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Our Graduate's Institute.

THE INSPIRATION OF SCRIPTURE.

REV. E. A. MacKENZIE, B.A., B.D.

Among those who believe that God is more than "the Unknowable" it is held that He reveals Himself not only in nature, and in the conscience of man, but that He has given a special revelation of Himself through certain men whom He summoned into closer intercourse than is ordinarily the case, but most of all through Jesus Christ. The supernatural revelation was not solely for those to whom it was first given, or even to those who first heard it in spoken words from their lips. It was for all ages, and therefore demanded a written record. This record is contained in the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments. We are entitled, therefore, at the very beginning of this discussion to entertain the probability that He who condescended to reveal Himself to mankind, not only summoned certain men into closer intercourse with Himself that they might receive this revelation, but that He also

exercised such a Divine superintendence over the written record, as to make it a faithful and adequate chronicle of what was originally revealed. The Bible is the product of Divine and human agency, and from this starting-point all theories of Inspiration take their rise.

One theory widely held in post-reformation times, and still openly avowed and eagerly defended by many, practically ignores the human element altogether. It is maintained that the sacred writers were mechanically passive—mere phonographs of the Holy Ghost—so that every word, syllable and letter of the sixty-six books of the Bible proceeded supernaturally from God. The fact that the style varies according to the personal peculiarity, education and circumstances of the writer in each case, is itself fatal to such a theory, and the explanation that “the Holy Ghost inspired His amanuenses with those expressions which they would have employed had they been left to themselves,” instead of removing the difficulty—proves too much, and practically surrenders the whole contention. This theory of mechanical verbal inspiration regards the Bible as a collection of texts, each and any of which may become a shibboleth or fetish, totally regardless of the fact that the book is a living whole, subject to the great law of growth and progress. Slavery, polygamy and the liquor traffic have been supported in this way; in fact there is no absurdity, no cruelty, no iniquity, no God-dishonoring belief that has ever appeared among men for which chapter and verse has not been cited by men whose intellects were in bondage to this artificial theory. As a reaction from this view many have rushed to the opposite extreme, and maintain that the Bible is inspired only as every other good book is inspired. The word of God they hold, not only came, but it still comes, and will always continue to come, to devout souls. Tennyson, as well as David; Luther as well as Moses; Pericles and John Bright, as well as Isaiah; Calvin and Wesley as well as Paul and Mark, are said to have been inspired.

“Slowly the Bible of the race is writ,
Each age, each kindred adds a text to it.”

The only answer that can be given to this, is that it is not true. It is one of the joys of the Christian life to know that the Father of Spirits draws near to every one of His children, and that through all ages the Spirit of God has prompted men to words and deeds, which have been for the world's betterment, and which at the last day will be seen to have been inspired by Him. We may also confidently believe that multitudes to-day are moved more or less by the Holy Spirit in their utterances and works. He has promised to take of the things of Christ and show them to every believer, but as Dr. W. Robertson Nicoll has said, "No revelation of God has been given or will be given in addition to that given within the covers of the Bible. No Christian knows anything about God but what has been already written in His word. The most beautiful thought ever suggested by the profoundest Christian mind will be found quietly folded in some word of Jesus, or in some utterance of Prophet or Apostle. The Bible is final." This implies that the men who wrote the Bible were not only summoned into special nearness to God, but that the Spirit of God prompted and guided their writings in such a way as to make their record faithful and adequate for all time. At the same time the language, imagery and forms of expression are in each case what we might expect from the education, temperament, and social position of the writer. The sacred penmen, so far from being passive machines in whom every human element was obliterated, are to be regarded as chosen just because they possessed certain natural gifts, and that when chosen, these gifts were illuminated and vitalized in such a way as to qualify the writer for his particular work. This is usually called the *dynamic theory of Inspiration*, and though not free from difficulties, it meets more fully than any other, all the conditions of the case.

As to the precise manner in which God conveyed His thoughts to the human mind, we know nothing.

The writers themselves are either silent altogether, or use some material image. But this want of information need create no surprise. May it not be that as the constant exercise of any human faculty leads to higher degrees of delicacy and

proficiency: so the writers of the Scriptures were men whose spiritual apprehension, through constant practice, became most acute and full. And as in rare moments of human fellowship two friends may approach each other with such perfect sympathy that without words, one soul may understand the other; so, only much more perfectly, "Holy men of old" drew near to God with such full sympathy that God's thoughts became their thoughts.

That there are many other difficulties may be frankly admitted. The text may not always be certain, the translation may not always be correct, the meaning may not always be clear, or the narrative may not always seem to be in accordance with modern ethical, scientific or historical knowledge. But, are there not difficulties in every department of human inquiry concerning which the deepest thinker can only guess an explanation? So it may be with the Bible. For the solution of these difficulties we must patiently wait, and, in the meantime, if the Book but lead one to Christ, is not its great function fulfilled?

The evidence which the Bible itself supplies consists of those statements in which the writers tell us they were promised spiritual guidance; of the intimations which they give that these promises were actually fulfilled; and the authority which they consequently claim for their own writings of one another.

The value of these statements is of the very highest order, for they form the only direct evidence we can possibly have upon the subject. I do not mean to say that by quoting, say, 2 Timothy 3: 16, the whole discussion is at an end, because "We should demand no less, and we require no more," but I do hold, that the full bearing of all the Scriptural statements, taken together, combine to form one argument, and the strongest argument, in support of the inspiration of Scripture.

Principal Cave and others reject this argument altogether, on the ground that to use Scripture in support of its own inspiration, is to beg the question. "You require us," they say, "to receive the Bible as true because it is inspired, and

then you undertake to prove its inspiration from its own pages." This is not so. The authenticity, credibility and integrity of Scripture do not rest upon the assumption of its inspiration, but upon well established principles of historical and grammatical research. These being practically settled, it cannot justly be called a logical fallacy to examine what the Bible has to say with regard to the nature of the influence under which it has been written.

It is needless to multiply instances to show that the Old Testament writers claimed to speak under the guidance of the Spirit. "The word of the Lord" came to all of them—to Moses and David, as well as to the official prophets. But more than all, it is impossible to set aside the witness of our Lord Himself to the Old Testament. He claimed for its utterances the authorship and authority of the Holy Spirit, and He appealed to these utterances with absolute deference. To say that He was voluntarily ignorant of its true value, is to strike at the very root of His claim upon our reverence as the Son of God.

As to the New Testament itself, we find that though our Lord committed no words to writing, yet on at least four different occasions, He promises to his disciples the assistance of the Holy Ghost. If these promises be severally examined they will be seen to agree in stating that in every exercise of their office, the substance of their statements would be given to them. This was the sense in which the Apostles afterwards understood their office and in this spirit they worked, never hesitating to claim Divine authority for what they spoke and wrote.

That the Bible is not a fortuitous collection of scattered writings, but an organized, living whole, has often been shown, and it seems to me a strong argument in proof of Divine inspiration. Although written by men belonging to different ages, of different ranks, and living in different conditions of society, yet the sum-total of their writings possesses a remarkable unity. The individual worker could not know the place he occupied on the walls, or what relation his part of the work bore to the great structure as a whole, yet each

laboured faithfully at his own part, and in his own mode. The Master-Builder, alone, saw the end from the beginning, and so the building grew to completion and beauty under His superintendence, and according to His plan and purpose.

A scientist may take a living child and say, here is so much flesh, bone, sinew and so forth; but the life going on there is still unaccounted for. So it is with the Bible. When Biblical criticism has done its utmost, and the book is analyzed into its various literary elements, there still remains this question—how were these elements put together? Who breathed into the whole the breath of life, so that it became a living creature, as Luther says, “with eyes and hands and feet?”

It follows, therefore, that no artificial line can be drawn between the human and divine elements of the Bible. It is not a mechanical mixture of the two, but the product of a vital union of the human and Divine Spirits.

Dr. Robertson Smith, speaking on this point says, “If the silver is only in the ore, the man who has no means of smelting it is no richer by having it in his possession. If the Bible contains the word of God mixed with man’s word, like silver in a lump of ore, then no one can use Scripture for his own religious life with any certainty or benefit. The Bible contains the word of God as the mould contains the silver seven times tried. The pure silver takes the shape of the mould—it may be an imperfect shape—but it is pure silver, and the man is enriched thereby at once without any further act.”

Among the external witnesses that might be cited to prove Divine Inspiration of Scripture, two or three will be sufficient. No one can have failed, for instance, to notice the superiority of Scripture over the Apocryphal books. The silly legends and grotesque ideas which fill their pages, and above all, their image of Christ as a Divine Monstrosity, form a wonderful contrast to the simple, natural, self-restrained style in which the Scripture writers tell of the greatest things with the stamp of eternal truth.

Once more, there is the positive testimony of the Church

in all the ages that the Bible is Divinely inspired. Not to mention the belief of the Jews before the birth of Christ, there is a singular uniformity of opinion in the Christian Church on this point from the earliest ages. There were differences on many other things, and many heresies sprang up, but heretics and orthodox alike, believed in and appealed to the Divine authority of the Bible.

It is true that there was not much positive teaching on this question during the first fifteen centuries, but does not this very absence show how harmonious was the belief that existed in the inspiration of Scripture? It has been argued with much warmth that this evidence is not valid—that the position always assumed by the Church has rather blocked the way to a more thorough and correct investigation of the question by modern thinkers. In reply to this objection one may say, that, like all other evidence, the witness of the Church must be taken on its merits. It does not cease to be valid simply because it happens to be old. These were the men whose solid judgment selected the Scriptures from the mass of contemporary literature, whose unceasing vigilance preserved them for future generations, and who in face of Emperors' Edicts, "Give up your sacred writings, or die," embraced death with all its horrors rather than abandon their conviction in the Divine origin and authority of the Bible.

And last of all, the Bible is proved to be inspired, not only by internal evidence, and the validity of its credentials, but by the influence it wields upon the believing heart—"Which effectually worketh also in you that believe."

To quote the words of Archbishop Temple, "I have read the writings of good men and of great men; I have read the writings of great philosophers of old—of men who saw far deeper into the truth, by the power of wonderful intellects, guided no doubt by God's providence, than it was possible for ordinary men to see. I have read many books which set before the soul the loftiest motives of action, and the most heavenly principles to guide the conduct. And still, wherever we turn, as we read them all we feel that they are referred to our own consciences to judge; that we still are called to

discriminate and to say, ' Here I accept, and there, I reject ' ; and though a man be a greater man than I, still my judgment remains responsible for its own decision, and I cannot shift the responsibility on any other shoulders than my own. And I have read many such books, and have felt that I learned much ; still, for all that, there remains the sense that these books, though they are my teachers, are not my rulers, and though they instruct me, they cannot command me. But when I turn to the Word of God, it takes me straight, as it were, into God's very presence, and gives its message thereby an authority which is His and His alone."

COMRADESHIP.

The lordly Summer boasteth
In his lustihood and pride :
A wealth of gifts he scatters
With wanton largess wide.

But I want the Winter weather,
When the north winds blow :
With its clear, keen joyance,
And the comradeship of snow.

ROBERT MACDOUGALL.

Harvard University.

Poetry.**CHRISTMAS.**

'Tis a merry time Old Christmas,
With its greetings and its cheer :
'Tis the time that takes the sadness
From the fast departing year.
There's a glimmering through the shadows,
And a rift in the cloud,
When we hear the Christmas music
Ringing softly, ringing loud.

'Tis a happy time Old Christmas,
'Tis a time of childish glee :
Hark ! we hear the merry voices
That surround the Christmas tree.
There's a lightness in the laughter,
And a gladness in the song,
In the happy days of childhood,
When Old Christmas comes along.

'Tis a joyous time Old Christmas,
Then again the loved ones meet :
Round the hearth are beaming faces
When the circle is complete.
There's a gladness in the firelight,
Which the heart would seem to share,
Midst the Benedictions breathing
Through the music in the air.

'Tis a pleasant time Old Christmas ;
Many social joys combine
To wreath the bonds of friendship,
As wreathes of holly twine.
There's a sweetness ever swelling
Through the minor's in life's strain,
And the discords seem to vanish
When Old Christmas comes again.

'Tis a peaceful time Old Christmas ;
 Peace on earth, good-will to men,—
 'Tis the echoing song of angels
 That we seem to hear again.
 Ring out the Christmas anthem :
 Let each heart responsive glow,
 As we listen to the music,
 "Christmas Bells across the snow."

GEO. MCGREGOR.

Presbyterian College.

ISAIAH LVII.=15.

O Thou, the High and Holy One,
 Who dost our highest thoughts transcend,
 Thy countless years were not begun,
 And they will never have an end.

Eternity is Thine abode,
 Which with Thy presence Thou dost fill ;
 As ocean's tide, Thy life hath flowed
 Ceaseless and full, and ever will.

Thou dwellest in the lofty place,
 In glory words can not express ;
 We could not breathe a moment's space
 Its atmosphere of holiness.

And yet—oh, condescension great !
 Oh, mercy vast :—Thou dwellest too
 With humble men of low estate,
 Their contrite spirits to renew.

O Thou, who High and Holy art,
 Eternity's Inhabitant,
 Bestow on us the humble heart,
 And Thy reviving presence grant.

W. M. MACKERACHER.

THE IMPORTANCE AND RESULTS OF HOME MISSION WORK IN CANADA.

BY REV. ROBERT JOHNSTON, D.D., LONDON.

Address before the Seventh General Council of the Reformed Churches, meeting at Washington, D.C., Oct., 1899.

MR. CHAIRMAN,—In addressing this Alliance on the subject of Home Mission Work in the Presbyterian Church of Canada, it would be unpardonable in me were I to fail to record the loss which this work in particular, and our Church in general, has sustained in the death of one who frequently addressed the Alliance on this subject, and of whose labours for our common Presbyterianism few here can be wholly ignorant—the late Dr. Cochrane.

Dr. Cochrane's marvellous power of administration, his exhaustless energy and his boundless devotion to the cause of his Lord requires no tribute from me; his works do follow him, and nowhere more conspicuously than in the Home Mission Work of our Church, which for twenty-five years, in its Western section, he so wisely administered; part of its results he was privileged to behold, its complete triumph he had faith and courage to expect. Of the progress and importance of that work, so dear to him, I am to speak.

In speaking, however, of the Home Mission Work of our Canadian Church, it would seem to be still necessary to define the field of our operations and the character of the work accomplished. The necessity of such definition was impressed upon me but recently while attending a great convention at one of the religious centres of this continent. Upon a wall of the partition there hung from day to day a map, indicating by a variety of colours the need of the world for the Gospel; imagine my astonishment to find it declaring in unblushing whiteness that the whole of Canada, with the exception of a narrow strip of territory bordering on the great lakes and the St. Lawrence, was—uninhabited territory! I could have forgiven the ignorance of the designer had he colored our rich

and populous provinces in an inky blackness and called us "heathen," or even declared us "unexplored," but "uninhabited territory" created an amazement that lingered long on the borderland between imagination and amusement. Sparse our population may be, Sir, in many parts, and for years must continue so, but in this good land which the Canadian Church is called upon to go up and possess for Christ, stretching as it does from sunny sea-girt Prince Edward Island and from Newfoundland's misty coasts across four thousand miles to where Pacific's waves leave Vancouver's shores and Klondyke's ridges hold in frosty grip the precious ore, peopled already with nigh six million souls, there is, from one extreme to the other, scarce a considerable stretch of territory in which from far off fishing station or from quiet agricultural settlement, from thriving hamlet or from busy mining camp there does not come a call—a call to which no Church can afford to turn an unheeding ear, a call for the Word of Life and for the Means of Grace. The work in this new land is far different in detail and method from that with which many in this Alliance are familiar, under the name of Home Missions. Here the work is not the recovery of the masses, the resetting of the lapsed, or the establishment of Missions in the centres of congested populations; it is, if I may so call it, the more inspiring and vastly more hopeful work of laying the foundations of future life that shall exclude such conditions, it is the pre-empting, in the name of our Lord, lands but newly opened, the occupying by pioneer work of soil just now ready for tillage.

