides of this square below our window are gorgeous *cafés* with wide piazzas in front where are many tables and chairs. The gay crowds saunter along, drop

into the inviting chairs, and with much vivacious chat and laughter sip their wine and beer and *café noir*, listening meanwhile to the band playing in the centre of the square. We look down upon this wonderful, strangely-mingled crowd of soldiers and flower girls and paper sellers and gendarmes, all polite and mostly gay, as far as we can see; and then we look far across land and sea and think of our quiet Canadian Sabbath evening. We say good night and go to bed.

C. W. GORDON.

(*To be continued.*)

BEAR THINE OWN FRUIT.

ONCE a peach tree gazed despondent
 At the sky-aspiring pine,
 Languid grew with useless wishing,
 "Would such towering strength were mine!"
 The pine exulted in the sunshine,
 Tossed glad tassels to the wind;
 But the peach tree found no gladness,
 Drooped with longing, and repined.

In the Autumn when the vinters
 Gathered fruitage of the vine,
 Still th' unhappy peach was wishing,
 "Would such clustered fruit were mine!"
 And the sunlight brought no gladness,
 Only discontent and pain,
 Since the power that others joyed in
 Spite his wish he could not gain.

In the garden walked the Master:
 "Why thus drooping tree of mine?
 Though ambitious for the hill top
 Thou art here by my design.
 Now I prune thy useless branches,
 Lack of power no more bemoan,
 Every fruit thou canst not yield me
 Be content to bear thine own!"

Spring returned, and now life glowing
 Blossomed out in rosy fire,
 All through summertide he waited
 Happy in his one desire;
 Till the glad sunlight was prisoned,
 And the dawns were crimsoning
 All his golden spheric fruitage;
 Then he gave it like a king.

—WILLIAM P. MCKENZIE.

PROFESSOR YOUNG.

DEATH has removed from among us a man of high and various endowment. He has passed away while his vigor was unimpaired, and though he had reached three score and ten years no one thought of him as an old man, hardly as approaching old age. Not only was his intellect in full strength, but the enthusiastic energy which gave such effect to his teaching had suffered no abatement. Those who knew and loved him will have no painful remembrance of decay and feebleness in contrast with the extraordinary mental activity and penetration which they were wont to admire.

George Paxton Young was born in Berwick-on-Tweed, in November, 1818. His father, a man of talent, was a minister of the Secession Church of Scotland. Many persons still living in Toronto remember Prof. Young's mother, a lady of great excellence of character and of cultivated literary talent. She was a daughter of the Rev. Dr. Paxton, who was theological professor in the Antiburgher branch of the Secession, previous to the union of 1820, and the author of a well-written and interesting work entitled "Illustrations of Scripture." Mr. Young had his Arts course in the University of Edinburgh. After taking his degree he, for a short time, taught Mathematics in the academy at Dollar; and thus early we find his name connected with a science in which he was hardly less proficient than in that of which he became so distinguished a professor. His theological course was taken in the New College, Edinburgh, and among his teachers were men so famous as Chalmers and Cunningham. After brief pastorates in Paisley and London he came to Canada in 1849, and in the following year accepted a call from Knox Church, Hamilton. His ministry was highly successful, while he was constantly increasing his attainments in Theology and Mental Science. In 1853, Mr. Young was appointed successor to Prof. Esson in Knox College, and the departments of Logic, Mental and Moral Philosophy and the Evidences of Natural and Revealed Religion were assigned to his chair. Though nothing but the poverty of a

college can justify the laying of so much work upon one teacher, we can hardly doubt that Prof. Young's ample and varied scholarship was promoted by the arrangement. It is needless to say that for him to undertake the teaching of any department implied that he would thoroughly master both its principles and its details. Three years afterward, Dr. Burns was appointed professor of Church History and Evidences, and Exegetical Theology was committed to Prof. Young in place of the subject handed over to his colleague. For eleven years he continued with increasing ability to discharge all the duties of his chair, growing in the admiration and affections of his students and in the esteem and confidence of the Church. But in 1864, he resigned his chair and accepted the position of Inspector of Grammar Schools for this Province. The influence of Prof. Young upon our High School system was exceedingly beneficial, and the reports which he annually presented dealt so thoroughly with the main problems of Secondary Schools in their relation both to the Primary Schools and the University that his Inspectorship really marks an era in our High School Education.

In 1868, Prof. Young again accepted a position in Knox College, and took charge of the Preparatory Department in Mental Philosophy and Classics. This department he conducted till his appointment to the chair of Mental and Moral Philosophy, in University College in 1871,—continuing, however, to lecture to the class in Senior Philosophy in Knox College throughout the session 1871-2. During the eighteen years of his professorship in University College he taught his very important department with an ability, enthusiasm and success which have probably never been surpassed.

Prof. Young was a man of wide and accurate scholarship. Not only was he thoroughly conversant with the whole literature of his own department—with the writings of metaphysicians, ancient and modern, English and Continental—but he was regarded by those competent to judge as hardly less proficient in Mathematics; while his classical attainments were of a very high order. Plato, he knew intimately, and he often quoted this great writer, between whom and himself there were so many points of sympathetic contact.

This is hardly the time or place—even were the writer qualified—to attempt an estimate of Prof. Young's intellectual qualities or of his doctrines in metaphysics and ethics. His mind was pre-eminently analytic and critical : few have equalled him in his power of subtle thinking. If the constructive was less apparent than the critical in his mental constitution, it was so mainly because the latter quality was extraordinarily high. Plato, Descartes and Kant were the masters of his science to whom he especially loved to refer : but indeed he called no one his master ; and though his position seemed nearer on the whole to that of Kant than to any other, his thinking was independent, and on many points he differed much from the Koenigsberg philosopher. He was the uncompromising antagonist of the materialistic philosophy in all its forms : and whilst thoroughly acquainted with the physico-psychological school from Hartley downwards, and interested in their speculations as setting forth conditions under which mental phenomena appear, he utterly rejected their conception of the origin of these phenomena.

