

## Our Contributors.

### A SHORT ADDRESS TO OUR HOME MISSION STATIONS.

BY KNOXONIAN.

DEAR BRETHREN,—The Home Mission Committee (Western Section) are at work this week. Part of their work is to appoint about one hundred and fifty students to the various mission fields between Quebec and the Rocky Mountains. Another part is to divide about \$40,000 among the stations to enable them to pay their students. The Church sends you the men and part of the money to pay them. The Church deals generously with her mission stations. I hope you are thankful. If you are not you ought to be.

Brethren, suffer a mild word of exhortation on the relation between student and station and some of the duties that arise out of that relation.

When your young man arrives on the field give him a hearty reception. No doubt you expect the ablest preacher in the colleges. Every station does. If the young man sent is not the young man you expected it will not serve any good purpose to tell him so. It will not help the young man in his work to ask him why Mr. So and So was not sent. He knows nothing about it. He had no more to do with his being sent than you have to do with the internal affairs of the Chinese Empire. It is not his fault if your favourite student was not sent. Give your present one a good, hearty welcome. He may prove the best you ever had. A good, hearty welcome will help him. Therefore, give him a good reception.

If possible, provide your student with a home in which he may have a room that can be used as a study. Some men of great genius can compose best in the open fields, or by the water's edge or out anywhere under the blue canopy; but the average divinity student does his best work in a quiet room surrounded by the few books he may have brought with him. Therefore, provide him with a room if possible. If a real student he will put up with many inconveniences for the sake of having a good room to work in.

Dearly beloved brethren, allow me gently to remind you that there is a law of nature which makes it impossible for a divinity student to lodge in two or three places at the same time. Therefore, let no jealousy arise about which station of the group, or which house at any given station, the young man makes his home in. To men of great minds this may seem a small point; but people who have to do with working mission stations know there is something in it.

Now that the young man has been welcomed, domiciled, has his trunk unpacked and his first sermon ready, it will be necessary to make some arrangement about conveying him from one station to another on Sabbath. I understand that in some stations the good people have such a consuming regard for their student's health that they allow him to walk between stations. This amount of regard is too consuming. It consumes so much vitality that the young man has not enough of nervous force left to deliver his sermon with the proper amount of energy. Now, it is very kind for the people of any station to give the young man facilities for taking exercise, but I suggest that it might be as well to show their kindness in some other way. How would it do to drive him on Sabbath between the stations, and allow him to take exercise during the week?

Some of our mission stations, particularly in Muskoka, are separated from each other by "magnificent water stretches." I am informed that some of our students have to pull themselves along in a boat over these stretches every Sabbath. Suppose one of yourselves went occasionally and helped the student—helped him to pull—not to preach—how would that do? The young man may not know anything about boating. The professors may not have taught him anything about aquatics. Remember he has a sermon in his pocket. Sermons are said to be heavy. Anything heavy in a boat makes it hard to pull. Suppose you give him a pull on the hot days. Remember that rowing six or seven miles on a hot afternoon, or walking that distance on Manitoba mud, is likely to be fatal to eloquence. If some of the city preachers who grow eloquent on Sabbath evenings had to go through what some of our students go through every Sabbath, they—well, yes, they would go to bed for a week.

Once upon a time, one of the most self-sacrificing and successful students that ever served this Church

preached the same sermon in the afternoon that he had preached in the forenoon at another station some miles distant. The person who drove him to the second station took him somewhat sharply to task for so doing. The student's feelings were considerably hurt. He was a beginner and was very sensitive. There are four or five flourishing congregations to-day on the ground broken by that student. He died afterwards at his post from the effects of overwork, honoured and beloved by all who knew him. If your student preaches the same sermon in two or three stations in one day, don't make a fuss about it. Quite likely the young man knows his business. One good sermon is better than two middling or three poor ones.

Having done his first Sabbath's work you will probably expect the young man to begin visiting at once. Allow me to suggest in the mildest way imaginable that it will do him no harm to have a little rest. He has studied very hard for the last six months, and the examiners have ground him at the close until there is hardly anything physical of him left. Would it make the walls of our Zion tremble, or postpone the millennium indefinitely, or even hurt your station, if you gave that young man a rest until the roads dry up and the weather becomes pleasant. Now, do you think it would?

When the young man begins to visit, trouble sometimes begins. Owing to an unfortunate limitation of his powers he cannot visit all the families at one and the same time. Somebody must be visited first and, harrowing as the thought may be, somebody must be visited last. When our colleges are consolidated they may be able to turn out students that can visit all the families in a station at once. At present students must take families singly, and no matter what order you pursue some family must be last. This is unfortunate; but neither the professors nor the Home Mission Committee have as yet found any remedy.

Brethren, don't expect too much visiting. Remember your young man needs some time to make his sermons. I once heard of a preacher who said he could make seventeen sermons before breakfast. He was not a Presbyterian. Most Presbyterian preachers act on the principle laid down by the gentleman who said if he had anything to do before breakfast he always took his breakfast first. Give your student ample time to prepare good food for Sabbath. Too much tea-drinking during the week may lead to the dispensing of gruel on Sabbath. I know of no law, human or divine, which makes it necessary for a student missionary to spend a day and drink tea with every family in his stations.

