

Pages Missing

THE THEOLOGUE.

VOL. 2.—APRIL, 1891.—No. 4.

Presbyterian College, Halifax.

A STUDY IN EMERSON.

IN this study I wish to refer to what seems to me to be the two great truths which the teaching of Emerson has impressed on this age. There is not much space for a biographical sketch, though his life is very interesting, especially that part which shows the course of his views on religion, from the time when he cut away from his early moorings in Unitarianism, till he drifted somewhere into the Absolute. Mr. Holt Hutton, on the other hand, affords us in his essays an instructive contrast, by the history of his change from Unitarianism to a grander spirituality than Emerson's.

We are curious to know the stages of such an uncommon psychological or spiritual development as Emerson's. May it not have been that, as in the case of Matthew Arnold, the germs of his later religious life are to be found in the atmosphere in which he was brought up? Is not the same idealism, which afterwards delighted him, clearly discernible in the youth delighted with Montaigne and Swedenburg, and in the young minister who objects to the symbolism of the sacraments, public prayer, and miracle?

In reading Emerson the question which we have so often asked ourselves again thrusts itself upon us:—How comes it that so many of our greatest thinkers and writers reject Christianity? How is it that a man of Emerson's genius and purity of character misunderstands and will not accept, what is to the average mind the all-sufficient and only solution of the problems of life? The opinion of these leaders of thought is surely of the greatest

weight, and were it not that other equally great thinkers are sincere Christians, it would be presumptuous in us to say that they are mistaken.

But we may perhaps see in Emerson the causes of the phenomenon. With some this revolt is due to literary arrogance—though this cannot be said of Emerson. The mere thinker and *litterateur* is too often an intellectual giant, who separates himself from the ordinary run of men; whereas Christianity insists on the equality of men as regards their helplessness before evil—the genius and the obtuse man are on the same footing.

Again, in many cases the true nature of Christianity is misunderstood, and instead of going to the fountain head and examining for themselves, the disciples of culture judge from the sorry specimens that abound everywhere.

The great reason however is because literary men are too apt to judge life from a merely æsthetic standpoint, and to neglect, often it would seem deliberately, to shut their eyes to the problems of moral evil. Many of our moral physicians make the irremediable error of a wrong diagnosis of the case: and thus misunderstanding the case it is not remarkable that the cure which was to the Jew a stumbling-block and to the Greek foolishness, should also be so now, when the condition of merely cultured men is the same as ever.

As Emerson's views on God dissolved more and more into a kind of pantheism, religion, as we understand it, was obliged to go also. "Virtue," he says, "is obedience to the dictate of the general mind, and religion is the accompanying emotion, the thrill at the presence of the universal soul,"—a definition almost identical with Matthew Arnold's "morality tinged with emotion." Hence the religious man is the loser in actual happiness, and his law of compensation works in well to suit his definition; "the reward of a thing well done is to have it done. The thief steals from himself, the swindler swindles himself; you must pay at last your own debt." This is an unworkable theory in the world as it is, where there are so few as spiritually endowed as Emerson, in a world where religion must supply some powerful motive for right action.

It is not to his religious opinions, I conceive, that the lasting worth of Emerson and the impression he made upon his time are

due, nor is his spirit of optimism of such supreme value as is sometimes supposed, when we consider that it arose partly from his leaving out of account some of the most depressing problems of humanity. His great contributions seem to me to lie exactly in the line of his greatest defects: and in Emerson again we find that virtue resides in the mean. One of the sayings which he repeats with insistence is, "character is everything: trust thyself." This may be well enough for those who have been endowed with a highly moral nature, whose passions are weak, and whose conduct easily follows in the wake of noble sentiments. But for the ordinary man who is harassed by doubts, in whom there are surgings of evil passions and daily conflicts with temptation, the difficulty is just here, to follow one's best instincts. Some indeed have fallen so low that the amount of character that distinguishes them from the beast is at the vanishing point. As another says, "Emerson's own character administered an antidote to the poison of his teaching. His own standard of duty was so high that he could with safety follow his instincts."

This doctrine of what is really fatalism would undoubtedly be often very soothing to us if we were sure that it held in practice, and after struggling, striving and battling against the temptations of life with comparatively little success, it would be precisely falling in with our natural instincts and desires to adopt this theory. And yet what would be the result? The theory would work far better among masses of people than in the individual. Legislative bodies might much more reasonably be allowed to trust themselves than single persons: for the peculiar desires and idiosyncrasies which often have their roots in selfishness are likely to sway the individual, whereas more general instincts, and maxims fit for law universal, may be reasonably expected to prevail in a body of men.

Though Emerson's theory of the individual, then, is carried to extremes; his teaching had this important effect, that it called attention to the dignity of the individual man. Every being has a soul to save, and though differences between man and man bulk largely in our eyes, yet men are all much alike, are all included in the category *human*. He says: "I do not believe that differences of opinion and character in men are organic. Every man has a call to do something unique." The world often

forgets this, and we set down the average man as very commonplace, complaining how seldom nobility of character is to be found. In an intercourse with our fellows there is a tendency to minimise the good in them. The fact may be explained thus. When we come into close relations we are often not impartial judges, and our own nature leads us to overlook the excellencies and greatness of our companions. Not until we get away from the individual and look upon men in the mass, and the results of their combined work—results issuing from these same insignificant mortals, can we really appreciate the worth, dignity, and capability of man.

This then is Emerson's first great lesson to us. The individual soul is of supreme worth, and each has a call to do something unique. Men are no longer to be treated in the mass. Individual rights are making themselves felt. This position of importance that Emerson gives to the individual was very natural on the part of a great writer in a new and democratic country.

The second truth in Emerson is also found in a train of thought which he has worked out to an extreme. I mean his Transcendentalism. Emerson believed in the spiritualism of man, and he carried this so far as to identify the soul of man with the Deity. This naturally led to what I have just been dealing with—the honorable place which he gives to the individual.

It is not my purpose to criticise his pantheistic theory, but only to refer to it as being a part of his system which contains truth of permanent value.

Again and again does he call us to high ideals of life, morals, and politics (here the inconsistency of the philosopher and ethical teacher comes out), and urge upon us the spirituality of man, with a conviction that burns itself into the reader, and which is of extreme importance to the present generation. Emerson, who, as some one says, is always a preacher, has most affinity with the modern pulpit just here. The forces of materialism, working in a hundred different ways, are the greatest obstacles that the preacher has to overcome. The ordinary man is carried away by the bustle and din, the flash and the flare of the world, and he forgets that he is spirit and that his soul may become the home of the Spirit of God. Though he is not much

perturbed by the phantom of intellectual materialism, he finds that all his energy is needed to combat the more real, but more subtle materialism of wealth and ease. Especially is this the case in a new country. Emerson's protest, therefore, was of extreme value; and although his transcendentalism became extravagant, his audieres could not go away from his lectures without learning once more what they had forgotten, that they had a spiritual nature beyond and above the material, which indeed give the material its worth.

This transcendentalism also gave higher ideals of life, and the importance of a teacher of such widespread popularity as Emerson, when a nation was at the making, can hardly be over-estimated. He was a moral leader, not a pessimistic prophet, who set before men something noble to strive for, at the same time inspiring them with the hope of his own buoyant nature that attainment was possible. Though he certainly did not succeed in converting the nation to his ideals, yet his protest against utilitarianism and materialistic philosophy must have had its effect. Indeed, I cannot help thinking that his great popularity was due, not to his brilliant sentences and literary charm, but to the deep truths that underlie all his extravagances, and to the high moral tone that refreshes one, even though one rises from the reading of an essay with a very hazy idea of what the exact meaning is.

His optimism and serenity is of secondary importance to his doctrines of the worth of the individual, and of the necessity of having high moral ideals.

Though Emerson's teaching is of supreme value, we see once again that there is no new thing under the sun, and that he is but repeating for an age that had forgotten them, truths that had been flung out into the world often before. But does not genius consist in discovering what truths an age needs, and in enforcing them in such a way as to call the attention of those who are lost in the "driving, hurrying, marrying, burying, clamour, and ringing, rumble and clatter" of this world?