Right and wrong were to him fundamental ideas : and though he held that the right (in concrete instances) is so because it is the useful, he distinctly taught that we should observe it *because it is the right*.

Of Prof. Young's power and success as a teacher it is superfluous to speak. One can hardly imagine exposition of Mental Science made more attractive and fascinating. His enthusiasm in the class-room was unbounded. His mind was at a white heat, and inattention and languor among his students became impossible. He "grappled them to his soul with hooks of steel." His students sorrowfully say—when shall we see his like again ?

There is not the slightest reason for supposing (as has been sometimes insinuated) that Dr. Young's philosophy had shaken his confidence in any of the fundamental tenets of the Christian faith. He no doubt regarded his relation to the doctrinal standards of his Church as a reason why he should not teach a theological department, but we are not aware that he ever distinctly specified the extent of his divergence from the Confession of Faith ; certainly no public statement was ever made by him. Of his sincere faith in the Saviour who redeemed us by His

blood, there can be no doubt. Had it been otherwise, his transparent honesty would not have allowed his continued connection with his Church, and his commemoration of the Redeemer's death. A character so true, so pure, so lofty in its aims, so marked by humility, was not formed except by the grace of God our Saviour, and by the Holy Spirit the Sanctifier. His, doubtless, is the blessedness of the pure in heart, who shall see God.

It is matter of regret that Prof. Young published so little, In addition to his papers in the Transactions of learned Societies. a volume of "Miscellaneous Discourses and Expositions of Scripture" (1854), an essay on "The Philosophical Principles of Natural Religion" (1862), a lecture on "Freedom and Necessity," and another on the "Theistic Argument," are all that we can recollect. These are all excellent; but unless something has been left for publication which will worthily represent his almost unexampled analytical power, the world will not know how remarkable a man has gone from among us.

Knox College sincerely mourns the departure of this eminent teacher and good man, who has borne so large a part in the education of our ministry for more than thirty years.

WM. CAVEN.

Missionary.

THE ARMY OF THE LORD.

THERE are surprisingly few "Soldier-Songs" in our hymn-books. The Sunday School marching hymn by Baring-Gould is, perhaps, the best of these. When it is sung to the tune of St. Gertrude, by enthusiastic voices; it is inspiring as any battle-cry. One seems to hear the actual tramp of feet, and gain an impression of the irresistible movement of a host, while the words peal forth, "Like a mighty army moves the Church of God." And what a truth there is, for the children always, and for grown-up Christians in their better moments, in the sentiment:

"We are not divided, all one body we—
One in hope and doctrine, one in charity."

When all followers of "Christ the Royal Master" can with truthful utterance and loving heart sing together the whole hymn the establishment of the kingdom of peace will be near at hand for think how irresistible the power of such an army animated by one spirit.

In the standing army of a nation we expect to find many separate corps and regiments; differing in appearance, with different work. There will be mounted men for the charge and the hot pursuit, artillery to send death from afar, keen-eyed sharpshooters, dark-clad rifle corps, red-coated grenadiers, all wearing uniforms as the symbol of their service. So in the army of the Lord, there are many regiments, varied uniforms, widely-different duties, but *one service*. Christ is the head of his Church, and, as from the brain impulse and direction are sent by the nerves to each muscle in the body, so through all grades of officers His commands are sent. His soldiers receive direction from Him through apostles, prophets, pastors and teachers. Every man therefore should be always "ready for orders."

We find many in the army ready for active service who are unhappy and dissatisfied if the order be to wait. Only the Commander knows the whole plan of the campaign, however; what

if he require some to remain inactive, to engage in mere routine duty, unnoticed, unrewarded, throughout the whole of it—is obedience at home less important than obedience in the field? The soldier has no responsibility beyond his orders; he has not to decide where he shall be employed, or how; he fights for the cause by prompt obedience to the orders of the day.

But what orders have gone forth? One clear command has been sounding in the ears of the Church for centuries—Advance. The early Church obeyed orders: it was rightly termed apostolic, for every soldier of the Lord felt responsible for obedience to the divine commission which appointed him an evangelist to the whole world. They were inspired with zeal to make conquest of the world for Christ, and they did not imagine that these orders could be obeyed by going into camp in a certain city, district, or country and remaining there. Their enthusiasm had such result that,

“Their sound went forth into all the earth,
And their words unto the ends of the inhabited earth.”

A time came, however, when the army began to think more of past conquests than of those yet to be made. The soldiers settled themselves comfortably down in fortified positions already gained. And thus dark ages began, marked by internal discord and strife. The energy which should have been put forth in conquest and manlike warfare in the field was occupied in effeminate quarrels; and the army was thrown into confusion by controversy, or the time of the soldiers wasted by empty parades and useless ceremonies.