The importance of this work, I desire in the moments at my disposal, to emphasize in the light of three considerations.

First.—*The Boundless Possibilities of the Field and its Evident Destiny in the Future.*

Transcontinental railways and luxury in travel have rendered it less necessary than formerly to expatiate on the extent and resources of the west, but even yet there is room, especially in the Church, for larger appreciation of what these resources mean. That such should be necessary on the part of others, I cannot wonder at, when I remember

that it is but as yesterday that Canadians themselves awoke to some appreciation of the place among the nations of the world, to which Providence has evidently destined our land, and in that appreciation the Church, I rejoice to believe, is a sharer. Realize for a moment, if you can, the extent of this land, soon to be peopled with millions of every race. Our land of the Lakes and the North Star possesses areas almost as great as those of entire Europe, forty times as great as those of the British Isles and twelve times that of the Republic of France. An American writer speaking of his own land says: "Take five of the first-class powers of Europe, Great Britain and Ireland, France, Germany, Austria and Italy, then add Spain, Portugal, Switzerland, Denmark and Greece. Let some greater than Napoleon weld them into one mighty empire and you could lay it all down in the United States west of the Hudson River, once and again and again—three times." But what say you to a land in which the great Republic itself might be set down, and from the half-million square miles of territory remaining over kingdoms might still be carved? I confess when I speak of our broad Dominion, clasping three oceans in her embrace, I feel like the little lad in one of the schools in Chicago, who, when asked by his teacher the other day to give the boundaries of the United States, called upon his loyalty to cover his lack of exact knowledge and said, "Why ma'am, since the war, there ain't no East, West, North, nor South to this glorious Republic."

The resources of our land are an even more important factor in determining its destiny, and these are on a corresponding scale of magnificence with its extent. The climate is so varied that it includes that of central and southern Italy and that also of sterile Siberia and rugged Norway; here the Sicilian may cultivate his fruit trees and trim his vineyards, and here the hardy Findlander may follow the chase over snow-clad plain and grow the hardier grains under summer suns. Between these extremes lie the vast agricultural resources of the greater part of our land. The Prairie Province of Manitoba is one vast wheat field, producing this staple product for the world's supply in a quality and with a generosity

declared by official investigation to be unrivalled elsewhere. Our mines, alike in the Maritime Provinces, and more especially in British Columbia and in the Youkon, are attracting the gold-hungry from every corner of the earth, the gold mines alone promising large returns for one hundred years to come, and the more valuable deposits of the commoner minerals being simply exhaustless. An American authority declares that "no country in the world possesses so much iron, and nowhere is it quite so accessible to manufacturers." History, it is said, has proved that "no nation has become great that has failed, for natural or other causes, to develop an iron industry; if this is so, the importance of Canada's iron deposit is evident. Her coal deposits are as valuable and as extensive, and in the great central provinces they exist in forms so easily accessible that the furnace room may have its supply of coal at its very door. Measurements and statistics are useless here; in all those natural resources that have formed the foundation for material prosperity Canada stands in the front of the nations. Here are fields waiting but the tickle of the agriculturist's machinery to blossom into harvests sufficient to fill the granaries of the world: here are forests waving their invitations to woodmen, to find in them ready material for easy settlement and thereafter the source of a world-wide commerce; here are mines ready to satisfy the hungry maw of the furnaces of the Empire, to supply material for the world's fleets, and to fill with their glittering contents the vaults of many mints and banking houses: while in the rapids and rioting waterfalls which the country's rugged formation has brought into existence on a thousand streams, is unlimited power, waiting but to be harnessed to drive ten thousand factories and light the streets of our towns from Halifax to Dawson City. Do you say these are but evidences of material wealth but they mean nothing to the Church? I protest they mean much. Not with the pride alone of a Canadian do I speak, but with the ardor of a Christian, believing in the purpose of God for our land as truly indicated in nature as in grace. A population of six millions scattered over this vast territory seems insignificant,

but you ask me to lay aside my belief in the eternal Intelligence that is behind creation, when you asked me to dream that God watered the ridges of our land so richly, simply to leave them untenanted, save by the red-man, the grizzly and the buffalo. As truly as Henry Clay, from a jutting crag of the Alleghanies, looking across the valley of the Ohio to where the prairies stretched as yet all desolate, heard "the thunder tread of the coming millions who are marching over mountains to possess these prairie lands, away and away to the setting sun," so for Canada do I hear

" the tread of pioneers
Of nations yet to be ;
The first low wash of waves, where soon
Shall roll a human sea."

And when I realize that already the outposts are occupied and the strategic points secured, that villages already stand where cities are to be, that thousands are scattered where millions are to congregate, I realize that for the Church in her work for Canada "*now is the nick of time.*" If it is true that as the foundation is laid the superstructure is to stand, that as the child is the man will be, then is it true that Canadian life and character are receiving now the stamp and impress they are to bear for generations to come, and in this aspect of Home Mission Work its importance is beyond the power of words to describe. I know that other work clamors at your doors and ours, work pressing and important, but none more important than this. Canada is to have a place among the dominant nations of the world, a large place some of us are bold enough to think, and with that in view there is room for a spiritual strategy in the toil and effort for the furtherance of the Kingdom of Christ. It is better to save the nation that is to be dominant than the nation that is dying; happy the Church that has the strength to do both, happy the Church that if either must be neglected has the wisdom to choose the more important and pressing.

Canadian Home Mission Work is of supreme importance in view of the perils incident to a heterogeneous population coming from every part of the earth.

The tide of emigration from Europe and the East to the

New World has already been great, it is rapidly becoming greater, and while it is true that the Republic to the south of us must continue, for some time to come, to attract the greater number of those seeking a home in the west, yet those who have watched emigration statistics have noted that the tide has already set strongly toward Canadian soil.

Emigration fluctuates with the financial prosperity or depression of the country, and the commercial revival which has marked the world in the last years, a revival in which Canada has enjoyed an exceptional share, has encouraged settlers from other lands to knock in tens of thousands at our doors, and, with a generosity learned from the land which with splendid faith in her own powers of assimilation, for a century has extended open arms to the world saying "Come in, Uncle Sam is rich enough to give you all a farm," we have welcomed them, and they are beckoning to tens of thousands multiplied, to follow them.

And who are these who are to become with us the builders of this middle link of the Empire? They are men and women from the four corners of the earth; they come from the British Isles, from the lands we love to call the mother lands, from crowded city and from rural glen, and we welcome them, one with ourselves in religion, in life and in lofty purpose; some, too cross the border from the South land and bring the brightness and the vigor of American life. But these are not all who come; from sub-Arctic Iceland to the sunny Isles of the Hellespont, from the Pillars of Hercules to the fastnesses of the Caucasus there is scarce a state that has not sent its contingent to our shores, they come to us degraded by poverty and ignorance, sullen under oppression, and often with habits odious and corrupt; they carry with them, too, the seeds of Nihilism and anarchy, and a spirit antagonistic to Western progress and to Christian institutions; they bring with them for our solution the problems that have staggered European governments, and baffled their statesmen. At our Western doors the non-assimilative Chinese clamor for an entrance, forgetting alas to leave their heathenism behind them or their immorality that puts even Western vice to the blush.

The Mormons are with us too, and the problems presented in their unchristian and God-dishonouring system faces us as it faces the Church of the United States. A vigorous and growing colony, fostered by zealous teachers and missionaries from Utah, exists in a fertile corner of Alberta and is rapidly becoming aggressive and missionary in its methods. This caricature of the Christian religion, this system of mediæval ecclesiastical despotism, alike subversive of religion and of law, is a menace both to British settlers and to foreigners, for no Church is more aggressive in missionary effort, none is more determined and restless in its endeavors to proselytise.

What solution has the Church of Christ in our land for the problems that attend the coming of these people? What provision has she for their deepest need? What but the Gospel that has proved itself the solution for such problems in other ages, what but the Gospel that is still the power of God unto salvation unto everyone that believeth, be he rude barbarian or cultured Greek? We cannot, we will not despair of the ability of the Gospel to meet such serious problems as these, when we remember what it already has done for Anglo-Saxon nations whose ancestors, when Rome was changing her palaces from brick to marble, were wandering, rude savages, in their forest fastnesses.

The hopeful feature in connection with the problems of immigration is that, in coming to a new land, the minds of men are inclined to open to new influences and to accept the spirit of new surroundings. Leaving behind, oftentimes, conditions with which they have grown weary, they find in the new world a freedom which they recognize with astonished gladness, and finding this associated with the religion of the land that they have adopted as their own, and that they are prepared to love, their minds are rendered at least free from unhappy prejudice. The work of evangelization among them may be difficult but it is possible, it is most easily possible while the life that they have adopted is new. It is not to be dreamed of that the Church is to neglect these strangers; neglect, means national peril and religious decline. Evangelize them, and among heterogeneous multitudes flocking to us

there may be created, not only a national spirit, but what is of far greater moment a healthy morality and a regard for Christian institutions which will stand as a bulwark for the land in days of peril. Every reason that can be urged, from that of our own safety to that of love for our own King and desire for His glory, is here to encourage us in the work. Not only is the responsibility pressing but the opportunity is inviting. It is another Pentecostal opportunity for the Church; here are men speaking the polyglot languages of Europe and Asia, who, if evangelized, will serve the Church to-day as did those long ago, who carried from Jerusalem to their own lands the treasures of the Gospel. Every consideration which has weight for the encouragement of those missions, which are called "Continental," carried on by the Churches of Great Britain, and many of those considerations which weigh with all our Churches in the noble enterprise of Foreign Missions to the heathen, are here to encourage and constrain us in the prosecution of a work, a grander and more hopeful than which God never gave to any Church. With no humbler watchword than "Canada for Christ" can the Church be satisfied; to labour to that end is a privilege high and inspiring.

I mention one other consideration in view of which the importance of Home Mission Work in Canada is apparent—*the perils incident to the rapid accumulation of great wealth.*

That opportunities for such accumulation of wealth are here, the resources of our land and results already attained clearly shew; that these opportunities are not to be allowed to slip past for want of eager hearts and hands, the spirit of our age assures us. While no age can be referred to as one in which material prosperity was despised, it is nevertheless true, that there has been none marked by a greater lust for gold than our own. The almighty dollar looms large on every horizon of life, and in a new land, where circumstances lend themselves to the rapid accumulation of riches, the dangers attendant thereon are especially menacing. Men are seeking the West with the glitter of gold before their eyes. Not alone those who dare the dangers of the Klondyke trail, but those also who come, content with the toils of the cattle-ranch or

the prairie-farm, come with this object before them—material prosperity. The Pilgrim Fathers turned the prow of the May Flower toward the setting sun and steered for Plymouth Rock in the fear of the Lord, seeking in the new world “freedom to worship God.”

“What sought they thus afar?
Bright jewels of the mine?
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?
They sought a faith's pure shrine.”

But the thousands that throng the portals of the New World to-day seek one thing—wealth, and all too often are content to secure it at the cost of sacrificing religious privileges, holy ordinances and even the form of religion. In this fact lie dangers most serious, that menace the religious life of our land, dangers that, in my opinion, loom threatening and near above all others—the dangers of mammonism and luxuriousness.

Commercial interests are all too frequently supreme; they not only control our elections, frame our laws, and decide our policy towards other lands, but they trample upon those institutions of the home and of religion which are essential to a healthy national life. Commercial interests override the Sabbath and make of a holy day a holiday, of a day of rest, a day of toil; they invade the home and refuse the time required for the simplest forms of family religion; they establish, buttress and protect that Moloch of all evils, the liquor traffic; they support the hydra-headed monster Vice, and worst of all they degrade a vigorous manhood into a mere gold-gatherer, and debase him from his heaven-born destiny to a state of satisfaction with earth. That these evils are magnified and intensified in new lands where everything encourages to un-resting toil, and no Church-bell rings to bid men look up from earth to heaven, I need not pause to assert. What is to save our land from these dangers? What is to give to our young men the open eye and the upward look? What is to permeate our commerce, our mining, our manufacturing, our farming, so that upon the wheels of the reaper and the rake, upon the shuttle of the loom, the lever of the engine, the pick

and shovel of the mine, shall be engraved "Holiness unto the Lord"? One thing and one thing only—the Gospel of Jesus Christ ministered by His church which is His body. We have not lost faith in the power of the Gospel to meet every need of the soul and of society, we must not lose sight of the responsibility of the Church charged with the Gospel's message. If ever there was need in Canada for a liberal and aggressive policy of Home Mission effort it is to-day, when the youth and manhood of our land are dreaming that the word "Success" has but one meaning, and that an earthly one.

As one who loves his land I would rather see a foreign foe upon her shores, and hear the roar of hostile guns at her gates, and listen to the call summoning the young men of the land to the perils of the quarter-deck and the loneliness of the sentry's watch, if so they might learn lessons of hardship and unselfishness in the service of their country, than I would see them self-centered, spending the summer days of peace, looking eagerly with earth-filled eyes for gold and, finding it, spending life in an effeminate luxury.

Were there no perils of emigration, were there none of rapid settlement, this feature of life in the new land should be sufficient to summon the Church to her most earnest and untiring efforts in the work of Home Evangelization.

The results of Home Mission Work, results already evident—although the work thus far has been mainly the sowing for the harvest yet to be reaped—it would require time to tell; they cannot be tabulated, can only indeed be but dimly indicated, and yet they are sufficient to cause the whole Church to say with humble rejoicing, "What hath God wrought?"

The existence and prosperity of the entire Presbyterian Church in Canada may rightly be described as the result of Home Mission effort, for our Church to-day, with her thirteen hundred ministers, and two hundred and twenty thousand members, with one out of six of the population worshipping in her temples and expressing loyalty to her teaching, and with her total income of two and a quarter millions, all this is the fruit of the toil of early pioneers who, from the

Churches of the British Isles, from the Dutch Reformed Church and other Presbyterian bodies of the United States, were stirred by the spiritual needs of Canadian colonists and came to labour over presbyteries that in those days comprised entire provinces. It were an honour to mention them did time permit,—Kinlock of Ireland, Cook and Smith of Scotland, Gilmore of the Loyalists, Bethune, at one time the only Presbyterian minister in what is now Ontario, McDowell of New Jersey, and others like-minded, who sowed the seed of which to-day we reap the harvest. The Canadian Church would be disloyal to her own past were she to cease to put in the forefront of all her enterprises the work of Home Evangelization.

Our own Home Mission Work covers a period of over thirty years. During that period quite four hundred aid-receiving congregations have become self-supporting, and more than that number of new fields have been opened up, while contributions for Church schemes have increased six-fold. The work of French Evangelization, which may be regarded as a department of Home Mission effort, has, under the fostering care of Dr. MacVicar, made marvellous progress. Ninety-two stations are supplied by the sixty-eight workers among the Roman Catholics of Quebec, and it is estimated that quite thirty thousand persons in French Canada call themselves Protestant, while, greatest gain of all, there is perfect liberty in preaching the Gospel in every part of the province that is chiefly Roman Catholic. It is, however, in the new districts west of the great lakes that the most remarkable victories of Home Mission effort have been achieved. Thirty years ago there was, in all that territory, one presbytery consisting of one self-supporting congregation, two missions to white settlers, and one mission to Indians; four workers manned the field. To-day that same territory is occupied by two synods, comprising fifteen presbyteries; a staff of three hundred and fifty ministers and missionaries take the oversight of one hundred and seventeen self-supporting congregations and more than two hundred mission stations, together with twenty-four missions to Indians and Chinese,—in all providing religious ordinances in more than a thou-

sand centres. A College, efficiently equipped, numbers about two hundred students in its classes of arts and theology, and the two hundred communicants of thirty years ago have increased to twenty thousand.

