

Knox College grants degrees in Divinity (both Bachelor and Doctor), and has a most creditable roll of graduates. The library is extensive and endowed. The staff of professors is very complete. The college has residence for seventy-six students in Divinity. It is very commodious, and well provided with classrooms. The courses for study and graduation are good. There seemed to me to be every reason why the Presbyterian colleges, like Knox and that at Montreal, of which I shall speak later, might become always greater centres of theological enlightenment, intellectual power, and spiritual influence.

But I must tear myself from Toronto that I may enter enchanted ground—Niagara Falls. On the way to Niagara Falls one passes through Hamilton, a populous city with varied manufacturing industries. It is, in fact, the Birmingham of Canada. The Rev. John Crawford B.A., very kindly escorted me over the whole of Niagara. I spent more days than I anticipated in exploring its natural beauties and geological wonders, which grow upon one with study. It is not merely that one may feast his eyes on mighty Niagara—peerless cataract, with sublimity for its primal quality—but the Niagara river also is a great sight. What a gorge! What lovely emerald, green water! What gurgling whirlpools! What swirling waters! What abysmal depths! The American Fall is both graceful and mighty; the Canadian, or Horse-Shoe Falls, are fuller and more massive by far.