In this time of need heroic leaders arose. The Reformers woke the Church from its slumber, called upon the soldiers to leave the entrenchments of false beliefs and urged them to fight for the release of men from the captivity of Rome. It was a period of conflict with the powers of darkness, there was warfare and progress. A band of brave men were rescued from those false leaders who had been keeping them back from the great work of witnessing for Christ. Out of bondage worse than Egyptian they had come. Their former leaders had fettered their conscience, had hindered them from perusal of the Commander's order book; in fact had misrepresented to them both the Commander and His work. And now with newly-awakened zeal they were in grand condition to go forward and fight for Him;

yet advance was not made, and the result of delay was disastrous. Here were soldiers roused to activity by the fight with anti-christian Rome. They had gained light regarding duty. There were no hindrances, for political persecutions were ended. Ought they not to have bethought themselves of the commission of their Lord? Surely they should have advanced to conquer the realms of Paganism for Christ. And yet most of them cast down the weapons of their warfare and camped where they were to enjoy conquests already won. And the result was the same as before. The activities aroused could not but operate, and since there was no fighting abroad, there was quarreling in the camp. Immediately arose schisms, heresies, dissents. The army was rent by discord and controversy. The energy which should have been spent in conquest was wasted in internal broils and disputes; and by these disputes they thought they were doing the work of the Lord—whereas it was being done by an elect few who had gone to the peoples whom they neglected, and among them were living Christ-like lives of helpfulness and love.

What is the condition of the army now? Still in camp. Disputes between regiments in the same service occupy more thought than the great work. Officers are wearied and burdened by the domestic strife. The labour of earnest souls is counteracted by the slanderer, whose tongue certainly ought to be "burned with coals of juniper." The strength which should be spent in successful campaigning is wasted in quarrels and the trifling amusements of camp. Were the great Leader to come and inspect the stores He would find wealth laid up by owners to their own hurt. Instead of sending the grain out to feed those soldiers who are fighting, it is laid up in great storehouses and mildew has spoiled it. Listen to the excuses urged! Some object to sending it even to soldiers starving for need of it because the transport officers must be fed out of it. Two soldiers will have to be fed while they bear the food to ninety-eight; and that is such dreadful waste, they are willing to have the ninety-eight starve rather than allow it. Others are assured that there is no need for advance. The heathen, say they, are well enough off. They could know, if they chose, what happens under the tyranny of the great Adversary, what deeds of blood and violence are done, what life-long misery is endured; and, in comparison, what

light and joy and peace and prosperity attend the reign of Christ. They prefer not to know, lest the campaign should cost them money or effort. Others again say, let the Commander conquer these people: the war is His: what have we to do with it? This is precisely the answer retorted by some when reminded of the orders given. Pretty soldiers these! In earthly wars the soldier burns with zeal to have a share of the fighting. He feels as if the whole battle depended upon him, and when the victory is won he knows that he had a part in it and is proud. What miserable camp followers those who profess to wear the uniform of Christ's soldiers and yet refuse to fight for Him in His glorious warfare!

It is only by a forward movement that men can be harmonized, and become ashamed of unworthy disputing. It is a sad thing that those to whom Christ is the Elder Brother should so strive and contend, and neutralize good effort in the Church as is almost done now. When energy is turned to a worthy object these earthly and devilish things will be forgotten. Our country is divided by political differences: men of each party are so anxious to justify themselves that sometimes they represent the character of opponents as scarcely human. Yet when the first news of that outbreak in the North-West came, and it was known that the lives of men were endangered, anger, wrath, malice and evil-speaking were put away. The nation, by sympathy with brethren in need of help was cemented into one brotherhood. The one worthy object before those who went to the front and those who sent them was to save life. How eagerly news from the field was sought: how carefully geography and history of the district investigated! How mean seemed scandal when victories of known friends were to be discussed! Thus it was—only for a time unfortunately; meanness and rivalry and lying were not banished from the country.

But among Christians there is no excuse for the reappearance of "anger, wrath, malice and evil-speaking," when once they have entered upon the Lord's warfare. There is no discharge, the interest is continuous; enthusiasm in the service of Christ the Captain of our Salvation, should surely lift the mind of every soldier into the higher atmosphere of brotherhood. And it is in such enthusiasm for humanity, such unity of purpose, as animates the good soldiers, that we find hope for the future, and believe

that rivalry and disputing will be done away and the Church move on not like an incongruous host but "like a mighty army."

We must not fail to speak about woman's work in the war. In the time of the war of the Union no lady's hand was too delicate to scrape lint, to make bandages, or to pack boxes of home comforts for the boys at the front. It was so in our own country, not so long ago, when our boys were facing death to save the country from rebellion. And as these tokens of loving anxiety came to them, how strong they grew to fight for the dear ones. For, why do soldiers fight? Is it for the mere gratification of slaughtering men? No, most men recoil from carnage and bloodshed. They are nerved by the thought of the approval and admiration of those at home. If the women of the world refused to countenance wars, if they did not ask men to be brave for them, if they did not honor the successful in war beyond all others, there would be an end to warfare. If then the women of a land can fire men to face danger and hardship and death for their country, they can fire men to face dishonor and even death for the Master's sake. Why should the patriot surpass the Christian in devotion?

The eldest son of a widow was sent to the war for the emancipation of the negro slaves, and one asked her why she let him go. "I would be ashamed of him were he to stay," replied she. "And if he be slain my second son will take his place; and if he die for his country I am ready to give all my sons, even to the youngest." How could these sons be other than patriots; what zeal and enthusiasm for the Union must have been theirs, inspired by such a mother!

Yet look to it, there is a far nobler warfare going on. Men are being sent forth, not to bring sorrow and death to other men, not to burn the peasant's hut over his head, slay his sons, and make their little children shelterless and hungry. They go to redeem those whom the devil holds captive, to destroy evil and cruelty and oppression. Might not the women of the land do more to help the good cause by their sympathy—they who would flush with pride at the victories of a soldier son in some foreign land, who would rejoice in the earthly honor he might win; why should not they join with those women who are working earnestly now in the Lord's war, and

use their influence to make loyal soldiers? At the supper-table what earnest talk there was with the children about the rebellion and the boys who were fighting—why not talk about the battles won for Christ, teach the children the methods of fighting, enthuse them with thoughts of the grandeur of the struggle and the glory of the result? Then there would be no lack of men to fight for the Lord, to come to his help against the mighty. Such topics of conversation are better than small scandal, thousands of thousand times better, yea ten thousand times ten thousand!

