



RELIGION CONSUMED

1901



WHAT SHALL I WRITE

"I am Lord of life,"
"I am Lord of death,"
"I hold your soul in my hollowed hand,"
"No change shall smite you with thy breath,"
"You shall a'well at ease in a timeless land."
R.M.



THE Presbyterian College Journal

VOL XX—JANUARY, 1901—No. 3

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The JOURNAL is published about the first of each month from November to April inclusive, under the auspices of the Philosophical and Literary Society of the Presbyterian College, Montreal.

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THE ETHICAL DEVELOPMENT OF CHRISTIANITY

BY THE REV. PROF. SCRINGER, D.D.

II.

THE NEW ELEMENTS.

Sir James Mackintosh was of the opinion that "morality admits no discoveries." He considered "that the facts which lead to the formation of moral rules are as accessible and must be as obvious to the simplest barbarian as to the most enlightened philosopher." Buckle, in his History of Civilization in England, is equally emphatic. "There is," he says, "unquestionably nothing to be found in the world which has undergone so little change as those great dogmas of which

moral systems are composed. To do good to others; to sacrifice for their benefit your own wishes; to love your neighbour as yourself; to forgive your enemies; to restrain your passions; to honour your parents; to respect those who are set over you; these and a few others are the sole essentials of morals; but they have been known for thousands of years and not one jot or tittle has been added to them by all the sermons, homilies and text-books which moralists and theologians have been able to produce."

There is a sense in which this is true, as is clear from the fact that every branch of the Christian Church to-day bases its chief ethical teaching on the decalogue. Even the twofold law of love to God and love to man is already found in the Pentateuch, and nearly all the best sayings of Jesus have parallels more or less close in the independent teachings of heathenism. We may be thankful that it is so, for it means that every generation of mankind in the world's history has had light enough as to its duty to guide it aright in the main when rightly disposed.

But there are many important respects in which it is not at all true that no progress has been made in the understanding of morality. There are many matters which, indeed, have always been tolerably clear to any who wished to know the truth, but there are many others which have been in dispute and were settled only gradually as the result of experience or of some great leader's insight. There are problems in practical ethics which are still unsettled to the satisfaction of all earnest Christian people in this the beginning of the twentieth century, and may not be wholly cleared up for a long while to come. Sheldon, in his famous book entitled "What would Jesus do?" aimed to unfold some of the practical applications of Jesus' principles to the conditions of our time. Every one admits that he has started some questions which will have to be faced sooner or later. Few are quite clear that he has answered them beyond the need of further discussion.

Now it will scarcely be denied that Christ and his Apostles contributed not a little to the practical solution of some of

the pressing problems of their day ; such, for example, as those of Sabbath observance, marriage and divorce, the duty of obedience to all the right and reasonable laws of even the most tyrannical government, toleration for the conscientious convictions of others. Had they done no more than this the fact would have been well worth noting in the history of ethics.

But this is about the smallest claim they have to recognition as being the greatest moral teachers of mankind. The moment we open the New Testament and compare it with the Old we feel that we have come into a new moral atmosphere, and ascended to an altitude where the air is purer and the vision clearer. The Sermon on the Mount impresses us not because Christ there teaches so much that is new as because He teaches the Old in a new way and with an altogether new emphasis. He scattered, as with a fresh breeze, the mists of pettifogging casuistry which the Jewish teachers had raised about the law of Moses and brought out into clear light the great ethical principles on which it was based and which alone were of permanent obligation. Their legal methods of interpretation had obscured them until they were almost lost to sight. He uncovered them so that all might see them and recognize their truth. He himself claimed that he was changing nothing. He came not to destroy but to fulfil. And yet the instinctive feeling of the Pharisees that He was changing everything was substantially a true one, as subsequent events plainly showed. In military evolutions the same men may be made to present many different formations. True military genius is often revealed in choosing the best formation for the actual situation or in devising a new one which may prove more effective than any yet known. In the materials of the formation chosen there may be nothing new, but the formation itself may make all the difference between victory and defeat. If there is little that is new in Christ's teaching the elements are present in new relations, and prominence is given to those which are of real and permanent value.

If the question is asked as to what are the emphatic elements in Christ's teaching, various answers may be given

according to the personal peculiarities of the one answering. But there are four which would be likely to find a place under some form in the answers of most qualified students of His sayings. These are, the supremacy of love, the universal brotherhood of man, the duty of self-sacrifice for the sake of truth, righteousness and love, and the importance of motives in estimating character. Not one of these is strictly speaking new, but all of them had been largely ignored by the Jewish teachers and their resuscitation transformed the whole spirit of their teaching. They can hardly be said to have had any higher place in the heathen contemporary systems of morals than in that of the Scribes and Jewish doctors. Little reflection is needed in order to see how profoundly they modify the whole ideal of human life and conduct when exalted to their rightful place, and how immensely they elevate the standard of ethical requirement.

It is one thing, however, to set up a higher standard of morals and quite another thing to get men to respect it or act according to it with consistency. Had it been sufficient to show men their duty in order to secure the practical performance of it the Old Testament prophets had not so often lamented the disobedience of the people, the stoic philosophers would not have completely failed to regenerate heathen society, and even Confucius might have been the Savior of the Chinese nation from the doom which seems at last to have justly overtaken it. The real test of a great moral system lies in its power to secure obedience to its demands by such motives as are fitted to reach the human heart. Herein is to be found the key to the success of Christianity. For Jesus Christ inspired his followers to the noblest efforts after the attainment of the highest ideals, first of all by His own personal example of a wholly consecrated and blameless life, and then by an appeal to their love and devotion in response to His own unreserved self-sacrifice on their behalf.

It hardly needs any argument to prove that these are the strongest appeals that can possibly be made to a moral being. Christ did not indeed overlook altogether considerations of a more ordinary character such as the fear of punishment and

hope of reward either here or hereafter. But these are not the considerations on which He mainly relies. Not infrequently does He warn His followers that they are to expect persecution and tribulation as the consequence of their fidelity. Bacon expressed a profound truth, though in a somewhat epigrammatic and exaggerated way, when he said that "prosperity is the blessing of the Old Testament, and adversity of the New." Of course neither He nor His Apostles forgot that these persecutions and trials would have their compensations in due time. But their main reliance was on the inspiration of His example and the constraining power of His love. It was the doctrine of the cross that gave power to the new faith and nerved its adherents to heroic endeavour, which still continues to do so after the lapse of so many centuries and must do so to the end, if its ethical teaching is to prevail throughout the world.

Strictly speaking this last feature of Christian teaching is not wholly new, for even the appeal of the decalogue was based on the gratitude due to Jehovah for delivering His people from Egyptian bondage. But it came with a wholly new force to the individual sinner who, in his own person and not simply in that of his ancestors, had found redemption from a worse bondage than that of Egypt and without which all his own efforts after salvation must ever prove vain. Advancing time so far from weakening its force rather increases it by proving the insufficiency of everything else to give release.

It may be said this is hardly an element in the ethical teaching of Christianity—as it does not affect its standard of duty. Even that is only partially true, because the example of Christ is oftentimes the clearest interpretation of the meaning of His principles. But even supposing it were wholly true it could not be overlooked in any consideration of the ethical development of Christianity, for without that Christianity would have had no development at all, since without that it would have had no life or growth whatever. It will have to be assumed in all the discussion which follows.

SPIRITUAL VISION.

BY THE REV. W. T. D. MOSS, B.A., ST. ANDREW'S CHURCH, PICTOU, N.S.

Under this heading I wish to emphasize the reality, even the present reality of the spiritual world, to make a plea for the kingdom and the faculty of faith. Should the sermon taster demand a text, here is one:

"Except ye become as little children ye cannot see the kingdom of God:" Or better still:

"The child is father of the man
And I could wish my days to be
Bound each to each by natural piety."

Spiritual vision is the rebirth in us of the idealism, the faith, the romance of childhood. When we are children we feel a nameless something about us that lends to our experience an abiding charm. We live then in a large and beautiful world. Children are idealists, unconsciously so, or better still, *sub-consciously* so. Their lives are one continual splendor of romance. They are not confined, like us, within the narrow bounds of place and time. Everything to them assumes large proportions. They are the offspring of faith. For surely this is faith: the seeing of life in large dimensions, the living with a sense of vagueness and wonder and grandeur. The children, then, are the heirs of faith, of vision, of romance. They see this world to be bigger than it looks to us. They idealize the dead, dumb, material things about them. They invest their toys with life and personality. Their faith in them is unbounded. There is for them a charm attaching to these playthings that is unspeakable. The little ones talk to them and fancy that they make answer back. The child is also an idealist in his attitude toward time. As the objects he sees slope into the infinite so time to him becomes the eternal. He finds no such reality as time. He knows no past or future. He lives in the everlasting. The days go by unnoticed. He must be told when Sunday comes and as soon forgets it. A day with him is as a thousand years and a thousand years is as a day. He has'nt learned to divide off

the seconds and minutes and hours. He is an idealist, too, in his conception of distance and the relation of things. He thinks the object toward which he walks is farther off than it really is. And so he often bumps his head and learns a lesson in experience, finding that things are nearer than he supposed. He sees nothing in perspective.

“ I remember, I remember
The fir trees dark and high :
I used to think their slender tops
Were close against the sky :
It was a childish ignorance,
But now 'tis little joy
To know I'm farther off from Heaven
Than when I was a boy.”

He doesn't draw clear cut distinctions between field and forest, earth and sky. Everything runs into everything else and he always finds the universe a big and wonderful thing. When he goes to his next door neighbour's he has travelled as far and seen as much as we older folk who have been to foreign shores. He is an idealist in his attitude toward his elders. He invests them with the sanctity and awe of demi-gods. His father is sufficient in his eyes for all emergencies and is perpetually saying and doing marvellous things.

Childhood is all idealism, vision. It spends its days in the romance of faith.

“ Heaven lies around us in our infancy.”

It lives on the Infinite and Eternal. It feels a continual charm and is forever spell bound.

“ It lies in Abram's bosom all the year
And worships at the temple's inner shrine.”

Lately come from the celestial regions and from the bosom of the father everything is to it a remembrance of the splendor it has recently left.

But as we pass on to maturity we forget the glory we have known in youth. It fades away into the light of common day. We are suddenly disenchanted and find we are living in a cold, grey world, real enough, monotonous enough and

full of suffering enough. We have ceased to perpetuate the vision of childhood.

"Shades of the prison house begin to close
Upon the growing boy."

Or, to change the figure: a wrench has been given to the building of life and the superstructure has become discontinuous with the base.

Now the message of spiritual vision is this: "Ye must be born again," born into the large visioned, all beautiful life of childhood. Ye must actually become as little children in order to fulfil the purpose of your creation. A building must be firmly fixed on its foundation. The superstructure must grow up continuous with its base or it is no building. And that is no building of manhood, such as was intended of it, whose superstructure is not close knit into the basic world, the basic principles of childhood.

"The child is father of the man
And I could wish my days to be
Bound each to each by nature's tie;

That is the only true estimate of the purpose of human life. Imagine a tree striking out on a side growth of its own and disavowing connection with the seed. Imagine our physical body being something else than a development of the body of the child. And then you can imagine what has become of our spiritual vision. As we have grown out of the realm of childhood we have disannulled our primal faith, which was intended to have reached a fair blossoming as we became matured. Our bodies have grown but our faith has waned. And we have frustrated our predestination. For it is the purpose of our creation that the vague, shadowy, sub-conscious, romantic, untranslatable vision of the child should develop in the man into a conscious faith and the clear perception of the reality of the spiritual and should take upon it therefore the nature of religion. It is indeed true what one of the old time has said:

"When I was a child I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child. But when I became a man I put away childish things."

But that means not that we should be different in kind from our childhood but that we should be different in degree. Manhood should be a progress out of childhood. We should not put away childish things in the sense that we are done with them. We should merge them gradually into the larger world of maturity and have them take upon themselves a rich, large, noble development. Just as the tree is the unfolding and not the disannulling of the seed so the child should unfold into the man, carrying his child vision up into the flowering of conscious faith, into the vision of spiritual realities. And in our maturity we should enjoy a nobler romance and a keener delight. Disenchanted of our child world with its vagueness and untranslatableness we should be re-enchanted with the clear consciousness of the kingdom of the spirit. The idealism of childhood should itself become idealized. It should go on refining itself until we are brought to feel the charm, the glamour of spiritual realities. As the body grows toward its finite perfection so should the soul expand toward its infinite perfection. And as we grow to take in the meaning of and give names to and see the relations of sensuous things so should we grow to see the larger meaning of and adjust ourselves to the kingdom of the supersensuous, the non-material. And what in youth was vague and yet so beautiful should become clear and still more beautiful. Manhood, to fulfil the promise of youth, should arrive at a strong development of faith and a clear and entrancing perception of the reality of the spiritual world.

The whole tendency of life is toward the realizing of the Kingdom of faith. Nature is forever idealizing, forever improving her appearance. She abhors mere matter of fact. She decks out her landscape in light and shade and thus variegates and softens our view and makes us behold more than what actually is. The distant hills are being perpetually and exquisitely and tremulously idealized. They might stand out in their bare prosaic details. But instead they are surrounded with a halo of delicate blue or purple and the eye never wearies of looking on their romantic heights. Out in the Western world, on a clear frosty morning, distant scenes

usually invisible are brought into clear perspective. The mirage cheats us and makes us take it for a physical reality. Nature is forever romancing, idealizing, beautifying herself and hypnotizing us by her charm. The children perpetuate the spirit of nature, are always seeing things in large and beautiful perspective and dwelling in a world of romance. And if we would fulfil the one purpose that runs through all creation we should link ourselves to childhood and nature and crown their partial idealism in a life of conscious faith, of sensibility to the reality of the spiritual.

For the spiritual is a reality and can be realized here and now as truly as we realize the physical. And we are thankful that there are always some upon this earth who preserve the faith of childhood and set to their seals that the Kingdom of spirit is at hand. There are two classes of individuals in this world although the one is in an almost hopeless minority so far. There is the man of earth and the man of heaven; the man who is material and the man who is spiritual; the man who is sure only of what his physical eye sees, his physical ear hears, his physical body touches and the man who is also sure of what his spiritual eye sees, his spiritual ear hears and his spiritual body touches; the man who trusts the evidences only of his senses and he who also trusts the evidence of his spirit; the man who is chiefly a machine and a drudge and he who is greater than the tools he handles; he to whom heard melodies are sweet and he to whom the unheard are sweeter; he who fulfils the description :

“ A primrose by a river brim
A yellow primrose is to him
And it is nothing more ;”

and he who fulfils the other description :

“ To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears ;”

he who looks into the heavens and counts the stars that come forth to pasture in the fields of space and he

“ Whose eye among the heavens can see
The face of things that is to be ;”

the man who has grown away from the glory of childhood,

and he whose child world of wonder and beauty has refined itself into a world of clearly perceived spiritual facts.

Now the material man, who believes only what his eyes see or his ears hear or his hands touch, finds little or nothing in the message of spiritual vision, of the Kingdom of faith. He will either deny its reality or declare his agnosticism. His spiritual eyes are sealed. Like the mole that burrowing in the ground has lost the faculty of sight, so he, grown into himself and his material surroundings, has become spiritually blind. Having eyes he sees not. And this species of humanity is perpetuated in large numbers around us. We have with us these days what is called the sensational school of philosophy. According to its teachings we are sure only of what the senses reveal, sure only of the physical; the infinite and *Eternal One* is but an infinite and eternal *energy*. The spiritual simply is not; or if it exists we can know nothing about it. Righteousness is profitable only for the life that now is. It is nothing in itself. Honesty is merely the best of policy. In the language of this school the brain and the mind that thinks are of the same substance. The brain secretes thought as the liver secretes bile. Spiritual vision, faith, is only imaginary, only a refined form of the physical and dependent for its persistence on the continuance of the body. Against this spiritual wickedness in high places we declare that there is another world than what is manifest to the senses. The spiritual is no creation of the imagination. It is as real as, more real than the very outward world we see and touch. One has said that there is a natural body and a spiritual body. And although he spoke only of the body of man yet his statement is of universal application. To every thing there is a natural and a spiritual body. There is a natural tree and a spiritual tree—the tree as it exists in the universal mind, the universal idea. There is a natural house and a spiritual house—the house as the architect has conceived it, better and lovelier than he can fashion into outward form. There is the natural earth and the spiritual earth—the earth as the creative spirit conceives it, nobler than the mere water and clay and rock and shrubbery and forest we behold.

There is a natural body of society and a spiritual body too. That is to say : There is the society as we see it with the ugly motives in its heart and the ugly blotches on its face ; and there is the society as it is intended to be and will yet be, redeemed from its wounds and bruises and putrifying sores, the society as the shaping spirit of redemption has determined upon. There is a natural music and a spiritual music—the music as it beats upon the artist's soul but which he is unable to translate into sensuous tones. There is a natural world and a spiritual world—the world as it is now, full of weeds and thorns and miseries and despair ; and that which is saved by hope, to which the present unfinished product is fast hastening.

