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Toronto, February 27, 1896.

Late Rev. D. J. Macdonnell, B.D.

THE fact that death had been expected these few months past did not arrest, in the least degree, the outburst of sorrow with which the sad intelligence had been received that the pastor of St. Andrew's church, Toronto, was no more. The Church has sustained a great loss, but it was as a pastor he was greatest and best, and his sorrowing people, and the community in which he labored so faithfully suffer most. Who will fill his place, not merely as pastor of St. Andrew's? An answer refuses to come. There was but one D. J. Macdonnell, and that was because he threw himself with all his might into the glorious work of the pastorate—the care of Christ's flock. It was his chosen field, he was marvellously well-fitted for it, he was specially blessed in it. He gave his best to it, and that best was of the highest order. The lesson of his life lies there. What lay to his hand he did to the best of his ability and with unflinching courage and devotion. No detail of his work was too small or trivial for him; it was work for the Master and was glorified toil. Of his rare endowments, his fine culture, his purity of motive and singleness of purpose, let his intimate friend, Principal Grant, speak.

"How full was the life that our brother lived? What a combination he was of the thinker and speaker, of the artist and the man of affairs, of the prophet and the priest, of strength and refinement, of purity and power, of sanity and passion, of insight and loyal submission to drudgery! Whether looked at from the point of view of the individual, the family, the congregation, the city, the Church, the university, the nation, the empire and the race he seemed to me so perfect that I could find no fault in him. Even when he made what his friends considered mistakes, they never doubted his motives, and it is the motive that determines the nature of every action. They never looked for anything selfish or sinister, for anything untrue or unmanly in him. Rich was his nature and exquisite its tone, and freely and fully he poured into other's vessels all his choicest wine of life. . . . His virtues now seem to me almost unearthly, so gloriously independent were they of the earth and the senses. I will not speak of those virtues which everyone saw, but rather of two or three of those which lay beneath the surface, and notably his purity, his bravery and the utter absence from his spirit of any taint of bitterness even towards those exceptional opponents who fought him unfairly.

"I never knew a man of such absolute purity. May God keep each and all of us from temptations with which he was assailed, temptations of which I doubt if he ever spoke to anyone save myself, but which found no more response in him than if he had been a disembodied spirit, instead of a man of flesh and blood, of glowing fancy and quivering nerves. . . . We, his brethren in the ministry of the Church he loved so well, did not value as we

should have valued that gift which God bestowed upon us. He has not left his like behind, in self-denying labor, in Christlike life, in high resolves, in brotherly service, and yet we never called him to occupy the first place. Not that he cared for, or even dreamed of that. It was not his loss. It simply marked our imperfect vision. We can now repent, by bringing forth the fruits of repentance. Let him be mightier over us in his death than he was in his life. Let us show that we have learned the lesson of his life. Let us trust one another. Let us learn from him to love the country better than a party; to love the Church better than our own branch of it, and to love Christ and all that is meant by that blessed name—truth, honor, self-sacrifice, man better than self."

Is the picture over-drawn? To those who know Mr. Macdonnell well, it is a faithful picture, and a cause for thankfulness and joy that it is true. But its full truth was more clearly seen by his own people than by the Church. Yet he labored for the Church as a whole with great energy and success. His interest in the Augmentation Fund was exemplified by wonderful success. The Home Mission Field felt his active interest in its welfare. The Hymnal Committee will miss him sorely, for he brought to it enthusiastic service and experienced counsel.

In the Educational work of the Church he took a deep interest. He realized the importance of placing Manitoba College in a position to keep abreast of the growing needs of her extensive field, and often enlisted the sympathy and support of friends in that cause. For Queen's he put forth herculean efforts, and that institution owes much to him. Little wonder is it that its learned Principal should exclaim in an outburst of grief:—"Even I can hardly see how my burden as Principal of Queen's is to be borne without that large, lithe, intelligent, never-wearying co-operation, the note of which—no matter what his own burdens might be—was always the cheerful, "Ready, aye, ready." He was an excellent business man, and as such was able to render great service to the Church as a whole.

For his bereaved family, his congregation, there is much heart-felt sympathy, and the Church, which mourns a worthy son, mourns deeply their common loss.

Armenia's Bitter Cry.

THERE has been a lull in the Armenian agitation which the facts of the case do not justify. The latest advices are conclusive as to the purpose of the Turk in exterminating the people of unhappy Armenia. "I wish we had been killed too," wrote a father to his son who is on this continent at present, "for our lives are a living death, destitute, hungry and in constant fear of brutal murder, it would have been merciful to us had we been killed outright as our neighbors were." This is but a specimen of extracts which might be made from other letters to relatives in Europe and America disclosing the terrible persecution these Christian Armenians are subjected to. Well may these poor sufferers despair when at this time of day, in the full light of Christian truth, and without the intervention of the great Christian powers, such atrocities can be perpetrated with impunity.

The Ministerial Association of Toronto had a suggestion before it this week which ought to receive the most careful consideration, as it opens up a way by which the sympathy of the people of Canada may probably find a practical outlet. The suggestion is that the Canadian Government donate a large tract of land in the Northwest for an Armenian settlement. It is believed that sufficient money could be raised by subscription in Canada, Great Britain, and the United States to pay for the removal of the Armenians to their new home, and also to give them a humble start in life there. This should not be a Utopian