Emerson has been called a seer, and rightly so, I think. He saw far down into the abysmal depths of personality, and had many a true and valuable remedy for what he saw there of the need of man. Prophet is a name we can hardly apply to one

who mixed up so much of the absurd in his vaticinations. Let us, however, give him his meed of praise without grudging, for he was one of the great and noble of our race, who have attempted to lift humanity to a higher plane than where they found it. And he succeeded in his effort.

ROBT. A. FALCONER.

Edinburgh.

BE NATURAL IN THE PULPIT.

PROTESTANTS have ever been peculiar in exalting the sermon. They recognize the pastor as above all else a herald, proclaimer, speaker, whose specialty is vocal address. In strange contrast with this belief is the fact that the one branch of training most generally slighted in preparation for the pulpit 's the art of speaking. Teachers and pastors thus guilty, shield their negligence under the specious plea that they need only be natural. This dictum is injurious because of its resemblance to truth, whereby it deceives many, and hinders those whose judgments would urge to better attainments. The sophistry lies coiled in the definition of "natural."

Is there such a thing as a natural delivery? We know that some things are invariable when left to nature. Certain substances crystallize with perpetual uniformity of color, angle, and density. Every plant, vine, and tree bears "seed after his kind." Even the brutes show characteristic habits indicative of their species. Is there in man's habits of speech a definite character that can be invariably recognized as natural, so that any departure therefrom can be rightly stigmatised as unnatural and abnormal? Is it not true that habits of speech differ in endless variety? What is natural in the Caucasian is not in the Ethiopian. Between those of like race there exist as marked difference, due to climate and other environments, so that the Scotchman and the Spaniard are as unlike in speech—apart from mere language—as they are unlike in looks and disposition.

Persons of the same circumstances, indeed of a single family, differ widely in their methods of delivery. The gay-hearted youth does not find it natural to speak with the same force,

pitch, and tone, natural to his grandfather. The mother employs tones, gestures and expression totally unlike those which are equally natural to her husband.

Consider this question with reference to the simple act of breathing, which surely ought to be spontaneous and natural, since it is performed by the involuntary muscles. When God created man, He "breathed into his *nostrils* the breath of life," which was an object lesson of the only correct and natural method. Yet it may safely be said that the habit of inhaling by the mouth is universal, not one person in ten millions, perhaps, being entirely free from it. No habit is more suicidal to the voice. God has provided us with the only perfect musical instrument known to this earth. Of necessity it must be very sensitive, and deserving of careful preservation. He gave us a nasal chamber admirably adapted to the purpose, containing a large sponge to filter the atmosphere of dust, microbes, and fumes, while it warms the colder air to the temperature of the larynx. Whenever air is inhaled through the mouth all these hurtful conditions are forced upon the unprotected larynx, which resents this treatment by a cough, hoarseness, pain, and finally, total silence. Can we call this correct because it is "natural" — that is, habitual?

Articulation is another element of speech almost totally neglected, even in schools that insist upon correct pronunciation. As a result the educated preacher forms his words back in the throat, and obscures what intelligible sounds might be heard by doubling his tongue into the channel intended to give free exit to speech. Not content with this mumbling he drops his soft palate, which adds a nasal character to the voice, or he squeezes the cords of his throat until a rough, grating harshness results that is as disagreeable as it is hurtful. Even this "execution" does not satisfy this "natural" speaker. He must use his lips and tongue in such a manner as to torture vowels and consonants beyond recognition, and blend syllables until new words are formed, and meaningless distortions of language issue from his mouth; consequently, his hearers, who are not dull of ear, find it "difficult to hear" him, which he ignorantly endeavors to amend by straining his voice, or screaming. It is a strange fact we are totally ignorant of our own voices. We know how we

intend them to sound, and innocently suppose them to be so. Listening to one's voice, as mathematically reproduced by a phonograph, will dispel this delusion. Let me give an exact reproduction of the reading of a highly educated pastor: "An he said, a certain man had two-zans, an th' yungar uv thum sel toowiz father: 'Father, give me th' portion uv goods that falluth 3' me:' an ne divided un t' thum miz sliving. An not many da zafter, th' youngar gathar dall together ran took kis journey yintol way fah countray, an there wastid diz substance swith ryutus slivin. An when ne had spen tall there rarose za mightay famine nin that lan, dan ne bigan t' be yin want," etc.

Another element of discourse usually left to blind chance, as emphasis, render the delusion that of all, this is the most instinctive. In ordinary conversation emphasis takes care of itself, because the ideas are simple, the reasoning superficial and the impression vivid upon the mind, so that there is little difficulty in pitching upon the emphatic words. Let the conversations turn to something abstruse, requiring close reasoning and accurate expression: what a change! Misunderstandings arise, explanations must be given, and ambiguities seem inevitable, all of which are due to false emphasis. Emphasis is the chief interpreter of meaning. It holds the master-key to speech with which it can lock the doors of understanding, so that tone, gesture, manner and earnestness cannot form an entrance. It is subject to laws, and can readily be mastered, so as to be a ready and tireless servant, performing with judgment what before was impossible to a zeal without knowledge. Many elocutionists are ignorant of these laws, and suffer a corresponding loss in delivery.

The voice itself, with all its gifts, is also entrusted unreservedly to this pernicious tutor. Instead of the voice suiting the sense, it is uniformly the same, and characterises the speaker. The people are conscious of an incongruity without knowing its cause. Blame is laid by pastor and people where it does not belong, and discouragements result. Succeeding pastors manifest the same, until it is supposed to be natural, unavoidable, and essential to the pulpit. These fetters of delivery by long wearing come to be f'ends to their victims. When some Moody, or other preacher with a truly natural delivery, is first heard, there seems such a difference as to suggest irreverence. It is not church-like, or

worshipful, to understand every word, feel the force of every sentence, and become absorbed in the argument. We expect lawyers, political speakers, lecturers, elocutionists and other secular orators to interest, instruct, and move: but not preachers, at least in the pulpit. So long as this condition obtains, there can be no repetition of Pentecost: because then, although the Holy Spirit gave them utterance, yet it was an utterance that was understood by all. Jesus spake as no man of his day spake, at least among the scribes, or customary, formal, and mumbling imitators.

No one can truthfully charge our representative preachers with lack of piety, sincerity, earnestness, or education. Their sermons, in thought, structure, and adaptation, are beyond criticism. Yet their results, at best, are inadequate to the means employed. Where can be the stone? Is it not fair to say that the single art, which should be their special study, and yet is most neglected, may be the one thing needful to success? Would it not strengthen this conviction to discover a wide-spread antipathy to that training which is most likely to enable our preachers to more successfully break down the strongholds of Satan? The heart is so deceitful, the devil so persistent, and the carnal heart at such sensitive enmity against God and godliness, that we have to watch and pray against all temptations, lest, while preaching to others, we ourselves are ruled out as unworthy. Let us, then, "be natural," in the only true sense, that of cultivating our judgment and our faculties, until the old man of degenerated habits is put off, and the new man, as God created him to be, is brought to light. Let us learn the use of our marvelous powers of speech, that have more influence over men than all other forces combined, and thus, *by studying*, show ourselves approved unto God,—workmen that need never be ashamed, rightly, correctly, adequately, dividing and delivering to all the bread of life.

Wolfville.

WM. H. YOUNG.

NEWMAN'S NEWMAN.

AS soon as a great man passes from the scene of his earthly activity, a host of critics give to the public an estimate of his life and work. This has been so in the case of Cardinal Newman. For nearly six months press memoirs, magazine articles, and at least three biographies have attempted the task of telling the world what manner of man he was. Each had its own particular picture, presented from its own peculiar standpoint. In reality, each held up a Newman of its own, the study being colored by prejudice or passion. Now we have Newman's picture of himself. In *Letters and Correspondence of John Henry Newman* (New York, Longmans, Green & Co.), two volumes are devoted to an account of what he did and how he thought during the years he spent in the Church of England, as those years are mirrored in the correspondence which passed between him and his friends.

The purpose this publication was intended to serve is to supplement the *Apologia*. Newman had the idea that readers who depended on the "ephemeral literature" and controversial treatises of forty years ago for an adequate history of the part he played in the Oxford movement might be led astray. So he deemed it his duty to complete the story of his Protestant life by filling in with his own hand the blanks the *Apologia* had left.