Now at present we are in our natural, physical bodies, seeing through them only the natural physical side of things. But within these earthly tabernacles resides the faculty of faith and it is our privilege to take in deep draughts of spiritual reality and delight from the unseen and eternal. We may cultivate the vision and the faculty divine and make large demands upon the spiritual and see the light that never was on sea or land. We may become and it is the privilege and purpose of us to become sure of the present reality of the spiritual. And had we continued on from childhood, not setting aside but perpetuating the glory thereof, at present we would be more sure of the spiritual than the material and rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory. Such was the privilege of Abraham when in the country of his nativity he received the vision of a promised land. Such his still larger faith when, failing to receive the fulfilled promise of a country measured in feet and inches, he sought a city which had foundations whose builder and maker was God. As Jacob slept that memorable night at Bethel it is said that he saw the heavens opened and angels ascending and descending between him and the supernal world. And so much more definite and spiritual was his later vision that it is written in simple naïve language that at Peniel he actually wrestled with a messenger from the unseen. Such was the privilege of Moses as he guarded his flocks on the Sinai plain and saw

the bush beside him aglow with celestial fervour. Elisha when beset by the Syrian host saw about him the horses and chariots of fire. The ancient Psalmist and Shepherd as out upon the hills he watched his sheep, had a vision of the Lord as his Shepherd leading him by quiet waters and into green pastures. Devout old Simeon beheld in the child Jesus the Lord's anointed. Paul on the Damascus road saw the celestial light, heard the celestial voice and felt the marvellous joy. John in the Isle of Patmos had a vision of the new heaven and the new earth, the holy city the new Jerusalem coming down from God out of Heaven and heard the celestial words: "The tabernacle of God is with men." Such was the privilege of the Shepherds on the Palestinian plain when the angel of the Lord appeared and with an innumerable host sang the song of society redeemed. It is said that Jesus was often spirit-away. Once he was seen transfigured and the glory of his presence, so changed, made pious men fear—so unearthly was the sight. The burden of the Bible from the beginning to the close is the vision of the ideal, the spiritual. And what gives it its unique place in history is this, its idealism. It stands or falls by the reality of the spiritual, the reality of the faculty of faith. I do not affirm or deny the literalness of the visions that are recorded of these holy men of old. But this we must believe: that to them there was another world than that which communicates itself to the senses; that they perpetuated the spirit of childhood into maturity and in their day saw glorious things in heaven and earth and walked as heirs of large privileges and splendid joys. And the yearnings and record experience of mankind everywhere and at all times make a favourable commentary on the reality of faith. The Greeks placed a Deity in every grove and stream. Their vision of the spiritual was crude enough but nevertheless vision they had. The Hindoo climbs his tree and reclines among the branches thereof waiting to be absorbed into the universal presence. He, too, with all his religious limitations has the conviction that there is some other than the world of sense and of time—the world he touches and sees. The North American Indian and the South

Sea Islander—these the paragon of degradation—are yet children of another world and are indirectly making toward conscious faith. So men are forever walking in two worlds, the world that is seen and temporal and that which is unseen and eternal. Be that other world ever so vague or shadowy, explain the phenomenon as you will, yet it is a Presence that disturbs mankind with elevated thoughts and that cannot be put by. The spiritual is a reality and faith is no myth. The man who is skeptical of the spiritual, who sees no reality in the words God, faith, soul, Bible, immortality, is simply blind. His spiritual faculty is stunted. Having eyes he sees not. He belongs to what Mr. Huxley calls the lame and “the halt and the blind of the world of consciousness.” But he who dogmatically *denies* the spiritual, who says that God is *not*, that the Bible is a figment, that the soul is an unreality, that honesty is just the best of policy and personal immortality a dream—such a one is simply superficial. Either his moral nature is out of joint or he is an intellectual prig, wanting in a noble earnestness and not to be taken seriously. One may not see the spiritual but that does not say that the spiritual does not exist. We don't see our thoughts or our brains and yet we believe they are a reality. We may not have seen the Continent of Africa and yet we receive the explorer's testimony of the same. He has seen that country and that is sufficient evidence of its reality. For a time men believed that there was no such place as this Western Continent. But one day a certain navigator said: “I am going west to discover a land that is there.” They laughed and cried, “Columbus, you dream.” But he went and discovered and proved that his vision was correct; and he was no longer a dreamer of dreams. For a time it was said that the sun went round the earth. But one fine day a man saw the earth going round the sun. Men laughed and said: “Copernicus, you dream.” But he persisted and at last we have given in and taken him seriously. For a time men were not conscious of the law of gravity. But one day a reflective genius saw an apple fall from a tree and reasoning upon this simple occurrence he discovered the law of gravity. He was met with the reply: “Newton, you

dream." But his dream has turned out to be a reality. So there are not wanting those who deny or are skeptical of the spiritual; who affirm that the soul, God, right, immortality are nothing in themselves, that the recorded spiritual insight of men is only a creation of the imagination. But their affirmation is, to say the least of it, unfair. Professing to be open-minded to the truth they are become dogmatists. Just as the vision, the so-called dream of Columbus, Newton, Copernicus turned out to be real, is it not barely possible—to put it mildly—that the vision of religious faith may be real too? Should we not at least, withhold our judgment where we are not sure? Should we not by this time have learned to eschew the spirit of dogmatism and be prepared for discoveries? And still further: surely when we see the growing triumph of faith about us, the multiplication of those upon this earth who set to their seals that the spiritual is a fact, we should begin to curb our prejudice and give in to the inevitable. The common experience of humanity is now well established and we are justified in saying with no quivering of the lips, no stammering of the tongue and not a little pardonable emotion that the spiritual is not a *creation* but a *discovery* of the imagination. It is a fact. Spiritual vision is the discovery of what eternally exists. Faith is the imagination working in the realm of spirit and its vision should be no more a figment than the findings of the imagination in any other spheres. When Columbus proclaimed that there was a western world he simply declared what he saw. It was no creation. It was a discovery of what had already been. When Newton proclaimed that there was a law of gravity he simply declared what he saw. It was no creation. It was a discovery of what was there before. And so when Moses read out the ten commandments he simply affirmed what his imagination working in the realm of spirit had discovered—or if it be preferable and what is the same thing, he affirmed what had been revealed to him. When Jesus preached his Sermon on the Mount he taught what his soul, his faculty of faith had discovered—or if you will, what had been revealed to his soul. When Paul declared that moving

among the things seen and temporal he had a vision of the things unseen and eternal it was no figment; he declared what his faculty of faith, his spiritual imagination, saw. Spiritual imagination does not create any more than imagination working among the things of sense creates. It discovers what already exists. And we have no more right to say that the vision of Plato or Moses or Paul or Jesus or Clement or Knox or Beecher or Wordsworth or of any humble, pious devotee is a creation of the imagination than that the vision of a Newton or a Columbus is such. The latter saw what pertained only to the physical world. The former have looked upon the things of spirit. And the spiritual they have seen is as real as, far more real than, the physical.

Now such vision is the flowering of our humanity and the lack of it leaves men simply stunted, wanting in the real strength and glory of manhood. We are famed for a great many things these days but we cannot be said to have reached as yet the triumph of faith. We have scientific knowledge in plenty. We have gone out with tape line and measuring rod and gauged the distance between things. We know how far we stand from far off objects and how long we would take to travel thither. We can even compute the distance between the United States and the bodies that hang in space above us and tell to a nicety the world's pedigree. Through the power of steam and electricity we have practically annihilated space and time. We have developed our literary culture. We have our armies and navies and stand rich in the splendour of material civilization. We make loud protestations of religion, build churches, endow colleges and send out missionaries to make and defend our theological systems. But with all our material progress, our signs of outward piety and our theological orthodoxy we cannot be said to have faith. The prophetic wand would seem to be broken, the prophetic insight and message to be in abeyance. So busied are we with our material civilization that we have forgotten to farm the resources of the soul: so busied with the religion of the outward that we have forgotten the religion of the inward, of faith. The child is not the father of the man in our sad case.

Having passed out of childhood we have passed out of our idealism into a dull, bald, matter of fact realism. We are no longer caught up in spirit and charmed with a sense of a world greater than our physical eyes behold. We have brought the world into focus and see everything in clear perspective. We have not fulfilled the promise of youth and developed with the years into a sense of the higher spiritual beauty and meaning of life. We are too firmly planted on this earth. We can talk learnedly enough and speak warmly enough of revelation, inspiration, predestination, atonement. But in our zeal for orthodoxy and to defend the faith once delivered we have failed to develop in us the personal experience of spiritual realities. It is true that unlike the child we no longer bump our heads when we walk abroad. But it is likewise true that we are painfully calculative and matter of fact. 'Tis true the child hasn't learned to compute distance and time but he enjoys the sweet compensation that he sees everything large and of perpetual beauty and interest. And in his own way he is an heir of the kingdom of faith. It is such faith of which our generation stands sadly in need. Our agriculturist wants faith. His world has become centred in his sowing and reaping, his harrows and ploughs, his cattle and sheep, his hay and grain. In his eagerness to grow his crops and make his living his eyes are steadily fastened on the ground that he tills and his world is become no larger than his farm. In this noble calling men are in want of faith, vision, idealism; so that they may enjoy some charm in their lives and not narrow their affections to their day's toil. Our men of business are in need of faith. Their world has narrowed itself into a bald realism. Conscious of a keen competition or inflamed by the glory of accretion, they have become over eager in the matter of their buying and selling and have taken upon them the colour of their surroundings. Their kingdom is scarcely larger than the rags or leather or other produce which they handle. Business men want faith whereby they may realize that this world is a place in which not merely to make bargains and develop the interests of trade but to evolve as well the powers and faculties of the soul.

Our professional men lack faith. Students of science are often too coldly confined to what they see. They behold nothing on the earth they tread but rocks and plants and animals and men. And they think they have done well when they have made their inventory, drawn their distinctions and framed their classifications. They find nothing in the heavens but planets travelling in the order and music of natural law, and profess to have exhausted the meaning of the skies when they have given names to the bodies discovered there and have determined the order of their going. In such we desire more faith, so that in their generalizations they may add, that with all the eye takes in, they are conscious of a nameless charin because they feel about them a celestial presence that is not to be put by. Our literature stands in need of faith. Men may write poetry or Jabberwocky—it is all one—if they are not clearly and beautifully sensible of the reality of the outgoings of the soul.

The artist wants faith, so that having felt and been caught up by the all beauteous spirit of nature and human life he will paint situations not of mere æstheticism or of morbid realism but those that breathe the atmosphere of spirituality. As has been said: "you may paint pictures or barns—it is all one—if you have not vision."

Our statesmen are lacking in faith. We on this continent are sadly in need of statesmen. Politicians we have in abundance, devoted to the littlenesses and vulgarities of political life. But men of vision—statesmen—are scarce. This generation is calling loudly for political leaders who realize that the science of government is the attempt to incorporate into the constitution of a nation the principles of the spiritual world, the attempt to fulfil the prayer of the Nazarene—"May thy kingdom come and thy will be done on earth as it is in Heaven." Political economy is the science of ideals and not as a recent Canadian politician has vulgarly said the science of *deals*.

Our theology lacks vision. Too often these days the Doctors of the Temple approach the truth with their minds already made up, consecrated blindly to a theory of life which

they seek to read into every chapter and verse; and they thus wanton with and dehumanize and devitalize and caricature the noble message from the unseen. Theology, which should be the science of all sciences, too often lacks the scientific spirit altogether. It is in spite of it and not because of it that the Bible lives. Shakspeare must have had a splendid vitality to have endured all the theories made upon him by his commentators. And there is no worthier mark of the nobility of Scripture than its power to survive, notwithstanding the scholasticism that in the hands of even modern theologians it has been made to teach. If the Scriptures and the life of the Saviour which they record were only what conventional theology made them, wisdom might cry with despair upon the streets. Since the human spirit seems to crave for dogma, and since the church persists in meeting this desire, we would wish that our theology be no longer an easy-going, self-satisfied traditionalism, but the statement warm and living and beautiful and frank and reverent of what is known to be the truth. Our theology like our science should be a declaration of facts. It should be a science of religion. Religion is the life of God in the soul; and theology should be a systematic arrangement of the facts of the divine life as it is manifested in the soul. Christian theology should be—not what it too often is, the reading into the life of Christ of a system of Calvinism or Arminianism or such like—but a frank, simple declaration of the facts that are known of the Redeemer's appearing among men. Dogma should be the output of faith, of the spiritual inagination, of what the soul sees to be true, not what the logical faculty says *must* be true. Hitherto theology has been a system of logic. We would have it to be a system based upon spiritual insight and emotion. Men may write out dogma or logic—it is all one—if they have not vision; though their logic be false, yet their dogma will have life and permanence.

In the pulpit especially do we need vision; so that the preacher will cease to be a mere orthodox parrot, saying what he has been told to declare and what he must sometimes fail to experience or believe; so that he will see and experience

for himself the all terrible beauty of truth ; so that he will become a man with a message—not a traditionalist—but one who feels that he is sent with distinct tidings from the unseen which no one else can exactly declare. It has been truly said that we may pound on the pulpit or on the anvil—it is all one—if we have not vision. O for the awakening in the human spirit of this vision, this romance of faith, this personal, warm, almost untranslatable sense of the spiritual ! It requires no prophetic insight to declare that its advent will not be long delayed and that the triumph of the kingdom of spirit is at hand. With all the signs of lethargy and indifference and materialism and traditionalism about us it is even so these days that the kingdom of heaven is beginning to suffer violence and that the violent are preparing to take it by force.

“ 'Tis an age on ages telling
To be living is sublime.”

[The latter part of this paper owes its inspiration to an article—read some years ago—in an American Magazine].

THE SPIRIT FILLED LIFE.

III. "Be filled with the Spirit." How ?

"I indeed baptize you with water. He shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost and with fire."

A wonderful age has just disappeared beneath the horizon of the unreturning past. In it God has condescended to dwell with men, and a faithful few had shone with an aureole of glory as they stood in His presence. One had foredated the resurrection and "was not, for God took him," another had sat in conference with God on the Sapphire stone and had tasted the sweet serenity of summitless sublimity, while a third had swept the invisible highway in the softest, springiest omnibus of the heavenly liveries drawn by fiery chargers. The Theocracy was by no means a failure, for it accomplished its God-ordained and God-appointed purpose. He, who openeth and no man shutteth, throws open the door of a new and larger opportunity to the race. John, than whom no greater prophet had been born, had appeared, appointed and anointed by the pre-natal fulness of the Spirit's power. He had come from the wilderness like a whirlwind of fire. He had swayed and subdued immense audiences by the Sinaitic thunderings and lurid lightnings of the Gospel of repentance. He was the morning star of the better day that was to usher in the dispensation of the Holy Ghost and the clairaudient ear can hear the winds of prophetic Pentecost already, blowing before it the whitening leaves of the old dispensation's autumnal arbors. John took the lowliest attitude before God and was lost, nay rather found, in the loftiest altitude with God, "He must increase, but I must decrease."

(A) The Baptizer.

About a generation before, a Babe was born in the stable of an inn, in the Roman province of Judea. That Child that was called Wonderful, was destined to make an unprecedented and unparalleled impress on the history of the world.

Cæsar Augustus, at the birth of Christ, could do what he pleased with the property and liberty, and control the heart

beat of three hundred millions of people, comprising the Roman Empire. But the Babe, whose infant cry blended with the bleating of the sheep and the lowing of the kine, is to displace Rome. Juno, Venus, Bacchus and Diana have fled as fabled spectres vanish before the dawn. The colossal character has appeared and is announced by John as the one that shall hereafter baptize with the Holy Ghost and with fire. God has baptized His people in the surging sea and in the cloud. John has baptized the repenting throng in the historic Jordan. But Jesus comes to baptize His people into the personal Spirit and yoke absolute impotence to absolute omnipotence.

(B) The Baptized.

According to the record, John was careful not to baptize all who came to him, irrespective of their Spiritual condition. He drove the Pharisees and Sadducees away with the stinging lash. "O generation of vipers, who has warned you to flee from the wrath to come?" His baptism was given to repentant souls and was a public testimony that a gracious work had been done. In the ordinance of baptism, all we have to do is to provide the candidate, and so in the Lord's baptism, He is the baptizer. He provides the oceanic font. He provides the robes, by the washing of regeneration, woven in the looms of atoning love and grace, and fitted in the new birth by the Holy Ghost.

This wonderful, wonder working baptism is no where promised to, nor enjoined upon impenitent souls; neither is it bestowed upon the people of God who are living in Sodom; nor is it possible to the Christians who are living in Zoar. But it is for those who are born of the Spirit and walking in the light. It is not an uncommon thing in Spirit anointed teaching, to find unconverted church members, born of God in their search for the baptism of fire and not a few Christians restored from an inward, if not an outward life, of backsliding and carnal insecurity.

We are almost persuaded that the baptism Jesus came to administer, is a very rarely possessed gift. When we put the straight edge of full orb'd Bible regeneration on the

professed experience of the Saviour's baptism, in multitudes of instances, the margin for the anointing of power is microscopic, and when we behold the imbecility, even to arrest the attention and call the down rushing masses to a halt, our hearts cry for the fullest manifestation of the high explosives from the kingdom of power.

(c) The Baptism.

The Holy Spirit gave us the incarnate Christ. He fashioned the body of Jesus, and at the inauguration of His public ministry came upon him, raising the God man to the highest rank of efficiency and carried the Blessed One through testings, oppositions and conflicts that beggar language to describe, and after a victorious life, triumphant death, transcendent resurrection and ascension, elevated him to a place beside the throne of God to become the head of His body, His bride the Church of Christ. The work of the Holy Spirit in this dispensation is to prepare a mystical body worthy of its glorious and glorified head.

The head is a supernatural head and so the members of the body must be produced by the same supernatural process. Not by generation, but by regeneration, and then submerged in and suffused with the Eternal Spirit and be carried, not by imitation, but by incarnation of the Risen Christ, by the same Spirit through the Garden, via Dolorosa, Gabbatha, Golgatha, and the grave, now by the faith in the power of the resurrection, to a place in the heavenlies, and ultimately to share a coregnant throne and eternal wedlock with the Lord of the Universe.

Let us look at a few of the intensely practical and pungent lessons that spring from the symbol used by the Apostle and reiterated by the Master—Fire.

(a) Fire penetrates.

The strong masonry and superstructural steel fortifications of men are fairly successful, in stemming the momentum of wind and water. But fire penetrates the strongest bulwarks, dissolves the forces of human genius and searches out every inflammable atom in the physical world. So the fairy-footed, electric-winged, messengers of the Spirit invade

every region of the soul, melting down the strongholds of sin and with a besom of fire sweep from the throne of the regenerate life the usurping king of selfishness.

(b) Fire purifies.

Sanitary massage treatment may have its place, purification by water may be sufficient for earthen and wooden vessels, but the heroic treatment, I had almost said severe submersion, in a lavatory of fire, the fire touched lips and the fire purged soul are absolutely indispensable to the purification of the messengers of Christ, in order to the highest efficiency in carrying the commission of the king of kings in the power of the Ascended Christ, to every kindred and people and tongue, and with this qualification it may be consummated before the dews will have vanished from the morning of the New Century.

(c) Fire propels.

As we walk the corridors in the musical conservatory of commerce and hear the runic rhyme of dazzling light, the flying shuttle, the invisible fly-wheel, the throbbing piston, and the dissolving symphonies of careering worlds and singing stars, we are arrested by the barbed interrogation: What force propels this immense enginery?

The sibyll is solved by science. It is a triune giant. It is incarnate potencies. Solid fire pent up in the inexhaustible coal beds of our earth; liquid fire is subterranean seas of petroleum; and gaseous fire, robed in the silken fabric of the natural gases. All these, in cozoic days tumbled and tossed in cyclonic billows in an ocean of fire that throbs like a great heart in the bosom of the sun. A short time ago we were overtaken in a blizzard, about one hundred miles from an American city. Three large engines were coupled to two coaches, and yet an accumulation of fleecy snow flakes arrested us and for a time successfully defeated the whole railway system. But the sinner that is born of the World and baptized by the Christ into the omnipotent Spirit, the regenerate soul upon whose throne the Spirit has enthroned the Risen Christ; who has been baptized into His death and knows the experimental significance of "I have a baptism to

be baptized with and am in pain till it be accomplished," and to whom the Lord has revealed the Father, is yoked to, nay, verily, but indwelt by divine omnipotence and may invade and inhabit the supernatural and demonstrate to three worlds the paradoxies and hyperboles of the inspired Scriptures. He may sit on a cassiopeian chair and sip nectareous inspiration from the Parnassium fountains of eternal truth; he may eat angelic ambrosia with the Prince of Peace and in hyperborean heights above the crustal selfishness of this terrene, see the resurrection messengers, coming with wings freighted with the wealth of the eternities. He is admitted to a larger era and invested with herculean power to wield the hammer of truth and to hurl the Joveitic projectiles of righteousness against the strongholds of sin.

(d) Fire protects.

Let us suppose that the great sire of the seasons should not arrest the descending course of the sun at the winter solstice and let the winter go on from Arctic cold to yet still colder Arctic. That flaming sentinel of terrestrial security sinks beneath the horizon forever. In three days, says Herschel there would not be a vestige of animal or vegetable life on the globe; every atom of moisture would be precipitated in deluges of rain and piles of snow and from that time would set in a universal frost such as modern science is but faintly showing in the liquefaction of air, and "the icy earth would swing blind and blackening in the moonless air," a frozen hell, where cold performs the effect of fire. Our whole national security, from the humblest police force, to the majestic tread of our standing armies; our navies that plow the barbarous seas and the torpedoes that annihilate the opposing squadrons and sink the oppressors of civilization into the abyss of oblivion, is bound up in the fiat of the word, fire. And when we have indulged in the wildest expressions of exaggerated hyperbole we have but dimly defined the symbolism. During a threatened insurrection in India, the Queen invited the arch leader to London. He was politely shown the mighty navy, the mistress of the seas. Then his royal hostess showed him the powder magazines and all the

indescribable machinations for material destruction and the silent eloquence of majesty hushed and conquered the rebel heart and he went back to India a wiser man and a more patriotic subject. And so, the child of God need never fear. There is no reason why a ripple of unrest should ever be seen in his peace and not the shadow of a cause for a palpitating fear to flutter in his soul. The Captain of our salvation stands ready to marshal and mobilize the stars into batallions of light to fight in their courses, and until no star shall twinkle, no milky way of blazing suns shall pave the way to the infinite beyond, and no Christ the outshining of God, shall hold the key of omnipotence, the humble saint may walk erect safe as the apple of his eye and invulnerable as the Spirit Anointed Christ.

(e) Fire proves.

