



KNOX COLLEGE
MONTHLY

AND

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THE
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AND
PRESBYTERIAN MAGAZINE.

VOL. XIII.

NOVEMBER, 1890.

No. 1.

AMONG THE BOILING SPRINGS, GEYSERS AND
CANONS OF YELLOWSTONE PARK.

IN 1872, at the suggestion of Prof. F. V. Hayden, a region of country sixty-five miles in length and fifty-five in breadth, situated in the north-west corner of Wyoming Territory, was set apart by the United States Congress as a National Park. Comparatively few tourists visited it until the Northern Pacific Railway crossed the continent. After this the number rapidly increased, and to-day we find thousands threading their way to Yellowstone Park in pursuit of pleasure, health and information. The lowest level of any of its valleys is 6,000 feet above the sea, while several are 2,000 feet higher. Lofty mountain summits clad in perpetual snow are observed by the tourist as he threads his way along the trails and well built roads of the Park. Here, too, within this area of 3,575 square miles are found the rills, which in their onward course down mountain sides and through deep canons, finally develop into the grandest rivers of the United States. But by far the most wonderful and awe-inspiring natural phenomena in the Park are its 3,500 boiling springs, its eighty-four geysers, the largest in the known world, and its deep canons.

Nowhere are the evidences of subterranean heat so striking as here, and nowhere the silent monuments of fire and frost so manifest, so awful, so sublime. To the tourist no place on earth possesses such varied attractions ; none so magnificent a panorama of natural wonders ; none such a scene of endless interest.

The pleasure-seeker can find in the mammoth hotels all that the most fastidious can desire. Food served in the latest style, and music suited to please the ear and captivate the fancy. If desirous to enjoy the bracing atmosphere in these lofty regions, he will find trained horses ready to carry him over mountains or canter along the beautiful roads that wind along sparkling streams teeming with mountain trout. The botanist finds an Alpine flora, with flowers widely different from what he saw in the plains at a lower level. The geologist will scarcely be able to restrain himself as he beholds the grand monuments of the "Ice Age" in the canons, and views the remains of terrible throes the earth experienced during Tertiary times, when the whole region seems to have been a place of volcanic action.

Mountains of lava are before him ; canons cut through beds derived from volcanic fires show the denudating power of water ; for miles the puffing jets of steam, boiling springs, and tremendous geysers voice to him the dying efforts, that have succeeded the days of volcanic fire and stupendous energy of Tertiary times. With such attractions it is not a matter of surprise to learn that the crowd of tourists in Yellowstone Park is rapidly increasing, and that the time is not far distant when its mammoth hotels will be taxed to supply accommodation for crowds seeking this El Dorado of enjoyment, health and instruction.

With a view to furnish the readers of the MONTHLY with some of the sights observed in this wonderful place, the writer, who spent ten days in it during this summer, has consented to contribute this article, and in doing so, he will describe a trip through the Park usually taken by tourists. Fain would he say something of the magnificent scenery from Livingstone, where you leave the main line of the Northern Pacific Railway for Cinnabar, fifty-one miles to the south, and which may be termed the gateway to the Park, but space forbids it.

Arriving at Cinnabar, seven miles from the place of destination, you wait only a few moments before you see a tally-ho-coach,

drawn by six beautiful gray horses, and several coaches drawn by four, drive up to the station. Into these the tourists get, and up the mountain road the way is taken. In the last two miles you rise 800 feet, and then reach a beautiful plateau of four or five acres. Here the mammoth Hot Springs Hotel is located ; as you approach it in grand style, for the horses seem instinctively to have a desire to show off on their arrival, you hear music by a well-trained band, which always welcomes the guests and makes them feel quite at home from the outset. It is now about twelve o'clock, and as soon as the guests are ready dinner is taken. This magnificent hotel, 400 feet long, is beautifully located 6,397 feet above sea level, and all its surroundings are calculated to make you at ease and comfortable. To the left rises Mt. Evarts ; in front and a little to the right Brunsen's Peak, while to the right proper is Terrace Mountain, where you are likely to spend the afternoon of the day on which you arrive. It will occupy from two to three hours examining the Boiling Springs, arranged in a series of terraces on this elevation ; thirteen distinct terraces with over fifty hot springs, in an area of some 170 acres, are before you.

The deposits made by these springs build up the terraces, which consist of a series of basin-like structures, composed largely of carbonate of lime. Some of these basins are perfectly white, some of a rusty colour, others a salmon hue, while many possess a blending of colours impossible to describe or imitate.

The clearness of the boiling water they contain is marvellous. The borders of the basins present a most beautiful appearance, not only in their colour, but also in the complicated beaded structure they possess. In setting out from the hotel to make your examination of Terrace Mountain, the first object that catches your attention is Liberty Cap, an extinct hot spring or geyser cone, only a few yards from the hotel. It is fifty-two feet high and twenty in diameter at the base. A few yards from this is " Devil's Thumb," a conical-like structure in the hillside. You now begin to climb the hill and soon reach Minerva Terrace, a mass forty feet in height, covering nearly three-fourths of an acre.

The hot spring on its summit is about twenty feet in diameter. It is estimated that the rate of deposit in this spring is one-sixteenth of an inch in four days. Jupiter Terrace is the largest

of the terraces, one spring of it being about 100 feet in diameter, and the terrace covering about five acres. On the east side of this, a handsome basin, owing to its peculiar form, has been called "Pulpit Terrace." Above Minerva Terrace and to the right, Cleopatra Terrace is situated. It is a most beautiful series of basins, richly coloured and handsomely sculptured. On a still higher level you find "Cupid's Cave," o'erhung with beautiful masses of pure white deposits. Still higher on this mountain of calcareous material you observe a great fissure in the ridge. In this is a ladder, which you may descend and find yourself in the "Devil's Kitchen." The heat after descending a step or two is quite perceptible, and long before you reach the bottom of the ladder it is almost unbearable. The intense heat, sulphurous fumes and the gurgling noise of boiling water, are likely to check your inquisitiveness. Still higher up the hill is the Orange Geyser, something like an immense beehive, twelve to fifteen feet high and ten feet in diameter at the top. Near this is Bath Lake, in which you may swim, though you can see the boiling water bubbling on the opposite side some eighty feet away. At first you think it too warm, but in a few moments you find yourself quite able to remain in it.

This completes the objects of interest on Terrace Mountain which, from the hotel, appears like a mass of ice and snow; but when approached becomes a place of intense interest and unsurpassing beauty. One morning the writer ascended this lofty place, hundreds of feet above the hotel, and witnessed the sun rise upon the terraces reeking with steam from many springs. The scene was one never to be forgotten. What marvellous tints appeared upon the richly sculptured basin edges, as the morning sunbeams touched them one after another. Even the boiling water took on other hues as the early sunlight fell upon it, and these terraces seemed bathed in a beauty not observed the day before when examined in the afternoon.

Having finished the tour of Terrace Mountain the visitor returns to the hotel, and some time during the evening gives in his name as one purposing to undertake the tour of the Park in the morning. Delightful music during the evening enlivens the place, and you will be almost inclined to say you have seen and heard enough already to repay you for the time, toil and money spent to

reach this wonderland. At eight o'clock in the morning you are supposed to be ready for your trip to the geysers and canons. At that hour coaches drawn by four horses are at the door. Most of them carry seven persons, one seated with the driver and two in each of the three seats. If many are going out, and accommodation limited, they can carry three in each seat and two with the driver. The band seated upon the verandah strikes up some inspiring air, the coaches are filled, and away you dashing go, charmed by the strains of music and invigorated, by the cool mountain air. You can readily understand what a pleasing picture this must present, when the procession consists of seven or eight coaches. Those with whom you start on this regular tour will be your companions till you return.

The coaches wend their way up the mountain side at a slow rate for about four miles, when the Golden Gate of Kingman's Pass is reached, so-called from the rocks being covered with a golden-coloured lichen. Here the road passes along upon a shelf of rock overhanging a deep chasm. The rocks tower above you 250 feet, and a mountain stream dashes along in its maddening course away below you. The construction of this piece of road only one-quarter of a mile, cost \$14,000. Having passed over this you reach the Rustic Falls at its upper end. Here the stream makes a leap of 60 feet into the chasm you have skirted for 400 yards. You are now 1,000 feet above the hotel and four miles from it, and have arrived at a beautiful plateau, over which you will soon be carried, for the roads are excellent and the route comparatively level. Here a new flora appears, saxifrages, lupines, monkshood, gentians, and many plants of a distinctly Alpine character.

What a drive on a beautiful August morning! See yonder the mountain peaks, some with great masses of snow upon them. Electric Peak, Quadrant, Bell and Holmes Mountains rise in bold contour before you. This plateau is the home of many elk and deer during the fall and winter.

Eight miles, and you reach Obsidian Cliff, twelve miles from hotel. This mountain of volcanic glass, resembling in colour the glass of ale bottles, shows columns of Obsidian, five-sided in appearance, rising 250 feet above the road. The roadway at this point may be said to consist of glass, derived from the masses of

rock that obstructed the way ; these were broken to pieces by building fires around them, and, after heating, cold water was thrown upon them. This shivered them to pieces, and served the purpose, that blasting effects with ordinary rock. Immediately to the right is Beaver Lake, about one mile long and a quarter wide. Several beaver dams, constructed across the lake, are quite readily seen as the coach follows this romantic drive between cliff and lake. As you roll along Clear Water Spring and Green Spring are passed, and Roaring Mountain, on your left, is reached. Far up its side you see several jets of stream issuing, but you hear no noise. However, it is said years ago considerable roar was heard, and hence the name given to this elevation.

Proceeding on your way, Twin Lakes, Mineral Lake, and the Frying Pan (a peculiar basin) are passed, and finally, about twelve o'clock, you reach Norris' Geyser Basin, twenty-two miles from the hotel. Here a rest is made and dinner taken. The stage will leave about two o'clock to continue the journey, but in the meantime, as soon as you get your dinner, you start out for the Geyser Basin, about one mile distant on the road, along which the stage will come and pick you up, giving you ample time to see the geysers. You reach the basin, the highest in the park, 7,527 feet above sea level. The depression covers an area of about six square miles ; as you approach it the soil presents an ash-coloured appearance, but it is largely calcareous. The place seems full of steaming caldrons, spouting geysers, clouds of vapor, and the atmosphere loaded with overpowering odors of sulphur. The earth rumbles and shakes ; the air seems hot and reeking with unpleasant odors. The road skirts the basin, but has geysers on both sides, so that you are in the very midst of this awful area, where you see boiling water spouting up in streams before you, seething pools beside you, and hear gurgling masses beneath. In fact you begin to think the whole may open up and engulf you. Here are seen the Steam Vent, which has been known to keep up a tremendous roar for the last twelve years ; the Spouter, the Black Growler, the Minute, having an eruption every minute, the Hurricane, the New Crater, and the Monarch.

Time passes quickly as you view these thrilling scenes, and the coach is soon at hand. You get aboard and continue the journey. Elk Park is reached, and crossing it you pass into Gibbon Canon,

where you enjoy a delightful drive between walls 2,000 feet above you. For quite a distance you skirt Gibbon River, partially ascend the side of the canon, and get a view of the beautiful Gibbon Falls, which tumble over the rock eighty feet, and the river wildly dashes down through the chasm to reach a smoother channel beyond. The road now becomes more hilly, and the horses are put to the test climbing up the steeps. Hitherto they have been able to trot along most of the way, but now progress is comparatively slow. By six o'clock you have reached the Lower Geyser Basin hotel, where the first day's journey ends, having travelled forty-two miles. One of the sights here is to go down to the Firehole River, which passes near the hotel, and see the beavers work. They have no dread of visitors, for the rules of the Park forbid the destruction of the animals in it, and thus being left alone, they have never learned to dread the advent of man. At the Upper Basin the writer saw bears come to the edge of the woods and take food brought by a person from the hotel. These denizens of the woods are said to come out every evening for what may be brought them. Lower Geyser Basin proper is a short distance from the hotel, but another summer will find a magnificent hotel in the immediate vicinity of the geysers. This basin embraces thirty square miles, and has within it seventeen geysers and 693 springs.

You leave the hotel next morning at 7.30, and after a short drive reach the basin proper. If in good luck, as the writer was, you will see the Fountain Geyser play. Not far from this you observe the Mammoth Paint Pots, a remarkable mud caldron measuring forty by sixty feet, with a mud rim four feet high; the mud in this is kept in constant agitation, and resembles an immense boiling pot of paint. A continual "plop, plop," is kept up by the bubbling mixture; some of it resembles white paint, but the predominating hue is of a salmon colour.

The next point of interest is about three miles farther on, where you find the Excelsior Geyser, the giant of them all. This locality is usually termed Midway Geyser Basin. The Excelsior has a crater 250 by 400 feet. Up to 1881 it was considered an immense boiling spring, but it then proved to be a geyser of great force, throwing up water to the height of 250 feet at intervals of one to four hours. It rested until 1888, when it again began to act. The writer saw this in action also. The entire volume of

water in this immense crater is thrown up fifty feet, followed by terrific explosions and columns of water sent up 200 to 300 feet high. Fragments of rock, too, are flung up high into the air; these are from the sides of the crater, which is increasing in area. This season, 1890, it has been in action every two hours, so that most tourists have witnessed it. Near it are two objects of great beauty—Turquoise Spring, 100 feet in diameter, and Prismatic Lake, 300 feet in diameter, both containing warm water, the former of a most beautiful colour and the latter possessing many varied tints. Beyond this, about four miles, you reach the Upper Geyser Basin, where your journey of ten miles ends the day. This is the climax in geyser display. Here the chief geysers of the Park are located, and the most powerful in the known world.

