

VOL. XI. DECEMBER, 1899. NO. 1.

THE THEOLOGUE,

Presbyterian College, Halifax.

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THE THEOLOGUE.

VOL. XI.—DECEMBER, 1899.—No. 1.

Presbyterian College, Halifax.

THE LATE REV. G. PATTERSON, D. D., LL. D.

DR. SEDGWICK.

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED AT THE JUBILEE OF THE CONGREGATION
OF GREENHILL, PICTOU CO., N. S., SEPT. 27, 1899.

MR. Coffin, Christian brethren, and friends: It gives me great pleasure—I feel, indeed, highly honoured—to have been asked to be present with you, and take some part in the proceedings of this day. My presence here brings up pleasant memories of the past, when, more than forty years ago, I was a student within the bounds of this now reunited congregation, and, as I came here this morning, and as I look about me now, I rejoice to see that, though much has been changed, yet nothing essential has been changed, except, I think, for the better.

The Green Hill still stands, where it did; the place is as beautiful as ever, and the occasion which has brought us together evidences plainly that, as a community and as a congregation, you are not forgetful of the links which bind you to the past, or of the obligation which that past lays upon you to the present and the future.

But if it gives me pleasure to be with you to-day, it is in some measure a melancholy pleasure. If much remains unal-

tered, much, very much, is changed. To say nothing of the change that has passed on myself, the members of this congregation who then occupied leading positions in it, and some of whom I remember well, are all away. So are the Professors under whom I studied—Keir and Smith and Ross; so are many, I may say most, of my classmates; so are all those who ministered then to this and the neighbouring congregations; Watson and Patterson of this congregation, Bayne of Pictou, Roy and Walker of New Glasgow—to mention no more—all have accomplished as hirelings their day, and have passed into the unseen world. Yes, I am sure that it is with you as it is with myself. It is with very mingled feelings that we have come together. If joy and thankfulness be the predominant feeling—as doubtless it is and ought to be—it is a joy with not a little sadness mingled with it.

Addressing myself, however, to my own immediate task, what a remarkable, what a unique, what an honourable history—let me say at the outset—is the early history of that branch of the United Church with which you as a congregation were connected at the time of which I have just spoken—the Presbyterian Church of Nova Scotia. In point of numbers and of material resources it was, at the first and for a considerable time, one of the smallest and weakest—perhaps the very smallest and weakest—of all the colonial Presbyterian Churches; but it appears to me that in self-reliance, in unselfishness, in public spirit, in a true appreciation of the only conditions of Christian usefulness and growth in any country, and especially, in a new country such as ours, it excelled, it far excelled them all. For example, almost from its very beginning it realized—what it took other churches long generations to discover and act upon—that in union there was strength; that, as the causes of the difference, and the feuds of the Mother Country and Churches did not exist here, so here these differences and feuds themselves should have no existence, but be buried out of sight. It saw, further, that a Church, if it would thrive in any land, must have a native ministry, and so, at an early period, it took steps to provide itself with such a ministry.

It got to see too, that a Church could never prosper so long as it remained neglectful of the marching orders of its King

and Head, and hence, weak and poor as it was, it addressed itself in a way that was simply marvellous to the work of sending the Gospel to the dark places of the earth.

So I might go on did time permit, but enough has been said, I think, to afford ample justification for the assertion with which I began. Other churches which originated about the same time and under like circumstances as our own *lived* unquestionably, but their life was largely, it seems to me, and for a time, a parasitic life; ours on the other hand was a life drawn, it is true, from a divine fountain, but dependent for its existence and growth on no human source. We need not feel surprise, therefore, at the superstructure which has been reared on such a foundation.

But, for I must hasten on, it cannot well be denied, though I fear, especially in these times, it is too much and too often forgotten, that the character of a Church, its spiritual activity and growth, depends, to a large extent, on the character of its ministry. I go on, therefore, to say that, as the matter appears to me, our Church was largely what I have described it as being, by reason of the ministry vouchsafed to it by its King and Head. In my judgment never was there a Church more highly favoured in this respect than our own. And when I refer to the *ministry* as largely determining our Church character and work during her formative period, and that I consider to be, perhaps, the fourth, the fifth and the sixth decades of the present century, I mean, very much the *native* ministry, those who, in the most literal sense, were the Church's children, born within her pale, and educated on her native soil and in her own institutions. Let me not be misunderstood. No one will suppose, I hope, that I mean to cast the slightest reflection upon the fathers and brethren—honoured and beloved—who, from time to time, during the period of which I am speaking, came to us from the fatherland, or to undervalue their work. But for them, in many places the Church's lamp, which they caused to burn up brightly, would have been extinguished altogether. Ill would it become my father's son to do so. Many of them I knew intimately, and from some of them I received almost a father's kindness. But from very necessity, it seems to me, it is only a ministry native to the soil, which can, as a rule, best understand the spiritual necessities of their fellow-countrymen,

and the means by which these may be most effectually supplied.

Hence, going back to the beginning of my own ministry nearly forty years ago, what recollections crowd upon me of the fathers and brethren who then were impressing their character and spirit upon the Church and determining its course. No doubt they had not a few limitations and defects. Tried by the standard of the present and even of that day, perhaps, they might be regarded as in many respects wanting, and no doubt they were. But in all essentials they were admirably equipped, none indeed could be more so, for the Master's work. Their natural abilities, their soundness in the faith, their piety, their adaptation to their circumstances, their consuming zeal for the Church as the divinely appointed instrumentality with which in their judgment, and rightly, were bound up the glory of God and the good of men, compensated and more than compensated for every deficiency. They were, indeed, workmen that needed not to be ashamed, laying broad and deep the Church's foundation, and building solidly thereupon.

I should like much to mention some of those to whom my memory often recurs, and to indicate their characteristics, but this time will not permit me to do. The subject assigned to me to-day, however, makes it my duty to refer particularly to one of the most outstanding of these—to Dr. George Patterson, your first minister after you had become a separate congregation.