Do the figures seem small in a land so great? Remember they are the promise of the harvest, the earnest of the coming victory. There are results that cannot be indicated in figures. The Presbyterian Church has done the pioneer work, and gained for herself a place in the respect and affection of the settlers of which she may be humbly proud; her strong doctrine and simple worship are congenial to the bracing spirit of the west; her missionaries have not fainted at hardships nor been overcome by opposition; they first for the Church followed the trail into the Klondyke, and now four noble standard-bearers labor at the mine-mouths to save the gold-hungry multitudes from perils unseen but real; they were the pioneers in the Kootenay and Kettle River Districts; they have followed the lumberman and the settler to the far outposts of British Columbia and Northern Ontario, and they have not been forgetful of the claims of the dusky red-men deprived of his hunting grounds, nor of the almond-eyed visitor from the Middle Kingdom. Noble men our Home Missionaries have proved themselves, and they have been nobly led by Findlay of Northern Ontario, and by our Bishop Missionary, whom Providence gave to our Church in the hour of her need, to whose Scotch grit, American enterprise, and Canadian loyalty, sanctified by a noble devotion to Christ, our land owes more than to the policy of statesmen or the adventure and enterprise of capitalists,—our Superintendent of Home Missions in the west—Dr. Robertson. The Presbyterian Church has done the pioneer work, she has been honoured in doing it, is she to hold the place so well won or are others to enter into her labours? The answer, I know, is with ourselves, and yet not wholly with ourselves. I venture to utter a word of appeal to the representatives of the British Churches. This work is your work as well as ours, for you and we are one, for

“ When men unto their noblest rise,
Alike forever see their eyes ;
Trust us, Old Britain, we are true,
And in your noblest one with you.”

As we are one with you in fealty and in faith, so we cherish the hope that you will recognize your unity with us in our common interest of conquering and conserving this middle link of the Empire for Christ. We have had your interest and your aid in the past, we need it still, for not yet are our resources sufficient to undertake the work alone. Yours are many of the sons and daughters who came to us, and your privilege it is to aid us in surrounding them with those ordinances and Christian safe-guards that have served so effectively to develop the sturdy Presbyterianism of the Old Land. Yours it is to be sharers with us in the toil, and yours too shall be a share in the triumph.

For the triumph will come ; Canada for Christ shall still be our watch-word. Three years ago, we lit with you our bon-fires round the world in jubilant thanksgiving for the long reign of her whom five hundred millions love to call their Queen ; from Rocky Mountain summit and prairie mound the firelights glowed, from Lake Superior's pictured rocks and fair Muskoka's myriad sun-lit lakes, from where St. Lawrence rolls to the music of Niagara's orchestra, on through the fairy maze of Thousand Isles and past Quebec's grim walls, and from the rugged shores of Labrador's stern rocks the blaze that hailed Victoria, Queen, ascended. But not with this are we content, nor shall we be, until from every home the fires of loyal consecration to our Saviour King ascend and our brave Dominion, in boundless width, exhaustless wealth and beauty unsurpassed is placed a glistening jewel in the coronal of our King on whose head are many crowns.

SIR WILLIAM DAWSON.

An address to his students by PROF. J. CLARKE MURRAY, LL.D.

In the teaching of any science it is necessary to descend at times from abstract generalities. Our abstractions and generalisations are never truly understood till they are interpreted by the concrete facts of which they give a convenient summary. A fresh interest, and therefore, a peculiarly invigorating help, is given to the student when a scientific teacher can illustrate a general law by reference to some scientific achievement of the day. It is on this principle that, as you may have observed, I am accustomed to seek assistance in our studies by drawing attention to any event of peculiar moral significance. We are now met for the first time after the passing away of one who has been more intimately identified with the University in all its interests than any man has ever been, or (we may say with probability) than any single man is ever likely to be. The life of the late Principal offers numerous features of varied interest to different minds; but the slightest acquaintance with it must have impressed all with the conviction that it was a life of high moral significance. On this ground it is in thorough harmony with our work, that we should turn aside for a moment to contemplate the significance of such a life in a class where the problems of morality form the special subject of scientific study.

I have said that the late Principal's life was one of high moral significance, but that is far from being a full statement of the facts. The truth is, that the significance of his life admits of no intelligible interpretation apart from the moral purpose by which it was directed. Even this statement fails to give a complete expression of the truth. For moral purpose itself assumes a great variety of forms; and therefore the moral significance of any life is not fully intelligible until we know the interpretation of morality upon which it founds. Now, it is not too much to say that the inspiration of Sir William Dawson's life was not merely morality, but morality in its highest potency. I take it that the dominant note in

all his work is the divine side of life. The relation in which man with all his environment stands to the Infinite Being—that was the one thought that governed all his labour. His laborious energy went out into very varied activities; but these may, for the most part, be grouped in two spheres—the spheres of Science and of Education. It may be said, indeed, that his scientific and educational efforts cannot be separated; and that is true. But the very fact of their inseparable connection illustrates the truth, that all his work drew its inspiration from one source—the thought of the divineness of nature and of life.

To take his scientific labours first, when it is said that these were inspired by a religious ideal, it must not be inferred that he had no pure scientific enthusiasm, none of the scientific student's love of Science for its own sake. Those who have heard him lecture, or have dipped into any of his books, must have been struck by the whole-souled delight with which he can follow the operation of a natural law, and dwell upon its manifestations among the products of nature in earth or sea or air. Even in the numerous tributes to his memory, which have been called forth during the last few days, justice has scarcely been done to the charm which he was able to give to scientific exposition by a singularly luminous English style. If it be true, and it is true in part at least, that "the style is the man," then the remarkable perspicuity and the vivid interest, which Sir William Dawson was able to throw into his style of speech and writing alike, must be taken as evidence of his own clear insight into his subject and of the joy he found in his work. But while, like every genuine worker, he loved his work itself, the ultimate interpretation of that work he found at all times in the thought by which it was inspired, the thought of nature as a revelation of Supreme Intelligence and Love.

It cannot be denied, that in all our scientific labour there is a tendency to lose sight of this sublime conception, which alone gives any significance to nature, any significance to the scientific labour by which nature is interpreted. For the immediate object of all scientific labour is to bring the facts

of nature into intelligible connection by proving that, amid all their varieties of form they adhere to certain invariable types, and that amid all their varied processes of change they follow certain invariable laws. The efficiency of scientific labour would be seriously impeded if the scientific labourer were not allowed to keep this immediate object steadily in view, if he were forced to lose sight of his immediate object by a perpetual outlook into the vaster issues involved in the fact, that every type and every law in nature, however limited their range, form integral parts of the universal system of things. In this way there arises a common conception of nature, which runs through all literature, scientific and general alike. It is the conception of nature as a system of things, in which every part has its place, determined by an irresistible, but purposeless necessity, a system of things which exists in entire independence on any intelligent purpose, and proceeds on its course without any such purpose controlling its direction.

Now, such a conception can never find any intelligible justification. It is in fact a direct contradiction of the very science, of which it professes to be the issue. For, as we have seen, science is the connecting of things in an intelligible system; it is the labour of bringing things into connection with the intelligence, in which alone they find their explanation. Science would therefore simply abolish itself, it would confess itself to be nescience, if it recognized in nature a connection of things which is ultimately unintelligible, which stands out of relation to all intelligence. The idea of *chance* is rejected in science, because scientifically unthinkable; but it is not commonly seen, though it has been long a commonplace in philosophical literature, that the idea of *fate*, instead of being contradictory of chance, is radically the same idea. Both terms express the idea of things being connected in a way that is unintelligible; and both terms therefore become equally meaningless, whenever they are subjected to scientific analysis.

Science must therefore reject the conception of nature as due either to chance or to fate, that is, as due to a connection

of things that remains absolutely outside of science, outside of scientific intelligence. The most trivial individual object—a flower, for example, in the crannied wall—may be taken in the hand, and, by the fiction of abstract thinking, may be held apart as if it had an existence by itself ; but to know it with scientific completeness—to understand what it is, root and all, and all in all—we must understand it in its relation to what God and man is. Now, it was this supreme scientific conception, this crowning interpretation of nature, that sustained the energy and the enthusiasm of our late Principal as a worker in the field of science. It is this that explains his attitude to the scientific problems of our day. That attitude may, in some of its aspects, be criticised. It may be admitted that much of his teaching will undergo revision with the progress of science. That is what he was ready to admit himself. In fact his hostility to some current theories took at times the form of a protest against their attempt to establish a definitive dogmatism in science. But all legitimate criticism of his scientific teaching amounts to no more than may be said of all systems of thought.

Our little systems have their day,
They have their day and cease to be ;
They are but broken lights of Thee,
And Thou, O Lord, art more than they.

But if Sir William Dawson, as a worker in science, could find no satisfaction in a conception of external nature, which ignored its relation to the Infinite Mind, it was inevitable that he should find to be much more inadequate any corresponding conception of human nature. And therefore it is but a consistent expression of his general character, that his work as an educationist should be inspired by the thought of the divine significance of human life. For if scientific thought refuses to accept the conception even of external nature as divorced from all intelligible purpose, it rises with an additional energy of revolt against any such interpretation of the part that man is called to play in the universe. Your studies here are making you acquainted with the laborious efforts that are made by some scientific thinkers to explain

the facts of morality on a theory of pure Naturalism, that is, a theory which endeavours to account for all the events of human life as absolutely determined by an invariable system of natural law. But it is surely becoming sufficiently clear to scientific thought, that there is no room for morality on any such theory. There can be no intelligible meaning in language which speaks of man as under an obligation to act or as responsible for acting, in any other way than that in which he is determined to act by the forces of nature in himself and in his environment. The fact of moral obligation and moral responsibility finds scientific interpretation only when man is viewed as not merely under an order of natural laws which he cannot choose but obey, only when he is viewed as under an ideal order which ought to be obeyed whether it is actually obeyed or not. But such an ideal order is the order of Supreme Reason working out a supremely reasonable end. Here again, therefore, we find that man and the universe in which he lives admit of no adequate interpretation, except in their connection with the Universal Intelligence that gives them an intelligible meaning.

Now, it is no belittling of any of the studies in an educational course to say, that, for the purpose of real education, they are not only useless, but often worse than useless, when they are divorced from the infinite obligations of a reasonable existence, from which alone they can take any valuable direction. "He who with his whole soul knows not this," says Carlyle, "as yet knows nothing, as yet is properly nothing." It was therefore a noble feature in the educational labours of the late Principal, that he never lost sight of the divine ideal of education. This explains the sympathy which he openly expressed for our Roman Catholic fellow-countrymen on the occasion of a controversy which disturbed the political life of the Dominion a few years ago. On the political aspect of that controversy this of course is not the place to speak. But the general contention of our Roman Catholic fellow-countrymen, that there can be no true education which does not teach human beings the divine significance, the infinite interests at stake, in their lives,—that is a contention which not only

deserved the sympathy of our late Principal, but surely *has* the sympathy of men of every religious faith; and, we may add, it represents the conviction of the greatest thinkers on educational and social questions in every age of the world's history.

When so many splendid benefactions are enabling the University to work out some of Sir William Dawson's plans is it too much to hope that this aspect of his educational ideal may receive some recognition? It would not take an expenditure of alarming magnitude to give us a college chapel which, by being reserved exclusively for sacred uses, would receive a genuine consecration in our spirits. Worship is the act by which the finite spirit of man seeks to enter into communion with the Infinite Spirit of the universe. It is therefore an endeavour to rise above the limited views of finite intelligence, above the limited aims of finite affection and finite will; it is an endeavour to think and feel and act from the divine point of view, from the view of things under their eternal aspect, "sub specie æternitatis." It would surely be to many an infinite gain, if they were assisted every morning in their aspiration to reach the serene uplands of the divine ideal by a building of suitable architecture and by the influences of appropriate religious art.

I have sketched only in very vague outline the leading characteristic of the late Principal's life, as it presents itself to my mind. It is surely not with unmingled sorrow that such a life reaches its close. There is even a legitimate sentiment of solemn satisfaction in contemplating a life that reaches such a good old age with a large amount of substantial work completed. Probably his own feeling on looking forward to the close would have found expression in the noble lyric of our great laureate:—

O may there be no sadness of farewell
 When I embark.
 For though from out our bourne of time and place
 The flood may bear me far,
 I hope to see my Pilot face to face
 When I have crossed the bar.

FRONTIER MISSION WORK.

By J. G. STEPHENS, PENSE, ASSA.

It is one thing to sit in a comfortable class-room or in a well-appointed dining-hall listening to Dr. Robertson expatiate in eloquent periods upon the resources of the great west and the vital importance to our church as a whole of a vigorous propaganda in the interests of western mission work ; it is another thing to see with one's own eyes the marvels of the land and to feel in one's own heart, by reason of immediate contact with the life of the west, the tremendous consequences, for good or ill, to our church and country, involved in the success or failure of our work here. Not that our incomparable superintendent is deficient in any of the qualities which go to make a good advocate of a great cause, nor that, in his enthusiastic advocacy, he paints his pictures in too bright colours. But the land and the work present different aspects according to the view-point of spectator ; the general, and the officers of his staff, do not describe the battle in the same terms as the men of the rank and file. It is for this reason, and in the hope that they may be of profit to some who have not as yet enlisted for active service and not uninteresting to those who have been under fire, that the impressions of a private in the ranks of the church militant are here recorded.

And when frontier mission work is spoken of, let it be understood that such work is meant as falls to the lot of missionaries at points away from the main lines of traffic ; in such districts, for example, as that of Edmonton. Wherein does the work in these mission fields differ from the work in fields of similar status in the church in the east ? Is not mission work the same everywhere ?

Our answer is that no general modifies more drastically the tactics of his army in passing from a hill country to a plain, than does a wise missionary in passing from an old eastern field to a new frontier mission ; the cause is one, but the conditions of the fight are not the same. The sparseness

of the population and its cosmopolitan character, the extent of the territory and the unusual circumstances of the people, lend frontier mission work a significance and quality all its own. We will consider briefly some of these characteristic features. People live far apart and any visitor is welcome. The missionary has a splendid opportunity for the most effective work when he visits those whose hearts are prepared for his visit by home-sickness and a great longing for a reminder of the social life of the east or of the lands beyond the sea. An old Welsh lady, living in an out-of-the-way place, grasped the hands of a visitor whose home chanced to be in Wales, whilst she exclaimed, her voice trembling with emotion—"I am glad to see a dog from Wales." Under such circumstances it pays the missionary to cultivate, if he does not already possess, what has been called "the terrible faculty of familiarity"—it will not be amiss if he remember not only the names of the children but the names also of the horses, of the cats and of the dogs throughout the length and breadth of his field. The cosmopolitan character of the population suggests the fact that a missionary does his best work, generally speaking, in a settlement of people with whose manner of living prior to their advent in the west he is acquainted by experience. An Irish Presbyterian best understands how to get at men who have come, or whose ancestors came, from the North of Ireland. By the way, one soon finds out that a knowledge, however slight, of French and German is a help. Machine agents and representatives of Insurance Companies are frequently better equipped in this regard than the ambassadors of the King of Glory. Is it not deplorable that men can live in Montreal for six or seven years—as students at that—without learning the first thing about French?

