

each week is printed and circulated among the congregation.

The discourse to which I listened had reference to missionary work, and contained much statistical information as to the progress of Christianity on the one hand and that of sin and vice on the other. On the whole the Doctor's anticipations as to the speedy overthrow of sin and ungodliness are hardly so bright or sanguine as our millenarian friends in Toronto would have us believe, "but all things are possible to them that believe."

REV. GEORGE LORIMER, LL.D.,

of Immanuel Baptist Church, is one of the most prominent and popular ministers of Chicago and one who as a preacher and scholar has made his mark.

Dr. Lorimer was born in Scotland, and came to the United States when seventeen years of age. He was employed by a dramatic company which he soon left and joined the Church, and shortly afterward he entered college in Georgetown, Ky., with a view to the ministry, from which college he lately obtained the degree of LL.D. Mr. Lorimer removed to Boston, where his ministry was very successful—large congregations always assembled to hear him.

His fame as a speaker and preacher reached the West, and with the view of strengthening the Baptist cause in Chicago he accepted a call from the First Church there, and where in a short time nearly 500 members were added to the church. Immanuel Church having been erected, Dr. Lorimer transferred his services to this church with equally favourable results as there is at present a membership of 700. He is president of the University, and has published some important works and now has another in the press. He visited Toronto some years ago in connection with the annual meeting of the Bible Society, and delivered a powerful address in St. James Square Church.

Dr. Lorimer is forty-eight years of age, but looks much younger than this, in fact having a rather boyish appearance.

The sermon was founded on Psalm xii. 8, and the subject of discourse was "the exaltation of the vicious" which the preacher handled in a plain and forcible manner. Immanuel Church is a very handsome edifice and situated on one of the most prominent streets. The music is good, and as in Dr. Kittredge's church, a quartette leads the singing

REV. SAM JONES,

the Georgia revivalist, was in Chicago and, as in other places visited by him, caused quite a sensation. He is accompanied by Sam Small, who is a different type of man, but who also attracted large congregations. Sam Jones is about thirty-seven years of age, with nothing whatever remarkable in his appearance. He is a man of medium height, dark complexion, with a slight moustache and wears a plain tweed business suit. He was a lawyer by profession until thirteen years ago, when he was converted, to which circumstance he often refers in his addresses. Whatever may be thought of the language Brother Jones uses, which no doubt is open to question and criticism, one thing is sure, he makes good points, and hits the bull's eye every time. His sermons fairly bristle with stories and illustrations, which seem to run off at pleasure and in every case point a moral or adorn a tale.

Mr. Jones preached in the Casino Rink, which accommodates fully 6,000, and hundreds had to be turned away from every service.

It was Sunday afternoon, the rain and sleet were falling heavy, and although the services were not to begin until three o'clock, parties were at the doors from half-past one.

The platform was packed with the clergymen of the city, and the choir.

The Rev. Dr. Barrows, of the First Presbyterian Church, presided. The Scriptures were read by the Rev. Dr. Scudder, of the First Congregational Church, and prayer was offered by the Rev. Dr. Lawrence, of the Second Baptist Church. The text was John xix. 22, "What I have written, I have written." The point enforced and illustrated was "Record," and for over an hour the preacher swayed that large audience, which numbered, at a moderate estimate, 6,000 men, as it was a men's meeting. At times his audience is convulsed with laughter. Even the staid, reverend brethren on the platform were obliged once or twice to yield, and applaud. At other times Mr. Jones makes the most melting appeals.

He concluded a powerful and impressive sermon in the following words, repeating the whole hymn.

Thank God, thirteen years ago last August I confessed the fact at my father's couch that I was the most guilty man in the universe, with record enough to damn the whole world; that I was guilty before God. I asked, "What will I do?" And then all at once I realized the truth that is contained in that grand old song,

There is a fountain filled with blood
Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
And sinners plunged beneath that flood
Lose all their guilty stains.

The effect produced on the audience will not soon be forgotten. Many strong men shed tears, and lingered while they left the building, resolving to lead better lives in the future.

Revivals are no new things. In the days of Seth men began to call on the name of the Lord, and it would seem late in the day now to begin to reason with Sam Jones, Sam Small, or D. L. Moody, as to the style of *dress* or *address* with which they will appear on a platform, or the particular forms of expression they will use when attacking the citadel of sin and the strongholds of Satan.

A MINISTER IN A NEW DRESS.

The Rev. Mr. Green, having left the Presbyterian Church, preached his first sermon in the English Church recently, having accepted its doctrines in preference to those he heretofore held and preached.

With the greatest regard for the many excellent able men within the folds of that Church, it does seem strange to see a man leave the Presbyterian Church for Episcopacy. What does he find there that he has not a sufficiency of in the Presbyterian Church? Does he wish to *read* his prayers? I have heard this done from a Presbyterian pulpit, and I am not aware of any law forbidding it. Does he wish to read his sermons? This practice is not uncommon. Does he aspire to the rank of a bishop? He has relinquished this high position. Does he want the exercise of patronage? Some say we have quite enough of this in our Church already. Does he wish to be an assistant or curate to another minister? Such a position is possible in the Presbyterian Church. Does he wish for a more scriptural creed, or a more apostolic form of government? I would respectfully say that he will not find it in the Episcopal Church. K.

