

remarked that great men who have wielded astonishing power over their fellowmen have had good mothers. 'Tis is only another illustration of the doctrine we are seeking to unfold. It shows that the quiet motherly influence which many ridicule with coarse sneers has in numberless instances been all-powerful, so that many of the world's truest heroes could look back upon a mother's memory with filial gratitude and cry: "Thy gentleness hath made me great."

This is but a faint symbol of the Fatherhood of God which bears with our childish weakness, calms our fretful impatience, triumphs over our wilful obstinacy, and through our changing circumstances and ever varying feelings brings us onward towards full maturity. Infinite wisdom thus employs the method the most suited to our complex nature. Harsh compulsion would rouse fierce opposition and fan the smouldering embers into a blaze; our nature would be outraged and we would fall back in despair. But the great God in dealing with men has gone round about using his wondrous powers to break down the barriers that sin has reared, seeking to excite trustfulness in our wayward spirits, and only letting loose the scourge when presumption has definitely rejected every ministry of mercy. If, then, this is God's constant effort toward each soul, what are we doing? Is ours the attitude of despair and resistance; or are we working out our own salvation with fear and trembling because God is working in us? Let us remember that if we go down to degradation neglecting the gracious means set forth for our salvation we are frustrating by our persistent wilfulness the gentle untiring effort of Him whose purpose is to make us truly great, to make us like Himself.

Reminiscences of a Septuagenarian.

1854—Then and Now—1900.

"Say ye not that the former days were better than these."

This and the following papers are not designed for general perusal, but are prepared for the use of sufferers from dyspepsia, hypochondria, hysteria, and victims of melancholia. The rich man and the churl are cautioned not to look, or even to listen to them.

Between the stomach and conscience there is a remarkably close analogy. The man possessed of a healthy stomach doesn't know he has one. So of conscience. A bad stomach rebels at and refuses everything; so a man with a bad conscience carps and finds fault with everything. The former is always gloomy and disagreeable, even with himself; the latter is always happy with himself and everybody else. He has great peace; nothing reasonable offends him.

If rightly used these papers will yield speedy relief, if not a complete cure. The ingredients have been examined and analysed by a specialist and have been, like Castoria pronounced harmless. Directions—shake in every case before application.

In the opening of Session 1847-48 in the University of Glasgow, I recall one of my late experiences. I know of none of the then students in this country now alive, with the exception of Rev. William Beattie, of Toronto, and the venerable Dr. Robert Hamilton, of Motherwell, distinguished for the making of more Mod-

erators of the Synod than any other Minister of the Church, aided by a Providence sometimes decretal but more frequently permissive.

In that Session Professor William Ramsay, famed for his correct and varied scholarship, but also remembered as a stern disciplinarian, prepared his own text books; and that year the Extracts for the senior class were from Ovid and Tibullus. The opening sentence in the first lesson took the breath from us. It ran thus

"Ille ego fui fuerim tenerorum lusor amorum.
Quem teges et noris accipe posteritas, &c."

The poet was informing his readers regarding his name and parentage and birthplace—the very thing I wish to conceal. And if anybody insists on ascertaining my identity, and thus gratifying an idle curiosity, I can only gratify them by stating that I have attained the condition of Not the Spirit sighed for in the hymn:

"O to be nothing, nothing,
O to be nothing at all!"

Sadly, slowly, frequently and sincerely, I may be overheard singing in a minor key:

"O I am nothing, nobody,
Nobody, nothing at all!"

My "nom de plume" is "Nemo G. D."

I select the dates 1854-1900, because I first set foot in Smiths Falls in April 1854, and am now in that town; and I have been set a-thinking of days, and faces, and experiences that will ne'er come again.

In 1854 I was ordered to the Mission field as a first year Divinity student, and was assigned to the Presbytery of Perth. I was modest in those days and did not "know the ropes." I saw some leering and shrugging of shoulders among my fellow-students. I asked for explanation, and found out that Providence helped them that help themselves. It was then and there that I found out the truth of Mr. Poyser's statement that "it's them as take advantage that get advantage in this world"—students as well as other people. I then discovered how some were appointed to Toronto Presbytery and adjacent fields, while I had to undertake such a pilgrimage, and at such a season, entailing expense.

I have always made it a principle to go where I am sent. On the whole it turns out best. I agreed without a whimper; but I was without something else—I had paid all my bills for my board, books and other claims, and was strapped. I needed no counsel to carry neither scrip nor purse. To this day I don't use a purse. I had no money.

To pour gladness into my heart, and raise my drooping spirit, a sympathetic student thoughtfully and kindly informed me that Perth Presbytery was "bad pay"; that he had labored there and had never received his travelling expenses, and to his frequent dunning letters (five cents postage) he had never received a reply.

He further gave me something better, a power of attorney to receive and accept all or any monies coming to him if they, perchance, had been brought to a better state of mind and conduct.

Bowing to the inevitable, and ascertaining that the purser would insist on pay, I borrowed \$20 and took passage on the Passport on her first trip down Ontario under the charge of captain Harbottle. William Forest was with me, a

fellow student and companion in duty, if not in tribulation, and on Thursday evening we landed in Prescott and repaired to an hotel; and here again we realized that money was a necessity or there would be no room for us in the inn.

Friday morning we were early afoot, preparing to take stage to Bytown 50 miles away. The vehicle was dirty, rickety and crowded, as we were joined by medical students from McGill-Young, Church and others.

I then had my first experience, and a fair specimen of Canadian roads in spring, when the frost is just coming out of the earth. For the first time I had opportunity of witnessing the process of maple sugar making.

Slowly, wearily, the poor horses plunged and struggled along these sometimes bottomless roads, and at other times over stretches of corduroy, relieved at intervals by relays of fresh teams, till at 11 p.m., the driver of the baggage wagon intimated that if any preferred to await morning at next stopping place he would put up his team. I jumped at the chance and heedless of the cheerlessness and possible filthiness of the shanty, I was soon fast asleep and in dreamland. At break of day we resumed our horrible journey and about 11 a.m., reached Bytown close on the heels of our fellow travellers who had continued their journey and threaded their way through the darkness of the dreary night.

Tired and dirty and in no amiable mood we washed, refreshed ourselves, and Mr. Forest and I put in our appearance at the Manse, and received a warm welcome to the hospitable home of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Wardrope and young family. The minister received us courteously and with smiles, but of these smiles I will speak in my next, for space if not time forbids that I should enlarge.

But before closing let me call your attention to three inferences by way of practical application. And

1. It is evident from the above that this fine country was in a very backward and uninviting condition 50 years ago. And
2. That hardships had to be undergone then unknown to the present generation, and further that this fine country is fast improving—and still further that "this is a growing time." And
3. And lastly. That it behooves Presbyteries, Dr. Torrance, and the Distributing Committee and Home and Foreign Mission Committees to secure and insist that probationers, but especially students and retired Ministers, be furnished with "the needful" to enable them to proceed to and reach their fields of labor; and that the night on which their labours terminate, or previously, they be paid every penny handsomely and not begrudgingly, coming to them; and further that the Westminster, "Knoxonian" and kindred agencies, be directed to enforce the same on Treasurers, and bring their guns to bear on all mean defaulting Presbyteries and congregations, and cease firing at individual delinquents whose carcasses are not worth the powder wasted on them.

NEMO. G. D.

Since the establishment of the Pasteur Institute in Paris 23,245 persons have been treated for rabies. Of these 103 died. The mortality which in the first year was 94 per cent, has been reduced to .20 and .25 per cent. in the two last years. That is a fine showing.