It is a misfortune when the unity of a career is broken by a chasm which refuses to be bridged. The best kind of life is that which carries the ideals of youth into the matured fulness of old age. That kind of life was denied to John Henry Newman. The secession of 1845 divided his life into two sharp and widely separate periods—that spent in the service of Protestantism, and that devoted to the Church of Rome. The published correspondence deals only with the first period.

The medium of self-revelation chosen by Newman is certainly frank enough so far as it goes. Letters written to familiar friends are free from the self-consciousness which can hardly be avoided in an autobiography. One does not care to pose before intimate companions or to wear the mask assumed in more public performances. Thus it comes about that careful students of any bio-

graphy are guided in their estimates of character more by the letters in the biography than by the explanatory narrative which binds the letters together.

The letters add but few facts of paramount interest to those already known about Newman. One service of marked value they render to a biographical estimate—they put beyond doubt what were the turning points in his life. The winning of an Oriel Fellowship, and a fever in Sicily, which threatened fatal consequences, were regarded by him as the most influential incidents in moulding his character and determining the lines of his activity. The Oriel Fellowship lifted him out of obscurity into an honorable position, and brought him into contact with the leading thinkers of his generation. But for it he might have spent his days in humble clerical work, cultivating parochial cares instead of pulpit gifts which were destined to place him in the front rank of 19th century preachers. The fever seized him while travelling in Sicily. It brought him to the gates of death. His recovery was regarded by him as a direct interposition of Providence, which marked him out for some special mission. The superstitious element in his spiritual constitution was strengthened, and reliance on reason weakened. The fever came, he thought, as a punishment for self-willedness. Henceforth he strove to give up his own will to follow what seemed to be the will of God. Thus he schooled himself into the frame of mind which prepared him for the sacrifice of all to the authority of the church of Rome, which slowly but surely loomed up before his mental vision as the incarnation of the will of God.

Those who revere Newman for the high-toned nobility of his devotion, however mistaken, to duty, and for the inspiring message which sounds out from his sermons in Oxford, will turn with relief from the sickening study of the sophisms which blinded his intellect to the revelation of the lofty character which shines on almost every page of the letters. Newman was religious in a degree attained by few of the great preachers of our century. He lived in and for things unseen. This world had little attraction for him, perhaps too little. He was something of a recluse even in his Protestant years, dwelling apart in contemplation of the great realities of eternity. With him, more than with any of his contemporaries, religious opinions

were all in all. So when he wrote his *Apologia* ("a history of my religious opinions") he virtually wrote a history of his life.

The letters show how constant his religious moods were. Prayer, reading the word, and meditation on the highest themes were exercises in which he must have been habitually engaged. It is not so much the direct references he makes to these exercises as the atmosphere breathed by his words that forces home this conclusion on the reader. His strength to dare and to do what most men would shrink from, grew out of his hold on the spiritual world. For him the vision of God and the reward of righteousness were the supreme objects of endeavour. Misconceptions, merciless denunciations, and loss of reputation were gladly encountered by him, because he believed they were the light afflictions which worked out for him a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.

We deplore his secession from the Church he served so well, and from Protestantism of which he might have become a powerful champion: but we cannot withhold from him the sincere admiration due to a hero who endured the cross for the sake of what he believed to be the cause of truth.

THE LATE REV. GEORGE M. JOHNSON.

JUST three months ago our fellow-student and brother, the Rev. James F. Smith, passed away: and now we are called upon to record the death of another fellow-soldier, fallen just as he had buckled on his armor. The Rev. George Millar Johnson passed away on March 29th, about five months after giving up active work. He wrote me, when he left his congregation, simply saying that he was going home to rest. I little thought that he would, in a truer and more perfect sense, *go home* to rest from all his weariness. It is not only as Christ said to the disciples, Come aside and rest awhile, but rest forever.

Our first thought in such cases is usually regret. Who will carry on the work? Who will step in and fill the ranks? But we need never fear. On the tombstone of all such as he, might be inscribed, "God buries the workers, but carries on the work."

God buried Moses, but had Joshua prepared to take his place. May there be many Joshuas to carry on the work left by these fallen soldiers! Our departed brother was in the prime of life, just at an age to work with vigor and success. My acquaintance with him dates from the term of '85-'86. We entered Pine Hill College together, and, during three years of our course there, we roomed and studied together; and as I look over those three years of intimate acquaintance, I can only thank God for the privilege of knowing one of such sterling worth. During those years, I do not remember an instance of his failing in duty and devotion, not only to his work but to his vows as a Christian. It took him long to decide whether he would enter the ministry, fearing his unworthiness and inability to do the work: but when he did decide, he gave his whole soul to it, and with all his might tried to do his duty. He seemed to look at everything in the light of eternity. He held time as a sacred treasure, and when hours, or even moments, were idly or uselessly spent, he would reproach himself with the waste.

He was of a retiring disposition, and never obtruded his opinions upon any one: yet, when an important question came up, he always had good and well-matured opinions upon it. When he spoke, his words were weighty, giving the impression of thorough consideration. When error showed its head, he spoke in unmistakable terms.

His education was of the most thorough character. It seemed impossible for him to skim over anything. He struck for the bottom. Often he would spend hours over a point which many would pass by as unimportant. Nothing in the line of his work was to him unimportant. His name became, among his fellow-students, a synonym for thoroughness and exactness. This trait of character led him to revel in such poetry as that of Browning, and in such studies as mathematics and classics. He delighted in Hebrew, striving to understand every vowel-point, and became an authority in Hebrew among the students. Lectures on Biblical Criticism and Hermenutics, which to some were more or less uninteresting, were a delight to him. He admired such students as Tischendorf, who patiently spent years in working out problems that most men find no pleasure in. He often used to speak of such men, and, growing enthusiastic over their achievements

would say that he could devote his life to such work if his health and circumstances would permit.

After a common school education, he took a thorough course in Pietou Academy, then passed to Dalhousie College, where he held both a Junior and Senior Munro Bursary, then to Pine Hill, where in the spring of '90 he completed his theological course. He also spent some terms in teaching.

After his licensure and ordination, he labored for about six months in Little Harbor and Fisher's Grant, where he won the love and respect of all.

His constitution was weak, but he struggled bravely against disease, which he feared. Time after time have I awaked in the morning at sunrise to see him just ready to go out for a walk in the Park, or, if the day was not fit, to find him performing gymnastic exercises with all the power of his body, as though he would drive away the last suspicion of disease. It was an inspiration to see him thus struggling. He gained the victory for a time, but has fallen at last. Is his life a failure? Has he done no work of an enduring character? By no means a failure. His life is an inspiration to all who knew him. Such a true and devoted life is a power amid so much loose living. His life was a constant shining for Christ.

His views on religious matters were always clear and mature. His knowledge of the Bible was very extensive and thorough for one of his age. The foundation of this knowledge was laid in the home of his youth. The instructions of a conscientious and devoted mother, seconded by the teaching of a God-fearing father, were not without fruit. We admire our departed brother and praise him: but as I look at his picture hanging upon the wall of my study, I can imagine him saying to me, "Do not praise me: for as I look now upon Christ, and then look back over my life and consider how little I deserve what Christ has given me, I could shed tears if there were place here for tears." We may drop a tear as we place this wreath over his grave: but they are as much tears of joy as of sorrow. God help us to be faithful as he was, that when we lay down our armour we may also hear the welcome: "Well done, good and faithful servant; thou hast been faithful over a few things; I will make thee ruler over many things. Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

D. MCD. CLARKE.

ALEXANDER M. MACKAY, OF UGANDA.

