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CHURCH UNION.

I. IS IT POSSIBLE?

OUR question refers not to the invisible but to the visible Church. In the case of the invisible Church, union is not only possible, but exists and always has existed. It exists, too, independently of us or of anything we can do or undo. Our question is practical, not theoretical. It is concerned with human effort, with our present duty and responsibility. It asks whether the present divided state of Christendom is the normal, right, and only possible condition; whether churches now divided, rival, even hostile, should not meet on ground common to them; also, by what methods, along what lines, and to what extent, efforts for union should be made.

Admittedly the Church was normally one for the fifteen centuries between Moses and Christ, though society then was disunited by tribalism, slavery, and other causes that no longer exist, and political tendencies encouraged the formation of small states. Israel departed from Egypt as a united body; they left not a hoof behind. Had there been no union, there would have been no Exodus. Their invisible unity would have availed nothing.

During the centuries between Joshua and David, there was apparent chaos, but round the name of Jehovah the tribes could always be rallied. Differing on many points, agreement on one essential point was enough. The disruption of David's kingdom led before long to the destruction of the kingdom of God on earth. For seventy years the visible Church apparently ceased to exist. Between the return from the exile and the coming of Christ, the Church was one, though its members were dispersed over the world.

In the apostolic and sub-apostolic ages the Church was one, on the basis of toleration of differences—speculative and practical—more than sufficient in the opinion of modern sectarianism to have warranted division. The mother Church of Judæa believed, and acted on its belief, in the perpetuity of the Jewish Sabbath and other holy days, of the right of circumcision, of the Temple of Jerusalem as the appointed centre of the Christian Church for ever, and the perpetual obligation of the Mosaic law and Levitical sacrifices. To Jewish Christians these were all important matters and the letter of the old Testament was in favor of their views. No command of Jesus could be quoted on the other side. Yet on all the points named they were wrong. The Gentile Churches took up opposite positions, and were warranted by the spirit of Christianity in doing so. Paul sympathized with the Gentile positions, but far from counselling division, his life work was to retain the unity of the Church. He succeeded, but only on the basis of Christian agreeing to differ.

The Church was one in the succeeding centuries when it did its great work of conquering the Roman Empire for Christ. It could never have succeeded, had it existed in the form of warring sects.

The Church was to a great extent one in the succeeding centuries, when it did its next great work of evangelizing the nations that constitute modern Christendom. We ought to know more of the epoch between the sixth and thirteenth centuries, an epoch that notwithstanding the darkness, disorder and confusions caused by the inrush of barbarians from every side, may well be called glorious, instead of dwelling all the time on the abuses that characterized the Church immediately prior to the Reformation. We sometimes seem to imagine that the Church began in the sixteenth century with Luther and Knox, or in the seventeenth century with the Westminster Divines, or that nothing was done in the long

period between the Apostles and the Reformers. Almost everything that has been done worth speaking of was done in that period of which we know so little.

Seeing then that the normal state of the Church, for three thousand years, was that of unity, it is clear that unity is possible. Under various political forms, the tribal, the government of judges or men of action endowed with the prophetic spirit raised up to meet emergencies, the government of kings, and the government of priests and holy men ; under various ecclesiastical forms that may be called Congregational, Presbyterian, Episcopal, Patriarchal, Papal, a large measure of unity has been preserved. One form developed into another. The Church, like every living thing, was subject to the law of evolution. It may be said that each form was, in its time, the wise, necessary and democratic choice of the members of the Church. The form to which Protestants are most opposed served in its day a most useful purpose by preserving a common and stable centre of intelligence to Europe. Grotius says that without the primacy of the Pope there would have been no means of deciding and ending controversies and of determining the faith in the Middle Ages. Melancthon owns that the monarchy of the Pope preserved a general consent of doctrine among the nations. Casaubon, Puffendorf, Luther, and other reformers give similar testimonies.

How then shall we characterize the last three centuries, the epoch in which we live? Its keynote has been Protest in favor of individual and national rights against usurpation on the part of the Church. Hence conflicts, on which both sides have erred. Both have occasionally taken extreme positions ; one side identifying Christianity with its own organization, the other side practically exalting schism into a virtue. It is now being recognized that besides individual and national, there are Ecumenical rights. It is not wise to dwell on the conflicts of the past. It is a different spirit from that of Christ, which blows up their cold ashes or decaying embers with the hot breath of temper. A passionate Jehu or a bitter Pharisee say, "come, see my zeal for the Lord," and when we decline, he calls us lukewarm, or uses coarser adjectives. Enough for us to know that the Protest has succeeded, and that Protestants can afford to be generous to those who have been beaten. Nevermore can the positions be generally held that God's

truth must be kept in custody, and that it is necessary to preserve it from the attacks of reason and conscience ; or that only through a mediating priesthood can salvation be dispensed to men; or that a particular order of rulers, call them what you like, Deacons, Presbyters, Priests, Prelates, or a Hierarchy culminating in an infallible head, is needed to constitute a Church of Christ. Against all these positions, the history of more than three centuries has pronounced a decisive verdict, one that humanity will never reverse. Truth is one, and reason and conscience are its supreme tests. Where we differ we are all wrong. Where all agree we are right. Again, each individual now knows that he can approach God directly. There is but one Mediator and He is God. Again, the ministry emanates from within the Church. Every living society puts forth such organs as it needs for the discharge of its functions. The Church as an ideally world-wide society must have this power preëminently.

These positions have all been established. Modern society is based upon them. The man who attacks them is ignored or good humoredly laughed at. The Protest of the Reformation was needed. The Protest of Isaiah was needed in his day against the very sacrifices God had appointed. The Protest of Jesus was needed in His day against the holy men who ruled the Church, who—it may be added—were as conscientious in putting Him to death as the Reformers were when they persecuted Socinus and Servetus, and as members of the Church of Rome were in their treatment of Giordano Bruno and of Galileo. But, when a Protest has done its work, continuing it is merely a cuckoo cry. It becomes us then rather to remember that the object of the Protest was not Protestantism, but the bringing forth of spiritual life in all its majesty and power. We cannot live on Protesting, we can live only on the Christ of God. The Protest having done its work, we must now aim at harmonizing individual and social rights, we must aim at forming a Protestant Catholic Church, and that as a step to the only true ideal—the reorganizing of the Church Catholic. It may take a long time to attain to this. What of that? Abraham saw Christ's day afar off—it was two thousand years off—yet none the less was he glad. The Catholic Church was a fact in the past. It will be a grander fact in the future, because the organism will be vaster, more varied, freer, wiser, more in accordance with the mind and heart of Christ, than was possible in the infancy of the race or the infancy of the Church.

II. IS UNION NEEDED ?

Whether we look at Christendom or at the great non-christian civilizations, it is undeniable that the world needs a revived Christianity and common action on the part of the Church.

In France, the name of God is being erased from the public buildings and from the school books. In Italy, the spirit that denies the supernatural is also predominant. The claims of Christianity are ignored or rejected with scorn. In Germany, the Church is little more than a government police. In Britain, things are better, and faith is a living power among, at least, the Dissenters in Russia. But taking Europe as a whole, the only force that seems to be recognized is that which is material. Consequently, millions of men are armed with the costly machinery of modern war, and even in peace industry groans under the intolerable burden. Intelligent Buddhists visit Christian countries to ascertain how far the religion of Christ is a reality, and they return home to tell of the horrors of our great cities, of the mass of hopeless pauperism, of the strife of labor and capital becoming daily more threatening and better organized, of the Churches touching grave questions with the little finger, and wrestling with might and main over points of ritual, tradition, or selfish ecclesiasticism, while all the time the very existence of society is threatened by projects of anarchism. The Church of Christ, alas ! it must be confessed, has not delivered the peoples at all, neither have the inhabitants of the earth fallen.

What of the spiritual condition of the country we know and love best, our own Canada ? There is much to be thankful for, but whosoever penetrates beneath the surface can not be satisfied. Churches are well attended, activity and liberality are manifested in connection with Church agencies. But does a spirit of profound devotion to high Christian ideals and fervent love prevail among us ? Do we not rather find materialism of life among the people generally, and among professing Christians zeal for the sect rather than zeal for Christ. The end of these things is death. Out of them comes nothing heroic in thought or life ; no poetry, no psalms and hymns to lift the souls of men to the gate of Heaven ; no prophetic utterances from wide outlook and deep insight into the secret of the Lord ; no discernment of the signs of the times enabling us to see what Christ would have us do in our own day ; no acts of high endeavor and unplacarded sacrifices for the lowliest that thrill a

whole country with generous sympathetic responses. What is the cause of our spiritual sterility? Why does the Lord give a miscarrying womb and dry breasts? One cause at least is the same as in the days of Hosea—our disunion. May I not quote here the calm language of Principal Caven in the conference on Christian Unity, held in Toronto last year, "Surely it is no light thing, for instance, that in a certain field we should have four or five branches of the Church of Christ, contending—I think the word is not too strong—striving to get hold of the same persons,"—especially, it might be added, if the persons are rich or moderately rich, but not if they are unable to give respectability or support to "the cause." "Now the tendency is—and it is inevitable in these circumstances—human nature being what it is—that we should exaggerate and bring into the foreground our differences, when we urge persons to connect themselves with our particular Church. I want for my own self, to be able calmly to look at the whole credenda of the Christian Church, so that my thoughts and feelings may be properly adjusted and balanced towards the whole Christian Doctrine; and I feel that if you force me into a position where I have to contend, as it were, for what may be said in my own interest, you tempt me sorely to exaggerate; whereas if the Church were united, we should have a wider and more generous, and I think more thorough, Christian view of the whole Christian Church and of its work." Again, in words written down in the form of a resolution, he says, "while in the wise and merciful Providence of God, divisions in the Christian Church have often been overruled for good, yet, in themselves, these divisions are to be lamented as productive of many and sore evils. The ideal of the unity of believers set forth in the Scriptures—especially in our Lord's intercessory prayer—while chiefly spiritual in its nature, can be fully represented only in an undivided state of the visible Church in which perfect fellowship shall be maintained throughout the entire body of Christ; and it is the duty of the Church, and of all its members continually, to aspire towards, and labor for, the completeness of this manifested union in the Lord." Let me also quote from a Report to our Synod of the Maritime Provinces by a Home Missionary, who had not only insight, but also the power to make etchings with a pencil dipped in nitric acid. Among the hindrances to the Gospel he mentions first,—"*Sharp edged sectarianism.* In

a settlement of fifty families, there are, say, four sects, bitter and fond of fight. Outside there is unbelief, on all sides acrid narrowness." The testimony is true. What fruit can be expected from such a condition? This baneful shadow of sectarianism hanging over every village kills out true religion, nurtures noxious substitutes, wastes money, misdirects and perverts the energies of ministers, and drives young minds into revolt against religion. Religion that should unite is that which divides the community. The Church on this continent as well as in Europe is alienating from itself many of the strongest and most refined minds. Is a time coming when we shall look for the saints outside of the Church?

And what of the non-christian world. Little ground has been gained since the sixteenth century. No nation or race has been gained for Christ. The Mohammedan world, the Hindoo world, the Buddhist and Mongolian worlds, as well as the Pagan world of Africa, occupy substantially the same ground as they occupied then. No wonder that Dr. Williamson, in a paper read before the Chefoo Association, in 1888, spoke of the aspect of things in China with alarm,—“What a spectacle we present to thoughtful Chinamen! and there are many such. No wonder they say to us ‘Agree among yourselves, and then we may listen to you.’

“But this is not the worst aspect of our divisions. We have three branches of the Episcopal Church, nine different sects of Presbyterians, six sects of Methodists, two Congregationalists, two Baptists, besides several other minor bodies. Nor is this even the worst aspect of the situation. Look at the matter locally, and take those places with which the writer is best acquainted. Begin with Shanghai. In this city we have seven missions * * * with a total of 954 members. Here, then, we have seven sets of foreign missionaries, working seven different churches; seven sermons every Sunday, seven sets of prayer meetings, seven sets of communing services, seven sets of schools, two training agencies, seven sets of buildings, seven sets of expenses, four or five versions of the Bible, and seven different hymn books at least * * * One foreign and one native pastor could manage the whole number of converts, and the others would be set free for other work * * * We would do five times more work by organization, and present a far more seemly appearance to the Chinese * * * * When

we think of our creeds and our varied and elaborate systems, can we hope to impose all or any of them on this great, independent, vigorous, and active minded people? The Judaising Christians, seeking to impose the Mosaic Ritual on the infant Church, was nothing to this." Alas! Alas!

