

Contributions.

Aaron Bradshaw's Dream.

PETER ANDERSON.

I stand upon the margin of a stream
Facing the south, in the first hours
of day,
Down on my right like a retreating
dream
It slips into the wilderness away;
Across the stream, upon its southern
side
A beetling cliff of limestone—cold
and gray—
Rises abruptly from the boiling tide,
Whose whirling waters round its bases
play.
Upon the level margin—where I stand—
Is neither plant nor shrub nor any
tree,
But a clear shore of sharp and shining
sand
Between the water and myself, I see,
Behind, and on the right, the deepest
gloom
Of a dense swamp seems to encom-
pass me,
And swallow, in its shades, the fated
stream
That falls into its depths incessantly.
Upon the left a tall and tangled screen
Of underwood and towering trees
arise,
Behind whose leafy limbs—that inter-
vene—
Ledges of limestone mount toward
the skies;
And down this stony stair the waters
come,
From ledge to ledge the tortured
torrent flies,
Until it seems one mass of seething
foam,
Out of which showers of spray for-
ever rise.
Flashes of shine and shade the forest
weaves
As the sun pierces through the sway-
ing trees,
A thousand rainbows shimmer on the
leaves
That quiver in the stirring morning
breeze;
A thousand gems are glowing in the air,
All gleams of color that the senses
please,
All tints that fancy ever printed fair,
Or saw in dreams, the raptured vision
sees.
And diamond showers are dashing—all
about
The leafy ledges—on its downward
way,
And forest birds are flashing in and out
Amid the splendor of the rainbow
spray.
And all the birdsongs—sweetest songs
of all
That ever woke the world at dawn
of day—
Seem blending with the sounding
waterfall
In every cadence of its pulsing play.
All sylvan sounds that we so love to
hear,
Over the sunlit summit softly come,
And fall as gratefully upon the ear
As lingering echoes from a long-
loved home;
O how I long to reach that radiant
world,
To leave behind the shadow and the
gloom,
To climb the golden stair down which
is hauled
The rushing water to the realms of
doom.
Only in dreams those melodies I hear,
Only in dreams that mystic vision see,
And yet I feel that somewhere—far or
near—
Its symbol waits upon my way for me;
That from that wilderness, so cold and
vast,
And all its shades, I then shall
rescued be.
Shall rise into the sunlight land at last.
From all the doubtings and the dark-
ness free.
Hepworth, Ont.

Every time a Christian goes wrong,
he makes it harder for some sinner
to go right.

As a man is known by his com-
pany, so a man's company may be
known by his manner of expressing
himself.—*Swift*.

Washington College.

BY MORGAN MARTIN RENNERT,
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OF PROFESSIONAL STANDING"

In this city an educational enterprise
is in process of development, which is
of great importance. Prof. J. Fraise
Richard is concerned in it. We had
recently a conference with him, and
secured certain facts which will be of
public interest and benefit.

Professor Richard is an educational
reformer. In 1870 he established a
Normal School in an obscure village in
Ohio, and with but fifteen dollars to start
with, he began the establishment of the
work in a dilapidated building. The
school began to grow in size and in-
fluence; and from its ranks went forth
teachers, lawyers, evangelists, theolog-
ians, physicians, editors, and other in-
telligent factors in the world's develop-
ment. In this list of teachers was
Prof. H. B. Brown who went to Val-
paraiso, Indiana, in 1873, and unaided
began to organize a similar institution.
It grew, and continued to grow until
it has reached the limit of an enroll-
ment of 3400 students attending from
all parts of the United States. It is the
largest school on the continent. From
it in turn, have sprung a dozen more
schools, enrolling from 600 to 1500
students annually.

The school which Prof. Richard
established in 1870 outgrew its facili-
ties, and the community was unable to
supply the necessary buildings, conse-
quently in 1874 it was consolidated
with a school in an adjoining town,
and its teachers and students gave an
impetus to the new organization. This
new school, with its rich infusion of
progressive blood, has reached an
annual enrollment of 2900 students
and is the largest school in the State.
The Normal School, at Ada, Ohio, is
the one referred to—it too has been
the progenitor of a half a dozen or
more schools in various parts of the
country.

A noticeable fact is that most if not
all these schools are under the control
of the Christian Church. This is
doubtless owing to the fact that the
original impulse was given to the work
by Prof. Richard, who is a member of
the church of long standing.

