

fruit of anger and contempt. The minister who has been called, even when he finds himself in discouraging relations with his people, has the comfort of the reflection that he has been chosen by themselves; that he has not been thrust upon them without their consent or even their knowledge, while a sense of shame may constrain his people to remember, even in disfavor, that he has been the man of their own choice.

3. It has a tendency to fasten in the minds of its ministry an indifference to scholarship, and a contempt for higher education. This feeling is apt to grow upon the itinerant clergyman in spite of himself. Should his fund of knowledge and discretion "hold out" for a certain definite period, he feels himself thoroughly equipped for his entire lifetime—from a principle well known and acted upon by our students as they go from place to place to preach. We are all prone to despise educational attainments in others, which we do not ourselves possess, especially when we are in a position in which we can do our work without them. And this feeling of indifference and contempt is certain of being repaid with interest by the hearers. It is humiliating to a person of ordinary education to listen to a sermon from any minister in which bad syntax and immaculate innocency of history struggle for the first place, while theology and common sense stand aside and look on in tears. Not that these are the inseparable companions of itineracy in any land, but that in its soil are the elements conducive to their origin and growth.

4. It prevents the formation of a pastoral bond between minister and people. Where we find an itinerant clergyman to have become popular, it almost uniformly results from his powers as a preacher; and those rich graces of the heart have not had time to endear themselves to his people, or to act as an influence upon their daily life. And preaching, however brilliant, is but part of the economy of churchism: in addition is required the influence of other powers and graces that can be developed in the course of a long-continued pastorate.

We will refer to the advantages of the itineracy in a future number.

J. H. G.

Suggestions of the Sea.

What man of a reflective nature has ever stood upon the beach of the boundless ocean, beholding its spreading majesty, watching the heavings of its mighty bosom—its motions ceaseless and indefinite, fanned by its breezes, bracing and saline, filled with its harmony, mournfully impressive: who has not felt some vague, indeterminate emotions of rapture, bewilderment and awe? Here a mysterious impulse wakens thought in him not wont to think. A strange, half melancholy feeling shrouds his soul, absorbed in contemplation; all that he hears teaches him lessons; all that he sees instructs. Here man must realize the pettiness of all his prowess, the impotence of all his might. The tiny wavelet, born beyond notice, and hidden for a time, swelling to an emerald mass, crested and triumphant, rising to a grandeur evanescent, tottering, broken, reabsorbed, scarce vanished till forgotten, reminds him of his existence, with its beginning, its progress, and its end. He looks out upon the surface of the sea where everything is restless; he looks back upon himself, there nothing is constant. He looks down upon its bosom, profundity deters his research; he looks within himself, infinity borders his intelligence. Vainly does he count the

waves as they crumble on the pebbly shore; futilely does he sum his wishes while they in ruins fall around. From every side he hears a moaning, lugubrious pulsating—the deep-toned, endless anthem of the ocean; within him does he feel a yearning, insatiate, unbroken—the voiceless spirit of some strange devotion. Far out upon the unconfined expanse man's vision, spent in vain, withdraws; so, from the boundless regions of eternity, the imagination, terrified, recoils. His fickle moods and fortunes mimic the capricious aspects and commotions of the ever-changeable ocean; for, as the thick, black clouds together pile, the lightnings flash, the thunder roll, the upheaved billows wail and lash, so, gloom upon gloom o'ercasts the soul, the shafts of hope, remittent, gleam; together doubts and terrors crash, the uptorn conscience withers. By some power unseen, by some influence unobserved, the heavens are cleared, the sea is calmed; by some small voice—all-potent, though unheard—the soul is pacified, the conscience soothed. Still this great tutor to the pensive mind recalls one solemn truth—stateliest of all, discovered or revealed. The orb of day, mounting with awful splendour the cerulean vault, unrolls upon the deep a path of gold, stretching right to the feet of him that gazes, moving as he moves, and, at the close of day, leading back to its source. There is a light—THE WORD,—mighty, divine, that thus illumines the soul of man, unfolding there one glorious way, never receding, but reflecting whence it came—pointing unceasingly to God.

October 17, 1883.

C. H. LIVINGSTONE.

Some of the Functions of the Literary and Philosophical Society.

ADDRESS BY D. CURRIE, B.A., PRESIDENT.

When we become members of any society, we undertake to devote to its interests that length of time and amount of labor which its utility and importance sanction. In endeavouring to place before you the claims this society has upon your time and interest, it is proper that its usefulness in its bearing upon our present and future well-being should be pointed out.

The simple fact that it is one of the members of the somewhat complex organism, the Presbyterian College, is of itself a sufficient reason for infusing into it that life and that vigor which will contribute to its highest success, for it is true regarding colleges, as well as all other organisms, that if one member suffer, all the other members suffer with it. If, therefore, we believe that this society should exist as an appendage to this college, it necessarily follows as an imperative obligation that we should keep it in the highest condition of efficiency. If we think it a useless and unnecessary attachment, we should abolish it at once; for nothing is more demoralizing than the consciousness that we are members of a sickly and languishing society. It is true here, as well as in other relations of life, that, as a condition of success, what our hand finds to do, should be done with all our might. In the interests of the success of our college, which we all feel to be so largely in our hands, and which we expect ever to look up to as our *alma mater* whose welfare will always be near our hearts, in her interests, we urge upon you the claims of this society to your generous support.

But apart from its close intimacy with the life of the college, there are other reasons of a more practical character, inviting us to give particular attention to its interests, a few of which I shall mention.