But before doing so, you will not blame me if I say a word or two of one who stood to you in the same close and intimate relation at an earlier date, who was in fact, Dr. Patterson's immediate predecessor in the ministry of the undivided congregation of West River. I need hardly mention the name of Dr. James Ross. His is a name which should never be forgotten in this congregation, and especially in this Presbyterian Church. No one has a better claim, and few, very few, have an equal claim to be gratefully remembered. And I say this all the more readily, as I was never one of his immediate and particular following, and did not approve of every course he felt it to be his duty to take. He was a man whose natural abilities were of a very high order, and, added to these, were wide and varied attainments, weight of character, wisdom in counsel, a power that could hardly be surpassed of clear and convincing expo-

sition, all of which he consecrated to the Church's service. The special service, however, which he rendered to the Church, the importance of which it is impossible to over-estimate, is well set forth in the Synod's minute on his retirement from the Presidency of Dalhousie College, and which is as follows:—"He was ordained to the charge of West River congregation fifty years ago. During the early years of his ministry the Presbyterian Church of Nova Scotia was suffering from the insufficiency of the number of its ministers to carry on and to extend its work. Such means of education as had previously existed within the Province had become less efficient or less available. It became evident to Mr. Ross and others associated with him that the Church required an institution of her own. After some agitation of the question, the Synod came to the same conclusion, and appointed Mr. Ross as their Professor. For two years he carried on his College work in conjunction with that of the pastorate. He was then relieved of his charge, and for some years performed, alone, the work of a whole faculty of Arts." It is to be lamented that no proper record of him, or of his equally, and in some respects more highly gifted brother, Ebenezer, or above all, to mention no more, of the first Dr. McCulloch, from whom he and all those of whom I have spoken drew their inspiration, is anywhere to be found, as they who could have given it have all passed away.

Coming now at last to him of whom I have, perhaps, delayed too long to speak, let me say, first of all, that his life cannot be said to have been on the surface a remarkably eventful one. Its main facts may be very briefly stated. He was born in the town of Pictou, N. S., on April 30, 1824. He was educated at Pictou Academy and Dalhousie College, completing his theological course, and, I believe, obtaining license in Edinburgh. He was ordained and inducted to the charge of this congregation on Oct. 31, 1849, and demitted his charge on Oct. 30, 1876. Some time after he removed to New Glasgow, where he continued to reside—employing his gift in the preaching of the Gospel as opportunity offered and in the Church's service—till he was called hence on Oct. 26, 1897. His ministry lasted, therefore, for the lengthened period of 48 years.

What now may be said with truth of his character and work? Speaking generally, it may be said of him—and it is his relation to the Church on which I wish particularly to dwell—that he was by birth, by education, by conviction, a true son of the Presbyterian Church, that he brought no ordinary qualities of mind and heart to its service, that he devoted, as few have done, his powers, his attainments, his energies, his time, his means, to its advancement and to the advancement of the Master's Kingdom in this land through its instrumentality, and that he left his impress on nearly every department of its work.

I cannot speak from much personal knowledge of his ministry among yourselves, living as I do at so considerable a distance from this place. I know, nevertheless, as not a few of you know and as your fathers knew, that he was a diligent and faithful pastor, and, beyond most, an instructive, impressive and edifying preacher. It is true he was slow of speech. The gift of eloquence save the eloquence of truth—a gift, I admit, much to be desired—was denied him. But if any should consider this a serious defect, I would ask them to reflect that as the Master has given it to few comparatively, it cannot be in His estimation the be-all and the end-all of His ministers as many seem to think it is. And in a word here, as might well be supposed, from the exercise of such a ministry, it was attended with a large measure of success; and this congregation was regarded, and rightly regarded, during his long connection with it, as in all essential respects a model congregation, nor do I know that it has lost that reputation since.

If I am asked why his ministry here having been so fruitful, he brought it, as he did, to a close, I can only answer that I do not know. One thing I am sure of, that his demission of this charge did not proceed from any failure in his regard for you, or of yours for him. Possibly he imagined, as not a few in like circumstances have done, that his ministry here having been continued so long, had accomplished all that it could, but this is merely conjecture on my part, and if this was his reason, I think it was a mistaken one.

I have said that I could not speak from much personal knowledge of his work *here*, but I can speak from such knowledge of his work in the Church at large, as distinguished

from this congregation. I came myself into it when he had hardly reached his prime, when, at all events, he was in the fulness of his powers. I was able to watch his course from that time to its close, and have been associated with him to some small extent in the business of the Church. What, then, can I say of his work there ?

1. I may refer, first of all, to the deep and active and fruitful interest he took from the beginning, and to the large part he played, in nearly every department of the work of the Church. Its Foreign Mission was especially dear to him. In this connection it may be mentioned that for many years he edited with great ability the *Missionary Register* and the *Christian Instructor*, periodicals which may be read even to-day with interest, and which rendered the utmost service to the Church.

2. He was the Church's historian, and so far, in these Maritime Provinces, its only historian. It is impossible to speak too highly of his lives of Dr. MacGregor, of Geddie, and of the other pioneers of our Foreign Mission. These works are valuable not only because they tell the story of the lives of these apostolic men, but because they tell us all that now can be known or likely will be known of those who were associated with them in the Church's foundation and growth, and who but for this *sacer vates* would have become to dumb forgetfulness a prey; because they are really annals of the Church, and, I may add, of the country as well.

3. He was the Church's great authority on all matters connected with its constitution, its law and its practice, and he knew these not in their letter only, but, which is a very different thing, in their spirit. The book of Forms, which in all matters of this kind was the Church's guide up to the Union of 1875, and which, let me say, is a far better book than the one now in use, was mainly his work.