There was a time when men mechanically took off their hats and uncovered their feet in blind devotion to the stars, and the astrologers were demigods. And, if possible, in denser darkness they bowed to the dust and the Alchemist held the thumb-screw of an embryonic priestcraft. Indeed we are not far removed from the day when position and possessions made men. But the curfew of that day has rung. We have heard the midnight cry and a better day has dawned. The star sown worlds have been subjected to fiery testings. The atomic inhabitants have been weighed and measured in the laboratory, and in these days of record beating competition, all classes of men, the classes and the masses, are being thrown into the furnace and only the Christ-companioned shall come forth without the malodorous effects, to shine with inextinguishable and ineffable lustre. "Every man's work shall be tested with fire." In this babel-building age, multitudes are rearing monumental mud mansions and furnishing them with highly polished bric-a-brac and festooning them with delicate but perishable ornamentation. Let us build with living stones taken from the rock cuts of Gethsemane and Calvary. Let us carve upon the polished walls the glorious history of unimpeachable purity and self-sacrificing

living, and when things mundane shall dissolve in the final fire, our work shall stand approved and our crown shall radiate the rays of an unsetting sun.

(f) Fire propagates.

At the germination of the smallest seed, heat is necessary, though the heat supplied by one seed is so minute that it is not sensible to the touch.

The source of heat is the combustion of a portion of the coaly matter of the seed and so at the birth of every plant a pigmy bon-fire is lit up. "He that hath ears to hear let him hear." O that we had ears of multiplied possibilities! What a doxology would be heard at the spring time season!—from the lowest form of vegetation in Arctic snows to the highest form that blaze and bloom in tropical gardens. What an infinite keyboard. "Hark! there come whisperings of melody, gushings of melody, orchestral burstings of melody, diapason thunderings of melody," that roll through the arched magnificence of our Father's house. When the heart, into which a faithful mother hand and heart has sowed the Word of God and watered it with tear-suffused prayers and upon which a faithful minister has cast the same precious seed, is touched by the fire of the Holy Ghost, the wintry snows dissolve, the iron frost unfastens its deathlike grip, torrents rush and roar through the soul as the forerunner of summer, and a prophecy of the golden harvest. The rich, far-reaching foliage opens its millions of mouths and feeds upon the quadrillion tonned granaries of the heavenly atmosphere; floriage like balsamic balm and floral fragrance fills the whole range of its far-reaching influence, with the sweet perfume of the Rose of Sharon, and the forming, developing, ripening, maturing fruitage pours forth a super-abundant supply, and leaves the ineradicable memory of such a man etched upon the hearts of a benefitted and beatific humanity.

Be stirred.

It is not the discussion of high explosives, but the concussion of them that lifts the obstructing rocks upon the Atlantean shoulders and hurls them from the pathway of

advancing commerce and civilization. See Paul at Athens: "The splendor of Greece had waned, and it had passed under Roman sway. But what had survived the ravages of time and conquerors attested its ancient grandeur. Here genius had dwelt incarnate. It had built the loftiest epics, recited the happiest histories, argued in the stateliest dialogues, wept in the saddest tragedies, laughed in the wittiest comedies harangued in the mightiest orations, discoursed in the subtlest metaphysics, erected the noblest temples, carved the truest statues, painted the divinest pictures, wrestled in the greatest games, spoken the finest language, sung the gayest songs and fought the bravest battles that the world ever saw. The study of the Apostle in his native Tarsus, renowned for its cultivation of Grecian literature, must have made him acquainted with these glories of Athens. He had enjoyed the grace and euphony of Xenophon, and been charmed with the simple dignity of Herodotus. He had thrilled under Aeschylus and glowed with Demosthenes, whose intense logic and barbed interrogations he sometimes reproduces. He could be no stranger to the image and music of Homer, the depths and beauty of Plato, the arms, oratory and magnificence of Pericles." Lucien, the poet visiting Athens, declares he was filled with delight and wonder. The Spirit of the Spirit filled Apostle "was stirred in him when he saw the city wholly given to idolatry." He went into a paroxysm over the ungodliness of a colossal civilization, and a Christless culture. "Wherever he went he preached, if he travelled he preached. When he rested he preached. When he came to an end he preached. No matter who composed his audience, the Jew or the Gentile, the rustic or the intelligent, the philosophical of Athens or the debauched residents of Corinth, he preached, he never feared frown or scourge, the sneer of the sophist or the senseless laugh of the profligate." Meet him where you will he preached. He does not survey ruins. He is not enjoying the "tale of Troy Divine," before which Achilles fought, Agamemnon ruled, Ulysses counselled, and Ajax heaved his strength. He saw all men, not as Jews and Gentiles, but as Jesus saw them, guilty and helpless and

poured sinaitic righteousness, dissolved in the atoning passion of Calvary, endynamited by the power of the Risen Christ upon all ranks and conditions of men.

“ We are living, we are dwelling,
 In a grand and awful time ;
 An age to ages telling
 That living is sublime.”

I hear the thunder rolling,
 The lurid lightning's pen
 Is tracing out the destiny,
 The doom of wicked men.

I hear the mighty nations
 Now shake 'mid martial storm
 The empire of another age
 Is rounding into form

I hear the tread of coming things
 I see them from afar,
 Prophetic of some better days,
 I see the morning star.

And while we wait 'mid darkest night,
 The “ blessed hope ” is born :
 We soon shall hear the midnight cry,
 Then comes the cloudless morn.

I hear the wail of dying souls,
 In Macedonian night,
 O Church of Christ with lamps of Life,
 We pray you bring us light.

I hear the rushing mighty wind,
 Of Pentecostal fire,
 Go sweeping through the Church of God,
 And all her ranks inspire.

I see the Church awakening,
 The Spirit leads the band,
 The Lord, the Great Commander—
 To conquer every land.

I hear enlightened nations,
The Lord their bridegroom praise ;
All robed in 'bridal splendor,
Their songs of triumph raise.

I hear the shouts of ransomed hosts,
I see the city fair ;
Where we shall with the Saviour dwell,
And all His glory share.

Forty days ago a bench of bishops constituting the highest court and cabinet of the Methodist Church of the United States, reviewing and pre-viewing her history and spiritual decadence and the consequent dearth of conversions and lack of power to lead the believer into the deeper experiences of sanctifying grace, which is the differentiating plank in Wesleyanism, without which there is no reason why the Methodist Church should exist at all, issued a jeremiad, whose wail sweeps like a billow of fire over my soul and stirs the deepest depths of my being, and long ere this time has broken over the heart of God like the wail from the oppressed and crushed people of God in the brick yards of Egyptian bondage. They have called a fast and a week of importuning prayer, and this hour three millions of Methodists should be coming from the "Upper Room" anointed with power from on high.

My fellow graduates, commissioners from the court of high heaven, behind us towers the monumental pile of glorious history. "In 1643, the seed threshed out by the Westminster divines, sowed in this young western continent, is responsible for the waving fields of American democracy." And in Calvin's pulpit in Geneva was born the parentage of the American eagle. "The Church of the blue has fought three epoch-making battles. The first, like a whirlwind, dashed to the earth and swept away the apostate and idolatrous Church of Rome from holding supremacy in the land of the heather. The second, after a long and painful struggle, overthrew and banished from the ecclesiastical throne of Scotland that bloodthirsty and perjured prelatial usurpation

which the craft of one sovereign and the fierce depotism of his successors, in vain, attempted to erect upon the ruins of the persecuted Presbyterian Church. While the third has been engaged in bursting asunder the fetters and casting off the yoke of that cold, worldly, unspiritual, unchristian system which has been well designated "Moderatism." The Waterloo of which waits the Spirit-filled Canadian Church, to break down the citadels of Laodiceanism, to invade and capture the uncounted wealth, vaulted in the intrrenched worldliness, and with flaming pulpits and blazing pews, scale the heights of the largest liberty in the highlands of the dispensation of the Spirit. And so with no disposition to belittle the past; with no temptation to bemoan the present, but with a burning passion that the Church of our mothers may adorn the highest niche in the temple of glory, we importune her ministers and students to throw their unsurpassed deposits of learning into the baptismal font of fire and be moulded into Joveitic projectiles of moral almightiness, with which the Master may break down the strongholds of sin; belt the globe with the golden girdle of the Gospel of the Kingdom; like ten thousand thunderstorms, condensed into one bifurcated tornado, propelled by the omnific heart-throb of the Eternal Spirit, break the monotony of a decorous age and send her with the solemn pomp and the irresistible momentum of a phalanx of fire to sit with her Lord on the co-regent throne of the twentieth century.

WALTER RUSSELL.

Poetry

A=FIELD IN WINTER.

The sound and color of the year's high prime
 —The lordly summer time—
 O'erpower my spirit with their fervid splendor ;
 The thoughts which they engender
 Drowse thro' my heavy sense with languid feet,
 As one, half-dreaming, hears the surges beat
 Upon a hidden shore :
 And more and more
 The pulsings of its mightier measures fill
 The round of space, until
 It sucks the thin weak breath
 From out my pipe, and strikes melodious death
 Into the feebler thrilling of my lute,
 And in its vaster orchestra my soul stands mute.

But when dun Autumn comes,
 And Summer, with its drums
 Its screaming brasses
 And all the splendid pageantry of the day
 With flags and streamers passes
 Beyond earth's fartest hverge,
 And the small stars emerge
 In the gray year's still dusk and welcome snow,
 Ah, with what joy I go
 Far, far afield, where, standing mid the flakes
 My spirit wakes
 In the wide, hallow silence, and I hear
 The subtler voices of the averted year !

 When every wind that stirs
 The dry bent or the pine
 Is vocal as of heavenly messengers
 Chanting their hymns in voices tremulously fine,

Then my soul looks about her,
 Sees the great world without her,
 Hears those shy, kindred spirits on the air ;
 And in that low, keen pulse of life,
 Free from all jar and strife
 And clearer as the years advance
 The depth and burden of its song find utterance.

ROBERT MACDOUGALL.

Harvard University.

THE OLD KING AND THE NEW.

(A CENTURY ODE.)

And now the old King, wise and full of years,
 Lays down his sceptre and prepares to go.
 All men speak well of him, for he has ruled
 In love, and honour, and the fear of God.
 His sway was o'er the world for five score years
 Yet none were weary of him ; but at last
 By Heaven's decree he must resign his crown,
 And we, his subjects, sing his last requiem.

* * * *

"The King is dead"—"Long live the King!" we shout,
 As the young century ascends the throne.
 "Hail! youthful monarch, may thy mission be
 Peace, joy and liberty to all mankind ;
 And may thy subjects ne'er forget that they,
 Like centuries, must also pass away."

J. PORTEOUS ARNOLD.

TIME IN FLIGHT.

A "NEW CENTURY" SONG OF PRAISE.

Time in flight, the ages roll,
 Tide eternal, light and shade,
 Boundless sea whereon the soul
 Blesseth Christ's "Be not afraid":
 Time in flight, a hundred years,
 Gone, begun, in hate and love:
 Storm and calm alike have fears:
 Guidance cometh from above.

Time in flight, life's helm in hand,
 Christ our Captain, God the Lord:
 Helpless, trustful, let us stand,
 'Taking courage from His Word:
 Truth the standard of our faith,
 Fealty's banner raised on high,
 God eternal, life or death,
 Fear we naught since Thou art nigh!

Time in flight, O give us light,
 God the Father, God the Son,
 Majesty and meekness,—might,
 Spirit regnant, God the One!
 Doubts defied and hopes unfurled,
 Higher yet our aims in view,
 Love can make of life a world
 Throbbing with the good and true.

J. M. HARPER.

THE DOUKHOBORTSI

AND

THE GALICIANS OF THE CANADIAN NORTHWEST

It is with much pleasure that I respond to the request of the editor-in-chief of THE JOURNAL for a letter for its columns, inasmuch as many of its readers are the Professors, Students and Graduates of the College—as well as other friends of Montreal—friendly intercourse with whom during the past few years I still hold in fond memory. This response is the more readily made because of the many expressions of interest in my work which have come to me by mail, and of the tangible manifestation of the sincere interest of the Presbyterian women of Montreal which has recently come by freight. For all of these, especially for the tangible, I hereby tender my sincere thanks. Of course the main topic of my letter must be that of most import to myself—that is, the work I am here attempting to do—which is the making use of one of the many forms of Applied Christianity as a means of opening the way, which is not yet open, for the coming of the missionary proper with his evangel message, which amongst these semi-barbaric Galicians as well as amongst all other barbaric and semi-barbaric peoples, is the only means of elevating to the fullest extent their present very low standard of civilization. I say: “to the fullest extent.” My experience here seems to show me that the means to the highest means is an inseparable part of the highest means. Applied Christianity is love in action, which is the highest form of love. Love begets love. Even the smallest kindness done to those in need of help is a reflection of the unspeakable love of Him who, in His love for men, “Continually went about doing good, healing all manner of sickness and all manner of disease amongst the people,” and then on Calvary gave His life that benighted Galicians as well as enlightened Anglo-Saxons might have life for evermore. And this reflection, be it never so dim, which may be cast into the darkest of hearts by even the

giving of a cup of cold water, if it bring but the smallest ray of that light which love alone can bring, may be, and often is, the first step towards the dissipation of Stygian heart-gloom, and the dawning in of the light of Love and of Life. Even a cup of cold water given in the name of the Master shall in no wise lose its reward. Herein lies the influence for good which may be wielded by the medical missionary.



THE MEDICAL MISSIONARY'S MEDICAL AND SURGICAL DISPENSARY.

And besides, this mode of Applied Christianity gives us, as all forms of Applied Christianity give us, opportunity for guarding against inconsistency. Applied Christianity is Christianity, and Christianity is the love of God. It is also the love of neighbor.

The application of the fundamental principles of Christianity in the every day lives of the people of Christendom, would be the panacea for all the ills of all the world. That application by the people of Canada would once for all bring to an end the uncharitable and anti-Christian political cries

against Galician and Doukhobortsi "pauper immigration" which have recently been resounding from the Atlantic to the Pacific. The application of those principles by the Christian people of Canada would be the first great step towards the civilization, the national assimilation and the ultimate evangelization of these foreigners. Let it be said to the present credit and the future glory and honor of the Presbyterian church, that she has laid the first stone of the foundation of what will, with God's help, prove to be a superstructure worthy of that church, whose sons have in every land invariably taken their stand for the cause of the highest civilization.

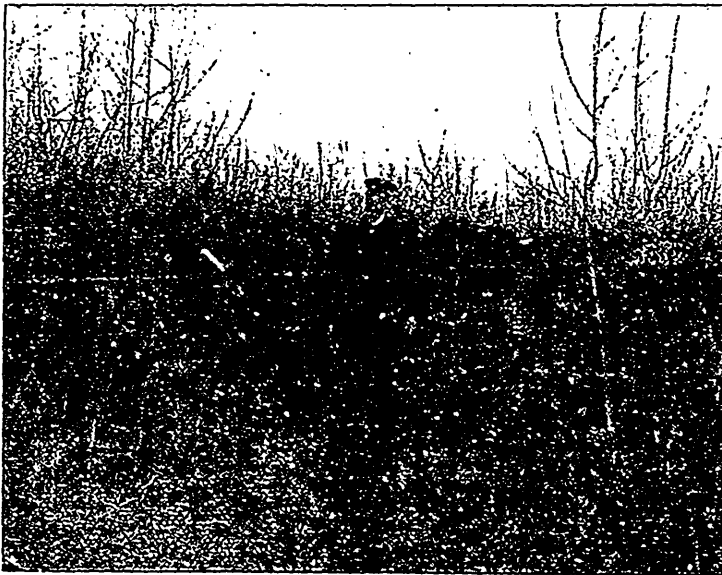
Let me show your readers the urgency of the needs of these people, the need of a national safe-guard, and the consequent bounden duty of the people of Canada towards them.

The Galicians are not the "Galatians." Some of my friends honor me by designating me "the medical missionary to the Galatians." If Paul were writing his Epistle to the Galicians, he would not accuse them of instability. In their obstinate stability in Ikon worship and in their many other vain and frigid rites and ceremonies of the religion of the Greek church lie the chief, at present, apparently insurmountable obstacles to their evangelization. As with the Church of Rome, so is it the chief policy of the hierarchies of the Greek Church to discountenance the mental development of the people. As with the Church of Rome, so with the priestcraft of the Greek Church, there is furtive object in this craftiness of the priests.

An educated Galician is no longer a devotee of the Greek Church. In this dauphin Galician colony there are a few educated men who are no longer churchmen. The present danger of these is agnosticism. But in Galicia during the centuries, owing to the unrighteous compact between Church and State, the State has not performed the highest function of the State, that of protecting the weak, and therefore the church has been able to keep the people in dense ignorance. Of the 9000 Galicians in this Galician colony only 2 per cent. of the men, few of the women, and very few of the children

can read and write. The boast of a Galician Ikon worshipper is : " Me no English talk ; me no English Bible ; me no English school ; me no English priest."

Already there are in Western Canada about 30,000 Galicians and many more thousands to come. In the coming of masses of illiteracy there is always danger to the existing institutions of the country to which they come. Tammany rules New York City because of the illiteracy of the average New York ballot. Floods of illiteracy are now sweeping



THE MEDICAL MISSIONARY ON HIS ROUNDS IN THE MANITOBA BACKWOODS.

westward over the American Republic, and will if not stemmed or purified, work similar Tammany devastations in other cities. A leading business man of Winnipeg said last June, that in 25 years that city will be dominated by the ballots of those we now call the foreign element. Not only are these Galicians here in thousands with more to come, but their birth-rates are high, and will probably increase on these broad and fertile prairies, while those of Anglo-Saxon

Canadians are declining. The duty of Canadian patriots is clear. We should not leave the solution of this vital problem to the politician. The average politician lives not for country but for party, which word is synonymous with self. If these foreigners are to remain uneducated they will in coming generations be a menace to the civil and religious institutions which we are building for our posterity. If we would guard the future interests of our children we must protect these institutions by so educating these foreigners that instead of proving a weakness to our commonwealth they may be its pillars. To that end they must be assimilated, so that they may become loyal and faithful to Canadian institutions. To that end we must give them the key to these institutions, which is the English tongue. That can be given them only in our public schools.

But the present public school of Manitoba is not the ideal school. The schools which did most for the higher civilization of Scotland and through Scotchmen for the higher civilization of the world, were the parish schools of John Knox, in which the Bible was a text-book. The Bible is to-day virtually shut out of the majority of Manitoba schools by the unwise option given to school trustees.

Another very grave aspect of the school system here is, that amongst these foreigners who most urgently need the public school, very few schools exist. because there is in the Manitoba school law, no compulsory clause by which to enforce the organization of schools. But even where schools have been organized, these foreigners rarely send their children, and in the School Act, there is no clause making attendance of children compulsory. In all this colony of 9,000 Galicians, with a very high percentage of children of school age, less than twenty Galician children are attending school, which means that all the rest are at present growing up into lives of the semi-barbarism of their parents.

In those countries blessed with paternal government, the State is responsible for the education of the children of the State. Any government which not only sanctions, but encourages the immigration of foreigners should be in duty bound to

see that the children of these immigrants shall be educated. The ambiguity of our system of politics, (it is scarcely worthy of the name of government,) is that in terms of The British North America Act, all jurisdiction in educational affairs is vested in the Provincial Legislatures, while the present Conservative Manitoba Legislature are not interested in the educational welfare of foreigners, who they say, have been brought to Canada as "pauper immigrants" by the Dominion Cabinet, whose members bear the colors of the other political party.

And so, like Nero at his fiddle while Rome was in conflagration, our politicians are engaged in political (by no means patriotic) strife, arguing like schoolboys the pros and cons of "pauper immigration," while our very constitution itself is being endangered by ever-increasing numbers of ignorant men, women and children.

In this Galician colony, the Presbyterian church has come to the assistance of the Government by building three school buildings which are to be opened next month, the teachers being employed by the church, and their salaries paid by the church.