And self-denial for Christ's sake has a place too. One who economizes in order to be able to give may have to face ridicule. But how many timid hearts in war times have become brave; how many who once would have fainted at the flowing of blood have made themselves endure the sight of all kinds of horrible suffering that they might minister to those wounded for their country! In the face of such heroism what a paltry sacrifice it seems to give up useless luxuries, to avoid ostentatious expenditure, even to make one's whole living simple and inexpensive for Christ's sake. In whatever way help is given, let it be remembered that, "As his share is that goeth down to the battle so shall his share be that tarrieth by the stuff"—as his part is that wins renown in the battlefield, so shall her part be that ministers in the hospital-tent, or the home—"they shall share alike," in the cost and the danger, in the glory and the triumph.

WILLIAM P. MCKENZIE.

Editorial.

AGED AND INFIRM MINISTERS' FUND.

It is the opinion of many that this Fund has not received the attention in the past, which it should have received. It is true our Church is in its youth, and we have been busy in providing educational advantages for the young, and opening up mission fields, thus laying a broad foundation on which to build. But while doing this great work, have we not been leaving another great work, partly, at least, undone. While the attention of the Church should be directed to the training of young men for the ministry, should it not equally be directed to caring for those who have spent their strength and their means in her service?

Men in the civil service have provision made by which they may receive an annuity according to the years of service. In some sections of the Episcopal Church, ministers have a retiring allowance of \$600. In the Methodist and Baptist Churches they have about \$400. All our Church has allowed was \$220, and the funds have not been sufficient to pay that. Many depend to a great extent upon this Fund, and when the allowance has to be diminished, it is a cause of real hardship to some who are worthy of better treatment at our hands.

The necessity of a provision being made for aged and infirm ministers will scarcely be denied by any. There may be some who, on retiring, have really no need of such a provision, but there are many who have not had an opportunity of providing for their old age. Men who have labored incessantly in new fields, upon meagre salaries, the most of which they spent for the benefit of others—shall such men be left to want in their latter days? It were a shame for us to answer, Yes! Is it not equally a shame for us not to make the necessary provision for them? The Church cannot afford to neglect its aged and infirm ministers. Nor can it expect the Divine blessing if it does so.

The General Assembly has decided to pay more attention to this Fund than in the past. A large committee has been appointed, with J. R. Macdonald, Esq., convener. The Rev. W. Burns has been appointed agent. Every effort possible is to be put forth to increase the fund. The present income ranges from \$11,000 to \$12,000. The demand this year will be at least \$13,500. The General Assembly asks

that an Endowment Fund of \$200,000 be raised, the interest of which is to aid in paying the annuities. This is a modest appeal considering the object for which it is made, and the wealth of the Church to which it is made. It may be asked if the appeal now made is not too small considering the number of annuitants. It would indeed be too small were it intended that the interest should pay all claims, but this is not the intention. The Fund will only act as a balance wheel to keep up the income to a more fair and equitable point. The committee does not contemplate any diminution in the annual collections. Such annual contributions must still be kept up.

The committee is meeting with encouragement in its work. A young business man in Carlton Place writes to Mr. Burns: "Put me down for \$100." Another gentleman says, "I will give \$500." But we would like to hear of larger sums. There are those in our Church who could give \$50,000 to such a fund, and who would reap a rich blessing in their own souls by so doing, but the Holy Spirit must first touch the heart before the gift is laid on the altar. It is to be hoped that the committee will be successful in raising the amount asked by the Assembly, and that the time may never again come, when those aged servants of the Church will be compelled to take less than the amount properly due them.

THEOLOGICAL OPTIONS AGAIN.

In a letter in the February number of the MONTHLY, Mr. Hamilton calls attention to an error that was allowed to find its way into an editorial in our January issue, entitled, "Abuse of Theological Options." In that editorial the position was taken that these theological options were intended for the benefit of those studying for the ministry. It seems, however, that one object which the University Senate had in view, in introducing these optional studies, was to encourage any student to gain such a knowledge of Biblical Greek, Apologetics and Church History, as would be of benefit to him in any profession.

We gladly accept the correction, but are by no means convinced that there are not evils connected with the system of options. Doubtless, the University Senate supposed that the course of study prescribed by the various theological colleges, would demand as much work from a student as that required by the University curriculum in the branches made optional. It is obvious that, unless this be the case, the examinations of the theological colleges will be brought into contempt, and that the value of University degrees obtained by pursuing an optional course, will be greatly lessened.

Is it a fact, then, that the work required to pass an examination in, say, Biblical Greek, in any of the affiliated theological colleges, is equivalent to what is necessary to the passing of a University examination in classical Greek? A negative answer is rendered inevitable by a comparison of the work done in the theological colleges with that done in University College.

Our position is that the standard of examination in the theological colleges should be kept up to the level of examinations in the University, so that it will be impossible to suspect a man of taking an optional course in a theological college, simply because it is easier.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

To be other than an optimist in Canada just now shows a deplorably perverse state of mind. Surely, instead of the thorn, is coming up the fig tree in more senses than one. There are ameliorations and amendments springing up all around us, as shown in connection with the Jesuits' Estates Bill.

The Dominion Government itself is learning wisdom by experience. It no longer thrusts itself into Provincial affairs as was its wont. Whether Provincial independence be right or wrong, whether each Province may do as it listeth, with no one to either correct or even advise it be wise or unwise, it seems henceforth that Provincial autonomy is secure from all outside interference at home or abroad.