4. And, lastly, to him is to be largely attributed the origination, the growth and the success of the Ministers' Widows' and Orphans', and of the Aged and Infirm Ministers' Funds. With the first of these he was from the beginning very closely connected, and he watched over its interests with a paternal care. If nothing else could be said of him, his connection with these funds should be sufficient, and, I doubt not, will be

sufficient to endear his memory to the Church's ministry, and not less to its membership, in all coming time.

I should have liked much to dwell on his other achievements—in theology for example, witness his suggestive, and to some extent, original treatise entitled "The Doctrine of the Trinity, underlying the Revelation of Redemption;" and in the History of his native county, and the like—but into all this time will not permit me to enter, and, as I have said, it is his relation to the Church's work that I have wished specially here to emphasize.

And now I would like, equally, to dwell at some length on his character were I not obliged to hurry to a close. Let me only say—he was an earnest and laborious worker. He was a man of deep and earnest piety. He was a true and faithful friend. He had, under a reserved exterior, a warm and generous heart. He was very humble, notwithstanding, may I not say *because* of his great and varied attainments. I have said that, outwardly, his life was an uneventful one, but, for all that, he had many sore trials and grievous disappointments, yet they never soured him. He was ever willing to be a doorkeeper in the house of his God, if that were required of him. None, indeed, who knew him could fail to see towards the last how his character mellowed, and how evidently he was ripening for the better world.

One question remains to be asked. Did he receive while he lived from the Church which he loved and so faithfully served the recognition which was his due? I do not think he did, but he is now beyond the need of it. It was enough for him while he wrought—as it should be enough for us—to approve himself to the Master, whose recognition he has doubtless now in full measure received.

Well, he is gone, but though dead he yet speaks. He speaks to this congregation, and I rejoice to think that there is abundant evidence that he has not spoken, and is not now speaking, in vain. You have placed—and it does you the utmost credit—a tablet, in a few minutes to be unveiled, on the wall of this Church, to commemorate his ministry among you, and for many generations as you and your posterity, and those who will occupy this pulpit, look on it, may it re-echo the words of inspiration—"Remember them who have had the rule over you, who have spoken unto you the word of God" and him especially

of whom our hearts are full to-day, "whose faith follow, considering the end of their conversation: Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever." May this congregation have many jubilees. May the Lord's work appear more and more to his servants here, and His glory to their children. May His beauty be upon them, and may the work of their hands be established.

To conclude; Fathers and brethren, though dead, he speaks very especially and very forcibly to us. May we take good heed, may we incline and give an ear. Let us seek to catch something of our departed father's spirit, and to walk in his steps. "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem," let us strive to say—as he, beyond most, could say "let my right hand forget her cunning. If I do not remember thee, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth; if I prefer not Jerusalem above my chief joy." Let each one of us, ministers or people, strive to say as he could say:

Be it mine,

One course to follow, and to track one line,
Straight on to Heaven to press with single bent,
To love and serve my God,

(and—let me add—His Church as His visit representative and instrument on earth)

And then to die content.

"A soft air fans the clouds apart; there comes
A glimpse of that dark world where I was born,
Once more the old mysterious glimmer steals
From thy pure brows, and from thy shoulders pure
And bosom beating with a heart renew'd.
Thy cheek begins to redden thro' the gloom,
Thy sweet eyes brighten slowly close to mine,
Ere, yet they blind the stars, and the wild team
Which love thee, yearning for thy yoke, arise,
And shake the darkness from their loosen'd manes,
And beat the twilight into flakes of fire,"

THE STATE AND THE ANGLO-CATHOLIC MOVEMENT.

REV. A. S. MORTON, B. D.

THE Anglo-Catholic movement has been from its beginning one of great spiritual power. Keble, Newman, Pusey, Church and Gore have been men of the highest spiritual attainments—Newman, of passionate religious conviction. It seems strange to us, to whom spiritual life means a free sympathy, with all that is good apart from church or creed, that such an intensely religious movement, and men of such spiritual tone should, in the first place, be bitterly opposed to the Reformation, and in the second, greatly in love with ceremonial. What is the explanation of the thing?

The secret of the Anglo-Catholic sympathies and antipathies is that the spirit of the movement has been religious, its form has been dictated by political bias. To appreciate the meaning of its outward form we must understand the relation of church and state in England.

It was a generally accepted doctrine in the middle ages that the church was supreme in all affairs. The princes and their kingdoms were the servants to do her will. For instance, the Pope called on the elector of Saxony to arrest and surrender to him Luther, and, he failing, laid the same duty upon his Emperor Charles V. It is evident the church was the mistress, the state the hand-maiden.

From this point of view the Reformation was a revolt of the nations against the supremacy of the church. Not so long before Luther's day, a serious schism had been feared between the Gallican Church and the Ultramontane or Papal system. The movement was a national one against the Pope. All the different reformations built up national churches. The Lutheran church became the national church of Saxony and kindred states. The Anglican church became the national church of England. Before, the state had been in tutelage to the church; now it is, one and the same with it. Under the new *regime* Parliament is the people assembled for legislative purpose; the

church is the people in its religious capacity. To be disloyal to the church is to be disloyal to the state; hence the political disabilities under which the dissenters from the national church were put.

The Reform Bill of 1828 changed all this, for it brought into active citizenship large masses of Dissenters, and later even of Roman Catholic Dissenters. State and church were no longer recognised as one and the same body of people in different capacities. The opinion of liberal statesmen of the day was that the church was hand-maid to the state—a sort of department for the preservation of morals and religion. Parliament felt itself free to deal as it saw fit with the venerable privileges of the church. A number of Irish Bishoprics were abolished. Dr. Hampden, a man of unacceptably liberal views, was appointed by the Prime Minister to the Regius Professorship of Divinity, at Oxford, in spite of the protest—passionate protest of the whole University. Later an attempt was made to rob the church of her great schools, Oxford and Cambridge, and to open them to the Dissenters. Later still the political heads of England and Germany were put together to secure the ordination of an anti-Catholic Bishop of Jerusalem. It is clear that under this last regime the church was to be hand-maid to the state.