III. HOW WILL UNION BE BROUGHT ABOUT?

Not by the old method of violence. Both sides tried that way for many a weary year. After inflicting tortures and shedding rivers of blood, both have practically admitted that that is not the way.

Not by the new method of organized proselytism. That is a meaner way than the old, while its spirit is the same, and its failure will be even more conspicuous. That method detaches individuals, who as a rule are not worth much, but it breeds irritation, anger, hatred, and reprisals. Worse, it stops movements which proceeding from within would gradually leaven the whole mass and bring about fusion in the end, on the basis of the willing acceptance by each body of all that is good in every other body. We shall never win to Presbyterianism, Methodists, Episcopalians, Irish Roman Catholics, or French Canadians by proselytism, even though we should quadruple our efforts and contributions.

Not by argument and the drawing up of formulas of concord to ensure unanimity. These proceed on concessions made with a view to bring about intellectual agreement. Only a nominal agreement can be secured, and when secured it does not and cannot last.

In a word, Union will not be brought about by compulsory uniformity; nor by fancied unanimity; not by inspiring irritation and fear; not by a policy of ecclesiastical aggrandisement, by selfishness or isolation. It will be brought about by recognition of the common ground on which we all stand, by love, trust, and mutual confidence. It will be brought about, not by human devices or hollow alliances, but by the outpouring of the Spirit on the Church, by the rising of the tide to such a glorious fulness that we shall no longer keep our barks sheltered beneath the banks of little inland creeks, but all shall sail boldly out to join as one fleet on the broad ocean of God's love, with the old Crusaders' cry of "God wills it," swelling every heart and bursting from every lip.

The success of the unions that have already taken place, shows us how complete union may be brought about, and the line along which we may expect further developments; viz. by taking one step at a time, and that step the union of those denominations that are most closely allied and that are organized on common principles. What for example is to hinder the Methodist and Presbyterian Churches from uniting at once? Or if we are not ripe for fusion, why should we not aim at a Federal Union of all Churches willing to meet on common ground? These could appoint a supreme council, with definite work to do, such arranging for non-interference with each others work, co-operation in Canada with regard to social questions, to education, pauperism, home missions, and other departments of Christian work, and for co-operation abroad in preaching the Gospel to all nations. The State is able to divide its work between Provincial Legislatures and a Federal Parliament. Is the Church less able?

IV. ARE THERE SIGNS INDICATING THAT THE POSSIBLE MAY BECOME THE ACTUAL?

Yes; and nowhere are these more manifest than in Canada. The spirit of unity is abroad. It is in the air. Everyone is breathing it. We see old points of difference from new points of view, and Christian laymen are amused that anyone should still think these sufficient to divide brethren. Signs of this spirit may be seen in our more cordial recognition of each other, in the union conferences held in different places, in the way in which various denominations share in each others joys and sorrows, in such tokens as the closing of other Churches when a new Church is to be opened in a village or the country.

Besides, organic union of Churches once separated has been effected more completely in Canada than elsewhere. How bitterly estranged from each other were the Presbyterian Churches that are united! How injurious and unworthy were the suspicions entertained by one of the other! The effect of union has been good and good only. Suspicions have vanished. We breathe a purer air. The union of the four Methodist Churches was a more signal illustration of the power of the yearning for unity, inasmuch as these represented different systems of church government, the Presbyterian and the Episcopal. The united Church took

features from both systems and modified them, disregarding precedent, and thinking only of the exigencies of the situation.

No Church can so freely afford to welcome everything that makes for unity, as the Presbyterian. In principle, and from its birth, it has professed to be Catholic. As the Moderator of the General Assembly of Victoria, Australia, said in his address last November, "We cannot acquiesce in the separation of Christians into different sects as Christ's order for His Church. True progress is in the line of Catholicity—in the removal of the barriers that keep believing men apart."

The union of the churches, is it possible?—that is the question we are asking—"All things are possible to him that believeth," answered the Master to the poor father who cried to him, "If Thou canst do anything, help us." Remember how the Lord threw back the responsibility as well as the words on himself, saying, "If *Thou* canst!"

So he throws back our question and the responsibility on us. Union possible! Where is the impossibility? Not in the nature of things, "for there is one body and one spirit, even as ye also were called in one hope of your calling; one Lord, one faith, one baptism; one God and Father of all, who is over all, and through all, and in all." Not in the nature of the case, as three thousand years of history prove. Not in the will of the Lord, who prays that his disciples may be one that the world may believe. Not in the example of the apostles, who preserved unity in spite of a middle wall of partition between Jew and Gentile that had stood for ages. Where is the impossibility? Only in ourselves, if anywhere; and in that in us, which is not of the Father but of the world, and over which we profess to have gotten the victory. Whereas there is among us jealousy and strife and division, are we not carnal?

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THE INDIVIDUAL OBLIGATION OF THE SABBATH.

THE Ten Commandments are not arbitrary enactments, rules which might have been left unmade, or which might have been essentially different from what they are. They are simply eternal and unchangeable truth in a crystallized form. Apart from all other considerations they are to be kept because it is absolutely right to keep them and wrong to break them owing to the unalterable nature of the truth they contain. The fourth commandment is no exception to the rule. It is admitted that it can never be right to break the first commandment and worship a false god, or to break the second and bow down to images, or the third and blaspheme, or the fifth and dishonor parents, or the sixth and commit murder, or the seventh and commit adultery, or the eighth and steal, or the ninth and lie, or the tenth and covet. All attempts to prove that while it can never be right to break any of these nine commandments of the Decalogue, it may be right to break the fourth, are attempts which human nature itself raises up against. "The Sabbath was made for man." Human nature finds this to be just as true as that pure air was made for man. As no man can enjoy life without breathing pure air, so no man can enjoy life without keeping the Sabbath. He does violence to the constitution of his being who attempts it. As the fourth commandment has been given for the purpose, amongst others, of preserving man's health and therefore his life, he who breaks it breaks also the sixth commandment. He puts forth his hand against his own life. He who compels others to break the fourth commandment puts forth his hand against the life of others.

Not only does the breaking of the fourth commandment lead to the breaking of the sixth, but the breaking of any one of the commands of the Decalogue opens the way for the breaking of all the rest. Because the people of heathen lands break the first commandment you naturally expect that the whole tone of morality among them will be low. Corporations, in Christian countries, that ask their employees to break the fourth commandment, should have the consistency not to find fault with them if they

break the eighth. The Decalogue is a heaven wrought chain of ten links, every one of which is of pure gold. This chain will keep society securely bound together only when every one of them is kept unbroken.

Sabbath-breaking was one of the sins that brought God's judgments upon His people of old, and it is one of the prevailing forms of sin in the Christian world to-day. "By Sunday labor and business (not including domestic service and works of necessity and mercy), two and a half millions of the people of Great Britain and the United States, are deprived of their Sabbath rest." This estimate, published by Wilbur F. Crafts, takes account mainly of liquor dealers, railroad men, postal servants, newspaper men, and tradesmen of various callings, who pursue their avocations on the Sabbath. It does not take account of the Sabbath desecration of individuals outside of business circles, nor does it include the virtual desecration of the Lord's day by the keeping of apprentices and clerks at work in shops and stores, until a late hour on Saturday night, thus compelling them to forego some of the most sacred privileges of the day of rest. If all God-fearing clerks would positively refuse to work on Saturday evening after the regular hour for closing on other evenings, and allow their places to be filled by those who have no fear of God before their eyes, this evil would soon cure itself.

Our own country enjoys an enviable reputation for Sabbath observance. It is a Canadian city—Toronto—that is reported as being "the best Sabbath-keeping city in the world." It is cause for thankfulness that some of our other cities are not far behind. But even Toronto has not yet attained, neither is she already perfect; and if she would continue to set a noble example to the world, she must ever bear in mind that "eternal vigilance is the price of liberty" to enjoy the rest of the Holy Sabbath undisturbed. In proportion as vigilance has been relaxed in any quarter has Sabbath desecration increased, and in proportion as vigilance has been renewed has Sabbath observance improved.

Thirty years ago New York Sabbaths were little better than Chicago Sabbaths are now. The change for the better was brought about by the organizing of the New York Sabbath Committee in 1857. By the persistent and judicious efforts of that Committee, and similar organizations of more recent date, backed

by good citizens, the crying of Sunday newspapers has been stopped, also many forms of Sunday labor and Sunday trading, Sunday processions (except quiet and orderly funerals), Sunday base-ball, and Sunday theatres." Similar testimony can be borne regarding Brooklyn, Baltimore, Boston, and Philadelphia, the record of the last named city being the best. According to reports furnished by Sabbath statisticians across the border, the cities of the lowest grade in the matter of Sabbath observance are, "beginning with the worst, San Francisco, New Orleans, Cincinnati, St. Louis, and Chicago. San Francisco and New Orleans are worst of all, since their commercial and convivial Sabbath breaking is not only allowed but legalized. Cincinnati comes next, in that its Sunday laws are trampled defiantly in the dust, not only by liquor dealers, theatre proprietors, base-ball players, and processions, but also by the city government, which defends the law breakers instead of the law, while the good citizens make no effective protest. It is gratifying to learn that a change for the better has recently taken place. St. Louis and Chicago differ but little in Sabbath observance, with the moral advantage slightly in favor of Chicago in that its Sabbath Committee and law abiding citizens are at least doing a little by public meetings and otherwise to check the tide of Sabbath desecration.

That we may see what any rapidly growing city in which the tide of worldly prosperity is rising high, may come to, should vigilance regarding the observance of the Sabbath be relaxed, take a few items from the report of Sabbath desecration in Chicago. "Noisy newsboys wake up the overworked citizens about six o'clock on Sunday morning by the needless cry of newspapers." "Going out on the street two hours later, one finds numerous squads of workmen paving the streets, laying gas-pipes, water-pipes, and sewer-pipes, while the workmen who are not thus busy doing seven days' work for six days' pay, are preparing themselves for the same fate by using the Sabbath for pic-nics, and politics and trades union meetings." "Retail shops of all kinds are open all through the day, especially on Clark and Madison streets, out-herding the Continental Sunday in keeping open even during the hours of Church service. The post office leads the way in this, by opening, in disregard of national law, from 11.30 a.m. to 12.30, at the very time when the morning services are in progress." "On Sunday

afternoons, in spite of the laws, immense crowds gather to view the illegal Sunday ball-playing." "On Sunday evenings, in defiance of law, all the theatres are open."

In view of such sad facts as these, we may well say to Toronto, in whose prosperity we all rejoice :—"Hold that fast which thou hast, that no man take thy crown." Nay, march forward and win yet new triumphs, and bring your influence to bear upon those in high positions in our country and persuade and enable and otherwise *compel* them to keep the Sabbath. This is greatly needed. It is humiliating to think that the Government of our country should itself take part in breaking the country's laws. Does the Government keep the Sabbath in the matter of the postal service of the country ; or does it break the law by unnecessarily ordering that certain mails be made up, dispatched and carried on the Christian Sabbath? I cannot speak for Toronto, but in some cities of this country a few postal clerks must be on duty every Sabbath long enough to attend to the making up and dispatching of mails. There is no real necessity for requiring postal clerks to work on the Lord's Day as a fact from the largest city in the world, a city of five millions of people, may seem to show. "Within a radius of five miles from the general post office, London, no inland letters are collected, carried, sorted, delivered or dispatched on the Lord's Day." This proves that what ought to be done can be done, and should be done here and everywhere.

While our country will bear comparison, as yet, with any other country in regard to Sabbath observance, it is an alarming fact that Sabbath desecration is on the increase. We may well blush to know that we do not now deserve the praise that was bestowed on us a few years ago. It was published to the world in a volume that is widely read (Wilbur F. Crafts' admirable volume—"The Sabbath for Man") that the Government of our country, at the request of Sabbath-loving citizens, refused to allow traffic on the Welland Canal on the Lord's Day when lovers of the world demanded it. But within the past year, at the request of a single railway superintendent on the other side of the lines (the superintendent of the Vermont Central Ra'way), the head of the Dominion Government, then acting, and now I believe sworn in as Minister of Railways and Canals, opened the canal for traffic on the Lord's Day, thus depriving scores upon scores of our fellow citizens of their

Sabbath rest and Sabbath privileges, and has persisted in this in the face of over thirty petitions sent up by Church courts and associations of various kinds, representing many thousands of our Sabbath-loving people, and supported by an influential delegation who waited patiently upon the distinguished Premier, but in vain. There is little in this to encourage us to hope for Government aid to assist us in the effort that must be put forth to put a stop to the fearful Sabbath desecration that is carried on by the running of railway trains on the Lord's Day. Yet the effort must be put forth. The cause of God demands it, and so do the common interests of humanity. This is a question upon which no Christian citizen can afford to be longer silent. The appeals to us to speak out, have become too strong to be disregarded. Members of Christian Churches everywhere, who have been earning their bread for years as railroad men, are crying out against being compelled, on pain of dismissal, to serve the Great Railway God on the Lord's Day.