IT is only in our own day that the Church has resurrected its missionary spirit. In the early days of Christianity, the Apostles and their immediate successors went forth over all the then known world, preaching the everlasting gospel of Jesus Christ. Their self-sacrificing labors finally resulted in the triumph of Christianity over the Paganism of Greece and Rome, and the heathenism of the other European nations. Christianity became an official religion, and from that time its missionary spirit swiftly decayed. The winning power of the Gospel of Peter was no longer relied on, but by force of arms, at the point of spear and sword were converts made. Unbelievers were exterminated ruthlessly, and those who dared differ from the ruling power suffered accordingly. The Crusades, although a great religious movement, were not designed to convert the Moslem, but to reconquer the sacred soil of Palestine. The history of the expedition sent by European powers into the New World is not one of attempts to christianize the natives: it is but one long and bloody catalogue of wrongs and cruelties inflicted upon the native populations. Africa, whose people were supposed to inherit the curse denounced by Noah upon his unfilial son, was only a nursery for an inferior race born to be the abject slaves of their white brethren. Not until comparatively recent times do we find any recognition of the duty resting on Christian nations to fulfil the Divine command, and spread the Gospel light through the dark parts of the earth, and to call the savage people of heathendom to a better and happier condition. Even yet, the Christian believer has not really awakened to a proper sense of his responsibility, and if anything will arouse him from his apathy, especially in regard to Africa, such a life as the one we have now to review must be one of the moving factors.

In an obscure parish of Aberdeenshire, in the little village of Rhynie, on the 13th October, 1849, Alexander M. Mackay first saw the light. Up to the age of fourteen Mackay was educated entirely by his father, who was the Free Church minister of the parish, and, in addition to the elements of an ordinary education,

he acquired a miscellaneous mass of information on matters of agriculture, of various kinds of labor, such as carpentry, saddle work, smith work, etc., and it is said would travel miles to see any kind of machinery in motion. In 1864 he was sent to the Grammar School at Aberdeen, where he spent his spare hours in watching, with great eagerness, the different departments of ship building. In 1865 his mother died, and, although he hurried home as fast as horse could go, he arrived too late to see her in life. His grief was great, and her dying message, as her well-thumbed Bible was put within his hand, "Tell Alex to search the scriptures," proved the turning point of his life. He faithfully obeyed her last request.

In 1867, he entered the Free Church Training College for teachers in Edinburgh. He distinguished himself as a student, and in after years declared that he owed much of his success in the mission field to his training as a practical teacher. He afterwards studied engineering in a work at Leith. He spent his Sundays in various kinds of mission work, and taught a class in Dr. Guthrie's Original Ragged School. The teacher of the neighboring class was Dr. John Smith, who was afterward his fellow-pioneer and who also received his Master's call while toiling in the fore front of the battle. Both now sleep their last long sleep by the murmuring waters of the great Nyanza. In November, 1873, Mackay left Edinburgh and went to Germany. In Berlin he obtained a good position as draughtsman in an engineering establishment. He made many friends in Berlin, and all who met him were deeply impressed with his knowledge of the Word of God, and his evident consecration of himself to work in his Master's vineyard.

In August, 1876, influenced by a report of Dr. Thompson's speech on Madagascar, he felt bound to offer himself as a missionary for that field. At that time missions were kept distinct from industrial matters and the combination of an engineer-missionary had not been considered. Mackay thought that he might aid those already in the field by training the younger men in religion and science, and by executing public works such as railways, bridges and mines, and thus, by giving the people a higher civilization supplant Mohammedanism as it had supplanted Paganism. Madagascar was not to have the benefit of his

services, for, at that time, the Church Missionary Society issued an appeal for a lay-superintendent to take charge of the freed slave settlement at Mombassa. Mackay volunteered, but his offer arrived too late, the Society had already engaged a man. Towards the end of the year 1875 appeared Stanley's famous letter about a great King Mtesa, who so earnestly desired to be a Christian, and which ended by the explorer challenging Christendom to send missionaries to Uganda. The C. M. S. took up the challenge and in January, 1876, engaged Mackay and others to carry on the Lord's work in connection with this mission to the Victoria Nyazza.

On April 25th, 1876, five of the party met with the directors of the Society to say farewell. Three had already gone to prepare the way. Mr. Wright, the secretary, had read the instructions and each of the party was called on to reply. Being the youngest, Mackay was the last to speak, and what he did say was characteristic of the man. "There is one thing which my brethren have not said, and which I want to say. I want to remind the Committee that within six months they will probably hear that one of us is dead." It was a startling reminder made at such a time and in such a place; and in a silence almost painful he went on: "Yes; is it at all likely that eight Englishmen should start for Central Africa, and all be alive six months after? One of us, at least — it may be I! — will surely fall before that. But what I want to say is this: When that news comes, do not be cast down, but send some one else immediately to take the vacant place." Of the eight, in three years, he was the sole representative left in Africa!

On May 29th, 1876, the party reached Zanzibar, and immediately prepared to proceed inland. Mackay was attacked by fever and had to return to the coast. While waiting for orders to proceed inland, he spent his time in making roads and bridges, in hunting slave caravans, and warding off attacks of fever. In April, 1877, he writes: "I am again well, thank God, and have become quite indifferent as to the sort of accommodation I get. I have slept in all sorts of places—a cow byre, a sheep cote, a straw hut not larger than a dog kennel, a hen house, and often in no house at all." At this time he is described by a fellow worker as having bright, frank, fearless blue

eyes; his face was handsome, and what was better, good and clever; in stature he was small—the only thing in which he was small. While working patiently on the roads, news arrived of the murder of two of the party, Smith and O'Neil, by Lkonge, chief of Ukerewe. He hurried forward and reached the place to find that these missionaries had been killed through a misunderstanding, while defending a wounded Arab chief. After some delay, Mackay was able to conclude a treaty of peace and friendship with the murderer. Mackay now had reached the shores of the far-famed Victoria Nyanza. He found the mission stores in great confusion, but he managed to repair the mission boat, and ultimately reached Uganda in November, 1878. The ruler was then Mtesa, a man "kindly but formal, fearful of his dignity, crafty, suspicious, and capable of acts so vile and foul that they may only be hinted at, surrounded by an abject court, an object of grovelling adoration to slavish thousands, but really great in nothing." Mtesa, however, welcomed Mackay, and at first seemed favorably disposed to the mission. Mackay had learned the Suahili language and found it widely known. He was then appointed preacher to the Court, which, however, when the missionary became too personal in his remarks, invariably closed the audience. A decree was however published forbidding slave selling, and prohibiting all labour on Sunday. Besides teaching the people to read, and preaching and reading portions of God's word to the king and court, Mackay was busily engaged. We find him fitting up a workshop, cutting types with which to print alphabets and reading lesson sheets, translating the New Testament, repairing his boat, and arguing with the Arabs. Shortly after Mackay's arrival, Roman Catholic priests appeared upon the scene. Mackay now had to defend his belief against their thinly veiled hostility and the open opposition of the Arabs. The brave spirit, however, still toiled on, not daunted by the difficulties besetting his path, and ever lifting his voice against the superstitions of the people and the crimes of the king. Mtesa suffered from a lingering and seemingly incurable disease, and in an endeavour to cure it, he forsook both Christianity and Mohammedanism, and went back to his old belief in witchcraft. Terrible cruelties and persecutions ensued, and against the bloodshed Mackay boldly protested. It is a

significant fact that the Jesuit missionaries refused to aid or second him in this attempt. The most terrible punishments are said to have been inflicted. Eyes were extracted, noses were cut off, lips cut away, hands and feet cut off, and the victim left to die by the roadside. Two hundred youths were burned alive just before Stanley's first visit, and while Mackay was there two thousand victims were offered on two separate occasions. The cause of all this bloodshed was merely the gratification of the bloodthirsty desires "of this monster in position of absolute power—this murderous maniac—called by good people in England, and people," says Mackay, "who ought to know better too, the humane king of Uganda, the enlightened and intelligent king of Uganda." This man, it seems, had learned indeed to be all things to all men: to Mr. Stanley he was a Christian groping in the dark for the true light of the gospel; to the priests, a good and faithful Catholic; to the Arabs, a Musulman of untiring devotion; but, with it all, still a firm believer at heart in the old system of witchcraft. Towards the close of 1881 the missionaries were virtually prisoners, and it was known that at the Court was discussing the question whether it would not be better to kill Mackay, and thus silence his unwelcome protests. He, however, still laboured on uncomplainingly.