Vetoism at Ottawa is dead! From this source, at least, no longer will men find the opportunity to either cultivate or display their abilities as constitutional lawyers. Abstinance from interference with the Jesuits' Estates Bill on the part of the Dominion authorities, surely means total abstinance on their part from all intoxicating draughts of vetoism for the future. We should not disturb the self-complacency so manifest in some quarters, and, perhaps, should not even suggest that this absolute autonomy for the Provinces rests upon ignoring an important principle, namely, that in certain exigencies a man is his brother's keeper. Let us gulp that principle down if we can, never heeding the pain and the unsightly faces the process may cause us—and move on—else we may encounter trouble.

The Provinces are feeling the influence of Ottawa, and seemingly Grit as well as Tory take well to it. *Canadian unity* is at last manifest in this adoption of the policy of non-interference. What an intrusive set of Dominion and Provincial rulers we had a few years ago, so much

so that they evoked the gentle rebuke of the Grand Old Man (when, be it remembered, however, he was in power) in the matter of volunteering advice in Imperial affairs, when they so eagerly offered to lend a hand, or rather voice, in righting Ireland's wrong. What a change! Let Quebec do what it may for or against any interest, what business has any other Province to whisper an opinion? Some sensitive minds thought our legislators were impertinent in what they did in relation to Ireland's wrongs, when they passed resolutions giving their judgment or the want of it regarding said wrongs. They now think it wise, even in home affairs, to keep their judgment to themselves, and thus not hurt the feelings of any loyal subject by affecting even the appearance of immodesty and intrusiveness. Perhaps they apprehend that "speech is silver whilst silence is gold," and gold always is a matter to which men entrusted with the interests of the country must not be blind. Let all loyal citizens rejoice that we have in the various provinces good and faithful servants, who for the future mean to mind their own business and refrain from framing ornamental resolutions on the Irish Question or even the Jesuits' Estates Bill.

If this policy of non-interference is becoming in those related to law surely it is so in those professing the Gospel. Are we not told that if a man smite you on one cheek you are to turn to him the other also? As regards Roman Catholics we always believed this as far as doctrine was concerned. We must in matters of faith rely for victory on purely moral and spiritual agencies. We, however, thought when they interfered with our civil rights we must resist them by legal and even more forceful means if need be, in order to do what duty to our country demands. Were we wrong in inferring that civil welfare demanded "a fair field and no favor" for any class in the community, religious or national; that all citizens should be equal in the eyes of the law, whether individually or corporately considered; and that we were loyal to country when seeking to destroy all the civil inequalities established in the past, and to prevent the formation of any such in the future? It seems we were. Non-resistance is preached more or less undisguisedly with reference to Romish politics, and not only preached but practised by our rulers with saintly fidelity. And to this preaching and practice all loyal men it is said, in the circumstances, will answer—Amen.

The soundness of such loyalty is very suspicious when one reflects that, carry it but a little way and it cuts a man loose from all civil obligations.

It is alleged that the \$400,000 will induce the Jesuits to quit all further claims upon our resources. Does not the cherishing the hope

that the Jesuits will ever do such a thing manifest strong faith in the moral advancement of all kinds and conditions of men? *Eu mores ! Euge tempora !*

The gravamen in this whole Jesuits' Estates business is that public funds, in any way belonging to Canada, are placed at the disposal and under the supervision of other than Canadian authorities. This should not be, and would not had patriotism rather than party been the teaching and practice of Canadians in the past. A prominent Canadian is reported as telling the British people that, as regards annexation to the United States, "Canada is not for sale." One is provoked to explain in the face of what is transpiring that the reason why Canada is not on the market is because she is sold.

Open Letters.

LECTURES IN KNOX COLLEGE.

AT a recent meeting of the Alumni Association, one of the arguments brought forward in favor of an extension of the college course was that the present system with its three short sessions necessitates too many lectures daily. Said a gallant alumnus "I make bold, sir, to say that under the present system we are killed with lectures." If this statement is to be taken literally, the matter is a serious one. When the supply of candidates for the ministry so far exceeds the demand, as it now does in Scotland, it may be necessary to adopt the deadly lecture as a means of removing the surplus. But as affairs yet stand in Canada, no such necessity arises.

Even if the remark quoted is to be understood as somewhat figurative, it merits sober attention, if it be true. Is it true that lectures in Knox College are so numerous as to be oppressive and a hindrance to good work? Student opinion in my own college days and the many murmurs that come to my ears since answer, Yes. The complaint is that four hours steady work, much of the time bending over a table, writing rapidly from dictation, and generally in a class-room well filled and imperfectly ventilated, is so exhausting as to make the last lecture poorly appreciated and to leave little energy for further study during the day.

It is also claimed by some that the hours of the forenoon, the golden hours of the day for good mental work, are largely wasted when they are

spent in the unintellectual but wearisome task of writing out dictated lectures.

What do the students ask? They ask that the time spent in lectures should not exceed three hours a day, and that these should not all come in immediate succession. This request could be complied with, or, at least, a movement could be made in the direction indicated, without the radical change of lengthening the College course. Much of the time now consumed in lectures could be saved by a change of method in some departments. Graduates of Knox, who have an opportunity of comparing other colleges with our own, invariably grow in admiration for the *matter* of our teaching and in dislike for the *manner* in which much of it is given.

There is justice in the protest against being asked to spend long and precious hours in a mere writing exercise, so rapidly executed that there is no possibility of reflection—a mechanical performance that could be quite as well done by an improved phonograph. By the printing of the lectures or the assignment of a text-book, all the time now spent in this bodily exercise which profiteth nothing, might be saved.