The admission of great masses of Dissenters, Roman Catholics, and even irreligious men of no sympathy with the Church of England, must have alarmed the most liberal-minded men who dearly loved their mother church. In the face of these dangers there was a general feeling that something must be done to strengthen and protect the national church. Two movements or influences came to the front; the one rather a movement of Cambridge, the other of Oxford.

The Cambridge movement never became a party. It always remained an influence—vague—without form, but powerful in its hold of thoughtful minds. It found as its chief exponents men like Maurice, Tennyson, Kingsley, whose common characteristic is trust of human nature. Maurice and Kingsley believed that an appeal to the people for righteousness would never fail. In politics, in science, in biblical criticism they

trusted the human mind. Out of discussion, out of the political turmoil would come at the last a new and better order of things.

And "the common-sense of most shall hold a fretful realm in awe,
And the kindly earth shall slumber, lapt in universal law."

In direct contrast with this light-hearted optimism is the settled pessimism of the Oxford movement. Keble and Newman were indeed the most intensely earnest religious men of their day, but their convictions were moulded and fashioned by that deep-seated pessimism which is native to the Tory habit of mind. Newman was as Tory as he was religious, in his ways of thinking. He did not view the rising tide of Liberalism in politics and in thought as something that might be turned to good, but as in its very nature bad. He took no time nor pains to analyse the different forces in the Liberal movement. He took no pains to distinguish between Dissenters and Atheists. It was enough for him that they were all Liberal, and therefore dangerous in the extreme. He regarded Protestantism, Pantheism, Unitarianism, and Atheism, as different grades of the same downward course. The only excuse we can offer for him is that just because he was so earnest in his religious convictions, and so deeply attached to his church, he could not view calmly movements which seemed to change and affect seriously her power and the glory of her position.

There is room for a whole chapter in the pathology of the spirit upon "the conservatism of the saints." A whole volume in church history might be entitled "The Alarm of God's People at the Progress of the Race." A whole gallery of re-actionary saints from Montanus to McCaskill might be collected, and both on the grounds of his piety and his fear of Liberalism, Newman's would be a high place of honour.

The whole spirit of the day which found expression for itself on the one hand in the Reform Bill, and on the other in the breaking down of class and church distinctions, Newman calls "*the calamity of the times.*" He says again, "The vital question was, how were we to keep the church from being Liberalized?"

He turns against the Evangelicals because he "thought they played into the hands of the Liberals."

His state of mind is best reflected in his own speech. "The object of (our) movement was to withstand the Liberalism of the day."

How was this to be done? We refer to the *Apologia* again. "I found and felt this could not be by negatives. It was necessary for me to have a positive church theory, erected on a definite basis," and to find this Newman turned first to the Anglican divines and then to the Catholics. We are not surprised, after this, to learn from Fairbairn that Newman's one pretentious historical work is a huge controversial pamphlet.

The point that we wish to make is that Newman's appeal to history was not to find a scientific basis for his views on religion—as, for example, was Martin Luther's appeal to Scripture—but it was an attempt to make history subservient to the needs of a political-ecclesiastical struggle. When the Anglican divines were found to be useless for his purpose, Newman appealed from them to the Catholics. If they had failed, he probably would have made his appeal, as he might well have done, to Scripture.

In history Newman found the Church supreme—a visible Kingdom of God, teaching God's truth, executing God's will to the world. In the period he chose, for subjective reasons, as the ideal, the period preceding the great schism, he found the church practically constituted by an ecclesiastical system not unlike that of his beloved Church of England. His own church, he claimed, was the only one true to the primitive ideal. On the one hand the Roman system was corrupt, on the other the Reformation was schismatical. With their intense religious convictions thrown into this proud Anglican theory the founders of the Oxford Movement appealed to their fellow countrymen to stay the destructive tide of Liberalism—in politics, thought and conduct. The religious cry gathered the religious; their Anglican cry brought in the proud Anglican; and their Tory sympathies awoke the sympathy of a whole army of Englishmen, who in their instincts were not half so much religious or Anglican as conservative. The heterogeneous character of its recruits explains much in the movement. The High Church party to-day bears in its bosom the great and the mean—men of high spiritual tone like Gore—and Aubrey Moore, and Paget, the descendants according to the spirit of Keble and Newman,

but with them, men to whom to be a "churchman" is to be religious, and even men who adopt the mean methods of the political parties. The one cry of this mixed army is that the church is to be supreme. As national she must retain the emoluments of the past; as the Church of Christ she cannot be at the beck and call of a secular Parliament. The education of the country must be in her hands. The power to say what is Christ's truth in all questions of moral or spiritual or ecclesiastical moment is hers, for is the Church of Christ not his successor according to the flesh in the work of redeeming the world?

This position it seems to me is a lamentable mixture of good and evil. The conception of the church as fulfilling the work of the Christ in the flesh is as true as it is inspiring. That Jesus left it to His people—the church, to reveal the character of God in the flesh as He had done, to speak the gospel word with human lips and sympathetic human accent as He had done, to bear the character and life of the spirit of God in human vessel as He did to a sinning and a lost world, is indeed a sublime mission for the church and must catch the spiritual imagination of her children. This high conception of the mission of the church should awaken sympathy with the High Church party in intelligent Presbyterians whose belief is that "unto the Catholic visible church Christ hath given the ministry, oracles and ordinances of God for the gathering and perfecting of the saints in this life, to the end of the world, and doth by his own presence and spirit according to his promise, make them effectual thereunto." But our sympathy will only make us deplore the more sincerely those political and ecclesiastical affections which have blinded Anglicans to the honesty and reality of our life in Christ, and have led them to go to history, not to find the bearing of the words of Jesus—"whosoever doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven the same is my mother and sister and brother," but to find arguments to give the Anglican communion a power and place which can be permanently hers only as she reflects the love of God that is without respect to tradition, or creed, or ecclesiastical system, the free love of God that is towards the saints who do his will, and through them towards the world.