Trial of a worse character was, however, still to come. In October, 1884, Mtesa died, and his son Mwanga was chosen king. Mtesa, with all his faults, had, as often as he dared, protected and favoured the missionaries; but no favour could be expected from weak, vain, vicious Mwanga. The year 1885 was ushered in by persecution, and the land was illuminated by the light from the martyr piles. During this trying time Mackay and his companions saw their converts proving themselves true servants of their Master, even being ready to suffer death for the Cross of Christ. In October, 1885, Bishop Hannington, while on his way to join the mission, was brutally murdered by orders of Mwanga. Terrified lest England should attack him and avenge the bishop's death, Mwanga persecuted not only the native Christians, but the missionaries, whom he refused permission to leave the country. He held the missionaries as hostages that he should not be molested. After a great deal of diplomatic manoeuvring, Mackay obtained permission for his two compan-

ions to leave the country. The last one left in August, 1886, and for eleven months Mackay remained the sole holder of the fort of Christ in Uganda. On July 21st, 1887, we find that he has been able to leave Uganda, Mr. Gordon having offered to take his place, and has established himself at Usambrio, on the south coast of the lake. There he carried on his former labours, never resting or seeming to think of rest. He was joined by several of his little band of converts fleeing from persecution, and his little colony prospered, for he was able to receive and hospitably entertain Mr. Stanley and his party along with Emin Pasha. No higher encomium could be passed on any man's character and work than has been passed by Emin and Stanley upon that of Mackay. Stanley says: "To see one man of this kind, working day after day, for twelve years, bravely, and without a syllable of complaint, or a moan, amid the wilderness, and to hear him lead his little flock to show forth God's loving kindness in the morning, and his faithfulness every night, is worth going a long journey to see, for the moral courage and contentment that one derives from it." He calls Mackay "the best missionary Africa has had since Livingstone died." The explorers pressed Mackay to leave and accompany them at least to the coast, but the brave, true spirit refused while work was still to do and there was the slightest prospect of his being able to return to Uganda. One of Stanley's officers has described the parting, and adds: "That lonely figure, standing on the brow of the hill waving farewell to us, will ever remain vividly in my mind." Not for long did he linger; the call came while nursing a brother missionary about to leave for England for his health, and at 11 p. m., on 8th February, 1890, the active, untiring, self-sacrificing spirit of Alexander Mackay, of Uganda, passed to its eternal home. He sleeps where he fell, among the people whom he loved so well.

Mackay was a true missionary, seeking neither money nor honours, but only the saving of souls. Often he worked with his own hands for his daily bread, from day to day, dependent even then on the will of a tyrant as to whether the supplies he had earned would be forthcoming. His death was a serious loss to Africa, for few men have combined the love, fervour, and sympathy of a true follower of Christ, with the practical knowledge,

readiness of resource, and absolute devotion which marked Alexander Mackay. The story of his life, so heartstirring in its unselfish labour, may well inspire others to imitate the example of one who consecrated his great talents to the winning of souls to Christ.

W. W. RAINNIE.

VALEDICTORY.

MCLEOD HARVEY. B. A.

Rev. Principal, Ladies and Gentlemen:—

THE traveller who crosses an Alpine range has many difficulties to overcome and dangers to encounter. But at length the mountain heights are passed. Wearied with travel but gladdened by the grandeur of the works of God, he reaches a point where he can see the plains beyond. With eager interest he scans the fields below, and marks the way he now without a guide must take, then turns, and to his guide, and friend, and to the rugged heights that he has learned to love, bids an affectionate farewell.

To-day we stand where we must bid adieu to guide and friend and rugged ways and happy scenes. We recall the early home where pious parents sought to instill the principles of truth, the school where faithful teachers impressed regard for worthy ends, Academy, University, and Divinity Hall, with varied scenes of light and shade, all pointing to a future period. That future, the object of many hopes, the aim of anxious though happy hours, is at hand. The work of life is now upon us. Before we turn to bid farewell to benefactors, friends, and old associations, let us for a while consider the nature of the sphere we now must enter and notice the character of that work in which we are soon to be engaged.

The world's vast field is before us. The handiwork of God, still beautiful, has not lost all the charms which it received from its Creator's touch. But the vineyard is overrun with weeds and noxious growths. In bold relief stand out the briars, thorns, and tares, an enemy's hand has planted. A hasty glance suffices to shew that the workmanship of God is marred. Misfortune,

improvidence, vice, sickness and death, present a scene of misery so familiar to us, that only when we come very near them do we even stop to pity. But when we have tried to comfort the sorrowing, or have seen those we once loved and honored sunk in misery and shame, then we catch a note of that mournful requiem that since the Fall has been the favorite song of earth. Every age has felt the stings and known the sorrows of our earthly heritage. Homer sang of them; Socrates experienced them; historians, philosophers, novelists, poets, depict them; but none can adequately portray them in all their woe. The greater part of the world, the vast majority of our race, are sitting in a death shade unpierced by a ray of light. There is a restless, throbbing, surging, yearning multitude seeking for something they cannot find; working out false ideals, following delusive fancies, knowing themselves as responsible agents and yet failing to live up to their own conceptions of right.

But the cloud that envelops the earth is not without its rift. A stream of light is seen to penetrate the gloom. That rift is widening as it advances. There is an unseen force dispelling the darkness. The solvent which the ancients sought is there. The elixir of life that gives eternal vigor, health, and beauty, is found. The goal of all philosophies is reached, the seeming contradictions of our life are reconciled, and the mysteries that the garnered wisdom of ages tried in vain to solve, are cleared away. Illumined by this light, new aims, new joys, new hopes, arise. New ideals are set before us, and we see ourselves not as the creatures of misfortune, but as the children of the King of heaven. As we watch the light advance, we see grotesque and evil forms depart. Spirits of the night, whose only pleasure it had been to torture and distress, flee from before it. Thorns and briars fade and die, and plants that shew the planting of the Lord in beauty grow.

What is that unseen power that lightens, moulds, transforms and beautifies? It is the image of the God-man, Christ. The face that shone on Hermon's Mount is still attracting a people, weary of a sinful world, who say with Peter, it is good for us to be here. The teaching of Hattin sets a new value upon the things of earth, and we value at the divine estimate the various interests of life. The memories of Olivet, Gethsemane, Calvary,

constrain to noble deeds. The empty tomb, with a risen Lord, gives forth a light that reaches beyond the grave, and through the valley where darkness reigned before, and fancy pictured dismal scenes and horrid forms, now fairest flowers are seen to bloom, and the way is open to eternal rest.

Christ's image is seen in christian homes; and love, joy and gladness are there. His presence appears amid social festivities, and they are consecrated to noble ends. His shadow falls upon the business of the street, his voice is heard above the factory's din, and the products of finite workmen are declared to be like that of the Divine Creator, "good." In art, law, literature, His presence appears, and the highest conceptions of a former age must yield before it.

We would not undervalue the fruit of other than christian labors. The literature and art of the ancient world are even yet worth much. But without a brighter light than they can give, they are of little value. Without the light of heaven in which to see them, their myths and fantasies, at their best, will only add to human errors. In the natural heart of every man there is already too much fantastic imagery. True culture is not found in pagan civilization. For it we must "look to Judea, not to Greece and Rome." For a higher type of poetry than that of heathen bards, turn to the sacred rhetoric of the Word of God. There poetry, philosophy, eloquence in highest forms are found. At its altar true poets come to kindle their inspiration; here rhetoricians borrow their richest imagery; and here true bards must linger to catch the music of the heavenly choir. The holy strains of the poetic king, the florid imagery of the son of Amos, the plaintive yearnings of the seer who wept for the miseries of his people, the subtle reasoning of him who in his own esteem was least of all the saints, the glorious apocalypse of Patmos, and above all, that teaching whose very woes were love, alone can give the highest culture and fairest life.