We should be ashamed to see our brethren subjected to painful grievances without our doing anything for their relief. What relief do they crave? This can be best answered in the language of railway men themselves. A few years ago some four hundred and fifty locomotive engineers on the Vanderbilt roads petitioned Mr. Wm. H. Vanderbilt for the cessation of Sunday labor. After pointing out how Sunday running had become a great hardship, petitioners go on to say :—"We have borne this grievance patiently hoping every succeeding year that it would decrease. We are willing to submit to any reasonable privation, mental or physical, to assist the officers of your company to achieve a financial triumph ; but after a long and weary service, we do not see any signs of relief, and we are forced to come to you with our trouble, and most respectfully ask you to relieve us from Sunday labor as far as it is in your power to do so. Our objections to Sunday labor are : 1st. This never-ending labor ruins our health and prematurely makes us feel worn out, like old men, and we are sensible of our inability to perform our duty as well when we work to excess. 2nd. That the custom of all civilized countries, as well as all laws human and divine, recognize Sunday as a day of rest and recuperation ; and notwithstanding intervals of rest might be arranged for us on other days than Sunday, we feel that by so doing we would be forced to exclude ourselves from all Church, family and social

privileges that other citizens enjoy. 3rd. Nearly all the undersigned have children that they desire to have educated in everything that will tend to make them good men and women, and we cannot help but see that our example in ignoring the Sabbath day has a very demoralizing influence upon them. 4th. Because we believe the best interests of the company we serve, as well as ours, will be promoted thereby, and because we believe locomotive engineers should occupy as high social and religious positions as men in any other calling. We know the question will be considered: How can this Sunday work be avoided with the immense and constantly increasing traffic? We have watched this matter for the past twenty years. We have seen it grow from its infancy, until it has arrived at its now gigantic proportions, from one train on the Sabbath until we now have about thirty each way; and we do not hesitate in saying that we can do as much work in six days with the seventh for rest, as is now done. It is a fact observable by all connected with the immediate running of freight trains that on Monday freight is comparatively light, Tuesday it strengthens a little, and keeps increasing until Saturday; and Sundays are the heaviest of the week. The objection may be offered that if your lines stop, the receiving points from other roads will be blocked up. In reply, we would most respectfully suggest, that when the main lines do not run, tributaries would be only too glad to follow the good example. The question might also arise, If traffic is suspended twenty-four hours, will not the company lose one-seventh of its profits? In answer, we will pledge our experience, health and strength, that at the end of the year our employers will not lose one cent, but, on the contrary, will be the gainers financially. Our reasons are these: At present, the duties of your locomotive engineers are incessant, day after day, night succeeding night, Sunday and all, rain or shine, with all the fearful inclemencies of a rigorous winter to contend with. The great strain of both mental and physical faculties constantly employed, has a tendency in time to impair the requisites so necessary to make a good engineer. Troubled in mind, jaded and worn out in body, the engineer cannot give his duties the attention they should have in order to best advance his employer's interests. We venture to say not on this broad continent, in any branch of business or traffic, can be found any class in the same position as railroad men. They are severed

from associations that all hold most dear, debarred from the opportunity of worship,—that tribute man owes to his God ; witnessing all those pleasures accorded to others, which are the only oases in the deserts of this life, and with no prospect of relief. We ask you to aid us. Give us the Sabbath for rest after our week of laborious duties, and we pledge you that, with a system invigorated by a season of repose, with a brain eased and cleared by hours of relaxation, we can go to work with more energy, more mental and physical force, and can and will accomplish more work and do it better, if possible, in six days than we can now do in seven. We can give you ten days in six if you require it, if we can only look forward to a certain period of rest. In conclusion we hope and trust that, in conjunction with other gentlemen of the trunk lines leading to the seaboard, you will be able to accomplish something that will ameliorate our condition." This appeal was not wholly unheeded. It is a very strong as well as a very sacred appeal, an appeal which no individual and no corporation could refuse to grant, without having much to answer for, for after all, corporations *have* souls, and the Judge of all the earth will have no difficulty in dealing with the souls of corporate bodies when their members shall stand one by one before Him on the Great Day.

The appeal just quoted comes from only one class of those whom, not the necessities of our age, but the covetousness and greed of man compels to work on the Lord's Day. Could we have added to it the appeals of conductors, expressmen, postal clerks, baggagemen, brakemen, firemen, customs officers, lock tenders, bridge tenders, barbers' apprentices, cigar store clerks, and the tens of thousands of employes of all kinds who are deprived of their Sabbath rest throughout our own country, we would have a prayer before us which could not fail to cause every right thinking citizen to exclaim, "What responsibility have I in connection with this crying evil, this oppression of humanity, this wanton desecration of the day which God has commanded us to keep holy ?"

As Christian people, let us inform ourselves better upon this great question. Let us inquire :—Is this Sabbath desecration a necessity ? Is it really necessary that one class of men should keep their enterprises in operation on the Lord's day for the purposes of gain, or for any other purpose, while other men must shut down and cause the wheels of their industries to rest ? It

will be found that this endless work and running to and fro, and disturbing of the quiet of the holy Sabbath is not at all a necessity. The necessity is all on the other side: It is always necessary to keep the divine law—necessary for the welfare of the individual, the corporation, the community, the country, and the world at large—"Godliness is profitable unto all things." It is the testimony of those who have looked carefully into the matter, that the man who, out of a pure heart and a conscientious desire to do the will of God, resigns his position rather than break the Sabbath, never loses by it, even in the present life. But before we ask all who are bidden labor on the Lord's Day to strike work, not for higher wages, but for conscience sake, we ourselves have a work to do; we must teach the rising generation in our Sabbath schools and our homes how to keep the Sabbath holy, not necessarily after a traditional way of observing the day, but we must learn how to teach them the delightful, sensible, scriptural way of conducting themselves throughout the Sabbath Day. We have, in addition to this, to use everything in our power to have all public desecration of the Sabbath stopped, and above all, we must set a proper example ourselves. Do we ever patronize Sabbath desecration in any way? Do we ever require anything to be done for us on the Lord's Day, which could be either done on Saturday or postponed till Monday? Does anyone among us ever travel by train on the Lord's Day, and thus encourage that gigantic system of Sabbath desecration which is robbing so many of their rest, sapping the foundation of strength and quenching the light of truth in their souls? Should I ever be tempted to think of doing such a thing, it seems to me I would instantly set before me the outstretched pleading hands of the million railway men with their wives and children, who are suffering from this iniquitous traffic, and be compelled to say with David, "Be it far from me, O Lord, that I should do this. Is not this the blood of the men that went in jeopardy of their lives?"

R. J. LAIDLAW.

Hamilton.

CAMBRIDGE LIFE.

BY A CAMBRIDGE MAN.

IN the modern novel, which is nothing if not realistic, and is generally the product of a lady's pen and therefore ought to be an authority on the subject, the Cambridge man is generally introduced as an ardent student of social problems, who varies the monotony of the endless discussion on the probable and possible future of the East End and of humanity by learned disquisitions which have a suspicious resemblance to examination answers that have never come off in the Tripos.

Possibly this is Society's verdict on the average Cambridge man, and possibly it is as near the mark as other verdicts of Society; anyhow the *Homo Cantabrigiensis* is generally admitted to be a biped, whose identity infallibly appears within half an hour's ordinary conversation. There is a certain prestige about the name, a certain aroma of culture and learning, certain sweet reminiscences of quaint slumberous college quads and racing eights on the river.

It is a time honored tenet of the 'Varsity Creed' that you can tell a Cambridge man at first sight, but experience has sorely shaken its credibility. A certain fair maiden of fourteen summers had been told there would be a Cambridge man in her cousin's pew at church. At first she turned timid glances upon him expecting, I presume, the majesty of a Maharajah, but she had evidently settled the matter during sermon time, for that Cantab heard behind him at the church gate a maiden voice of scorn, "*That* a Cambridge man!" But of course he was only one of the exceptions which prove the rule that the mill of Cambridge life turns out a most remarkable product. Now it is our business at the risk of falling into egotism, inaccuracy and buffoonery, to attempt a brief discription of the manufacturing process.

The youthful aspirant to the name of "Cambridge Man," always tries for a dole from the public funds in the shape of a scholarship

if his school tutor thinks he stands any chance. In which case he packs his bag, if wise, without a single book, but not without a few creature comforts, and starts merrily for the Alma Mater of his choice. He generally finds the lodgings selected for him after a long and bewildering search, and then the remainder of his pluck is taken out of him by the experienced beldame, who condescendingly lays his tea and tells him the way to college.

Ten to one he misses his way among all the little streets that divide houses and colleges alike, and when at last he gets to the college and finds the tutor, he feels himself quite dumbfounded by the majesty of the Don and the hoar antiquity of his surroundings.

After the exam, which generally lasts two or three days, he returns home and diligently studies morning and evening papers to find his name put down among the successful candidates. If it be there he at once becomes the admiration of his schoolfellows, and a very hero to his sisters and friends of the fair sex.

The majority however rely solely on the paternal funds. They seek not after filthy lucre or having sought have failed.

Let us accompany our friend to his first lodging at the 'Varsity, for a lodging it will have to be till his turn comes to live within college walls. If he has no *fidus Achates* to play the chaperon, he will have to run the gauntlet of a host of harpies, who hang around to prey on the confiding freshman.

I fared perhaps a little worse than most. My tutor offered to find me rooms and I gave him *carte blanche*, only bargaining that it was to be near College,—a wise precaution,—for you may find yourself landed a mile away, and that involves a terrible amount of grinding to lectures, etc., and much bad language from one's friends and callers. I was indeed near College, but it was up at the top of a house four stories high, with an extensive view of chimney-pots. These rooms were fairly comfortable, and I should have been content with my lot had it not been spoiled by my landlady.

There are landladies and landladies. Some of them are of the grandmotherly type, who are dropping in at all hours of the day "just to see if the fire's in,"—especially when you have lady cousins to lunch,—busybodies, who are always trying to wedge in some little suggestion or other. There are angelic landladies, who keep the room in perfection of tidiness, never turn up when not wanted,

don't keep any cats, and manage to make a ton of coals last more than a fortnight.

My first experience was rather rough. The good lady had five pairs of rooms and tried to do all the work herself with a little help. Once a month she would inveigle a chit of a girl from a country village and work her till she was sick of the place. She was always followed by a wiry hound, that howled most infernally whenever her son played the piano, and that was not seldom. The howling beast consumed, among other things, half a tongue I had meant to regale a chum with ; I forget what I threw at it, but it always howled and ran when it saw me after that.

In less than a week the bell-pull broke, and she wouldn't have it mended, so I had to use my lungs, till at last she repented after an accident that befel. A man dropped in about five. Tea-pot missing I hung over the top of that steep well staircase, tea caddy in hand, roaring lustily, when down went the caddy plump into the tray the landlady was carrying at the bottom. It had got smashed half-way and sprinkled its contents all down the stairs, and there was such a sweeping in that house as had not been known for many a long day.

But I won't go on to detail a list of commonplace woes. Suffice it to say, I concluded to quit that skyloft and seek an abode of my own choice. This time I landed in clover and, after awhile, began to believe that it *was* possible for a landlady to be honest.

But we are running away from our freshman. Now we have found him lodgings, we must accompany him out into the Cambridge world.

He very soon finds himself under a code of unwritten, but most peremptory laws of etiquette. He will perchance stalk down King's Parade on Sunday in all the pride of academic panoply, only to find his new lavender gloves a source of irreverent mirth to his seniors. Undergraduates may not wear gloves.

Or, perchance, he swings an umbrella beside the tails of his gown. Huge laughter of all passers by ! Graduates have the sole privilege of keeping off the rain with a gingham. Should he venture out in ordinary dress without a stick, the sneers of the knowing ones are provokingly loud, for is not a walking stick one of the main supports of gentility.

He finds his liberty fettered by quite a number of laws and

customs, besides a bookfull of University Regulations which he receives for study, but mostly lights his pipe with.

"Thou shalt not smoke in College Quads," is one of the laws most often broken: penalty 6/8, imposed by the Proctor when he catches the offender. I once heard of an angelic Proctor who went to work this way. Seeing a rowdy young student walking round the "hallowed lawn" smoking, he approached him and sweetly, murmured, "I am very sorry, but I must trouble you to throw away that cigar!" "But, sir!" said he, 'I gave 1/- for it just now!' "Well! mine only cost 6d." said the good man, "but you may take two, if you will put them in your pocket."