At Sifton, the centre of this Galician colony, 15 boys and girls were induced to come to be taught English by the medical missionary. On Sabbaths, these formed a Sunday School, Bibles were distributed, taken to their homes by the scholars, and without the teacher's request were read by the children to their parents. In this class were a few very bright boys and girls. One little chap, 10 years of age, used to commit to memory 20 verses of the Sermon on the Mount for every Sabbath's class. This class continued to grow in interest and numbers until the advent of the Polish priest, who at once banned the teacher, hurled the curse of his church against the past work of the class, went from house to house and tied with a string the covers of the Bibles, and threatened excommunication to whomsoever would dare to cut the strings. He then pronounced all manner of woes upon the work of this Cottage Hospital, hinting that its destruction would be in harmony with the will of the church. *Mirabile dictu*, the remedial measures since applied in this Cottage Hospital seem

to follow the laws of medical science, just as formerly. But alas! for the dense ignorance of Galician men and women. While their children were still interested in the class and were quite willing—even anxious to attend—the parents through the fear of the priest, who professes to hold the keys of both the eternities, were afraid to have their children continue to attend, and so for the time being, the priest has succeeded by his diabolical fiat in breaking up the class in which I had such bright hopes. For a time I mourned the loss. Then I remembered the words: "He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing bringing his sheaves with him." Duty is ours; results are with the Omnipotent.

The Galicians are as a people grossly uncleanly whereas cleanliness is with the Doukhobortsi not only next to godliness but a part of godliness (which with them means God-like-ness), with the Galician uncleanliness seems to be a part of his religion. The religion of the Galician is as ungodly as his uncleanliness. Morally the Galician is no cleaner than he is physically. With the Doukhobortsi this is so beautifully different. The only Christ the Galician knows is the theological Christ. Through that Christ he hopes to escape future punishment, which is the highest motive of which he is yet capable. On the other hand the lives of the Doukhobortsi are permeated by the Spirit of the Christ who was dead and is alive forevermore. Christ is a living voice, not the creed that explains Him. The Christ of the Galician is little more than the creed. The Doukhobor hears the living voice and is guided thereby.

True the Doukhobortsi when they landed here were very poor. So also were the Pilgrim Fathers when the Mayflower landed at Plymouth Rock. Both might have been wealthy in the old lands had they been willing to sacrifice principle for material comforts.

In all the harsh words which have been spoken upon hustings, in the pulpits of some of our spiritual teachers and by our unregenerated press, concerning "pauper immigration," we should remember that, concerning at least the Doukhobortsi, if they did not bring much gold, they brought that which in

value is beyond rubies, that is righteousness, which alone exalteth a nation. When one occasionally reads of corruption in Canadian public life he sometimes wonders whether Canada does not stand more sorely in need of Doukhobortsi righteousness than of the gold which politicians regret they did not bring, and if we will, as a people, but learn what the Doukhobortsi can teach us concerning the full meaning of the principles taught in the Sermon on the Mount and of their power, when applied, of curing all the ills which still exist in our social and economic life. If, I say, we will but learn these lessons from the Doukhobortsi we will have neither the opportunity nor the desire to speak further, of their pauperism.

But Galicians and Doukhobortsi are still very poor. They have not yet been a sufficient time on the land here to have become self-supporting. But both peoples are energetic, frugal and economical, and in future years they will be not only self-supporting but prosperous farmers, and their children, if educated, will be able to do their part in the building of our nation.

For these poor people a ton of clothing has recently been sent by the Presbyterian Ladies of Montreal, by the Presbyterian churches of Hamilton, by Miss Jack, of Chateauguay Basin, and by the Countess of Minto. Part of this has been distributed amongst the Galicians and the rest is at Christmas to be distributed amongst the Doukhobortsi. "Come ye blessed, I was naked and ye clothed me."

With sincere thankfulness to those Christian women of Montreal for their practical interest in my work, with gratitude to the members of Faculty at whose feet I heard taught so many lessons of great beauty and vital import, with congratulations to the JOURNAL upon the evident mental calibre of the editorial staff, with fond remembrances to the "boys," all of whom I hope to see in the West, where so many good and true men like them are so very urgently needed, and hoping that when they do come, they may receive such a loyal moral support from the ecclesiastical powers that be, that they may not, like medical missionaries, be at times strongly tempted to sever all connection with the Church and to work under other auspices.

I am, yours very truly, J. T. REID.

INSTALLATION OF THE REV. E. H. BRANDT

As Principal of the Pointe-aux-Trembles Schools.

The records of all great institutions illustrate the importance of turning-points in their history. From a certain date we can mark, if not the beginning, at least a great advance in their usefulness to the world at large.

If we are to judge an undertaking by the value of its work, the Pointe-aux-Trembles Schools are well-deserving of a place in such a list of institutions, and in its history Dec. 7th, 1900, will prove to be one of the turning-points. There are many who advocate the sending of missionaries to the foreign field that they may bring the light of the gospel of Christ into the darkened lands of heathendom, who fail to see in the work of French Evangelization a sphere of Christian duty and of national usefulness which should commend itself to every one who desires to see the real advancement of the Kingdom of God in the land which we call our own. It is always harder to illuminate a mist than perfect darkness, and the superstition and perverted ideas which have become ingrained into the minds of many devout but dissatisfied followers of the Church of Rome have made the work of our French missionaries a most trying task. Those were wise men who founded the Pointe-aux-Trembles schools in the year 1846 and like the men who, in 1860, counselled the purchase of these schools by the General Assembly, they foresaw the value of training the minds of the young so that they might think for themselves and that they might use the faculties which they possessed in the practical work of life and especially in the personal study of that revelation of Him who is the Creator and Preserver of us all. When the great political leader of the country uttered the words: "I have given my life for the welding of the two great races of our country," he expressed a sentiment which touched a responsive chord in the heart of every man, irrespective of creed or of political party. Such a work, if done from the right motives, is well worthy of the life of a public man, and yet even

greater is the work of those who devote their lives to leading men and women of both races to become citizens of the Kingdom of God. All these facts were forcibly brought home to the minds of those who visited Pointe-aux-Trembles on the occasion of the installation of Mr. Brandt. It seemed a rather fortunate coincidence that the Rev. J. E. Duclos, of Valleyfield, a French-Canadian, should be Moderator of the Scotch-Irish Presbytery of Montreal.

These schools are beautifully situated on the bank of the St. Lawrence about ten miles from the city. The surroundings and furnishing of the buildings make this a very home-like spot.

The attendance at present is about 165 pupils, over which are placed six teachers. The systematic method of carrying out the time-table is in itself a valuable education to those who are privileged to attend. The installation ceremonies were profitable to all who were present, especially to those of us who attended to do honour to our former fellow-student and that we might speak intelligently of the work that is carried on in these schools.

The sermon by the Moderator was from the text, "The glory of a young man is his strength." The preacher clearly showed the value of a strong Christian character, illustrating his points by several examples of young men in Bible history. Among those who took part in the programme were the Revs. Dr. MacVicar, who delivered the charge to the new Principal, Dr. Coussirat, Dr. Amaron, S. J. Taylor, G. C. Heine and I. P. Bruneau. The splendid singing of the pupils helped to make the meeting a most interesting one.

Other ministers present were Revs. J. Patterson, Dr. MacKay, V. de Genova, J. L. Morin, J. L. George, W. D. Reid and R. P. Duclos, of Montreal.

The life and work of the late Principal Bourgoin and of Father Chiniquy are a source of inspiration to those upon whom their mantle has fallen, and the church at large should see to it that they are not wanting in anything, that will help this institution, which is a credit to the Church and a valuable factor in the enlightenment of the land in which we

live. The value of the work and the importance of the position of Principal are best summed up in the charge to the new Principal delivered by Dr. MacVicar, Principal of the Presbyterian College, with which these schools have always been closely connected.

We print it in full.

CHARGE TO THE REV. E. H. BRANDT.

A few sentences will suffice for the discharge of the duty laid upon me by the Presbytery of Montreal in connection with your installation as Principal of these schools and Pastor of the church that meets in this chapel. We gladly recognize your professional training and scholarly attainments. You are no novice in the work of teaching and governing young people. You were closely associated during six years with the late Mr. Bourgoïn who, with marked ability, Christian wisdom and success, presided over the institution for more than a quarter of a century. You are therefore familiar with his excellent methods. You witnessed the skill, patience and perseverance by which he mastered difficulties; and I fully believe that you are animated by the same spirit of devotion to the work and cherish the same lofty aspirations and aims.

All these things seem to promise a continuance of the prosperity hitherto enjoyed. Permit me, however, to remind you that the position you hold, and to which you have been called by the unanimous and cordial choice of the governing Board, is one of great and solemn responsibility.

This is true of the teacher's vocation in every case. It is no light task to take charge of the training of immortal souls during the plastic period of youth, when the foundations of true manhood and womanhood are laid, when methods of thought, of mental activity are inculcated, and habits are formed which crystallize into permanent character.

I would not minimize or conceal from you, and the faithful teachers associated with you, the toilsome and difficult nature of the service to which you are called. This arises in part from the great diversity in age, character, ability, temperament and attainments of the pupils. You have to conduct

classes in two languages in all subjects from the alphabet to the highest embraced in elementary education, besides the work of the senior class preparing for matriculation in Normal School or College.

I learn with satisfaction that, as an evidence of educational progress in this province, pupils who have entered this year are better prepared than those of former sessions. This is gratifying, and will lessen the difficulty of your task, but still you have to encounter a deplorable measure of illiteracy ; and in battling with it let me charge you never to forget that the supreme aim of your work is missionary. This is not incompatible with the adoption of the latest and best pedagogic methods,—but it demands that the teaching of the word of God shall hold the first place in our curriculum.

While using all possible means to deliver boys and girls from the crushing incubus of ignorance touching secular matters, and while seeking to teach them to think for themselves, and to qualify them to occupy positions of usefulness and eminence as citizens, our aim above all things is to lead them to know and love God and Jesus Christ our Saviour.

We see no reason for excluding God's word from educational institutions of any class, whether elementary schools or colleges. On the contrary we accept the lesson of the history of nations as to the disastrous results of such exclusion, and we feel sure that it is only by the proper use of Divine truth the highest type of character is developed and the fullest measure of human freedom, progress and righteous government is secured. "Godliness is profitable for all things, having the promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come." It has been the glory of these schools for the last half century that they excelled in teaching the Bible. So let it be in all time to come.

I therefore desire to encourage and cheer you by another thought, viz. : that yours is a most hopeful work. The record of the past is instructive and inspiring. You are not beginning an experiment the issue of which is uncertain, an untried enterprise the utility of which way be questioned. God has already set his seal of approval upon it. During the

last fifty years He has not suffered His word taught within these walls to return unto Him void. Thousands of pupils have gone out from our classes emancipated from ignorance and superstition, and not a few of them have engaged actively in scattering the good seed broadcast, and by their daily conduct have shown themselves to be living epistles known and read of all men.

We have lifted out of obscurity, and from amid unpropitious environment, and started in the paths of knowledge and research many who have become successful artizans, merchants, lawyers, doctors and teachers. To have done so was at once Christian, patriotic, and eminently helpful to the general weal of our province and Dominion. But what we regard with deeper satisfaction than even these good fruits of our efforts is the fact that an exceptionally large percentage of our pupils have devoted themselves to the service of the Saviour as heralds of His gospel. It will be yours by diligent and lucid instruction, by close personal dealing, by importunate and persevering prayer and by every legitimate means to see to it that there is no falling off but rather a steady increase in the number of those who are prepared with loving hearts and unquenchable zeal to run to and fr. as messengers of the truth.

To do the work urgently called for throughout our country, we require men and women thoroughly consecrated to God's service, mighty in the Scriptures, full of faith and of the Holy Ghost, actuated by a spirit of self-sacrifice, ready to face toil, hardships and privations in seeking to save souls. We do not undervalue or neglect secular learning, philosophy, apologetics, and the rest, but we desire always to give proper emphasis to the fact that the Gospel of Christ alone is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth.

Once more. Yours is a position not only of responsibility and hopefulness, but also of wide and permanent influence.

You are more than the head of two large schools, you are pastor of the church that stately meets in this chapel; and it is no light matter or small privilege to stand before the flock of Christ on the Lord's Day and teach in His stead. "For are we

ambassadors for Christ." This is surely an influential vocation. Eternal issues depend upon the manner in which it is fulfilled. "For we are a sweet savour of Christ unto God, in them that are being saved, and in them that are perishing; to the one a savour from death unto death; and to the other a savour from life unto life. And who is sufficient for these things?" (2 Cor. ii., 15-16.)

As pastor of this church you come into close touch with the members at a most solemn and decisive moment in their experience, the moment when they make open confession of Christ and unite in the fellowship of the saints. Suffer me to say that you should, in your capacity as Pastor, resist to the utmost everything that would impair the true Christian character and spiritual purity of that fellowship. It is no gain but unmitigated loss to receive dead members into the church. She has in all ages suffered grievously in this way. Along with the elders associated with you in the oversight of the flock, guard wisely and firmly against the temptation to swell the number on the roll regardless of credible evidence of their having been born again.

Those who are not thus quickened cannot be expected to obey the precepts of Christ, and they weaken and chill the life of the body into which they are introduced. They will diminish your influence and that of the church for good. It is only those who are temples of the Holy Ghost, who are not merely formal, but real Christians, that will extend and perpetuate the spiritual forces you desire to diffuse.

Cherish therefore a constant conviction of the grave and the unique responsibility and opportunity you have in this respect. It is placed within your reach in serving Christ in this matter to exert a salutary influence throughout this whole province and far beyond its limits. Do you ask me how? I answer by reminding you that for several years past there have been annually added from twenty to thirty persons to the membership of this church. This is a matter for gratitude and thanks to God. Comparatively large congregations are sometimes not so highly favoured. May we not hope in view of the progress of intelligence and steady diffusion of the

word of God among the people, and with full attendance at these schools, that the number of members will be increased in future. During summer vacations and at the completion of their course of study, as you know, these are all scattered abroad. Let us assume that they are not only intellectually enlightened, that they bear the impress of your efficient work and that of your colleagues as educators, but, what is infinitely better, that they are living members of the body of Christ, filled with His truth, that they are manifestly the salt of the earth and the light of the world, then who can estimate the enlightening and purifying influence they will exert in the homes to which they return and among the people who sit in darkness.

I am confident that the teacher is reproduced in his pupils, and that the character and instruction of the pastor are reflected among his people. Here, therefore, is your great twofold opportunity. In these schools and through the members of this church, you have a most desirable and fitting medium for the propagation of your educational, missionary and spiritual enthusiasm. Your good lessons by word and conduct can thus be multiplied an hundred fold. And you know the reward which awaits such service. "They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever."

Our prayer therefore is that should God be pleased to spare you, as was the case with your predecessor, to continue here until the day of your decease, He may so strengthen and guide you by His Holy Spirit that you shall be enabled to watch for souls as one who shall give account, that you may do it with joy and not with grief.—Amen.

College Note Book.

STUDENT LIFE.

Yes, the old year has gone and the wheel of Old Father Time has slipped a cog. More than that! We have entered a new century. Sure? Yes, sure this time. Some said, "last year," but the majority seem to say it begins this year. Perhaps we can see why the majority have decided it to be ended with 1900. It is this: We all feel sure it will not be next year, and nobody will be getting ahead of us or rather coming behind us in time to do over again what we have already done. About as lonesome a man as could be found on Dec. 1900, 11.30 p.m., was the man who had preached and watched the old century out just one year before. Never mind, my friend, we are all sure we have the twentieth century now. The man who says it begins next year will not be believed.

Dr. Leslie, of China, gave us a pleasing address in the dining hall on Thursday, Dec. 13. He spoke principally of the obstacles to the spread of the Gospel in Honan, and in China in general.

The Chinese think they are the only great people in the world. All other kingdoms are insignificant, and all other peoples are despised, consequently they do not wish to be taught by them.

The educated class or Literati are absolutely obeyed by the common class. What they say is right and must be done. The Literati consist of those who have learned Confucius' writings and sayings. The wisest man is the one who can give all his sayings from memory.

If, while a person was addressing an audience on a street corner one of these Literati came along and said that the crowd should not listen to this man or read these works they would immediately scatter.

Nine-tenths of the people cannot read, and when brought into the church they make slow progress in the Christian

life. They must learn everything from the missionary. Again, they are poor and the most they aim at is to secure enough to eat and to clothe themselves.

Moreover, their language does not admit of explaining easily those spiritual things which come easy to us.

An immediate reason for not breaking away from their religion is the fact of what each one will have to suffer if he joins the Christian church. The Chinese live in large families of several generations, and a man will have fifty or sixty on him when he turns. They will starve him, beat him, and even kill him. So they are often forced to follow their own way from dread of what they will suffer if they turn. Opium smoking, too, is eating the very heart out of the nation, degrading and rendering them physically, mentally and morally incapable. Such was a little of what he told us.

The dining hall was full and all expressed their pleasure at being able to get such a vivid picture of the home life of the Chinese and the peculiar needs of the work in Honan. Dr. Leslie was tendered a hearty vote of thanks, and an instructive half-hour was closed by the Doxology.

While the majority of us spent a pleasant holiday, traveling or at our homes two of our number spent it in the hospital. Mr. W. A. Frazer, B.A., was obliged after several days' illness here, to go to the R. V. hospital on Dec. 12. Mr. Fraser has typhoid fever and has suffered severely, but we are all exceedingly pleased to know that he is convalescent. Mr. G. W. Thom took ill about a week after, and was found to be suffering from the same disease. Fortunately his case, so far, has not been so severe as Mr. Frazer's. Mr. Fraser is in his second year theology and Mr. Thom in his last year. They both have our sympathy.

On a mild Friday evening one of our number was seized with a romantic feeling and left our halls without much explanation of his destination. Monday morning made all plain when said pleasure-seeker arrived. He had gone to the desired spot, but did not find the person whom he wished especially to see. He put in a very quiet time and retired to

rest each night about 8.30 o'clock. (If everything had gone as he intended, 11.30 would have been early). Monday he arose early in a cold room, ate a cold breakfast, done many miles with only a light hat, temperature 12 below, got into a cold (coal) car and on his arrival in Montreal ventured to look out of the cold cab a couple of times, but only to read: "Cold drinks," "cold soda." We safely conclude that from first to last it was a cool affair.

We are pleased to mark down the fact that "Dick" Grant, the world's champion long distance runner, called to see us. His prime object was to see J. D. Morrow, who has a habit similar to his own. While here Dick favored us with the pleasure of his company in the dining hall as well as a speech, in which he portrayed the beauties and advantages of training in the Christian life as well as in the field of sports. He is a splendid singer and favoured us with several solos.

At a meeting of the graduating class, held on Dec. 12th, Mr. H. H. Turner, B.A., was unanimously chosen valedictorian. Congratulations Turner.

Nov. 22.—H. R., who was out to dinner on the above date, passed up his plate for a third supply of turkey, when the hostess was heard to murmur: "Had this man any breakfast?"

Dec. 20th marks the date when another Bell was added to the institution.

Point-aux-Trembles, Dec. 7 —Where was the Presbytery when the lights went out?

A student went out to preach and on his way home on Monday was carrying a guitar for a friend. He was unfortunate enough to meet his city pastor, who addressed him with the remark: "O, my son! Have you been out trying to fiddle them into the kingdom?" It is unnecessary to mention that the said student arrived at the college feeling like the guitar, a little unstrung. With snow in his boots, and silent anathemas coursing up and down his sleeves and features he presented a picture rare in the annals of student life.

Instructor in Elocution—"Arrange your elements. First, there are the 'knights,' then the 'ladies,' 'gunners,' 'gal-lants,' Suppose you put the 'knight' as far away as the corner of the room, where will you place the ladies?" W. O. R. "In the corner too."