One word as to the time of day for lectures. My experience in arts taught me that the two or three hours one could then get for forenoon study were worth all the rest of the day. Could not two lectures be given in the afternoon, say from two to four, thus leaving some part of the forenoon for private work. In favor of afternoon lectures we have the example of Montreal College, and in these progressive days a parent must not be above taking an occasional lesson from a child.

Milton.

ROBERT HADDOW.

THE LITERARY AND METAPHYSICAL SOCIETY.

DURING the past ten years many students of Knox College have felt—and perhaps the feeling has been growing from year to year—that the Literary and Metaphysical Society has not been quite satisfactory; that it has not exerted the influence which the leading society in a theological college should exert; that whatever purposes it served when first organized and in its earlier years, it is not now the source of strength to the College that such a society should be, and does not most truly serve the purposes for which the College exists. This is no new charge, but has frequently been made by some of the Society's most loyal friends. It is involved in many of the amendments regularly made to the constitution, and almost as regularly repealed. The attendance is seldom large, and would be smaller were it not for the high sense of duty which

some members have, and the respect which others have for the issues of election night. Interest in the real work of the Society is never very great, and when at the end of the session members count up the gains and losses the majorities are not large. Indeed members have seriously questioned, sometimes in the Society itself, more frequently outside it, whether the institution has not become effete, and unable to show good reason for further existence as the first society in a great theological college.

Now such expressions do not reflect, nor did any one ever regard them as reflecting, on the efficiency of any of the committees which from year to year have directed the affairs of the Society. Although never a member of the General Committee, I am familiar with the work done, and am free to say that since 1878, when I first knew the Society, that committee has been as faithful, as efficient and as successful as any committee of the society, under the circumstances, could be. The cause of this confessed failure—I speak of matters as they were when I was an active member of the Society—the cause of this confessed failure lay deeper than the inefficiency of any committee. Did it not, succeeding committees would have corrected the mistakes of their predecessors. The secret of the failure is not in the administration of the Society, but, as it seems to me at this distance, in its nature and constitution. The Society is an institution of the past which is not adapted to present needs and present circumstances. Before it can claim the attention and support of devoted students of theology it must be reconceived, reconstructed.

This is the fate which, on reflection, one would expect. The Society is not now much different from what it was when first organized. It is still the "Literary and Metaphysical Society." But circumstances are different. The needs of the members are different. The work of the college is in a sense different. And it is because the constitution and aims of the Society have not changed with the changed conditions that the question of its reconstruction is now urgent.

The Society was organized, many years ago, after the pattern of University College Literary and Scientific Society, in which many of its first members were trained, and from the constitution of which several articles were adapted. That it should be literary and metaphysical was determined by the needs of the times. The exigencies of the Church's work necessitated the admission into the theological classes of many, whose preparatory training was defective. A full university course was the exception; for had it been otherwise our great Home Mission work would never have been overtaken. This Society was intended to supplement the partial literary and metaphysical training which the

majority of students received before entering on the study of theology, and to give practice in composition and public speaking. This was the great need of the times, and in supplying it the Society served a good purpose. But all this is now changed. The demand for men is not so urgent. The need for a thorough preparatory training is becoming more and more evident. A full university course is now the rule, and must continue to be a rule admitting of but few exceptions. A theological hall presupposes a university, and the work of Knox College is coming to be recognised more and more as the study of theological science, not the study of all science. And it is because the Literary and Metaphysical Society is adapted to a state of things foreign to the present-day students, and affords them but little assistance in their prosecution of the study of theology, the main work which at present concerns them, that so many can systematically and conscientiously absent themselves from its ordinary meetings and manifest but the most languid interest in its affairs.

The contention is that this Society should subserve the interests of the actual students of theology. I hold that, as a rule, all matriculated and non-matriculated students at the university, though resident in Knox College, should be active and sympathetic members of the university society. This much they owe to their university; and the training there received will, on the testimony of experience, be of immense value to them. It follows, then, that Knox College Society, being first and mainly for theological students, should be first and mainly theological. Theological discussions should not be, as at present, discountenanced or prohibited. Indeed the great aim of such a society in a theological college should be to stimulate original research, and the free and independent discussion of the great problems of theology which are brought under the notice of a student in his college course, and upon which he is expected to express an honest and intelligent opinion before ordination. Such discussions are, in fact, the only ones really pertinent to serious theological study; at least they are much more pertinent than debates over the hoary old brain-twisters that have done yeoman service times out of mind during the history of the Society.

I have long felt, with many others, this insufficiency of the Society, as now constituted, to meet the wants of our theological students; but it was recently that I began to feel free to propose reconstruction, or prepared to offer a suggestion. What I have seen and learned during my present tour of the Scottish colleges has not only deepened my conviction of the inadequacy of our own Society but also suggested the remedy. In each of the four universities here there are the distinctively

university societies, as in Toronto. But in each of the eight theological colleges of the Established, Free and U. P. Churches, the leading students' society is almost strictly theological. Their constitution is very simple, and little time is spent over technical business. Towards the close of each session members send to the secretary subjects for essay, debate and conference; and from this list the committee prepares a syllabus for the ensuing session. An essayist hands his essay to an appointed critic, and publishes a synopsis of it several days before the day upon which it is read. An intelligent discussion on the part of members is thus rendered possible. As the subjects are of vital importance, debates in the sense of requiring a man sometimes to advocate a view which he does not believe, are rare, and honest discussion takes their place. Occasionally joint discussions are held. Such a discussion took place in Edinburgh quite recently between the theological societies of the three Free Church colleges. Representatives were present from Aberdeen, and a very large delegation from Glasgow. The subject discussed was Inspiration. Four papers were read on (1) The History of the Doctrine; (2) its Relation to Extra-Canonical Writings; (3) its Relation to Historical Accuracy, and (4) its Relation to the Doctrinal Authority of Scripture. Personal beliefs and unbeliefs were, if sincerely and intelligently accepted, fearlessly and honestly confessed. Both in the papers and in the subsequent discussion, lasting for three hours and a half, the ruling maxim was fidelity to truth. The necessities and strictures of college and presbytery examination were entirely forgotten. Of course the maturity and profundity of thought which come only with long years of study, were lacking; but the earnestness, intelligence and thoughtfulness exhibited, would have done credit to a body of much older theologians. The significance of this discussion as indicating the currents and cross-currents in Scottish theology may be referred to at another time. At present I regard it as an illustration of the way in which Scottish students are seriously attempting to grapple with the perplexing problems of theology and religion in an independent, truly Protestant, thoroughly believing spirit.

