

fair way to \$250,000 for Queen's; and Dr. Potts is settling himself down to good work for the Methodist College. Ontario is likely to hear a good deal about endowments for months to come. In different ways these three agents will make themselves felt. Mr. Burns has already made his scheme a success. Principal Grant will never "look back." Dr. Potts has made a good start, but he has the longest part of the road before him. If the Doctor succeeds—as we trust he will—he must turn Presbyterian. No man ever yet held out to the end in such a race who did not in his heart believe in the Perseverance of the Saints.

AN anonymous correspondent writing in the Toronto *Mail* of a late date made some rather severe remarks about the ministers and students sent to supply the Algoma fields. We do not reply to this attack because the writer may be simply a sorehead. General charges of incapacity made by an anonymous writer do not deserve consideration. Besides, we know the students sent to Algoma from Knox College to be worthy men. The question, however, of the advisability of students who have had no experience in preaching being sent to supply one field for six months or longer, deserves careful consideration. It is a question whether it is good for the student, or for the field. Many a student, who afterwards became an able preacher, was drained dry and utterly discouraged long before the six months ended. And in that over-wrought from-hand-to-mouth sort of work, habits are formed which take years to overcome.

THE man who "thanked the Lord that he never rubbed his back against a college wall" is not dead yet. He turns up at revival meetings and special services. Occasionally he writes to the newspapers, and sometimes publishes a pamphlet. He is a bold man, a very bold man, never afraid to speak evil of dignities. But he is harmless; and his abuse of theological colleges is a farrago of rubbish. The man himself deserves respect—"the respect due to honest, hopeless, helpless imbecility." There is something beautiful in the innocence of the feble-mindedness that mistakes sauciness for sanctity, and impudence for inspiration. But this "weak brother" is not the only survivor of his father's family. He has a brother who has been to college, and who has done the "rubbing against the wall" for the whole family. He calls himself "Doctor" usually, and has several capital letters affixed to his name in the college calendar. This distinguishes him from the other brother. He gains credit for being an orthodox theologian by sneering at "your theological professors"—a kind of talk that makes him a lion with low-browed, saucer-faced audiences. This contemptuous disparagement of theological colleges—fouling the nest in which one was nurtured—is, on the part of supposed leaders of men, unpardonable; and in Canada, where the unbelief of such men as Kuenen and Wellhausen has taken no root whatever, it is simply impertinent. But it is cheap, and as easily prepared as a summer drink. Of several recipes recommended the following will probably produce the best brand: Take equal parts Farrar, Beecher and Ingersoll, mix well and dissolve in a strong solution of Plymouthism, stir in scraps of Salvation Army slang, flavor with misapplied Scripture to taste, color according to doctrinal bias, and serve up hot with any kind of sauce.