J. L. (entering G. C. M's room)—"Is this the Maclean tartan?"

G. C. M.—"Yes."

J. L.—"Did you know there was a L-v-re tartan?"

G. C. M.—"Yes, I believe it was on exhibition at Paris last year."

Prof.—"Gentlemen, I have four cautions to append to this subject, but we shall leave them over till next *century*."

J. H. S.—"When you wish to go to Verdun to-morrow you take that car" (indicating what *kind* of a car.)

W. R.—"Yes, I'll remember that car is No. 530."

Caution.—To students who have the commercial fever at Xmastide:

Do not say "Hello" to distinguished customers.

S.—(Who has secured large volumes of honour books to wade through) placed them on the floor and walked over them, exclaiming: "Boys, I have gone over these four anyway."

First Student—"What is the use of studying this Greek when we have it all translated in the crib?"

Second Student—"When I get married and settle down I am going to have a full supply of cribs in my library."

A. R. (at system)—"What chapter of Philemon did he say it was?"

H. H. T.—"Chases his hat half a block."

W. G. B.—"Did you break the record?"

H. H. T.—"No, I broke the hat."

Who threw the peanut that stopped the car?

EXCHANGES.

We notice among our exchanges *Vox Wesleyana*, a neat, well-printed little luminary. It breathes the spirit of the west. Its editorials are practical and strikes notes which should be struck often if our political and social life is to be advanced. The literary department of the Nov. number is pleasing and instructive, and the tone all through is pure and good.

An illustrated quarterly entitled *The People, the Land and the Book*, has dropped into our hands, and according to the tenor of the first two numbers it is worthy of notice. It treats of the old and historic people of Israel, of their native land, Palestine, and of the book, the Bible, as well as Jewish traditions and literature. It is sufficient here to mention some of the contents and authors. We find such articles as "The Everlasting Nation," by Rev. Adolph Saphir, M.A., D.D., a Hebrew-Christian. "National Characteristics of the Jews," Rev. F. A. Cox, D.D., LL.D. "Christians and their Jewish Neighbors," J. M. Reiner, Ph.D. "Circumcision: a Token of the Messiah," by Ben-Zion M. Gordon, a Hebrew-Christian, and many others of a like nature. It contains also short poems such as "Judah," by Mark Levy. "The Jewish Olive Tree," by the Rev. David King. "The Jewish Soldier," from the Yiddish of Morris Rosenfeld. "The Shekel-absent Beggar," adapted from Kipling. It contains also a "Memoir of Alfred Edersheim, M.A., (Oxon) D.D., Ph.D.," by his daughter, Miss Ella Edersheim. The editorials are strong and treat of such subjects as "The Unchristian Attitude of the Church Towards the Jews." "The Elasticity of Judaism." "Anti-Semitism; Its Antidote." "Is Usury of Jewish or Gentile Origin?" etc. The price of the Quarterly is \$1.00 per year; sample copies, 25 cents. Address, B. M. Schapiro, Editor and Publisher, 436 Carlton Ave., Brooklyn, N.Y. The *Manitoba College Journal* comes to us as usual and is asked for immediately both on account of our intimate relations with the west and its otherwise interesting contents. Other exchanges on our table are:—*The Hartford Seminary Record*,

Queen's University Journal, The Montreal Diocesan Theological College Magazine, The Shurtleff College Review, The McMaster University Monthly, The U. N. B. University Monthly, The Theologue, The University of Ottawa Review, Acadia Athenaeum, King's College Record and The Dalhousie Gazette. The last mentioned has a beautiful Xmas number, good from beginning to end.

C. A. H.

REPORTER'S FOLIO.

The Literary and Philosophical Society met on Friday evening, Nov. 30th. The President occupied the chair. After the business of the evening had been attended to Mr. W. A. Fraser, B.A., was called upon for a Gaelic song. Mr. Fraser prefaced his song with a short address in Gaelic which was appreciated by all the Scotchmen present. Mr. C. Hardy, B.A., then favored us with a reading from Drummond's *Habitant*, after which the debate of the evening was taken up.

The subject was a very practical one: "Resolved that a student should spend at least one year in the mission field after graduation." This was debated by Messrs. Mingie and MacKenzie for the affirmative and Messrs. Bell and Woodside for the negative. After the debate Mr. H. H. Turner, B.A., gave a very interesting criticism.

Frequent changes of programme we think serve to benefit rather than to injure the Society, so on Friday evening, Dec. 7th, we listened to two very interesting addresses from Messrs. Cameron and J. B. MacLeod.

Mr. Cameron gave us a hurried account of his trip from Montreal to Vancouver. This was appreciated by those who had taken the trip while, after listening to Mr. Cameron, those who had never been there were heard expressing the desire that they would like to spend a summer in the great North-West or British Columbia.

Mr. MacLeod's address was spirited and at times eloquent. He spoke on the "Duty of Canada to the Empire" and made

clear to us that the benefits which Canada enjoys as a colony are many more than she ever could possess by being an independent nation.

Messrs. Stewart and N. V. MacLeod also took part in the evening's programme.

Dr. P. C. Leslie addressed the students on Dec. 13th, on "Difficulties of Mission Work in China." A large number were present and listened to the address with pleasure.

The annual meeting of the Hockey Club was held on Dec. 12th. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year:

President—Mr. J. H. Laverie, B.A.

Vice-President—Mr. Don. Stewart, B.A.

Captain—Mr. H. D. Robertson.

Sec.-Treas.—Mr. G. W. Thom.

Manager—Mr. H. S. Lee.

Executive Committee—Messrs. H. H. Turner, B.A., Charron and J. U. Stewart.

OUR GRADUATES.

To all our graduates we extend our heartiest good wishes for the new century. May your work be greatly blessed in the years to come.

The Rev. T. A. Sadler, B.A., was the recipient from his people at Russell, Ont., a short time ago, of an address expressing their appreciation of his work among them. The address was accompanied with a purse of fifty-seven dollars.

The Rev. A. D. Reid, of Grande Mere, Que., was presented with a fur coat some time ago by his congregation, as a token of their appreciation of his conscientious work among them.

Rev. W. P. Tanner, a graduate of last session, will be inducted into his first charge shortly. He has been missionary at Sawyerville, Que., for some time, and they have decided to call him as their pastor. Mr. Tanner is sure of the united good wishes of all the boys with whom he spent some pleasant sessions.

Rev. L. Abram, a "1900" graduate, will be ordained and inducted into St. Valier, Que. Mr. Abram has need of our practical support and earnest prayers, as St. Valier is right in the heart of French Roman Catholicism. Good results have followed the work of earlier missionaries, and all who know Mr. Abram feel assured that the work will prosper in his hands.

The Rev. D. J. Graham has been appointed pastor of Montreal Annex. On the occasion of his settlement the congregation tendered him a reception. Montreal Annex has only lately been advanced to the status of an organized charge. Mr. Graham, therefore, has great opportunities before him in this rising suburb of Montreal. May his work be greatly blessed is the wish of the JOURNAL.

A very important event in the history of the French work of our church, took place at Pointe-aux-Trembles on the 7th of December last. The Rev. E. H. Brandt, a graduate of our college, was installed as principal of the schools, in succession to the late Rev. J. Bourgoin. The student body were invited to the ceremony, and quite a large number took advantage of the opportunity to visit the schools. Every part was thrown open to our inspection, and all were much impressed with the already excellent accommodation and large attendance. The Rev. Mr. Brandt may be assured of the sympathy and help of all those who visited the institution. May his work be greatly blessed in the years to come.

Rev. J. R. Elnhurst, of Class '98, has been called to Admaston, Ont. We understand that Mr. E. has accepted the call and will be inducted shortly.

Rev. S. Rondeau, B.A., who for some time has been engaged in French teaching at Point aux Trembles, has been called to take charge of the French work at St. Hyacinthe, Que. Rev. Mr. Lods will continue in charge of St. Hyacinthe until May, when Mr. Rondeau will be released from his present engagement.

Rev. R. Ballantyne, late of Tamworth, Ont., was inducted into St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church on Thursday, Jan.

3rd. Rev. Dr. Paterson presided, Rev. Mr. Boudreau preached Rev. Mr. Fraser addressed the Minister and Rev. Mr. Waddell the people. The call was unanimous and Mr. B. enters upon his work under the brightest auspices. This congregation has rather a unique record as they have only had two pastors in eighty years, and it is hoped that Mr. Ballantyne may long remain with them and endear himself to their hearts as the former pastors have done.

Within the past few years we have frequently noted the fact that many of our prominent graduates leave Canada to fill very acceptable pulpits in the United States, but we are glad to record the fact that Rev. N. A. MacLeod, B.D., of New Edinburgh, who was called to Second Fifth Avenue Church, New York City, has decided to decline the call and remain with the people of Ottawa for a while longer. This announcement, which reached his people on a recent Sabbath morning, was heard with pleasure by all the members and adherents of the congregation.

Rev. J. A. MacFarlane, M.A., of Ottawa, has been continuing his Bible Institute meetings in Penbrooke and Beachburg. These meetings have been well attended and the result has been seen in the increased interest which has been given to Sabbath School work within the bounds of these congregations.

Rev. E. A. MacKenzie, B.D., of St. Matthew's Church, Point St. Charles, recently gave an address at Farnham on "The Boer War." This was in aid of the Ladies' Society of the Presbyterian Church. We understand that the ladies netted a handsome sum, which is to be used in repairing the Church.

Rev. Stephen Young, B.A., who for the past few years has laboured in Manitoba and the North-West, has returned East on a visit. Recently he addressed 'The Ladies' Aid of St. John's Church, Almonte, on "Western Missions" and gave them a little insight into the work of our missionaries in that country.

In this issue we publish a very interesting letter from Rev. Dr. Reid of Sifton, Manitoba. We learn from some who have returned from the West that Dr. Reid is doing grand work among the Galicians.

We are pleased to note the splendid effort which is being made by the people of Golden, B.C., to clear their Church of debt and so enter the New Year without this encumbrance. Rev. W. D. Turner, B.A., is to be congratulated on his success in this difficult mission which, owing largely to his efforts, is about ready to become a self-sustaining congregation.

We hear a great deal at present about missionary work among the French, the Galicians, the Doukoubourtsi, the Chinese, and others, but there is one mission which the Montreal Presbytery is carrying on which should not be lost sight of, i.e., the Italian Mission. This work is being carried on by one of our graduates, Mr. V. Genova, who is ably assisted by one or two female teachers. It is hard to reach the adults, but efforts are being made to instruct the younger ones in day school and so gain an entrance to their homes. We wish Mr. Genova all success in his work and we feel sure that his genial disposition will endear him to the hearts of his countrymen whom he is striving to bring to a knowledge of the truth.

TALKS ABOUT BOOKS.

In the course of the many years during which the Talker has had the privilege of addressing students, graduates, and other friends of the College, through the pages of the JOURNAL, he has received not a few appreciative communications in reply, together with an occasional rare deprecation of criticism. One of the former, from the pen of a genial and scholarly minister, who left our academic halls nigh on to twenty years ago, the postman has just left. It is so brief as to constitute hardly an encroachment upon review pages, and is so characteristic of its class, coming withal from such a worthy quarter, as to render superfluous any apology for presenting its contents to the readers. The writer says: "Let me again thank you for your Talks on Books. How much they have helped me I cannot begin to tell you.

"There are so many reviews of Books that amount to nothing more than an advertisement that one grudges the time spent reading them, but your impartial criticisms are always like a refreshing breeze—for the breeze is sure to blow away the cobwebs."

It costs a good deal sometimes to be impartial, in other words, fair and honest in the sight of God and man, and, at best, one can only be such subjectively or in intention; but it is surely better in writing, as in talking and in the conduct of life, to choose integrity than favour on the one hand, or brilliancy on the other. Great attainments and large Christian professions will not atone for the lack in the ministry of being what even the Roman poet of a licentious age admired:

"Integer vitæ, scelerisque purus."

The first and only volume coming from a publisher this month is sent by Dr. William Briggs, of Toronto, who says: "We will value your opinion of the book, and will be obliged if you will favor us with a copy of the paper containing your review." The temptation to indiscriminate praise does not

come from Dr. Briggs, however, but from the fact that the Talker's sympathies are all with the author of "A Day's Song," who is Mr. J. Stuart Thomson, and who once sat in the class rooms of this college, being all that a good student should be. The book sent is a very pretty duodecimo of 124 pages, in cloth gilt, with gilded top, the price of which Dr. Briggs fails to mention. It is dedicated: "To my friend, the Honourable William S. Fielding, M.P., Minister of Finance, Canada." Mr. Thomson's former collection, "Estabelle and other verse," has received most favourable mention from leading journals in Canada, the United States, and Britain, and his fugitive productions are welcomed by literary organs of merit. Like almost all our Canadian versifiers, he is a Nature Poet, but he differs from many of them in the refined and polished, yet sensuous, strain of his epicurean classicism. When "Estabelle" appeared, the Talker, while endeavouring to do justice to its merits, indicated certain defects, to an extent that led a brother poet nearer home, who strikes no feeble lyre, to express in verse his sympathy with the victim. Mr. Thomson has improved upon the technique of Estabelle, and has to a certain degree pruned the over-luxuriance of his classical and oriental imagery. It is evident that he is learning, and that is a great thing to say of any artist. How many men there are, whose progress through life you watch, without getting the least glimpse of any forward movement in thought or purpose, and, in some cases, only to note deterioration combined with conceit! Poetic license is allowable in an established poet, because all the world is aware that he knows better than his licenses indicate; but the younger singer should steer clear of such things. Now, on page 119, occur the lines:

"Music, what art thou not! the soul of things,
The lyre of Amphion in the Theban eve
Moving the stones, or when great Orpheus sings,
The trees and rocks Olympian places leave."

Here Amphion is a poetic license, destroying that perfection of rhythm which is one of Mr. Thomson's chief

charms; or it is a false quantity. It would have been better to write :

“Amphion’s lyre in the soft Theban eve.”

“The Tuba Tree” on page 107 is a graceful imitation of oriental verse, which, almost forgotten since the days of Moore’s Lalla Rookh, has enjoyed a revival of interest through the many translations of Omar Khayyam. One stanza speaks of

“oranges, golden as a mine
Of Padishahs, drop down in luscious waste.”

Is the expression “a mine of Padishahs” correct? How would it do to read “a mine of Queen Victorias,” “a mine of Presidents,” or “a mine of Cecil Rhodeses?” Having said this much in regard to matters of form, it is but just to add that these two examples are the only doubtful expressions in the volume. Mr. Thomson has entirely freed himself from the Canadianisms and Americanisms of pronunciation, and therefore of rhyme, that in slight measure disfigured his last collection of refined poetry. He has acquired an almost perfect poetic style, the outcome, no doubt, of genuine musical genius as a foundation, since “*poeta nascitur, non fit*,” but also the result of much literary culture, and of the conscientious painstaking by which alone all eminence is possible. He has probably taken to heart the advice of the *Ars Poeticas* from Horace to Boileau, and beyond, such as :

“Entre ces deux excès la route est difficile :
Suivez, pour la trouver, Théocrite et Virgile.
Que leurs tendres écrits, par les Grâces dictés,
Ne quittent point vos mains, jour et nuit fleuilletés.
Seuls, dans leurs doctes vers, ils pourront vous apprendre
Par quel art sans bassesse un auteur peut descendre.”

Turning now from the versification of the poems, which is all that can be desired, to their subject matter, from what pleases the artist to that which concerns the thinker, Mr. Thomson has not made equal progress. His serious Muse is still vague and elusive, almost purposeless. He displays an

intimate acquaintance with, and a sincere love of, Nature. His descriptions of objects, scenes, and seasons are admirable. But no poet ever survived through his descriptions of animated nature, although many, whose works will last with time, have written on such subjects. Nature must be but a vehicle for thrilling the human soul. Words may glow, but, unless the thoughts which lie behind them burn, the glow will be evanescent. Suffer a quotation: "There were two artists, close friends, one of whom excelled in landscape painting, and the other in depicting the human figure. The former had painted a picture in which wood and rock and sky were combined in the artist's best manner. But the picture remained unsold—no one cared to buy it. It lacked something. The artist's friend came and said: 'Let me take your painting.' A few days later he brought it back. He had added a lovely human figure to the matchless landscape. Soon the picture was sold. It had lacked the interest of life." Mr. Thomson's volume has four divisions: Poems of Sentiment; Poems of Nature; Philosophical; Miscellaneous. After going carefully over the first division, in which are graceful love songs and sonnets, no one appears that is definite, substantial, working up to a reasonable climax; they rather betray a dilettante lover. The Poems of Nature are the best, even though their stately Spenserian stanza is almost obsolete in a world that demands more rapid expression. Here is one, appropriate to the season, from the White Land:

" Deep in the darkest night the first snow fell ;
 There was a hush ; the very winds were still ;
The morn delayed to rise, checked by the spell ;
 A presence, vast as death, of potent will,
Spoke without voice unto the air and land :
 Unto the night : unto each mist-banked star ;
And as it came, on winter's wings it went ;
 Then rose on every hand
The watchers of the morning ; near and far
They saw the world with wondrous whiteness sprent."

There is nothing especially philosophical in the so-called philosophical poems that touch on human destinies. Here is the Bobolink :

“ There resting on the bosom of our God,
 Who gives thy wing its strengthened flight to Him,
 We shall repose in contemplation meet ;
 We too are children springing from the sod,
 A broken cry from shores whose sweep is dim,
 And where we hear the passing of His feet.”

And then the Raven :

“ Perchance thou knowest the sterner side of truth,
 And art akin to sorrow of the mind,
 Seeing, aloof, the pain of laurelled brows,
 The final vanity of untried youth.”

Among miscellaneous poems, “The Vale of Estabelle” is the simplest and most natural, and touches real life. When Mr. Thomson makes real life a study, both in its historical manifestation, and in its psychological conditions, great things may be expected from him. At present, he is an artist of a high order, like Pygmalion of old, and his ivory statue is fair and flawless ; may the awakening touch come that shall make it instinct with spiritual life, and eloquent with the teaching that shall endure ! Like him, our blessed Saviour loved the flowers and the sparrows, and said to his disciples and the multitude, “ Behold the lilies of the field ! ” “ Behold the fowls of the air ! ” But His teaching did not end with the mere indication of their beauty and their care-free life. It led up to the Father who clothes and feeds them, and its reflex wave touches the human heart with peace and confidence : “ Fear not, ye are of more value than many sparrows.” If Dr. Briggs wishes to quote a commendatory sentence, it may fairly be said that the contents of this elegant little volume indicate the possession by its author of a gentle soul inspired by a genuine love of nature, of which it exhibits a large and minute acquaintance in many varying moods ; of refined feeling, high

literary culture, chastened imagination, and much grace of poetic diction. He is not bound to quote any farther, and is not at all likely to do so.

A little volume which the Talker, in common with others, owes to the kindness and liberality of Mr. David Morrice, is entitled "A Short Sketch of the History of Crescent Street Church, Montreal." It is a 16mo. of 40 pages, of which no fewer than 19 contain illustrations. These valuable plates represent three of the abodes of the congregation and the interior of the present one. The others set forth the, to the Talker, familiar pictures of the pastors, Drs. Donald Fraser, D. H. MacVicar, R. F. Burns and A. B. Mackay, and of such elders and notable benefactors as Messrs. Archibald McGoun, John Redpath, Joseph and Edward Mackay, James Court, John Campbell, Peter Redpath, James Ross, John Stirling, David Morrice, and the Hon. Justice Torrance. This neatly bound brochure purports to have been written by the late Mr. John Stirling, and the major part of the letterpress is his. But Dr. Mackay has added to Mr. Stirling's admirable sketch not only a valuable introduction, but also the many engravings which give the work a special value; and the expense of publication, as Dr. Mackay hints, a very important matter in putting literature before the world, was borne by Mr. David Morrice. The thanks of the Church at large are due to these three gentlemen for what has doubtless been to each of them a labour of love. It would be well if the college archives of our Church possessed more congregational histories of the same character and of equal excellence. The Talks noticed some time ago the illustrated Jubilee Souvenir of the Strabane Presbyterian Church, and Dr. Campbell's history of St. Gabriel's, Montreal, is well known.