One who stays to watch a pool on a summer day will catch the reflection of a spotless heaven. One who watches the institutions and life of a church should see in them the reflection of the lovely face of the Father which is in heaven. It is a deplorable thing that the High Anglican Church while claiming to bear the life and truth of God in its institutions, reflects so little the broad sympathies, and free grace of the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ.

Tennyson has said that the ordinary Englishman's conception of God is "an infinite clergyman."

We fear the average conception of God among the High Anglicans is that He is a glorified high churchman.

"Ah, tho' the times when some new thought can bud,
Are but as poets seasons when they flower,
Yet oceans daily gaining on the land,
Have ebb and flow conditioning their march,
And slow and sure comes up the golden year.

* * * *

Ah, when shall all men's good
Be each man's rule, and universal Peace
Lie like a shaft of light across the land,
And like a lane of beams athwart the sea,
Thro' all the circle of the golden year?"

*

THE THEOLOGUE.

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EDITORIAL.

INTRODUCTORY.

THE college has reopened. The students come crowding back to the "School of the Prophets" and the sound of the grinding is loud and prolonged. Louder than the noisy din of the college-mill comes the cry of the Theologue, claiming our attention. The editors hear and understand. It is time for the first number to appear, and they must prepare the way.

The majority of them have driven a quill before and can claim the privilege of a paper-and-ink introduction to their constituency. Worthy men have left us; worthy men have taken their place, and though the staff is in this way continually changing there is never a sudden break with the past. The old traditions are perpetuated and yet the infusion of new blood enables the THEOLOGUE to keep pace with the moving years. The outcome of such an arrangement is a paper that is liberal-conservative in a sense entirely non-political.

We need the help of all our friends. While we naturally expect the greatest sympathy and interest among the young men—those who have as yet been unable to unclasp the hand that reaches out from college days, yet we earnestly seek words of counsel and kindly criticism from the "Fathers of the church." Let major and minor prophets deliver their message through the medium of the THEOLOGUE.

THE DEATH OF CLARENCE F. GRANT, B. A.

CO every man his turn! The closing hours of last session were darkened by the passing of Noble, and now another has gone. Clarence Grant has crossed the great divide, and we are sad. His death came to us as a bolt from a clear sky. The embodiment of youthful strength and vigour, tireless in action, overflowing with spirit, of unbounded energy, he seemed the last with whom to associate death. No warning word of illness prepared us for the sadder word of his going. The call was sharp and sudden. For him it was "Rise up.....and come away." For us "Work, for the night cometh."

Clarence Grant was known by every one. His genial nature delighted in the company of his fellows, and he was most companionable. Open-hearted, frank, generous, charitable in judgment, sunny in disposition, he had a host of friends, and he had no enemies. As we look back over our intercourse with him, an intercourse of closest intimacy covering all the years of his academic life, we cannot recall a single angry word nor one unbrotherly action. He wished no man ill; he sought the good of all.

As a student he possessed ability far above the ordinary. His arts course at Dalhousie was one of much merit, and the work done with us full of promise. His removal in life's early morning, when his powers were just beginning to find expression, is a distinct loss to the college and to the church.

But he is gone. We mourn the death of so much promise, and vainly question "why." Why was he taken when winning near the goal for which he had striven so hard? Such things are too deep for us who see but darkly through a glass. But above our questioning we hear the deeper voice of a faith which whispers 'all is well'; and, resting in this faith, we quietly wait the time when we shall know even as we are known.

To those more intimately connected with the friend whom we have lost, into the secret place of whose sorrow no stranger can enter, THE THEOLOGUE, in the name of the students, offers its warmest and most respectful sympathy. Words express but

poorly the deep things of spirit; yet it is something to know that we sorrow not alone, to feel that even in the valley we are not far from those who see and understand. The young life so early closed has not been in vain. It has left an influence of good which cannot soon be lost. And why do we say his life is closed? His earthly service was short, but this life is not all. Our fuller life, our truer service is beyond,

“Since it is promised that His servants there
Shall serve Him still.”

FRIENDS, come and see us for our church has been good to us beyond measure. We want to tell how grateful we are, but have no words; you must come and see how proud we are, to understand. The moment you enter the hall you will see a change, a brightness and cleanliness hitherto impossible. The beautifying touch of the brush has transformed it. The white—in honor of the dear past we shall not say grey—has given place to softer tints.

BUT you must come to our parlor, for we now have a parlor to receive our friends; we can be at home now without waiting for Christmas. The brown book shelves are gone and the brush has been at work here again. The excellent finish of this room lent itself beautifully to its power. Curtains and carpets and all those things men can't tell about make it a gem of a parlor. It has been furnished through the kindness of ladies of the city. The students, anxious that the donors should know how their thoughtfulness and generosity were appreciated, passed at their first meeting a resolution expressive of their gratitude. This gratitude we have no doubt will be shared by all future students who prize any semblance of home.

YOU must also see our reading room. It may be known to you as the large class room. The walls and ceiling have undergone the same change as those of the parlor. It is a charming reading room and a delightful place for students' meetings.

THE papers have said so much about the new building, that little need be added. But you must come and see for yourself. The gymnasium will be a great boon when the weather is too inclement for football. The bright, comfortable, well ventilated class-rooms make the work much pleasanter. It almost seems as if ideas that other years seemed dull and commonplace take on a sprightliness quite pleasing.

THEN you must see our library. The new room has added immeasurably to its value. The librarian has done great service in arranging the books. His system of classification makes it easy to lay one's hand on any book required or to find references to any subject. It brings out the great value of the library to an extent that astonishes those who never before had an opportunity of seeing how much it contains on the subjects ordinarily consulted in a theological college. The room opens into the adjoining class-room where ample chairs and tables are available. Few hours in college life can give greater reward than those spent wisely in the library. It is open on Monday and Wednesday afternoons and on Saturday mornings. Besides, it is said the assistant librarian is quite approachable at other times when a book is needed.