The advantages of such an association over our Knox College Society are manifest. For one thing the subjects discussed are more in line with serious theological study than are the knotty problems of politics, the vicissitudes of prohibition, the death-worthiness of Charles I., or the moral turpitude of Mary. Through months of study and research men are kept face to face with those great and vital questions which may be settled dogmatically in the class-room, were supposed to have been finally settled generations ago, but which will not down, and are larger

and livelier to day than ever. Who will not say that the results of scientific and historical criticism, the questions of biblical and dogmatic theology, and of present-day apologetics, are not the first and great study of divinity students, whatever becomes of Charles and Mary.

There are many points to which reference should be made and objections which might be anticipated. This fuller statement is deemed necessary owing to the seemingly revolutionary character of the proposals made. I write with all due appreciation of the work done by the Society, and with all plainness of speech, feeling assured that nothing will be misunderstood or misinterpreted. It is hoped that some of the undergraduate members may be led to consider this view of a subject which so deeply concerns the Society. Not only they but the graduates also. For I take it that such a Society concerns more than one generation of students. The theological societies of Scotland are doing more to influence Scottish theology than fifty per cent. of the theological professors. If graduates, who in their day were active and sympathetic members of the Society, viewing the whole question from their higher vantage ground, were to give the students of to-day, either through the MONTHLY or otherwise, the benefit of their observation and experience, much good would result. And in such frank and suggestive discussion, animated by the one spirit of devotion to the institutions of the College, and to the interests of higher theological study, the main purposes of this writing would be served.

Edinburgh.

J. A. MACDONALD.



Reviews.

YALE LECTURES IN THE SUNDAY SCHOOL, By H. Clay Trumbull.—
Philadelphia: John Waitles. Toronto: D. T. McAinsh.

THIS course of ten lectures is worthy of a man who has devoted thirty years of his life to the study and advocacy of the claims of the Sunday School. He appeals with irresistible force to history, reason, and revelation to prove that the Sunday School should hold a principal place in the work of the Church. The lecturer is no mere declaimer, indulging in broad generalizations, but quotes voluminously and explicitly, from literature, Jewish and Christian, ancient and modern, to establish his conviction that the prosperity of the Church has always been and always will be in direct proportion to the attention given to the children. The statistical references, showing the connection between the great historic reformations and child culture, is exceedingly suggestive and impressive. The traditional argument that Sunday Schools interfere with home training is literally demolished by statistical proof that wherever Sunday School interest revived, family religion revived with it, that, instead of destroying home life, it had a very direct influence in restoring and cherishing it.

The lectures on the relation of the pastor to the Sunday School are excellent, however crushing in their condemnation of a large percentage of the ministry.

The lecture on Teachers and their training, is also of the greatest importance. The lecturer does not enter into details as to the principles of teaching—he has published a volume on that subject alone—but in general terms he emphasises the importance of the work, and indicates the leading principles that should guide in the selection of teachers and the prosecution of the work. The two lectures on preaching to children, are delightful reading and of great practical value. In fact, nobody can read the book through without feeling gratified with the common sense tone of the whole discussion, and certainly the pastor must be exceedingly callous who will read it without a deep sense of the responsibilities of his office. A careful perusal by pastors, superintendents and teachers in all our schools might result in a genuine revival, of the most enduring kind, in all our churches.

TERCENTENARY OF ENGLAND'S GREAT VICTORY OVER SPAIN AND
THE ARMADA IN 1588—1888. By the Rev. James Little M.A.
(Toronto: William Briggs.)

The author of this little work, which will be welcomed by many Canadian readers of the present day, in his preface states that his book belongs to the historical department of literature, but only as a fragment. In some respects this statement is true, in others, perhaps, not so strictly

so. That his work is only fragmentary is what we must expect, and it is a period that has been most fully developed by the great historians who have chronicled the events of that age. The *historical* part of Mr. Little's work is really merely introductory to the four or five concluding chapters, wherein the author makes a strong appeal to Protestant Christians to be active and alive to the danger of aggression on the part of Rome, which he evidently regards as imminent. The author has, at any rate, the courage to state plainly his own convictions, but whether or not a cloud of persecution and superstition, so dark and lurid as that which shadowed the middle ages, can ever again enshroud the civilized world, is open to question. Mr. Little fears that unless we, the representatives and descendants of Protestant England of 1588, are true and firm in support of our freedom and religion, the very same state of affairs may again be procured "not by the power of the sword or the pain of the Inquisition, but by the subtleties of the Jesuits and the persuasiveness of a persistent propagandism."

Whether his fears have any foundation or not, time alone will show: but there has probably never been a time, during the three hundred years that have elapsed since the occurrence of the events he describes, when this question demanded a more thorough investigation than at present. Certain it is that Rome proved most faithless when to her were entrusted the sacred word of God, the dissemination in its purity of the Gospel it contains and the temporal and spiritual government of the then civilized world.