The Colonial Committee of the Free Church of Scotland has sent to the Talker, in common with other ministers, "Presbyterianism in the Colonies, with special reference to the Principles and Influence of the Free Church of Scotland," being the fifth series of the Chalmers' Lectures, by R. Gordon Balfour, D.D., of Edinburgh, the Convener of the Free Church Colonial Committee from 1874 to 1881. This neat 8vo.

volume of 312 pages is published by MacNiven and Wallace of Edinburgh. It contains eight lectures, and a very complete index. The first two lectures are on Presbyterianism in Canada, and draw very largely on Dr. Gregg's History. Australia has three chapters or lectures; New Zealand, one and a half; South Africa, the remaining half; and the last lecture is taken up with Bermuda, Honduras, Trinidad, Gibraltar, and Malta. Some 75 pages are nominally devoted to Canada, but ten of them contain introductory general matter, so that 65 are left to tell the story of our Church. With the aid of Dr. Gregg, the author could not very well go astray, but, owing to his partial acquaintance with Canadian conditions, and his natural Free Church bias, he has hardly presented events in their scale of relative proportion. Nevertheless, given the purpose of the lectures, Dr. Balfour has acquitted himself of his task in a highly satisfactory manner. The disproportion observed in the Canadian lectures is visible in those dealing with other colonies, in which lengthy anecdotes, interesting enough in their place, but out of place altogether in a historical sketch, illustrate the virtues of individual pioneers. Why the whole staff of Knox College should be set forth, as if they were the Church's learned rabbis, and the names of Principals Cook, Grant and King be mentioned, though all good men and true, while the Halifax and Montreal Colleges have no name attached to them, save, fortunately, in the case of the latter, that of Mr. David Morrice, is one of those things which, as Dundreary used to say, "no fellow can find out." The fact is that this Free Church writer has, advertently or inadvertently, left out the only Free Church Principal of the Dominion, in the person of Principal MacVicar; for Principals Grant and Cook were of the Kirk, and Drs. Caven and King were U. P.'s. This, Dr. Balfour, is not a practical upholding of the glorious principles of '43; just think of it, you put the distinctively Free Church College of Canada into a back seat, and still glory in the Disruption! In spite of this woeful omission, which will condemn the volume in the eyes of a loyal and discriminating posterity, "Presbyterianism in the Colonies" is lucidly written, and contains much valuable information.

A volume very worthy of note is the Ninety-sixth Report of the British and Foreign Bible Society. It contains 408 octavo pages, and appendices of 232, being in all a 640 page book, in paper boards. It is illustrated with five splendid coloured maps of Siberia, the Turkish Empire, Africa, Central Asia, and the World, exhibiting the distribution of nationalities and languages. The report is full of the most instructive and interesting missionary intelligence, and thus appeals to the attention of every Christian reader: while, in addition, to the philological ethnologist it possesses a quite peculiar scientific value. The Talker has just completed, for a correspondent in the Canary Islands, an analysis of the extinct language of the Guanches, who were their aboriginal inhabitants, and who still, though they have lost their speech, constitute the substratum of population in the archipelago. He found this to be a Celtic language, more Cymric or Welsh than Gaelic, and nearest of kin to the Berber dialects of North Western Africa. Mr. R. G. Haliburton, son of the amous Sam Slick, who some years ago wintered in that region, wrote the Talker his impressions of these Berbers, and, among other things, gave their salutation as "Kimarasha." Another fact discovered in the process of comparison was, that the Aymara dialect of Peru on this continent is almost closely related to the living Berber and extinct Guanche tongues. It is interesting to note in the Bible Society's Report, that part of the Gospel of Luke in Berber has been printed, and the whole of the same Gospel in Aymara has also seen the light. Other portions of the Scriptures in these tongues are in course of preparation. One would like to see the Bible readers, from these widely divided Celtic stocks of Africa and America, comparing notes with their more highly favoured brethren of the Gaelic family in Scotland, Ireland, and the Isle of Man, or with the Cymri of Brittany and Wales. There is no nobler religious agency in the world than the Bible Society; and this report is fit to set before kings.

Mr. Orlando P. Schmidt, a lawyer of Covington, Kentucky, who paid me a visit in my island of Yoho a summer or two

ago, sends, with his compliments, a recent work, published by George C. Shaw of Cincinnati, Ohio. It is called "A Self-verifying Chronological History of Ancient Egypt, from the foundation of the Kingdom to the beginning of the Persian Dynasty, a Book of Startling Discoveries." It is a crown 8vo. of 570 pages, printed on thick paper and bound in illuminated cloth with gilt top. Mr. Schmidt's history embraces a period of 3700 years, which, according to Hebrew Bible chronology, would carry back as far as 4227 B.C., or, by Hebrew reckoning, 223 years before the Creation. This is startling, as is the statement that Noah, Shem, Ham and Japheth were Egyptians, and that the deluge was not a cataclysm of water but the Hamite invasion of Western Asia. His chronology, of course, is based on the Sothiac period of 1460 years, and the beginning of the first of these was 4864 B.C., the second 3404, the third 1944, and the fourth 484. Now, taking down my Censorinus' *De Die Natali*, and turning to cap. xxi, sec. 11, I read: "Quare scire etiam licet, anni illius magni, qui, ut supra dictum est, et solaris, et canicularis, et Dei annus vocatur, nunc agi vertentem annum centesimum." Censorinus wrote in 238 A.D., and a hundred years taken off this will place a Sothiac Cycle in 138 A.D.; and, carrying the calculation back into the past, will give another cycle in 1322 B.C., instead of in 484 or 1944. Probably Mr. Schmidt does not know Censorinus. It is impossible to follow him through this remarkable book, which swears by Manetho, and scouts every idea advanced by R. S. Poole and others, which would regard any of his dynasties as contemporaneous, or even repetitions of the same Pharaohs under different names. Yet he has read extensively in histories of modern Egyptian discovery, although, unfortunately, he only quotes authorities in a vague way. The work is that of a learned enthusiast, who, having got a preconceived notion into his head, makes every fugitive scrap of Egyptology square with it. He tells us that the Egyptians were not Semitic, which is true; but when he remarks, "We must interpret such phrases as *th'ru rik en Har Uachanch*" with the aid of the German and Saxon languages, for the Egyptian language was Japhetic, and compares two of these words with

the Saxon *through* and German *durch*, and the Low German *rik*, Danish *rig*, and German *reich*, we must beg to be excused for questioning. Whatever a mongrel race the Egyptians became in the course of the ages, their language basally in grammar and lexicon was Malay, with some admixture, chiefly of Semitic loan-words, discussed by Brugsch in the sixth chapter of his *Egypt* under the Pharaohs. There are elements of truth in Mr. Schmidt's thick volume, and many ingenious hypotheses, but the fundamental errors in chronology, philology and Manethology that pervade it, make it an unsafe guide. He has no intention of belittling the Bible, for he has a fine reverence for things sacred, but the business of that venerable record is to support his scheme, should it be necessary for that purpose to become myth and fable. He refers to the existence of Ionians in the Grecian Archipelago and adjoining shores east and west, "as far back as the reign of Teta, or 3146 B.C." Now, Teta is an attempt of the Egyptians to render the Hittite name of Hadad of Avith, or Usertsen I. of Abydos in proper Egyptian translation; and he, according to the chronology of Genesis, lived about 1750 B.C. There were Ionians in his day on the sea coast of Palestine, and even at On in Egypt itself, but the Grecian Archipelago was a *terra incognita*; for Assurbanipal, the successor of Esarhaddon, as late as 667 B.C., wrote: "Gyges, King of Lydia, a district which is across the sea, a remote place, of which the kings my fathers had not heard speak of its name" If the great power of Assyria did not learn of western Asia Minor till 660, it is far from probable that Egypt knew the Grecian isles in 1750. Mr. Schmidt, however, is not alone among students of Egyptian and Babylonian records in his love for antiquity and ethnic development and dispersion. Brugsch places Teta in 3300, although Ati, the father of Joseph's Pharaoh, contended with him.

There is no harm in Mr. Schmidt's book, but there is in a somewhat similar, yet largely different, one sent for notice by Mr. Drysdale. This is a small folio of 662 pages, with a map of India and 14 illustrations, bound in cloth, and published by the late Bernard Quaritch of London. Its title

is "Short Studies in the Science of Comparative Religion," by Major-General J. G. R. Forlong, F.R.S.E., F.R.A.S., M.A.I. The contrast between its title and its bulk reminds the Talker of his not very far advanced Sanscrit studies. His text-book was Max. Müller's "Sanskrit Grammar for Beginners", a volume of about the same height as General Forlong's, and containing 307 pages. The combination presented a cheerful outlook! Mr. Drysdale sends a memorandum to this effect: "The author is anxious to have some copies placed in Canada, and offers at five dollars, a special price." By all means let the Free Thought Club buy the book, and all other persons who can't be made much more antitheistic than they are. A curious thing about the copy sent for notice is that it contains, in General Forlong's writing, pasted on to the fly-leaf, the words, "To Captain and Mrs. Hutton, with the Author's affectionate regards." How comes this presentation copy to Canada? Did the Captain and his wife send the book back to the writer? The Talker knows something about General Forlong. He was a Presbyterian when he went out to India, from Scotland, to which he has returned, to live in a house he gruesomely calls Nirvana, in Douglas Crescent, Edinburgh. There he became converted or perverted, and was changed into a Baptist. Fired with missionary zeal, he studied Hindustani, Sanscrit, and similar Indian tongues, living and dead, for the purpose of converting the natives to Baptist principles. His *munshi*, or *gooroo*, like the Zulu with Bishop Colenso, converted him anew, by showing him that the East Indian faiths are far superior to the Christian. When he had time, he wrote three ponderous volumes called Rivers of Life, which a relative put into the Talker's hands to analyze, with a view of reconverting the author. Much time that might have been better employed was spent on this MS. review, which the relative sent to the author of Rivers of Life, to meet with the reply that the Talker knew nothing about the matter. Now, what is in this book? There is much valuable information of historical character, chiefly relating to India, and a fair sketch of oriental religions. After the preface and introductory chapter, come eleven

chapters of varying length and dreariness, on Jainism and Buddhism; Trans-Indian Religions; Zoroastrianism; Hinduism, Vedas and Vedantism; Laotze and Taoism; Confucius and his faith; the Elohim of the Hebrews; the Jehovah of the Hebrews; the Sacred Books of the West (the Hebrew Scriptures); Mahamad, Islam, and Ancient Maka; Short Texts of all Faiths; and a copious index. General Forlong is right in placing Buddha's death in 477 B. C., instead of in 543, as the Talker proved from Buddhist Indian inscriptions (which, by the way, he does not read in the same imperfect manner as the General's authorities), in an article in the Transactions of the Canadian Institute, vol. IV, 1892-93, p. 271. But he is wrong in a great many more important matters. Referring to mythical Indian writings, he says: "It is like accusing Moses of writing the Pentateuch thirteen centuries B. C., when, so far as we can see, no Hebrews knew any Scripture." Either General Forlong, with all his science, is a very ignorant man or a very wrong-headed one. The Hebrews came from the land of the cuneiform writing; they had intercourse with Hittites, who covered the rocks of Arabia Petraea with their script, which Mr. Forster mistook for square Hebrew; and they knew the Egyptian hieroglyphics, from which Phoenician and European alphabets were derived. Moses, learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians, knew no Scripture, like the bishop of Dunkeld! Again, at the end of his Chronological Table, he has the effrontery to write: "170-175 A. D. New Testament Gospels now begin to be quoted; are only now really heard of and read, according to the author of Supernatural Religion and other learned critics" This man is as unfair as he can be. Read last month's notice of "The Search-light of Hippolytus," or Westcott on the Canon, or look into the recently discovered Didache. The main part of his book is made up of infidel and rationalistic scraps and fragments from the writings of Christian men divorced from their context, a very perversion of a certain kind of learning, which deserves no better name than prejudicial reading. He tries to show that Elohim and Jehovah were pagan gods, and with a certain appearance of truth. If a missionary

wishes to translate the name of God into a heathen language, he must, to make himself understood, choose the term of its speakers that denotes their highest religious concept. Thus he takes the Algonquin "Gitche Manitou." So, the missionaries to the Germans took the word God, which originally was Guot, Guotan, a dialectic form of Odin or Woden. Do the nations who worship God, on that account pay homage to Odin? Granted that El Elioun was originally a Phœnician deity; and Il or Ra, both Chaldean and Egyptian; that Shaddai was Hittite; and Adonai, Amorite; what was to hinder the true God from saying, "I am the real Hypsistos or the Highest; Il or Baal, the Master; Shaddai, the Almighty; and Adonai, the Lord. When, henceforth, you employ these names, remember me by them." The title Jehovah, however, is quite exceptional, and there is no valid proof of its relation to the Babylonian Ea. It was the covenant, and thus peculiar, name of the true God. General Forlong's work is a veritable farrago of odds and ends of anti-Biblical ignorance and malice, the purpose of which is to leave the world under the blind aegis of an unknown God. What object he and his like have in performing their attempt at destructive work, it is hard to tell. Perhaps the arrogance of ultra-orthodoxy, which blindly rejects all criticism, and sees no good in other faiths, may have much to do with it. Bigotry has soured many a man, like Julian and Bruno, Voltaire and Bradlaugh. It may be that the Baptist perverters of the young Presbyterian soldier twisted the thumb-screws a little too hard.

Mr. Drysdale also sends Dr. Mair's book on Speaking, which came last month from the Upper Canada Tract Society. A book not yet noticed, from the College bookseller, is "China in Decay", by Alexis Krausse, George Bell and Sons, London. This handsome Svo. of 418 pages, with five maps and fifteen illustrations, bound in yellow cloth, sells for one dollar *nett*, which probably means "no discount to the clergy." It is a new edition, and brings Chinese political history down to the reported fall of the legations, which legations, as we have known for some time, did not fall, with the exception of the German ambassador, for whose death such sanguinary

vengeance has been wreaked. Lynch law is almost humane compared with the massacres perpetrated in China by the allied Powers; and Russia and Germany have performed such acts of gratuitous cruelty, as should make the European name a hissing and a by-word in the Flowery Land for all time to come. Mr. Krausse's book is not hastily got up catchpenny for the times, but a serious work of history, as appears from his appendix "Bibliography of Authorities," which furnishes the titles of 173 volumes. His other appendix, "Landmarks of Chinese History," will be found useful by the student; and there is a complete index. The landmarks begin with 2637 B.C., which is absurd. In the Shah-Namch of Firdusi and in the Chronicle of Mirkhond, Chin is placed between Persia and India in ancient times, and modern writers find in the Chinese the descendants of the old Babylonians. They are a ground race, destitute of real history as a people, having no great names or feudal families, and ruled over from the beginning until now by foreigners, who are historical in a humble way. From a comparison of Exodus xvi., 1, with Ezekiel xxx., 15, 16, it would appear that the ancient Sinim (Isaiah xlix., 12) once dwelt between Pelusium on the north-eastern border of Egypt, and the extremity of the Sinaitic Peninsula. Since then, they have wandered far, and, like most peoples, have forgotten the story of their wanderings. Mr. Krausse is already favourably known by his book on Russia in Asia, which is generally regarded as a masterpiece. The present volume will not detract from his reputation. It is true that he writes chiefly for diplomatists and statesmen, but, as all thinking men and women are more or less politicians, his pages may challenge universal interest.

Enumeration of a book's contents makes dull reading, as it first made drearier writing, but it is the fairest way of making known the substance which the student may be in search of. There are 16 chapters in all, with the following brief headings: the Country; the People; the Government; Foreign Relations; the British Record (two chapters); the Russian Record; the French Record; the German Record; Trade in China; the British Sphere; Railways in China;

Chinese Politics ; the Situation ; the Revolt of the Chinese ; the Future of China. These chapters are well written, and are packed full of statistical and historical information. But a very damaging feature of the volume in the eyes of most Christian people is the attitude of the writer towards Missions. On page 377 he writes: "The Chinaman does not want our religion. His own curious superstition suits him exactly. He does not make a good convert, and his dislike of the proselytizing emissaries is accentuated by the utter lack of tact they generally show in their relations with him Is it not time that the missionary farce was discontinued? It has wrought enough mischief in its time, and far better openings could be found for the hundreds of thousands of pounds which are annually wasted in futile attempts to regenerate the Chinaman.

"The connection between the missionaries and the present crisis is too evident to call for comment. Indeed, well-nigh every rising in recent years has been due to the attitude of these good men. It is truly remarkable to note how little friction there has arisen between the Chinese and the European trading community. It is nearly always the missionary who is at the bottom of a Celestial outbreak."

This looks very serious, but our own devoted graduate, Mr. Murdoch Mackenzie, and other missionaries of long standing and high intelligence, say it is not true, at least, of Protestant missionaries. The fact seems to be, that the Boxer movement was initiated by the present Mantchu dynasty and ruling caste, who are foreigners of a totally different and, till 1647, a savage race, not primarily against missionaries, nor even against Europeans, but against the native Reform party whose aim is to subvert the present government and dispossess the Mantchus of political supremacy. These Reformers are favourable to Europeans, missionaries included. The Taepings, whose original leader was a Christian Chinaman, and the Triads, are pledged to overthrow the Mantchus, and reform Chinese society on European models. The former should have been encouraged, organized, and kept in lawful bounds, for the best interests of China and resident foreigners, instead

of being slaughtered by Chinese Gordon and his ever-victorious army. And now, the remains of them, and the Triads, could a fitting leader only be found for them, should be let loose on the Manchus and the Boxers. The young Emperor, Kwangsu, seems to be an amiable monarch and inclined to reform, even though he is of Mantchu descent. With a strong and wise British resident mind to guide him, he might conciliate these reformers, and by severely punishing the conservative, superstitious, and barbarous Boxers, make China a fit residence for Christians of every nationality and lawful calling. Mr. Krausse's solution of the Chinese difficulty is a virtual protectorate by some such strong power as Great Britain, over an otherwise autonomous government. Had the native Chinese some brave and clever man, possessed of a historic name to conjure with, their race might rise at once in the scale of the nations. They had Confucius once; may Providence send such another now, fitted to cope with present evils, and take advantage of a glorious opportunity. But, by all means, let the idiotic Powers put an end to indiscriminate massacre. Mr. Krausse's arguments concerning missions, backed up by misrepresentation, were aired long ago by an army chaplain before the Duke of Wellington, who eyed him sternly, and said: "You forget your commission, Sir: 'Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature'; a true soldier does not calculate chances, but obeys orders."

Mr. Chapman sends "The Ascent through Christ," and "Dr. North and his Friends," both noticed in last month's Talk. He also contributes Mr. Torrey's "Gist of the Lesson, 1901," both in the simple text, long 18mo., leather, red edges, price twenty-five cents; and interleaved, gilt edges, price fifty cents. The books are not paged, and the Talker has more to do than count the leaves of these so-called vest-pocket editions. Mr. Torrey says an occasional good thing, such as "Censorious criticism is more contagious than smallpox"; "The blessing upon the work in the church around the corner is a reflection upon themselves, and can't be tolerated"; "To be damned one need not do ill, he need only be useless"; "They sold Joseph cheap, twelve dollars and eighty cents." These are

useful little manuals, as Mr. Torrey says, "to improve spare moments on the trains, street cars, in the home, everywhere." Our Sunday-school teachers will soon be taken for Roman Catholic priests with their travelling books of devotion. Another Chapman book is "Strength and how to obtain it," by Eugene Sandow, with Anatomical Chart, illustrating exercises for Physical Development, 148 pages 12mo., bound in red cloth, bevelled edges, published by Gale and Polden, London, and sold for ninety cents. This is an *olla podrida*, compounded of Mr. Sandow's system of Physical Culture, Letters and Photographs of Pupils, and Incidents of his Professional Career. Nevertheless, it is not only a useful text book for athletes, but an interesting record of, in his own way, a remarkable man. His American experiences, including his lion-fight at San Francisco, are entertainingly told, and he scores the imposition of the Yankee cab-driver, and the impertinence of the negro call-boy, as well as the dishonesty of the Pacific Coast detective.