Inside the gateway of the college you will find a notice, "No dogs allowed in the college." I never saw one in the quad but once, and that was a stray tike of the muddy-white terrier species. There were three exits to that quad, opposite each stood a porter frantically brandishing some weapon or other and hi-hi-ing lustily to frighten away the iniquitous quadruped. He, poor creature, ran round in a circle for about five minutes till at last it dawned upon one of those porters that he'd better leave room for that dog to pass, and the poor beast did without further persuasion.

There is a law that is certainly much more honored in the breach than in the observance. Persons in **statu pupillari* are forbidden to ride in a horse race or otherwise promote horse racing. I won't venture to state how far men go, but I have observed that there is a remarkable number of men absent from Hall Dinner whenever racing goes on at Newmarket. It is only thirteen miles away, and there's nothing a young swell likes better than a ride over there for the day.

Tandems and machines of that sort are as smoke in the nostrils of the powers that be, but, though strictly prohibited, are often to be seen flying along the lanes at a break-neck pace, leaving indignant Proctors and such like to gaze in holy wrath.

All this and more the young idea has to learn before he can join the company of the knowing ones.

The way he gets into the society of his college men is thus:—Men in the second year of residence (junior sophs), are supposed to leave cards on the freshmen and the freshman is bound to call

*All persons are in this happy state till five years after their first arrival at Cambridge.

until he finds his senior in. I've heard of pious freshmen who've called vainly nineteen times and fainted not. And it's no slight task for the poor fellow when he gets a little bundle of some forty cards upon his shelf. But he generally manages to get his calls over at least before the end of the second term, and as a rule soon drops into one of the small sets or clubs, whose number is legion and names sought from all quarters of the earth. You may hear that the Kit-cats held a debate on disestablishment, the Brickbats enjoyed a musical evening, the Quang-fou-chees read Carlyle. The set I belonged to rejoiced in the euphonious and not altogether inappropriate name of Straddlebugs. Then there are whist clubs, chess clubs, musical clubs, and other small Mutual Admiration Societies innumerable.

It does not take the average man now-a-days long to get his footing. Freshmen year by year show less respect for their seniors: things have been getting worse ever since I came up. A young fellow who was a school boy two months ago, will swagger into an experienced second year man's rooms, take the easy chair as if it were his birthright, and at once commence to inform you in a condescending tone he's glad he's found you in, got you down next on his list you know! Yes! he doesn't mind if he does have a smoke, and he's quite content to wait till the kettle boils, etc., etc.,—with about as much nonchalance and *nil admirari* as a North American Indian.

Our young hopeful finds that, among other rites of initiation into genteel society, foremost comes the proper ornamentation of cap and gown.

The long tassel must either be docked or pulled out by the roots. Operations on the mortar-board vary according to the taste of the wearer. Some from lofty motives of *noblesse oblige*, exact the board and pulverize the rest; others of a more scholarly turn of mind cut out half the board leaving one triangle as stiff as a Proctor's, the other flapping lugubriously in the wind; others again—but space would fail me to describe the infinite degrees of dilapidation that one may note any day after dark.

At least one rent in the gown is the correct thing; some gowns towards the third year of their existence remind one of a Zulu's loin apron. An athletic friend of mine having a good waist, cut an isosceles triangle out of his gown, with the apex at the neck

behind, and the bases at the front edges. In that superb array, he delighted every undergraduate soul on King's Parade one Sunday until he met a Proctor, who alas! cut short his triumph by sending him to his rooms, with a fine of 13¹/₄, and orders to invest in new regimentals on the pain of "*Rustication."

But we have been delaying too long on trifles. The object of a University education is not to learn obedience to a number of salutary regulations of discipline, but rather the harmonious development of a man's faculties—the training of the mind. We must therefore give an eye to the way it is done.

Now the University is a microcosm—a little world where every varying shade of character finds a more or less accurate representative. There are aristocrats and wealthy nabobs with their wonted throng of toadies, their arc sports, and cauls, and dandies—and there are also working-men. One may roughly distinguish two classes, positive and negative, reading and non-reading men. Between these two poles their are infinite degrees, but they will serve well enough to give an idea of the general way things go.

The non-reading man comes up to develop the social faculties and in some cases the muscles. He may be an aristocratic sort of loafer, cursed with a good patrimony and doomed to life long laziness. You may see him clad in the most expensive and fashionable garments:—trousers all the way up like a sailor's at the bottom, overcoat big enough to afford Barnum's fat lady a comfortable mantle, neck-tie indescribable, collar sublime. Before him play a pair of terriers, behind waddle a married couple of long dachshunds with a family of five to match. Perhaps he's happy, but he looks awfully bored, but then perhaps a slightly *blaze* air shows *son ton*.

Another species of the non-reading genus consists of those who are blessed with more muscles than money. They find ample scope for their powers at the 'Varsity, that happy hunting ground for "pots" and glory. The better part of their days is spent in sports, the rest in talking about them. They have a paradise, wherein is a river, a field, and a cinder-path, where the favored few get the blues—which, by the way, is nothing mournful, but license to wear the light blue colors for that they have championed their Alma Mater. In that paradise are lovely Houris ever ready to sound

*Sending down again to the rustic haunts amid his native wilds.

the praises of the hero, Houris who rejoice in the all-embracing name of cousins, whose chief delight is to come up in June and smite with their charms the poor galley slave who tugs them down the lazy Cam to the races. The first article of their creed is to be found in Eccles XII. 12 ; but happily the majority, without disputing the Preacher's wisdom, firmly believe in 'much study.' They form the great reading genus.

Cambridge, England.

(To be continued.)

THE MASTER CALLETH FOR THEE.

Written after reading Faber's "True Shepherd."

THE Saviour came and sought me
 When I was yet a child ;
 And the' no one had taught me,
 I knew Him when He smiled
 And beckoned me away.
 But I said : " I'll come to morrow,
 I am young to meet with sorrow,
 Let me play awhile to-day."

So, in youth, the Saviour called me,
 And His eyes were wet with tears ;
 But the rugged road appalled me,
 And I was sick with fears
 As He bade me follow after.
 So I said : " The way is weary,
 And my comrades are so cheery,
 And I dare not meet their laughter."

Again the Saviour sought me
 When I was grown a man ;
 He said how He had bought me,
 And He was strange and wan,
 And His love was—Oh, so winning !
 But I said : “ The world I follow ;
 It is sweet, if it is hollow,
 And my life is but beginning.”

I saw the Saviour leave me,
 And sighed when He was gone ;
 And the thought He'd ne'er receive me
 Nigh turned my heart to stone
 As I stumbled on my way.
 But I said : “ 'Tis my own choosing,
 Mine's the gaining or the losing,
 I have bought and I shall pay.”

So worn I did not know Him,
 He came to me in age ;
 He told me what I owe Him,
 And asked me for His wage ;
 But He would not take my pelf.
 So I said : “ There's no denying
 The rare love that lives by dying,
 I can only give myself.”

And He took me as I gave,
 And the great transaction's done ;
 For I called myself His slave,
 And I know He called me, “ Son.”

St. Helens.

R. S. G. ANDERSON.

Missionary.

CONCERNING THAT "CIVIL WAR."

I have been somewhat troubled by the perusal of an article in the February number of the MONTHLY by my esteemed friend, Mr. Gale, of Corea, entitled "Civil War." I believe that the article is likely, so far as it may be read, to give an impression with regard to the relations generally subsisting between different missionary bodies in the foreign field, which from exceptional and long continued opportunities of knowing, I venture to say would be as erroneous as it is sure to be injurious. People often make hasty generalizations; especially when anxious to find some apparent cause for disparaging foreign missions, and excusing themselves from active interest in them. I should be sorry to have any such read Mr. Gale's article. But even missionaries, especially when but a short time in the field, and with but a limited knowledge of facts, are in no less danger of hasty and too premature conclusions; and from this common danger, Mr. Gale, I fear, has not wholly escaped. Of the alleged "war" between the representatives of different Churches on the mission field, he gives only one example with some particulars; for the rest, only the unsupported statement of a Commissioner of Customs and the "captain of the largest British cruiser in the Eastern Squadron," by whom we are told that there is so much of this "unholy strife and warfare" that the former has "no desire to join their band," and the other has "no faith in the work at all."

Who these persons may be, and of what value their testimony, I have no means of knowing, and shall therefore not criticise; but only remark that if their testimony be correct, they must have been unaccountably and exceptionally unfortunate. My own experience and observation has been the exact reverse of theirs. From 1865 to 1876, I was a member of the Presbyterian Synod of India. Our missionaries labored throughout the entire extent of the N. W. P., from Allahabad westward through the Panjab to Afghanistan.

With us in this region, and often in the same cities, were the agents of almost every important body of Protestant Christians in America and Great Britain ; with a large part of these I was personally acquainted, and with their work. And now that since reading Mr. Gale's article, I have been trying to recall those years, I cannot call to mind anything of this interdenominational strife which is brought before us. Nor was it "an armed neutrality ;" the relations were not only friendly but cordial. In Allahabad, the capital of the N. W. P., my own residence for some time, were missionaries of the Church Missionary Society, of the English Baptists, the American Methodists and Presbyterians. During the years that I lived and worked there, I was in constant and friendly relations with the brethren of these churches and I am not able to recall a word that any time disturbed the perfect harmony that prevailed between all these various missions. I have often preached for our Methodist and Baptist brethren there, and also at the request of the venerable Dr. Hœrnle, of the Church of England, in the Hindustani Chapel of his Mission in Landhaur in the Himalayas, where I spent several seasons. In 1871, the General Missionary Conference of India met in the compound of our Mission, in Allahabad ; a body comprising representatives of nineteen different missionary societies from all parts of India. That Conference, which lasted several days, was absolutely harmonious, and free from the faintest suggestion of any interdenominational strife, except the Christ-like desire to excel in good works ; it was the most perfect illustration of the essential unity of believers that I have ever seen, or expect to see on earth. When, on the Lord's Day the sacrament of the Lord's Supper was celebrated in our (Presbyterian) Hindustani Church, a brother of the English Baptist Missions preached the sermon, and was assisted in the preliminary service by an English Independent, of the London Missionary Society ; the India Secretaries of the Church Missionary Society, ordained clergymen of the Church of England, then administered the sacrament, ministers and elders of the Presbyterian Church, and possibly others, distributing the elements. Would such a celebration of the Lord's Supper be possible anywhere in Canada or the United States? Of this Conference the *Lucknow Witness* (Methodist, said, with unexaggerated truth :

"The recent Conference has demonstrated that Christians of a dozen denominations, and of many different nationalities, may meet

together in love and peace and take sweet counsel together, and may linger before a common mercy seat till their hearts seem to blend into one. The brethren who were assembled at Allahabad were one in purpose and feeling, and a hallowed spirit of love and unity became more and more manifest every day of the Conference."

I will add one other fact, from which the reader will draw his own inferences. During all the years of my missionary life, much of it in a city and district where, as I have said, labored the representatives of the Presbyterian, Anglican, Baptist and Methodist Churches, although I was in argument and disputation almost daily with Mohammedans and Hindoos, Brahmans and Shudras, the most learned and the most ignorant alike, with men often fanatical in their opposition to Christianity, I do not recollect that ever in the heat of any discussion, public or private, any Hindoo or Mohammedan ever threw up against me the denominational differences of Christians. My own impression is that the mind of the people generally in North India on this subject would be fairly illustrated by the remark of one of a few Brahmoo gentlemen of education and acute intellect, who attended faithfully the sessions of the above mentioned Conference of Missionaries in Allahabad, for the purpose, as they said, of learning what were the points of difference between the various Christian denominations. One of these gentlemen remarked to a friend of mine with some feeling of disappointment, that he had been unable to discover, from the discussions of the Conference, that there was any difference at all!

I have never been in China, although I know many missionaries there of various denominations, I cannot therefore speak from personal observation of the work in that country. But I do not believe that the missionaries in China are, in regard to their personal relations, different from the missionary body in India. It is not to be imagined for a moment that India enjoys any peculiar blessing in this regard, which is denied to missions in China and other countries. No doubt there have been instances in India and all mission fields, where the agents of different societies and denominations have come into collision; men are nowhere perfect, and misunderstandings will sometimes arise between the best of men. But I believe it to be quite within the truth to say that such are rare exceptions. I am therefore compelled to say that I believe

that the impression which the sweeping statements of Mr. Gale's informants would naturally make, would be grossly unjust to the missionary body as a whole, either in China or elsewhere.