Prof. Richard maintains that Wash-
ington City is the most available city
in the United States in which to estab-
lish a modern institution, whose in-
fluence shall be favorable to the pro-
pagation of primitive Christianity. He
maintains that the principles which
have been so potent in moulding the
educational sentiment of the west and
northwest, and which have sprung very
largely from the small school he estab-
lished in 1870, should be embodied in
a school in this great educational
center, and enabled to act as leaven in
moulding the sentiment of the great
South and East. From Washington
as from Jerusalem of old should go
forth the educational doctrine and im-
pulses that shall recast the whole
country. It has long been the political
center of the nation, and should be
made the educational center likewise.
Its free libraries, its museums, its
parks, its art galleries, its botanical
gardens, its observatories, its law and
medical schools, its governmental insti-
tutions, and withal, its means of dis-
tributing information through all parts
of the country render it a most suitable
place for such an institution. These
advantages are here, only a school of
a progressive character to utilize these
means is needed.

Prof. Richard has conceived this
idea of developing such an institution.
His notion is that a school, like an
oyster, will eventually develop its house.
He claims that it is the institution, and

not the edifice in which it is given
which will be the moulding and de-
veloping power. With him the word
Normal has an enlarged meaning not
confined simply to the training of
teachers, and indicates the shortest and
best means by which practical and de-
sirable results are secured. It ap-
plies to the development of human
beings of all descriptions and for all
the activities of life. It is the same in
educational matters that our distinctive
pleas is in spiritual matters.

Prof. Richard has commenced such
an organization. It is known as the
Modern Normal College, and is pleas-
antly located in a good building in the
central part of the city. Students are
flocking to it and it presents all the
elements of growth. It is but safe to
predict, and certainly wise to hope that
it may become a source of great power
and usefulness in this city, and benefit
to the country at large. Such is the
earnest desire of people here. Future
developments will be noted with in-
terest. As Horace Greeley once said,
if you want anything started, start it
and let the people contribute to it.

Washington, Dec. 27, 1892.

Since God Has Willed It So.

FDNA.

I know that all is well,
Since God has willed it so,
And yet, the darkening doubts my
heart could tell,
That no one save my Heavenly
Father knows.
Still, I can be assured that all is right,
That He has dealt as seemeth best
with me,
Can trust His guidance through my
clouded night,
Can wait with patience till the morning
light,
My way to see.
I must accept this path,
Since God has willed it so,
Must tread it bravely onward till the
last,
Though my frail spirit now is sinking
low.
Yet should I then but feebly call for
aid,
I know my Heavenly Parent heareth
me,
And with Him I can never be afraid,
For all my enemies shall flee—dismayed,
And I shall be free
And though the entrance of this path
be dark,
My God shall be its sun,
And all the dangerous places will be
marked,
That I be not overcome;
And so I'll bravely venture on this way,
Since God has willed it so,
And when with ebbing strength my
heart doth pray,
I know that to that heavenly lighted day
I then shall go.

Trotfoot and Lightfoot.

SCARLET FEVER.

Did you ever hear of the "old
woman who lived in a shoe, who had
so many children she didn't know
what to do"? There was a poor
woman who lived not far from the
Rolands, not in a shoe but in a tiny
house; she had ever so many children
and a drunken husband. Several of
the smaller children were sick, not very
sick, they had not to stay in bed; the
others were sent to school as usual.
Sad to say, it was scarlet fever they
had, and from these mild cases other
children took it, and some died, leav-
ing their home very lonely indeed for
the merry voices and restless feet.

The poor woman did not know un-
til the harm was done, she was very
sorry but no sorrow could undo it.
Trotfoot was one of the first to take it.
He came home from school one day
so cold, he wrapped himself up and sat
with his feet in the oven. Towards
morning he grew hot and restless, and
Mr. Roland hurried off for Dr. Bangs.

The doctor came felt the little fellow's
pulse, looked at his throat, then at his
chest. There on the delicate skin was
the first appearance of a bright red
rash.

The doctor went into another room
to write a prescription.

"It is scarlet fever, Mr. Roland, but
cheer up, it promises to be an easy
case."

Poor Mrs. Roland! she was so afraid
of scarlet fever, she could not send
Lightfoot away without endangering
other people's children, and it was al-
most impossible to keep the little girl
away from the brother.

Trotfoot found it very disagreeable
being so hot and having to take such
nasty medicine, but he wasn't very
sick.

Then Lightfoot took it, and for days
her mind wandered through strange
dark places, and she called to those
who loved her, who were watching and
caring for her every minute, though
she did not know it.

One day she fell asleep, a deep,
sound, restful sleep after so many un-
quiet days; then they knew she would
get well. She awakened late in the
afternoon; how strange things looked,
as if she hadn't seen them for a long
time. Her mother had fallen asleep
in a chair near the fire. Trotfoot was
asleep too; across his crib was a smooth
board with a whole Noah's Ark of
animals placed on it; she had never
seen that before. Then she looked
out of the window, the red sun was
sinking down behind the trees; what a
red glow he made on the white snow.
Even the curtains at the windows had a
pink tinge; what a pretty bed he was
going to sleep in, great heaps of pil-
lows and comforters, all red, and gold
and grey. And there was Bangs run-
ning up and down the farm lane with
Lady Betty, the colt. How gaily he
barked, as if he knew his little friends
in the house were getting well. How
funny he looked when he put his fore-
feet on the fence and bit at the fresh
snow.