Then the western missionary is constantly "breaking new land." If methods of work are wrong it is his own fault, for he has a free hand. There is no "tradition of the elders" to hamper him. He is not reminded at his lodgings how eloquent a preacher Smith was, or how frequently Brown visited his flock, or what a fine precentor Robinson proved, for he himself the first missionary and he is making local church history

at every turn. Home Mission Conveners, like McQueen of Edmonton and Carmichael of Regina, give their men "carte blanche" as regards the internal affairs of the fields. This suggests the need, on the part of the missionary, of maturity of judgment, will-power and an invincible faith in the approval of his Master. It is to be remembered also that most of the people are beginning life anew; that buildings are in the "shack" state as yet; that many privations have to be endured during the first years in a new land; that church and school must fit in, more or less, with these surroundings.

Some of the difficulties of our work are suggested in the above remarks—as to the extremes of heat and cold, bad roads, etc., men who have played football on the McGill campus in ankle-deep snow on a bleak November day and tasted the joys of college residence, will be ashamed to talk seriously of such trivial matters.

And there are glorious compensations, rewards, for patient, whole-hearted, service. "I envy you, for you are going where you are sure to be appreciated," said a well-known Montreal minister to the writer upon the occasion of his departure for the Northwest. The feeling that one is in a place in the community which no one else is prepared to occupy, and in a place worthy the best any man has to give, is a most effective antidote to all forms of pessimism. Moreover, "progress" is the watchword of the west; and what more inspiring word can we find? In a new field, near Edmonton, three churches, two paid for at the opening, were dedicated to the worship of God within a period of eighteen months, and an ordained missionary will soon be in charge. What wonder the man who was privileged to take a leading part in the good work has fallen in love with the west! One other beneficial effect of contact with western life is the stimulation of a healthy pride in church and country. The Presbyterian Church is indisputably a great force on the side of righteousness, as well on the outskirts of the land as in the centres of population. May its efficiency increase a thousandfold! The vast extent and resources of Western Canada suggest thoughts for the future

which make the blood course faster through one's veins and quicken the sense of gratitude to the Giver of all good.

Best of all, we have every reason to believe that God is blessing our work, in making use of very unworthy instruments to bring men and women to a saving knowledge of Himself. Many who came seeking material wealth have found the "pearl of great price."

October 27th, 1899.

GIFTS.

Snow for earth's slumbering
(Thus do the wise gods plan),
And rain for the flowers in spring,
Have been since the world began.

A mate for the bird a-wing
That his race endure a span ;
Meat for the tigerling,
And a song for the heart of man.

ROBERT MACDOUGALL.

Harvard University.

College Note Book.

STUDENT LIFE.

When the Editor elect of Student Life returned to College in November, he found that the onerous task that would have fallen upon his shoulders if he had been at his post, had been very well performed by a kind friend, in the person of Mr. H. S. Lee, to whom our thanks is due.

But there are nearly always a few things to be corrected in reports; so it is only fair, we think, to deny the slanderous charge that we were enjoying ourselves in the Wilds of Ontario, forgetful of our duty to ourselves, our fellow-students and our readers. Now, we were *not* in the wilds of Ontario, at all, but in a mountainous region of this Province, endeavoring to teach the young idea how to shoot.

We would far rather have stayed at our work, had we known who was to take our place on the staff—for who covets the rewards of the *Local Editor* of a college journal? Not many moments elapse after its distribution in the halls, before the atmosphere becomes laden with threats—some good-natured enough, 'tis true, not to be dangerous, but others so big with wrath that—well, it's the better part of valor for the Editor to make himself scarce just about that time.

We have nerved ourselves to face the fray, however, since we fail to recall whether any of our predecessors have ever been really hurt. We trust we shall be upheld and encouraged by all who love bravery and faithfulness to duty.

We are glad to be able to report that last month's *Local Editor* is alive and well, having survived some malicious attempts on his life by Marconi's friend and others. We trust that his successor will be as fortunate.

CAULD KAIL HET.

Orthodox—(Bishop)—Do you think it quite right to partake of this hash on Friday? (Low Churchman)—Entirely orthodox: it is composed of thirty-nine articles.

A Big Difference—Little Sister: What's the difference between 'lectricity and lightning? Little Brother: You don't have to pay nothin' for lightnin'.

A Safe Alternative—A little fellow had been seriously lectured by his mother and finally sent into the garden to find a switch with which he was to be punished. He returned soon and said, "I couldn't find a switch, but here's a stone you can throw at me."

Ambiguous—"Well, I popped to Polly last night." "What did she do?" "She sat on me."

Thomas—"Have you named the twins over at your house yet?" John—"Yep; Pa called them Thunder and Lightning as soon as he heard about them."

EXCHANGES.

Among our Exchanges we note the *Acta Victoriana*. Its November issue gives several pretty views illustrating the beauties of the myriad isles of the Georgian Bay. It contains also two good articles, which breathe a decidedly patriotic spirit. One is a bright and hopeful picture of Canada's future; and the other, an editorial, is a strong appeal—which ought to act as an impetus, to "Young Canadians" to "go forward." The writer pleads for clean-handed politicians, and a broad-hearted people, who will faithfully and righteously support, especially our native provinces, while not forgetting our duty to our Dominion, nor to our Mother across the sea.

The McMaster University Monthly publishes a sensible article on truth-speaking, in which the writer passes in review ancient and heathen nations in their attitude to truthfulness. He shows them to have nearly all had very lax views of truth in the concrete. According to him there are several conditions of truth-speaking, e.g.: A sense of God's presence and His attitude toward falsity; courage as regards men; freedom from vanity; education of the faculties—memory, imagination, will, judgment; a true knowledge of Him who is the Truth.

In one of the numbers of the *Queen's University Journal* appears the portrait of Dr. Jordan, who has just been added to the college staff. We congratulate our sister-college on the

appointment of Dr. Jordan, and feel sure that, with his scholarship and efficiency as an instructor, he will prove another important addition to her staff.

The University of Ottawa Review comes to hand in very pleasing form. The October issue contains, as a sort of frontispiece, a portrait of His Excellency Mgr. Diomedé Falconio, Papal Delegate to Canada. Though the *Review* is decidedly uncatholic in spirit and tone (in the true sense of the word); yet we are pleased to have it on our table. Many of its articles are devoted to athletics, science and literature, and are of a high order.

An article from the delightful pen of Ian MacLaren, appears in the November number of the *Ladies' Home Journal*. It is entitled the "Mutineer in the Church." The writer takes the trouble to differentiate the numerous kinds of troublesome people that are to be found represented in nearly every congregation. He would be kind and considerate to the ones that cause trouble conscientiously, however mistaken they may be in their tactics; but singles out the wilful miscreant, who is really a bully, and refuses to give him little if any consideration. In the December *Journal*, Dr. Watson will take up the question, "Should the Old Minister be Shot?" considering it in a most interesting manner and answering it with his customary vigor. The same number of the magazine has a contribution from Rev. Chas. M. Sheldon. He answers the question, "Is Christianity practicable in worldly affairs?" and in so doing defends and emphasizes the teachings of his world-famous book, "In His Steps."

To whom it may concern: In accordance with the demand made in a recent issue of the M. O., the Theologues who took a snap shot at three Donalds while standing on the Library steps on a certain day, do hereby acknowledge their transgression, and offer their apology, which is meet. We (the JOURNAL) would respectfully bespeak for the transgressors leniency on the part of the plaintiffs, inasmuch as our amateur photographers have decidedly optimistic tendencies, and always seek to take the very best views of life.

The funeral of the late Sir William Dawson, F.R.S., K.C.M.G., which took place on Nov. 21st., was very largely attended. Lectures in the University and all the affiliated colleges were suspended for the day, to give professors and students the opportunity of paying their last respects to their Ex-Principal, truly beloved and honoured. The students attended in a body.

We are pleased to learn from day to day of Mr. Hardy's gradual recovery from his long and trying illness. We have been missing his genial presence at the tea-table and in the halls; and although we are not allowed to expect to have him with us yet for a few weeks, we wait with cordial anticipation his return to our midst, in renewed health.

ALL AMONG OURSELVES.

One table in our dining hall has been characterized as having not only wood an' heads, but also two *Wood en sides*.

Enthusiastic young lady (on Sherbrooke St.) to Mr. E. L. P.—d—n :—Who is that tall, good-looking young man who was associated with Mr. K—th, soliciting ads. for your JOURNAL ?”

Mr. E. L. P. (after reflection)—“ Really, I don't know any one of that description on the JOURNAL staff.”

W. D. T.—“ Say, Boys, I have to shave every day, now. ’
Boys—“ Shave what ? ”

L—v—ie : “ If I remember right, I have to deliver a lecture on the ‘ Rational Exercise of Memory. ’ Don't let me forget it, Pat.”

G. Y. (the ideal gratuitous preacher)—“ The further away a dollar is, the bigger it looks.”

Pat (at students' bread-riot)—“ Mr. Pres. & Gentlemen, I rise, not to propose a *toast*, but to *get toast*.”

Third year man (at dinner table)—“ I pity the man that gets engaged.”

Second year man.—“ No wonder.”

One for Evolution—Professor (satirically)—“Thus, a worm becomes a frog, and a frog become a *Pidgeon* ?”

Some one remarked the other day in the hall that two or three young ladies (unknown of course to us) must have felt pretty *down* on the mouth judging from the few nice but very new moustaches that are making efforts to look visible.

GEO. W. THOM.

REPORTER'S FOLIO.

The Executive of the Philosophical and Literary Society are to be congratulated on the practical nature of the questions which they have chosen for debate.

On the evenings of Oct. 28th and Nov. 3rd the following subjects were thoroughly discussed :

Resolved:— “That Great Britain’s policy in the Transvaal is justifiable.”

“That poverty develops character better than riches.”

Considerable enthusiasm was shown in the discussion of both these questions.

An able criticism of the former meeting was given by Mr. Hector MacKay, B.A., while Mr. J. B. McLeod, B.A., gave a pleasing criticism of the latter. The interest in the Literary Society is growing, and it is becoming recognized that this is the best society in the college for the cultivation of the ready man.

On the evening of Friday, Nov. 10th, the Students’ Missionary Society held its regular meeting, President, A. G. Cameron in the chair. After the meeting had been opened with prayer and the minutes of the last meeting read and approved, Mr. Don. Stewart reported that he had audited the treasurer’s books and found them neatly and correctly kept. The Secretary read a communication from the Homeopathic Hospital requesting the Society to send a student to take the service on five Sabbaths during the session.

After a short discussion, it was unanimously agreed that we take up this work. Another important matter was the request from the congregation of Montreal West that the

Society accept, as soon as possible, the payment of the money which they had loaned the congregation last May for a term of three years. After considerable discussion it was decided to lay the matter on the table for the present, and a committee consisting of Messrs. Cameron and Thom were appointed to secure if possible suitable investment for the money and thus meet the wishes of the people of Montreal West.

The musical part of the programme was somewhat of a novelty. All were pleased and entertained by the singing of the French students, who showed that they were not neglecting the musical part of their education.

The representative from the News Committee was Mr. Turkington, who gave an interesting address on the life and work of the late Rev. Robt. Morrison, first Missionary to China.

An interesting report from the Saguenay Mission was given by Mr. L. Abram. Mr. D. M. McLeod reported for Lochaber Bay and we all felt that the work had prospered in his hands. The report from Portneuf was given by Mr. Jas. Wheeler who has had a successful summer on his mission. W. G. Brown reported for Bonfield. The singing of the long metre Doxology closed an interesting and instructive meeting.

The regular meeting of the Philosophical and Literary Society was held on Friday evening, Nov. 10th, President Worth in the chair. The auditors, Messrs. Keith and Lee, reported that they found the treasurer's books in a satisfactory condition. W. G. Brown was chosen to represent the College in the Intercollegiate Debate. The instrumental music of Messrs. Hobman and Keith was much enjoyed.

The subject of the debate was: Resolved, "That a Christian should not engage in war." The affirmative was opened by Mr. W. P. Tanner, while Mr. Akitt ably upheld the cause of the negative.

The meeting was then thrown open and Messrs. Laverie, Swinton and Wheeler availed themselves of the opportunity.

Mr. D. M. McLeod, B.A., kindly acted as critic and urged upon all the men who had not yet spoken to come forward at the first opportunity and make their maiden speech. The meeting was then closed in the usual way.

¶! The sky was dark and lowering, and such might almost be said of the faces of some of the men when it was announced that on Saturday, Nov. 18th, we were to meet the sons of John Wesley in a game of association football.

The cause of the fear on our part was well grounded, as several of the men had never played the game. The choice of our Captain, Mr. H. J. Keith, proved to be a wise one, as the game showed he had placed the right men in the right place. To say that the ground was muddy is to put it mildly. In spite of all the difficulties, however, the ball was kept moving at a lively pace throughout the game, and several times some of us felt that football was drawing the Wesleyans and Presbyterians closer together than was comfortable.

A manly spirit of rivalry was shown by both sides from start to finish, and all felt that football matches were desirable even between Theologs.

At the close of the game the usual cheers were given, not forgetting the referee, Charlie Tanner, who acted in an impartial way throughout the game. The closeness of the game may be judged from the score, which at the end of the game stood as follows:

	Goals.
Wesleyans	0
Presbyterians.....	1
	W. G. B.

OUR GRADUATES.

On the second Sabbath of November the Rev. M. F. Boudreau began his eighth year's work as Pastor of St. John's Church, St. Hyacinthe. During that time the progress of the congregation, materially, has been rapid, as is evidenced by the beautiful property belonging to our church there. New pews have been placed in the church which is now lighted by electricity, and also a new roof costing nearly \$700. A comfortable manse has also been erected costing \$2,800. There is a debt of \$1,800 on the property which is worth about \$9,000. As the congregation never numbered more than thirty-five families, and as there are but few well-to-do people among them, the above facts speak well for their generosity. During his seven years' pastorate in St. Hyacinthe the Rev. Mr. Boudreau has received forty persons into the membership of the church, more than half of whom are French and fifteen of whom were from the Roman Catholic Church. The congregation is a peculiar one, being composed of Presbyterians, Methodists and Congregationalists. Mr. Boudreau's relations with his Roman Catholic neighbors have been of the most pleasant character, and although an aggressive missionary work is done by St. John's Church, still the pastor and members have ever been on the best of terms with everybody. Service is conducted in the morning in French and in the evening in English, and we are pleased to state that never a service passes without being attended by one or more Roman Catholics.

A few days ago Mr. Boudreau was invited to take charge of a French church in the New England States but refused, being deeply attached to our work here, to which he has already given twenty years of his life.

Mr. Boudreau is a graduate of '77.

It is with deep regret that we learn of the serious illness of Rev. F. W. Gilmour, of Sawyerville. Mr. Gilmour has

been laid up for several weeks with typhoid fever. We hope that it will not be long until he will be able to return to his work again.

Taylor Church congregation, Montreal, celebrated the fifth anniversary of the opening of their church a short time ago. Rev. Thos. Bennet, of Montreal West, was pastor of this church for a number of years, and during his pastorate the splendid edifice in which they now worship was erected. On the resignation of Mr. Bennet, Rev. W. D. Reid, B.A., B.D., was called, and since his settlement has done splendid work in this part of the city.