In an area of four square miles, and largely in one, twenty-six wonderful geysers and 414 boiling springs are situated.

To see all this, there is only half a day at your disposal, and some even attempt it in three hours, returning to the Lower Basin at four o'clock.

During the writer's stay of three days he saw fifteen different geysers in action, and enjoyed the rare treat of witnessing the Giantess, which had not been in action since the 10th of June. The boiling springs and pools here are also objects of great interest, especially the Punch Bowl, Beauty Spring, Black Sand Basin, Specimen Lake, Morning Glory Spring, Emerald Pool, the Fortress, Crested Pool and the Golden Bowl; all are of exquisite beauty in their form and richly coloured tints, which decorated their sides and seem to affect the appearance of the water. The most of these wonderful geysers, springs and pools are within a radius of a mile from the hotel, and many of them can be seen while in action from the verandah. Old Faithful, 300 yards away, is a point of great attraction every sixty-five minutes, when he flings into the air his great stream of boiling water, two feet in diameter and from 125 to 150 feet in height. The writer's first evening was marked by an eruption of the Giantess, a scene witnessed by but few tourists. It was a beautiful moonlight night, and while engaged writing a letter, he heard loud calling, "The Giantess is in action." He rushed to the door. From every direction shouting came, and many seemed to be running in the direction of the geyser. He joined the stampede, and was

among the first to reach it. The water appeared foaming and surging in the crater and fearful throbbing going on below. It seemed as if an earthquake was about to take place, and that at some of the powerful pulsations below a rent would occur. A few moments of awful suspense, and an immense column of water shot forth fifty feet into the air. This was followed by a series of throes and spasms, when lesser jets were thrown to four times the height. At each outburst the air was filled by the shouts of the crowd that had gathered to see this rare sight. This wonderful scene continued, and when the jets of water became numerous, lo, a beautiful lunar rainbow was added to the grandeur of the scene! The globules of water sparkled like diamonds in the bright moonlight, and so electrified did we become with the vision, that all sense of danger passed away, though the earth beneath our feet trembled and terrific pulsations continued. Finally the steam triumphed; the water was driven out of this crater, sixty feet deep and twenty-six in diameter, and a terrific roar of rushing steam followed which could be heard for miles. We returned to the hotel only a short distance away, and there listened to the deafening noise of the Giantess. Next morning it was still throwing up considerable jets of water, and it was not until near mid-day that it ceased. We had seen the Giant the day before throw up its symmetrical pillar of water, 200 feet high with a diameter of seven feet, and continue to play for about an hour. We thus had the good fortune to see several of the greatest geysers in the Park in action. The deposits around these are much harder than those of the Mammoth Hot Springs. They contain a good deal of silica in their composition, likely derived from acidic lavas, with which they come in contact, while the former seem to be derived from calcareous strata.

The morning after your arrival at the Upper Geyser Basin you leave for the canon. You return to the Lower Basin, turn to the right and follow along the banks of the Firehole River. In the trip Mary's Mountain is ascended. The road over it is very steep, and we can scarcely imagine how any man could be so cruel as to sit in the stage and witness the horses struggling to pull their load up this steep part of the road. You are never told to walk, but the drivers consider it a favour if you do so. This ascended, you soon pass Mary' Lake and Alum Creek, from the sour taste of its waters

and descending on the east side of the mountain reach Trout Creek Station, where a halt is made for lunch in a canvas tent. Here you meet Larry Matthews, manager of this station, and the brightest character in the Park. He is so full of wit and humour, that it seems almost uncontrollable. Question after question is fired at him, but this witty Irishman has an answer for all. He says his hotel is the *highest* four dollar a day house in the world. This place is considered by all as the richest treat in the whole Park, and yet is a lonely-looking, uninviting spot, but it contains Larry, and his bright, dashing wit flashes cheerfulness on every side during your stay.

Horses rested, you resume your journey over a very uninviting way, nothing worthy of notice till you reach Sulphur Mountain composed of ash-like material, with masses of pure sulphur all over it. The deposit seems at many places quite hot. In fact the whole Mountain seems a smouldering heap. At one side you see a boiling spring throwing up water charged with sulphur. The rim of this spring is four feet of crystalized sulphur, and estimated to weigh forty tons.

The road now skirts the Yellowstone River, and at some places where the road is at the river's edge numbers of wild geese swim near you, not at all disturbed by your presence. About four o'clock the Grand Canon Hotel is reached, and a journey of thirty-eight miles ends the third day. In order to leave next morning at ten o'clock you will require to do some sight-seeing the evening of your arrival. It is usual to view the Falls first.

The Upper Falls are not far from the hotel. At this point the Yellowstone Narrows, with cliffs 300 feet high to eighty feet, and leaps 140 feet into the chasm below. The stream rolls on for a quarter of a mile, where it narrows from a width of 250 feet to about seventy-four, and makes a plunge 350 feet into the Grand Canon, forming the Lower or Great Falls of the Yellowstone. No falls could have a more magnificent setting than here; lofty cliffs on both sides and a deep gorge below with wonderfully coloured walls. The walk to them along the bank of the river is magnificent, and as you descend it you are entranced with the panorama that lies at your feet. At the Falls nature has left a platform which enables you to stand at the very edge of the current, gathering force to make the final plunge. You are

bewildered between the beauty of the Falls and the magnificent colouring of the canon walls, some 1,200 to 1,500 feet high, colouring no pen can describe, no brush portray. From the water's edge to the top, in some places 1,500 feet, scarcely any vegetation is seen, nothing but gorgeous colours worked upon these rocks by frost and fire, wind and rain.

What blazonry the giant forces of nature have effected here on these volcanic rocks, for the river has cut its way through rock largely impregnated with iron, which, by the action of the air, has undergone every shade of oxidation; here you see vermilion, there yellow ochre, yonder black; all the colours of the rainbow are represented and, it would seem, many more. Amid this bewildering scene time soon passes, the shades of evening rapidly close in upon you, and you are compelled to leave this sacred spot marked by all that is beautiful and sublime, and proceed to the hotel. Next morning you go to Point Lookout, below the Falls half a mile and about as far from the hotel. Time will not permit you to linger long. Walk along the bank two miles to Inspiration Point. Here you have the entire canon, eight miles, in view; the sides are reeking with steam, issuing from innumerable vents on both sides, and at one point a geyser, fifty feet above the river, is visible. A rich golden glow, not observed the evening before, seems present, and the colouring takes on a richness in its tint not seen when the sunbeams fall upon the rock.

How you linger and look on this gorgeous scene, the wonderful groupings of crags and rocks; cathedral spires appear there, castles are represented, and a thousand fantastic shapes, worked out by the silent forces of nature, rise on every side. With what brilliant colours, with what harmonious shades nature has painted these pinnacles and towers that mock the skill of man. How wonderfully God has sculptured these lofty walls. Near Point Lookout fish hawks have built their nests upon one of the pinnacles, and at every hour of the day these birds, almost as large as eagles, soaring above the chasm, fill the air with their weird cries. You would think it an easy matter to toss a pebble into that nest half way down the rugged side and in front of where you are standing. Try it—you will fail, like many who have tried the same. How reluctantly you leave the canon to make your way

up to the hotel where the stage is waiting. You take a farewell view ; once more you gaze into the profound depths ; again you lean forward, to behold for the last time the gorgeous colouring of these lofty walls. You've seen the Grand Canon. You will never forget it—awful, profound, sublime—the image is indelibly fixed upon your mind.

At ten o'clock, you leave for the Mammoth Hot Springs. On the way to Norris, twelve miles distant, where you take dinner, you pass the Virginia Cascades, beautifully situated between rugged, lofty walls. After dinner you leave for the Mammoth Hot Springs Hotel, which you reach about 5 p.m., ending the journey of the fourth day, having travelled thirty-four miles. This completes your tour of the Park. Next day, at two o'clock, you leave for Cinnibar, and the trip of five and a quarter days has ended.

The writer cannot close this article without referring to the excellent accommodation at the hotels, the marvellous skill of the drivers, their attention and intelligence. Every effort seems to be put forth to render the trip pleasant and instructive. When one considers the irregular arrival of guests and their numbers, he is amazed that Mr. Wakefield, manager of transportation, and Mr. Johnson, of hotel affairs, achieve such success in catering to their wants.

The roads are excellent. For miles the horses trot along at good speed, and only when the road leaves the river which you have been skirting for miles, to cross hills to another level route, does progress become slow. This is comparatively seldom, when you consider the distance travelled.

J. HOYES PANTON.

Guelph.

WEISS'S THEORY OF THE ORIGIN OF THE SYNOPTIC GOSPELS.

OUR first three gospels exhibit a great extent of agreement "in the choice of material, in its arrangement, and even in the smallest details of expression." But at the same time they exhibit not a few points of difference in all these respects. Hence arises the problem of the origin of these gospels. No one in our day is satisfied to refer the whole matter to the divine inspiration. As we account for the various styles, points of view, etc., of the Biblical books, so do we seek to solve the Synoptic problem, by reference to the conditions of human authorship. Dr. Bernhard Weiss has wrought for many years in this field, and his results have now been made accessible to us by translations of his "Life of Christ," and his "Introduction to the New Testament."

In seeking for the sources of the Synoptists, Dr. Weiss rightly makes use of Luke's preface and of two extracts, made by Eusebius, from the writings of Papias. (1) Papias is reported as saying "So then Matthew composed the Oracles (*τὰ λόγια*) in the Hebrew language, and everyone interpreted them as he could." Now it is conceded that our first gospel is not a translation, and since the Apostle John (in Weiss's opinion), contradicts it in his gospel, it cannot in its present form be the work of an apostle. Papias, then, must be speaking of "a collection of sayings of the Lord," and this is in fact the natural meaning of his language. "What it contained of individual narratives of healing or of events prominent on other grounds, in the life of Jesus, formed for the most part only the merest framework for separate specially important sayings of Jesus." The thoroughly polished form of the representation points to its origination in the oral type of narration. Accordingly it confined itself entirely to the public ministry of Jesus, and since the events of the Passion were well-known in Jerusalem, they cannot have been included, and as the work of an eye-witness it would make an effort "to give a certain organization to the formless body of tradition." (2) Papias tells us too that

Mark became the interpreter of Peter, and wrote down accurately, though not in order, everything that he remembered. It is generally believed that Papias here means to point out the origin of our second gospel, and, while Weiss holds that parts of it, such as the great discourse of chapter xiii must be due to some written source, he finds that its character does, on the whole, bear out the common opinion. (3) Luke states in his preface that many had used the testimony of eye-witnesses to draw up a narrative concerning the life of Jesus, and that he himself had followed the tradition of the eye-witnesses with the greatest care. Accordingly the Matthew document cannot have escaped his researches; the gospel of Mark, too, corresponds completely with his description of the secondary writings.

Now, inspection shows that these two documents must have been at once *his* main sources and the main sources of our gospel of Matthew. In the portions which are common to the three, the first and third gospels evidently lean almost wholly upon Mark. "The whole plan of the first gospel is not only essentially conditioned by that of Mark, but represents itself as only the carrying out of the latter on a larger scale." Almost the entire material of the one has been transferred to the other. Throughout large sections Luke shows himself dependent on Mark in arrangement, mode of delineation, traits of narratives, text, and even linguistic peculiarities.

But Matthew and Luke preserve a great number of sayings of Jesus which are not found in Mark. Matthew is fuller in this respect than Luke and they differ in arrangement, but yet there is a striking likeness between them. These sayings must be due to the Logia. It was almost wholly taken up into the gospel which received the name of its author, but many of its detached sayings were joined to reports of speeches. Luke used it largely, too, and adhered to its order more faithfully than our Matthew.

But the state of things is not yet wholly before us. Mark is in some-speech portions, and even in some narratives, secondary to Matthew and Luke. This can be explained only by supposing that the oldest apostolic document contained some narratives, and that Mark used it to some extent, but reported less faithfully than Matthew. Again, Matthew has some portions, *e.g.*, his narratives of the infancy, which cannot have been derived from either of his

great sources. These exhibit "the distinctly marked characteristics of the evangelist's language" and may well be due to the oral tradition. It is Luke, however, who was specially rich in authorities. He must have had independent accounts concerning the early life of Jesus, His public activity and His passion. Indeed, since his peculiar materials extend over the whole range of the life of Jesus, he may have had another comprehensive delineation of that life. Moreover, the peculiar way in which he sometimes reproduces his material leads us back to his knowledge of the oral tradition as its explanation. And yet the fact that the style of the preface never recurs proves that he reposed principally upon documents.