A handsome volume is "The Music Dramas of Richard Wagner, and his Festival Theatre in Bayreuth," by Albert Lavignac, Professor of Harmony at the Conservatoire at Paris, translated from the French by Esther Singleton, crown 8vo., 515 pages, with 18 illustrations, many music scores, and dramatic settings, published by Service and Paton of London, and sold by Mr. Chapman for two dollars. This is a very appropriate Christmas or New Year's present for a musical friend, its general get up being substantial yet elegant, and its cover of fine cloth, chastely gilt, and its gilded top, making it a fitting ornament for a drawing room, music room, or boudoir table. Its contents are, a Life of Wagner, and history of his Theatre, in two chapters; Analysis of his Poems; Analysis of his Music; and the Interpretation; followed by a Bibliography, but no index. His dramas are well known: Tannhäuser, Lohengrin, Tristan and Isolde, The Master Singer, The Ring of the Niebelungen, and Parsifal. While there is much in the work of Professor Lavignac that is technical, and which no one but a musical expert would find interest in, the stories of the above music-dramas are fitted to

instruct and delight every reader, even though already familiar with the legend of Tannhäuser, identified with Thomas of Ercildoune, and with those of the Welsh Tristan, and the German Niebelungens. These stories, composed in the dawn of the Middle Ages from materials that had lain slumbering in oral tradition from very ancient days, are redolent of the spirit of chivalry, and their romantic pabulum has long been the secular diet of gentle souls.

Last of all comes the most prominent book of the month in light literature, "The Mantle of Elijah" by I. Zangwill, 459 pages, crown 8vo., with six illustrations by Louis Loeb, bound in florid illuminated cloth, published by W. J. Gage and Co., of Toronto, and sold by Mr. Chapman, for a dollar and a half. It is the story of a cabinet minister of noble family, but a radical in principle, and a man of, blameless integrity. He, the Hon. Mr. Marchmont, has a beautiful, but only half educated and vixenish Welsh wife; three daughters, of whom the heroine is Allegra; and two sons, one at Cambridge, and the other at Harrow. Allegra is introduced in the throes of literary composition, writing for *The Cornucopia*, a confidential journal which offers prizes. The prize poem is written not by her, but by one Raphael Dominick, and so pleases the unselfish's girl that she can think of no greater happiness than marriage with such a man. Her father takes Allegra to a political meeting at Midstoke, where he makes a great oration, and has a magnificent reception. There they fall in with Mr. Bob Broser, a tall red faced young man, and a fighting radical. In course of time, Broser becomes Mr. Marchmont's private secretary, and pushes his way to the front. A war with Novabarba is all the cry. This Marchmont opposes, and is consequently put out of the ministry. But his nearest of kin die, and he becomes an earl, with a seat in the upper house. Broser enters the House of Commons, and loses no opportunity of self-advancement; and his wife dies, as the result of over exertion at a diplomatic reception given by the rising politician. Meanwhile, war has been declared, and, as a consequence, the mob attacks Mr. Marchmont, in a frenzy of jingo patriotism. To add to his

troubles, his eldest son falls in the war. This was before the earldom came his way. Allegra yields to her father, and marries the widowed Broser, on whom his political mantle of purity is to fall. But Broser cares nothing for radicalism, nothing for purity, nothing for Elijah, only, like most men for self. He forfeits every pledge, abandons every principle, and becomes prime minister; then Lady Allegra leaves him and goes to Italy. There she meets Raphael Dominick, the dream of her youthful days, a man who has renounced the world, and lives in an atmosphere of unostentatious charity. He introduces her to two Christian Englishwomen, one young but bedridden, the other, her sister, going to death through her solicitude for the invalid: and their case Mr. Zangwill seems to regard as ideal Christianity. Lady Allegra's soul is calmed by her fellowship with the sisters, and she gives herself up to benevolent work. They return to England, and Broser breaks in upon them with the vilest accusations. Lady Allegra, desiring to act a Christian part, after a peculiar poisoned arrow fiasco, consents to live with her exalted husband; but the utter incongruity of their tastes and principles is such, that, at a great function in their home, her aunt, the Duchess of Dalesbury, at Allegra's request, swoops down upon her niece and carries her away, while Broser stands dumfounded.

It may be said, this ending is very unsatisfactory. You will not say so when you have read the book. Mr. Zangwill makes a fine scene of it; the fashionable assembly, the expected Prince, Broser's magnificent wife in charge of her aunt, the sparring between that deaf old Duchess and the sharp-tongued Prime Minister, and then, as the Prince is announced and Broser descends to meet him, the elopement before all eyes of the truant feminine pair! It was a bad day for Broser. If he had not been such a bully and a turncoat, one might almost be sorry for him. The story leaves your imagination free to complete it; but be careful not to bring sickness, poverty or loss of popularity, upon Broser; for any of these would bring Lady Allegra back to his side, in spite of all. I think I would make him do something brutal,

unendurable, and altogether undeserved, to a passionate man of no account, and invest this nobody with a certain fame, as the spontaneous goaded assassin of the Prime Minister. Then, after a time of decorous delay and chaperoned intercourse, I would give Allegra a chance to see the bright side of married life, either with Dominick, or with some other man as good, whether a bar sinister lay on his birth or not. This is a very clever book, containing many real characters of London life, in a disguise which the initiated will not find it hard to penetrate. Its conversations, plots, and scenes are admirably sketched, and its tone is thoroughly pure and good. One may not be a radical in order to admire Marchmont and his friends or to despise the renegade Broser. Nor need one be a peace at any price man or woman, to have a horror of the murderous jingoes, with their Hooligan vices and cowardly brutality. And the pictures of the Misses Engleborne and their friends, of Allegra, and Dominick, and more beside, even of the first poor Mrs. Broser, seek out the kindest corners of the reader's heart. This from a Jew? you say. Yes, Zangwill was born a Jew, and has written on "The Dreamers of the Ghetto"; but the author of "The Mantle of Elijah" is no mere Jew at heart. He is cosmopolitan in one sense; but in the highest he is Christian. Would we had more such strong writers to bear witness before society for Christ and the Christ-like! I once thought Zangwill a clever but shallow humorist, almost destitute of heart, and am delighted to change my opinion, and bear testimony to his present work as a great moral teacher. Anthony Hope, Robert Barr, Jerome K. Jerome, and all that class of writers, are the veriest triflers in comparison. The JOURNAL is fortunate this session, so far, in being called to review such wholesome light literature as this book, along with "The Master Christian," "The De Willoughby Claim," and "The Infidel." Each is instructive, and carries its own special moral for edification.



Editorials.

THE OLD AND THE NEW.

Upon a sun-dial over a college at Oxford these words are engraven: "Pereunt et imputantur," the hours perish and yet are to be accounted for. The old century has gone, but the vast improvements which it has seen, its increased privileges and its added responsibilities are yet to be accounted for. It is in the light of these that business men are discussing the outlook of trade and commerce, through them educationists are beginning to see the importance of their profession, and it must be from the elevated stand which these have secured that the church will scan the new horizon presented to its view. All that has been said about the beginning of the century is not mere sentiment, it is the opening of a great era, the close of which none of us can hope to see; it is a time for looking backward to see what we owe to those who have gone before us, and for looking forward to see what we can do for those who will come after us. If we accept the dictum of science, that nature never makes any sudden change, we can readily believe that if there be found in us the same spirit that characterized the great and good men of the past, whose deeds have lived after them, we, too, may be blessed and be a blessing to others. If, then, we enquire who these are, who are gone but cannot be forgotten, we find that they are the men who, in a measure, have grasped the spirit of Him whose meat and drink was to do the will of the Father who sent Him. If this spirit of unselfishness be the outstanding feature of the new century, civilization will have made a great advance, and a solution will have been found for many of the social problems that have vexed the world in the great century which has just closed.

While this should be the moving principle in all the relations of life, it should be most emphatically the living example of the pulpit to the pew. One of the worst misfortunes that could befall the church as it enters upon a new

period of its history would be a self-seeking ministry. "Like father like son" is a saying that records a fact that has been often observed; but, like pastor like people is a statement which, history and observation teach us, also contains a measure of truth. The current of spiritual life that courses through the veins of the people depends primarily upon the people themselves; but it is also closely connected with the character of the minister, who should be the great heart of his people. Let the church beware lest the service of the House of God should become a pleasing entertainment or a matter of form scrupulously adhered to; but let it, like the message which the church has to give to the world, be characterized by simplicity, so that all classes of men and women may be able to worship God in spirit and in truth. Let the ministry be composed of men who will fulfil all their obligations to their fellow-men, who will do their duty to the State, and above all, who will realize the sacredness of their calling; and let the prayers of the pew be the preparation for and the benediction upon the preaching from the pulpit, and the church will realize the greater blessing of the spirit for which it has watched and waited during the closing years of the old century.

Let us enter upon the new era as President Lincoln said: "With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right," and we shall best serve our own day and generation, and those who come after us will learn from us as we have learned from those who have gone before us, the secret of a life whose influence is not bounded by years or centuries.

DEBATING SOCIETIES.

Inter-collegiate debates are now becoming the order of the day, as inside of a month there will be held two debates in connection with McGill University and her affiliated Theological Colleges, and this fact urges upon us the questions: What is their tendency? Are they profitable?

There is perhaps no subject upon which opinions differ more largely than on this one. There are some who will say that a student is forced to spend a great deal of time in preparing, arranging material and getting ready so that he may uphold the honour of the college which he is appointed to represent. But over against this objection may be urged the fact that the time thus spent is not lost, for although the student may lay aside his collegiate work for awhile, he is not idle but is following up his education upon a broader basis than that of any academic curriculum, and it is here the real value of a literary society is seen in the influence which it exerts upon the student. There are some men who come to college whose highest aim is to obtain a high mark in class and a good stand in examinations. Such men frequently look upon the weekly literary meeting as an hour lost, whereas had they remained at home, that hour might have been spent in preparing work for the final examinations.

With all due deference to such men who think thus, we are still of the opinion that such adherence to curriculum is narrowing in its tendencies and is an abuse of the college course rather than a legitimate use of it. The true aim of a college course is to prepare a man for the work in which he is to engage when his college days are over, and it is often noted at the present day that such narrow views of college and collegiate work are a great disadvantage in after years. This one fact we believe accounts for a large amount of the disloyalty which men show towards their Alma Mater.

Inter-collegiate debating certainly deserves a place in the education of a student. It prevents him from wearing into such a groove as would be inevitable should he keep the subject of examinations continually before him. He is taken away for a time from the routine of his ordinary study and is thrown upon his own resources to collect, discriminate and reject for himself. Thus his reasoning powers are developed and there is incited in him the power of independent and original research. The value of a debating society as necessary to the proper education of a student is evidenced by the fact that many of the literary societies of Scotch universities

grant diplomas and certificates to students who throughout their university course have paid special attention to debating and have attained excellence in that department.

Again, public inter-collegiate debates serve as educators of the people. When a subject is discussed in public debate the attention of the people is forcibly drawn towards the matter in hand and their minds are directed along certain lines suggested by the debate. Each man draws his own conclusion from the arguments presented and is able to balance these in his own mind, and so judge for himself. This provides instructive and interesting entertainment for any audience. Also reports of these debates frequently appear in the daily press, and the public at large are made aware of the kind of questions debated by the colleges. The colleges are thus brought prominently to the forefront and the people are united in greater sympathy with the various seats of learning in our land.

Then, again, the students of one college are drawn into closer touch with those of another. It has often been felt that here in Montreal the students of the various Theological Colleges are not as united as they should be. Our bond of union has been greatly strengthened during the past two years by athletic contests, and we are confident that mental contests will draw us still closer, and so bring men of one college to know those of another. Our work is the same, our aim in life is one, and as in years to come we are to do battle unitedly against wrong, why should not the bond of union be formed in student days, and this bond ever increase as the years roll on?

The question has often been asked why do not the theological students unite their society with the University society, and so have an association representing all faculties of the University, and one which would fitly represent a great university like McGill. The advantages arising from this would be many; men of one faculty would rub shoulders with those of another. The theological student would come in contact with his legal friend; the medical student with the representative of science, and so the bond of union between

faculties would be greatly strengthened. We see the editors of the McGill Outlook are urging the formation of an Alma Mater society embracing all faculties, so why should we not have a united literary society representative of the whole university?

But over against this advantage there are the facts that subjects discussed in the literary society of a theological college would not be suitable for a university society, and also such a society would contain so many members that the benefits derived by the individual student would necessarily be small. There would be so many members that only a small number could take part, and the real object of the debating society would be overlooked.

TRIUMPHS OF THE GOSPEL.

The 19th century has been pre-eminently one of triumph, and none more glorious than that which has marked the progress of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, through the instrumentality of the many spirit-filled missionaries who have given their lives to this work. The keynote of missionary activity was struck at the very dawn of the century, when there was a wonderful awakening, chiefly through the earnest preaching of Wesley and Whitfield. Devoted Christians both in the Motherland and America united in prayer for a special out-pouring of the Holy Spirit, and the success of the Gospel. In due time the answer came, and many a zealous life has left its lasting record upon the pages of the history of Christ's vineyard here upon earth. Among these there stands out prominently the name of William Carey, "the consecrated cobbler," who, after spending forty-one years of whole-souled effort in India without a break, died in 1834, at the age of 73. Before he died he was enabled to welcome Dr. Duff, the great apostle of Christian education in India. He began his college work with five pupils, but shortly the number exceeded five hundred, and in 1843, over one thousand. Space will not

permit of details in the lives of these and many others of the self-sacrificing pioneers, but that small force has so grown that to-day it comprises over two thousand missionaries, men and women, besides as many more native Christian workers. Over three hundred thousand native children are being taught in Christian schools.

It was also at the beginning of the 19th century that the eyes of the Christian world were first turned to the vast Empire of China, the first Protestant missionary being the Rev. Robt. Morrison, D.D. It is related that after he had arranged for his passage the agent in the shipping office said to him in a tone of superior wisdom: "So then, Mr. Morrison, you really expect to make an impression on the idolatry of the great Chinese Empire." He quickly replied: "No, sir, but I expect God will." It was well that a man of such hopeful spirit undertook the task, for during the twenty-seven years of missionary labor it is said he had never been able to hold a public meeting.

Medical missions ere long proved more successful, while divine providence through war and famine, which were overruled for good, opened many of the closed doors. May we not wait patiently the events that are now taking place there to be similarly brought about to result in the opening up of many more fields and greater readiness on the part of the Chinese to receive the Gospel. Until these recent difficulties there was quite an army of foreign and native Christian workers, and we may well believe that the good seed will in due time bring forth the peaceable fruit of righteousness. In Japan we have also much encouragement, and Christians have in a wonderful degree won the confidence and esteem of many of the prominent Japanese.

In the past century we also have the great missionary triumphs in the islands of the Pacific, all of which bear testimony to the renovating power of the Gospel. John Williams, the apostle of the South Seas, arrived at the Society Islands in 1816. In speaking of Raratonga, after a sojourn of several years, he said: "I am not aware that there was a house in the island where family prayer was not observed

morning and evening." In 1839, with Mr. Harris, a fellow-missionary, he was murdered on landing at Erromanga by the savage cannibals. Many martyrs fell on these islands. Among others the Rev. G. N. Geddie, of Nova Scotia, and later his brother, were victims of the treachery of these heathen natives. Nor should we fail here to mention those brave heroes of the faith, Doctors Geddie and Paton, whose experiences would fill volumes. The seeming failure at the commencement of their labors, the privations and untold trials to which they and their wives were obliged to submit, make the success that finally resulted still more glorious. "This is the Lord's doing; it is marvellous in our eyes." In Africa we find that noted pioneer missionary Robert Moffatt, who was ordained at the same time with John Williams, the martyr of the Pacific Islands, already mentioned. Moffatt and his devoted and heroic wife labored for half a century teaching the natives and establishing churches and schools. He also touched the heart of Livingstone, who decided to choose Africa as his mission field. The translation of the Bible into the Bechuanalanguage was one of Moffatt's crowning successes. Nor should we fail to at least mention the names of Alexander Mackay and Bishop Hannington, the pioneers of missionary work at Uganda. Hannington was cruelly murdered and Mackay virtually a prisoner for a considerable time, during which, however, he was enabled to make a translation of the Bible. Many other difficulties have now been overcome by more recent missionary expeditions, and Central Africa is being rapidly opened up to the heralds of the cross. War is to be regretted at all times, but, nevertheless, it has often been an important factor in civilization. We trust that the end of the present misunderstanding in the South is at hand, and that as a result a better highway may be opened to the interior, and that this generation may witness the triumph of the Gospel of peace throughout the "dark continent." Amid the busy whirl of the excitement of the opening days of this new century let us pause to behold this ever lengthening line of spiritual heroes, those who have fought nobly and well, and some who are still waging war

against superstition and error, for these are they who shall wear that crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the Righteous Judge, shall give to them at that day. But what to us this triumphant past? It is of value only as it may be an incentive to more earnest and intelligent effort in the future. Do we think the work has all been done? It has been estimated that—"If the unevangelized could pass before us one by one, day and night, the procession would be endless, for a new generation would have grown up to majority before the present living lost could have moved by." The last century has seen many of the great obstacles removed, new channels have been opened up, and the soil in many fields has been partially prepared. Why, then, do we delay in completing the great work by refusing so often to open our hands in scattering abroad the good seed? This is a time of opportunity; let us make the best of it, and while we pray "Thy Kingdom come," let us work, trusting in Him, whose word cannot fail, that the kingdoms of this world shall become the kingdoms of our Lord and of His Christ.

A new book by Charles M. Sheldon, the famous author of "In His Steps," never fails to excite the interest of thousands of readers. "Born to Serve" is the title of the latest book by Mr. Sheldon, and the advance sheets indicate a very strong book indeed, one of thrilling interest to the thoughtful reader, one in which with a master's hand many of the cankers of social life, of domestic unhappiness, of the broader woman problem, of social reform at the vitals of society—are laid bare, with cultured delicacy, but none the less with graphic, unflinching truth. The Canadian rights have been secured by The Poole Publishing Company, Toronto, but as the story will not appear in book form for some time the publishers will run it as a serial in *The Presbyterian Review*, beginning with the issue of the 3rd inst., thus enabling the readers of that paper to have this most interesting work in advance.

Partie Française.

DU RÔLE DE LA FRANCE

DANS LES ÉTUDES PHILOSOPHIQUES.

Par M. le professeur D. Coussirat, Docteur en Théologie, Officier de l'Instruction Publique.

La philosophie, me disait un aimable juge de Montréal, la philosophie paraît être une étude assez inutile ; elle ne présente que systèmes opposés et ne donne aucun résultat certain. Il répétait, sans le savoir peut-être, le paradoxe de Pascal : "Toute la philosophie ne vaut pas une heure de peine." Et un avocat, son "savant confrère," l'approuvait hautement.

Je me devais de rompre une lance en faveur de cette "grande calomniée." Je m'échauffai même quelque peu à cet exercice, quand soudain je m'avisai de finir par où j'aurais dû commencer : "Qu'entendez-vous par philosophie ?" A l'air grave de mes interlocuteurs, je m'aperçus que la question avait porté. Mais survint un fâcheux qui rompit l'entretien, et j'attends encore leur réponse.

Si la philosophie était la "science des choses divines et humaines," comme la définit Cicéron, elle ne serait pas tout à fait méprisable. Car qu'y a-t-il au-delà de tout ce que l'on peut savoir ? Réduite à de plus modestes proportions,—à l'étude de l'esprit humain, de ses opérations, de ses lois, de sa destinée, de ses rapports avec l'Être infini de qui il relève,—ramenée à la recherche du vrai, du bien et du beau, il lui reste un assez vaste, un assez noble domaine pour satisfaire les plus hautes ambitions.