ALTOGETHER the property is adequate to meet all the needs of a first-class residential college of theology, and the first-class college recognizes it and is satisfied.

At the first meeting of the General Students' Society, the following resolution was passed :

This General Student body records with profound sorrow the removal by death of one of its most estimable members, Clarence F. Grant, son of Rev. William Grant, of Grand River, C. B. Clarence, although the youngest of our members, possessed good ability, high attainments and gave promise of much future usefulness. His frank and winsome manner won for him a high place in the affections and regard of his fellow students. The General Student body at this its first meeting tenders to the bereaved relatives its deep and heartfelt sympathy and prays that the God of all comfort may console them in their sorrow.

F. H. MACKINTOSH.

G. DICKIE.

W. H. SEDGEWICK.

OUR GRADUATES.

"They grew in beauty side by side,
They filled our halls with glee,
Their fields are severed far and wide
By mount and stream and sea."

DANIEL G. COCK was born in Truro, but has for some years claimed West River, Pictou Co., as his home.

Educated at Truro Academy and Dalhousie University he came to us with the reputation of good scholarship, which he ever maintained throughout his theological course. Dan was a student who could do well, whatever kind of work was needed to be done. On the ice; in the sick room; on the foot ball field; in the parlour, where he made one of his conquests; in the class-room—in the mission field, whether in Nova Scotia or on the bleak coast of Labrador, he did hard, faithful and successful work.

He has gone from us to do pioneer work in the distant mission field of the Yukon, and his letters show that amid trying experiences he has entered upon his work in that section of our great Dominion. His fellow students follow him with their prayers and best wishes.

ROBERT LEWIS COFFIN.—This is a name we scarcely recognize. It is by the pet name of "Bobbie" we remember him best. And we remember him very well. When we played football together he impressed his memory so very forcibly upon us that we cannot soon forget him. It was simply amazing to watch him run, sprint, dribble, feint, dart hither and thither as if on wings, seeming hardly to touch the earth. To be on Bobbie's side was to win the game. He was also a mental athlete. In examinations one always had to reckon with him, for he knew well how to score. He has already laid the corner-stone of his B. D. edifice. And withal he was a man of splendid social qualities. The winsomeness of his manner is a compound that defies analysis, but it was none the less real. He was a general favourite. We have heard it rumoured that Bobbie had a temper. Some of his particular

friends must be responsible for this report, for to the ordinary acquaintance he would never exhibit his curiosities. The word *Coffin* has a rather doleful sound, but those of us who became acquainted with the particular species of coffin called "Bobbie" have most delightful associations with the word. Pine Hill has lost its Coffin but there are two of them in Stewiacke.

WILLIAM DAKIN, known better to the college community as simply "Billy," having passed muster at Truro Academy and Dalhousie College, came in course of time to board at Pine Hill. But—"where is now our merry comrade" we remembered long ago? Far away! in the land of New Brunswick—where he is now engaged in exhorting the good people of Port Elgin.

To say that Dakin's talents were of a versatile order would be to pay a small enough tribute to the ability of our friend. As a footballist and a gymnast, a society man and a "singer" as president of the students' meeting, and not least as authority on a "Library," in all—his fame was not merely local. Nor can we wonder that, with energies so divided, a Hebrew critical should at times suffer in consequence.

We remember too that Dakin had yet another outlet for his energies; in managing the West End City Mission. The present flourishing state of this mission is largely a testimony to faithful work done by Dakin, and his success in the work has been excelled by no one.

A deep spirit of consecration was seen in all his work of this kind, and we gladly witness to it in his college life as well. We feel that wherever he is placed he will serve his people with earnestness and power.

One does not soon forget his first sight of that striking face among a crowd of college fellows singing soulfully "Alouette, gentle Alouette." Who is he? A. H. DENOON, whose very mention warms us with glad human feelings. How much we miss his cheery presence at our little song time beneath the lamplight after tea. Almost are we tempted to forget our dignity and weight of Pentateuchal criticism in our boyish desire to sing, "Will he no' come back again?" It goes without

saying that Denoon was an exceedingly popular fellow among the boys. In work he was marked for great fidelity and thoroughness. Like many others his powers of application varied directly as the length of his college course. In our college societies he bore a prominent part, and was ever ready to share all burdens. In disposition he was characterized by a fineness of fibre which always shrank from giving the rough touch to others' feelings. No one could be more considerate. Nor could we fail to see his strong sense of what was honourable even in little things. Ah, there's the rub for most of us. It is so easy to be honourable in the mighty and imaginable relations which we do not sustain to any one. Well, we have done our part in catching some of the colours of his soul. Who can catch all the colours of any man, not to mention Denoon, whose wealth of heart and mind does not evidence itself in full to a mere acquaintance? You must know the man. We feel sure that Alex. Denoon's far more than ordinarily attractive personality has won for him the profound respect and love of his fellow students, and if our well wishing avails on high we forecast for him a happy and very useful future.

In studying any age the first thing necessary is to fix the chronology—to find dates around which to arrange events. This is the scientific method of procedure. So also is it in studying the life of a man, for every life is largely determined by one or more great events. Approaching in this spirit the college life of ARTHUR FRANKLIN FISHER, two outstanding events demand recognition. The first is his mark in junior Hebrew; the second is his marriage. Which was the more important it is not for us to say. Perhaps even Fisher himself would have difficulty in saying which gave him more pleasure. All we can say is that these were his hobbies, his wife and his Hebrew. It is not easy to give a just estimate of Fisher's worth. That he was possessed of worth is beyond question. "Citizen of no mean city," Stewiacke, he stoutly upheld the traditions of that historic valley. Whatever he attempted he did with his might and did well. His work in Hebrew is sufficient to indicate his place as a student. In a football match to have Fisher in goal was a sure guarantee that the score would be small, for he had

a way of gathering in everything which came his way. He had a habit of delaying his return to college far beyond the day of opening, which was far from commendable, and which cost him dear; but when he did come, he improved his time wonderfully. He had another habit of coming late to the breakfast table, also far from commendable; but here again, when he did come, he improved his time in a manner wonderful to behold, and we have it from the Dr. that this also cost him dear. Fisher was not faultless—few are; but he had many of the qualities making for success. Good reports reach us of his work in Quoddy and Moser's River. Already he is one of "the lights along the shore," and the church may confidently look to him for good service wherever the future may find him.