Now, of course, the great question concerns not the orthodoxy but the truth of this scheme, and yet it may be discussed without much anxiety. Weiss may discredit it in our eyes by asserting that the gospels contradict one another, but a book of Matthew's, consisting at the first of discourses, but elaborated into a complete gospel with the aid chiefly of the memoirs of Peter, might surely have been received into the Canon of the New Testament. The great difficulties are in the way of the scheme in itself. Weiss's *Logia* is a peculiar compilation. Why were a few such narratives as that of the healing of the centurion's servant (Matt. viii. 5.), or of two blind men (Matt. ix. 27.), embodied in a collection of discourses? It is, as Godet, says, a thing without head or tail. It is strange, too, that the Church which preserved Mark after its incorporation into the first gospel, allowed an apostolic document to be completely lost. Not less wonderful is the silence of ecclesiastical writers concerning such a document. Eusebius preserved the extract from Papias because he made it his business, as Lightfoot puts it, to give such information as might assist in forming correct views respecting the Canon of Scripture. Of course, he used our gospel of Matthew, and if he had found any difficulty in referring the words of Papias to it, he would certainly have tried to explain how a non-apostolic document happened to take the place of the writing of an apostle. But the language of Papias naturally refers to our gospel, even though it contains many narratives. In the New Testament the Scriptures in general are often called "the oracles," and Matthew is quoted as Scripture by as early a writer as the Pseudo-Barnabas. Indeed, when Papias himself speaks

of Mark, he uses language which, naturally interpreted, makes even that gospel consist of "Dominical oracles" (or even "discourses" for the reading is uncertain). Some have been misled in this matter by Papias' statement that these oracles were written in Hebrew. This difficulty has received various solutions; it may be enough to say that his assertion regarding the language reads as if it may be a mere inference of his own, while he starts from the *acknowledged* fact that Matthew was the writer. No greater help does the theory really receive from Luke's preface. Because the writers of whom he speaks received their information, evidently by word of mouth, from the eye-witnesses, must we infer that he himself used a writing of Matthew's? He puts his own work in contrast with theirs when he says that, having traced the course of all things accurately from the first, he intends to write an orderly narrative. Can he then include among them the writer of that gospel from whose order he hardly ever departs, and probably never for chronological reasons? If, finally, Weiss cannot gain any support from either of these passages, Papias' account of the origin of Mark leads us back, not to any written document, but to the oral gospel of Peter only.

Accordingly the theory can rest on nothing but the structure of the gospels. And here it is to be freely acknowledged that Matthew and Luke do seem to be secondary to Mark, both to some extent in plan, and often in the places which are common to the three. But their plans also diverge greatly from one another, *e.g.*, when Matthew masses together the deeds of Jesus in his eighth and ninth chapters, or when Luke introduces a whole section which is not found in either of the others. And Luke can hardly have had Mark before him, *e.g.*, in his account of the calling of the first four disciples, or of the trial of Christ by the Jews. Nor can Matthew well be dependent on Mark in his account of the healing of the demoniacs at Gadara, or of the blind men at Jericho. Again, with regard to the places common to Matthew and Luke only, we must believe that many of our Lord's sayings were repeated to different audiences, and should not be traced to a single written source, unless, indeed, Luke's notices of time and place are inventions. And, in respect to other common portions, while they sometimes agree in a remarkable manner, elsewhere, *e.g.*, in the notice of the healing of the centurion's servant, they differ so much

that there they can hardly have followed the same document. It is true that Luke gives us in Acts three varying accounts of Paul's conversion, but these are not variations of an account taken from a single source, but faithful records of Paul's own versions of the matter.

Facts like these point rather to the oral tradition, as the source of all the Synoptists, and many believe that the preaching of the apostles and their followers does furnish the basis. The primitive preaching may well have consisted principally of accounts of the deeds and recitals of the sayings of Jesus; certainly an apostle had to be a companion of Jesus from the beginning of His public ministry until His ascension. The instructions given to catechumens, of which Luke seems to speak in that valuable preface of his, would be similar in contents. The Holy Spirit would, according to their Lord's promise, enable them to recall whatsoever Christ had told them, and accordingly the records of His words agree much more closely than the narrative portions. Gradually pieces which had some bond of union would become usually joined together. Some of these cycles would be formed into more or less definite larger groups, until at length it would become possible to compose the writings which Luke knew. Peter would take the lead in selecting, arranging and shaping, and would recount with greater vivacity than the others. This common tradition would be the more uniform on account of the poverty of the Aramaic dialect and the translation of it into Greek, but would be modified and supplemented by the other apostles and their fellow-workers. And the needs of the Jewish, the Roman, the Greek Christians would induce a Matthew, a Mark and a Luke to write down the form of the story with which they were familiar.

This explanation, taken by itself, does not seem quite sufficient. There are not a few facts in the gospels which seem to demand a common written source. Matthew and Mark, at least twice, and Matthew and Luke, at least once, quote from the Old Testament in the same terms, yet the quotations differ significantly from both the Hebrew and the Septuagint. Peculiar is the mode of recital in Mark ii. 10-11, yet it is followed by Matthew and Luke. The order of the statements in Mark v. 8, is quite uncommon, but Luke is not only extremely like Mark but does not change his order.

Once more, then, we turn to Luke's preface. It is there implied that the oral tradition of the eye-witnesses was his ultimate authority, but it is natural to suppose that he used those records which, though not orderly, had the same basis as his own. In like manner, while Mark relied upon Peter, and Matthew trusted to his own observation, they may have known and been affected by similar documents. Thus the variations and the correspondences, the superiority ascribed to Mark, the additional matter of Matthew and Luke and, in fact, all the facts of the case are naturally accounted for, and to all the records there is accorded the highest degree of trustworthiness, and we are prepared to listen to the proofs that they are inspired of God, and in every line "profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction and for instruction in righteousness."

D. M. RAMSAY.

Londeshoro.

“THE MIRACLES OF OUR LORD.”

THE subject of miracles has been of late a fruitful source of discussion. One objection often urged against the Bible is, that it is a book full of miracles and wonders such as never happen now, and no book which endorses such things can be believed. Thus miracles, that once were pointed to as proofs of Divine doctrine, and evidences of Christ's power and mission, are now made the chief objection against both His mission, and the Scriptures which are the written record of it. Instead of being a bulwark, miracles are now made a burden; a hindrance rather than a proof of Christianity. It is alleged that miracles are not in harmony with science and the laws of nature which are uniform. It is maintained that miracles are a needless breaking in on the established harmony of the universe, such as we could never suppose the God of order would either work or permit. Such a thing would imply that His works were so defective as to need constant mending, and this would be derogatory to His wisdom. The objection is put in a popular shape thus:—No one in the morning ever seriously expects to see a miracle before night; no one in going out expects to see a miracle before his return home; no living man ever witnessed a miracle, or expects to witness one; then why believe they were ever worked? Were the past ages so very unlike our own?

The objection against miracles is sometimes put more indirectly, insinuated rather than formally stated. It is affirmed that the legendary, the supernatural and miraculous, which have always entered largely into the life of primitive peoples, have gradually disappeared with the ghost stories and other childish fictions, as these peoples have advanced in civilization. As the wreaths of morning mists disappear as the sun rises higher in the heavens, so it is likely to fare with our beliefs in the miraculous element of the Christian faith,—fuller enlightenment will dispel it.

*The Miracles of our Lord. Expository and Homiletic. By Rev. John Laidlaw, D.D., Professor of Theology, New College, Edinburgh. London: Hodder & Stoughton. Toronto: Willard Tract Depository.

altogether. Wonders are becoming more and more uncommon and anomalous, and the reign of law is held to be supreme over nature.

In the face of these objections some, even professional Christians, are disposed to let miracles go as in no sense essential to Christian doctrine, but rather as imposing an unnecessary burden on the defenders of the faith. At present the tendency is to apologise for miracles, and as far as possible to explain them away. It is common to say, "The purity of Christian doctrine, with its perfect ideal of moral precepts, are the great evidences of the Divine origin of both."

This state of things has been in part produced by apologists themselves, who have all but unanimously taken too narrow a view of the nature and function of miracles, regarding them as mere signs or evidences. It has been too common to regard them chiefly as evidential proofs that the Messenger and message were both Divine, and hence it was supposed that any kind of wonder would suffice. But miracles are more than evidences of the Gospel; they are parts of it; not external to it as buttresses to a building, but an essential part of the internal structure. Not the tolling of the bell to hear the sermon, but a part of the sermon. They are the acted sermons of the Lord Jesus Christ. We have His word-sermons, and we have His deed-sermons in His peerless acts. Christ preached the Gospel, and revealed Himself in two ways, (1) By the words He spake, and (2) By the deeds He did, so that in every miracle we see His love, His compassion, His Gospel, Himself. The miracles of the Gospel are not mere wonders, or aimless exhibitions of power, such as the pretended miracles of Popery, or of the apocryphal books; they are the deeds of Christ—holy, merciful, blessed works, full of the marrow and grace of the Gospel. They are loving acts, becoming the Saviour of men to perform.

Certain writers, regarding the Bible as a book of conduct and not of doctrine, treat miracles as myths that have in some way become mixed up with valuable teaching, but as a blot on the fair face of this ethical system, the sooner to be removed the better. But miracles are of the very nature of revelation, which is itself a miracle. To omit them would be to change the very basis on which revelation itself rests. It would tear the very heart out of

the Gospel, and its life would immediately expire. It is manifest, therefore, that whatever objection may be made against miracles, Christianity cannot be retained without them, for all the great leading doctrines of our faith are begotten through miracles and rest upon them. They are not, then, mere evidences of the Divine origin of Christianity, but its grand leading facts are themselves miracles. The whole fabric of our faith rests on a foundation of miracles. The great distinctive fact of all is the most stupendous of miracles, in that Christ who was God from all eternity, took our nature, was miraculously conceived of the Virgin : that He died and rose again ; and that He ascended in the body to glory, and is now at God's right hand. If, then, miracles cannot be believed, our faith is vain. If the advance of science shows their absurdity, it is Christianity, in its fundamental facts and principles, that is being put out of the way. As a matter of fact, miracles stand out on the face of the narrative as the bold hieroglyphics on some ancient Eastern monument, and demand recognition. It is equally a palpable fact that Christ claimed to work miracles, and made them the proofs of His Divine mission. "The works that I do bear witness of me." So that we cannot deny miracles without stultifying our Saviour in His most solemn and distinctive claim.

These thoughts have been suggested to us by the reading of the volume whose title stands at the head of this article, a volume of 384 pages, got up in Hodder and Stoughton's best style. The questions referred to above are not discussed by our author, for his standpoint is that of the expositor, and not of the apologist ; of the latter we have had more than enough ; of the former far too few. In his introductory chapter Prof. Laidlaw guards his readers against taking miracles as mere signs and evidences of the Gospel, and not integral parts of it. And as this broadening of their function takes away one of the most specious objections against them, we deem the point of great importance. "That the miracles are to be held as not bare attestations of a Divine commission, far less mere wonders ; that they are to be studied in their symbolic or didactic aspects, as well as in their evidential character, is now an axiom of New Testament exposition * * * * If we keep, in short, to the central position, that the Gospel miracles are an integral portion of the revelation made through Jesus Christ, we

shall get a view of them germane to our subject." Before his appointment to the chair, Prof. Laidlaw was known in Scotland as one of the most eloquent and popular of her preachers, and his removal was generally regretted, and as was remarked at the time, "If dulness be a qualification for professorial work the place could be so easily filled without robbing the pulpit of this bright light." It will therefore surprise no one that this work bears the stamp of its eloquent author and more than sustains his reputation. It is a model of simple, clear, forceful English that adds greatly to the interest of the book, and rising betimes into great beauty of expression.

But it is more than this. We regard it as the most valuable contribution made to this department of Sacred Literature since Trench's noble work on Miracles, which has since remained a text book on the subject. Miracles, from the standpoint of apologetics, have often been discussed by the polemic. We name Mosley and Bruce, whose works are of great value, and whose discussions have left little more to be desiderated. But expositions of the Gospel narratives of our Lord's miracles have been few, and since the work already referred to, scarcely one of any value has been added. We welcome therefore, all the more heartily, this volume by one who is most competent for the work he has undertaken.

This work is not what some would call a learned treatise; it is not critical in the technical sense. Its author does not parade his authorities, and though the language is simple, and the discussions singularly transparent, none can fail to see that Prof. Laidlaw has brought the highest learning to the task in hand. His mind and heart were both well prepared for exploring those rich mines of Divine truth. We do not know a better illustration than this work affords that it takes learning to make a thing plain. It possesses the singular merit of being acceptable alike to the most finished exegete, and to the intelligent believer without technical training, who wishes to know the mind of the Spirit in these great Biblical subjects. And while there are no startling novelties, no far-fetched explanations, and certainly no new theology, seldom have we read a work with greater interest and profit.

Prof. Laidlaw discusses the miracles under four classes, which seem to us to have an obvious distinction.

(1). The nature miracles. (a) Miracles of power, and (b) Miracles of providence.

(2). The healing miracles.

(3). The three raisings from the dead.

(4). The post-resurrection miracle.

His keen analysis and fine incisive utterances impressed us much. In speaking of the water being made wine, and why this miracle stands first, he says, "It is plain that the author of the fourth Gospel attends to what the miracles teach rather than to what they prove; that he has in view not so much the marvelous in them as the significant." And to get rid of the idea that the quantity was enormous, he adds "There is no need at all for the assumption that any of the liquid was wine except that which the servants carried and the guests tasted."

His sanctified common sense never leaves him, as proof read these sober words:—"Nor can we be in any doubt as to what was actually produced. It was what in all languages spoken by man is understood as wine; a gift of God's bounty more misused indeed by men than most;—all the more blamable they. But that the wine which Jesus now made, or that which he afterwards used at the communion table, was anything different in its qualities and effects from the wine which those countries produce, would not have entered into any reasonable mind to conceive, except for a forgone conclusion." Whatever arguments may be brought forward for total abstinence—and we admit there are many—we must beware of perverting God's word, or reading into its sacred meaning our own fancies.