We value the results of modern science. Those who by deep research and patient investigation have alleviated human suffering and added to human happiness, deserve our enduring gratitude. But beyond the domain of science, there are regions it cannot explore and wants it cannot relieve. Without a better light than nature gives, the dark recesses of the human soul

must remain unknown, and man's condition little bettered. The gloomy depths where fancy tempts and morbid passions rage, where reason yields to strong desire, and grim remorse like an avenging nemesis demands a debt that never can be paid, these depths the plummet of science can never sound. Man needs a help beyond what nature gives before his thirst is quenched, his motives purified, his aspirations worthy of his being. This help the life of Christ alone can give. The Christian's experience testifies that what nothing else can do, the life of Christ has done. What would the experience of the Christian be without Christ? Remove his image. His character, His teaching from our lives, and hope, joy, consolation, courage for life's battles vanish. All other help, all other culture, knowledge, truth, are of no avail when the image of the Christ is gone.

Here is the Christian's apologetics. We postulate the yearnings of the human heart, the inexorable government that is over all, and with the exhortation of the psalmist to "taste and see," we build a theorem that can convince the most subtle mind. The inherent power of the gospel, is the best evidence of its divine origin. The vitality it develops in spite of adverse treatment, testifies that it is not of earthly growth. The missionary annals of our church is our best manual of christian evidences. That was the proof sent to the doubting prisoner in Machaerus, "tell what things ye have seen and heard." The gospel needs no apology from us. Its aggressive power is its best defence. That broadening stream of vital influence that invigorates wherever it extends, is destined to fill the world. The fetters of many a Xerxes try in vain to bind it. The opposition of friend and foe cannot overcome it.

And yet we have a part in forwarding that influence. The light of Christ that is to enlighten the world must be reflected by His people. Christ's character can only be seen by the world as it is imitated in His people's lives. By the study of God's word we must get clearer views of God, and by the study of humanity get clearer views of human needs; and then by going from the communion of God to the world, and from the world back to God, we shall be mediums for conducting a divine current to hearts that will respond with righteousness and peace. And he who thus brings a human soul in contact with divinity,

who holds up however feebly the image of Him who is to draw all men, who reflects however dimly the light that enlightens all, he who thus puts one touch of beauty into the life of any fellow traveller can know that he has not lived in vain, for he has worked with God.

To enable us the better to set forth the character and teaching of Christ has been the object of our College work now brought to a close. The work we hitherto pursued with the help of others, must now be pursued alone. To College scenes and associations, so dear to us, we are constrained to say farewell. To the opportunities we here have had of learning from the Prince of Peace and of standing in His presence, we bid a sad adieu. Would that the time might be prolonged! Of many of the minor circumstances also, connected with our College life, we long shall have fond recollections. Our morning and evening hymns of praise, songs of hope and love and joy, long shall re-echo in our memories. Our prayer and missionary meetings have had a place that nothing else could fill. Our walks through the Point Pleasant park will not be forgotten whatever happier scenes may be our portion. The friendships that we formed shall never die. They taught us to value more the Christianity that could make men so true.

And let us here refer to those two brothers of our College family who during the last few months were called to a higher service. The first stood in this place two years ago, and with his class bade College scenes farewell. He was a man of might, true to his convictions of the truth, and would stand out before the world on behalf of righteousness. He loved to tell of the Saviour he had found, and never lost an opportunity of setting forth the word of life. The other had a yet briefer term of service. Last year he stood before us with the class of 1890. Though prompt at duty's call, in disposition he was retiring, and lived in close communion with his Saviour. Conscientious in every act of his life, no virtue was ever sold by him to serve the hour. He sought to lean with John upon his Saviour's breast and now he rests in peace. These two have gone a little while before us, and when our work is done they at the pearly gate shall welcome us to their joys. But for the present we must let their memories rest and give as they before us gave adieu to College scenes.

To our Professors we must say farewell. For the kindly interest you have ever taken in our welfare, for the diligence with which you have helped us over many difficulties, and made rough places plain, and especially for what we have learned of what true christian men may be, with heartfelt gratitude we leave you. We value the old truth tried and true that you have taught us. While other Halls of Divinity attract attention through startling new discoveries, we value the true orthodox ring of our humbler College. Few among those trained here have fallen away from the old moorings. We value the old doctrine, that secures for our church true life, and for our country true prosperity. We have not always agreed with you as to what a college course should be, but we rejoice that we have a Faculty willing to give the kindest attention to any suggestions laid before them. With the enterprising students that we leave behind, and a liberal minded Faculty, we have no fears for the curriculum of our College.

Fellow students, of course, you want a little sage advice from us before we leave you. Well, here it is. It is not original. "Be loyal to your College." We have already much to be proud of. Our College is more than holding its own among the colleges of Canada. But our possibilities are far in excess of what we have yet attained. In this Eastern section of Canada, we have men enough to nearly double the number of students in our College. Why should we let them wander off to other Halls? If opportunities here are not as good as in other places, which we don't admit, let us make them as good. If there are evils to be removed, bombard them with hot shot and shell until they yield. We don't know how you are going to get along without us. We have your only Gunn, and by far the best boxer of the College. But you have some good polemics left, and we trust the defence of the institution in your hands. Don't neglect "The Theologue." It is to be an important factor in building up our College, in providing pastors for our vacant congregations, and so promoting the welfare of our country. Don't neglect the class in Elocution. You have here opportunities for elocutionary training not surpassed in Canada. Don't neglect your Bible classes. Among the most profitable and pleasant parts of our course were the Bible lessons we learned from week

to week. Don't neglect the Gymnasium. If you have any time left after attending to these, don't neglect the regular college work. We will not say *good-bye* to you; we will hope to meet you often.

To the kind friends of Halifax, whose hospitality for six years we have so richly enjoyed, we here express our deepest gratitude. To the happiness of our college life you have contributed in no small degree. As in after years we recall the brighter spots of the happy scenes now parting from us, among the brightest will come up the homes of Halifax, and the pleasant evenings spent within your walls.

And now, classmates, we have said adieu to others, but we too must part. We know not where our paths shall meet again. Let us be faithful wherever we may be, and as we are serving under the one banner, by and bye, when the campaign is ended, we shall together receive the crown of righteousness, and the inheritance that fadeth not away.

*ADDRESS DELIVERED AT THE CLOSING CONVO-
CATION, BY REV. ANDERSON ROGERS, B. A.*

IT is expected that I shall confine my remarks to the students. To do so will afford me the greatest pleasure. A conviction of the importance of the Christian ministry grows upon me in proportion as I know more of human life. There are those who, allured by Bellamy's socialistic visions, think the time not far distant when the function of the preacher will cease. Bellamy's dream is but a dream. As long as there are dark abysses of human sinfulness and despair, fierce impulses to wrong-doing, and self-loathing, will the heaven-sent minister have a field wide as the world.

Nor has our work altogether to do with the dark side of life. As one side of Christ's cross was black with hate and torture, and accumulated guilt, and another side bright as resurrection hopes, ransomed captives, and radiant glory of the city of God could make it, so the servant of Jesus Christ finds a side to his work that is altogether bright. There is no gladness on earth

comparable to the joy of winning souls and nurturing them in the Christian life. Physicians and lawyers have as much to do with human sufferings, entanglements, and estrangements, as we have. But as soon as health returns, the physician is dispensed with. When legal snarls are straightened out, law is left to take care of itself. With Gospel ministers the case is different. After we have led men to the cross the great work remains to teach them to live that life which in purity, power and duration is life indeed.

To be efficient ministers of the gospel, you must first know your people personally. Allow me to refer to an exaggerated view of pastoral visitation. Much is said nowadays against sermons prepared in the study. "Mingle with your people in the market-place and field, on the wharves and in counting-rooms, and there you will find sermons." If you wish to court failure, try it; sermonizing is much more difficult than many people suppose. If those who think pulpit preparation to be an easy task, were required by ecclesiastical statute to write out one sermon in twelve months, it would cure with a universality never reached in *materia medica*. It is not so much the time spent in visitation, as the purpose for which it is spent, that makes it yield points and barbs for pulpit arrows. Seek to know the heart-currents of your people; encourage them to speak freely on spiritual things; and you will be as much surprised at the rich experiences of some, as you are pained by the ignorance of others.