Je ne m'excuse donc pas trop d'avoir choisi pour sujet : "Le rôle de la France dans les études philosophiques."

I

C'est en France, vers le VIII^e siècle, que se produit le premier mouvement de retour à la civilisation, après l'invasion des Barbares.

Depuis plus de trois cents ans, une nuit profonde couvre l'Europe. Le peu de culture qui subsiste s'est réfugié dans quelques monastères des Gaules, de l'Italie de l'Allemagne, de la Grande Bretagne surtout, protégés par leur isolement contre les incursions répétées des hordes sauvages qui firent crouler avec fracas l'édifice vermoulu du vieil empire romain. Constantinople, en proie à des luttes intestines, n'exerçait aucune influence sur l'Occident.

Charlemagne comprit qu'il ne suffisait pas d'arrêter le flot de l'invasion pour constituer un Etat puissant. Ce guerrier était aussi un penseur. Ignorant, il sentit le besoin de s'instruire et d'éclairer les peuples qu'il gouvernait. Il s'entoura des hommes de tout pays qui pouvaient le mieux l'aider dans sa tâche.

A l'Angleterre il demanda son principal conseiller, Alcuin, dont l'action sur la culture intellectuelle de son temps fut si remarquable, mais qui n'a laissé que deux écrits philosophiques sans importance : un sur l'âme, l'autre sur les vertus et les vices, où il reproduit en les mélangeant les idées de l'antiquité païenne et les enseignements chrétiens.

Charlemagne ne rougit pas d'aller à l'école avec sa cour. Il apprit à tenir une plume après avoir frappé de grands coups d'épée. Il sut assez bien le latin, médiocrement le grec. Il composa une grammaire franque. Ses "Capitulaires" sont restés célèbres. Un exemple parti de si haut devait être contagieux. Le savoir fut en honneur, même au milieu des camps. Des écoles s'ouvrirent dans les Abbayes, autour des palais épiscopaux.

S'il ne put léguer son génie à ses débiles descendants, il leur laissa le goût de l'étude et le respect des savants. Charles-le-Chauve s'honora par son amitié pour le plus grand philosophe de son temps, Scot Erigène, le premier des scolastiques.

II

C'est encore la France, en effet, qui vit naître et s'épanouir la philosophie de cette époque, comme ce fut elle aussi qui lui donna plus tard le coup mortel.

Les successeurs de Charlemagne s'entourèrent à son exemple de savants étrangers. Scot Erigène, "écossais de race et irlandais de patrie," d'après M. Guizot, reproduisit dans son *De divisione Naturæ* les hardies spéculations de l'école néo-alexandrine et un panthéisme mystique, dont Charles-le-Chauve ne comprenait peut-être pas la portée, mais qui ne trouva pas grâce aux yeux de l'Eglise.

La philosophie, appelée scolastique parce qu'elle était née dans les écoles, ne se séparait pas alors de la théologie. Elle en était la servante (*ancilla*). Elle se donnait pour mission, non de chercher la vérité, mais de montrer que l'Eglise seule la possède. Elle partait de la foi reçue pour l'expliquer et en établir les preuves. C'est à quoi s'employèrent presque tous les penseurs du Moyen âge.

Le plus illustre au XI^e siècle fut S. Anselme, né à Aoste en Piémont, archevêque de Laon, mort archevêque de Canterbury. Ce disciple de Lanfranc, dont l'influence dure encore était d'un esprit assez libre. Dans le premier de ses deux principaux écrits philosophiques, *Monologue*, ou *Modèle de la manière dont on peut arriver raisonnablement à la foi*, "il suppose un homme ignorant qui cherche la vérité avec les seules forces de la raison"; dans le second, *Allocution*, ou la *Foi qui tente de se comprendre*, "il est en possession de la vérité, et il essaie de s'en rendre compte."

La grande question qui traverse toute l'histoire de la philosophie depuis Platon et Aristote, et qui passionna le Moyen âge, est celle du nominalisme et du réalisme. Il s'agissait de la nature des *idées*, c'est-à-dire des genres ou universaux. Une phrase de Porphyre l'avait livrée à la discussion des écoles: "Je ne rechercherai point, dit ce philosophe, si les genres et les espèces existent par eux-mêmes ou seulement dans l'intelligence, ni, dans le cas où ils existeraient par eux-mêmes, s'ils sont corporels ou incorporels, ni s'ils existent séparés des objets sensibles ou dans ces objets et en faisant partie. Ce problème est trop difficile."

Le Moyen âge ne jugea pas ce problème trop difficile. Il le discuta avec ferveur, d'autant plus qu'à ses yeux le dogme de la Trinité était engagé dans cette querelle. Deux camps se

formèrent. Roscelin (XI^e siècle), chanoine de Compiègne, soutint que les genres ne sont que des mots (nomina, flatus vocis), "de simples abstractions que l'esprit forme en rassemblant sous une idée commune ce qu'il y a de semblable en divers individus." L'humanité, par exemple, n'est qu'un mot qui désigne l'ensemble des individus qui la composent. C'est le nominalisme.

Guillaume de Champeaux soutenait au contraire que "les genres sont les seules entités qui existent," "que les individus n'ont eux-mêmes d'existence que par rapport aux genres" ou universaux. "Par exemple, disait-il, dans les hommes ce qui existe substantiellement, c'est l'humanité dont les différents hommes participent. C'est le réalisme.

Le concile de Soissons, en 1092, déclara hérétique l'opinion de Roscelin. "Si tout genre n'est qu'un mot, il s'ensuit qu'il n'y a de réalité que dans les individus ; bien des unités peuvent paraître des abstractions, entre autres l'unité par excellence, l'unité qui fait le fond de la très sainte Trinité ; il n'y a plus de réel que les trois personnes, et alors la Trinité n'est qu'une unité factice, un simple signe représentant le rapport des trois." Le pauvre chanoine se rétracta, *metu mortis*, dit saint Anselme.

Pierre Abélard, célèbre par son éloquence, sa hardiesse et ses malheurs, n'hésita pas à combattre Guillaume de Champeaux. Il le força de convenir, dans une dispute publique, "que les individus constituent l'essence des êtres," mais il montra, d'un autre côté, que "les genres ne sont pas de purs mots, qu'ils existent bien dans l'esprit, ce qui est assurément une manière très réelle d'exister." C'est le conceptualisme. Cette opinion intermédiaire "conquit le sceptre de la scolastique," mais l'Eglise la condamna.

Au XIII^e et au XIV^e siècles, les discussions furent principalement théologiques. Saint Thomas d'Aquin et Duns Scot devinrent les chefs de deux écoles rivales (XIII^e siècle). L'opposition des idées se compliqua de la rivalité des ordres dominicain et franciscain dans l'Université de Paris qui était alors la plus célèbre de l'univers. Je ne signalerai de la philosophie de Duns Scot qu'un point qui fit scandale. La volonté

de Dieu, dit-il, est sa seule, sa suprême loi. D'où l'on concluait que Dieu est ce qu'il est parce qu'il l'a voulu, que la loi morale pourrait être autre qu'elle n'est, et que lui-même pourrait ne plus vouloir être, si tel était son bon plaisir.

La Renaissance des lettres au XVe siècle, la Réforme au XVIe portèrent de rudes coups à la scolastique. Pierre Ramus l'acheva, Aristote régnait sur les esprits. Son autorité était presque égale à celle de l'Eglise. On pensa même un moment à le canoniser. Magister dixit. Ramus abattit cette idole au nom de la raison, et Charpentier, docteur de Sorbonne, le fit assassiner le 26 août 1672, le troisième jour après la Saint-Barthélemy, à la fois comme blasphémateur d'Aristote et comme protestant.

III

A la fin du XVIe siècle, à l'aube du siècle de Louis XIV, il y eut un renouveau de la pensée. La France partagea avec l'Angleterre l'honneur de constituer la philosophie moderne.

Francis Bacon, lord de Verulam, rendu à ses études favorites après sa lamentable carrière politique, ramena l'esprit humain à l'observation de la nature et formula les immortelles règles de la méthode d'induction. Son *Novum Organum* est devenu l'évangile de la science du monde extérieur. Il y recommande d'observer d'abord les faits, puis de s'élever aux lois,—procédé si simple qu'on s'étonne toujours que personne ne s'en soit avisé avant lui.

Francis Bacon était physicien et moraliste. René Descartes fut géomètre et métaphysicien. Rien n'est plus intéressant que les pages où il raconte dans son *Discours sur la méthode*,—son chef d'œuvre en langue française,—comment il réussit à s'affranchir du joug de l'autorité en matière de philosophie.

Mécontent de ce qu'on lui avait enseigné au Collège de La Flèche, n'y trouvant aucune certitude, sauf aux mathématiques, il résolut de tout rejeter, ne retenant que les règles religieuses et morales nécessaires à la vie. C'est ce qu'on a appelé le doute méthodique.

Il remarqua alors que le doute est une pensée et que la pensée suppose nécessairement un être pensant. De là son fameux principe : Je pense, donc je suis, cogito, ergo sum. Il trouva donc du même coup une certitude : l'existence du moi pensant, et le critère de la certitude : l'évidence. De l'existence du moi il s'éleva à celle de Dieu et à celle du monde, par une série de déductions, à la façon des géomètres. Toutes les parties de son système ne sont pas également solides, mais il avait trouvé la méthode d'observation psychologique au moment où Bacon inaugurait la méthode expérimentale. Et ici encore on s'étonne que personne n'en ait eu l'idée avant lui.

L'influence de Descartes fut prodigieuse. Malebranche, Bossuet et Fénelon en France, Spinoza en Hollande, Leibnitz en Allemagne la ressentirent pour la subir ou pour la combattre. La méthode d'autorité en philosophie — perdit tout son prestige. Il fallut compter avec la raison. On réserva sans doute le domaine religieux, en l'affranchissant de l'examen, mais il y a de si étroits rapports entre la philosophie et la théologie qu'il est souvent difficile de séparer l'une de l'autre.

IV

Le XVIIIe siècle n'ajouta rien à la grandeur philosophique de la France. Le sensualisme de Locke se transforma en pur matérialisme avec Condillac et ses disciples. J.-J. Rousseau, il est vrai, protesta au nom du spiritualisme, mais il ne créa point de système. C'est en Allemagne qu'il faut chercher le plus grand philosophe de cette époque, Emmanuel Kant.

L'Allemagne, depuis lors, est devenue la patrie des spéculations philosophiques. Ce n'est pas qu'on ne trouve de grands penseurs chez d'autres peuples. Thomas Reid, Dugald Stewart et Hamilton dans la Grande Bretagne, Maine de Biran, Victor Cousin et Théodore Jouffroy en France ont développé des idées originales et creusé bien des problèmes, mais on ne peut comparer leurs travaux aux constructions grandioses des Jacobi, des Schelling et des Hegel.

Vers le milieu de notre siècle, il s'est pourtant élevé en France un système qui a eu, lui aussi, son heure de gloire.

Le positivisme a passé, aux yeux de son fondateur et de ses disciples, pour un nouveau mode de penser, une découverte à la Copernic. S'il faut en croire Auguste Comte, nous ne pouvons connaître que la matière, ses forces et ses lois. Il y a peut-être autre chose, mais nous n'en savons rien, et il est vain de le rechercher. La métaphysique est donc une chimère, la religion est en dehors de la science.

Stuart Mill en Angleterre, Emile Littré en France sont les représentants les plus connus de cette philosophie à laquelle se rattache l'agnosticisme.

Ainsi,—et en résumé,—la France a, sous Charlemagne et au Moyen âge, attiré, groupé, protégé les plus illustres philosophes de tous les pays, et elle en a produit à son tour de remarquables. Elle a eu l'honneur, dans les temps modernes, d'affranchir l'esprit humain du joug de la scolastique, et, en commun avec l'Angleterre, la gloire de découvrir la seule méthode qui puisse assurer le progrès continu de toutes les sciences. En notre siècle même, elle a construit un système qu'on a cru un instant, comme on l'a pensé de tant d'autres, le dernier mot de la vérité. Elle a excellé dans la psychologie. Elle a ajouté, par les travaux de Jouffroy, aux profondes recherches de l'école écossaise; elle a corrigé, par ceux de Renouvier, les conclusions de Kant; elle a poussé à ses dernières conséquences, par ceux d'Henri Taine, la théorie du mécanisme de l'intelligence.

Il est donc permis de dire, sans y mettre d'amour-propre national, que la philosophie est redevable à la France de quelques services. Il me reste à en signaler un dernier, le plus grand de tous peut-être. La France a fait surtout œuvre de vulgarisation, dans la philosophie comme dans les autres domaines de la pensée. Nulle part, même en Angleterre, on n'a écrit plus clairement sur des matières abstruses. Le style d'un Descartes, d'un Malebranche, d'un Victor Cousin allie l'éloquence à la solidité, la souplesse, à la vigueur. Il est savant sans pédantisme, profond et clair à la fois, élégant avec précision. Et en rendant accessibles aux lecteurs instruits tous les systèmes, il en éclaire les parties résistantes et tout ensemble en dévoile les côtés faibles.

Le seul de ces systèmes qui n'ait jamais pu prendre racine dans la vieille Gaule, c'est le panthéisme, où la création se confond avec le Créateur, où sombre la morale avec la liberté, où la personnalité s'anéantit dans le Grand-Tout.

Considérée dans son ensemble et dans la suite des âges, on voit que la philosophie française a incliné de préférence vers le spiritualisme qui enseigne l'existence de Dieu, l'immortalité de l'âme, le devoir. Ce sont là les bases mêmes du christianisme. Malgré le désarroi des esprits à l'heure présente, nous avons donc lieu d'espérer que la France restera fidèle aux nobles principes qui assurent la dignité de l'homme et la grandeur des nations.

LES CLOCHES DE FIN D'ANNÉE.

(IMITÉ DE TENNYSON).

Sonnez, cloches, sonnez dans la nuit d'hiver sombre,
 Dans la plaine glacée et sur les monts déserts ;
 Un an s'enfuit, un an va s'éteindre dans l'ombre ;
 Sonnez, cloches, sonnez et vibrez dans les airs !

Sonnez, cloches, sonnez, qu'une phase nouvelle
 Commence pour la terre avec un an nouveau,
 Annoncez du pardon l'aurore pure et belle.
 Et du Dieu rédempteur saluez le berceau.

Ah ! laissez votre voix bannir de cette terre
 Tout crime, tout remords, tout deuil, tout mal caché !
 Sonnez, cloches, sonnez appelez la lumière,
 Proclamez le salut, retenez le péché.

Sonnez, cloches, sonnez ! Que du passé succombent
 Les abus, les erreurs, les tristes passions ;
 Qu'autour de nous partout les formes vides tombent,
 Ouvrez de l'avenir les grandes visions !

Eveillez de nouveau l'amour des saintes choses,
 Aux opprimés, portez l'accent consolateur,
 Trouvez des combattants pour les célestes causes,
 Que votre appel suscite une armée au Seigneur !

Sonnez, cloches, sonnez dans la nuit d'hiver sombre,
 Dans la plaine glacée et sur les monts déserts !
 L'an nouveau, l'an de grâce et d'espoir luit dans l'ombre
 Sonnez, cloches, sonnez et vibrez dans les airs !

MME. E. ROEHRICH.

PENSÉE.

“ L'homme est si grand, que sa grandeur paraît même en ce qu'il se connaît misérable. Un arbre ne se connaît pas misérable. Il est vrai que c'est être misérable, que de se connaître misérable ; mais aussi c'est être grand, que de connaître qu'on est misérable. Ainsi toutes ces misères prouvent sa grandeur. Ce sont misères de grand seigneur, misères d'un roi dépossédé.” PASCAL.

NOTE: Nous avons dû nous abstenir, afin d'éviter les répétitions, de donner, en français, un compte-rendu de l'installation de M. le pasteur Brandt comme principal des Instituts de la Pointe-aux-Trembles.

Que ceux donc, de nos lecteurs, qui désirent avoir des détails de cette imposante cérémonie veuillent bien les trouver dans la partie anglaise de ce journal.

C. F. C.

LE COMPTE D'UN ARTISTE.

Un artiste, employé dans une vieille église de Belgique, présenta son compte pour “ ouvrages divers ” faits par lui ; mais, paiement lui fut refusé, parce qu'il ne donnait pas en détail les “ ouvrages divers.”

Ne voulant pas perdre l'argent qui lui était légitimement dû, le pauvre homme envoya le compte en détail suivant :

	FR. C.
Corrigé et renouvelé les dix commandements	3 12
Embelli Ponce-Pilate et mis un ruban à son bonnet. . .	7 12
Posé une queue neuve au coq de St. Pierre et raccommodé le dessus de la tête	3 00
Rempli et doré l'aile gauche de l'ange gardien	3 20

Lavé le serviteur du Grand-Prêtre et mis du carmin sur ses joues.....	4 18
Renouvelé le ciel, ajusté deux étoiles et nettoyé la lune.	7 14
Renouvelé les flammes du Purgatoire, et ajouté des âmes	3 06
Ravivé les flammes de l'enfer, mis une queue neuve au diable; raccommodé sa patte gauche, et fait plusieurs ouvrages sur les damnés.....	7 17
Rebordé la robe d'Hérode et ajusté sa perruque	4 00
Mis des nouvelles guêtres au jeune Tobie	2 00
Nettoyé les oreilles de l'âne de Balaam et l'avoir ferré.	3 40
Mis des anneaux au oreilles de Sarah.....	2 04
Mis une pierre neuve dans la fronde de David, grossi la tête de Goliath et rallongé ses jambes	3 02
Raccommodé la chemise de l'Enfant-Prodigue, et net- toyé ses oreilles	4 00
Total.....	56 45

LES QUESTIONS INSOLUBLES.

Les chrétiens qui s'effraient devant certaines questions insolubles qui se posent à propos de tel livre ou de tel passage de l'Écriture sainte, ou de telle vérité de la religion, feraient bien de méditer la réponse que fit un jour l'astronome Copernic à une objection qu'on lui posait : " Si le monde, lui disait-on, était réglé suivant le plan que vous indiquez, Vénus devrait avoir des phases comme la lune ; mais elle n'en a pas. Qu'avez-vous à répondre ? Rien, répliqua Copernic ; mais Dieu nous fera bien la grâce qu'on puisse un jour trouver une solution à cette difficulté."

Et de fait, Dieu accorda cette grâce : le jour vint où Galilée inventa le télescope, avec lequel on découvrit les phases de Vénus. Mais Copernic était mort.

WISE WORDS.

"God delights in true, earnest thinkers."—Dwight.

"Thought is the property of those only who can entertain it."—Emerson.

"If you intend to do a mean thing leave it off until to-morrow; if you intend to do a noble thing do it now."—Dr. Guthrie.

"Catholicism is the strength of Romanism, but Romanism is the weakness of Catholicism."—Schaff.

Napoleon said, to take the true measure of an enemy was the divine part of war.

"You are a minister just in so far as you are a man."—Graham Taylor.

"The way to wealth depends on two words, industry and frugality, i.e., waste neither time nor money, but make the best use of both."—Ben. Franklin.

"Art is the application of knowledge to a practical end."—Sir John Herschell.

"Better be in shame now than at the Day of Judgment."—Mahomet.

"Let an independent thinker show a fearless fidelity to his convictions and the shafts of bigotry and envy fall helpless and harmless at his feet."

"True liberty consists only in the power of doing what we ought to will, and in not being constrained to do what we ought not to will."—Jonathan Edwards.

"Count that day lost whose low, descending sun
Sees at thy hand no worthy action done."

"What! rest, ease here! in the ministry or in Christian work! There is no rest here. Now is the time for battle, for work! Heaven will be our rest. Now is the time for steady, prudent, arduous, unflinching effort."—D. L. Moody.