Almost on every page we come upon gems of expression. They sound like sweet music to the cultured heart. When speaking of the history of religion being full of incidents of self-denial, he refers to the fishermen leaving all to follow Jesus. "Many men," he adds, "have left far more than did these four fishermen. But what an illustration is their case of the Master's words elsewhere, 'faithful in a few, thou shalt be ruler over many.' The yielding up of their nets and boats on the part of these four men has made its mark on the civilization of the world, on the progress of the race, on the increase of the Kingdom of God, second to nothing that has ever happened in the history of mankind, because to them it was given to seize the ripe hour, and

to cast in their lot with the Son of Man for the world's redemption." In the miracle of the loaves, by one touch He paints the changeful crowds, at one moment saying, "This is of a truth that prophet that should come into the world," and the next forsaking Him. He says: "How strange and fickle a thing is the human heart. Two days afterwards they forsook Him almost to a man, because He preached to them the spiritual doctrines of His cross and person. To make Him a king in Jerusalem was one thing; to throne Him in their hearts and lives was quite another."

This is evidently the work of a devout and reverent student. And many side-lights are thrown on passages which give them a rich glow not soon forgotten. Commenting on the words, "Bring them to Me"—"Let us," he says, "get our spiritual provision passed under the Master's blessing hand. Let us neither ^{sin} nor take what has not first gone round by the head ^{of the} table. If all our utterances only went from the study to the pulpit, to the class-room, to the teacher's desk, by way of the mercy-throne, and then come from us to the pew through another cloud of the incense of the hearer's prayers, we should doubtless have Pentecostal days of the Gospel's power * * * It may be a poor handful of barley cakes when all is done, so far as it is ours; but He can make it the life of thousands."

Commenting on the three raisings from the dead, we find these inspiring words:—"He recalled these three from death's grasp; one newly departed, one as he was being carried out to burial, one four days entombed, and over whose remains death's corruption may possibly have begun to creep; and they all instantly heard the voice of the Son of God and lived. It is enough! See behind them the whole company of the redeemed, who shall rise up in that day and stand upon their feet, an exceeding great army! Four days, or forty years, or four thousand years—what matters the lapse of time. It is but a sleep, when so certainly they shall be called in the morning." In the raising of the widow's son he calls attention to the fewness of the words spoken. "There are only six words in the original used by Jesus in the entire transaction—two ('Weep not') to comfort the mourning mother, and four ('Youth! I say arise') to restore the dead son, while the whole resurrection power is condensed into the one word—*Arise*. The contrast between this and such miracle by

prophet or apostle is obvious, and the inference points to nothing short of Divinity."

Sometimes a difficulty is explained in a single sentence. We must confess that it always seemed strange to us that the nobleman could delay on his journey so as not to reach home till the next day. But our commentator remarks, "It was one o'clock in the afternoon when the word was spoken. There is no need to interpose a whole day between this and the sequel of the story. The explanation of the *yesterday* is simple enough. The Jewish day, by which John reckoned, ended at sunset. No doubt the courier took his departure as soon as possible after his prayer was answered. The messenger was not despatched from Capernaum perhaps, some hours after the sudden cessation of the fever in the patient, till it had become clear that he was cured. So the meeting described took place not far from Capernaum, and not long after sunset, when the words used would be appropriate enough."

But we must stop, and we do so by urging our readers to procure the volume for themselves. To ministers and theological students it will be a valuable addition to their library, and a volume which they will often have occasion to consult. While to the general reader it will prove to be a grand book of devotion and well fitted to nourish Christian life. It is a noble contribution to our sacred literature, and we wish for it a wide circulation.

J. THOMPSON.

Sarnia.

LONGFELLOW'S SHORTER POEMS.

EMERSON says, "We touch and go, and sip the foam of many lives"; and Mr. Blanchard Jerrold calls his "London—A Pilgrimage" "a touch-and-go chronicle"; so we may call this a touch-and-go sketch of some of Longfellow's shorter poems.

In the beautiful domestic picture given to us in "The Children's Hour," we feel that we are permitted to look into the poet's heart, and we know from these simple and direct lines how dear to him was child-nature, and the "voices of the children, clear and sweet." Of them

He sings because he needs must sing,
As birds do in the May,
Not caring who'll be listening,
Nor who may turn away.

But in the poem addressed to children, as also in "Weariness," we notice, although free from affectation, an undertone strongly pessimistic, as of one who has taken

His joy with bated, doubtful breath.

Why one of Longfellow's calm, evenly-balanced and serene nature should write as he does in the latter poem is difficult to understand. There are many who have written and others who might have written in this strain, and we might think it was their "dead past" which refused to be buried, for "Weariness" is almost as morbid, in spite of its undeniable beauty, as the Eastern lines,

In youth my hair was black as night,
My life as white as driven snow;
As white as snow my hair is now,
And that is black which once was white.

Victor Hugo, Mr. Frederick Locker and Longfellow have addressed more poems to children than any other poets. But there is one essential difference between Locker's poetry of this kind and Longfellow's, and that is the entire absence in Longfellow of humour. For instance, in Locker's "Mabel's Window,"

"Rhyme of One," and "Terrible Infant," the humour is delicate but so apparent, and is certainly very refreshing. We quote this from the "Terrible Infant":

I recollect a nurse called Ann,
 Who carried me about the grass;
 And one fine day a fine young man
 Came up and kissed the pretty lass;
 She did not make the least objection
 Thinks I—Aha!
 When I can talk I'll tell mamma,
 And that's my earliest recollection.

But in spite of this lack of humour in Longfellow, which is distinctly felt, there is yet a great charm—a charm not fugitive, but abiding. In "The Wind over the Chimney," "The Rope Walk," "The Bridge," "The Old Clock on the Stair," and "My Lost Youth," we have a group of serious and reflective poems, some of which have sunk deep into the hearts of the multitude, and of which even one would have given the poet rank as an artist. See this one verse from "The Wind over the Chimney," how bright and sympathetic it is.

Sings the blackened log a tune,
 Learned in some forgotten June
 From a school-boy in his play,
 When they both were young together,
 Heart of youth and summer weather
 Making all their holiday.

And in the solemn movement of the "Old Clock on the Stair," with its ceaseless

For ever—never,
 Never—for ever,

the shortness of time and the Forever of Eternity stand out in sharp contrast. In the smooth and exquisite melody of "The Bridge" we have a song which will probably hold its own

As long as the river flows,
 As long as the heart has passions,
 As long as life has woes.

"Daybreak," written in couplets, has about it all the freshness of the morning. The winds' welcome to the coming day is of exceeding beauty—

It touched the wood bird's folded wing,
 And said, O bird, awake and sing.

And in contrast with this matin song we have "The Day is Done," beginning with

The day is done and the darkness
Falls from the wings of night,

and ending with the profound peace which comes with "the benediction that follows after prayer" and the waving of the hands raised in blessing.

The "Rainy Day" is begun with a wail so bitter, so dirge-like, that one shudders at the picture so "cold and dark and dreary;" but presently, from the weird and dreary minor, the song changes to the glad, triumphant note of courage:

Be still, sad heart, and cease repining,
Behind the clouds is the sun still shining;
Thy fate is the common fate of all,
Into each life some rain must fall,
Some days must be dark and dreary.

It may seem somewhat astonishing that such a singularly peaceful nature as Longfellow's, and one so opposed in life and principle to anything of strife, should have produced the "Warden of the Cinque Ports," with its grandly solemn roll. A poem so noble yet so truly martial in ring, these lines are worthy of any poet:

Him shall no sun-shine from the fields of azure,
No drum-beat from the wall,
No morning gun from the black fort's embrasure,
Awaken with their call.
Meanwhile without the surly cannon waited,
The sun rose bright o'erhead;
Nothing in Nature's aspect intimated
That a great man was dead.

And in the "Arsenal at Springfield," the horrors of war are drawn with a realistic touch:

The bursting shell, the gateway wrenched asunder,
The rattling musketry, the clashing blade,
And ever and anon in tones of thunder,
The diapason of the cannonade.

Among the personal poems most touching is Longfellow's tribute to Hawthorne, his life-long friend, who has "dropped from the ranks." In the "Burying Ground at Tarrytown," written in

memory of Washington Irving, who gave us many good things, but best and dearest of all his inimitable "Rip Van Winkle," dear, graceless, tattered old Rip, all surrounded as he comes to us with the flavour of the woods and streams, and the dreamy, hazy atmosphere of long ago, and his wonderful and long ago sleep. Full of tender feeling are the lines to Bayard Taylor, friend and poet and traveller, who died at Berlin while U. S. Minister at the German Court :

Dead he lay among his books ;
The peace of God was in his looks.

As the statues in the gloom
Watch o'er Maximillian's tomb,
So those volumes from their shelves
Watched him, silent as themselves ;

Ah ! his hand will never more
Turn their storied pages o'er ;

Nevermore his lips repeat
Songs of theirs, however sweet.

Let the lifeless body rest ;
He is gone, who was its guest ;

Gone, as travellers haste to leave
An inn, nor tarry until eve.

Traveller ! in what realms afar,
In what planet, in what star,

In what vast aerial space,
Shines the light upon thy face ?

In what gardens of delight
Rest thy weary feet to-night ?

Poet ! thou, whose latest verse
Was a garland on thy hearse ;

Thou hast sung, with organ tone,
In Deukalion's life, thine own.

On the ruins of the past
Blooms the perfect flower at last.

Friend ! but yesterday the bells
Rang for thee their loud farewells ;

And to-day they toll for thee,
Lying dead beyond the sea ;

Lying dead among thy books,
The peace of God in all thy looks !

We have already touched on the absence of humour in Longfellow, and we cannot avoid noticing also the almost entire absence of passion or the outpouring of passion. We look in vain for even such tenderness as in the old Scotch ballad,

Till all the seas gang dry, my dear,
And rocks melt wi' the sun,
O I will love thee still, my dear,
While the sand o' life shall run.

Nor need we expect the impassioned cry of "Auld Robin Gray," nor Mickle's tender, pretty lines, with their note of glad expectancy,

And will I see his face again?
And will I hear him speak?
I'm downright dizzy wi' the thought,
In truth, I'm like to greet.

Very often great tenderness of nature and a fire vein of humour are associated with great strength. However this may be, both passion and humour are almost entirely wanting from all Longfellow's verse. He lacks the fondness of Burns, the fire of Campbell, the humour of Lowell, the throbbing pulse that beats in "Lucille," and the strong heart and skilled hand of our own Laureate. He never could have written Mrs. Browning's "Mask,"

I have a smiling face, she said,
I have a jest for all I meet,
Behind no prison grate, she said,
That bars the sunshine half a mile,
Are captives so uncomforted
As souls behind a smile.
Ye weep for those who weep, she said,
Ah! fool, I bid you pass them by;
Go weep for those whose hearts have bled
What time their eyes were dry.

Longfellow is most happy in his poems addressed to friends. They are full of feeling, and are certainly very fine. We have already spoken of his lines to Bayard Taylor and Hawthorne, and we must for a moment linger over his tribute to Agassiz, grand, great, simple-hearted child of Nature of whom he sings.

So she keeps him still a child,
And will not let him go,
Though at times his heart beats wild
For the beautiful Pay de Vaud.

His lines in memory of Charles Sumner conclude,

So when a great man dies,
For years beyond our ken,
The light he leaves behind him lies
Upon the paths of men.

"The Herons of Elmwood," to his brother poet and neighbour, Lowell, is full of exquisite fancy, and is both graceful and affectionate :

Call to him, herons, as slowly you pass
To your roosts in the haunts of the exiled thrushes,
Sing him the song of the green morass,
And the tides that water the reeds and rushes.

Sing of the air, and the wild delight
Of wings that uplift and winds that uphold you,
The joy of freedom, the rapture of flight
Through the drift of the floating mists that infold you.

Sing to him, say to him, here at his gate,
Where the boughs of the stately elms are meeting,
Someone hath lingered to meditate
And send him unseen this friendly greeting :

That many another hath done the same,
Though not by a sound was the silence broken ;
The surest pledge of a deathless name
Is the silent homage of thoughts unspoken.

In "Morituri Salutamus," a most noble poem, written on the fiftieth anniversary of the class in Bowdoin's College, we see power and grandeur, and a something suggestive of pain.

O Cæsar, we who are about to die
Salute you !

We feel distinctly that as our poet's friends are dropping thick and fast around him, he knows

The graves grow thicker and life's ways more bare,
As years and years go by ;
Nay ! thou hast more green gardens in thy care,
And more stars in the sky.

The time is drawing near for our poet to go the way along which almost all friends of his youth have gone, to know

The golden evening brightens in the west ;
Soon, soon to faithful warriors comes their rest ;
Sweet is the calm of Paradise the blest.

JESSIE CAMERON.

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN AS A WRITER.