Special services were conducted by the Rev. Dr. Warriner, of the Congregational College, and the Rev. A. J. Mowat, of Erskine Church, who had charge in the evening. The following item, taken from the daily press, speaks for itself: "Under the guidance of its pastor, the Rev. W. D. Reid, B.D., the congregation is steadily growing, there having been added since his induction in June, '98, 171 members, bringing the number of communicants up to 411. All the running expenses of the past year have been promptly met, and in addition \$200 raised for missionary and other objects. All the departments of work in the church are in a flourishing condition, and both officers and members are working together harmoniously. The Ladies' Aid Society has been busy all summer in preparing for a sale of useful and fancy articles, which was held from Nov. 9 to 11."

Rev. G. T. Bayne, of Appleton, Ont., is at present spending his holidays in Western Ontario.

Rev. A. S. Grant, B.A., B.D., whom we mentioned last month as having returned from the Klondyke, has been appointed to labour in Eastern Ontario in the interests of the Century Fund. Mr. Grant is at present working in Lanark and Renfrew Presbytery, where he will receive a warm welcome, as for some years he was a member of that Presbytery.

Rev. J. R. MacLeod, of Three Rivers, has also been appointed a sub-agent of the Century Fund and is work-

ing in Eastern Ontario. A short time ago he opened the campaign by an enthusiastic meeting in Cornwall.

Rev. J. A. Menançon, of St. Cyprien, Que., spent a few days with us last month and reports the progress of the French Protestant Mission as very favorable. When he went there about a year ago there was not a single Protestant, now there are 26 converts from Roman Catholicism.

The persecution is very great, as those who break away from Rome are cruelly treated by their Roman Catholic neighbors. One lady, on her death-bed, although strongly urged to have the last rites of the Church administered to her, refused, and died placing her trust in Jesus Christ. The remaining members of the family were turned away from home by their father and took refuge with the missionary. He kept four with him and succeeded in placing the others at Point aux Trembles Schools.

This is an interesting field and shows great prospects for future work. A small church has been erected and we have no hesitation in saying that Mr. Menançon will meet with abundant success in this benighted field.

Rev. W. E. Knowles has given up his work in Victoria, B.C., and is at present taking a postgraduate course in the Theological Seminary of Louisville, Kentucky.

Rev. S. Rondeau, B.A., of Quebec, has been appointed on the staff of the French Protestant Schools at Point aux Trembles. This will add greatly to the strength of the institution, as Mr. Rondeau is a distinguished scholar in Modern Languages, having obtained first rank honours in McGill University in 1884.

Mr. M. W. Byron, who graduated last spring, is supplying Massawhippi and Hillhurst for this winter. We learn that Mr. Byron's work is highly appreciated by his parishioners.

The Rev. J. MacVicar, B.A., and Mrs. MacVicar, of Fergus, returned home on Saturday, October 28th, after having enjoyed a much needed holiday in Washington, Montreal, and Toronto. On Tuesday evening the congregation took posses-

sion of the mause and held a very cordial reception. Mr. R. Phillips, sr., was appointed chairman, and an exceedingly enjoyable evening was spent. The most important part of the proceedings was the presentation from the congregation to Mr. MacVicar of a well-worded address and the assurance that a fur-lined coat which was being made to order would be in his possession in a few days, the committee having been disappointed in not having it on hand. The ladies' societies presented Mrs. MacVicar with an address and life-membership in the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society. In reply Mr. MacVicar thanked the congregation on behalf of Mrs. MacVicar and himself for the kind words and substantial tokens of esteem given them at this time, as well as for the continued manifestations of appreciation which they have received since their settlement in Fergus. After the programme had been concluded, refreshments were served and a social hour spent, when all returned home, feeling that they had spent a pleasant and profitable Hallowe'en.

Rev. Major H. MacIntosh, B.A., of Class '98, passed through here a short time ago on his way to Prince Edward Island. He had been called away from British Columbia owing to the illness of his father. Mr. MacIntosh has labored very acceptably in Mount Pleasant, Vancouver, and his resignation was deeply regretted by the whole congregation.

The dedication exercises in connection with St. Andrew's Church, Sandon, B.C., were held on Sabbath, Nov. 12th. The discourses of the day were scholarly and well suited to the occasion.

The Sacrament of the Lord's Supper was dispensed at the morning service, which was conducted by Rev. A. M. Sanford. In the afternoon a children's service was held, led by Rev. Robert Frew, of Nelson. Mr. Frew also conducted the evening service, and all present were delighted with his able discourse.

Special music was rendered by the Sandon Church Choir, under the leadership of Mr. W. W. Fallows. This pleasing feature added materially to the character of the services.

The collections in aid of the Building Fund were all that could be expected.

On Monday evening, Nov. 13th, the ladies of the congregation served dinner to a large assemblage of people, after which a grand concert was held in Virginia Hall in aid of the church.

The pastor, Rev. J. A. Cleland, is to be congratulated on the success of these services and we hope that he may long be spared to labour among the people to whose hearts he has become so endeared.

Rev. J. A. Morrison, M.A., Ph.D., formerly pastor of East Presbyterian Church, Toronto, has received an unanimous call from St. David's Church, St. John, N.B. It is not long since Dr. Morrison returned from Germany, where he was taking an extended course in Philosophy at Leipsic University. We congratulate this congregation on the choice of a minister, and we hope that Mr. Morrison will see his way clear to accept the call.

Rev. Donald Guthrie, who succeeded to the pulpit of Rev. Dr. Hodge, at Richmond, Va., has received a call to the First Presbyterian Church of Baltimore.

A recent issue of the Baltimore *Sun* has the following in this connection :

"Overtures made to Dr. Guthrie, who is now the pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church of Richmond, developed assurance of his willingness to accept should the call be unanimous. Mr. William W. Spence paid a high tribute to Dr. Guthrie, stating that his attention was called to him by the late Dr. Hodge, of Richmond, whom he succeeded in the pastorate of Second Church. He added that as a speaker his ability was pronounced, and he was an earnest and faithful Christian worker.

On motion of Mr. Robert M. Wylie, the salary was fixed at \$6,000 a year, with the use of a manse and a vacation of two months in each year. This motion was also carried without dissent."

Dr. Guthrie is a son of Donald Guthrie, M.P., of Guelph, and a nephew of Principal MacVicar. He is an alumnus of McGill and of this college, having graduated with the Class of '94.

We are pleased to report the continued success of Rev. J. A. Matheson, B.A., of Summerstown. This congregation, although not very strong, is being rapidly built up. The Christian Endeavor and other Societies are all in a prosperous condition and are working together harmoniously to promote the best interests of the congregation.

It is with the deepest regret that we learn of the serious illness of Rev. J. Bourgoïn, Principal of Point aux Trembles Schools. At times he was so bad and his sufferings so severe that his life was despaired of, but we are now glad to state that the crisis is past and with rest and good nursing, we hope that it will not be long ere he will be once more among his pupils. The loss of his presence at Point aux Trembles has been felt keenly. This absence so near the beginning of the season is a serious matter and considerably cripples the school in its work. For 24 years he has been the soul of these schools and under his direction great progress has been made. Mr. Bourgoïn has rendered great service to the cause of education in the Province of Quebec, and we hope that he may long be spared to carry on the work for which he seems so eminently fitted. From a small beginning these schools have risen to a degree of recognized importance and their efficiency is increasing every year. The students of these schools have no better friend than Mr. Bourgoïn. He is tender as a father to them, and many who have now graduated can look back and thank Mr. Bourgoïn for his good advice and kind attention to them when they were under his control.

Mr. Bourgoïn is a preacher of remarkable power and still retains his vigour in spite of his arduous labours.

D. S.

TALKS ABOUT BOOKS.

Two of the Rev. G. Campbell Morgan's little books, sent by the Drysdale Company, raise the whole question of the utility of the irresponsible evangelist and his published addresses. It may be said that such were Christ and His apostles, such the reformers of the sixteenth and preceding centuries, such Whitefield and the Wesleys in later years. These were trumpet tongues, that awakened what conscience remained in nominal churches, far gone in deadness, unbelief, corruption, virtual apostasy. Do the latter words fitly designate any of the Protestant English-speaking churches of to-day? Some pessimistic writers of a peculiar theological stamp say they do, and spend their time in abusing the modern ministry; but really observing, thoughtful and charitably minded people do not agree with them. The real trouble is that fully nine out of ten of the ministers, in the churches referred to, have built themselves on the same theological model as the irresponsible evangelists, for good or evil let every man judge, so that the latter are doing what St. Paul told the Romans and Corinthians he would not do, that is, build upon another man's foundation. There is nothing new in the evangelist, save his anecdotes, his fervour, and his personality, in which many a settled pastor is fully his equal, to say the least of it. Our Saviour and His apostles, the reformers, and the eighteenth century revivalists, preached what in their day was new and startling doctrine, quite at variance with the ordinary prelections of their time. Some men are doing that now, and are arousing the churches to earnest thought:

"Singing songs unbidden,
Till the world is wrought

To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not:"

but these are not the wandering evangelists. No, their theology in practice is largely one man theology; for catechu-

mens, the "sauve qui peut" of Napoleon's guard after the last British charge at Waterloo; and for initiates,

"Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!"

A salvation which begins and ends in the person supposed to be saved, except in such rare cases as the penitent thief on the cross, is no salvation at all. Even along this narrow line, the true evangelists are the home missionaries, who go down into the slums, like the Salvationists, or out into rough new settlements, and foreign missionaries all the world over. Most of the men who arrogate to themselves the name of evangelist are, in their ignorant unconsciousness, enemies of true progress in scriptural study, religious thought and life, being the unthinking perpetuators of a traditional system of theology, which sets Moses on a par with Christ, degrades God's thoughts to the level of man's with a stereotyped theory of the atonement, and turns what ought to be a reasonable service into something akin to magic and incantation. But, they interpose, see what results have been obtained by such methods! No truthful observer wishes to deny the results, nor to belittle them; no sincere Christian will, like the Boanerges, forbid any worker casting out devils because he does not follow Christ in his way. Bows and arrows did great execution at Cressy and Agincourt, and among barbarous tribes in both hemispheres still deal wounds and death; but no sane man would pit them against the rifles of the Boers in the Transvaal. Oh, they say, you are one of those humanitarians who are not content with the simple Gospel; and forthwith call upon pious people to sneer the objector down, and term him an infidel. The term "simple Gospel" on their lips is cant. The objector to their methods loves the Gospel better than they do, for he wishes to free the power of God and the wisdom of God from the scholastic increments and misrepresentations that have impaired its usefulness, and thus make it the weapon for the age. They claim many converts among church-going people, old and young; they have also a right to claim in the churches many a self-sufficient, and uncharitable, and intolerant Pharisee, and, in the depths beyond, Tom

Paine and the Mills, a Bradlaugh and an Ingersoll, with thousands who have followed in their train of unbelief. Unthinking worldliness is responsible for most practical infidelity, but the thinking infidel is a product of the churches and of shallow evangelists.

However, let us deal with Mr. Morgan's booklets on their own merits. One is "The Hidden Years at Nazareth," a 48 page 18mo, bound in white and green cloth, published by the Fleming H. Revell Company, and sold by the Drysdale Company for a quarter dollar. It is readable, and tells how Jesus worked as a carpenter at Nazareth in such a way as to please the Father, and probably in order to support His widowed mother. From the words "My yoke is easy," Mr. Morgan infers that He made well-fitting yokes, and also he thinks He made tables. The moral is that we are to do good work, in a devout spirit, in a humble private sphere, whatever our ultimate destiny. But is not this bathos? "I do not want to hide the majesty of this sweet word, the 'carpenter,' by any multiplication of words of mine." It is only the connection of the word with the exalted personality of Christ that hinders one from turning such an absurd sentence into ridicule; it is the veriest anti-climax and old wife's drivel. Next comes "The True Estimate of Life," by the same author, a paper bound 12mo of 127 pages, published by The Bible Institute Colportage Association, Chicago, and sold by the Drysdale Company for twenty-five cents. It contains nine of Mr. Morgan's discourses on such subjects as Paul's Estimate of Life, The Cleansing of Naaman, and Lessons from the Life of Lot. They are above the average of evangelistic addresses in sprightliness, novelty of illustration, and practical purpose. After telling the story of a cabinet maker who thought he was converted, and was told by his workshop companion that he, the companion, had been a Christian for five years, Mr. Morgan adds: "It is an absolute impossibility for two men born again of the Spirit, filled with the Spirit, to work side by side for five years, and neither one or the other find it out." The Talker knows men devoted to all manner of so-called Christian work, and pursuing their duties in the same

office, and closely related to one another, who have not exchanged a word or a friendly service for far more than five years; and he would like them to read the discourse on Redeeming the Time. He knows other men of the limp Bible stamp, full of self-righteousness, whose great aim in life appears to be the wrecking of congregations. Power should never be put into the hands of these plausible deniers of practical godliness. But what shall be said of this in The Cleansing of Naaman? Mr. Morgan had been inviting a man to come into an enquiry room. He asked, "Can't I be saved without going in there?"

Now, when a man begins to ask that question, you must deal with him just in one way. And I said:

"No; I don't think you can."

"Why," he said, "is salvation in the inquiry room?"

"No, it is in God; but just as long as you sit here and try to dictate terms to God, you are proving that you have not got to the end of self, and there is no salvation for you. That is the trouble with you."

"Then," he said, "if I cannot be saved without going into that room, I will go to hell."

"My brother," I answered, "that is not God's choice for you. If you have chosen it for yourself, I cannot help it."

At the end of a week, we are told, the man came in. What kind of a man must he have been; and by what a strange perversity came an enquiry room to be put in place of Christ as the way to the Father? The arrogance of Rome could go no farther than does that of the average evangelist; and no self-respecting man or woman, more especially if a Presbyterian in name and training, would submit to this inquisitorial way of entering the kingdom of heaven. There is not the remotest warrant for such a procedure in the Bible; but the weak-kneed Christian sentimentality of superficial lip-religion has made the evangelist's high claims a second gospel. You who have nests of your own, look out for the cuckoo; he has no nest, but he lays in many, and not for the welfare of the home birds. If a human being can't be saved outside of a revivalist's enquiry room, heaven must be peopled

by such abjects as Job said he would have disdained to set with the dogs of his flock. To become a Christian does not humiliate and degrade a man, but elevates him in every way. Fancy a man like Thomas Carlyle going through the hands of a parcel of impressionable youths in an enquiry room! Yet the power and the wisdom of God should be able to convert Thomas Carlyles.

"The Problem of Human Suffering, looked at from the standpoint of a Christian," by Vernon C. Harrington, is a neatly printed, gilt-topped and cloth bound duodecimo of 157 pages, published by the Fleming H. Revell Company, and sold by the Drysdale Company for a dollar. Who Mr. Harrington is, the Talker does not know, but he is aware that he lives in Cleveland, Ohio, that he is apparently a very devout Christian man, and that he writes good English with occasional gleams of poetry and science in it. In his preface he says "We cannot help asking, 'If God loves us, why do we suffer so?' I am persuaded that there is nothing which shakes the faith of so many in the eternal Fatherhood." Then, after stating the problem, he proceeds to treat of suffering which comes directly from human selfishness, a subject easily understood; and next, of that which comes from causes over which man seems to have no control, including forms of disease and death. It is in the latter that he is lame, for he sets down flood, famine, and so-called accidents, to Natural Law. He winds up with the Compensation for Suffering, which is discipline, leading to deeper vision, larger sympathy, and stronger faith. There is a measure of truth in the fact that man's selfishness brings calamity to himself and to others, that is, to the deserving and to the undeserving; and in the other, that God allows His people to be chastened for their larger good. But, if the storm on the sea of Galilee was the result of natural law, why did Christ rebuke it? And why do we work against and pray against all those forms of so-called natural law that make for human suffering? Simply because we conceive that in some way they are not of God. All nature is out of joint since the Fall; there is war in

heaven, and in that war the inhabitants of earth are involved. It is an easy thing in fine weather to sing:

" To clouds, and winds, and waves,
Their pathway He doth shew,"

but when the clouds are dealing out hot thunderbolts, when the wind is a cyclone, and when the waves are engulfing the helpless ship, who is the responsible agent? A destroyer and a murderer: and such is not God by any figment of natural law. Man's suffering has its origin in more than human selfishness, even in diabolical malice, which, when rightly experienced, leads to the fervent and daily repeated prayer, "Deliver us from the Evil One!" And for that 's liverance the whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together until now. Strange how men strive to explain the problem of evil by abstractions, like Mrs. Baker Eddy with her absurd metaphysics!