Secondly. You must love your people. It is easy to love some people. But there is a moral necessity that you should love those whom nobody else loves. Dull, stupid people, crabbed, unreasonable, and self-conceited people that give you stomach ache, and degraded people, thoughts of whom obscure your brightest summer sky—is it possible to love them? It was for loving just such persons that Jesus was nicknamed "*Friend of Sinners.*"

Imitate the Master in the matter. Have your heart replenished from His heart, and it will become easy, sweet, almost natural to love all men. Then will the outgoings of your efforts be as spontaneous as the songs of birds.

Thirdly. You must help them by your life. In Stanley's expeditions in Africa many of his men gave out. If others would

cut a path through the jungle they could hobble along. So is it in the Christian life. Hence the Apostle says: "Make straight paths for your feet, lest that which is lame be turned out of the way."

You live before the eyes of all men. Anyone else will be excused for an occasional fault, the pastor never. Better a thousand times that you should leave the manse on a stormy night, without knowing where you were to lay your head, than place a stumbling block in the way of others. The higher the pressure upon you the greater the danger of becoming impatient and irritable. It is altogether within the range of possibility that someone will consider himself divinely appointed to examine you, to see if there be not some wicked way in you. After an exchange with a Methodist minister you are reminded that your brother "preached an admirable sermon, containing the very cream of the Gospel." You begin to feel that your own best, in comparison, is only skim milk. Perhaps he told the truth. Watch lest the unhallowed fire of jealousy begins to smoulder on the altar of your heart. Aim to remove the impression that ministers are actuated by mercenary motives. The horizon of multitudes is bounded by the circumference of the dollar. Unless the love of money is entirely subordinated by you to the love of souls, all hope of reaching modern idolaters perishes.

Fourthly. Be content with nothing short of seeing your people united to Christ in a covenant never to be broken. Unless this result is attained, your work in large measure is a failure. A few years ago, a new government steamer was ground to pieces on the rocks, near Digby, with lamentable loss of life. She was provided with anchors and chains for the hour of peril. But the chains were not shackled! When the anchors were let go, every link followed them to the bottom of the deep! See to it that your people are not leaning on you for salvation. Push them off, and aim to have them *shackled* to Christ,—“bond servants on the Lord Jesus.”

Finally, let a holy enthusiasm fill your hearts. The Apostle Paul's ambition was to present every man perfect before Christ Jesus. Palissy, the Huguenot, impoverished himself in his attempts to produce an enamel equal to that on Italian cups he had seen. In his infatuation he broke up his furniture to gain

the requisite heat. After struggling for sixteen years he triumphed. The apostle's ambition was not to produce vessels which the foot of a wild beast or the club of a vandal might crush, but "vessels of grace," to be polished by the divine spirit into "vessels of glory," fit for the presence of the king. May such ambition be yours!

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

IN most respects the work of the season just closed differed but little from that of other years; but we think there has been some advance upon the work of even last year. In Christian Evidences a much fuller text book was used, Fisher's *Grounds of Theistic and Christian Beliefs*, a very readable work. In New Testament Greek there was a change from the course of former years. The students of the first year class had Greek reading, with special attention to New Testament Greek grammar, twice a week, with Professor Pollok, while the students of the second and third years met once a week with the President, and once a week with Professor Currie, for work of a more critical and exegetical nature. These classes were all much enjoyed. In Church History a new text book took the place of time-honored Kurtz. Fisher's *History* is racy, well arranged, without exhaustive details, and is, we think, well adapted to our needs. The amount of Scottish History has not yet been reduced. Three hours a week for over half the term, and two hours a week for the rest of the term, are devoted to the trials and triumphs of our Church in the fatherland. The hour a week that is given to Gospel History is much appreciated; and if we could have more time given to the history of Christ, and less to the wranglings of men, an advantage might be gained. A brief revision after every few lectures was found very serviceable, especially in enabling us to correct errors and supply ellipses in notes. In Homiletics the lectures were found to be suggestive and helpful, but the part, perhaps, most valued was the practical work we had in preparing outlines of sermons. The critiques

upon lectures and sermons were good, and afforded valuable hints for future work. In Hebrew the old methods were followed with much satisfaction. No place has yet been found for the English Bible as a text book. We will patiently "bide a wee," for a better day is certainly coming.

WE think there should be greater uniformity in the requirements made of students entering the Theological hall and our Home Mission fields. Commendable care is taken in ascertaining the literary qualifications of candidates; but the same care is not always taken with regard to other qualifications. Students entering the hall have been passed by the clergyman appointed to examine them with the remark: "I know you all, and will recommend you all to Presbytery." Others have been subjected to a minute examination by the same clergyman. The matter is much the same with regard to the Mission field. One student applies and finds great care exercised; perhaps he is kept back a year. Another, not so old, with no more experience, writes his home minister, who recommends him to the Presbytery, and on the strength of this recommendation, the Presbytery certifies him to the H. M. Board. Is it any wonder that some students are wounded by finding themselves so differently treated from their fellows? Men without age, experience, or learning to recommend them have got into the mission field, who expressed themselves as quite unable to agree with the antiquated standards of our church.

Such cases are the exception; but we do not think it is right that they should exist at all. Students should be treated alike. Specified qualifications should be required of all, and the character of the examination not left to the humour of a minister called on at a moment's notice. If there is anything wrong, it is best that a student should know it at the outset. It is easier for the church to deal faithfully with him then. "Lay hands suddenly on no man," but if a student is admitted with little caution to the hall or to mission work, everything else is likely to follow as a matter of course. After a man has spent years preparing himself for the ministry, it is hard for

those in authority to ask him to give it up, it is still harder for him to comply with the request. Might it not be well for presbyteries to follow the custom of the American Presbyterian Church in granting temporary licenses to students employed by H. M. Board? Whatever course is adopted, let it be uniformly carried out. Let all students be required to give such evidences of qualification as should reasonably be expected from those who have deliberately chosen the ministry of the Word as their life work. This will, in the end, be found the easiest and safest course. It will be most satisfactory to the students as a whole. It will give our people greater confidence in the men sent out. It is the only course consistent with faithfulness to the church which Christ has purchased.

THE THEOLOGUE completes its second volume with this issue, and the editors of the past session step out of office. In doing so, we are more fully persuaded than ever that our journal has justified its existence, and that to a very considerable extent the objects of its publication have been realized. Our graduates have been kept in closer touch with the students of the present, and more alive as to the defects and progress, the needs and advantages of their *alma mater*. Not only so, but we believe that our journal has helped to excite a deeper interest in the College throughout the church generally. Our list of subscribers was considerably larger than last year, and this gain has been almost wholly outside of ministers and former students. *The Theologue* has helped to make us better known to the church, and has thus contributed its share to the unmistakable increase of interest which is being manifested.

While saying the above, we are quite aware that our work has been imperfectly done. Notwithstanding this, we hope we have helped to entertain our readers, and that they will find many of the articles we furnished of permanent interest and value. Our successors will remedy the defects of the past. Credit is due to the printer for the way he has done his part of the work. And now, thanking patrons and contributors for favors received, and many of our exchanges for flattering notices, we bow ourselves down and out.

COLLEGE NOTES.

Just two-thirds of the students received instruction in Elocution during the session, one taking private lessons, the other seventeen meeting with Miss McGarry twice a week. Eight entered in the competition for the Wiswell Elocution Prize to the best reader of the Scriptures. The judges were unanimous in awarding the prize to Mr. George Millar, B. A. The class is under obligations to the Alumni Association, who voted them \$40 towards defraying the expenses. The students instructed in Elocution have obtained a vantage ground, the value of which cannot be estimated at present. We hope that by the beginning of another session, all will see the necessity of this class, and appreciate the opportunities offered.

The graduating class numbers six. We have not very definite information as to their fields of work, but all are assigned to presbyteries.

J. Aitken Greenlees goes for a time to Baddeck, C. B.

Alex. J. Gunn will have charge of Barney's River, in Pictou, for a year. This is an extensive field, and has nearly 100 families connected with it.

MacLeod Harvey also goes to Pictou as an ordained missionary. His territory extends along the sea, from Little Harbor to Pictou Landing. It is more extensive than Mr. Gunn's charge, but contains about the same population.

D. M. Henderson follows Mr. Gunn and Mr. Harvey to Pictou. The presbytery of Pictou thus takes three of our graduates, and it deserves them, for no presbytery is so liberal in its support of the College.