IT was not as a man of action, though he was the acknowledged leader of the greatest movement of the century in the Church of England ; nor as a scholar, though his researches in the early history and teaching of the Christian Church were patient and profound ; nor yet as an agitator and controversialist, though none could strike more telling blows in a cause than he, that Cardinal Newman impressed himself most deeply on his age. In all these directions his work was strangely lacking in the element of permanence. Those lines of subtle reasoning by which he persuaded himself were such as very few could ever hold by. The dogmatic conclusions to which he was impelled, though irresistible to him, are to the common English mind quite untenable. The whole movement of which he was source and centre, having passed on into new forms and issues, has left him these many years stranded in seclusion at Edgbaston. Yet it would be a mistake to say that his work has ceased to be vital. The spirit in which he wrought still gives life. On his page quivers the same thrill as of old, the thrill, not of imposing ecclesiasticism, nor of Romanizing tendencies, but of the deep heart of humanity itself. Cardinal Newman had in a pre-eminent degree the power, like that of the apostles at Pentecost, of speaking "to every man in the language wherein he was born." This it is that makes all sects and shades of religious belief, standing round his grave, mourn for him and cherish him as belonging to all. This, too, is the note of literary utterance, as distinguished from the utterance of a sect or of a movement : to have in it the universal spirit, to vitalize truth for all men. It is by no means the least of Cardinal Newman's distinctions that the world accords him the homage due to a great man of letters, a supreme master of our English tongue, whose page, to use his own words, was "the lucid mirror of his mind and life." High praise this, when we reflect—of *such* a mind and life ! No greater Englishman, so far as many important qualities go, was left living when he died ; nor has this nineteenth century seen a

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greater in his command of English style, though it is the century of Ruskin, and Arnold, and Carlyle, and Macaulay, and De-Quincey.

Yet I doubt not many who belong to the class of "general readers" are asking to-day, What did he write? He was not "the idle singer of an empty day," nor are his works such as are left lying on sofas and seaside hammocks. Everybody has sung his hymn, "Lead, kindly Light": but beyond this his "fit audience" in America is few. How many can even make a beginning in naming the titles of his thirty-six published volumes, or recall works of his in the seven classes under which they are described in the catalogues,—of sermons, treatises, essays, works historical, works theological, works polemical, works literary? Yet none of his works are of the ponderous order; in all of them we discern the charm of a natural, simple, flexible style, and the glow of a vigorous yet saintly mind thoroughly in earnest. A few volumes of the thirty-six will suffice to acquaint the reader with the dominant characteristics of his mind; for, as has been truly said, "nowhere has there been a life so completely all of a piece, so patiently carved out of one pure block of purpose, as Cardinal Newman's." Of these volumes no one can afford to miss the eight volumes of "Parochial and Plain Sermons," those marvellous utterances which, though severely simple in style and closely read from manuscript without attempt at action or eloquence, drew reverent crowds of thoughtful men to St. Mary's church, and shed over Oxford such a serious and sacred awe as has been observed in places where a great revival of religious life and consecration is in progress. The flip-pant reader must of necessity be wholly at loss to account for their power; nor, indeed, can any of us fully realize it, unable as we are to enter into all the thoughts and heart searchings that were in the air when they were preached. But certain it is that no other pulpit addresses of this century, with the possible exception of Frederick William Robertson's, can be compared with them for the profound influence they exerted. It is the memory of these sermons, mainly, which even yet makes St. Mary's, where they were preached, and the venerable quadrangles of Oriel, where Newman had his modest rooms, and Littlemore, where with a few close friends he found seclusion, places of pious pilgrimage. After these sermons, or rather along with them, is to be mentioned the

Apologia pro Vitâ Suâ, that unique spiritual autobiography wherein, after having passed from Evangelicalism through High Churchism into Roman Catholicism, Newman lays bare the secret history of his soul "voyaging through strange seas of thought alone," and draws the English mind, which had misunderstood and misjudged him, into that hearty love which, though it may be tardy, it is gladly willing to accord to thorough honesty and consistency of purpose. The volume of lectures entitled "Idea of a University" contains some of Newman's best writing, notably in the lecture on "Literature," which, besides being a splendid piece of prose, may not unfitly be regarded as a noble *apologic pro stilo suo*. Of course those who have sung his "Lead, kindly Light" will enjoy the meditative spirit and chaste style of his "Verses on Various Occasions," among which they will find especially impressive his longest poem, "The Dream of Gerontius." Let me not unduly extend the list; it is rather hard to stop; but I do not like to leave unmentioned his historical tale "Callista," which, among the trivial and sensational tales of the day, make upon my mind a good deal such an impression as does Beethoven's *Fidelio* among the operas.

A great writer's talk about literary style may or may not approach the subject comprehensively, but it is pretty sure, at least, to betray the ideal that in his own work he puts highest. We will recall Carlyle's praise of an open, loving heart as the best guide to vigorous glowing description, and his assertion, not discordant with his practice, that "other secret for being 'graphic' is there none worth having: but this is an all sufficient one." Not long ago John Morley was lauding "that golden art—the steadfast use of a language in which truth can be told; a speech that is strong by natural force, and not merely effective by declamation"; and we do not have to go outside of his books for examples. Only the other day Mr. Woodbury, in his "Talks with Emerson," revealed to us Emerson's plea for a condensed, trenchant, unorganized prose like his own. But we should have to look far to find a higher ideal, or one more nobly carried out in his own practice, than Cardinal Newman has laid down in the lecture I have just mentioned on "Literature."

A great author is not one who merely has a *copia verborum*, whether in prose or verse, and can, as it were, turn on at his will any number of

splendid phrases and swelling sentences : but he is one who has something to say and knows how to say it. I do not claim for him, as such, any great depth of thought, or breadth of view, or philosophy, or sagacity, or knowledge of human nature, or experience of human life, though these additional gifts he may have, and the more he has of them the greater he is ; but I ascribe to him, as his characteristic gift, in a large sense the faculty of expression. He is master of the two-fold *Logos*, the thought and the word, distinct, but inseparable from each other. He may, if so be, elaborate his compositions, or he may pour out his improvisations, but in either case he has but one aim, which he keeps steadily before him, and is conscientious and single-minded in fulfilling. That aim is to give forth what he has within him ; and from his very earnestness it comes to pass that, whatever be the splendour of his diction or the harmony of his periods, he has with him the charm of an incommunicable simplicity.

Here we have Newman's guiding principles as a man of letters. All his life he laboured, with the skill born of severe culture, poetic taste, and holy purpose, to give forth adequately what he had within him ; and when we consider how much there was within him, of insight, of spiritual acumen, of deep feeling, of kindly humour, we have, at least, some meagre data for estimating the leading characteristics of his literary expression.

But more distinctively, what was it within him that spoke with most power and unction to the world? Every voice has its register where its notes are purest ; every eye its field or angle of clearest vision ; every pen its vocabulary wherein the style is most truly the man. Where Newman was clearest-eyed and trumpet-tongued was not in his dialectical power, marvellous though that was ; not in his resolute return from the liberalizing tendencies of the day along the path of mediævalism in religion. In these activities of his we may almost say the deeper spirit scorned while it utilized his written word. The deeper spirit itself of his life may perhaps best be defined in that remarkable utterance of his where he speaks of his "rest in the thought of two, and two only, absolute and luminously self-evident beings—myself and my Creator." It was when he spoke in some phase of this consciousness that the world most willingly and wonderingly accorded him ears to hear. For his conversance with the things of God and the invisible world was so constant and intimate as to impart a kind of realism to his language when these were the subject ; he walked in a world of ministering spirits, wondrous divine agencies, so near and real that mysteries the most profound were no obstacle to his faith.

Distrustful of material phenomena and absolutely certain of the unsecu, he would match any doubt of the supernatural with as great or greater mystery of earth. This may be illustrated by a passage in his sermon on "The Invisible World," a passage much quoted and admired :—

We are then in a world of spirits, as well as in a world of sense, and we hold communion with it, and take part in it, though we are not conscious of doing so. If this seems strange to any one, let him reflect that we are undeniably taking part in a third world, which we do indeed see, but about which we do not know more than about the angelic host,—the world of brute animals. Can anything be more marvellous or startling, unless we were used to it, than that we should have a race of beings about us whom we do but see, and as little know their state, or can describe their interests, or their destiny, as we can tell of the inhabitants of the sun and moon? It is indeed a very overpowering thought, when we get to fix our minds on it, that we familiarly use, I may say hold intercourse with creatures who are as much strangers to us, as mysterious, as if they were the fabulous, unearthly beings, more powerful than man, and yet his slaves, which Eastern superstitions have invented. We have more real knowledge about the angels than about the brutes. They have apparently passions, habits, and a certain accountableness, but all is mystery about them. We do not know whether they can sin or not, whether they are under punishment, whether they are to live after this life. We inflict very great sufferings on a portion of them, and they in turn, every now and then, seem to retaliate upon us, as if by a wonderful law. We depend upon them in various important ways; we use their labour, we eat their flesh. This, however, relates to such of them as come near us: cast your thoughts abroad on the whole number of them, large and small, in vast forests, or in the water, or in the air; and then say whether the presence of such countless multitudes, so various in their natures, so strange and wild in their shapes, living on the earth without ascertainable object, is not as mysterious as anything which Scripture says about the angels? Is it not plain to our senses that there is a world inferior to us in the scale of beings, with which we are connected without understanding what it is? and is it difficult to faith to admit the word of Scripture concerning our connection with a world superior to us?

So it was that with the freshness and power of realistic vision his voice came to men from the region of "the everlasting face to face with God." With still greater power and cogency, perhaps, he sounded the depths and shoals of man's spiritual nature, as he held up to the light what he had patiently and pitilessly discovered in that other "absolute and luminously self-evident being"—himself. All the prides and rebellions, all the vanities and foibles, the petty humours and cavils, the spiritual revulsions and quivering awe in the great white light of heaven, of souls that by nature were

wholly sinful and corrupt but redeemed by grace—these he portrays with something of the delight of a natural historian. What he found in himself was what belonged universally to the race; and the keen interest with which his heart was glowing could not but spread through his words to other hearts.

Nay, from no fount impure these drops arise;
'Tis but that sympathy with Adam's race
Which in each brother's history reads its own.

So he writes in his sonnet entitled "Messina," to which he has prefixed as motto Terence's line, *Homo sum; humani nil a me alienum puto*. This clear-eyed, intense sympathy with his kind, and the accuracy of his delineations, are especially notable, perhaps, in his description of spiritual states or processes, conversion, or the dawn of belief, or approach to God. His "Apologia" is the history of conversion and inner transition, as vividly real, if not so gorgeous, as one of De Quincey's opium dreams. The following passage from "Callista," shows to some degree the same characteristics;—

After a time, Callista said, "Polemo, do you believe in one God?"

"Certainly," he answered; "I believe in one eternal, self-existing something."

"Well," she said, "I feel that God within my heart. I feel myself in his presence. He says to me, 'Do this: Don't do that.' You may tell me that this dictate is a mere law of my nature, as is to joy or to grieve. I cannot understand this. No, it is the echo of a person speaking to me. Nothing shall persuade me that it does not ultimately proceed from a person external to me. It carries with it its proof of its divine origin. My nature feels towards it as towards a person. When I obey it, I feel a satisfaction; when I disobey, a soreness just like that which I feel in pleasing or offending some revered friend. So you see, Polemo, I believe in what is more than a mere 'something.' I believe in what is more real to me than sun, moon, stars, and the fair earth, and the voice of friends. You will say, Who is he? Has he ever told you anything about himself? Alas, no!—the more's the pity! But I will not give up what I have, because I have not heard more. An echo implies a voice; a voice a speaker. That speaker I love and I fear."

Here she was exhausted, and overcome, too, poor Callista, with her own emotions.

"Oh, that I could find him!" she exclaimed, passionately. "On the right hand and on the left I grope, but touch him not. Why dost thou fight against me? why dost thou scare and perplex me, O first and only Fair? I have thee not, and I need thee."

His "Dream of Gerontius," which has been called the greatest poem on death in the English language, portrays with great imaginative power the mysterious moment of dissolution.

I went to sleep ; and now I am refreshed,
 A strange refreshment : for I feel in me
 An inexpressive lightness, and a sense
 Of freedom, as I were at length myself,
 And ne'er had been before. How still it is !
 I hear no more the busy beat of time,
 No, nor my fluttering breath, nor struggling pulse
 Nor does one moment differ from the next.
 I had a dream ; yes —some one softly said
 " He's gone " ; and then a sigh went round the room.
 And then I surely heard a priestly voice
 Cry " Subvenite " ; and they knelt in prayer.
 I seem to hear him still ; but thin and low,
 And fainter and more faint the accents come,
 As at an ever-widening interval.
 Ah ! whence is this ? What is this severance ?
 This silence pours a solitariness
 Into the very essence of my soul ;
 And the deep rest, so soothing and so sweet,
 Hath something too of sternness and of pain.
 For it drives back my thoughts upon their spring
 By a strange introversion, and perforce
 I now begin to feed upon myself,
 Because I have naught else to feed upon.

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 So much I know, not knowing how I know,
 That the vast universe, where I have dwelt.
 Is quitting me, or I am quitting it.
 Or I or it is rushing on the wings
 Of light or lightning on an onward course,
 And we e'en now are million miles apart.
 Yet . . . is this peremptory severance
 Wrought out in lengthening measurements of space,
 Which grow and multiply by speed and time ?
 Or am I traversing infinity
 By endless subdivision, hurrying back
 From finite towards infinitesimal,
 Thus dying out of the expansive world ?

Another marvel : some one has me fast
 Within his ample palm ; 'tis not a grasp
 Such as they use on earth, but all around
 Over the surface of my subtle being,
 As though I were a sphere, and capable
 To be accosted thus, a uniform
 And gentle pressure tells me I am not
 Self-moving, but borne forward on my way.