If space permitted, I should like to comment at some length upon Mr. Gale's animadversions upon the home Committees and their relation to the deplorable evil which he imagines to exist. These Committees are also made up of imperfect men ; and they also have the disadvantage of living in Christian lands, where these denominational divisions and strifes, though happily becoming less frequent every year, are much more common than on heathen ground. Nevertheless, to confine myself to a single remark, I do not believe that there is a Mission Board anywhere, who "question the propriety of keeping a man in the field, if he does not at once send home reports corresponding with others," in regard, as I understand the writer, to "the booking of just so many converts quarterly and half-quarterly." I have been for years a member of a mission on the field, and have now the honor to be a member of one of these "Committees" at home, and therefore, as having had the opportunity to observe from both sides, am in a position to know somewhat whereof I speak. Such things ought not to be said or even suggested, except a man is prepared to support the statements with particulars of the man concerned, the time, the place, the name of the guilty Committee, and so on, in full. Things are of course not perfect either among missionaries abroad, or the Mission Committees at home, any more than among the Churches who appoint them. But I think I can safely assure the readers of the MONTHLY that they are not by any means in such a condition as one might hastily infer, from reading Mr. Gale's article. Should it please the Lord to extend his one year of observation to ten, I have little fear but that he would on this topic write a very different article. For the truth is, that the absence of the spirit which he charges on the missions generally, is one of the brightest signs in the missionary horizon.

S. H. KELLOGG.

Toronto.

DARJEELING.

II.

THE railway up the mountain to Darjeeling is a feat of engineering skill. Some American traveller said it was the "cheekiest" piece of engineering he had ever seen. After running a number of miles on a comparative level, it seems suddenly to go right up hill. The gauge is about two feet, and the coaches small, in appearance much like home tram-cars. The grade in some places is very steep, and at three or four points you are carried up a great many feet in a few moments by a peculiar zig-zag movement. The train goes forward a few hundred yards, then stops; then goes backwards, and you see the iron lines away below you. Another stop, and another forward movement, and then there are two lines in view below. And so on, up and up, in a most wonderful way. The road is carefully built, and well guarded bridges thrown over deep gorges; everything, in fact, done in a thoroughly British style of workmanship; so that in spite of "Sensation Corners," one has little or no feeling of nervousness in ascending—at least we had not. It was tame compared to some of the travelling we did in Kashmir two or three years ago.

Darjeeling has been a frontier station for British troops for many years, but has been popular as a Sanitarium for only about the last fifteen years. It is less than four hundred miles north of Calcutta, but formerly much of the journey had to be made by *dāk-gāri*. Of recent years the railway has brought it within an easy distance of Bengal stations, and during May, June, and October every hotel and boarding-house in the place is filled with visitors, many of them seekers after health. For children the climate is said to be simply perfect; and it is a pleasure to watch the little pale faces getting rosier and rosier, and the dull eyes brighter as the days go on, till you would not recognize in the sturdy, happy child who has been a few weeks in this bracing air, the drooping languid baby of the plains. India is a terrible climate for European children, it seems cruel to keep them in such a land.

Darjeeling is in British Sikhim, and on the borders of Independent Sikhim, whose tribes have recently been giving so much trouble to our troops. It belongs to the Raja of Burdhwán, but is a camp for British soldiers, and there are many permanent European residents. Being a resort of English visitors a large bazar has grown up, and people of many nationalities cater to the wants of the inhabitants. From the plains, chiefly from Bengal, have come Mahomedans and Hindoos, clerks in Government offices, shopkeepers, tailors, etc. ; while the Hill peoples, the Nepaulis, Bhutias and Septches, are chiefly engaged in domestic service, or supply fruit, butter, milk, and all such necessities to the hotels and boarding houses. These latter also carry the dandies, or jampans (like sedan chairs), that are so much used by ladies here, and do coolie work of all kinds. There are no carriages drawn by horses allowed in the station, so those who do not, or cannot, afford to ride must either walk, or be carried in these chairs.

The situation of Darjeeling is very beautiful. The houses are built on the heights of a wooded ridge which rises abruptly from out of the depths of enormous valleys, and at every turn you get the most exquisite views of near and distant mountains, and wooded groves and water-falls. Beyond and over all, yet seeming wonderfully near, are the glorious snowy ranges away to the North, glowing in the morning and evening sun with the loveliest tints of yellow, rose and orange, and under the moonlight shining out against the dark blue sky with a strange, weird, unearthly beauty.

Our first weeks in Darjeeling were spent in the clouds. Every day and every night, and all day long, and all night long, rain poured down, or heavy mists closed us in, so that we could scarcely get a glimpse of our surroundings. In October the weather was perfect, and we revelled in delicious, bracing air and lovely scenery. One day we went to the top of a hill, about seven miles from Darjeeling, from which, on a clear day, Mount Everest may be seen. About four o'clock a large party left our hotel in order to reach Tiger Hill before sunrise. The morning was bitterly cold and dark, so dark that we had to carry lanterns for some miles to light our path. Some of the party were in dandies, some on horseback, and some on foot, and with our dandy walas (men who carry the dandies) we formed quite a procession. Going through the camp we were challenged by a sentry, "Who goes there?" to which the

answer "friends," was given and we were allowed to pass on. Until we were within two miles of our destination the lanterns were needed to show us our road. Gradually the eastern sky began to lighten, and between long layers of dark clouds the delicate green and blue morning tints, faintly touched near the horizon with rose, grew more and more distinct. Clouds were hanging heavily over the mountains, and the sky was almost covered, and we feared that Everest, always shy of sight-seers, might remain wrapped in its cloudy garments and not even appear to greet the rising sun. We reached the point from which the best view of the mountain can be got, and patiently waited, hoping that the mists might clear. Had we not seen Everest we had been well repaid for our early chilly journey by the glorious sunrise. From our height we could see range after range of mountains, the highest of them rising clear and blue against the morning sky, the lower ranges still in shadow, dark and purple, throwing into relief the broken masses of fleecy clouds resting on them. Towering above the surrounding hills in its snowy beauty was Kinchin-pinga, the third highest measured peak in the world, and though we had seen it every day during a month, it always seemed new and strange, and the grandeur of its proportions, and the beauty of its coloring as the sunlight fell on it in the early morning and in the evening, and the dazzling white that it reflected at noonday, were a constant wonder and delight. The East was now glowing. A brilliant red line along the horizon was separated by a band of deep purple, fringed with gold, from the lovely pale green sky above, which was gradually being warmed into a mellower tint by the rays of the rising sun. Then Kinchin-pinga caught the reflected light, and from peak to peak the very hue spread, till the whole snowy range was almost as brilliant as the sky. As the sun came up over the horizon like a great ball of fire, dazzling the eye with its brightness, the mists rose lightly and passed away like a dream, and for about an hour Everest stood out clear and distinct in the far distance. That was a morning long to be remembered by the company of Indian "Plains" people, who pass year after year on a dreary flat earth, where month after month the sun rises in a yellow glow, and sets in a deeper yellow glow, with never a cloud to vary the picture.

We have seen the Buddhist temples in Darjeeling, interesting to us as being the first and only ones we had yet seen in India, the

home of Buddha, and where for so many centuries he was an object of worship among the majority of the people. These temples are small, shabby buildings, looking at a little distance like over-grown mushrooms. Their approach is marked by rows of great bamboo poles, to which are attached, like banners, strips of red and white cloth stamped in Thibetan character, with prayers to the gods. These prayers are carried to the ears of the deities by the winds that unfurl the folds of cloth containing them. Another way in which prayers are given to the winds is this: a number of pieces of native paper, about ten inches long and from two to four inches broad, are covered with these written prayers, and being joined together by a thread are hung on the boughs of trees. We have secured a great many specimens of these. I wondered sometimes what the people thought about the disappearance of so many of these petitions, for missionaries, at least, who are holidaying there, help themselves freely without apparently any twinges of conscience. Probably people who "say prayers" in such a fashion do not trouble themselves very much as to what becomes of them.

The chief feature of these Bhutia temples is the common figure of Buddha, sitting cross-legged, and holding in one hand what I suppose is intended for the mendicants' bowl. But Buddha is not alone on the throne. In both temples the place of honor is shared with Hindoo gods, as Kàli, Jugganalli, etc., Buddha being, however, the central figure. There were rows of pigeon holes filled with sacred books in roll form, and carefully covered with cloth. None of the priests could read them, and they would not open them for our inspection. They say these manuscripts are very old, and that no one can decipher them.

In these temples we saw the famous prayer wheels one hears so much about. They are like barrels set on end, and so constructed as to be easily turned by attendant priests or devout Bhutias. In one temple there were seven wheels, one very large, about seven or eight feet high, and about three feet in diameter, the smaller wheels being about half this size. These cylinders are full of written prayers, and when a man gives one of them a touch it revolves many times, and thousands of prayers are "held" uttered by the devout, if lazy, servant of the gods.

Mr. Wilson was allowed to take photographs of the interiors of these buildings, a thing he has never been able to do in Central

India. Whether the Bhutias are more liberal in their religious sentiments, or whether more open to the influence of *buckshish*, I don't know.

Since coming to India we had often heard and read of the wonderful success of the Church of Scotland Mission in Darjeeling, and desire to see its work was one of the chief inducements to go there for our holiday. Rev. Mr. Turnbull, the missionary in charge of Darjeeling, left his field while we were there, to visit his native land, after an absence of ten years. Mr. Turnbull was ready to leave for Scotland on furlough, three years ago, but was obliged, by the death of one of the missionaries, Rev. Mr. McFarlane, to postpone his going away, and to take up the field which had been occupied by this devoted missionary. The gentleman in charge of Darjeeling, until another missionary, now on his way to India, shall be able to take his place, is the Rev. Mr. Graham, of the Kalimpony division of the Darjeeling Mission.

Mr. Graham gave, at a missionary meeting which we attended a most interesting account of the Darjeeling division of the Mission. After paying a high tribute to the memory of Mr. McFarlane, Mr. Graham gave a little sketch of the circumstances in which the Mission was begun, of the several fields occupied, and of the character of the different tribes in those fields.

Mr. McFarlane began work first at Gya in Behar, but after labouring five years without any sign of success, decided to leave and try some more promising field. In an orphanage, conducted by him at Gya, were some boys from among the hill tribes about Darjeeling, towards whom Mr. McFarlane was specially attracted on account of their intelligence and manliness, and appreciation of Christian truth. He decided to follow these boys to their native mountains, hoping that the blessing of God might visibly rest on work among those unsophisticated hill tribes who seemed to possess elements of character fitted to make better Christians than the rather effeminate Bengalis, and the bigotted and caste-loving Hindoos. Accordingly Mr. McFarlane went to Darjeeling where he worked for four years, again seeing little or no fruit of his labour. Even the boys of whom he had hoped so much left him to return to their families, apparently indifferent to the claims of Christ. Afterwards, however, they came back to the Mission, and are now valued workers in its service. In despair Mr. McFarlane prayed

that God would give him a sign that his labour was not in vain, or else lead him to some other field. That very day a man came to him as an inquirer, and when, in 1886, Mr. McFarlane was suddenly taken away, there were about eight hundred (800) converts in connection with the Mission. Now in 1889 there are in the three divisions of the Mission twelve hundred (1,200) converts, and many inquirers.

The hills Mission of the Church of Scotland includes three divisions; the Darjeeling division, the funds necessary for its carrying on being supplied by the Sabbath Schools of the Church of Scotland; the Kalimpony division, supported by the Young Mens' Guild; and the Independent Sikhim division, whose funds are supplied by the Scottish Universities. The population of the three districts, which are Mission centres, is about two hundred and fifty thousands (250,000). Many nationalities are represented, but the greater part of this population are Septches, an aboriginal tribe, Nepaulis from Nepal, and Bhutias from Bhutan.

The Septches, while professing Buddhism, are demon worshippers. The Nepaulis are Hindoos, but not so bound by caste fetters, it is said, as the Hindoos of the plains. This comparative looseness of caste feeling leaves the people, humanly speaking, much more accessible to the Gospel, and removes one of the greatest barriers against which the missionary on the plains has to contend. Not that less work or less faithfulness is required in a missionary among the hill tribes, but only here one has not this outside crust to break through before getting close to the heart and conscience of the people. The Bhutias, an inferior race of the Septches, and Nepaulis are Buddhists of a mongrel type, as is manifest from the Hindoo gods grouped about the figure of Buddha in their temples. The Nepaulis are evidently Mr. Graham's favorites. He called them the Scotchmen of the hills. They are a vigorous, *restless* sort of folks who are given to striking out for themselves. They form flourishing colonies, and come to the top in every place to which they emigrate.