Here is a neutral book, neither religious nor of the earth earthy. It belongs to the "Builders of Greater Britain" series, one at least of which has already been noticed in the JOURNAL. This one is entitled "Admiral Phillip," and is written by Louis Becke and Walter Jeffery. It is a crown 8vo., of 336 pages and three illustrations, is handsomely bound in scarlet cloth illuminated, is published by T. Fisher Unwin, of London, and is sold by the Drysdale Company for a dollar and a half. Admiral, or, during the time he was governor, Captain Phillip, was the founder of the penal colony of New South Wales in Australia. He laid the foundation of that colony in 1787, first at Botany Bay and afterwards at Port Jackson, and administered its affairs till 1792, when he returned to England, where he died in 1814 with the rank of Admiral of the Blue. He seems to have been a humble minded, hard working, courageous, humane, patient, and far-seeing man. He had enormous difficulties to deal with in the character of his population, imported and native, in the inadequacy of his government supplies, in the rivalry of his military and other aids, and in the unproductiveness of the soil for a time. But he made the best of a bad bargain, and succeeding generations rose up to bless him. Yet it was with

great pains only that his biographers were enabled to procure the materials for his life. They have between them made what cannot be called a book of entrancing interest, but still a very readable history of the foundation of New South Wales, replete with many incidents in the career of the colony and of its first governor. It is written in simple historical style, and, considering the fragmentary nature of its materials, with much historical unity. To natives of Australia in general, and of New South Wales in particular, it must prove of more than passing interest, for it is the tale of their childhood as one of the nations that left the great home mother to bring light and liberty to the ends of the earth.

"Quiet Stories from an Old Woman's Garden," by Alison McLean, author of "Paul Heriot's Pictures," is a 321 page Svo., with an illustration, gilt top, and a species of Roxburgh binding, published by Frederic Warne & Co., London and New York, and sold by Messrs. Drysdale for a sum unindicated, perhaps a dollar or a dollar and a quarter. It contains seven stories, or let us say six, and an introduction, which latter brings in the author as a spurious grandmother of eighty. The stories are botanical in name, such as Bachelor's Buttons, Mary Lilies, Lad's Love, Honesty, Tiger Lilies, and Sweet Nancy. They are tales of simple peasant folk, mostly farm labourers, living on or about the Downs of Sussex, where the author's early home seems to have been. Some are love stories, but all abound in the spirit of love and of genuine Christianity, without any preaching or goody-goody talk. Their descriptions of scenery are fresh and breezy, and their portraiture of many actors in humble country life, with their simple child-like ways and rustic Sussex dialect, is admirable in its quiet effects. The great lesson in all the stories is the law of kindness, so that the book would make excellent reading matter for girls and boys whom one would wish to bring into sympathy with it; but older people who take up the Old Woman's Garden will hardly care to leave it till they have gathered every flower it contains. There is a homeliness, in the best sense of that often much abused term,

in the sketches, which are not devoid of humour, while in some of them the pathos is very real and effective. The mental calibre of the Sussex peasant is not equal to that of Drumtochty, but the heart is the heart all the world over, and that is what Alison McLean seems most familiar with. Crockett, as we know, has written a "Lad's Love," but it is quite different from that in this volume, the stories of which, in their local colouring, remind the Talker of Miss Mitford's "Our Village," which he read as a boy some time before her death that occurred in 1855. Her village was in Hampshire, the county adjoining our author's beloved Sussex. Mary Mitford wrote her book to support a very trying, selfish and not too reputable father, while Alison McLean rejoices to dedicate hers to the loved parents of the old woman of eighty.

Messrs. Methuen & Co., of London, are making what they call the experiment of publishing a full sized new novel for the low price of sixpence, which, with duty and charges added, becomes twenty cents in Canada. This series, of which six volumes have been already published, they call The Novelist, and the Drysdale Company has sent the fourth of the series for review. It is a large octavo of 124 pages, in bright paper cover, and is entitled, "A Son of the State," its author being W. Pett Ridge. The hero, Robert Lancaster by name, generally known as Bobbie, is introduced at an inquest in London, the subject of which, all unknown to him, being his mother, who has been run over in the street while under the influence of drink. There he makes the acquaintance of a young journalist, Myddleton West, an acquaintance which is of value to him in later years. After his mother's death, Bobbie falls into the hands of a small group of pickpockets and general practitioners, and for a time lives a disreputable life, in which he has not the countenance of Mrs. Bell, who keeps a small millinery shop, and her prepossessing daughter Trixie. Being captured along with the rest of the gang, a humane magistrate sends him to a model reformatory in the country called Collingwood Cottage, where he undergoes a transformation. He picks up some learning in the school,

excels in drill, and becomes a cornet player; but after a time, on account of an injustice done him, he runs away, and rejoices in refund liberty. It does not please him, however, and, awed by a picture of the Queen, who, he has been told, won't have any criminals in her service, he restores a valise that he had begun to carry off from a railway baggage room. Then he betakes himself to the journalist, who sends him, warmed and fed, back to Collingwood Cottage. On the way thither, he is knocked off his train, and is sent to hospital for repairs. There he meets a lady nurse between whom and Mr. West there are tender relations which Bobbie forwards. When recovered, he returns to the Cottage, and is soon drafted, at his own request, into a man-of-war. The story ends with a letter from Mr. Myddleton West to his wife, formerly the nurse, from somewhere in Africa, telling, among other things, how Bobby saved his admiral's life. This Mrs. Myddleton reads to Trixie Beli, who now owns her mother's millinery establishment, and great is their mutual delight.

Bobbie is a typical London gamin, brimming over with Cockney chaff of the most refreshing kind. He and Trixie have a characteristic bout on the street:

"Cheer!" said Miss Bell, with defiant shyness, "How's the world using you?" Bobbie did not answer. "You ain't seen me for a long time."

"Ain't wanted," replied the boy.

"I've been away in the country," said the young woman, in no way disconcerted, "'mongst medders and pigs, and farmyards and nuts, and I don't know what all."

"Well," he said, "what of it?"

"You still living in Ely Place?"

"P'raps I am; p'raps I ain't."

"I wouldn't live there for something," remarked the girl, shrugging her shoulders.

"They wouldn't let you," replied the boy, "they're very particular about the kerricter of people they 'ave there."

"Must they all 'ave a bad kerricter?" asked Miss Bell, innocently.

The trams at the junction of roads extricated themselves from the tangle, and people who had been waiting on the kerb went across the roadway. Trixie Bell followed Bobbie, and they walked on opposite sides of the dimly lighted pavement near St. Luke's Asylum, continuing their conversation with breaks, occasioned by intervening passers by.

"You've no call," shouted the boy, "to come following me about. I don't want no truck with gels."

"I s'pose you've bought the street, ain't you?" asked Miss Bell loudly. "Seem to think you're everybody, 'cause you've got a bowler 'at on. Be wearing a chimney-pot next, I lay."

"Shan't ask your permission."

"All the boys down in the country," called out the girl, 'wash 'emselves twice a day."

"More fools them," said Bobbie.

"They wouldn't dare to be seen going about with a dirty face and neck like what you've got."

"Look 'ere," said the boy savagely. He moved nearer to her. "You leave my face and neck alone."

"Sorry to do otherwise," she remarked pertly.

"When I want any remarks from you 'bout my face and neck I'll ast for 'em. 'Till then you keep your mouth shut, 'r I'll shut it for you."

"You'd do a lot."

Bobbie lifted his arm, but the small girl did not flinch. He made another threatening gesture; instantly his new bowler hat went spinning into the middle of the road in imminent danger of being run over by a railway van. Bobbie rescued it adroitly, and returning, chased Miss Bell as far as Goswell Road."

This is an amusing book, whose chief merit is that of illustrating an enlightened government's efforts for the rescue and reform of young criminals and outcasts, whom it transforms into good and useful citizens.

Anthony Hope, whose real name is Hawkins, on this occasion has not his portrait on the cover of his new book. This book is called "The King's Mirror," why, it would be hard to tell, since it might as well have been named the King's diary

or confessions. It is a 311 page Svo, with a frontispiece, elegantly bound in blue cloth gilt, and gilt topped, published by George N. Morang & Company, Toronto, and sold by the Drysdale Company for a dollar and a half. The story contained in the book is far from exciting, perhaps because it purports to have been written by one of the kinglets of Europe, whose name was Augustin Caesar. It begins with his coronation in the Cathedral of Forstadt, when he was hardly eight years old, and ends with his marriage to his cousin, Elsa von Bartenstein, when he was twenty-four. His mother, the prim Princess Heinrich; his sister Victoria who later in life marries a heavy good-natured soldier William Adolphus of Alt. Gronenstahl; their governess, the disciplinarian Baroness Krakenstein; and the prime minister, Prince von Hammerfeldt, are well drawn in their various roles. The last of these soon gets rid of Geoffrey Owen, the socialistic English tutor, and himself is not long in disappearing from the scene. Then the repressed kinglet tells of his amours with married court ladies and a public singer; of his duel with the liberal deputy Wetter, on account of the latter; of an incognito visit to Paris; and many incidents of dreary royal life, which do not tend to make the reader wish he was a king. There is in the story hardly a gleam of genuine affection: its atmosphere is unmitigated selfishness, all the characters being on the make. Augustin himself receives homage of different kinds, not as a youth or a man, but as a king. One longs for a single ray of the sunlight of true devotion in the volume, but the longing is not gratified; for a piece of genuine enjoyment, but it is not there. What is meant for mirth is cynicism; for pleasure, riotous excess. Whether Anthony Hope has striven to present a truthful picture of regal isolation, heartless frivolity, frigid insouciance, and the ennui that results from general boredom, or whether he has simply mirrored himself in Augustin, must be left to those who know him better to decide. Most of his cleverly written books are soulless, but they are smart, abounding in society conversations, of which perhaps *The Dolly Dialogues* present the best

specimens. To be able to say smart and witty things in society, to be clever at repartee, whether with the grace of a Varvilliers, or with the ill-disguised impertinence of a Wetter; such was the chief aim in life of the ladies and chevaliers of the courts of the later Louis of France (XIV. to XVI.), and of the wits and beauties of our English Charles II. and George IV. Such also, with a little rudeness added, is the ideal of the more intelligent butterflies of present day society, who seek their inspiration in the works of George Meredith and Anthony Hope. Certainly their vivacious give and take, however shallow, is preferable to social boredom, in which one man or woman usurps the whole conversation, or, singling out a particular victim, figuratively buttonholes him and pours an endless chain of small-talk into his long-suffering ears. Some men can't talk. "Did you ever hear me preach?" Coleridge asked Lamb, who replied with a stutter, "Never heard you do anything else." George Macdonald preaches in his novels, and does so ad nauseum at times. Meredith and Hope or Hawkins do not, but one feels that a brief meditative sermon would be a rest from the everlasting fireworks. A man's Christianity should appear in his silence as well as in his talk, and in the honesty, the living interest, and the courtesy of the latter. Of course, if the barrel be empty, pumping will only let out air; the first requisite for talking wisely is to have something wise to say, in other words, to fill the barrel, and to do so with more than figures of speech. After all, to an observant, teachable soul, this is not hard work, for there are few people so ignorant that you cannot learn something from them. The Talker gained this last statement from a simple labouring man, and has often proved the truth of it, which he could not have done had he monopolized the conversation.

Talking of George Macdonald, here he is in his "Salted with Fire: A Story of a Minister," 324 pages, 12mo., paper bound, The Copp, Clark Company, Toronto. It is an episode in the life of a divinity student, and subsequently, a young minister, James Blatherwick, worked into the record of a humble soutar, or shoemaker, named MacLear, one of the

author's very pious and long-winded heroes, of advanced theological views, nevertheless a genuine Christian man of the practical kind. The soutar has an excellent daughter, Maggie, and James has two parents, humbler but much better than himself, of whom one, his mother, is the worshipper of her at first unworthy son. For James has no root of the matter in him, and is brimful of vanity and self-consciousness. While still a student, lodging with a widow in Edinburgh, he began playing with the affections of a pretty girl who waited on him, his landlady's niece, Isy. She worshipped the clever young student, as his mother did, and this flattered his vanity, the result being an implied promise of marriage and the girl's betrayal. More anxious to shield him than protect herself, Isy fled, and passed through many sad adventures, till at length her child and she were separated, but both in good hands, the former in the care of the soutar's daughter Maggie, and she herself as maid-servant to Mrs. Blatherwick, her betrayer's mother. During the years they are separated, James Blatherwick, full of conceit and desire for the praise of men, as minister of his native parish, yet goes about with an uneasy conscience. This makes him harsh and undutiful to a degree towards his long-suffering parents, but he affects the company of the soutar, who tells him plain truths, and so far forgets his past as to make love to his daughter. Isy, when she begins to understand her whereabouts, flees once more, but is brought back, apparently dying. When she has been to all outward aspect dead for some days, lying in her coffin, James goes to look at his work. She miraculously revives, and he swoons away. Then comes his remorse on a sick bed, confession, renunciation of his parish, and restitution to mother and child. For a time he helps his father on the farm, a new man in heart and life. Then the soutar takes him out at times to preach extempore sermons in his own special mission field; and the book ends with his restoration to the ministry, not in his old parish, but in one of the poorest and most populous north of Tweed. The story is one form of the parable of The Prodigal Son. It is not a pleasant one to read, apart from the preaching

save in that portion which tells of the ungrudging pardon bestowed upon the repentant sinner. To have been guilty of James Blatherwick's sin, to which every young, clever, and good-looking theologian, whose vanity outruns his prudence, is liable but for the grace of God, would in any case be a terrible calamity; tried by most Canadian presbyteries, it would be equivalent to extinction. Is there not something of implied weakness and self-condemnation in the eagerness of ecclesiastical judges to clear their own skirts by cutting off offenders, who, after all, are men of like passions with themselves, and in heart perhaps not a whit worse? Judge not that ye be not judged, for with what measure ye mete it shall be measured to you again. Some men's sins are open beforehand, going before to judgment; and some men they follow after. How do we prefer to have ours? The answer to that question will decide what we think most of, the eye of man or the eye of God.