Mrs. Roland awakened and came
swiftly and noiselessly to her side.

"My darling, you are awake, do you
know mother?"

Lightfoot smiled dreamily, and
tried to put up her hand, but it was too
heavy to lift. There was a jingle of bells
and Dr. Bangs drove up. In a few mo-
ments he was in the room and at Light-
foot's side.

"This is well, Mrs. Roland," he said,
'very well indeed,' then tenderly pat-
ting the little hand, "I thought the
wee lassie was going to live in the
'happy land' children sing about, but
she is going to stay with us awhile."

"Thank God," said Mr Roland,
hushily. Mrs. Roland's face was
quivering all over with joy. She thought
the "crowning consecration of mother-
hood" was to be hers, that of yielding
up her child to the Giver. But God
had given her back her gift, that He
Himself had given, and with it gave a
blessing that lasted all through the
years.

Dr Bangs blew his nose like a
trumpet and with one tremendous stride
he reached Trotfoot's crib, and seated
himself in a chair that stood there.
The chair was ready to go into
hospital itself, and when the jolly big
doctor sat on it, it "jiggled." Trot-
foot said, "Doctor, my medicine is
nearly all took, and you said —"

"I said," interrupted the doctor,
"that when your medicine was all
'took' I would see about letting you
get up. Four doses a day, is it? Give
him two, Mrs. Roland, and leave out
to-night's dose."

"Oh doctor! it won't get done so
soon then." The doctor laughed
heartily, "Well well, young man, we'll

discuss it all to-morrow. Did you
know my Bobby was sick too?"

"No, is he better?"

"Just about, but he isn't a roly-poly
any longer," answered the doctor.

It was good to see how tenderly care-
ful Trotfoot was of his sister as she
grew slowly better, he would amuse her
quietly by the hour. When she could
get about and they could have Bang
in, what gay romps there were. It was
almost summer time again before they
went back to school.

AGNES.

**Sir William Dawson's Farewell
to his Students.**

Sir William Dawson, LL.D., Presi-
dent of McGill University, Montreal,
has been obliged to go abroad for his
health. Before doing so he gave a fare-
well address to his students, of which
the following extract formed the con-
clusion:

"It is customary to say that young
people at college are removed from the
restraints of home and its influences for
good, but this need not be. To truly
loyal hearts absence should make those
influences more powerful, and the
thought of those who are watching you
with loving hearts in distant homes
should be a strong impelling motive in
the student's life. Next to home is
heaven, and let me now urge loyalty to
Him who reigns there, and to the Cap-
tain of our salvation, made perfect
through His sufferings for us. Many
of you, I know, are earnest Christians,
and growing in spiritual life as you ad-
vance in learning. To those who are
not, let me say, read as a serious study
the life of Jesus Christ as given in the
Gospels. Read it in the light of His
own sayings, that 'He came not to be
served, but to serve, and to give His
life a ransom for many,' and that 'God
so loved the world that He gave His
only begotten Son, that whosoever be-
lieveth in Him should not perish, but
have everlasting life.' Read of His life
as the man of sorrows, of His agony in
Gethsemane, of His death on the cross,
crushed not merely by physical agony,
but by the weight of our iniquities, and
you may then judge if there is any obli-
gation so great as that under which we
lie to Him, any loyal service so blessed
as that of the Saviour." In speaking
of the hereafter, which Sir William calls,
in the language of the Scottish poet,
the "Land o' the Leal," he says: "That
happy country is near to me, but I hope
separated from you by a long useful
and happy life; but let us all alike look
forward to meeting beyond the river of
death in the promised land, where He
reigns who said, 'Him that confesseth
me before men will I confess before my
Father that is in heaven.' In the
meantime you remain here to pursue
useful work, I go to seek restored
health elsewhere and can only remem-
ber you in my prayers. Let us hope
that when the winter is past we may
meet once more and that I may be
able to congratulate you on well merited
success, not merely in regard to the
prizes and honors which few can obtain,
but in that abiding education of the
mind and heart which McGill offers to
all her studious children without ex-
ception."—*Canadian Baptist*

Aching Pains Removed.

GENTLEMEN, —I cannot but praise
B.B.B., for it has revived me wonder-
fully. I was completely run down,
had aching pains in my shoulders, a
tired feeling in my limbs, low spirits,
in fact I was in misery. Being recom-
mended to try B.B.B. I did so, and
with the use of only one bottle I am
to-day strong and healthy. I prize it
highly. MRS. B. TUCKER, Toronto.