In the Darjeeling division of the Mission are fifteen stations and churches, with seventeen catechists and colporteurs. Some of the tea planters in the district take much interest in Mission work, and in many ways help the missionary in charge. At the meeting of which I speak, two gentlemen bore high testimony to the char-

acter of the catechists with whom they were acquainted. There is a total abstinence society of seventy members, and efforts are being made to induce as many as possible to join it, for here, as in the plains, drunkenness is very apt to spread among the native Christians.

One specially pleasing feature of the work is that the converts themselves all become missionaries, and try to spread a knowledge of the Christian religion, and to induce others to come into the Christian Church. Many whole families are baptized at a time, and these can live comfortably in their own villages, among their own people, working at their various trades as before, without fear of persecution. With us in Central India it is very different. As soon as a man is simply suspected of having a leaning towards "that way," he is closely watched, and if he has courage to declare himself a Christian, is reviled and abused, and cast off by all his friends, and shut out of all employment, unless he be of very low caste. Thus in Darjeeling one great missionary problem is solved—or rather it has never been a problem at all.

The native Christians in the Darjeeling district contributed last year towards the mission fund Rs737, equal to 1-34 of their income. There are mission schools receiving Government grants of Rs3,688 ; a printing press, which as yet, so far as money receipts are concerned, does not pay, but considering the amount of Christian literature sent out in the course of the year seems to me a most valuable agency in mission work ; bazar preaching, conducted by the catechists and others at nineteen or twenty different places ; Bible classes, prayer meetings, etc., all in operation and involving an immense amount of labour on the part of the missionary in charge.

In addition to the work of supervising such a field, Mr. Turnball has gone much into literary work, and has prepared a hymn and prayer book for use in the Sabbath services, and written a number of commentaries in Hindi on different books of the Bible, and compiled Bible hand-books to help the catechists in their work. Mr. Turnball has also written a Nepaulise grammar. His holiday, after ten years, is certainly a well-earned one.

At Kalimpony is a training school for mission workers, a most necessary and valuable institution. We have so much difficulty in getting efficient workers ourselves that we appreciate the value of

such a school, and it certainly is wise to begin training catechists and teachers as early as possible in any mission.

Every year the Hindoos have a great festival called Daserah, when from all parts crowds gather to some central place, where for days feasting and sports of all kind are engaged in. The amusements are such as no Christian can join in ; so here in Darjeeling the native Christians have a holiday of their own at this season, and have sports and games in the mission camp ground during the day, and in the evening are given a "tea" by the missionary, after which there is a magic lantern exhibition. We were present, and saw the sports, races of "sorts," obstacle, sack, egg races, etc., jumping, putting the stone, etc. These hill men have a fine physique, and are abler for exercise of this kind than dwellers in the plains. A native Christian boy from Neemuch, whom we had taken with us to Darjeeling, joined in a number of the races, but though a very plucky fellow was no match for the hardier sons of the mountains. The crowd of well-dressed intelligent Christian men, women, and children who, from a bank above the play ground, watched the sports was a sight to make one glad. What an influence must go out from such a mass of Christian people!

We went to one service in the mission church every Sabbath, though it was a long distance from the house where we were staying, and the church, instead of being a city set on a hill, is in the depths of the valley, and the road to it steep and rough. It took a good walker with good lungs to go up and down the path leading to it. Mr. Wilson preached one Sabbath morning, and after the service Mr. Graham baptized a man, a soldier who played in the Darjeeling band.

A friend and I spent a few hours one day with Miss Taylor, a lady belonging to the China Inland Mission, who is living at a village near Darjeeling, in order to study the Thibetan language, and who hopes in the course of the year to be able to enter the country of the Lamas, I suppose the most jealously closed against foreigners of any country in the world. Miss Taylor had been working for some years in China, near the Thibetan frontier, and was obliged to leave on account of illness. She had become much interested in Thibet, and as soon as her health was restored, came to India to try and work into the country from here, for as yet it is impossible to gain an entrance from the Chinese side.

Miss Taylor lives in a little village about four miles from Darjeeling, in a native house, and as much as possible, in the same way that the natives do, and is busy studying the language and doing what mission work she can. She intends to spend five months here preparing herself, and then move on some marches nearer Thibet, where she may stay for a few months before attempting to cross the frontier. By that time, judging from the progress she has already made in the language, she will be able to speak like a native Thibetan; and in Thibetan dress, which she is having prepared, I think she might pass any sentinels without fear of detection. But she says she does not intend to "sneak in" but to go openly, and hopes that being a woman, and not likely to be suspected of having any political designs, she may be allowed an entrance. Dr. Lansell was turned back lately while attempting to enter Thibet, and one cannot but feel it very doubtful whether Miss Taylor will succeed. Miss Taylor is very bright and cheery in manner, and seems to be gaining the affections of the Thibetans in Darjeeling. They come and go quite freely in her little house, and call her *Auni* which corresponds somewhat to our Aunt, and is an affectionate term used in speaking of female religious teachers. I knew that her name was Annie, but did not know the Hindi word having the same pronounciation, and was at first much amused to hear Annie, Annie on all sides from the natives addressing her.

The day we spent with her she had a number of visitors, among them two Thibetan ladies who put her through a series of questions, some of them rather different from the ordinary run of questions usually asked in an Indian zenana. "Are all the people in your country as black as you," rather took away my breath, and when it came to "Do you put *data* on your cheeks," which means "do you paint your face," I began to realize what dreadful surmisings the breath of Darjeeling air on my face had given rise to.

Miss Taylor is thoroughly in earnest in her work, and though one may feel that she is too dogmatic, too sure that she and the China Inland Mission and those who work in the same lines are the only missionaries who adopt proper methods of labor, still you must honor her for her entire devotion to the interests of the people among whom she hopes to spend her life. And we can very heartily and sympathically ask for God's blessing on her work. We

missionaries may not be able to see eye to eye when the question is of methods of work, style of living, manner of receiving income, etc.; but these are mere outside things, certainly not worth quarrelling about, and so far as I have seen do not make any obstacle to the speaking of heart to heart of true missionary servants of Christ.

We had the pleasure of living for some weeks in Darjeeling with some missionaries of the C. M. S. and heard from them about their work in Bengal. One of the missionaries, the Rev. Mr. Sauter from Krishnagar, a large native town about a hundred miles from Calcutta, gave us much interesting information about his field. Krishnagar is the chief town of a large district of the same name, which has a Christian population of over six thousand. Mission work was begun here about fifty years ago, and almost at once converts were gathered in. A sect of Hindoos who had given up many of the superstitions and immoralities of the Hindoo worship received the missionary gladly, and many of them became Christians. So the knowledge of the truth spread, until now, the jubilee year of the mission, there are more than six thousand Christians in the district. The majority of these are poor in worldly goods, but they support several native pastors, and, considering their poverty, contribute largely towards the mission funds. It is a custom among them to lay aside a handful of rice or flour as a thank offering to God every time a meal is prepared for the family. On Sabbath all the grain collected during the week is taken to Church, where it is received in large boxes. This Sabbath day "collection" is changed into money, and so the pastors are paid, and funds obtained for other mission work by means of the daily gifts of the people. I think that this method of raising money for God's work is a very beautiful one, and cannot but have a wonderful influence on the lives of the givers. The claims of the Sovereign Giver of all blessing to the service of the whole life, are vicidly brought before them day by day, and many times a day, and the response of the heart expressed by the continual thanks-giving must be an invaluable aid to right *living*.

MARGARET CAVEN WILSON.

Nicmuck, Central India.

THE NEW DEPARTURE IN MISSIONS.—II.

I AM often asked, "What is the cost of living in India?" Some ask the question out of contention, not since ely, supposing to add affliction to the missionary's bonds, but others of love, desiring to serve the Lord in India at their own charges. To the first my reply is, "It costs *more* to live in Bombay than in Toronto. Two or three thousand dollars a year will not provide as many of the comforts and conveniencies, not to speak of the refinements and luxuries, of our modern civilized home life in Bombay or Calcutta as in Toronto, say, or Montreal. Smaller cities and towns in the interior of India are cheaper, it is true, because house-rent is lower, and few things can be got, but these again are dearer than our smaller cities and towns." To the charge of extravagant living, made often of late, with more or less definiteness, I reply, "If you wish your representatives to practice self-denial, and allow themselves nothing but what is absolutely necessary to sustain life for Christ's sake, you must train them to it. From their infancy they must be brought up in habits of economy and even of asceticism. Penury and want they must be inured to from childhood. Water does not flow up-hill, nor does sweet water flow from a bitter fountain. If in our Canadian homes there is so little of self-denial, so little of *voluntary* renunciation of self for the sake of others, how idle to expect us, your representatives abroad, to deny ourselves the comforts to which we have been all our lives accustomed, especially when the only parties concerned very much about the matter are those who stay at home and enjoy the world without a qualm of conscience about themselves." I am personally acquainted with some of the critics of missionary living and know that they do not contribute to Foreign Missions, and that their own style of living is luxurious. "Why beholdest thou the mote that is in thy brother's eye, but considerest not the beam that is in thine own eye?"

I am free, however, to admit that there are missionaries who live extravagantly, and whose example in this is anything but edifying. I know a missionary of a very prominent Missionary Society whose house cost nearly \$20,000, and another house has just

been bought for more than that sum in the same city by the same Society. The Society, however, it is justice to add, knows nothing of the circumstances of the case except as reported by its missionary there.

But it would be hard to find another such case, and if found it would be in another seaport station or large city where they exhibit to tourist and pleasure-seeker the too human side of the missionary's life. The globe-trotter accepts the missionary's hospitality. The latter issues invitations, elegantly printed on gilt-edged cards, to do honour to his distinguished guest, and the guest on his departure, moralizes on the good time the missionary and his family must always have. It is easy to see that such people would be extravagant in whatever sphere of life they might be placed. The great majority of their missionary brethren are sufficiently grieved by such folly without being held responsible for it or being thought birds of the same feather.

But to the second querist my reply is, "The cost of living in India depends upon the man." If the missionary regards himself as sent by a missionary society, a congregation, or a church he will probably maintain a style of living suitable to his office. He will *represent* those whose ambassador he is, and his clients at home will doubtless feel it a point of honour to support their representative in a manner suitable to their pretensions or actual condition.

If, on the other hand, the missionary regards himself as the representative of Christ, and as responsible to Him, he cannot fail to be deeply impressed by the obligation to represent Christ. "As the Father hath sent me *even so* send I you." It is in Christ's life on earth that the modern missionary finds his example. We know well what manner of life that was. "The foxes have holes, the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of Man hath not where to lay His head." This was all the provision that our Master thought it necessary, or even expedient, to provide for His earthly wants. "It is enough for the disciple that he be as his Lord." When Paul and Barnabas were sent forth by the Church in Antioch, we may be tolerably certain that their pledge of support did *not* include \$1,500 a year. And whence came the funds to support the hundreds of other disciples that were scattered abroad and went everywhere preaching the word? Did the "poor Christians" at Jerusalem, to whom Paul brought the alms of his western churches,

support all the early missionaries to the Gentiles? If they did we have an example of generosity to our churches. If they did *not* we have a not less noble example for our missionaries.

There is, again, no proof that either our Lord or His disciples were ascetics. "The Son of Man came eating and drinking," which did not imply that He lived differently from the community about Him. He was not often found at rich men's tables, nor was He fond of their society. He was poor—poor even when compared with the standard of His own times and country. In order to imitate Him we must, while avoiding asceticism, not confound our western manner of living with Christianity itself. We, in America, boast of our versatility. There is probably little ground for boasting. It would be strange, indeed, if we could not compete with foreigners on our own soil. At all events, our want of versatility is marked enough when we come face to face with another civilization, on a foreign shore, in a different climate. Our instructions are to introduce Christianity with all that it implies, and then, assuming that the conditions under which we were brought up are of the essence of our religion, we do violence to all the ideas of propriety and social life held dear by the people to whom we are sent. Paul would "eat no flesh while the world standeth lest I make my brother to offend," but the modern missionary in India, less concerned about the salvation of his weak brother, or less anxious to be all things to all men, openly kills and eats the sacred cow—the most horrible of all possible crimes to the orthodox Hindoo. Some missionaries are so careful of their dignity that they never appear in public without the clerical coat and tie, though the Indian sun is a continual reminder of their folly. Our native Christians, but one step out of heathen darkness, are expected to believe—at least, say that they believe—the whole "Confession of Faith." One is tempted to ask, What is Christianity? What is our religion, and what mere customs and habits, neither good nor bad in themselves? Have we received our manners and customs direct from our Lord or His disciples? If it be so important that we should practice them ourselves amongst the heathen, and teach them to observe them too, why did not our Lord give more explicit directions about *what* we should eat, and *wherewithal* we should be clothed? One is not called upon to despise his early associations in life, but to give them up for the sake of those for whom he

works ; to be all things to all men that he may win some. He ought to adapt himself to the circumstances of the hour and clime he finds himself in. In China live as a Chinaman as far as possible, in India as a Hindoo. In inland China the missionaries of the China Inland Mission and of many other societies wear the native dress, live in native houses largely on native food, shave their heads, wear the queuc, etc. They find it not only conciliatory to the natives, but far more economical than the European style of living. In India we have missionaries like the saintly George Bowen, lately deceased, after more than forty years in Bombay, without furlough or a single change for health, living in native houses like *poor* natives. Mr. Bowen supported himself by teaching and writing. He was an accomplished scholar and a facile writer. He never received more than \$20 a month, and gave away the most of that in charity. Believing that "man shall not live by bread alone," he took no "thought for the morrow." His *wants* were few and simple, and thus easily satisfied, and when the messenger summoned him higher, he found the *Christian Saint*, as the Hindoos called him, with his harness on. He laid down his work one evening, and before morning he was not, for the Lord took him. There are others who find that \$400 or \$500 a year is enough for a small family. They live as Europeans, however, but in the *simplest possible* style, and avoiding everything likely to arouse the prejudices of the people.