As to the style in which the work is written it may be described as uniform and cool. Wherever eloquence or fire is wanted it is supplied from the works of Motley, Macaulay or other writers in the way of quotations. The index notes on the sides of the pages can hardly be considered necessary in a work so short and one which is clearly not a text book. The character of Philip of Spain is well drawn—the leading actors on the English side being brought upon the stage in a rather monotonous procession. The work is not lacking in incident—and the accounts of the cruelties with which the stony-hearted Philip regaled himself are not overdrawn.

While the great works of Motley must yet be regarded as the authority on the history of Philip of Spain, the cruelties of his agents and his futile attempts at the subjugation of the world to Romanism, this little work will be read by many who are more interested in the struggle as it affected England. To every Canadian who looks but a very short distance into the future the perusal cannot but be beneficial, if he reads it with the object not of stirring up within his bosom a spirit of bitter animosity and hatred towards Roman Catholics (which we are sure is not the object of the author in writing it) but of encouraging himself to fight against the ignorance and superstitions of their religion. Then if the time *should* ever come that Protestants in Canada shall be called upon to resist more actively the aggressions of Romanism, we may base our resistance on the principle—not that we love Roman Catholics less but that we love our rights and religious liberty more.

Toronto.

T. A. GIBSON.

Here and Away.

GEORGE PAXTON YOUNG, LL. D., Professor in Mental and Moral Philosophy in University College. Died Tuesday, February 26th, in the 71st year of his age.

"He was not one man, he was a thousand men."

—SYDNEY SMITH.

*"The idea of thy life shall sweetly creep
Into my study of imagination;
And every lovely organ of thy life
Shall come apparelled in more precious habit—
More moving delicate, and full of life,
Into the eye and prospect of my soul,
Than when thou livedst indeed."*

—SHAKESPEARE.

REV. R. C. TIBB, B.A., '86, is in the city for a few weeks' rest.

W. A. J. MARTIN will hold forth as the valedictorian of the graduating class at the closing of the College.

THE present graduating class numbers twenty-two members, the largest, up to the present, in the history of the College.

D. D. MACKAY, B.A., '85, has been appointed to take some of the classes in the department of Metaphysics and Ethics in University College for the rest of this session.

REV. DR. F. F. ELLINWOOD, New York, Secretary of the Board of Foreign Missions, of the Presbyterian Church in the United States, has promised an article on some phase of the work of Foreign Missions for an early issue of the MONTHLY.

J. MCD. DUNCAN, Fellow in Mental and Moral Philosophy in University College, having undertaken additional work in that department, because of Prof. Young's death, has given up attendance on lectures in Theology for the rest of this session.

REV. DR. ROBERTSON, Supt. of N.W. Missions, has given the College his periodical spring call and with it his annual appeal for men. A number of the members of the graduating class have offered themselves for work in the North-West.

THE closing exercises of the College will take place on Thursday, 4th April; in the afternoon in Convocation Hall, and in the evening in College St. Church. At the evening meeting Rev. Prof. MacLaren and Rev. D. J. Macdonell will give addresses.

It is to be regretted that Rev. R. D. Fraser, M.A., one of the editors of the MONTHLY, has been compelled to desist from active work for a time. He has gone for rest and change for a six months' trip to Europe. Nature over-pressed refuses to be ever vigorous.

EXAMINATIONS in Theology are upon us. Ninety-nine per cent. of the students are sighing over the resolutions of last October broken. An ominous quiet has settled over us, and, save the lilting cry of some home-sick freshman, or Varsity seniors out for play, the College is a sepulchre for silence.

THROUGH the kindness of Mr. Henderson, of Cobourg, a most interesting letter has been received from Miss Sutherland, giving her impressions of Chefoo and mission work there. With her, as with all missionaries newly on the field, the language appears an immense mountain to be worn away before she can be in active work.

KNOX COLLEGE certainly owes a debt of gratitude to the Toronto auxiliary of the McAll mission for taking the initiative in inviting Rev. Dr. Pierson, of Philadelphia, to visit this city. The students of the various colleges, who gathered in Convocation Hall to hear Dr. Pierson, feel that they will not soon forget his earnest words in which the great privileges and the high ideal of the Christian service were clearly and beautifully set forth.

THE funeral service of the late Professor Young, in University Convocation Hall, was most impressive. In life there was about him "that divinity that doth hedge a king" yet withal his great childlike spirit. That his loss was keenly felt by that immense gathering was very manifest. All felt that from University life a sun had been extinguished, a great attractive and regulative power had been withdrawn. It is no small loss to the world when one of its master spirits leaves it.

SOME philanthropic Presbyterian could do a praiseworthy thing in establishing a Refuge for disabled ministers. The Presbyterian Church in Canada would be startled did she realize the number of young men there are in her ministry who are physical wrecks. Every year Knox turns out one or more candidates for Dansville or Clifton Springs, and we doubt not the other colleges can furnish their contingent. The Church can't afford this. In what direction does a remedy lie? In a change of methods in the class-room?

THE annual revival of interest in the Literary Society has come and gone. The following is the result: President, John Crawford, B.A.; 1st Vice-President, Neil Shaw, B.A.; 2nd Vice, James Drummond, B.A.; Critic, J. W. McMillan, B.A.; Recording Secretary, Andrew Carrick; Corresponding Secretary, Andrew Stevenson; Treasurer, F. O. Nichol; Secretary of Committee, W. D. Kerswell; Curator, W. C. Ewing; Councillors, John Little, T. H. Mitchell, W. H. Grant; Editors of the MONTHLY, H. E. A. Reid, B.A., W. J. Clark, J. W. McMillan, B.A., T. H. Rogers, B.A., F. F. McPherson, B.A., W. Gauld.