WILLIAM FORBES—good-hearted, unassuming "Billy"—was one of the musicians of his class. He came to us as a representative of Pictou County, the home of so much of the brain and sinew of our church. He did not leave us without showing that he possessed in no small measure the heritage of the Pictou boy. Dalhousie conferred upon him his Arts degree, and his intellectual attainments were nicely tempered with an experience of missionary life in rocky Labrador. As a student, "Billy" was not especially brilliant, but always stood well in his class. He lightened the hours of study with song, and his mellifluous voice charmed many an ear, as it gave expression to the music of his soul. Whether the depths of his nature were ever stirred by the perplexities of life we know not; the surface presented to us a calm and undisturbed repose. No outstanding peculiarity marked him off from others. Straightforward, manly, good-hearted, we have nothing but a good word in his behalf. He has come, he has gone, and his stay with us has not only been a training-ground for his life's work, which begins at Noel, but also a well-marked footprint in which others may tread with safety.

What about A. MASSIE HILL? It all depends on where you take him. Versatile of form and face, of thought and fancy, he defies delineation. Somewhere between the two extremes of the character we saw on the stage or acting charades and the digni-

fied preacher of glowing eloquence in class room or city pulpit, there appeared a series of hypostases of the spirit of A. Massie Hill impossible of classification. Gayest of the gay, gravest of the grave, most imaginative of the sentimental, most sane of the practical, modern in his views, classical in his predilections, radical and a pillar of orthodoxy! In Dalhousie he enjoyed a varying popularity with the liberal wing of his class, paid faithfully his debts to society, and was a tower of strength to his native Park Street Church. Residing at home, his form was not so familiar about the halls as many others, but being hospitable and of a hospitable family, we had the advantage of knowing him in his home. His anecdotes and personal reminiscences were often humorous, especially under the influence of his melodious voice. His class orations were always anticipated with relish. He developed a habit of climbing up to the top-lines of pass-lists for which he had some fondness. He is now laboring at Digby, where the tourist travel is expected greatly to increase.

A. L. MACKAY came from Earltown, a sin (if sin it be) not uncommon in his profession. We should have asked him for a sketch of his character. He is one of the few who could give a better estimate of themselves than anyone else. Perhaps, to make our sketch as racy as modern taste demands, it would be better to note what MacKay might have done rather than what he did. For A. L. was never extravagant. He played "a good game," but never saw any need of going wild about it. He obtained a good class standing without burning the midnight oil, and that satisfied him. But he knew how this climbing to the top line was done, and how that ball was placed behind the goal line quite as well as the fellows that did it. He sometimes told his best friends how. Perhaps his forte was in the students' meetings, not that he tried to star as an orator, but he acted as umpire on all points of order. He gained the position by service at a meeting of the Missionary Association. Some wily member tried to slip through an important measure in innocent guise, but A. L. calmly arose and deliberately unravelled the superficial intricacies obscuring the main issue, and exposed "the fundamental pre-supposition underlying the basis of the motion."

And that was but the first of many Gordian knots he untied. MacKay took a short rest at home after graduation, and we expect soon to hear of good work by him. We saw him of old pose for a moment before rushing the ball, and knew what to expect. There is no man surer before the goal.

LAUHLAN A. MACLEAN. B. A., was comparatively unknown, but, far and near, the name of "Locky" was synonymous with fast football and good singing. On the campus he was a foeman worthy the steel of the best; and his strong tenor voice added materially to the success of many a concert. MacLean's second year was taken in the far west. It is right that the most cordial relations should exist between the oldest college of our church and the one of latest birth. From time to time we have given of our professors to our western sister. It is but fitting we should send of our students also. And who more suitable than Locky? He never tired of telling of his sojourn in the West, where he so well sustained the good name of the East. Locky was among the "things hard to be understood," and suffered, perhaps, more than any other of his class from unfair judgments; but the fault was not all his own. He was one of those who feel strongly the joys of living. Pleasure was to him more than a name. He has left our college halls bearing with him our best wishes. May he find life's pathway pleasant and its load lightened by joy—the joy of successful service. At present he holds the fort in the historic town of Louisbourg.

DONALD McODRUM was a mighty man in several ways. His massiveness physically, mentally and spiritually, always so impressed us that we ever maintained an upward-looking in his presence. How splendidly adapted in every way to be to any one a covert from the tempest! A good man to turn to in time of trouble. If he lived in the tribal days of old no doubt in good time he would have become a chief or patriarch. In these last days, however, we can only predict for him a very useful and prominent share in the work of our Presbyterian church. As a student he was a man of excellent parts. He could "grind" when he tried, tho' as a rule the monotony of it op-

pressed him much. No wonder he found it tedious. Who could "grind" contentedly with downward face within a mile of Eden? Not mortal man. Consequently our friend often threw aside his Hebrew roots and started for his Paradise. Who shall blame him? Are we not all mortals with many weaknesses and one in particular? His strong point, however, was common sense — a sound judgment that illuminated every doubtful trail so that it became a pathway plain as day. His calm judicial way of meeting life's many problems must ensure success. As one of the editors of *The Theologian* he rendered splendid service. In writing editorials it was something wonderful to see how he could manipulate an interrogation point so as to express anything imaginable. Now that we have come to a close, we shall put on again the shoes we cast off at the beginning with an expression of very profound respect and esteem. Donald McOdum has left with us a very distinct impression in his favor which will take the tides of many, many years to wear away.

