

Presbyterian Church of Canada out of the land of Egypt, out of the house of bondage, who in his day slew many an Egyptian and Amalekite oppressor by his uplifted rod and arms untiringly upraised towards the light, and the source of light, it was he "our father, our father the chariots of Israel and the horsemen thereof" that did these things for us, who in the strength of his faith that overcame the world, and smote its scare-crows, did these great things for us. His was not that embalmed form of Christianity that may have *walked* in Egyptian Thebes or in the Nitrian desert some thousand years ago but hobbles on crutches now, with both legs in the grave—the mummy Christianity which might fear that the open air and sunshine would crumble it to dust. And he was not afraid to expose his own special flock among the students, his beloved inner circle of Theologues, to the same free play of light, under which his own robust and masculine spirit felt the most at home. He had wonderfully little apprehension for their fragility. He knew a vigorous type was badly needed here and that it could not be hatched in ecclesiastical incubators, but like an oak-tree must be grown out under the free sky and tossed into strength by winds and storms.

The most crying want of our time is, I believe, religious teachers of this manly strain. The greatest service perhaps which a University can do for the community, the best test of her vitality in all other respects is to produce them. Our miners, engineers, doctors and lawyers will do much to spread our influence. Especially if we have made them as we ought, not

mere tradesmen, but cultivated men. Every one of our miners ought to be a missionary, and he will be so if he has really come under the spell of Queen's. Our journalists, writers and teachers can do still more. Their daily business touches the inner life of the people at more points. But after all there is no position of advantage, no purchase, like the pulpit. Just think of it. The minister of religion by virtue of his office comes into very close quarters with the most intimate portions of his people's lives, at those moments when they are most of all their real selves. He touches them in the primal depths. He is often the one mortal confidant of their sorrows and sins. Every week on the one day which most of them can devote to the culture of their universal human nature, the one day which we set apart in testimony of the priceless value of the soul, they gather to hear from him a life-giving word. He is the accredited exponent of the spiritual heritage of our race, yes, and of the creative contribution of our own time, on that high plane where all the mighty hopes and reachings after truth which make us men, all the higher strivings and experiences of humanity, intellectual and moral, converge to their all-inclusive expression. It is unapproached opportunity, a responsibility from which the boldest might well shrink. Who shall measure the consequences that depend on whether it be nobly and intelligently exercised, or blindly and ignobly? What a difference it will make in the general level of thought and feeling if these souls go their way quickened and strengthened, awakened and enlightened, alive and aware, with some more vision of the Eternal