Mr. Henderson will likely go to Blue Mountain. This is in accordance with the fitness of things, that while Mr. Gunn dwells by the river, and Mr. Harvey inhabits the sea coast, Mr. Henderson should hold the mountain.

Malcolm MacLeod returns to his native land and will work in the Presbytery of Victoria and Richmond, though we have not determined his exact latitude and longitude.

W. J. Mackenzie remains in Halifax presbytery, and will probably settle in Lower Stewiacke. This is a new congregation, with a good share of life and energy, and prospects of growth. The people are building a manse.

Mr. Simon Fraser goes to Labrador, instead of Mr. F. W. Thompson, who did not feel able to undertake the work there for a second year. Mr. Fraser is accompanied by Dr. Hare, who has volunteered to go as a medical missionary for the summer. There is no foreign field that will appreciate a medical missionary more than Labrador will welcome Dr. Hare.

Our readers have been kept well informed of the doings of our Missionary Society¹. The articles by students on Home Mission Fields and other missionary topics, which appeared in the *Theologue*, were selections from papers read in our meetings. In this issue we give our readers another of these interesting papers.

There was a smaller number of general students' meetings than usual this session. The last was held on the 22nd instant. The following were appointed editors for next session: J. S. Sutherland, A. Laird, C. Munro, J. A. McGlashen. The fifth editor will be appointed at the opening of next term. Other business of less interest to outsiders was transacted.

It may not be generally known that we have enjoyed the luxury of a horse since the Christmas holidays. For this addition we were indebted to the enterprising student who occupies the cottage. The horse was chiefly used by the Missionary Society, but was found very convenient for divers other purposes.

The change of methods in the heating of the building did away with the occupation of Joseph Dec. He found employment suited to his talents in other quarters. He visited us during the winter, and got a hearty reception from the old students. Some in our halls were unable to appreciate our enthusiasm, for a generation has arisen that knew not Joseph.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

Prof. Seth, Prof. MacGregor, Dr. Burns, Rev. J. S. Carruthers, R. Baxter, \$1.00 each; A. E. Chapman, W. E. Morrison, Rev. D. MacGregor, J. F. McCurdy, Dr. McKnight, Simon Fraser, Rev. J. A. McKenzie, Rev. A. W. Mahon, Rev. A. B. McLeod, J. A. Crawford, Rev. Angus McMillan, Rev. W. H. Ness, Dr. Bethune, Rev. J. A. F. Sutherland, Donald Fraser, Rev. Wm. Dawson, Rev. J. W. McLennan, D. McDonald, Rev. J. M. Robinson, Rev. James A. Forbes, Archibald McKenzie, Hon. David Laird, 50 cts. each.

During the summer, business communications should be addressed to C. MUNRO, Northwest Arm, Halifax.

Oxford Handy Helps—15 new bright books for \$1.50. Regular price, 25 cents each. "How to Apply for a Situation and Get It," "Proper Thing in Dress and Manners," "50 Games and Puzzles," and 12 others. Good profit for pushers.

SNELL'S BUSINESS COLLEGE, Windsor, N. S.

WM. MACNAB,

Law and Commercial Printer,

3 PRINCE STREET, HALIFAX, N. S.

LARGEST AND BEST EQUIPPED PRINTING HOUSE
IN THE LOWER PROVINCES.

WM. NOTMAN,

Photographer to the Queen,

39 GEORGE ST., HALIFAX, N. S.

GENERAL

DRY

Manchester, Robertson & Allison.

GOODS,

ST. JOHN, R. B.

ROSS,

THE GRANVILLE STREET

FASHIONABLE HATTER

BRITISH WOOLLEN HALL BUILDING.

BEE



HIVE.

ARE YOU IN WANT OF CLOTHING, either UNDER or OUTSIDE? If so, you will have a full line in each department of the Bee Hive of the Best Quality, Newest Styles, and Lowest Prices. My Stock is large and varied. Also—in the CUSTOM DEPARTMENT my Stock of

BEAVERS, NAPS, WORSTEDS, CLOTHS, TWEEDS, Meltons, etc., is now complete. All in want will please call and examine. For Style and Price, guaranteed.

JAMES K. MUNNIS,

114 Upper Water, Corner Jacob St., Halifax.

J. E. MULLONEY & CO.,

DENTISTS,

125 Barrington St., opposite St. Paul's Church, Halifax, N. S.

TEETH WITHOUT PLATES.

OVERCOATINGS

WE are showing a splendid line of **NEW VENETIAN OVERCOATINGS**, in variety of colorings. Fast Colors, very durable. Fine dressy appearance. Overcoats to order, **ONLY \$15.00!**

CLAYTON & SONS, JACOB STREET.

J. CORNELIUS,
JEWELLER,

99 Granville Street, Halifax, N. S.

JEWELLERY, WATCHES, ALL SORTS;
NICKLE AND OTHER CLOCKS;
GOLD PENS AND PENCILS;
SPECTACLES, &c., &c.

Special Discount to Students.

THE CHEAPEST

And Best Place in the City

For Shirts and Collars, Latest Styles in
Scarfs, Underclothing, Hosiery and
Gloves, Braces, Umbrellas,

—AND ALL DESCRIPTIONS OF—

Gents' Furnishing Goods,

93 Barrington Street, Halifax, N. S.

F. H. REYNOLDS.

CELLULOID COLLARS AND CUFFS ALWAYS IN STOCK.

Oxford
COUGH SYRUP
FOR
COUGHS, COLDS,
HOARSENESS,
LUNG AFFECTIONS:
FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.
BUCKLEY BROS.
HALIFAX, N. S.

Any Person Wanting

Letter Paper,
Note Paper,
Essay Paper,

PENS, PENCILS OR INK,

Sermon Paper,
Foolscap Paper,
Scribbling Books,
Note Books,

—SHOULD STRAIN A POINT TO GET TO—

GLADWIN'S,

90 Granville Street, Halifax.

Gentlemen's Furnishing Emporium,

163 HOLLIS STREET,
(DIRECTLY OPPOSITE THE HALIFAX CLUB.)

FREEMAN ELLIOTT keeps on hand all kinds of **Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods.**

DANIEL FAULKNER,
BOOT AND SHOE MAKER,
No. 18 SPRING GARDEN ROAD.

Boots and Shoes made to order
From First-Class English, French and Domestic Stock.
Repairing promptly attended to. All work guaranteed.

Fire, Life and Accident Insurance.

ALFRED SHORTT,
General Insurance Agent.

OFFICE:
COR. HOLLIS AND SACKVILLE STS.,
HALIFAX, N. S.

TELEPHONE No. 658.

UNGAR'S SEAM LAUNDRY,

62 & 64 Granville St.. 26 to 32 Waterloo St.,

HALIFAX, N. S. ST. JOHN, N. B.

Goods called for and delivered.

Goods returned same day if required.

PEART'S CENTRAL BAZAAR,

33 George Street, Halifax, N. S.

Picture Frames and Mouldings.

Frames made to order.

WHEN

YOU REQUIRE ANYTHING IN THE

Drug Line

GO TO

HATTIE & MYLIUS.

ACADIA DRUG STORE,
155 HOLLIS STREET

SOUTH END PHARMACY,
COR. PLEASANT AND MORRIS STS.

HALIFAX, N. S.

W. C. SMITH,
FINE TAILORING,
NO 145 HOLLIS STREET,
HALIFAX, N. S.

SPECIAL OFFER to STUDENTS.

THE AMERICAN PORTRAIT STUDIO.

237 Barrington Street,

J. FRANK NEWCOMB, PROPRIETOR.

I will make for every Student,

Thirteen Cabinet Photographs,
Finely Finished, and
One 8x10 Portrait of the same person,
FOR \$3.50.

237 First-Class work guaranteed.

J. F. NEWCOMB.

A FULL STOCK OF THE BEST
Commentaries, Concordances,
Bible Dictionaries,

—AND THE—

Latest Theological Works,

—AT—

THE BRITISH AMERICAN
BOOK & TRACT DEPOSITORY,
117 GRANVILLE STREET.

N. B.—Special Books will be promptly ordered from Great Britain or United States.