Palmer House, Chicago, March 26.

MEDICAL MISSIONS.

[Miss Marion Oliver, of the graduating class at the Royal College of Surgeons, Kingston, delivered the following valedictory at the close of the session. Dr. Oliver leaves for India shortly, to labour as a medical missionary under the direction of the Presbyterian Church in Canada.]

When, a few years ago, the question, "How shall the women of Canada, who are seeking a medical education, obtain it in their own country?" was being considered by many thoughtful men and women in different parts of this land, the good people of this stalwart little city did not rest satisfied with merely talking, but most generously put their hands in their pockets. Thus it came about that in a very few months the Kingston Women's Medical College was established. For this praiseworthy act and large-hearted liberality we, who have benefited thereby, owe a debt of gratitude, which we hope in time to repay in some small measure, by doing our utmost to promote the growth and progress of the college. But this new-born college was not to be left to feel herself an orphan. Good old Queen's University soon opened wide her motherly arms and made her one of her children. And I am here to-day glad to be able to tell you that her little daughter, having passed safely through her first teething, promises to grow up into a useful and noble womanhood. Already her graduates, though so very few in numbers, are widely scattered, doing good faithful work; and we, the members of the class of 1886, would seek to go forth from her college halls to our lifework filled with the same earnest resolves which inspired those who have gone before us. Yet, though we have eagerly looked forward to this time, now that it has come we welcome it with mingled feelings of gladness and regret. College days have been busy days, but they have been happy ones. Often in the future will we lift the curtain of memory and take a long look back on these pleasant years, years in which we surely cannot have failed to catch something of the spirit of our professors, something to carry away and keep ever before us in our endeavours to use the knowledge which they have aided and guided us in acquiring. To them, one and

all, we bid a regretful farewell, as also to our many friends among the citizens of Kingston, whose kindnesses we are powerless to repay save with grateful thanks. But "ye have your reward." The grace of hospitality, like that of mercy, is twice blessed. You have remembered our Lord's words, "I was a stranger, and ye took Me in," on you falls His benediction, "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye did it unto Me."

Having been privileged to enter on and complete a medical course, perhaps I may be permitted to say a very few words with regard to what so many of my sex seem to be afraid of. In attempting to acquire a knowledge of this wonderful body of ours, the student will very probably at first be appalled by the vast amount of anatomical geography which has to be stored up in the memory. This feeling of dread, however, fades away as one by one we make the acquaintance of the many little rivers which carry their life-giving crimson currents to all parts of this strange country—the soul's abiding place—and then find their way back in other and darker streams to the ocean from whence they came. And when we have learned something of the numberless telegraphic wires which are constantly carrying messages to and from the great central office, situated in the capital of this country, we begin to think that by patient perseverance we may obtain, at least, a fair understanding of what has by this time become to us a most interesting study. I speak not only my own experience, but also the experience of all my fellow students, when I say that the student finds in medicine and surgery much of interest and delight. To those women who are contemplating a course of medical study, but yet are dreading to venture thereon, I would, without hesitation, say: Throw your fears aside, and before your first session is completed you will laugh at your cowardice. True, it does not take many lectures in anatomy to firmly establish in the mind the truth of the old adage, "There is no royal road to learning." But if you are not afraid of hard study there is nothing else which need deter you. And what work of any real value is accomplished save by patient, earnest endeavour?

There is at the present day a loud call to woman to enter the profession, and assert her right to relieve the sick and suffering of her own sex in all lands. Especially from our poor down-trodden sisters in the East does the Macedonian cry sound out with a trumpet peal. Nor are they, while calling loudly from their barren hearts and cheerless homes, "Come over and help us," sitting with folded hands. A Japanese lady, having in an American College a knowledge of medicine, is now practising among her countrywomen. And only the other week a Hindoo lady—Amandabai Joshee—graduated from the Women's Medical College in Philadelphia, and is now on her way to her native land to carry healing into the prison homes of her benighted sisters. Another Hindoo lady has lately given \$75,000 to found a hall of residence in Calcutta for native women, students of medicine, thus generously aiding Lady Dufferin in her good work. Is it much, then, for us to give our help to those who out of the thick darkness which surrounds them are thus groping their way toward the light?

While the practice of the art of healing is work for which woman is peculiarly well fitted, still it is no matter for surprise that, though we have in Ontario two medical colleges for women, as yet so few have ventured within their halls. Their doors were opened so suddenly that it could not be expected that many would be found prepared to embrace the opportunity offered. Besides, all women are not meant to be doctors. Parents have sometimes made a mistake when they sent their son to college, and it is just possible to make the same mistake with regard to their daughter.

Though as yet only a few have seen their way clear to seek degrees in arts or medicine, every woman ought to realize with her whole heart and soul that she was born into the world to be useful in some way. Surely, my sisters, we dishonour our womanhood when we give our best thoughts to the trimming of our bonnets, or when our aims in life are no higher than to be the most graceful dancer or the best lawn tennis player in our set. Not thus can we ever hope to hear the Master's "Well done." To us, as well as to our brothers, have been entrusted talents with which we are commanded to trade, and for which we must give an account. True, our bodies must be