"Samuel Boyd of Catchpole Square" is a detection of crime book by B. L. Farjeon. It has 389 ordinary novel pages in an illuminated paper cover, and is published by the W. J. Gage Company of Toronto. Farjeon is an imitator of Dickens, and by no means an unsuccessful one, being fond like him of little family scenes, of simple integrity, and unaffected piety in humble life. Samuel Boyd was found murdered in his rooms one morning, and nobody was sorry, because he had been a hard, unlovely character, and had not long before disowned his only son and set his last faithful drudge adrift in the world penniless. Some said his son Reginald had killed the miser and extortioner; others said it was his discharged clerk, Abel Death. The police force was concerned about it, including Constables Applebee and Pond of the district. More important was Inspector Robson of Bishop Street Police Station, whose family consisted of his buxom wife, generally called Aunt Rob, their pretty daughter Florence, and a nephew, now supposed to be doing for himself, whose name was Dick Remington. Dick is the hero of the book. To the Inspector in Dick's company Mrs. Death tells the story of her husband's disappearance, which is cor-

roborated by her sickly daughter, little Gracie. Dick had resolved to try and marry his cousin Florence, quite against all the laws of consanguinity, but, when he finds that her heart is engaged to Mr. Reginald, who is Mr. Reginald Boyd in disguise, he chivalrously resigns his pretensions, and sets to work to clear his rival and find Abel Death. Aided by Gracie, he gets on the track of Dr. Pye, a solitary amateur chemist, and Dr. Vinsen, supposed to be a philanthropic medical man, who live in the neighborhood, and to both of whom Gracie and he have taken an unconquerable aversion. Stimulated by rewards offered by Reginald, the famous detective Mr. Lambert, and many other persons, prosecute the search for the murderer and for the missing Abel Death. Gracie, however, traces Dr. Vinsen, and identifies him with Mr. Ezra Lynn, an unscrupulous usurer, who is preparing to flit. Mr. Lambert has his eye on Dr. Pye, on account of a cosmopolitan detective on the continent, named Joseph Pitou, opening a correspondence with him in regard to a notable criminal supposed to have escaped to England. There are many ins and outs to the story, but at last Dick, while simulating an automatic figure of a Chinaman in the dead man's death chamber, surprises the conspirators, who have returned to find valuable jewels in a hollow cane, which he runs off with. About the same time Gracie follows them by an underground passage that leads to Dr. Pye's house, and there finds her missing father, alive but for the time demented. At the trial, Vinsen alias Lynn is unmasked; Joseph Pitou recognizes in Dr. Pye one Louis Lorenz, a prince of criminals, who at once takes poison in the dock and dies, leaving his confederate in the hands of the law. Reginald Boyd, having married Florence, makes provision for Dick and the Deaths; and the whole ends with a genuine Dickensian scene at the home of the latter, where everybody is happy, and Gracie is the heroine. Though dealing with crime in some revolting details, Samuel Boyd of Catchpole Square is a wholesome novel, which will afford interest and do no harm to its readers unless it incites them to become amateur detectives, which is one of the poorest trades a man can set his wits to. This

last I say, because detective life, on a scale great or small, is one of constant suspicion; and suspicion, short of hate and crime, is as bad an atmosphere as one can live in. Yet many, who are not detectives at all, are ever on the look-out for suspects, and so lead lives of baffled wretchedness for nobody's good.

Another mystery book is "Pursued by the Law," by J. Maclaren Cobban, pp. 343, D. Appleton and Company, New York. It is a well enough written volume, but not to be compared for a moment in point of interest with "The Red Sultan" by the same author. James Graham, at once victim and hero, while perfecting an invention in the Fotheringay Engine Works on the Thames, receives a visit from his broken and debauched, but still handsome, father, Robert. Being put off by his son till after hours, Robert Graham found out his wife's address, and tried to extort money from her. While attempting to reach the desk she was guarding, he fell to the ground dead. The coroner's jury, when James Graham's evidence, in order to exculpate his mother, left his own movements in doubt, coupled his quarrel with his father with a heavy brass candlestick found under a sofa and the dead man; and brought in a verdict of manslaughter. A remarkable man known as Mr. Townshend sends to James and the coroner the information that he had called at Mrs. Graham's house to ask for her husband, and that the said husband had been shot dead by a needle-gun. The offending gun was found in an umbrella stand, and was proved to be James Graham's property; therefore, on his trial, he was still found guilty and sentenced to fifteen years' penal servitude. Meanwhile, Mr. Townshend, whom his valet calls the Marquis, interests himself in Miss Nelly Clemance, James's fiancée, as does Miss Bolsover, a well-known actress, who is a friend of Townshend's, and who had been intimate with the murdered man. Townshend calls himself a Socialist, and is the chief of a large secret society composed of outlaws of many nationalities, who appear to be an organized band of robbers. With his aid, James Graham escaped from the train that was carrying him to the scene of his confinement, but the rescued

prisoner refused to lead a dishonest life with his deliverer, who had taken a great fancy to him. In disguise, he sought work in the north, dogged all the way by an insolent tramp, who was inspired by the Government offer of a hundred pounds reward, and whom James was more than once sorely tempted to put out of the way of troubling. He got work and friends, but the tramp and detectives pursued him over half England and Wales. Meanwhile, his sweetheart Nelly got a clue in the shape of two long fair hairs, one twisted round the lock of the needle-gun, the other fallen from the actress's head on her own jacket. She had an interview with Miss Bolsover, who at last confessed that, in a fit of jealousy, she had shot Robert Graham with his son's air-gun, and made a deposition to that effect before a clergyman, who was at the same time a justice of the peace. Immediately she had signed her confession, the actress took poison and died. Graham was pardoned for a crime he had not committed: he obtained a partnership with his friendly engine makers; and, at his wedding, it was Mr. Townshend who gave the bride away. The legal moral of this story is: Be careful how you put your trust in mere circumstantial evidence; and the theological is: There is good in things evil, as well as evil in things good. Also, judges and juries of all kinds are frequently hurried away by a present aspect of things to lose sight of all that former record of a man's life which constitutes, whether good or evil, his best written character. "Nemo repente turpissimus," should at least call for suspension of judgment, when an otherwise exemplary character is charged with a great crime. "Better," say the principles of civil law, "that ten guilty persons escape than that one innocent person be punished;" but ecclesiastical law, as at times administered, seems to say: "Better that an innocent man falsely accused suffer before he is tried, lest he do not suffer at all, and the court lose its sport." Of what avail is it for a man so to guard his actions as to live thirty, forty, fifty years without reproach in the eyes of his fellows, when it is in the power of any malicious nonentity to blast his reputation in the minds of his judges by a single wicked accusation?

Miscarriage of justice is a crime, and those guilty of it shall not take refuge either in technicalities nor in majorities. As James Russell Lowell says in regard to other wrong-doing :

“ If you take a sword and draw it,
And go stick a fellow through,
Gov'ment ain't to answer for it ;
God'll send the bill to you !”

Mr. J. M. Barrie has a high opinion of the growing powers in literature of Mr. Arthur T. Quiller Couch, generally known as “Q.,” and has written an introductory notice to his novel entitled “The Splendid Spur.” It has 317 well printed duodecimo pages and several full page illustrations, in plain paper binding, and is published by George J. MacLeod, Toronto. The title page adds: “Being memoirs of the adventures of Mr. John Marvel, a servant of his late Majesty King Charles I., in the years 1642-3; written by himself.” The supposed author begins as a scholar of Trinity College in Oxford, where he falls in with a proper young gentleman, Mr. Anthony Killigrew, who carries a king's letter for Cornwall, and discovers a plot to destroy him between a venerable hypocrite and a gang of roadside bullies. The bullies succeed in killing the young man, but Jack Marvel secures his sword, the King's letter, and after a while his horse, and escapes into the country. In course of time, he arrives at the ill-kept hostelry of The Three Cups, to find Anthony's father, Sir Deakin Killigrew, with his daughter Delia, and a brave French valet; but there also arrives the chief bully, Captain Settle, to head his gang. A fight ensues, in which the valet and some of the ruffians are killed, while the hero escapes to the open with Sir Deakin and Delia. The sickly baronet succumbs to exposure, and the remaining pair flee southward, Delia for a time in boy's attire. They are captured by the Parliamentarians at Bristol, but escape in Captain Bill Pottery's trading vessel to the Cornish coast. Here, however, they are surprised by a party of rebel horse, from whose hands Jack Marvel flees alone. He is saved by a half savage girl of some beauty and great strength, Joan of the Temple, whose story strikes the reader as suspiciously similar to that

of one of Baring Gould's feminine characters. Unwittingly he makes the transformed savage fall in love with him, the secret of which Delia, restored to him for a while, discovers at the moment of Joan's death in their service. Meanwhile he fails in an attempt to take Delia's castle, the House of Gleys, from the venerable hypocrite, who is Hannibal Tingcombe, the late Sir Deakin's steward ; but he takes part with Captain Bill Pottery in the battle of Stamford Heath. Thereafter, with help gained, he rescues Delia from Settle's gang, and her property from destruction by fire at the House of Gleys, where Hannibal meets an awful death. The story ends with Delia's departure for Brittany, but not before she has pledged herself to her deliverer, who thereafter rides back to the wars. This is a good story well told, full of amusing characters and exciting situations. The characters of Delia and Joan are especially well drawn ; and throughout the volume there are some pretty pieces of natural wit and humorous description. Its chief moral is that of personal loyalty at all risks, which is as great and noble a thing as it is rare to find. "I'll stand by my friend as long as he is in the right," said a man who boasted of his loyalty. "Is that a' the freen ye'll be," replied the Scotchman ; "gie me yin that'll staun' by me when I'm i' the wrang."

A handwritten signature in cursive script, reading "John Campbell". The signature is written in dark ink and is positioned below the main text of the page.

Editorials.

CHRISTMAS.

Retrospects and prospects will soon be obtruding themselves upon us at every turn. Christmas is almost at hand once more. From platform, press and pulpit will come more or less interesting and profitable reviews of the past year. What has been done and who have done it—examinations; who have sunk into oblivion and who have risen into prominence—amateur preachers; struggles between capital and labour—H. M. committee *vs.* students; wars and rumors of wars—Transvaal; losses and gains—misappropriated fruit; political strife and tremendous upheavals—(silver question (?) upon all these the changes will be rung with wearying persistence.

Just what the Christmas holidays mean to us will depend largely upon what we are ourselves. To be intensely prosaic the twenty-four hours beginning at Christmas Eve are as every other twenty-four hours, and likewise the fifty-two weeks following the last day of December as every other fifty-two weeks. Fortunately, however, most of us have a little more sentiment in our nature than that, and we have thrown over this part of the year a certain modified sanctity peculiar to itself.

We are reminded of the great fact creative of Christmas, the Incarnation and of the various truths allied therewith. Connected with these are the distinctive and joyous associations peculiar to Christmas, the kindly greetings, the home associations, and the innumerable trifles which help to make Christmas "Merry." Old things do not easily pass away and the future is largely determined by the past, cause and effect run with dogged certainty through all life, and our best wishes for the future cannot change stern fact. Nevertheless, at this season of the year, even though it is mere sentiment, we would sincerely wish for each and all of our readers the time honoured "Merry Christmas."

SIR WM. DAWSON.

We are glad to be able in this issue of the *JOURNAL* to include a photograph of the late Sir William Dawson, and would at the same time add our humble contribution to the many tributes of honour and esteem which have been so feelingly and so eloquently expressed during the last few days. Oftentimes the praise bestowed upon those who have distinguished themselves may be felt to be more eloquent than true, or bestowed more because of personal appreciation, than of real merit, but who can say that any of these tributes was undeserved. Indeed, the feeling must be that words fail to express the indebtedness which McGill owes, which Education owes, which Science owes, which Canada owes, which the world owes, to Sir Wm. Dawson.

As an educationist he has left an impress which will not soon, we might say will never be effaced, and his best monument in this respect, will ever be found in that institution with which his name is particularly associated, and which is still the increasing pride of Montreal, "Old McGill," although as all are aware his activity in this cause did not begin nor need it have been said, in the truest sense, to have ended here. His sympathies with education were wide as this Canada of ours.

His connection, however, with McGill and his success in that sphere would probably not have entitled him to a more than local or national honour and fame; his world-wide reputation rests on his success in a wider sphere, namely, in the realm of Science. When he died the world was concerned to know that a great Geologist had passed away, that Science had lost one of her most devoted sons, that the labours of one of the most earnest enquirers after truth were ended. He never wearied in this research. Principal Peterson touched a responsive cord in the hearts of many when he said: "To me one of the most touching sights in the first year of my arrival here was the indomitable perseverance with which every day the well-known figure of the old Principal would make its way, bag in hand, across the Campus to the Museum he loved

so well, there to work for a time among the valuable collections, which the University owes to his zeal, industry and devotion." He did much for Science, and at the same time those who value the Revelation of God as given in His word must especially feel that a Prince in Israel has fallen. One who laboured earnestly, devotedly, prayerfully to harmonize truth as revealed in Nature and in the Scriptures, that truth which in the one, he believed, could not be antagonistic to the truth in the other, all truth being one. And however much his views may be modified, with the advance of Science, in the belief even of those who would hold the truths of religion as sacredly as he, yet none can cease to admire the courage with which he fought, the zeal with which he laboured to clear away such difficulties as might surround the path of the believer, to strengthen faith, and to render more impregnable the fortress of Christian truth against the attacks of infidelity. Was Sir Wm. Dawson less true to Science because he was so true to his religious convictions, and such a noble defender of revealed religion?

Do we exhaust the sources of his influence and power when we have reviewed these two spheres of his activity and usefulness? By no means. Providence had placed him where character could exert a great influence in moulding the characters of others, and here we may venture to think he won his greatest victories. A man "whom every eye that looked on loved," who could help being influenced by the sterling qualities, by the kindly considerateness, by the genial smile, by the true desire to instruct and help which he ever evinced? It never was the writer's privilege to meet with him in his class-room, but elsewhere when listening to his words, the impression from the first has been of one so great, so wise, so humble. The very tones of his voice made it a pleasure to listen. His students everywhere speak of him as the ideal teacher, inspirer, friend.

Our loss is great, but we cannot mourn for him as for one called away while as yet the path to greater conquests was opening up. His active mind could not allow him to rest altogether from his labours and researches, but the burden

and heat of the day were past, and the shadows which had been gathering at length closed in around him, and he lay as one taking his sleep, only a well-earned rest so far as human eyes could see, but we believe that he had entered upon higher duties, with a clearer vision for the discernment of truth, with powers perfected for its fuller apprehension, and with a faith that has reached its full fruition. He rests from his labours; he has left behind a name worthy to be revered, a character that might well be an inspiration, an example which all might emulate.

ATHLETICS.

The place which athletics should hold in one's College course has often been discussed among students. That they should have a place in the college curriculum is now generally conceded by the most conservative of those who have given the question any thought. The students of McGill have shown pretty plainly that sound scholarship and manly sports may well go hand in hand. The question is one which ought to be discussed by those most directly interested. As a body of students we feel the time has come when we must give more attention to out-door exercises than we have given hitherto. The question is merely one of policy. We can do more work, and do it better by taking a regular course of exercise. Those who were present at the games held on the M. A. A. grounds a few weeks ago, had an ocular demonstration of what some of our men are capable of doing along certain lines. The W. P. D. C. A. A. has done much in developing an interest among us in this subject, as well as in creating good feeling between the four Theological Colleges. A forward move in the right direction was made last winter when the Hockey Club was formed. The rink will be opened in due time. Let all the men have the necessary equipment so that they may be often on the ice to take part in the different Hockey matches that will be arranged for.

Partie Française.

LA DESTINÉE DE L'HOMME.

Dieu créa l'homme à son image. Gen. 1. 27.

Voici un problème qui n'a jamais manqué d'avoir dans tous les siècles de nombreux amateurs : oui, des hommes habiles qui se disaient forts de le résoudre par leurs vastes connaissances philosophiques ; mais ce problème important, ne peut être résolu, avec une entière satisfaction, que par le moyen sacré de la grande lumière, que le Christ a répandue sur la terre, savoir la profonde connaissance de son Saint Evangile.