ARTHUR ROSS passed through the corridors and lecture-rooms of "Old Dalhousie," and only the faintest echo from her walls tells of his sojourn there. This was due to his quiet, modest, and unobtrusive manner as much as to the place he chose for himself on the pass-lists. He avoided the last place as carefully as the first, and stuck to this principle when he came to Pine Hill. Arthur was a "lad o' pairts" but the subjects of study in the curriculum were not to his taste. Greek roots, historical facts, philosophic theories and massoretic points were among the "dry" things to which Arthur was "going" to devote some attention "by and bye." But the study he dearly loved was *Human Nature*. And he was an authority upon this subject. He saw beneath the garments that make us all look so much alike, and discovered that while all men are human, some men are more so than others, and that many of these others are queer men. Arthur had an eye for the ridiculous. The "queer fellow" was his particular delight. And as he went into the details of description it was amusing to notice the dexterity of his forefinger, its sudden and capricious darts, its peculiar curves and sharp twitching motions which emphasized this or that peculiarity in the subject of his sketch. Arthur is a poet, and we have heard it said that one of his parodies upset the gravity even of our venerable principal. At present he is prophet to the good people of Andover, N. B.

COLLEGE NOTES.

Convocation, as the initial event of the year, came at the customary time and place.

The evening of Nov. 1st was an inclement one, a fact which limited the attendance at St. Matthew's. Those who braved the storm, however, were amply repaid by the inaugural lecture by Dr. Currie on "The Theological Pendulum." We cannot give to the address extended notice in this connection, but the "Witness" has already obtained for it a wide circulation among our readers.

Principal Pollok in a brief address expressed the gratitude felt toward the Church for equipping the splendid new library building now ready for occupation.

A collection in aid of the building, an anthem by the Choir of St. Matthew's, and the Benediction, pronounced by Rev. Dr. Gordon, brought the exercises to a close.

The Missionary Association is in a flourishing condition. The officers for the present year are as follows:—

President,—A. M. McLeod, B. A.

Vice-President,—G. E. Forbes, B. A.

Secretary,—Benj. Glover, B. A.

Assistant-Secretary,—J. A. Ramsay, B. A.

Additional members of the executive,—H. M. Clarke, B. A., and J. H. A. Anderson, B. A.

The Association has undertaken work for the winter in the following fields:—North Dartmouth and Montague, Bedford and Sackville, Mount Uniacke, North Salem, and Hantsport.

On the keystone of the arch over the door of the new building are engraved the initial and final letters of the Greek alphabet, "Α Ω." Thereby hangs a tale. A gallant officer who was admiring the structure noticed these characters and attempted to decipher them. "A horse-shoe," said he. "Well, well, those Presbyterians are superstitious! aren't they?" Moral: Avoid dead languages; use the vernacular.

Word comes to us that Rev. A. W. MacKay who when last we heard from him was undergoing medical treatment, is at work again. He is much improved in health, but still far from well. The Theologue extends sympathy, wishes him a return of strength, and hopes that he may be richly blessed in his Master's service.

We wish to call the attention of our readers to the advertisements in THE THEOLOGUE. Give the advertisers a call. They will be glad to see you, and willing to wait upon you.

We clip the following from a recent number of "The Westminster:"

"Much to the regret of his fellow-workers, the Rev. E. W. Johnson, the pioneer missionary in the Swan River Country, is obliged to withdraw from work in the west for some months. Mr. Johnson is recovering from an attack of typhoid fever, which laid him aside early in September and which has made it impossible to face again such work as he has to do without a winter's rest."

Mr. Johnson's many friends in the east will be sorry to hear of his forced idleness, and join with us in wishing him speedy and complete recovery.

We regret the absence from our halls this session of one of our most promising students, W. E. Outhit, B. A. He went home last spring in poor health, which prevented him from taking charge of a mission field during the summer. Though somewhat improved, his health still calls for complete rest, and so this year he is not with us. We miss him much. His genial nature, originality and humor always gave him a unique place among the boys, and the "Theologue" was last year strengthened by his presence on the editorial staff. We remember with pleasure the kind and cheering letter he sent us at the opening of the term. It evidenced strong faith and patience in the midst of suffering. To be prevented from coming back with us is no light trial, and here calm resignation is an enviable virtue. We extend to him our sympathy, and trust that soon his health may be sufficiently restored to enable him to resume the task he has so well begun.

The meetings of the Theological Society have been marked this session by their characteristic interest. Principal Pollok is Honorary President. At the first meeting he read a paper on "Some Problems of Existence" by Goldwin Smith. His summary was full and explicit, and his criticism marked by clear thinking. Prof. Falconer's address was a feature of the evening. At the second meeting Rev. J. W. Falconer, B. D., read a paper on "Jesus and His Church." He touched with an even and masterly hand the extreme views held on beginnings of the Church. The Principal closed the discussion by an address disparaging tendencies to belittle the divine authority of the ministry.

The Missionary Association held its opening meeting last week. An address was given by Rev. A. Gandier, B. D., on "Lessons from the life of Dr. Geddie." The address was full of inspiration. It left the conviction that Dr. Geddie and his great work ought to be well known by every family in our Church. The Association met the following afternoon to hear a letter from our representative in Korea. Anything from "Duncan" is received with relish, and we hope to give our readers a glimpse of it in our next issue.

During the months which have passed since "The Theologue" last appeared before its constituency efforts have been put forth to improve our financial standing. The late Financial Editor has sent out notices to all subscribers who were in arrears. These have met with very encouraging responses. Somewhere in the neighbourhood of one-third of the total amount due has been received. As a result we have been able to accept an offer by which our printing costs us much less than in previous years. To those who so promptly responded to our call we extend sincere thanks. We would again remind those who have not discharged their indebtedness of our claims upon them, and solicit from all subscribers prompt payment for the present year. Our expenses can only be met by the hearty support of all our friends. The Financial Editor for this year is Mr. J. H. A. Anderson.

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