"It is impossible," says a writer in the *Spectator*, "to find any life in this century so singly and simply devoted to spiritual ends as Cardinal Newman's. There have been more heroic lives, more laborious lives, more apparently beneficent lives,—the lives of soldiers, martyrs, missionaries, all lived nobly in the sight of God,—but none of them at once so detached from the common human interests, and yet so natural, genial, and human as Newman's." In these few and adequate quotations I have tried to enter that spiritual region where he was so truly at home and, indicating wherein his vision was clearest, account in some measure for that "perfect spiritual sympathy" which, along with "intellectual distrust," he has so strangely inspired in the minds of his contemporaries.

To turn now more specifically to the qualities of his style, I am inclined, after considerable thought, to put first and highest that "incommunicable simplicity" to which, in his earnestly portrayed ideal, he attributed such a charm. His words go straight to their mark, doing their work without trick or mannerism, and are chosen with such transparent fitness that we have to stop and think whether they make a style at all. Yet they are not always short and easy words. Short or long, the word fits the case; it seems to have grown there, a natural product. With this quality inhere also the qualities of purity and delicacy of diction, the words being fitted to a chastened and meditative conception of things. Not without a certain restraint, too, as if the writer were keeping a tight rein on his emotions, and as if in all that he wrote, as when he wrote his "Apologia," the words "*secretum meum mihi*" were ringing in his ears. Yet nothing of this is loud and obtrusive; we take the thought, unimpeded by any crude mechanism of expression, and accord unconscious praise by forgetting the perfection of the art that conceals itself. If any one thinks such simplicity an easy or trivial achievement, let him try it. A student of the late Francis Wayland once said in his class-room, "Why, I don't see anything so wonderful in the Proverbs of Solomon; any one could make such things as those." "Make some," was the doctor's laconic reply; but the enlarged edition of the "Book of Proverbs" has not yet appeared.

What other qualities I have to note in Cardinal Newman's style can be gathered together, I think, under the general term flexibility. Nothing is more exquisitely pervasive, more charac-

teristic of all his work than this. To all the bendings and curves of the thought, to all the requirements of the emotion, vigorous or lofty or sharp or subtle, his words respond with marvellous precision. Here, too, the man is proclaimed in his ideal. "Whatever be his subject," he says of the great author, "high or low, he treats it suitably and for its own sake." Let me quote a few more words, at once example and description of his conception.

He writes passionately, because he feels keenly; forcibly, because he conceives vividly; he sees too clearly to be vague; he is too serious to be otiose; he can analyze his subject, and therefore he is rich; he embraces it as a whole and in its parts and therefore he is consistent; he has a firm hold of it, and therefore he is luminous. When his imagination wells up, it overflows in ornament: when his heart is touched, it thrills along his verse. He always has the right word for the right idea, and never a word too much. If he is brief, it is because a few words suffice; when he is lavish of them, still each word has its mark, and aids, not embarrasses, the vigorous march of his elocution.

This is it: to realize by a subtle sympathy just what the subject needs, and then out of his store of skill, and knowledge, and poetic creativeness to marry idea and word in an indissoluble union. When the requirement is trenchant, forthright, piercing strength, of word and phrase, Newman does not fall below his task. Witness, for example, the following reply to Kingsley, from the preface to the "Apologia":—

I am at war with him; but there is such a thing as legitimate warfare: war has its laws; there are things which may fairly be done, and things which may not be done. I say it with shame and with stern sorrow:—he has attempted a great transgression; he has attempted (as I may call it) to *poison the wells*. . . . Now these insinuations and questions shall be answered in their proper places; here I will but say that I scorn and detest lying, and quibbling, and double-tongued practice, and slyness, and cunning, and smoothness, and cant, and pretence, quite as much as any Protestants hate them. But all this is just now by the by; my present subject is my accuser; what I insist upon here is this unmanly attempt of his, in his concluding pages, to cut the ground from under my feet;—to poison by anticipation the public mind against me, John Henry Newman, and to infuse into the imaginations of my readers, suspicion and mistrust of everything that I may say in reply to him. This I call *poisoning the wells*.

To the same flexible sympathy with his subject I may refer that delicate, kindly, illusive humour, which plays over the surface of much of his writing. Is it not a kind of sense of humour, or at

least of delicate human feeling, that leads him in "Callista," which is a tale of the third century, to make his characters talk in natural, every-day language, so different from the "forsooth" and "By Hercules" style which rants about sesterces and old Falernian? Unobtrusive, however, it all is, even in those passages that permit a lighter treatment, betraying only by the occasional turn of a phrase that the author was smiling inside as he penned the words. Take, for instance, the following from "Callista":—

The dinner had not been altogether suitable to modern ideas of good living. The grapes from Tacape, and the dates from the Lake Tritonis, the white and black figs, the nectarines and peaches, and the watermelons, address themselves to the imagination of an Englishman, as well as of an African of the third century. So also might the liquor derived from the sap or honey of the Getulian palm, and the sweet wine called *melilotus*, made from the poetical fruit found upon the coast of the Syrtis. He would have been struck, too, with the sweetness of the mutton; but he would have asked what the sheep's tails were before he tasted them, and found how like marrow the firm substance ate of which they consisted. He would have felt he ought to admire the roes of mullets, pressed and dried, from Mauritania; but he would have thought twice before he tried the lion cutlets, though they had the flavour of veal, and the additional *goût* of being imperial property, and poached from a preserve. But when he saw the indigenous dish, the very haggis and cock-a-leekie of Africa, in the shape of—(alas! alas! it *must* be said, with whatever apology for its introduction)—in shape, then, of a delicate puppy, served up with tomatoes, with its head between its fore-paws, we consider he would have risen from the unholy table, and thought he had fallen upon the hospitality of some sorceress of the neighbouring forest. However, to that festive board our Briton was not invited, for he had some previous engagement that evening, either of painting himself with woad, or of hiding himself to the chin in the fens; so that nothing occurred to disturb the harmony of the party, and the good humour and easy conversation which was the effect of such excellent cheer.

One more aspect of this flexible adaptation of word to subject and emotion I must not leave altogether unmentioned. "When his heart is touched it thrills along his verse." Principal Shairp has named Cardinal Newman as one of the great prose-poets of the century. Many magnificent passages in his sermons and other writings, to say nothing of the general richness of conception and chaste imaginativeness of his prose, forbid us to deny him that title. The whole strange course of his life is a poem, far more truly than a cold consistent logical system; none but an eminently poetical and eminently unworldly mind would have followed that

"kindly light" until it rested over the silent oratory at Edgbaston. His consummate skill and taste in language are conceded; and none would recognize more heartily than those who knew him best the intensity of conviction and emotion, the large glowing views of all things pure and beautiful, and the tender heart "fruitful and friendly for all human kind," which are potent to make that skill blossom into poetic expression. One passage I must quote in illustration; it shall be the last of my citations. It is the much-loved passage in his sermon on the "Parting of Friends," preached when he took leave of the English Church:—

And, O my brethren, O kind and affectionate hearts, O loving friends, should you know any one whose lot it has been, by writing or by word of mouth, in some degree to help you thus to act; if he has ever told you what you knew about yourselves, or what you did not know; has read to you your wants or feelings, and comforted you by the very reading; has made you feel that there was a higher life than this daily one, and a brighter world than that you see; or encouraged you, or sobered you, or opened a way to the inquiring, or soothed the perplexed; if what he has said or done has ever made you take interest in him, and feel well inclined towards him; remember such a one in time to come, though you hear him not, and pray for him, that in all things he may know God's will, and at all times he may be ready to fulfil it.

It seems to me that, whether we consider the delicate rhythm and flow of the clauses, or the exquisite fitness of the words, or the chaste elevation of conception and emotion, the very spirit of poetry breathes through this yearning utterance.

Such, then, I conceive to be, in its two most evident and comprehensive features, the literary style of Cardinal Newman, a style eminently *simple, doing it work, whatever it is, without fuss and parade*, and with fitting parsimony or fulness, plainness or richness, in its use of material; a style wonderfully flexible, responding pliantly to every mood of thought, every breath of emotion, whether the informing spirit be indignant strength, or genial humour, or melting tenderness, or creating imagination. And the style is the man.

Here I must take leave of the subject, having said, after all, but little of what might have been said. I have contemplated Cardinal Newman only as a writer; and even of his literary activity I have left important aspects unnoticed, having chosen merely to mention and quote such works as are most likely to interest the general reader. We will bear in mind that in lines of activity quite apart

from his work as a man of letters he had greatnesses and limitations many. His significance, so far as it has to do with external things, with controversies, with rigid dogmas, with details of ecclesiastical order, is already many years outlived ; but if in time to come any would recall the influences, not too numerous, which in this hard materialized century have wrought to make men mind the things of the spirit, or if any would remember how our language has been finely moulded to give reality and sacredness to things unseen, they will cherish with love and honour the name of John Henry Newman.

JOHN F. GENUNG.

MEN FOR FRONTIER SERVICE.

FOR years complaints have been heard about the difficulty of securing suitable supply for frontier mission fields. The Presbyteries of Barric, Bruce and Kingston and the Synod of Manitoba and the North-West have called loudly, but too frequently there has been no response. The necessities of the Home Mission field were so clamant a few years ago that it was proposed that one of the colleges of the Church should hold its sessions in summer, and so allow a certain number of students to be drafted for winter service. For reasons more or less valid the proposition was not entertained, and the winter vacancies continued, to the serious detriment of the Church. Last year well-nigh one hundred mission fields in the Western Section had supply for forty Sabbaths or under, and about fifty for thirty or under. The consequences of this state of things are too well known to need description. To leave three or four thousand families for a good part of the year without ordinances must entail large losses. Christian work is not only arrested, it retrogrades. Other denominations are tempted to enter in; division and disintegration follow, and the result is apt to be two or three missions starving and struggling, where there might be one strong and flourishing. It is true that our Church has grown and is growing—in such a country as ours it could not help it—but it is equally true that in many a district in Ontario and the Maritime Provinces Presbyterians constitute the strength of other religious bodies, and that the Presbyterian Church is left correspondingly feeble. Neglect has also lost us many who were adrift from all ecclesiastical moorings, and who would have been attracted to us by continuous services and pastoral oversight. Such losses have left us poorer in piety, less varied in gifts, weaker numerically, and shorn of much of our natural strength.

Had the past taught us wisdom or stirred us up to devise methods by which this flow of blood might be stanchd, one could afford to be silent. But the evil continues, and the policy will bear the same fruit in the West that it has in the East, and much more

speedily. The Scotch and Scotch-Irish that form so large a part of the population of Ontario and the provinces by the sea held fast to traditions. The Church might neglect them, their children might join the Methodist Church, but they seldom gave up their "lines" till a minister of their own Church appeared. Your Canadian-born Presbyterian is a different subject. He has not listened to Covenanting tales with open mouth and brimming eye, nor has he learned to admire unwavering faith and heroic endurance like his father. His religiosity of nature is less deep, his home training has been less conscientious and thorough, his faith in the Unseen is less real, and his companionship and general environment less helpful. Denominational ties are hence less binding and, if neglected, he can more easily change his Church allegiance or sink into indifference, and even unbelief. The necessity to provide him with ordinances is consequently more urgent, and the present destitution all the more to be deplored.

Is there any help for this unsatisfactory state of things? Are other denominations troubled as we are? The Baptist Church finds it difficult to man its fields in the West. Its Church polity and the meagre aid accorded from the older provinces would account for its straits. The Anglican Church also finds the question of supply difficult. In Western Canada the connection of that Church is more with England than with Ontario, and although many missionaries come from the Mother Land, too frequently they do not remain, because social life is not congenial. The Roman Catholic Church experiences no trouble with its missions. Young men of ability and scholarship are prepared to occupy remote outposts, and delicate women are prepared to sever family ties and immure themselves in missions near the Arctic circle. It is the boast of the Methodist Church that it provides a pastor for every congregation and a missionary for every field under its charge the year round. And this policy, combined with the aggressive spirit of the body, accounts for its rapid growth.

How is it with our Church as to men? Last winter there were reported to be in our four western colleges, studying for the ministry in all the years, over 320 students. We have a large number of ex-pastors and probationers in Ontario who can find no rest for the soles of their feet. This spring over one hundred students applied to the Home Mission Committee for appointment,

for whom there were no missions. For a small mission near Toronto there were over twenty applicants, and when desirable vacancies occur the Moderators of Sessions are said to be deluged with requests to be heard. For certain charges and localities the supply seems to be ample. A judicious distribution would likely find pastors enough.

True, many of these men might not be fit for frontier service and, if they were to offer their services, would have to be declined. In the West the people, generally speaking, are young. Young men conduct mining and lumbering industries, they do our farming and milling, railways are built and operated by them, and they manage our monetary and mercantile institutions. Our lawyers and judges, doctors and journalists are young men, and men of their own age can reach them and minister to them with more acceptance than older men. Moreover, the facilities for education are not as good as in older communities, and hence men of families should not be sent to the front. Such considerations single out young men for this service, and young men should regard frontier work as their special care and duty.

