

an anecdote, a criticism, a quotation, and the white head disappears through the Junior door, and the next moment his voice is heard in prayer.

He always retained a decided foreign accent. He spoke readily, of course, in German and French, and said that he used to know Italian, but had grown rusty. But he had a thorough command of English, and spoke as one who thought in it. I do not remember ever to have seen him use notes in a public address, and his extempore utterance was at once fluent and accurate.

He was no less devout than scholarly. The awe and reverence which always characterized him in public prayer were very strongly marked, and casual expressions in the course of conversation bore witness to his chastened spirit and his simple faith. Not many months ago he said to a friend that he hoped he might be spared to do some more work, but added, "At any rate, my trunk is packed." I recall a conversation with him, in the course of which, alluding to the death of his beloved daughter, he said, with a

sigh out of the depths of a father's heart, "Well, God knows best."

In everything which concerned his own theological views and doctrinal statements Dr. Schaff was eminently candid and outspoken. Thoroughly acquainted with every phase of critical opinion in theology and Biblical exegesis, he was never swept from his faith in the Scriptures and in the divine-human Son of God. His little book on the Person of Christ, originally written in German in 1865, has been translated into English, Dutch, French, Greek, Russian, Bulgarian, and Japanese.

Enshrined in the admiring recognition of the best minds of Europe and America, cherished in the memory of hosts of loving friends, stamped upon the scholarship and preaching of hundreds of successful ministers, departing in the communion of the Holy Catholic Church, in the confidence of a certain faith, in the comfort of a reasonable, religious, and holy hope, in charity with all mankind, and in peace with God—he rests from his labours, and his works do follow him.—*The Outlook*.

TO THE HILLS.

BY DUNCAN CAMPBELL SCOTT

Ah ; distant hills, ye must be happy so !

To lie along the sunset with no pain,

To watch the olive deepen into gray,

The silver stars bring on the night again.

To watch them burning in the open sky,

Or flashing from a lake so dark and deep,

To ponder covered with your shadowy pines,

The while your rivers murmur in their sleep.

To hear the first thrush to the morning star

Break wild, hidden within your very heart,

To send your eagles wheeling up the sky,

To signal from the height the dawn's first dart.

To take the lightning on your fearless front,

To feel the passionate storm-wind surge and blow.

To know that calmness in the wild distress,

Ah, distant hills, ye must be happy so.

OTTAWA, Ont.