

KNOX COLLEGE MONTHLY.

VOL. III.

FEBRUARY, 1885.

No. 4.

Knox College Monthly.

Published in six numbers during the session by the Metaphysical and Literary Society.

STAFF.

Editors.

J. C. Smith, B.A.
J. A. Jaffary, B.A.

Robert Haddow, B.A.
W. L. H. Rowand, B.A.

A. Blair, B.A.
J. L. Campbell, B.A.

Manager—J. Mackay, B.A.

Treasurer—J. McGillivray, B.F.

TERMS—Per session, sixty cents.

Matter for publication should be sent to A. Blair, B.A.; business letters to J. McGillivray, B.A., Knox College, Toronto, Ont.

The name of the author must accompany every article sent.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

We again commend our advertisers to the patronage of subscribers and students. Care is here taken to advertise none but the best firms, so that perfect satisfaction may be expected from any and all of them.

Though subscriptions have come in pretty steadily up to the present, yet we are free to say that the list marked "unpaid" is still the larger. Subscribers kindly take note.

We shall count it a favor for subscribers who may fail to receive any number of the MONTHLY to let us know, so that we may rectify the mistake.

Missionary Intelligence.

A MONTH IN THE NORTH-WEST MISSION FIELD.

FORT McLEOD, where my head-quarters are, is only fifty miles from the mountains. In the evening the setting sun brightens their peaks; the Porcupine Hills near by become purple, contrasting with the pearly blue or glittering white of the Rockies. The Old Man's River reflects the light as it swirls rapidly by. Every day some changing beauty is to be seen in this vast picture gallery of nature. View it under the quiet moonlight when the tom-tom is sounding accompaniment to the monotonous songs of the Indians in their tepees wherein the camp-fire glows: view it in the clear daylight, when the snow-clad mountains gleam like frosted silver, or in evening when the sky is suffused with the ruby and gold of sunset, and you will be ready to exclaim, "Every prospect pleases." The distant is beautiful, but as we come to view the near prospect we almost wonder at the insight of Heber when he says,

"In vain with lavish kindness the gifts of God are strewn,"

for truly of this land may we say that man only is vile. There are quite near, thousands of pagan Indians among whom two or three missionaries are laboring to undo the mischief done by the lust and avarice of as many hundred