Non, sans parti pris, disons-le franchement ; l'homme du monde, tout savant qu'il soit, est incapable, même avec toute sa science, de donner aucune solution satisfaisante sur la destinée humaine, vu que : l'homme animal ne comprend point les choses de l'esprit de Dieu ; car elles lui semblent folie, et il ne les peut connaître, parce que c'est spirituellement qu'on en juge. Mais l'homme spirituel juge de toutes choses, et n'est lui-même jugé par personne. Car qui a connu la pensée du Seigneur pour l'instruire ? Mais nous, nous avons la pensée du Christ. I Cor. II. 14-16.

Le chrétien seul, peut donner avec la parole de Dieu en main la vraie réponse de ce grand et unique problème.

Non, il ne s'agit pas même d'être un érudit dans toute la science théologique du siècle, pour mener à bonne fin cette grande question ; car, sachez que l'humble laboureur, seul dans son champ, en présence de Dieu et de la nature, pense à ce qu'il est, et à ce qu'il sera, tout aussi bien que le savant philosophe.

Ah ! il se rappelle encore du temps béni et heureux où vivaient ses ancêtres sous l'humble toit de la même chaumière où il vit maintenant ; mais que la faux de la mort a moissonnés depuis peu.

Et sachez que l'Evangile seul peut lui dire d'où il vient et où ils sont allés ?

En examinant les générations du passé, il voit déjà leur vie de lutte et de souffrance, presque dans l'éternel oubli.

Et parfois frappé d'étonnement il se demande pourquoi sont-elles nées pour disparaître sitôt les unes après les autres, dans la misère et dans la douleur ? Et jetant ses regards dans le futur, il voit que le même sort attend les générations de l'avenir ; car il est clair, qu'elles céderont leurs places à d'autres et disparaîtront à leur tour comme celles du passé et à peu près dans les mêmes circonstances.

Oui, l'humble berger du haut de sa montagne chérie, en gardant son troupeau, rêve et médite aussi sur ce difficile problème, ainsi que le savant et profond philosophe dans son étude silencieuse, au milieu de ses milliers de volumes, qu'il interroge tour à tour.

Et je doute fort, que celui-ci puisse le résoudre mieux que celui-là, qui interroge la nature ; quoique le savant voie comme à l'œil, les auteurs qu'il lit et se trouvant réellement dans leur compagnie, il discute librement avec eux cette grande question.

Cependant l'homme des champs se trouve souvent comme nous, il perd de vue les extrémités de cette chaîne de choses mystérieuses. Même il lui arrive comme au savant de chercher les rapports qu'il y a entre son existence et celles des bêtes qu'il surveille.

Il va sans dire qu'il se sent supérieur à elles ; mais il conçoit aussi qu'il pourrait bien y avoir des êtres au-dessous de lui, et même infiniment supérieurs à lui.

Et souvent, comme le savant penseur, il ne nourrit ses réflexions profondes qu'au moment de la souffrance, qui le ramène à lui-même comme l'enfant prodigue.

Alors, comme son supérieur en connaissance, le pâtre conçoit des êtres parfaits, qui sont capables de jouir d'un bonheur inénarrable et dont la nature est propre à perpétuer cette céleste joie aux siècles des siècles.

D'où lui vient, je vous le demande, cette élévation de sentiment et de réflexion qui est égale souvent supérieure à celle du savant philosophe, en ce qu'elle est exempte de doute ; sinon de son Créateur et Sauveur Jésus-Christ, qui se révèle à son cœur par son esprit tout-puissant et miséricordieux.

pourvu qu'il soit pur ; car remarquez bien, que la présence du St-Esprit est conditionnelle ; ici la condition est la pureté du cœur et non la connaissance intellectuelle ; mais cependant, si la connaissance y est et qu'elle soit accompagnée de la pureté requise, c'est encore mieux.

C'est alors que cette personne prend les ailes de l'espérance et avec le vol de l'aigle elle regarde vers le ciel, et est désormais sur la seule voie de la vraie solution du sublime problème de son éternelle destinée.

Oui, il ne lui reste plus qu'à ouvrir le livre des livres, le Saint Evangile de notre Seigneur Jésus-Christ. Et si elle est vraiment sincère, la merveilleuse lumière pénétrera son cœur et son âme de part en part et résoudra à jamais pour elle, le grand et beau problème de la destinée humaine, si digne de nos recherches et de notre attention, qui lui laisse voir en un moment son immortalité en Dieu le Père par Jésus-Christ le Fils.

Oui, je le répète, bienheureux est l'homme qui en ce moment sublime, de la recherche des choses d'en haut, se trouve éclairé par les rayons du soleil de justice, qui l'inondent partout dans l'Evangile de Jésus-Christ.

Ah ! Maintenant, il ne dit plus comme autrefois à son Créateur : Pourquoi m'as-tu fait, et quel est le rôle que je joue ici-bas ? Car, l'Evangile seul lui a ouvert les yeux de l'entendement sur ce grand et unique problème de la vie et de l'éternité, en lui démontrant clair comme le jour la certitude de la vie éternelle, par le sang de notre Seigneur Jésus-Christ qui éclaire tout homme venant au monde.

Oui, sachez, que quiconque se donne la peine de lire avec soin cet Evangile de grâce et de miséricorde, voit tout de suite, par le secours de l'Esprit-Saint, que le Christ est le vrai chemin, la seule vérité et la vie éternelle. En un mot, que lui seul est la vraie clef de la science divine qui nous ouvre la porte des cieux, en nous immortalisant de sa propre vie, afin de vivre avec lui dans l'autre monde aux siècles des siècles.

Voilà le problème des problèmes, oui, celui de notre destinée éternelle, résolu et parfaitement mis au clair par Jésus-Christ et Jésus-Christ crucifié. Gloire à Dieu ! Amen.

J. P. BRUNEAU,

Montréal le 19 octobre 1899.

Pasteur.

L'ERREUR RELIGIEUSE.

L'erreur en matière de religion n'est pas toujours la mauvaise foi ; on peut être dans l'erreur par ignorance et pourtant être sincère. Dans ce cas l'erreur religieuse est-elle coupable ?

Cette idée de culpabilité semble peu raisonnable, toutefois d'après nos faibles lumières ; aussi pour appuyer notre assertion, nous en appellerons à l'Écriture sainte et à la raison.

L'Évangile est encore loin d'être connu de toutes créatures humaines. Tous les peuples ont cependant une religion particulière qu'ils regardent eux aussi comme étant la seule véritable.

Prenons celle que nous connaissons la mieux en dehors de la nôtre : le Romanisme. Cette secte a aujourd'hui un grand nombre de ses adhérents qui ne sont plus catholiques que de nom : pourtant il en est qui sont de bons catholiques romains, croyants sincères. Pour eux leur religion est celle de Dieu ; leur église celle du Christ. Et pourtant, celui qui a le bonheur d'être éclairé par la lumière de l'Évangile, sait que Rome est dans les fers de la superstition et de l'erreur.

Or, le catholique romain sincère est-il cause de l'erreur dans laquelle il est plongé, et par suite est-il vraiment coupable ? Mais consultons plutôt les Écritures : " Il sera beaucoup redemandé à quiconque il aura été beaucoup donné " " et on exigera plus de celui à qui on aura beaucoup confié."

Il est bien entendu que le C. R. en question n'a jamais eu l'avantage d'examiner l'Écriture, il n'y a même jamais pensé. Lui soutenir que l'église C. A. R. n'est pas celle de Jésus-Christ, autant vaudrait lui faire croire que le jour et la nuit sont identiques. Ah ! si seulement le doute effleurait sa pensée et qu'il négligeât de juger ces choses en faisant usage de l'intelligence que Dieu lui a donnée ; en ce cas il aurait sans doute un compte à rendre au jour des rétributions, mais il n'a jamais rien connu en dehors du système dans lequel il a été élevé. " Il ne lui sera donc demandé que ce qui lui aura été donné."

Il en est ainsi pour certaines peuplades de l'Afrique et de
jamais entendu parler du Sauveur de

l'humanité, ou encore de l'Hindou sincère, qui croit honorer ses parents en les noyant dans les eaux sacrées du Gange.

Mais alors qu'adviendra-t-il pour eux, puisque ceux-là seulement prendront part au banquet des noces éternelles qui seront revêtus de la robe de justice du Sauveur ? Il est bien évident pour le chrétien que nul ne peut jouir ici-bas de la communion divine, et là-haut des joies célestes, que s'il n'a été sanctifié par la puissance de l'Évangile, et s'il est permis de faire une supposition, nous dirons que ce qu'ils n'auront pu recevoir en ce monde, leur sera donné dans un autre.

Peut-être dans ce cas les coupables seront ceux qui par leur manque de zèle et de charité auront été une des causes de l'erreur dans laquelle ces déshérités auront vécu durant leur pèlerinage terrestre, l'ordre du Maître étant : " Allez par tout le monde, enseignez l'Évangile à toutes créatures humaines."

En résumé l'erreur religieuse ne saurait être une cause de culpabilité en admettant, nous le répétons, que les circonstances n'aient jamais fait luire la plus petite étincelle de vérité ; étincelle qui peut-être eût allumée le feu divin dans bien des âmes.

JEAN REY.

MOURIR ET VIVRE AU DEDANS.

"...La malheureuse impératrice d'Autriche qui a été assassinée à Genève il y a quelques mois, avait l'habitude de dire : " Il faut d'abord mourir au dedans " C'est-à-dire qu'il faut que l'âme soit détachée des choses de ce monde, joies ou peines, et de la vie elle-même, pour pouvoir accepter les épreuves et même la mort sans défaillance. Il y a beaucoup de vrai dans cette parole, quoique étrange qu'elle paraisse dans une telle bouche. Seulement nous pourrions tout autant dire : " Il faut d'abord vivre au dedans," avoir une vie spirituelle, une vie de l'âme en Dieu, si réelle et si forte qu'aucun malheur ne puisse nous dominer ou nous écraser."

H. D.

PENSÉES.

“ M. Renan disait, avec une poésie pénétrante, en parlant des douleurs et des aspirations de l'humanité, qu'un Dieu se fait avec nos pleurs. Il n'y a qu'un mot à changer. Nous dirons, nous, qu'un Dieu est appelé par nos pleurs et que ces larmes sacrées sont l'onction véritable du grand consolateur de l'humanité.”

“ Les peuples heureux n'ont pas d'histoire. L'humanité sans le péché et la douleur n'en aurait pas eu davantage.”—
E. DE PRESSENSÉ.

“ La religion naît partout de l'étonnement dont l'esprit humain est saisi devant le mal, devant le péché et du désir qu'il éprouve d'en expliquer l'existence et si possible de le détruire.”—HARTMANN.

“ Voulez-vous qu'on dise du bien de vous ? n'en dites point.”

“ La mort est plus aisée à supporter sans y penser, que la pensée de la mort sans péril.”

La piété chrétienne anéantit le moi humain, et la civilité humaine le cache et le supprime.”—PASCAL.

“ Dieu permet les ravages du mal, ses débordements, l'explosion de ses infamies et de ses fureurs. Terrible mystère que celui-là, mais c'est le mystère de la liberté en Dieu et dans l'homme.”

“ La douleur même est féconde pour le bien, parce qu'elle sollicite et creuse plus profondément dans le cœur de l'homme le vide qu'un Dieu seul pourra remplir.”—E. DE PRESSENSÉ.

ENIGME.

—Quelle est la signification de ces trois initiales S. T. L. ?

—Je n'en sais rien.

—J'ai toujours cru que cela signifiait Steam Troy Laundry

CONVERSATION ENTRE UN PRÊTRE ET UN ETU-
DIANT EN THÉOLOGIE SUR LE TRAIN
DE GRAND'MÈRE.

L'étudiant—"M. le curé, vous lisez le bréviaire, mais j'ai ici un Nouveau Testament; regardons ensemble lequel est le meilleur; je crois que mon livre est supérieur au vôtre."

Le curé interdit et craignant l'orage, répond :

"Excusez-moi, Monsieur, je dois aller au numéro quarante....."

COMPLIMENT PEU FLATTEUR.

A la soirée de l'église St-G....

Une demoiselle levant les bras au ciel, regarde une pile d'assiettes vides et dit aux étudiants qui dégustent encore de la crème à la glace : "Vous êtes affreux" !

LA PAROLE EST D'ARGENT, MAIS LE SILENCE
EST D'OR.

—Dites donc, ne suis-je pas grand, j'ai parlé avec Mlle X... hier soir pendant une heure les pieds dans la neige.

—Hélas ! je crains que vous n'ayez transgressé le neuvième commandement pendant soixante minutes.

NOTES DE LA RÉDACTION.

Deux mois à peine se sont écoulés depuis le jour de l'ouverture des cours de la Faculté et déjà le cri importun examen a retenti dans les corridors et les salles. "L'illusion féconde," à ces heures fiévreuses, fait place à l'incertitude, et la seule devise que l'on prononce est celle du poète :

"Je ne s...is qu'espérer, et je vois tout à craindre."

Loin de nous les tristes pressentiments; pourquoi le trouble souvent déchirerait-il notre courage? le travail consciencieux, fait sous le regard de l'Eternel n'apporte que la joie.

Vivons dans le sentiment que Dieu nous bénira et choisissons une autre devise :

"J'ose tout entreprendre, et puis tout achever."

Les cadets, desquels nous avons parlé peut-être avec trop peu de ménagement dans le dernier numéro du Journal, en les traitant d'imberbes et d'adolescents, sont fiers de nous répondre :

“ Nous sommes jeunes, il est vrai ; mais aux âmes bien nées
La valeur n'attend point le nombre des années.”

C'est magnifique, mes enfants, mais rappelez-vous que “ le trop de confiance attire le danger.”

Un de nos aînés, M. J. Rey, pasteur au Lac Mégantic, est heureux de nous annoncer que Dieu l'a béni dans le choix de son épouse ; outre les qualités qui caractérisent la vraie femme de pasteur, elle lui fait de la bonne soupe et elle lui joue sur le piano les morceaux des maîtres les plus illustres.

Nous lui souhaitons de mourir avant elle ; si le contraire arrivait, il serait trop à plaindre.

Le premier novembre MM. J. Rey et E. Curdy ont eu le bonheur d'être consacrés au saint ministère. MM. les pasteurs D. Tait et E. Boudreau, de Québec, et C. A. Tanner de Windsor Mills, délivrèrent chacun un magnifique sermon après l'imposition des mains. “ Malgré une pluie diluvienne, la petite église était remplie de frères et sœurs en la foi et d'amis catholiques romains,” nous dit M. Rey, qui ajoute : “ Tout est pour le mieux dans le meilleur des Mégantic possible. Nous pensions bien que la vie conjugale lui ferait oublier la philosophie de Leibnitz.

M. le pasteur L. Giroux est revenu de Ste-Anne et s'en est retourné là-bas pour y établir ses quartiers d'hiver. Notre souhait est qu'il remporte une autre victoire d'Austerlitz et qu'il subjugue à la loi d'amour amis et ennemis.

M. le pasteur J. E. Menançon est revenu nous voir ; il nous a bien intéressé par le récit émouvant de ses péripéties à St-Cyprien. Quand il faut lutter contre Rome et ses acolytes on a affaire à un ennemi puissant et tenace. Notre aîné a l'air d'être fatigué de se trouver toujours impair ; il est

probable qu'il s'en retournera heureux d'avoir fait la conquête de deux beaux yeux bleus. L'avenir nous réserve des surprises. " L'amour est un tyran qui n'épargne personne."

Nous meilleurs vœux accompagnent celui que nous n'avions pas encore oublié.

L'église nestorienne de Perse a passé à l'église gréco-russe, à la suite d'une mission entreprise par des prêtres russes. On estime à vingt mille le nombre des Nestoriens qui se sont ainsi rattachés à l'église grecque.