

spirits is by no means the only kind of unlawful indulgence that calls for redress: the widely prevalent habit of smoking should most certainly be eradicated. True, it is not so immediately dangerous as excessive drinking, but is deadly enough in its evil effects and influences. I am sorry to see this habit prevailing to a great extent among the ministers, elders and members of the Presbyterian Church; yes, and even among our theological students. It is unnecessary for me to prove with lengthy argument that the smoker's favorite luxury is a very pernicious one. Everyone knows that medical science declares "the fragrant weed" to be injurious. Why, then, is it that men of acknowledged learning and piety allow themselves to become the slaves of that noxious narcotic? What saith the Scriptures? "Present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service." Now, if a man literally saturates his body with tobacco, how can he, in the true spirit of the text, present himself a living sacrifice? Besides being injurious, smoking is also decidedly expensive. Valuable money daily evaporates in tobacco fumes; and yet what good might be accomplished if this wasted capital were put to a proper use! I believe that even a small portion of it would alone be sufficient to support twelve or fifteen men on the foreign mission field. As it is, I cannot see that any good results are produced by lavish and selfish expenditure on cigars and meerschaums. But the question may be asked, what example do ministers give in this matter? Do they condemn the pipe, or secretly and openly use it? The members of a congregation are ever more prone to imitate their pastor's vices than his virtues, and the preacher who in precept or example countenances the vile weed only renders himself powerless in coping with the evil tendencies of his people. Words of warning fall unheeded to the ground if he himself makes no effort to break free from the fetters of a useless habit, which but tends to injure and offend the delicate organism of the body. It is in the interests of health and the higher life that smoking and all kindred nuisances should speedily become one of the forgotten disgraces of a buried past.

INIMICUS FUMO.

PATROLOGIA.

LINES WRITTEN ON THE ARRIVAL AT THE PRESBYTERIAN COLLEGE, MONTREAL, OF 384 VOLUMES OF THE GREEK AND LATIN PATROLOGIA, GIFT OF PETER REDPATH, ESQ., NOVEMBER, 1875.

Little thought those holy fathers,
That their gathered works would stand
Shedding light in future ages
O'er our fair Canadian land.
Little thought those early writers,
With their scanty parchment rolls,
That such well bound printed paper
Would receive their humble scrolls.

In their day but little honored,
Shining o'er a narrow bound,
Now a world of admiration
And of influence is found.
Springing from those sacred fountains,
Then began this tide to flow,
Still increasing, now the greatest
In the world of thought below.
Let it flow, and let it gather,
Sweep the gutters of the world,
Till the rubbish of the ages,
Into Acheron is hurled.
In these volumes is recorded,
How the truth was first assailed,
How the brave, resisting Fathers,
With the Word of God prevailed.
Lifting high the crimson banner,
Guarding it on every side,
Striving to extend the Kingdom
Of Immanuel far and wide.
Breathing forth the inspiration,
Of these days of martyr fame,
Every living volume kindles
Christian warriors into flame.
By their skill the old Egyptians
Lifeless b. dies long preserved;
But the wisdom of the Fathers,
Hath a nobler purpose served.
Better than a thousand mummies,
Standing round against the wall,
Are these thoughts embalmed yet living,
Ranged within our College Hall.
Better than these bones and vestments,
Are their living words of Truth,
In the thought, not in the ashes,
Spirit finds eternal youth.
Come, behold these relics, worthy
Of the Church's care and praise,
Like the bones of good Elisha,
Able life from death to raise.
Every volume bears a promise,
That the holy dead survive;
Could their words on earth be vital,
And their spirits not alive?
Dimly in these ancient pictures,
Gifts and graces here we trace;
What shall be our joy in heaven,
To behold them face to face!

M. H. S.