Why the reluctance of our young men to go to the front? Why do they prefer a limited charge in a decaying country village, where they are "cribbed, cabined and confined," rather than the wider sphere and larger promises of the West? The climate! suggests one. The climate may for two or three months be severe, but it is salubrious, and in no part of our country is better health enjoyed than on the prairie. The climate does not deter the farmer or mechanic, the lawyer or the medical man, and surely ministers will not offer the climate as an excuse. Salaries! suggests another. Salaries are not luxurious, but they compare favourably with the average in Ontario, and they are higher than the average of any other denomination. But are they always paid? Not always; but if a minister is efficient, he has no need to fear for his salary; and if he is not, arrears are apt to accumulate anywhere. But why this higgling about salaries? Young men are supposed to have few expenses. The Church has educated them free of charge, paved their course through college with scholarships, bursaries and prizes, provided them in most cases with work in summer, even when their scholarship was slender, their experience small, and their gifts untried. Should they not show their appre-

ciation of all this by service in the mission field for a few years at a moderate salary? The medical practitioner and the lawyer are content to live on humble fare, work hard and in hope for a few years. Shall the young minister do less? The appearance of the mercenary spirit of the age must not be allowed to enter the hearts of ministers, and especially young ministers, else their usefulness will be crippled and the prospects of the Church clouded. But are there not circumstances that cause graduates to exercise caution and insist on a regular and liberal salary? Let us see.

Of the students applying to the Home Mission Committee of the General Assembly last spring for appointment no fewer than six in one class, from one college, had printed in brackets after their names, "Married," and there is reason to believe that six did not exhaust the number. That the proportion was so large is due to the laxness of the Church in this matter. That a student who has a family at graduation is not free to offer for any appointment in the Church, or to accept any appointment that is offered, is evident. Into all his thoughts and arrangements his family must enter. Is this just to the idea of the ministry of Jesus Christ or true to the Church or the man? Unless blessed with more cash than belongs to most students, the young theologian cannot afford to get married. And if he could, his self-respect and a desire for the best equipment for his work should forbid it. Scholarship, manhood, efficiency are all apt to suffer through this pernicious practice. Any man marrying during his college course should be told by the General Assembly that the doors of her colleges were closed against him, because the lack of good judgment and self-restraint shown on his part augured ill for his future usefulness. This is the course adopted by the Methodist Church and with good effect, and there is no reason why the Presbyterian Church should not adopt it. The case of those who feel called on to study for the ministry after they are married stands on an entirely different footing. Let our graduates be unmarried and more of them are likely to volunteer for frontier service, and so leave established congregations to be cared for by probationers and others entitled to be heard and settled. The practice of hearing students in vacancies during their last year in college seems at variance with our principles.

To the writer it appears that the Church should go farther. The rule requiring young men to give a year after graduation in the mission field under the Home Mission Committee was not unreasonable. There was no good cause why that regulation should have been abrogated. It was said that unless abrogated some men would go to the States. Let them go. If there is so little gratitude to the Church that did so much for them, and to the country that gave them birth, that they will turn their backs on both because of such a regulation, the loss will not be severe. "But young men chafed under the regulation!" The interests of the Church are to be considered quite as much as the chafings of young men, and these interests demand some sacrifice. "But if men's chivalry is appealed to they will offer for this work!" The past has abundantly negatived the bright anticipations of those who held this opinion. The regulation was good; many of us worked under it and did not think it harsh. Let it be re-enacted.

Has the Church herself done full justice to the worth and work of her Home Missionaries? There is no society in existence to help this work. Dr. Blaikie may feel compelled to admire the spirit of A. J. McLeod walking seventeen miles on railway ties to conduct a service at Canmore; some tourist may accidentally mention a Baird or a McQueen keeping his vigils on the North Saskatchewan; or an article on Robertson from a loving Gordon may tell that another standard-bearer has fallen, but who takes much interest in a Home Missionary? What church will hold a farewell service when he leaves for the West, or ask for an address when he returns? Why should these men—many of them able men—be neglected or their existence ignored? What wonder if some one (a minister!) should ask, "Does any one ever go out there who can get a place here?" or that a graduate when approached should reply, "My friends are kind enough to say that I have ability for better work"; or that a catechist should urge in applying for an appointment, "I have tried a number of things and failed in them all; I think God must intend me for the ministry, and I would like an appointment in the North-West."

The conclusion of the whole matter is that continuous supply will strengthen our missions, hasten their growth, save money, cultivate a higher type of piety and prevent much division and falling away. The frontier demands good men, and the Church and her

ministers should make sacrifices to overtake its needs. Present methods fail, and in her own interests, the interests of the people and Christianity, the Church should control the manner of life of the candidates for her ministry during this College course and afterwards, for a time, that these interests should be conserved. Any apparent sacrifices will develop a higher type of ministry, raise the world's estimate of the character of the man and his mission, and enhance his influence for good. Let the Church expect, yea, demand, sacrifices of her ministers, and her members will respond more readily to her appeals.

J. ROBERTSON.

THE EDITOR'S BOOK SHELF

By far the most important book before us this month is Principal Cave's *Scriptural Doctrine of Sacrifice*,* a new and revised edition of which has just been issued by the Clarks. Although this is ostensibly only a new edition, it has been so thoroughly revised that even those familiar with the first edition will find this one indispensable. Revision does not here mean touching up a few sentences and adding a few references, but careful examination and revisal of every page, and rewriting and extending many important passages and discussions. Dr. Cave has adopted the German style of revising, and the result is a new book.

As this work may not be well known to many Canadian students, a brief statement of the standpoint of the author and his method of discussion may be in place.

Assuming the historic value and accuracy of the books of Scripture, Principal Cave sets himself to study and exhibit for dogmatic, not for apologetic, purposes, the several phases of Scriptural Sacrifice. Beginning with the paradisaic sacrifices of our first parents in Eden, for the opening chapters of Genesis are held as implying sacrifice, in the Scriptural sense, to be synchronous with the creation of man, the author passes on to a careful study of Abel's offering, the first accepted sacrifice of fallen man, and traces the development of the doctrine through patriarchal times. The discussion of the Mosaic doctrine of sacrifice is very full and satisfactory. Then comes the Post-Mosaic doctrine, which carries the discussion through the prophetic era to New Testament times. This first part of the work closes with a statement and classification of other theories of Old Testament sacrifice, from the allegorical to the naturalistic.

The second part opens with a consideration of the New Testament doctrine. Very careful, indeed, is the study of this phase of the subject as bearing on the significance of Christ's work as the one sacrifice for sin. One chapter is devoted to a critical review of theories of the Atonement, and another to contemporary doctrines, especially those of Bushnell, McLeod Campbell, and Dale. The remaining chapters deal with a com-

The Scriptural Doctrine of Sacrifice and Atonement, by Alfred Cave, B.A., D.D., New edition, revised throughout and partly re-written. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. Toronto: Presbyterian News Co., 1890, pp. 350.

parison of the Atonement of the Old with that of the New Testaments, Christian Sacrifices under the New and Old Covenants, the Sacrifice of the Lord's Supper, a review of other views of the Eucharist, Sacrifices in the heavenly world, and, in conclusion, a statement of the Scriptural Doctrine of Sacrifice based on the facts elicited from Scripture by the inductive method pursued.

Comparing this edition with that of 1877, a few changes and additions are noted in almost every chapter. In the Old Testament section important additions are made to the chapters on "The Mosaic Injunctions" and "The Essential Significance of the Mosaic Injunctions." The New Testament section has been considerably changed by rewriting, rearranging and adding. One important addition (pp. 300—325) deals with the N. T. doctrine as to necessity, nature, effects, *modus operandi* and extent of the Atonement, and its relations to the doctrines of Man and of Sin. Another important addition (pp. 371—376) is a brief, but skilful and intelligent, classification of theories of the Atonement.

Taking this work all in all, it is perhaps the most thorough and competent study of the Scripture Doctrine of Sacrifice and Atonement in the English. Indeed, except the partial treatment, largely deductive, in general works on Theology, we know of nothing in this department at all systematic and complete. Dr. Cave's book certainly takes the first place and is almost alone. We do not recall a worthy second. The method is historical, the examination is detailed, and the conclusions are, in the main, satisfactory. No one can dispute any of the conclusions without an extensive knowledge of the subject, and even then must respect the positions of the author. No one studying the fundamental doctrine of the Atonement can afford to be ignorant of this masterly work.

Principal Simon's book on the Atonement has been referred to more than once in this department. Its primary title, *The Redemption of Man*,* does not accurately describe it. It is rather, as the secondary title explains, discussions bearing more or less directly on the Atonement. Unlike Principal Cave's work, it does not pretend to be systematic or complete, but a collection of studies, which the author modestly confesses are "rough" and "sketchy." But Dr. Simon is a scholar, and no work of his is ever unworthy. If he is not thorough-going and exhaustive, he is stimulating and suggestive. In Scotland, where he is doing good service as principal and professor in the Congregational Theological Hall, he has

The Redemption of Man: Discussions bearing on the Atonement, by D. W. Simon, Ph.D. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark, 1889.

taken a high stand among theological writers and teachers. His little book on "The Bible, an Outgrowth of Theocratic Life," is not unknown in Canada, and, while not satisfactory from the traditional standpoint, it is well worth earnest study.

"The Redemption of Man" comprises an Introduction and ten chapters. The introduction occupies sixty-eight pages, and consists of a classification and description of theories of the Atonement, and critical and explanatory notes. This classification is certainly very able, and the student of theology cannot afford to neglect it. Not that we think it the best or, indeed, sufficient. There does seem to be confusion introduced, as Dr. Cave points out, by the attempt to show that the moral-influence theories are also theories of substitution. One or two of the expounders of theories examined might object to the details of the classification. This part of the work, however, will be very helpful. Dr. Simon himself does not present any theory of the Atonement, but only disconnected contributions to such a theory; but, from the general drift of his teaching, we should judge him as sympathizing with F. D. Maurice and McLeod Campbell rather than with advocates of purely subjective views on the one hand or advocates of substitution on the other.

Of the chapters forming the body of the book criticism is here impossible. The studies, while not all equally valuable, are all suggestive. Specially good are the chapters on "The Anger of God," "The Atonement and Prayer," and the last, "The Historical Influence of the Death of Christ."

We call the attention of students of the Doctrine of Atonement to this work, not because Dr. Simon is always a safe guide who may be followed blindfold, but because one must keep one's eyes open and one's judgment unbiased in following him. He may lead you away from the beaten path of theology, but, if so, you need not lose your way, and you will be rewarded with fresh outlooks, sometimes a wider horizon and often glimpses that will make you less forlorn.

To the same publishers, to whom theological science in Britain and America owes perhaps more than to any others, we are indebted for another fresh and scholarly work, *The Hereafter*,* by Rev. James Fyfe, a British clergyman. Of the author we know nothing, but from the character of his work we should judge him to be deserving of a reputation far beyond his own Church and country. He has shown himself to be

The Hereafter: Heol, Hades and Hell, the world to come, and the Scripture Doctrine of Retribution according to law. By James Fyfe. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. 1890.

a conscientious and critical expositor of a most difficult and perplexing doctrine. No more important contribution has been made to Eschatology during recent years, so exhaustive in examination, sound in exegesis, logical in conclusion.

Part I. is devoted to a critical study of the terms Sheol, Hades, Hell, and of the historical, archaeological and exegetical evidence. In the first chapter the testimony of ethnic religions is stated and examined, and very interesting, indeed, it is. The chapter devoted to the Old Testament teaching as to a future life and retribution is both careful and intelligent. Then comes a most valuable chapter on the testimony of the Apocrypha. But most important of all and most vital is the testimony of the New Testament. Here the alarming statements of future retribution, the unquenchable fire, the undying worm, and all the imagery of figurative description are critically studied.

Part II. follows on with an exposition of the Scripture doctrine of retribution according to law, based on the investigations of the preceding chapters. The fact, the nature, and the measure of retribution are discussed. The several theories are carefully examined in the light of Biblical teaching: conditional immortality, universal restoration, and eternal retribution. The book closes with a chapter on "Objections to Eternal Punishment." The author is neither ignorant nor obscurantist, but he finds himself shut up to a doctrine which, however distasteful to human feelings, makes life a terrible reality, with opportunities and risks, and in which a mistake may be fatal and a fall final. We need books like this in this age. They recall us from groundless speculation to sure revelation.

We do not know, in his own country or in ours, a preacher who has the confidence of young men to a greater degree than Dr. Thain Davidson, of the Presbyterian Church, Islington, London. Once a month he preaches specially to young men, and although his denomination has little influence or prestige in the great metropolis, the youth of the city crowd all of the available space in the Islington church and listen attentively to Dr. Davidson's plain, homely, sensible Gospel addresses. These addresses are published regularly in book form by Hodder & Stoughton, and are now to be found in all parts of the English-speaking world. "Sure to Succeed," "Talks with Young Men," "Forewarned—Forearmed" and "The City Youth," are books admirably adapted for young men's reading.

The author has recently added another to this series. *A Good Start** contains twenty special addresses, full of fire, sympathy, humour, and sound practical advice. There is nothing in any way sensational but everywhere evidence that the preacher believes in young men, understands them, sympathises with them, knows how to deal with them, and has studied their peculiar temptations especially in city life. For upwards of twenty-five years Dr. Davidson has thought and wrought and fought in the very midst of London vice and crime. During all these years the fate of young men has been a burden upon his soul, and with the touch of a brother he has led thousands out of the ways of death.

We commend this book and indeed all his writings to young men and to those interested in their welfare. If any pastor feels it in his heart to make special efforts to reach the young men crowding from the rural districts to our cities and towns let him read one of these volumes and learn how another does it and his own zeal, guided by knowledge, may find profitable expression.

We had been preparing, for a new scrap book, cuttings from the Scotch newspapers, giving reports of the great debate on the Dods-Bruce case in the Free Church Assembly. It was distasteful and unsatisfactory work, and has been rendered useless by the publication of the *Proceedings and Debates*.† The Free Church blue-book is not so large as that of our own Church, and is prepared on a different principle. The proceedings and debates are given in chronological order, and along with the Reports we have the leading speeches given in full. There is no statistical table. But this year's "Proceedings and Debates" is of unusual value, giving as it does a full and authentic report of the leading discussions and debates in the Assembly. The cases referred to bulk out largely in the report. The report of the Dods debate occupies fifty-four pages, and that on the Bruce case thirty-four. The temper of the Assembly is indicated. On every page the reporter helps our imagination by parenthetical exclamations of "Applause," "Laughter," "No! No!" "Hear! hear!" "Oh!" and the like. We have no objection to these notes and comments, but are they not out of place in an official report? They do not diminish the value of the report, however; indeed, they rather add to its interest, and help us to picture the scene in Free Assembly Hall on these memorable days.

A Good Start. A book for Young Men. By J. Thain Davidson D.D. London: Hodder & Stoughton. Toronto: Willard Tract Depository. 1890.

Proceedings and Debates of the General Assembly of the Free Church of Scotland. May, 1890. Printed by authority of the Assembly Arrangements Committee. Edinburgh: Macniven & Wallace. Toronto: Presbyterian News Co.

Several times during the past year we have had occasion to refer to *The Expository Times*, a bright and readable monthly published by the Clarks of Edinburgh. The first volume, Oct. '89—Sept. '90, has just come to hand, bound in cloth, and will have a place on the Shelf within reach. There is not a superabundance of matter in the *Times*, but it is all of the best quality and the bound volume will often be consulted. The editor, Rev. E. J. Hastings, M.A., of Kinneff, has certainly the editorial instinct, and has succeeded in making the *Times* worthy of the wide constituency the publishers have created for it. One of the features of the magazine is "The Great Text Commentary," which indicates the literature on the chief texts in some book; during the past year the first nine chapters of I. Corinthians have occupied attention. There is always one article of permanent interest and value besides notes and comments on recent expositions and a quantity of other instructive and suggestive matter. The publisher of the MONTHLY offered the *Times* at club rates, we trust with good success.

The J. E. Bryant Company, of Toronto, send us a little book of 250 pages on "The First Principles of Agriculture," by President Mills and Professor Shaw, of the Agricultural College, Guelph, authorized by the Education Department of Ontario. It reads well, seems to be scientific, but of its merits we leave agriculturalists to judge.

Notices of several new books are held over until next month. Among them is a history of the Presbyterian Church in Ireland by the Rev. W. Cleland, Toronto. The subject is a large one and the value of the book can be determined only by an expert. We have therefore asked Prof. Gregg, to whose judgment in the matter we shall affix our signature, to examine the work and pronounce upon its historical accuracy and literary style. The one thing we can say is that the make-up of the book is a credit to Hart & Co., the Toronto publishers. It is a pleasure to see such good work from a Canadian house.

Another book that fairly bristles with points is a new polemical work by the redoubtable Dr. Watts, of Belfast. This time it is the "New Apologetic" that comes under the Professor's slashing pen. The secondary title, "The Down-grade in Criticism, Theology and Science" augurs ill for Dods, Bruce, Drummond, *et multi*. If anything of Apologetic remains, New or Old, we shall report next month.

HERE AND AWAY.

The theological classes in Knox College are larger this session than ever before.

Seventy-seven enrolled in the three years ; twenty-two in the third year, twenty-two in the second year, and thirty-three in the first year.

Work is now well under way, and the students manifest an earnestness of purpose that is commendable and hopeful.

Prof. Thomson is more than fulfilling the high expectations entertained. During the past month he devoted *considerable attention*, in his introductory lectures on Natural Theology, to the origin of the idea of God.

The different college societies are making their arrangements for the year. Unless they are unduly multiplied and interfere seriously with study, these organizations deserve the hearty support of all the students.

It is gratifying to notice the increasing interest taken in the Saturday Morning Conference. The attendance never was so large or so regular as it is this year. During the present session a number of subjects will be taken from the life of our Lord, alternating with subjects bearing directly on the practical work of the ministry.

A valuable presentation was made to the College some time ago by Miss Meliss, of London, England, being a large oil portrait of her uncle, the late Principal Willis. The portrait is a good work of art. It was painted when Dr. Willis was a comparatively young man, but those who knew him vouch for its truth and accuracy. It hangs in Principal Caven's lecture room.

The friends of the College should not rest satisfied until similar portraits of at least two other professors, whose names are associated with the history of Knox College, have been secured, one of the late Dr. Robert Burns, the other of the late Professor Young. In Scotland they see to it that the memory of their professors is kept green and their faces made familiar to coming generations. Whatever we do in matters of theology we should follow them in this laudable course.

Two meetings of those interested have been held in Toronto to consider the advisability of holding a conference on the home and foreign mission work of our Church. Very earnest consideration was given to the proposal, and at present writing the prospects are good. It was decided to take steps to have a missionary conference made a part of the work of the annual meeting of each Synod and also to approach the Presbytery of Toronto asking that correspondence be had with other Presbyteries on the question of holding a conference in Toronto at an early date.

Of course the name "conference" or "convention" has fallen into disrepute and the very mention of "conference" makes men shudder. But it is held by those who favour the proposed meeting that much needed information might in this way be given, intelligent interest in mission work deepened, and the spiritual life of the Church quickened. Certainly information is needed, and many congregations require stirring up to take their part in the great work of the Church both at home and abroad. If half is true that Dr. Robertson tells us about the state of morals and religion in the West—and those who know say that the half has not been told—then a crisis has come in the history of Canada when success is within reach, but matched by a possible and awful failure. If a convention will do anything to make these things real to us, by all means have a convention; but if not let ministers make it impossible for their congregations to remain ignorant.

The Home Mission Committee, casting about for some solution of the Home Mission difficulty, have resolved on a second attempt to change the college terms. In several of the colleges the session opens on Oct. 1st and closes on April 1st. It is so in Montreal, Knox and, if we mistake not, Manitoba. In Queen's the session opens about Nov. 1st and closes about May 1st. The Home Mission Committee, arguing from experience that April is one of the worst months for mission work and October one of the best, are seeking such rearrangement of the collegiate year as shall allow the students to remain in their mission fields during the month of October. It is evident that the strongest efforts will be put forth and the strongest influence brought to bear upon the General Assembly to have this change effected.

Such a change would, doubtless, be a great advantage to the Home Mission work of our Church. Every one knows that April is almost entirely wasted owing to the impossibility of reaching some fields and the difficulty in doing any real work in those reached. But there is another side to the question, that in this age of shallowness and rush must not be overlooked. The student has certain rights, the college has certain rights and

the claims of theological education are particularly strong just now. We have no hesitation whatever in saying, and we do say it with all possible emphasis, that such a change would be a distinct loss to the student, inconvenient for the college and detrimental to theological study. Having one term of six weeks and another of four months is surely an unnatural division of the session. It would be very inconvenient for colleges affiliated with universities where lectures begin, as they do in Toronto, on Oct. 1st. Then, too, the interests of theological education, which have been too often subordinated to the necessities of practical work, would suffer were the proposed change made. A far better change, and one to which many students would readily agree, is adding the month of April to the collegiate year, making it seven months instead of six. To this we will give the heartiest support, but to the other the strongest opposition.

Professor Drummond crossed the continent with such rapidity that it was only at intervals he was visible to the naked eye. The MONTHLY hailed him from its watchtower and exchanged good wishes. In a moment he was gone, but his line of passage is still marked by a golden light.

The professor—people still persist in describing him as “Professor Henry Drummond, the distinguished author of ‘Natural Law in the Spiritual World,’ etc.”! If a newspaper mentions his name the “distinguished author of” is tacked on. It is an offence to be everlastingly told who Professor Henry Drummond is. Is there anywhere in the world another Professor Henry Drummond? Or is there in Canada or in any other benighted country a man to whom it would be news that Professor Henry Drummond is “the distinguished author” of several popular books? As well tell us of Rev. Charles H. Spurgeon, “the well-known author of ‘John Ploughman’s Talks’”! or John Bunyan, “the distinguished author of ‘The Pilgrim’s Progress’”!

But then such information may be needed in Canada. On the title page of a Canadian pirated edition of “Natural Law in the Spiritual World” we find the authorship ascribed to “Prof. Henry Drummond of Glasgow University”! We would call the attention of Professor Henry Drummond, of the Free Church College, Glasgow, to this wholesale plagiarism and glaring fraud on the part of his namesake, “Prof. Henry Drummond of Glasgow University.” The case is becoming desperate, for not only piratical publishers but newspaper editors as well support the claim of “Prof. Henry Drummond of Glasgow University,” and the Free Church professor may some day find himself unknown to fame. Canadian and American newspaper editors, who are always so well posted on men and things in Britain that they can afford to twit British journals about their

ignorance of Colonial affairs, have been keeping their readers posted as to the movements and sayings of "Professor Henry Drummond, of Glasgow University, the distinguished author of 'Natural Law in the Spiritual World'"! and unless these statements are corrected and the authorship established beyond doubt, the *profanum vulgus* may be betrayed into making the same blunder.

But all this indignation is wasting time and injuring morals. What we set out to say was, that the professor dropped in on us one forenoon rather unexpectedly. He had only a couple of hours in the city, just time enough to disturb the dust in the MONTHLY'S "den." He hates parade, but was induced to interrupt the college classes, and right hearty was their welcome. He did little more than express pleasure in meeting seventy Knox College students, regret that it was only a bowing acquaintance, assure any who should cross the Atlantic of a warm welcome from at least one Presbyterian professor, pay a sincere compliment to our own new professor, and leave a bright punctuation point in the lectures for the day.

Drummond despises interviewers, but to the MONTHLY he talked freely about theological movements in Scotland. Dods is doing splendidly, he said. His class-room last session was crowded to the doors. The London *Times* was right when it said that the Free Church College, Edinburgh, was never as orthodox as it was last winter; that Prof. Dods faced heresy after heresy and laid them one by one. The students are not led captive now by the Goliaths of German unbelief. One has come into their midst who has faith in God and knows how to sling "smooth stones." The result is that theological speculation is being wisely directed, and not only will the intellectual life of the students be quickened, but their faith will be strengthened and their spiritual life deepened. With such expressions of hope and faith Professor Drummond closed his brief visit to Toronto.

Nearly a year ago it was announced that arrangements had been made for the publication of a Canadian review, to be known as *The University Quarterly Review*. The *personnel* of the editorial staff was and the name of the publishers were not divulged. The first number appeared in March, and, although a little late, was a credit to the unknown publishers and editors. But it was evident that youth and inexperience were at the helm. The promoters did not take the public into their confidence, and so the public took but meagre interest in the enterprise. A "P.O. Box" does not inspire magazine readers with confidence in a literary venture, and while they wish it well, they carefully refrain from remitting their subscriptions. Those who had some faith in the success of the *Quarterly* waited

anxiously for the second number, announced to appear early in June. But June, July, August and September passed away without any signs of the *Quarterly*, and it was not until after the middle of October that the June number came to hand. To be sure it was worth waiting for, but contributors must have been annoyed beyond measure. Imagine an article on the Behring Sea Question and another on the Equal Rights Movement, written in May, from a May standpoint and meant to be read early in June, lagging so many months behind public opinion! Professor MacMechan's article on recent Tennyson literature is still of interest. But, if the *Quarterly* were not already dead, such treatment of contributors and subscribers would certainly kill it. We regret very much the blundering that made a very hopeful and commendable literary enterprise a failure. It has injured the prospects of magazine-making in Canada far beyond any good the published numbers have done. But experience teaches.

With the present number the MONTHLY opens its thirteenth volume. We are very thankful for life preserved and service rendered in the midst of so much literary disease and death. We take it that the public thinks this magazine deserves to live, and inspired with this confidence we step out into a new year, tremblingly, indeed, but full of hope. We are not unmindful of the responsibility resting upon us not only to the institutions whose servants we are but to the Church and the country. The many kind expressions of congratulation and confidence, sometimes spoken, sometimes written, sometimes from friends, sometimes from strangers, and often from readers beyond the seas, help us to take up a burden that is not always light and face difficulties that are not always surmountable. These friendships between editors and readers, because personal acquaintance is often impossible, are among the strongest in life. They are ideal and spared the strain of real experience. And so we send our messenger out month by month to a thousand friends whose faces we never see but whose wishes and wants we always consider.

Do you ask about the future? It is bright. With your sympathy and help we will make the MONTHLY superior in every respect to anything yet accomplished. The December number will be unusually strong. It will contain, among others, two articles that will be read and discussed during the rest of the year; one by Professor Campbell, of Montreal, the other by Dr. Parsons, of Toronto. Dr. Campbell has a way of saying things that stimulate thought and debate, and his article is full of points. Dr. Proudfoot, taking for his text Dr. Behrend's "Philosophy of Preaching," will deal with certain important fundamental principles in preaching. Besides these there will be others of great merit. You see our cruise of oil and barrel of meal show no signs of failing.