In the present crisis of missions, it is to such workers that we must look—men who have means of their own, men who have friends to help them, and men who have neither money nor friends, but have faith that if they seek first the Kingdom of God, all these things will be given them. The Church Missionary Society rejoices in many such honorary missionaries in India, a number of whom are ladies. They work in connection with the salaried agents of the society and under the society's direction, but draw no salary. The Cambridge band that went out to China in 1887 are honorary workers, and the number of such workers is rapidly increasing. The salaried ordained missionary, in India at all events, is often regarded as a mere professional man who is *paid* for his work. The native religious teacher is almost always a hireling, and the public find it difficult to understand why a man so comfortably provided for, as the average missionary, should not

preach Christianity or *anything else* that his society asks him to preach. The Divine call is to every man to preach the Gospel beginning at Jerusalem, but not staying there as we have been these hundreds of years, but in our own generation to *every creature*. To *every creature* in our own land the Gospel has been preached. We have obeyed the command as concerns these. If they have not accepted Christ, may not the fault be in ourselves for not obeying the command in all respects? "Whosoever shall keep the whole law and yet offend in one point, he is guilty of all." Does the Church expect the Lord to reward and bless her for her selfishness?

JAMES SMITH.

A TRIP THROUGH INLAND KOREA.

IMMEDIATELY after Christmas my teacher and I left on two small ponies for Takon, the capital of the south province, a hundred miles from here. We left Fusan in sunshine as beautiful as any April day at home, but every day's journey northward carried us into colder regions, though I saw no snow for the three hundred miles that I made. The road to Takon is rough and precipitous, skirting for a long distance the very edge of the river Nak Long. My little pony would walk within six inches of this edge and look just as unconcerned as ever. There were thousands of ducks sailing about on the water within a few yards of the road. The country, destitute as it is of timber, has a very melancholy and depressing appearance, not a fence to be seen, even the villages, built of mud and straw, blending so with the faded surroundings, scarcely arrest the eye. Along the way I found, planted on heavy poles, terrible looking representations of dragons. This is an ornament that is absent from Whang Ha, where I was last spring.

Not another wooden object along the way but these grinning creatures.

Though it has been the practice of missionaries when going inland to take a soldier, as I did last spring, I thought I would try an excursion in which I would do my own soldiering, and so dispensed with this military ornament. We were four days making the hundred miles. As we were all day on the road, and Korean ponies make good time when the way is clear, you can judge of its roughness.

On the first evening we reached a little village on the Nak Long river, expecting to remain there for the night. It happened, however, to be fair day and all the hotel accommodation was reported taken, not a room to be had anywhere. Judging from the crowds of people in the street, through which I had great difficulty in passing with my horse, I concluded that they were speaking truthfully. My friend Ee came back saying that every room was filled, and that we would have to go twenty-one lecs, seven miles, further on. There was a thin edge of a moon to light the way, otherwise we should scarcely have been able to pick our road among the rocks. One of the horse boys charmed us by his graphic tiger stories. That is the first thought in the Korean's mind when the sun goes down—tigers. On reaching this next town we had to stand some time tapping at the gate. The proprietor, I might put it better, "boss," of a Korean hotel is always a woman whom you will know by her shrill and decided accents. This woman told us to go about our business, that we would not get into her house that hour of the night. We were all desperate, not having tasted rice for six hours, and so soon opened the gates and took possession of the first room, which was warm, having a fire below it, but full of all manner of abominations. They brought supper. Perhaps I might note the bill of fare for the benefit of any readers who may be dyspeptically inclined. We had rice—no sugar, no milk, no salt, just plain rice—some black-looking thread-like preparations which are said to be roots boiled, a variety of dishes something like saurkraut, and then to cap all, a dish of raw fish eggs. To my honor let me confess that I did not eat the latter, only tasted them.

My heart fails me when I think of this unclean southland. I have found out that bad as the north is, it is cleaner far than Kyoong Sang province.

For four days we journeyed on in this way, the people friendly enough. On the road to Takon the people are familiar with the appearance of westerners, having seen four or five who have passed up and down. For the last two hundred miles, however, I was in a region where I could find no trace of any foreigners having ever been. Some thought I was a Chinaman, some a Japanese, while the majority did not know what I was. Wherever I stopped, people rushed in by the hundred to see me. They told my friend Ee, more than once, that when I spoke, there was a look of friendliness in my face, but when silent, I wore the expression of a fierce and bad man. I was sorry that they should misinterpret a look so tame and lamb-like.

When I reached Takon I was ordered before the chief governor of the south province, called the Kamsa, chosen from the highest rank of Korean nobles. He sent me his card with the request bearing the name, Mr. Kim. After a great deal of ceremony the officials asked me to follow them through gates, past groups of gaudily dressed easterners, up a stairway into the large open building looking not unlike a barn with one side knocked out. I took off my boots and left them to take care of my whip while I passed in. The Kamsa, a fat man of about fifty years of age, stood up when I entered, and addressed me very kindly and politely, showing me a seat on the floor in front of him. My man Ee, of course, bowed according to custom with his face to the floor; and then the Kamsa asked a question or two about where I had come from, and what I was doing. I did not tell him that I was a missionary, as it would have required a day to explain, and after all explanation, he would have thought it some great scheme to destroy his country. So I said I was passing through viewing his land and living among his people. Then he asked (what I thought very eastern-like in its sounding) "In your honorable country do the mountains sit so tight together as in Korea?" I told him No. Then he asked concerning the report he had heard that the earth was round. "What time of day is it now in your country? Is it winter? Is it summer some place in the world now?" and so on. The second officer of the city, whom also I was obliged to call upon, was very uncivil and did everything in his power to insult foreigners in general. He ordered in some culprit and had him beaten just below the window where I was. My man said his

object was to frighten the foreigner. I confess it was not pleasant to see the poor wretch pounded in such a way and hear those batons whizzing through the air; but as for being frightened, he will soon know that Saxon blood is not disturbed by any such bluff. I was sorry that he should have been so ungentlemanly.

For the four or five nights that I remained in the city, my room was crowded with people, nearly all men of rank. They were civil and kind and polite in such a way that it made me very sad to think that they had been hidden from the world so long. It pleased them very much that I could speak to them in Korean and their questions about our customs, our laws, our land were endless. It is a strong testimony to the truthfulness of man's conscience to hear these fellows say, "that's good, that's good" to what was good, and "that's bad, bad," to what was bad. Notwithstanding the restrictions and gagging of the law, I had a chance to tell them where all our light and happiness came from—Jesus the Messiah.

One evening a very friendly Korean, who had called several times, asked me what time of the year this was in our country. "Why," I said, "this is New Year's night in my country." Then another said, "You are very far away from all the pleasant times that your friends will be having,—boy bring in some refreshments, we will make this New Year to be remembered by our friend." They brought in raw fish, etc., the very finest dainties according to a Korean's thinking. After all their kindness I should have eaten what they set before me had it been *dog* itself. In the old mud city, over whose broken towers and prisons I felt myself grow sick, there are many men whose hearts, notwithstanding all the heathenism, seem as pure and sensitive as any at home. They have all promised to come to see me in Fusan. I should like to go to their city again, but the filth almost overcomes my courage.

Leaving Takon, I started eastward along the road leading to an old capital of Korea called Kyoong Choo. Here no foreigners had ever been seen, and I had to drive fast going through the villages to escape the sightseers. On my first day out I was overtaken by the throat trouble that necessitated my earlier return to Fusan. It was so painful that I thought I would have to turn south before reaching Kyoong Choo. I pushed on, however, hoping to be rid of it, and on the third day came within sight of the walls of Kyoong Choo. It is very picturesque, much more so than Takon, situated

between high mountains and surrounded by towering gates and an ancient well-kept wall. I only waited here a few hours, as I was feeling very ill and knew that there was a hundred miles of mountains between me and my rest. I cannot describe the condition of the people and many other things that I met with along the way.

On the evening of the third day, far away to the south, I saw the blue sea. A feeling of freedom arises in one's breast when one catches, through these mountains, a glimpse of ocean water; so kind seems the ocean that brings news from Canada. How proud I feel of my native land, so happy and so free. I am persuaded that Canada is happy and free through the light of Christ the Saviour.

I reached home very much cast down. What can be done for Korea? Natives and officers and consuls and foreign treaties and everything else dead against the entrance of the Gospel. Here and there you tell a native of life everlasting; but only here and there. The villages inland are so dreadful that my heart sinks at the thought of living in them. Friends at home, pray that the bread cast upon Korean waters may not be lost. Pray for me, that greater courage may be given me, and greater consecration.

JAMES S. GALE.

Fusan, South Korea, Jan. 12.

Reviews.

THE EDITOR'S BOOK SHELF.

Writers have been busy during the past year, and publishers are now giving to the world the result. The quantity is large and the quality fair. During the past two months books of all sorts, monographs, brochures, magazines, and whatnot have been laid on our Shelf, until the patient board begins to groan. To relieve its strain, and to make way for fresh arrivals, we gather together a few notes on such publications as may be of interest to readers of this magazine.

The four most important books on the Shelf are deserving of more careful examination and a more exhaustive review than can be given in this number. There are three books published by the Clarks of Edinburgh, which one might without any hesitation commend as worthy of study:—*The Redemption of Man*, by Principal Simon, of the Congregational Theological Hall, Edinburgh; *Old and New Testament Theology*, by Heinrich Ewald, and *The Hereafter*, by James Fyfe. The fourth book is *Old Testament Prophecy*, by Dr. Charles Elliott, of Lafayette College. To do justice to any one of these works might require more space than the whole Shelf will receive this month. They are all good, and no man will make a mistake if without further knowledge he orders one or all of them. There are points in each, however, of fundamental importance, upon which author and critic would not agree, and, as in courts of justice, we ask postponement in order to prepare evidence.

The book which comes first to hand, and from which we wish first to be free, is *Life Inside the Church of Rome*, by M. Francis Clare Cusack, "The Nun of Kenmare." This is the latest contribution to the Romish controversy. The authoress is well known in Britain and America. Her "Autobiography," published not long ago, was as startling in its revelations of Romish crime and cruelty as any sensation-loving reader could desire. This present work is no less startling. Or it would be startling if we were not prepared, by impartial history and by the, it may be, prejudiced, autobiographies of other ex-Romanists, to be surprised at no crime however enormous, no cruelty however inhuman, no life however lustful revealed as part of that "mystery of iniquity."

A sketch of Miss Cusack's book cannot be given here. It announces itself as "characterized by plain-speaking." And certain it is that not even a fool need mistake its meaning. Speaking thus plainly, from personal observation and personal experience, and on such subjects as celibacy and the purity of the priests, convent life, and the confessional, all of which history and tradition, rumour and suspicion, have made offensive, it is to be expected that some things are said which make one blush for our humanity. Not that there is anything impure or immoral in the book. It may be all true and not half the truth. But we could wish that it were untrue, or that reform could be brought about without such public revelations. To the pure all things are pure, but to many who read such works as Chiniquy's, Fulton's, *et alia*, the horrid realism is suggestive of impurity.

It may be, however, that in no other way can this accursed mountain of superstition and sin be dug out of the world. If so, we pass Miss Cusack's "Life Inside the Church of Rome" on to those who for God and humanity must dig and delve until the mountain be made a plain. They will find her sixteen chapters as fearless as good taste would permit and, probably, as reticent as truth would allow. The Canadian publisher, William Briggs, Toronto, has done his part in good style.

To take away the taste of Romish rottenness we took up a delicate little book of sixty-four pages, bearing the golden title of *The Greatest Thing in the World* and the monogram H. D. A glance would have told us, had we not known otherwise, that Professor Henry Drummond had revised one of his Northfield addresses and that his London publishers had scored another success. We read the book from first to last, and wished it had been longer, which is saying a good deal for all concerned. It is a beautiful exposition of 1 Cor., xiii. Love is the greatest thing in the world, the *summum bonum*. To say that Prof. Drummond is true to himself in this writing, and that he never did anything more graceful, is all that needs to be said to our readers. Some may quarrel with Drummond's analysis or object to his seeming neglect of the work of the Holy Spirit in sanctification, but to thousands who are vexed and baffled his words will bring light and hope. It is significant that this little book reached its seventieth thousand within a few weeks after publication. When it finds its way to Canada it will be welcomed.

Next comes a Canadian book, *Great Hymns of the Church*, by Rev. Duncan Morrison, M.A., Owen Sound. The author contributed a series of papers to the *Canada Presbyterian* some time ago, giving an account

of the origin and authorship of a number of well-known hymns. These papers, which found many interested readers at the time, have now been gathered together, and with others not before published constitute the present volume.

It is, as the author says, most important that our people should know something of the genesis of their hymns. Such knowledge would give hymns a new meaning. And, therefore, Mr. Morrison has done well in collecting and arranging so much that is interesting and valuable on thirty-eight great hymns.

Of course, the literary critic will detect flaws. He will find obscure and badly-constructed sentences, a broadcast sowing of punctuation points, a perverse use of the dash, an occasional misquotation, and other blemishes pardonable in hurried journalistic work, but grave offences in more pretentious authorship. We open the book at random, and find on page 194 the following line made to stand out boldly by a liberal use of the printer's leads:—

“ The light that never fell on land or sea.”

It is enough to make a critic's pen point merciless. Wordsworth never wrote such a meaningless line; and by verbal mistakes and careless punctuation to so mutilate his work is the worst kind of literary vandalism. Any one who recalls the poet's verse will see how it has been abused and misapplied. The lines were suggested by a picture of Peele castle—

“ Ah! then, if mine had been the Painter's hand,
To express what then I saw; and add the gleam,
The light that never was, on sea or land,
The consecration and the Poet's dream.”

To some this criticism may appear finical; but it is such trifles that make or mar the work of a literary artist. Were we to turn to what might be regarded as more important and examine some of the Latin translations graver errors might be noted. We leave that task to such readers as have the time to spend and the taste to indulge. Hart & Co., Toronto, are the publishers, and their work is creditable.

Books of illustrations, anecdotes, and quotations are much sought after by preachers on the lookout for a “short and easy method.” Hence the supply of such literature. It is generally poor food, the good very good, the bad very bad, the mixture tasteless and as unsatisfying as the east wind.

One of the most elaborate attempts in this direction is *The Biblical Illustrator*, a series of books of illustrations and whatnot “gathered from a wide range of home and foreign literature on the verses of the Bible.”

The editor or compiler is Rev. Joseph S. Exell, M.A., a sort of literary jobber whose name is not "a sweet smelling savor." We remember his escapades in connection with T. & T. Clark's *Monthly Interpreter* and how the old *British and Foreign Evangelical Review* suffered under his alleged editorship. Of late years he has turned his attention to scissors and paste, and has patched up quite a number of books of considerable weight—avoirdupois.

But all this should not blind one to the merits of *The Biblical Illustrator*. It will soon cover the whole field. The volume on St. Luke is now before us, 684 pages of closely-printed matter. It is not the editor's fault that many of the extracts are gems, they were "gathered from a wide range of home and foreign literature," and, we must allow, good taste was exercised in the selection. Those who are in search of "prepared points" for sermons will find the *Biblical Illustrator* the most satisfactory of its kind.

Several new magazines are worthy of note. First of all comes a ponderous quarterly which every Presbyterian minister should, if possible, subscribe for—*The Presbyterian and Reformed Review*. We were all sorry when the old *Presbyterian Review* ceased publication. It was certainly the best theological quarterly in the world, thanks to Dr. C. A. Briggs. But Dr. Briggs and the Princeton men could not pull together. The good doctor from Union wanted more elbow room—not that he meant to use it—and so the editorial partnership was dissolved. This new review is the successor to the old one, and will be conducted on the same lines. Dr. Warfield, of Princeton, is managing editor, and among his associates, as representing the Canadian Church, is Principal Caven. The first number was issued a few weeks ago and, were it not for its clumsy name, could not be distinguished from its predecessor. The articles are all solid, and, as in the old review, large space is devoted to criticism of current literature. President Patton has a strong paper of Preaching, and Dr. Kellogg, in an elaborate article on "A Tendency of the Times," discusses the relation of modern movements to the claim of Christ to be the Son of God, and concludes that many lines of thought and action in our time are distinctly converging toward the denial and rejection of that claim. The book reviews are intelligent and fair. Randolph, of New York, is the publisher. Agents for Canada: Presbyterian News Co., Toronto. Subscription, \$3 a year.

The Methodists of Canada have a good quarterly, now in its second year, published under the auspices of their theological unions. We

welcome every such well-conducted magazine. The signs are growing that the reproach of literary barrenness may one day be taken away from our Canadian Churches. If Canadian Christians only half appreciated the value of good periodicals and newspapers, magazine work and religious journalism generally would be a power for good in the land. But a better day is coming. The bird of the morning begins to sing. *The Canadian Methodist Quarterly* devotes about one-third of its 132 pages to criticism of books and current literature. It deserves a wide circulation.

The Expositor, edited by Rev. W. R. Nicoll, and published by Hodder and Stoughton, London, is the best English magazine for a minister to take. It is conducted on conservative lines, but quite abreast of the times. The best talent in the British Churches is always represented. Its articles are always scholarly and of permanent value. Among the monthlies *The Expositor* has no equal.

The Clarks, of Edinburgh, tried several years ago to compete with *The Expositor*. Their *Monthly Interpreter* contained many excellent articles, but the editor, J. S. Exell, M.A., made more money out of it than the publishers. Two numbers of a new periodical have come to hand from the same publishers. This new venture, *The Expository Times*, is marking out a course for itself, and is sure to succeed. The editing is well done. There is nothing prosy or heavy-looking about it. Its title indicates its nature. It certainly is deserving of a fair trial. Subscription \$1.00.

Here and Away.

Knox College closes on Thursday, April 3rd.

A public meeting will be held in Convocation Hall on the afternoon of that day at three o'clock.

The results of examinations will then be announced, scholarships awarded, degrees conferred, and college diplomas presented to graduating students.

The evening meeting will this year be held in St. James' Square Church at eight o'clock. On that occasion addresses will be delivered by Rev. R. P. Mackay, M.A., Parkdale, and Rev. Principal Grant, D.D., of Queen's College, Kingston.

The month of March and election excitement always strike Knox College about the same time of the year. The Literary and Metaphysical Society has gone through the agony of another election night. The struggle was bravely conducted, and when the smoke cleared away the following answered roll-call:—President, T. M. Logie, B.A.; first Vice-President, Jos. Elliott, B.A.; second Vice-President, F. O. Nichol; Critic, W. Gauld, B.A.; Recording Secretary, J. McNair; Corresponding Secretary, J. D. Edgar; Secretary of Committees, A. E. Harrison; Treasurer, J. S. Davidson; Curator, James Wilson; Councillors, T. G. Malcheff, J. Murison, C. T. Tough.

Then came the elections in the Missionary Society. The work of this Society is extending year by year, and the duties of its Committee are becoming more important. The raising of necessary funds, the selection and management of fields, the appointment of missionaries, the carrying on of city mission work during the college session, the partial support of a missionary in China—all this comes within the sphere of the Missionary Society's operations; and the successful management of so large and difficult an undertaking is evidence of earnestness, foresight and business ability on the part of officers and members of the Society, at once creditable to themselves and indicative of future usefulness in the Church. The officers elected for next year are as follows:—President, T. H. Rogers, B.A.; first Vice-President, P. E. Nichol; second Vice-President, J. R. Sinclair, B.A.; Recording Secretary, A. Stevenson, B.A.; Corresponding Secretary, H. R. Horne; Treasurer, W. H. Johnson; Secretary of Committees, W. R. MacIntosh; Councillors, W. H. Grant, B.A., G. W. Logie, C. T. Tough, G. L. Johnston, J. Menzies.

Sixteen missionaries have been appointed by the Students' Missionary Society to fields in Ontario, Manitoba and the Northwest for the coming summer vacation. These appointments have been made for from four to six months. Several of the fields are quite new, and the Society, in breaking ground in these new fields, deserves the liberal support it has always received. Last year fourteen fields were occupied. The following appointments have been made for the present year:—Manitoba and the North-West—Carsdale, Wm. Gauld, B.A.; Longlaketon, W. H. Grant, B.A.; Sydney, J. R. Sinclair, B.A. Ontario—Loring, W. T. Hall; Kilworthy, C. T. Tough; Kagawong, G. S. Scott; Franklin, W. R. MacIntosh; Chisholm, A. E. Hannahson; French River, G. L. Johnston; Walford, Mr. W. H. Johnson; Goulais Bay, R. G. Murison; Bethune, A. E. Harrison; Wabash, J. S. Muldrew; Frank's Bay, J. Menzies; Black River, J. S. Davidson; Veuve River, C. R. Williamson.

Knox elections being past, the only excitement now is over the Varsity elections. Caucuses, party meetings and orthodox canvassing will interfere with preparations for examinations during the present week. We are quite at sea, however, in an open boat and without compass or rudder. In "ye olden time" the slogan "Outside" or "Inside" rallied the forces, and we knew our own standing and that of every other man. But these terms are obsolete or have lost their significance. Last year it was "Federal" or "Progress." "Progress" did not long survive; this year

it is "Federal" or "Outside." This latter made the old war-horses prick up their ears at first. But "Outside" to-day is not what it was in "the brave days of old." Indeed we find it difficult to define either term or explain the *raison d'être* of either party. To the present generation of 'Varsity men "Federal" and "Outside" are, no doubt, as pregnant and soul-stirring as "Outside" and "Inside" were to the men of a dozen years ago. The "run" for President is expected to be very close,—D. O. Cameron for the Federals and L. P. Duff for the Outsiders. The only thing we are sure of is that a "son of the Manse" will be elected President for next year.

The Presbyterian Church of England is just now agitated over the appointment of a successor to the late Professor Elmslie, whose death was such a blow to their Theological College in London. Several names are proposed but the chief interest gathers round the name of the Rev. George Adam Smith, M.A., of Aberdeen. One party would be satisfied with no other appointment; the other party would support any other candidate. Mr. Smith's "Isaiah" is used by the one as evidence of his pre-eminent fitness for the chair of Old Testament Literature; the same book is regarded by the other as evidence of his unfitness. Mr. Smith belongs to the same school of young Free Churchmen of which Dr. Elmslie was a leading spirit. It may interest readers of the MONTHLY to know that the sketch of Professor Elmslie which appeared in the December number of this magazine has been very favorably received in Britain. Rev. James Stalker, of Glasgow, whose "Imago Christi" is having such an enormous sale, and who was a life-long and intimate friend of the late Professor, writing of the sketch in the MONTHLY said: "It seems to me to touch the very man better than almost anything else that has been published."

We are sometimes asked, "Why is there so much theological disputation in Scotland? The love of debate, especially theological debate, characteristic of the Scottish people, together with their love of theological study and investigation; the proximity to Germany and the great inflow of German thought during the last quarter-century; the disturbing influence of Hegelian philosophy and rationalistic criticism; the consequent reaction, on the part of Germanized Scotch students, against alleged unscientific and tyrannical traditionalism; the corresponding opposition of the guardians of "the faith once delivered to the saints;" the—the—

This Department has lost its way. We started out on an innocent ramble with a newspaper article on "Modern Scottish Theology." It was delightful at first; the sky clear, and the road inviting as a lover's walk. By and by clouds began to gather and the sky became overcast. The road became less and less distinct. Then nothing was left to guide us save here and there a blazed tree. Hello there! you newspaper writer! Hello, you Canadian preacher! You've wandered us. You've blazed the wrong trees. Hello! But no one answers. Our Canadian guides to Scottish Theology are themselves lost in the woods. Good bye, gentlemen, we admire your assurance but we can't walk by faith in your wisdom. We turn and make for the clearing.