*In conclusion*—Remember also that your student, besides his other work, has to prepare for next Session.

*Finally*—Please remember too that he is under no obligation to visit all the Episcopalians, Methodists and other people for miles around. It grieves the heart of this preacher to hear Presbyterian people, who might know better, estimate the worth of a Presbyterian student by the amount of trotting and tea-drinking he did among other denominations.

*Lastly*—The earth may continue to revolve on its axis and go around the sun; the Church may continue to prosper and the millennial era may not be indefinitely postponed, if you do not tell your student for this summer all about the social qualities, mental peculiarities, methods of working and other distinguishing characteristics of all the other students that have laboured in your station.

*One word more*—Remember your student is human. He would be very little use in your station if he were not.

*One more last word*—This address may not be needed in all stations nor by all the people in every station. It is pleasant to think that those who need it most will be most riled when they read it. 'Tis always so.

### SWITZERLAND AS A WINTER RESIDENCE AND SANITARIUM.

Many medical men, instead of sending patients suffering from pulmonary diseases in their incipient stages to warm climates as formerly, now recommend cold, dry air, where, in addition, there is also bright sunshine. In consequence, many invalids are to be found in Switzerland even during the winter months, when snow lies deep upon the ground—some because they prefer to remain where they have passed the autumn, and others because the cost of living is so much less than it is on the Riviera or in Italy. It is

not my place to question the wisdom of this course. I wish at present merely to point out the leading characteristics of two localities most frequented in the winter, and first a few sentences regarding

DAVOS PLATZ,

in the Canton of the Grisons, in the South-East of Switzerland, and not far from the Engadine or Valley of the Inn. Railways from all parts lead to Zurich; then a line skirts the shore of the lakes of Zurich and Walenstadt to Regatz and Chur (Coire), whence a diligence or private carriage takes passengers by what is called the Land-Wasser route—a distance of thirty-six miles—to Davos-am-Platz. This is the second of five villages scattered over the lofty Alpine valley of Davos—about eight miles in length, with a Protestant population of some 2,000 persons.

The valley consists in summer of pasture lands with a few fields of corn, and dotted over it are many cottages and chalets. In winter it is covered deep in snow which is crisp and dry as in Canada, and, generally speaking, the sky is blue with a bright warm sun, which permits invalids occasionally to sit out of doors, of course well wrapped up. Those who are strong can take long walks, and greatly enjoy the exhilarating air. Davos Platz, the capital of the district, stands some 5,100 feet above the sea, and has now several hotels and *pensions* (boarding houses) comfortably furnished for invalids and winter guests, and they are generally quite full. It is sheltered by lofty mountains from the north and east winds. There is also, I may add, a good school for boys suffering from chest diseases, at the head of which is Dr. Perthes.

A more favourite winter residence is that portion of the Canton of Vaud which extends from Lausanne on the west to the head of the Lake of Geneva, owing perhaps more to its being easily reached, and to the beauty of its situation, than to its climatal influences. Let us call it

MONTREUX,

as that is the name of the place where people most congregate during autumn and winter, though there are many towns and villages along the border of the lake between Lausanne and Chillon each characterized by certain features of its own.

*Lausanne*, the capital of the Canton Vaud, has long been famous for its educational advantages, and is, therefore, the residence of many young and strong persons from different countries, particularly from Britain and America. The climate is bracing, the hotels and *pensions* good, and the Churches—French, German and English, both Episcopal and Presbyterian—have evangelical pastors.

*Vevey* is more sheltered, has also excellent hotels, good schools and pleasant surroundings, as well as easy access by boat and rail to all parts of the lake.

Next come in order Clarens, Montreux, Territet, Chillon, etc., forming an almost continuous succession of hotels, *pensions*, villas, etc., all sheltered from north and east winds by spurs of the Alps which descend to the shore of the lake. This portion of the Canton is crowded in spring, autumn and even winter by a foreign population, comprising some from almost every country in Europe, with not a few from India and America. As I am best acquainted with this part of Switzerland, at all seasons of the year, I may be permitted to dwell a little more fully upon it. It is besides a district which offers greater variety of scenery and climate than almost any other. In truth, after seeing most of the beautiful spots of Europe, I know no place to be compared with this corner of Lake Leman in the spring or in the autumn, when bathed in warm sunshine.

Early in the last century the charming scenery of this district excited the warmest praises of foreigners who visited it. Jean Jacques Rousseau (1712-1778) made it the scene of his most romantic stories. "It is not," he said, "the hand of man which makes such curious contrasts here. Nature seems to sport in forming contrasts, so different are the aspects presented by the same place at different times. It reunites all the seasons at the same time, all climates in the same place, and thus brings together the productions of the plain and those of the Alps. Add to this the optical illusions, the differently lighted peaks of the mountains with sun here and shadow there, and the irregularities of light in the mornings and evenings."

LORD BYRON (1788-1824),

who tarried long here, and who is said to have written "Childe Harold" in a room in which I have often visited friends, said: