

- - THE - -

Knox College Monthly

AND

PRESBYTERIAN MAGAZINE.

EDITORS :

REV. R. HADDOW, B. A., <i>Chairman.</i>	JAS. H. BORLAND, B. A.
REV. PROFESSOR THOMSON, M.A., B.D.	A. L. BUDGE, B. A.
REV. W. G. WALLACE, M. A., B. D.	E. A. HENRY, B. A.
GEORGE LOGIE, B. A.	G. R. FASKIN, B. A.

CONTENTS :

Each author is solely responsible for opinions expressed in articles appearing in THE MONTHLY.

GENERAL :	PAGE
Hosea's Conception of God's Feelings..... <i>Rev. John Mutch, M. A.</i>	122
Sense at War with Soul..... .. <i>Rev. R. Haddow, B. A.</i>	181
At the Jubilee..... <i>A. L. B.</i>	186
Pastoral Work..... <i>Rev. L. Perrin, B. A.</i>	144
How I Do My Visiting—A Symposium..... ..	150
By the Graves of the Covenanters..... <i>Rev. A. MacMillan.</i>	158
Patrick Laing—A Poem..... <i>Alexander Anderson.</i>	165
MISSIONARY :	
An Indian Dance in the Northwest..... <i>Rev. A. E. Hannahson.</i>	167
Notes From the Field..... ..	176
BIBLE STUDY..... ..	
Stress and Strength, Isa. 40 : 81.—"Give Him No Greeting," II. John 10 : 11.	108
OUR COLLEGE..... ..	180

Published for the Alumni Association and the Literary and Theological Society of

KNOX COLLEGE, TORONTO.

CAMPBELL & PANTON MILTON.

UNIVERSITY OF WINNIPEG
LIBRARY & DOCUMENTS
WINNIPEG 2, MAN.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

GENTLEMANLY CLOTHING

GENTLEMEN, if you appreciate being well dressed, and do not wish to spend all your income in the endeavor to do so, it will be to your interest to call and see what we are doing for you this season. We never had a better stock. We never were in a better position to PLEASE YOU. And our prices were never more reasonable. We make you a nice Scotch Tweed Suit for Eighteen Dollars; finish it up First-class in every particular, and on the shortest notice. The store is full of nice materials—OVER-COATINGS, SUITINGS, and TRIMMINGS. We shall be pleased to have you visit us.

JOSEPH J. FOLLETT,
181 Yonge Street,
TORONTO.

Makers of . . .
Fine Clothing
to Order. . . .

ACHESON & CALDER,

• • • • MERCHANT TAILORS

458 Spadina Ave.,

— TORONTO.

FARMER BROS.

The Great Group

! ! ! ! *Photographers.*

92 YONGE STREET,

— TORONTO

Special Rates to Students.

CLERICAL SUITS

A SPECIALTY.

J. BRIMER,

210 Yonge St., Toronto.

DR. G. H. COOK,

DENTIST.

HONOR GRADUATE OF R.C.D.C.

Cor. College Street and Spadina Avenue.

(Over Bank of Commerce.)

Residence: 17 Howland Ave.

WM. BAIN,

* BAKER AND CONFECTIONER *

Cor. Robert and
Harbord Streets.

—
ICE CREAM, &c., In Season.

Verral Transfer Co.

• • • • •
TELEPHONE 606.

—
OFFICE: UNION DEPOT.

Baggage collected and delivered to all
parts of the City; Depots and Docks.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

DINEEN'S
Hats.

STUDENTS OF KNOX

College will find all the new styles in spring Hats and Caps all opened up, and our prices are very low—a special discount of 10 per cent. allowed.

W. & D. DINEEN
COR. KING AND YONGE STS.

R. J. HUNTER



MERCHANT TAILOR
AND IMPORTER.

—OF—

WOOLLENS AND MEN'S
FURNISHINGS.

Standard goods from best makers only kept in stock, our first principle being to give purchasers what will give them satisfaction and do us credit.

MINISTERS AND STUDENTS

Receive special rates on making themselves known and mentioning this advertisement.

R. J. HUNTER,

Cor. King and Church Sts.,

TORONTO.

RECENT PUBLICATIONS

1. A Harmony of the Gospels for Historical Study. By Stevens & Burton. \$1.50
2. Eastern Customs in Bible Lands. By H. B. Tristram, D. D. 1.75
3. Historical Geography of the Holy Land (with six maps.) By George Adam Smith, D. D. 4.50
4. Our Inheritance in the Old Testament. By Wm. Bellairs, M.A. 1.25
5. The Story of the China Inland Mission. By M. Geraldine Guinness. 2 v. 2.50
6. Missionary Success in Formosa. By Wm. Campbell of the English Presbyterian Mission, Formosa. 2 vols. 2.00
7. The Church and Social Problems. By A. Scott Matheson. 1.50
8. God is Love, and other Sermons. By Aubrey L. Moore, M.A. 1.75
9. Wholly for God: Extracts from the Writings of William Law. By Andrew Murray. 1.50
10. Well Begun: Notes for those who have to make their way in the world. By Joseph Parker, D.D. 1.50
11. Sayings in Symbol. By David Burns. 1.25
12. The Christ. By James H. Brooks. 1.25

JOHN YOUNG,

Upper Canada Tract Society, 102 Yonge Street, Toronto.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

JUST A FEW

OF OUR NEW AND FORTHCOMING PUBLICATIONS.

The following are our own new books. Our stock includes other publishers as well.

BUSINESS.

A Plain Talk with Men and Women who Work. By Amos R. Wells, Editor of "The Golden Rule." 12mo., Leatherette Boards.\$0 35

THE MONEY OF THE BIBLE.

Illustrated by numerous Woodcuts and Facsimile Representations. By G. C. Williamson, D. Lit. "By-Paths of Knowledge, Vol. XX." 12mo., Cloth. ... 1 00

THE PRINTED ENGLISH BIBLE.

With Portraits and Facsimiles. By R. Lovett, M.A. "Present Day Primers, Vol. II." 18mo., Flexible Cloth, net ... 40

THE SCIENCE OF MOTHERHOOD.

By Hannah Whital Smith, author of "The Christian's Secret of a Happy Life," "Every-Day Religion," etc. 12mo., Leatherette Boards\$ 35

SAMUEL CHAPMAN ARMSTRONG.

Of Hampton Institute. Founder's Day Address. By R. C. Ogden. 12mo., Cloth0 35

THE YOUNG MAN FOURSQUARE.

By Rev. James I. Vance. 12mo., Cloth 50

SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHING.

Two Addresses. By R. C. Ogden and J. R. Miller, D. D. 12mo., Leatherette Boards 35

GILMOUR AND HIS BOYS.

By R. Lovett, M.A. With Facsimiles of Letters and Other Illustrations. 12mo., Cloth ... 1 25

EARLY CHURCH HISTORY.

A Sketch of the first Four Centuries. By J. Vernon Bartlet, M.A., Lecturer on Church History in Mansfield College, Oxford. "Present Day Primers, Vol. I." 18mo., Flexible Cloth. Net\$ 40

CHINESE CHARACTERISTICS.

By Arthur H. Smith. Sixteen full-page half-tone illustrations. Cloth, extra 2 00

BEFORE HE IS TWENTY.

Five perplexing phases of the boy question considered. By Robert J. Burdette, Frances Hodgson Burnett, Edward W. Bok, Mrs. Burton Harrison and Mrs. Lyman Abbott; with portraits of the authors. 16mo., cloth, gilt top 75

CALVARY TO PENTECOST.

By F. B. Meyer, B. A. New volume "Christian Life Series." Cloth... .. 50
White vellum, gilt top,... .. 60

THE MEETING PLACE OF GEOLOGY AND HISTORY.

By Sir J. William Dawson, F.G.S., F.R.S. 12mo., cloth, ... 1 25

AMONG THE TIBETANS.

By Isabella L. Bishop, author of "Unbeaten Tracks in Japan." 1 00

PICTURES FROM BOHEMIA.

By James Baker. New volume of the "Pen and Pencil" series. 3 20

ESSENTIAL CHRISTIANITY.

By Rev. Hugh Price Hughes, author of "Social Christianity," etc. Cloth, extra 1 25

FLEMING H. REVELL COMPANY

PROPRIETORS:

Toronto Willard Tract Depository
Presbyterian News Company (Book Dept.)

Publishers of the Church S. S. Supplies as authorized **TORONTO:**
by the Editors' Committee of the General Assembly. **140 & 142 Yonge St.**

... THE ...
KNOX COLLEGE MONTHLY
AND
PRESBYTERIAN MAGAZINE.

All matter for publication, and all communications to the Editors, should be addressed to the REV. ROBERT HADDOW, Milton, Ont.

All remittances, and all communications of a business nature, should be addressed to the REV. JOHN MURCH, 110 Havelock Street, Toronto.

TORONTO, AUGUST-SEPTEMBER, 1894.

GENERAL.

HOSEA'S CONCEPTION OF GOD'S FEELINGS
TOWARDS ISRAEL:

WHAT, HOW ATTAINED, AND HOW IT INFLUENCED ALL
HIS TEACHING.

THE great mission of a Hebrew prophet was not as has frequently been supposed, the mere foretelling of future events, but rather to be the voice of God speaking to the people of his own day and generation. Through him Jehovah revealed Himself in covenant with Israel, "the aim of which was to establish the Kingdom of God in the form of a Theocracy." The prophet labored for the realization of this in the experience of the nation. He sought to divert the people from their evil ways and bring them back to the paths of righteousness and truth. He interpreted and applied the fundamental principles of the law to personal and national duties. He often played the part of a statesman, publishing the Divine will regarding political relations with

foreign powers (Isa. xxi: 1-3.) It was frequently his duty to withstand princes and kings in the interests of the weak and oppressed (I. Kings xxi.: 17-21.) The prophet by the study of past history and previous revelations as well as by special revelations to himself often fore-told future events, but chiefly that the people whom he addressed might become a holy nation, separated unto God. He was pre-eminently a preacher of righteousness, a man who sought to know the mind of the Deity on life's problems and declare it without fear to all classes of the people.

He was more than a man of special insight. He had a supernatural Divine enlightenment given to him and was conscious he declared God's thoughts, so much so that sometimes he spoke in God's name in the first person. "He was also conscious that God's word in him had a self-fulfilling power that nothing could defeat nor make void."

But while the prophet had supernatural revelation and special enlightenment given him, God did not make him a mere vocal machine—a trumpet in the hands of the Spirit speaking what he did not understand. In the condition of normal consciousness he received and delivered his message. It came through his own mind, through his own thinking, reasoning and struggling after the knowledge of God and His will. It came through mind and heart and spirit as well as through his voice. His utterances would therefore partake of his own individuality, his knowledge of previous revelation, of nature, of history, of providence, of his hopes and of his fears. While his words often meant more than he understood and have for the most part been applicable to all ages, yet he spoke through his own experience and to his own people. If we would therefore understand an Old Testament prophet "we must," to use the words of Prof. Elmslie, "find out what he was in his own day, what he said to his own people, what they understood him to say, what effect that had upon them, what aims and purposes he set before himself as he spoke in public and forced his way into the councils of kings, addressed great mob-meetings of his fellow subjects in the streets of Samaria or Jerusalem. What was the man actually, practically driving at? What was he seeking to accomplish in his own age and among his own people?"

Hosea exercised his prophetic office in the second half of the eighth century before Christ. This was a great age. Greece was beginning to rise into consciousness and to number her years. Romulus was rocking the cradle of the city of the Seven Hills, destined for a time to become the mistress of the world. It was the beginning of great nations on the banks of the Tigris and Euphrates. It was also a time of literary activity. Amos, Joel, Hosea, Isaiah, Zechariah, Micah preached and wrote. The deeds of the mighty were recorded in libraries of brick and stone which we are now reading. They also translated the writings of the great Hamitic race, from which Abraham had been called a thousand years before. It was the time of Samaria's greatest glory and deepest shame. Hosea began his work of prophesying in the closing years of the reign of Jeroboam II., fourth King of the ill-fated house of Jehu. During the reign of this king the Northern Kingdom had acquired great wealth and great fame, and a war-like spirit had been developed. We are not so certain as to the time Hosea ceased to prophecy. Some suppose (Sayce and others) he continued to the close of the Kingdom, 722 B. C.; others, that he ceased in the time of Menahem. He was indeed the prophet of the decline and fall of the Kingdom of Israel; this much is sure from a glance at his book. We are also assured from reading his book that Hosea was a member of the Northern Kingdom. (It is worthy of note that he is the only prophet of that kingdom who has left any written prophecy.) The sympathy expressed for the Israelites, "the intimate knowledge of their circumstances, the topographical and historical allusions point unmistakably to one bred and born in the north." He is a Northerner in heart and his whole soul yearns for his native country. With the Divine insight of a prophet he looks to the very depths of the heart of his country and sees that notwithstanding all the wealth and prosperity of the rule of Jeroboam that it is in a state of corruption, which can only end in dissolution. He saw that immorality in high places, associated with falseness in religion and a wrong foreign policy, was speedily working national ruin. When Jeroboam died and his strong hand was removed from state affairs things became worse. In the words of Farrar, "King succeeded king, and dynasty, dynasty with horrible rapidity. As in the days of the Barrack-Emperors of falling

Rome, the purple was a sure mark for the dagger-thrust and blood touched blood on the slippery footsteps of the throne." (Chap. iv.: 2.) From the fourth chapter of Hosea we learn there was no truth nor mercy nor knowledge of God in the land; there was nothing but swearing and lying and killing and stealing and committing adultery. The kings and nobility had become leaders in crime, and the priests encouraged licentiousness. The burden of Israel's guilt lies heavily upon the soul of the prophet; he wails and laments and mourns over it. With tears in his eyes he contemplates the glorious opportunities that have been flung away. It is with a sad heart he declares the fall of the kingdom he affectionately calls Ephraim.

But is there no hope? Is Samaria to be forever cast off and forgotten of God? No. This cannot be. Israel must not be lost. He finds a door of hope in this dark valley of sin and shame. But it is not in any remnant of virtue or true religion which he finds among the people. It is in God's unchanging feelings towards His chosen; it is in that love from which "neither death nor life nor angels nor principalities nor powers nor things present nor things to come nor height nor depth nor any other creature shall be able to separate us"—the love of God which cannot be measured. Hosea has made a discovery. It is that God is a God of holy love and that that love embraces not only Judah and Ephraim but all nations and calls them sons of the Living God (I. 10).

This central thought of Hosea becomes the common property of succeeding prophets and is the fundamental idea of the atonement (Jno. iii. 16). It is this love he makes say. "I will ransom thee from the power of the grave, I will redeem thee from death. Where are thy plagues, O death? Where thy pestilence, O Sheol;" and again, "I will have mercy upon her which had not obtained mercy; and I will say to them which were not my people, Thou art my people; and they shall say Thou art my God" (ii. 23). Hosea saw as no other had seen that God's feeling not only to Israel but through Israel to the nations is that of omnipotent, eternal, immutable, holy love.

Next, let us see how this truth was brought home to the soul of this prophet. How comes it that he understands

better than any before him the great unchanging love of God's heart? And how comes he to speak of this love under the symbol of that of a husband to his wife? We find the answer to this in the first three chapters of his book. Here the prophet has lifted the veil from his home life, and the sad story is briefly this. He married, as he believed, in obedience to a Divine intimation a woman named Gomer, daughter of Diblaim. He hoped the best of her; there is no reason to think otherwise. But she proved unworthy of his trust. He had married her in purity but she afterwards proved unfaithful—to be a woman of unchaste disposition. She left him for another, but he loved her still. When her paramour had grown weary of her and had forsaken her and brutally sold her as a slave, Hosea in his blighted and desolate home thought of her with compassionate tenderness. The discovery of her vileness will not compel him to give her up. He must find her and buy her back out of her degradation and misery. This he did for a small ransom, showing how far she had fallen. He brings her home and places her under restraint that through repentance she may be purified from her sin and be betrothed to himself once again in purity and love as if she had never sinned at all. From this sad experience he learns this lesson. If poor human love can be so deep, how unfathomable, how eternal must be the love of God. "If he could still love the guilty and thankless woman, would not God still love the guilty and thankless nation." In his treatment of his own sinning wife he saw a symbol of God's dealings with sinful men and became one of the greatest of the prophets.

This view of God's feeling towards Israel dominates and directs all the rest of his teaching.

It is in the light of this new truth he scathes and bewails the sin of Israel. He has seen how the degraded religion and prevailing pollution of the time and unfaithfulness to God had brought shame and sorrow into his own home. This not only filled his own soul with hatred against the vileness of his day but also helped him to understand how God would loathe Ephraim's wickedness. What Gomer's infidelity was to him so would the idolatry of the nation be in the sight of her Divine Bridegroom. A large part of the book is taken up with lamentations over the general immorality

of the Ten Tribes. He sets forth his conceptions of God's feeling towards Israel's sin of licentious idolatry in such words as the following: "Plead with your mother, plead; for she is not my wife, neither am I her husband; let her therefore put away her whoredoms out of her sight, and her adulteries from between her breasts; lest I strip her naked and set her as in the day she was born, and make her as a wilderness, and set her like a dry land, and slay her with thirst. And I will not have mercy upon her children; for they be the children of whoredoms. For their mother hath played the harlot. She that conceived them hath done shamefully; for she said, I will go after my lovers that give me my bread and my water, my wool and my flax, mine oil and my drink." (ii. 2, 5). As he had suffered because of the unfaithfulness of his wife, so God through the shame of Israel is filled with grief; and he makes the Divine love cry out in great anguish:—"How shall I give thee up Ephraim? How shall I deliver thee Israel? How shall I make thee as Admah? How shall I set thee as Zeboim? Mine heart is turned within me, my repentings are kindled together. I will not execute the fierceness of mine anger, I will not return to destroy Ephraim; for I am God and not man; the Holy One in the midst of thee; and I will not enter into the city." (xi. 8, 9). Here the prophet has learned what Christ taught more perfectly seven centuries later in those parables of grace which we find recorded in the fifteenth chapter of Luke's gospel, viz., that God suffers loss in the lostness of the sinner. Yea, as Hosea had suffered more than Gomer and the father more than the prodigal so God had suffered more than Israel.

He also sees how God must be wounded because of the foolish foreign policy of the time. The two great powers of Hosea's day were Assyria and Egypt. These two nations hated each other and were competing against each other for universal empire, "for the mastery of the great highways of commerce, for the wealth of human industry." Palestine lies between them on the highway that leads from the one to the other and was thus exposed to threatening dangers from opposite sides. We frequently find in Israel two pretenders for the throne; one with his followers looking to Assyria for help, the other to Egypt. Hosea is opposed to both. To him it was not only a foolish policy to trust in

chariots and horses in preference to Jehovah who was their God from the land of Egypt (xii. 9, xiii. 4), but it was exceedingly sinful. It was an adulterous policy. It was the desertion of her Divine Bridegroom for false lovers; and he refers to it in these words, "Ephraim hath hired lovers" (viii. 9). Her conduct towards Jehovah in this also is that of Gomer to the prophet—of "an adulteress so wanton as to purchase with her husband's money the affection and the embraces of a stranger."

Hosea saw that God's love to Israel was such as to demand her undivided affection and perfect confidence. She should make no agreement with Assyria nor Egypt nor any other nation, no matter how sorely pressed; no matter how dark the outlook, she must simply trust in him who hath said "Fear not; for thou shalt not be ashamed; neither be thou confounded; for thou shalt not be put to shame. For thy Maker is thy husband; the Lord of Hosts is His name; and thy Redeemer the Holy One of Israel; the God of the whole earth shall he be called (Is. liv. 4, 5).

Again, his conception of God's love to Israel leads him to deplore the schism which had rent the two kingdoms asunder and enables him to see that the separate existence of the Northern Kingdom is a sin out of which other sins have grown. At the time, it was sanctioned as a protest against tyranny and despotism, but it should have had no permanent existence. The moment it became possible to unite with Judah they should have done so. Israel as a separate kingdom cannot live, more than anything which has no good reason for existence. God is one, there can therefore be no rivalry between Judah and Ephraim. Hosea yearns for the healing of the breach under a Davidic King and speaks in his earlier prophecies as if Providence were leading in that direction. We have such predictions as these: "Then shall the children of Judah and the children of Israel be gathered together and appoint themselves one head, and they shall come up out of the land; for great shall be the day of Jezreel." (i. 11). "Afterwards shall the children of Israel return, and seek the Lord their God and David their King; and shall fear the Lord and his goodness in the latter days." (iii. 5). Here we see that in the fulness of time, by the power of Divine grace, enmity between Judah and Ephraim shall

cease and they shall become one rod in the hand of the Lord. (Ezek. xxxvii. 16, 17).

But further, Hosea sees from his conception of God's love to Israel that the punishment inflicted upon her was not in vengeance but as chastisement, as an educative discipline punishing for restoration. It was the chastisement of a tender, loving father who felt the wound more than the child. It was punishment inflicted by the recovering love of God for the purpose of bringing back the wanderer to itself and to purity. We are told, "an east wind shall come, the wind of the Lord shall come up from the wilderness, and his spring shall become dry, and his fountain shall be dried up; he shall spoil the treasures of all pleasant vessels. Samaria shall become desolate; for she hath rebelled against her God; they shall fall by the sword, their infants shall be dashed to pieces, and their women with child shall be ripped up." (xiii. 15, 16). "The Assyrian conqueror was this blustering east wind that ravaged the country, rifled the treasuries of the capital and put the inhabitants to the sword," but it was the wind of Jehovah seeking to purge Israel from her chaff and allure her into the wilderness that He might speak comfortably to her. Just as the prodigal in his poverty and distress was brought to his senses and began to think of the happy home he had left, and as Gomer by the brutal treatment of her paramour was led to reflect on her ways and remember the love of the prophet and became willing to return home, so God by smiting Israel with this Assyrian rod will have her know it was He who gave her corn and wine and oil and multiplied her silver and gold; and so she may be led to say "I will go and return to my first husband, for then it was better with me than now."

How grand is this conception of the Divine correction and how like the teaching of another writer who said, "My son, despise not thou the chastening of the Lord nor faint when thou art rebuked of Him, for whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth." (Heb. xii. 5).

Lastly, we notice Hosea teaches that God's love to Israel is such as to assure her final redemption. This love is moral and so great and constant that Israel must eventually re-

spond to it and be restored, so we read such words as these : "I will betroth thee unto me for ever ; yea I will betroth thee unto me in righteousness, and in judgement, and in loving kindness, and in mercies. I will even betroth thee unto me in faithfulness ; and thou shalt know the Lord." (ii. 19, 20). Here the moral bond between Jehovah and Israel is compared to the relation between husband and wife. Divorced Israel is to be taken back. God will forgive and forget her past infidelity and will betroth her unto Himself a second time as if she had never sinned. This second betrothal is not to be broken like the first. It is to last forever. "In a little wrath I hid my face from thee for a moment ; but with everlasting kindness will I have mercy on thee, saith the Lord thy Redeemer. (*vide* Is. liv. 8-10 ; Jer. xxxi. 35-37).

Moreover this marriage is based on justice and judgement. Righteousness in God and wrought into the hearts of the people is the bridal jewel. Jehovah's faithfulness, His unchanging love is the guarantee of the ultimate success of this union. The special quality on Israel's side is a true knowledge of God. This knowledge is not merely intellectual, but rather that spiritual experience which results in moral practice. It is the law of God written in the heart. "But this shall be the covenant that I will make with the house of Israel : After those days saith the Lord, I will put my law in their inward parts, and write it in their hearts ; and I will be their God and they shall be my people." (Jer. xxxi. 31-34). Then shall that people which has been so long in the wilderness "without king and without prince and without sacrifice and without pillar and without ephod or teraphim," be gathered from every nation under the sun to their own beloved land ; and when Jehovah shall say "Thou art my people," they shall respond "Thou art our God." And all of this to the glory of that all powerful, redeeming, recovering love seen by Hosea, but only fully and perfectly revealed in Christ Jesus.

"God only knows the love of God."

JOHN MUTCH.

Toronto.

SENSE AT WAR WITH SOUL : STUDIES IN THE
"IDYLLS OF THE KING."

V. THE HOLY GRAIL.

"The cup, the cup itself, from which our Lord
Drank at the last sad supper with his own.
This, from the blessed land of Arimat,
After the day of darkness, when the dead
Went wandering o'er Moriah—the good saint,
Arimathæan Joseph, journeying brought
To Glastonbury, where the winter thorn
Blossoms at Christmas, mindful of our Lord.
And there awhile it bode ; and if a man
Could touch or see it, he was heal'd at once,
By faith, of all his ills. But then the times
Grew to such evil that the holy cup
Was caught away to Heaven, and disappear'd."

These lines give us the legend of the Holy Grail. To a devout nun, the sister of Sir Percivale, after long prayer and fasting, a vision of the Holy Grail was vouchsafed ; and she, filled with sacred rapture, urged her brother and the other knights that they too should fast and pray until they had seen the vision and so the world might be healed of its wickedness. The good knight, Sir Galahad, he whose "strength was as the strength of ten because his heart was pure," was filled with a divine enthusiasm equal to her own. Within the great hall of Camelot there stood a chair fashioned long ago by Merlin and called by him, "The Siege Perilous." "For there," said he, "no man could sit but he should lose himself." One night when Arthur and some of his knights were away on an errand of justice, and the rest were gathered in the hall at the great banquet, Galahad would sit down in Merlin's chair, saying, "If I lose myself I save myself." And that night with sound of thunder and cracking and riving of the roofs the Holy Grail appeared in

their midst, only so shrouded in a luminous cloud that to none save Galahad was it visible. Then many of the knights who were present, Percivale and Bors and Gawain and Galahad himself and Lancelot and many others, took a great vow, that they would ride a twelvemonth and a day in quest of the Holy Grail until they had seen it in its unveiled glory. Arthur, on his return, heard of the vow and was displeased. Since they had sworn the vow, he bade them go, but he warned them, that in their absence, many opportunities for service would be lost, and for most of them, the quest would be in vain; they would follow wandering fires, lost in the quagmire, and many would return no more.

As he prophesied, so it was fulfilled. For Galahad, indeed, the vision never failed; but, as he went, the Holy Grail moved always by his side. In the strength of its presence, he rode, "shattering all evil customs everywhere," until at last, having fought a good fight, he passed into the Spiritual City and received a victor's crown. Percivale, too, being present when Galahad passed from earth, caught a far off glimpse of the Holy Thing; and to Bors, who least of all expected it and scarce had asked it for himself, the "sweet Grail" once appeared. But for the rest, it was as Arthur sadly laments when the quest is over—

"Lost to me and gone
And left me gazing at a barren board
And a lean Order—scarce returned a title."

What does it mean—this "tale, new-old," this divine fable, which the great, earnest poet speaks to us in language of such mysterious beauty and of such solemn grandeur that we are sure he is telling us of eternal things, although his speech be hard to understand? Let us try to learn something of its meaning.

We shall find the key, if we remember that saying of the Greatest—"Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see God." We must remember too, that to be pure in heart is to be free, not merely from sensuality, but from all that is of earth; it is to be emptied of self. Now, the vision of the Holy Grail may stand for the sight of God, for such sight of God, at least, as is possible on earth, for the apprehension of spiritual realities and the enjoyment of loftiest spiritual experiences. Such sight of God makes the heart pure. "If

a man could touch or see it, he was healed at once by faith of all his ills." "Beholding the glory of the Lord, we are changed into the same image." But it is also true, that a certain purity of heart, a certain selflessness or self-surrender is necessary in order to see God. The vision of the Holy Grail can come to Percivale's sister, the holy nun ; it can come to the pure Sir Galahad. Percivale's experiences are given in most detail. He feels the sense of sin, he tastes the pleasures of appetite, the love of woman, martial glory, spiritual renown ; but each of these fades away and leaves him thirsting in a land of sand and thorns. They bring him no nearer to the Holy Grail. It is only when all these things have passed out of his life, when he has descended into the valley of humiliation, and met with Galahad there, when he joins himself to Galahad so that he gains something of the mind that was in him ; it is only then he sees, far off, the Holy Grail. Sir Bors, also, caught a glimpse of it. And what was his spirit ? He also was a "selfless man."

"He well had been content
Not to have seen, so Lancelot might have seen
The Holy Cup of healing ; and, indeed,
Being so clouded with his grief and love,
Small heart was his after the Holy Quest :
If God would send the vision, well : if not,
The Quest and he were in the hands of Heaven."

Lancelot did not see it, though he was Arthur's greatest. He had not plucked his great sin of self, his guilty love, out of his heart ; and yet, because he struggled with it, and often tried to tear it out, he heard the voices of the angel guardians and saw something of the glory which surrounded the Grail, and of the veil which covered it. But Galahad saw it often and saw it clearly, because he had learned from the beginning, the lesson, that a man should not live to gratify himself, but "he that loseth his life shall find it." And so, on that great night when the glory of the Holy Grail appeared in the banquet hall, and the other knights were aware only of the splendor which attended its coming, Galahad could say to the king—

"But I, Sir Arthur, saw the Holy Grail,
I saw the Holy Grail and heard a cry—
O Galahad, and O Galahad, follow me."

To the common crowd, no vision came, though they had sworn the vow to seek it. Some like Gawain soon lost all desire to see the vision.

“ Ah Galahad, Galahad,” said the king, “ for such
As thou art is the vision, not for these,—
What are ye? Galahads? No, nor Percivales.”

The lesson is plain. In times of religious impression, there are men who are touched by spiritual emotion, as were the knights in hall when the glory of the Grail appeared. A vague desire arises to taste the spiritual experiences of which others tell. But they are unwilling to comply with the stern conditions. The Quest for them is in vain, and they abandon it, they fail to “ see God,” because they are not willing to purify their hearts by casting out the Self that reigns there.

There is another lesson. We have said that they who would taste the joy of lofty spiritual experience, must be willing to sacrifice Self. But if one makes spiritual joy an object in itself, if the supreme aim of one's religious life is to attain to spiritual privilege and happiness for oneself, he has not yet wholly succeeded in casting out Self. There is something higher than this. There is the infinitely loftier position of the man who could wish himself anathema from Christ for his brethren's sake, or of one who is so absorbed in his work of service for men that he forgets to think of his own states and feelings. And yet, the truth is, that the experiences of him whose mind is turned away from thought of his experiences, are the loftiest experiences of all. This also is set before us in the *Holy Grail*. The knights who started on the Quest (though Galahad was partly an exception) were desirous of spiritual privilege for themselves. And the Quest, even for those who saw the Grail, was disappointing.

“ Out of those to whom the vision came
My greatest hardly will believe he saw;
Another hath beheld it afar off,
And leaving human wrongs to right themselves,
Cares but to pass into the silent life.
And one hath had the vision face to face,
And now his chair desires him here in vain,
However they may crown him elsewhere.”

The clear eyes of the king beheld this truth. He knew that there were nearer, higher duties than the Quest of the Grail. And he knew that they who acknowledged the claim of these nearer, though seemingly humbler duties were not losers in the end.

“Some among you held, that if the King
Had seen the sight he would have sworn the vow:
Not easily, seeing that the King must guard
That which he rules, and is but as the hind,
To whom a space of land is given to plough,
Who may not wander from the allotted field,
Before his work is done; but, being done,
Let visions of the night or of the day
Come, as they will; and many a time they come,
Until this earth he walks on seems not earth,
This light that strikes his eyeball is not light,
This air that smites his forehead is not air
But vision—yea, his very hands and feet—
In moments when he feels he cannot die.
And knows himself no vision to himself,
Nor the high God a vision, nor that One
Who rose again.”

Milton.

ROBERT HADDOW.

Rejoicing in iniquity pollutes, rejoicing in vanity loosens and spills. Rejoicing in iniquity makes a dirty vessel, rejoicing in vanity a leaky one. We rejoice in iniquity when we fall in love with sin, we rejoice in vanity when we fall in love with fleeting things. Cast out then the evil that you may receive the good.—*Augustine.*

AT THE JUBILEE.

NOW that Knox is celebrating her Jubilee we would like to give a few sketches of her life at present from the student's stand point, and in the first place let us hear some of the

ECHOES FROM THE HALLS.

There were 118 men in attendance at lectures last winter. 91 were in the theological classes, 21 were fortunate in carrying off scholarships to the amount of \$1255.00 in cash, and 15 graduated.

The dining hall is still well patronized and a Mr. Johnston is the worthy Steward. No. 4 is as usual the government house, the forum of discussion, the arena of angry debate. Some men grow angry still over meat and bread and butter. Plugs there denounce the mid-night loons or appoint commissioners to remake the beds. Eagle eyes still peer for corruption in the mists of private appointments and sometimes bring down the bird to view in No. 4. These are days of economy. Every cent has its value whether we compute appointments, delegates' expenses, At Homes or college dinners. Hard cash seems to have esprit de corps by the throat and it struggles for life. Yet after all the elections in our country are over and new encouragement has come to our people a good influence may come over the men of Knox too. We hope it may. We sing of our Alma Mater, but some of us use her like an old nag, very far from like a mother. Some never spent a dime on her yet. Her old dress, her old hat, her old laurels seem good enough. Sons of Knox be ashamed! To-day is the Jubilee, let each man bring a present! Let us make her glad for once even if it costs us a little! Only a Goth allows a shabby mother, but shabbiness suggests the Goth. Let us beware of Knox's dress!

THE LITERARY SOCIETY.

In many respects it is the same at the Jubilee as quarter

of a century ago. We have its legacy in the secretaries' books grown now to four or five large volumes and an equal number of small ones. We see illustrious names to motions or subscribed as officers. They debated the living questions of the day. Motions were made and withdrawn which suggest the inevitable windy speaker. There were men overflowing with esprit de corps who ran through glowing motions. They even coped with the undying disgrace of non-attendance. We smile at their remedy and imagine the scene—a calling of the roll.

The Jubilee at least presents us with these interesting and valuable annals. But there are great changes and we have only to put together a single year anywhere and this Jubilee date to note them. Then were present men now famous in the languages and councils of a dozen foreign lands. The activity of others we see who are now silent in the tomb; many sailing far from us, went to distant lands to die. And there are names to motions and reports well-known to everybody as our most active men in Presbytery or Synod.

A minute book is a faithful photographer. It shows us that all those rooms up stairs were once filled by men like these. Some of them you would never suspect of having been there, or among the members of the Lit. Some get lost about the building now. But they were all here—we have it on the book—those bald heads and big guns, who have now half a dozen children as bad as they once were; men who have out-lived the dyspepsia once lamented while in Knox.

But there has been progress. Rev. Mr. Fenwick of Woodbridge has not forgotten the days, almost forty years ago, when with the Frasers, Fletchers, Camerons, Mathesons, Craws (all dead now) he was a member of the Society. A year ago he founded a scholarship of \$12 annually for the best essay to be read before it. During the last two years very successful At Homes were held under its auspices which have done much to increase the public's interest and liberality in the welfare of the College and Society.

Many honorable names have stood first in the Society's Executive. The late Presidents have all been our foremost

men. Mr. E. A. Henry, B. A., has been chosen on account of the many graces and abilities which he possesses, to steer the ship now so proudly adorned and grandly enlarged through this our year of Jubilee.

THE MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

Its history is becoming well-known. Students and others are relating it and recounting the labors of the men in the fields. But to be at an ordinary meeting, is better far than all, to see and hear the men as they among themselves face these questions. It is generally held on Tuesday evening in No. 1. The room is crowded; men come from far out in the city to attend. All are here from the slavish theolog to the most ambitious freshman. This is the place for union and re-union among the students. Old theologs wonder who those sturdy gray-coated freshmen are, and the freshmen gape at the theolog as he advises and legislates. The freshman soon catches the spirit so alive in these meetings, and now so unique—the spirit of the Knox Home Missionary. The theolog sizes up the freshman as to limb and chest, hopeful as to the qualifications of head and heart. All soon become one in the same great cause.

The constitution presents an excellent order of business for each meeting, making distinct provision for devotional, missionary and business exercises. With wise consideration the President always draws in the freshmen to assist in the devotional parts. Here young men make plain before God and their fellows the earnest purpose of their lives in the earliest petitions they offer up. Here they buckle on anew the armor of service. Here we soon become united with truer words than bind in any craft among men—in the name of our Society, in the name and world-wide service of our Lord.

Generally there are three or four to report of their summer's work. The blackboard presents rude outlines of the respective fields. Half-a-dozen asterisks or sometimes less resting upon the sides of what are called lakes or rivers or trails through the prairie show to those who have not been upon the field the position of the preaching stations. The missionary describes it all so graphically that you not only behold the scenery of mountain and prairie, steamboat or

river, church or dwelling, but you even see the farmer who sits next him at the table and the store where he bought his second pair of cowhides. His report must be true to the letter because he is surrounded by a host of witnesses. Hence he recounts his failures, is grateful for kindnesses and successes, and invariably pleads for further attention by the Society to the field. These are the reports which have made the men. This is how the standard is being raised in mission work. Men go home from a meeting of this kind with invaluable knowledge and inspiration.

We would like to describe the meeting held in the spring when fields are taken up and men appointed. We would like also to outline the work of the Foreign Mission band which is now enthusiastic within the Society,—how it meets on Monday evenings; how it watches and prays over every foreign field in succession; how it can number several of themselves now among the heathen, and present a long list willing to go. We would like to mention names of men doing noble work in it but space forbids.

There is a fact, though, which must not be passed over and should be known to all. The church surely knows by this time the nature of the fields we take up, and hence should study results. Imagine a man who has labored at that almost deserted lumber region, at a closed mining shaft or devastated prairie slope. Probably he was able to raise enough to pay his board and travelling expenses. But soon after, in his room, and often, after the New Year, it is pitiable to hear him confess that he has received only ten dollars on his summer's work, and has an interesting account for books and board standing against him. It is distressing to hear the treasurer putting men off by the half dozen daily with the hope of speedy assistance. No men earn better or harder money. It is too bad to pay them in this way. Could congregations not be induced to send their contributions a little earlier? However, we thank God at this Jubilee day for the advance and work done. Men are out in the field now with greater zeal than ever. The Society has schemes for pecuniary aid which may strengthen her efficiency. In Mr. John McNicol, B. A., as President, students far and near will rejoice, and in Mr. G. R. Faskin, B. A., as

treasurer, the church may be confident and acknowledge his enthusiasm.

THE GRADUATING CLASS.

There are fifteen of them in number. This falls very far below the average because last year there were twenty-seven and the coming classes are large. Why this small number at the Jubilee? The answer is that many University men jumped one year ahead into '93 by doubling up, and many others remained out a year to swell the ranks of '95. But there is a Divinity that shapes our ends, and notwithstanding the fact that many ties were broken by men jumping ahead or falling back, yet those who remained are necessary parts of this organism and elected to be the Jubilee class.

There are fifteen men, fifteen very different men, yea representative men. There is E. O. Eshoo the foreigner, the Persian, of many strange languages, journeyings and adventures,—zealous, ambitious, hopeful. But he is a foreigner no longer, he seems to have brought his whole country and countrymen to our door and they too are now our brethren. Persia has had everything to gain from Eshoo's residence here. An eastern face in shape and color now we love because of the winning expression of Eshoo's dark eye and the natural burning eloquence of his oriental tongue. A low, receding brow supported by a flat narrow head covered with coarse dark shining hair of peculiar cut we admire because his was the head of a scholar and gentleman. He is in truth a Persian, bred and born, yet he is a beloved friend, a Christian brother, to hosts in this the land of his sojourn.

Then we have the outside men. This is a very ambiguous term and a very unpopular one. But there are men we must have some name like this for. It does not necessarily mean men who reside out of the College, but it means men who are almost outside of college life and spirit. Are they of studious habits only? Well, as far as many know them, one might conclude that they were, because they attend lectures regularly and delight in carrying big books. Let us give them the benefit of the doubt. We bracket four men in this class—J. A. McConnell, A. F. Webster, Samuel Lawrence and Wm. Johnston, the big man, the bald man, the Scotchman, the Irishman. The man with a social mind,

the man with an easy-going mind, the man with an ambitious mind, the man with a touchy mind. One has appointments to spare at all times, one has encouragement from home at all times, another carries prizes in gold plus a pipe, another can carry two boys and a call. We shall not forget McConnell's pleasant face and uniform good nature, nor yet the youthful Webster, who could make more noise and play the best trick in the class-room. Lawrence always impressed us with the common sense of his countrymen, Johnston with the warm impulse and confidence of his race. We would like to have known them better. The more we saw of them the better we liked them, but let us live to rejoice in their future.

Next we have inside men, who added college life to their curriculum. Let us divide them firstly as rulers—Wm. Cooper, R. G. Murison, G. A. Wilson, A. J. Mann; Presidents of the Missionary Society, Mass-meeting, Literary Society and Glee Club. He ruled with love, he used the rod, he knew the best, he took no side. We feared the first because his worst we never knew; we knew the second because his worst came soon, yet not as bad as seemed; we loved the third because he knew no change, and with the fourth we sometimes ran away. They are great men in muscle, brain and culture. Look up their records. It is their due to take that trouble. Write their names as coming men and follow them to prove that we are true. Satisfy yourselves, because no professor or fellow student doubts. Go on Cooper! Ere Knox is half its present age again we have visions of your name as our coming church lawyer. With statesman's grasp you leave us to face the problems which every age inherits. Go on Murison! Be an Elijah in the west! The keen prospector needs your Hebrew as well as the steady Ontarionian. And when you have won your spurs the church will recognize your worth and give you rest in a chair for which you even now promise rare qualification. Success Geo. A.! We follow you up the Rockies, a pioneer of the cross. You have previously visited Abraham's Mount Moriah and laid dearly beloved ease, fame and pelf upon the altar. We think of noble lives before you in Home and Foreign fields who did the same. The harvest is plentuous and you have gone to the field early. There is

a day of returning. Paton has returned, so have McKay and Robertson, Nesbit and Black of Kildonan have reaped, so has Rogers. We have faith in your future, too. Success Alex. ! Some stories are easily carved and quickly perfected, but they are generally small. Time and pains are well spent upon a large one. The thing necessary for the sculptor is to have faith in his work. A Demosthenes is well worth carving for. An Alex. Mann may well take pains with hammer and chisel. We welcome such a future.

We divide them secondly as henchmen—men worthy of the colors. These are C. H. Lowry, C. T. Tough, T. A. Watson and R. Drinnan, men who wrote their lives upon our hearts as they steadily steered for goal. Tis true one loved our halls so much that married life seemed if not vain at least too soon, a second our halls did woo and lost but when he wooed them again he loved and now no truer son has Knox than he. The third has many loves and Knox does well to hold her own ; the last with all his might will sing for Alna Mater. Lowry's career with us was ever modest, graceful and intellectual. He is a polished gem of value. Tough is a man of ideals yet they are maturing and his grain will ever be worth threshing. No one mistakes Watson for anything but an old-time Presbyterian. The past lives in him yet ; his father and mother no doubt, and probably a good old minister. One might inherit worse. Tis the right stuff for the bow if not for the arrow. Drinnan, they say, has paddled his own canoe and arrived quite late in life. Methinks twas not all up-stream going, nor yet necessarily a portage every time he took to shore. There were picnics by the way. Only for these he would have arrived, though single, in good time and carried off the highest laurels in the College race.

And lastly we have the Opposition, the critics, the cynics, the stoics—stones hard to build, namely Geo. Craw and J. A. Mustard. We do not mean to say that these are so by nature or choice but are so chiefly through the exigencies of fortune. We do not mean to say that they lean together, nay, each is individual. Their shafts have no resemblance, nor did they scarcely ever attack together. The first would often sit, perchance would speak or leave the meeting, either to frown, sting or ignore with such a haughty air as made

his countenance of turkey-red. The second was always on the wall in view of friend and foe, in reach of sharpest fire. He was never known to quit the fray though often seen to stagger and grow pale. Take these men in their unofficial capacity and the first is just as human as other men, and the second remarkably docile. The mantle of fate has hidden their very best traits of character, so that many a man does not know them. Craw's heart is warmer than the blood which fills his veins and few could say that there were any limits to its size. Mustard is a hale, good hearted fellow, of stuff of which great men and rare students are made. Craw sat on the cross benches, a third party man, and in time made us listen to and respect his views. Mustard was an ideal leader of the Opposition, but, like them, reaped far too few of the honors paid to good legislation.

"Break, break, break
On thy cold, gray stones, O Sea!
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me."

"Break, break, break
At the foot of thy crags, O Sea!
But the tender grace of a day that is dead
Will never come back to me."

Wyevale, July 20th, '94.

A. L. B.

Regard not much who is for thee, or against thee ; but mind what thou art about, and take care that God may be with thee in everything thou doest. Have a good conscience, and God will well defend thee, for whom God will help, no man's perverseness shall be able to hurt.—*Thomas A Kempis.*

PASTORAL WORK. *

THE visiting of our people is scarcely less important than preaching to them. The one is dealing with their souls collectively; the other is bringing our ministry to bear on them individually. The one is complementary to the other. It is an old saying, yet a true one, that a house-going clergyman makes a church-going people. A pastor deceives himself who thinks he has done his duty by merely ascending the pulpit and preaching a sermon. We should often think of the pains our Lord and Master took with one single, sinful woman at the well of Sychar. A sermon, however forcible and striking, will often fail to arrest a soul, when a word spoken in private may have a very beneficial effect. The person then feels that we are speaking directly to him. Thus we often gather better fruit from our visits than from our public teaching. In preaching we bend the bow and God is often-times pleased to direct the arrow of conviction to some heart. That heart may bleed inwardly. There may be deep feeling. The soul may be severely exercised. In such cases there is need for much affectionate attention and anxious care. The sheep in distress should be sought for and gently led to him who can relieve them. In this way we can further the work so happily begun by the preaching of the Word.

I. Pastoral visitation may be divided into general and special. By general we mean periodical visitation. Some ministers visit their congregations twice a year. But the number of visits each year will depend very much on the size, needs and circumstances of the congregation. Very seldom is a minister an unwelcome visitor. If in any place we seem to be unwelcome, we should practice patience. There are occasions when more than ordinary tact is needed. In some cases our object would be hindered by introducing

* A paper read before the Georgetown Ministerial Association.

with abruptness the main subject of our visit. The soul must be prepared a little to receive the seed we are about to sow on it. We must to a certain extent study the peculiar habits and temperament of the individual into whose home we enter. A little knowledge of human nature and a willingness to adapt ourselves to the ways of those to whom we minister will be sure to make us useful and welcome visitors. How often it happens that in our congregations there is here and there a person desiring to have a few words of private conversation with us. If we do not throw ourselves in his or her way they will perhaps not have the courage to speak to us. By a pastoral visitation such an opportunity is often happily given. In these visits it is not enough to show an interest in the mere temporal well-being of those with whom we converse. The soul must engage our chief attention. Let us remember we have a real work to do. Let this thought always be with us. Let us go out to visit not because we ought to spend so much time visiting our people but because they have souls. Let us remember that we have committed to us, feeble as we are, the task of saving them from everlasting destruction.

I am sure none of us have come to the conclusion that pastoral work is an easy part of our ministerial duty. To make our visits telling and profitable we should not undertake them without earnest prayer for God's special guidance and counsel; nor without thought and preparation. We take pains to prepare our discourses for the pulpit, we should also take pains to prepare what we intend to say to the sick or the well, in the main at least. Of course new thoughts will come to us as we converse with the person or persons. A special topic may sometimes be suggested by the impression left on the mind by the previous visit. Again, some family circumstance which has recently happened may prompt the desired subject for conversation. This will give force and character to our visits. It is always desirable, when we can, to leave something striking and instructive on the minds of our people. When we have gone away they may dwell upon what they have heard. It is not enough that they should feel our conversation has been harmless and agreeable; but it should be directly profitable that they may learn something from it. They should not merely have reason to remember that they have received a visit from a kind

friend, but from a minister of Christ. In our visitations we are often liable to be turned from our purpose by the tendency of some to dwell on their neighbors' faults or to harp almost entirely on their peculiar difficulties instead of regarding our visits as fresh means of grace or instruction.

In dealing with such cases we must carefully avoid anything like impatience ; but at the same time we must aim at carrying out the object of our visit if possible.

II. There is a special visitation which seems to have a still more pressing claim on the attention of the pastor. If we know of any person being in an awakened and inquiring state it is important to go at once, and give a helping hand. Many a one in this state has lapsed or fallen back into carelessness, from lack of advice and guidance just at this critical moment. We may know of another growing cold who at one time gave great promise of being an aggressive Christian. A word in season may recall him to a sense of his duty and thus he will be led to renewed efforts in Christian living. We might give other examples which need our special oversight, but these will suffice to show the need of special visits on the part of the minister.

On such visits it is very necessary that whilst we speak with all faithfulness, we should also use great tenderness. This will inspire confidence. The heart that was shut up within itself will now be thrown open. Difficulties which have for some time existed will be freely spoken of. The poor soul that has mourned and struggled in secret will find unspeakable relief in discovering that there is one human friend at least who can sympathize with it.

There is one class of persons very difficult to deal with. They are those who accord with all we say but do not seem to be moved with much religious feeling. Some people assent to everything we say. They will even anticipate us. But they mean very little by their words. How we have wished they would contradict or oppose us in some way that we might turn our visit perhaps to a profitable account.

Experience will alone suggest to us how best to deal with such. And after all we can but speak according to our judgment in each case, asking God to bless our words however feebly spoken.

The sick and infirm have a prior claim to all others upon their pastor. Deprived of the public ordinances of the church they, more than any, need to be specially visited. As they cannot go to the means of grace, these must be brought to them. Sickness is a most important season for religious impressions. Illness and death are oftentimes the only doors through which we can enter a house. This too is often the time when the Holy Spirit seems to strive more than ordinarily with men. God is then in a remarkable manner pleading with the soul. Through the silent and dreary hours of illness, as through the mazes of a wilderness, the Good Shepherd is going after the lost sheep till he finds it. It is true that where we expect the richest harvest, our labors may often fail, and even in hopeful cases four out of five may eventually disappoint us. But does not the fifth case amply repay us for all the toil and anxiety we have expended. If one only is led to feel "it is good for me that I have been afflicted," is it not enough to cheer our hearts and prove to us that our "labor is not in vain in the Lord"?

Here also gentleness and consideration are greatly needed. The patient is often very weak. The mind may be so shattered as to be incapable of exertion. Bodily pains will frequently draw off the attention and absolutely render the patient unfit for deriving enjoyment from our ministrations. This should ever be borne in mind, lest we mistake his weakness for apathy or spiritual indifference. When in a sick-room we should not say too much. What we do say should be to the point. Too long a visit wearies the patient. The reading of a short but suitable portion of scripture with a few words of affectionate, earnest application to the heart and conscience, followed up by a simple and fervent prayer, is most likely to be the most acceptable and profitable.

Sometimes it is most desirable to see a sick person alone. There may be matters which have passed through his mind which he would like the minister alone to know. At other times it may be desirable that some members of the family should be present that they may profit themselves from our visit, and that they may follow up with the sick person the conversation we have begun.

In visiting the sick, this question will often occur to one of a conscientious mind: "Should I visit this or that

infectious case?" There are differences of opinion in regard to what is our duty here. One thing is clear, we should bring sanctified common sense to our aid in these cases. We should also ask for the guidance of our Heavenly Father. We should never act the part of the coward when we are called to perform our duty.

Let us as sensible men take the necessary precautions as physicians do, when coming into contact with infectious diseases. Having done this, commit ourselves to Him who says, "He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty." We should go forward in the path of duty and say, with Paul, "I count not my life dear unto myself."

In cases where our visits are likely to be continuous it may be desirable to act upon a fixed plan. Such successive visits will be rendered much more profitable where there is some systematic and pre-arranged course of teaching adopted. This will, with God's blessing, be likely to produce the greatest amount of real, solid benefit, and will prevent also that repetition and sameness which are so apt to characterize our visits when they become periodical.

Let us realize the value of every moment we spend with a sick person if death be evidently near. There is no time perhaps to lose. The opportunity is a golden one. It may soon pass by. On such occasions we should speak solemnly, affectionately and earnestly. Speak to the person as on the verge of eternity, yet hopefully and believingly. Vinet has said that "God can give to one moment the value of a life, as in the case of the penitent thief on the cross. While it is not wise to put off to a dying hour to make our peace with God, yet it is a minister's duty to labor for the conversion of the sick with all the resources at the command of his heart and spirit. We know not what may be passing in that interior world into which our eye cannot penetrate, nor by what mystery eternity may be suspended on a moment and salvation on a sigh." Let us leave nothing untried. When there appears to be no hope of recovery, it is not always desirable to announce a person's danger to him. Sometimes it may be our duty. Especially when we see that false hopes of restoration to health are cherished, or when we are

forced to resort to alarm as the last and only method of inducing the sinner to consider his fearful condition. But otherwise it is better to let grace have its natural course apart from fear. For we may with greater confidence rely on the reality and durability of the work that is accomplished in moments of calmness, than that which is performed during the disturbed state of feeling which is caused by the unexpected approach of death. Mere remorse, which is produced by the consciousness that life is fast ebbing, is not repentance. Terror is not concern. Fear of death is not the fear of God.

Let us try to feel a pleasure in visiting the sick and afflicted. Let us take as deep an interest in some poor squalid, ungainly object as in a person whose appearance and manner are naturally pleasing and attractive. For on the former the angels may be looking down with joy, knowing what grand possibilities are there.*

To go forth on a round of visits is sometimes sorely against the flesh. We would rather perhaps be preaching or sitting by our fireside reading. Let us look upon this as a temptation. Let us guard against it. For the feeling will grow, if not met by a determined effort.

Let us say to ourselves, "I am going about my Master's business, I may be a channel of blessing to some soul or souls. God may have a message to them through me."

Georgetown.

L. PERRIN.

A COMMONPLACE life, we say, and we sigh;
 But why should we sigh as we say?
 The commonplace sun in the commonplace sky
 Makes up the commonplace day.

The moon and the stars are commonplace things,
 The flower that blooms and the bird that sings;
 But sad were the world and dark our lot
 If flowers failed and the sun shone not;
 And God who sees each separate soul,
 Out of commonplace lives makes His beautiful whole.

—Susan Coolidge.

HOW I DO MY VISITING—A SYMPOSIUM.

I.

I HAVE always regarded pastoral visitation as a very important part of a minister's work, and therefore try to be faithful in discharging this part of my duty. I pay what may be called a regular pastoral visit to each family in my charge at least once a year, and besides visiting the sick regularly I visit, usually before the communion, the careless and those I think should be members in full communion with the church but are not, making the communion the occasion of an earnest talk regarding their spiritual interests and their duty to God. These talks I have found very helpful to me and I have reason to believe they have been blessed to the conversion of not a few.

In my regular visitation I always intimate on the Sabbath the families I intend to visit during the week, the day on which I intend to visit them, and the order, which is, if possible, just as the homes occur on the concession or street. I never plan to reach at noon the place where I expect to get the best dinner, or spend two hours with some special friend whilst I make half an hour do for some family with whom I am less intimate. I try to visit when it is most convenient for people to meet with me, as I like to meet every member of the family even if I have to go to the barn or the fields for that purpose.

As regards the character of my pastoral visits, although I do not thrust religious subjects into the conversation, I am careful to make the call pastoral, making the church, christian work, etc., the burden of the conversation, and always reading a portion of scripture the most suitable I can think of, making any comments that may occur to me upon it, and praying for the blessing of the Divine Master upon the

family, not merely in a general way, but with special reference to their condition and experiences so far as I know them.

Erin.

R. FOWLIE.

II.

Since this is to be an "experience meeting" it will be pardonable to use the first-personal pronoun.

I have always tried to keep before me the importance of this department of my work and to avoid falling into a perfunctory way of doing it, preparing before entering on each day's visiting by meditation and prayer, seeking grace to be faithful and wise and sincerely sympathetic, and I feel increasingly the need and benefit of such preparation.

I may say there are three branches in this department of my work : (1) Visiting the sick and afflicted. (2) Regular visitation of families. (3) Evangelistic visiting, by which I mean personal effort to gather in non-church-goers and careless ones.

(1) As to visiting the sick and afflicted—my general practise is to have one afternoon a week given to this—visiting some cases weekly, some fortnightly, some monthly and some as often as daily, according to need. I always have prayer with such, and usually scripture reading, besides conversation with them about their personal relation to Christ. I seek to be especially attentive to the sick and afflicted and have never found cause to regret time spent in this way, having seen very many born into the kingdom through such means, and many others advance to a higher plane of Christian living. Doubtless this is the experience of every minister.

(2) As to regular visitation of families—I have never followed the plan of announcing intended visits from the pulpit, partly because of uncertain health making it frequently impossible to keep such appointments, and partly because I prefer to find people unprepared—though in some fields and for some ministers this is doubtless the best plan. Having about 300 families in all to visit (including non-church-goers under no other minister's care) I can visit them only once in nine months. If I could I would visit them twice a

year. I generally have worship in such cases—always except when it seems clearly inopportune. I make a special effort in connection with such visits as well as at all other times to find and take advantage of opportunities for personal conversation about Christ. I never consider it an opportunity if others are present. I frequently make special visits in search of such opportunities.

(3) Evangelistic visiting. This I do in connection with pastoral visitation so as to avoid needless travelling. I have devoted special time to this work in my present field, where there is abundant scope for it among the families especially of the artisan classes. I make frequent visits in such cases, having no rule as to the character of the visits—very often not having prayer or scripture-reading—more frequently however having personal conversation more or less direct as it may seem opportune—inviting, exhorting, reasoning, warning—and always taking advantage of any opportunity to show personal kindness in any way. I persist in this personal attention until they come to the public services and to Christ. I have had much assistance in this work from many in the congregation. Not less than 50 families during three years have been brought in this way to attend church regularly, and many of these have become thoroughly Christian as a result. I believe that in city churches much more might be accomplished along this line by employing lay helpers, either men or women, to assist the minister.

I spend the afternoons of Tuesday, Thursday and Friday, and usually one or two evenings each week, in some form of visiting.

Hamilton.

J. G. SHEARER.

III.

For twenty-three years, I have gone in and out among my people, in regular annual pastoral visitation. I say annual, because while some seem to be able to do more, I have never attempted more than one regular pastoral visit during the year, and I am certain that no minister, even with a congregation of ordinary size, like my own, having about one hundred and forty families, with about three hundred members, with nearly half of them in the country—

can undertake more than one pastoral visit during the year.

My visiting in the country is all done during September, October and part of November, that is during the season when farmers have most leisure, and when roads and weather are most favorable. Two afternoons of every week are set apart for that work. Having announced my visits from the pulpit on a previous Sabbath, the families expect me and being ready, waiting when I go, all delays are reduced to a minimum. The children are often kept at home from school, that we may meet with them and catechise them, and that they may receive their pictures and cards and papers. I have always been in the habit not only of reading the scriptures and engaging in prayers, but also of distributing cards and tracts and illustrated papers, and magazines, in each home. Instead of allowing these to accumulate into dusty piles in the minister's study I scatter them among my people. I think this always adds additional interest to a pastoral visit. I may say here that, while some are opposed to the plan of announcing the visits from the pulpit, first because you are not so apt to find people in their normal condition, and second because so many things interfere and cause you to disappoint, I have found the plan very helpful in preparing the people, so that little time may be lost, and also in leading the minister to feel that he has an engagement that (D.V.) must be fulfilled. One reason why pastoral visitation has been neglected, and given up, is the great loss of time entailed and the indefinite way in which some pastors perform it. During December, and until after holiday term, when there are so many extra meetings, I do not visit. My visiting is done in the town, in the evenings, during February, March and April. From 7 to 9.30, generally on Thursday and Friday evenings, I do my visiting in the town. By visiting in the evening we generally get the whole family gathered and have a pleasant and profitable time in the bosom of each family. If we are a little late the children refuse to go to bed until the minister has come and gone and they have said their psalm or piece, and received their card or booklet.

I sympathise with those ministers whose congregations are so large that they cannot hope to evertake an annual pastoral visit, and still more so with those in cities who tell

us that they find pastoral visitation impossible. With me it has been both practicable and pleasant, and I trust profitable.

Fergus.

J. B. MULLAN.

IV.

The object of this symposium, as I understand it, is to ascertain the best—the most effective method of conducting the work of pastoral visitation. I shall, therefore, not speak in detail of the several ways in which I have attempted to overtake, as effectively as possible, this most important part of the minister's work.

To begin with, I have always endeavored to have a definite object in view in visiting, and ever whilst going about amongst my people to keep that object clearly before my mind—believing that mere desultory visiting will accomplish but little if any good. The object may be to know your people—a very worthy and necessary object—or it may be to instruct them, or to win them to Christ. I have visited with all of these ends in view, and the end sought has given character to my visiting. Thus at the beginning of my pastorate I was very anxious to know my people in order that I might be the better able to preach to them—so visited them with this end more particularly before me. The result of this was that I became convinced that if I was to accomplish a lasting good through visitation I would have to do more than simply read the Bible and pray or even expound the word. All of this the people get from the pulpit every Sabbath. I felt that in order to reach and benefit every member of the family and household more instruction was necessary. Accordingly I determined to make a change in the method of my visiting, and the end, instruction, being determined it was a comparatively easy matter to decide as to the character of the method to be adopted. I prepared a list of questions which I had printed and distributed to every family in my congregations about a month before commencing to visit.

The questions were graded as follows :—

(1) Questions for children between the ages of five and ten.

(2) Questions for boys and girls between the ages of ten and fifteen.

(3) Questions for young men and women.

(4) Questions for parents and all professing Christians.

The questions asked of the younger children were of course very simple—selected mainly from O. T. history and the life of Jesus—more difficult questions being asked of each succeeding class in proportion to age and Christian experience.

As to the value of the method thus briefly presented I have only to say that though at first it was simply an experiment, I soon found that it was an experiment that worked. It secured the presence in the large majority of cases of every member of the family on the day of the pastor's visit—the children as well as the parents. The questions being distributed beforehand an opportunity was given to be prepared and it was to me exceedingly gratifying to find that with but two exceptions considerable attention had been given to the study of the questions as evidenced by the ready and intelligent answers and enquiries. All were interested—especially the children—and the interest of the parents was increased by seeing the eagerness with which their children replied to the questions asked of them. The almost universal testimony of parents and others was that the method was a decided improvement on the methods formerly employed, and over and over again was I thanked for the pleasure and profit my visit had afforded. The results, so far as I could ascertain were good—for one thing, I learned to know my people as never before and was in consequence greatly helped in preparing food for their spiritual necessities. The same plan was pursued the following year, and I think, with equally beneficial results. The following year I was unable, owing to certain circumstances, to prepare a list of questions for distribution and this year I have not prepared them as I am confining myself to special work in dealing with those who are not members of the church or are unconverted. But so thoroughly convinced am I of the utility of the method so far as my present field of labor for the Master is concerned that I purpose keeping it before me as my ideal of pastoral visiting though I do not think that a

minister should be tied to any one method. As already stated the method will vary with the specific end in view.

Norval.

J. ARGO.

v.

You ask, How do I do my visiting? In answer let me say: (1) I try to be methodical and overtake a certain amount of visiting each week. I find it satisfactory to keep a pocket register in which to arrange in alphabetical order all the families in the congregation.

In this I record the date of every visit and indicate by a letter its character, whether it was a sick visit or an ordinary visit, when I read and pray with the family, or a call when these exercises for good reasons are not observed. A record is convenient sometimes. It serves to correct the memory of some good people who are so sure that it has been so many months since you were last in their home. Moreover, it keeps the minister informed, so that he need not ignorantly give more time to some families in the congregation than others.

(2.) In a well administered congregation the elders will share generously with the minister in all the work of the church. The minister should be patient in impressing upon them the true nature of their office and in leading them to assume all its responsibilities.

As in most congregations, we have elders' districts and have agreed that each elder shall visit from time to time every home in his district. Each one of them is provided with a little book in which is written the name and address, arranged by streets, of every family or single person connected in any way with the congregation.

Again, a register of all the members in full communion has been furnished each elder in which is recorded the attendance at communion of each one, as also a column for the date of the elder's visit.

While we are using the two books—the one with a list of families, etc., and the other with a list of members in full communion—we are of the opinion that the more orderly method to carry these memoranda would be to have one book in which would be recorded the list of families, to-

gether with the names of all baptized children, over every one of whom the Session should exercise oversight, and also the list of members in full communion, with a register of attendance at communion.

We meet regularly each month and regard as an important item on our docket of business the report from each member of Session—minister included—of the month's visitation, with results.

To secure this regularly from each elder, a little more is required than a simple resolution of Session that this plan of monthly report be adopted. I know, of course, that there are elders and elders. However wise may be your plans of work there may be some who will be of little help to you.

This monthly meeting should never fail to be held, and at it the minister should never fail himself to report. He will require to be patient and persistent in Session and out of Session, urging with discretion that each elder does his work, that he attends every meeting of Session and reports his visits with results.

Contributory to the success of monthly Session meetings is a weekly meeting of elders with the minister at the close of every Sabbath evening service. At this meeting the work of the day is talked over, cases of sickness reported, the attendance of strangers noted, and the services of the day closed with prayer.

This meeting is most valuable in bringing the minister and elders near to each other and also in leading the elders to appreciate the sacredness and obligations of their office.

Under the supervision of the minister a great deal of inter-visitation of members has been secured with good results. We inculcate from the pulpit the grace of true christian fellowship, and we also furnish quietly a large number of members with a list of five or six families to call upon.

We keep a record of these lists given and inquire from time to time how this work is being done, and expect that it shall be done, and thus a great deal of satisfactory visitation is effected. By a little organization the minister may through the elders keep his hand on every person in the congregation.

BY THE GRAVES OF THE COVENANTERS.

I stood by the Martyr's lonely grave,
Where the flowers of the moorland bloom ;
Where bright memorials of nature wave
Sweet perfume o'er the sleeping brave,
In his moss-clad mountain tomb !

The lover of freedom can never forget
The glorious peasant band,—
His sires,—that on Scotia's moorlands met ;—
Each name like a seal on the heart is set,
The pride of his Fatherland !

—*H. Brown.*

Sir Walter Scott, in the opening chapter of "Old Mortality," represents a schoolmaster as taking an evening stroll towards a deserted burial ground. The place nestles in a hollow of the heathy hill-side, is bounded by a brook, and is shaded by ash trees, through which the wind is sighing. Within the enclosure the eye rests upon moss-covered memorial stones half sunk in the ground, and short velvet turf, with daisies and hairbells nourished by the dews of heaven. The schoolmaster spends the evening hour there in quiet meditation, thinking of those who stood for Christ's crown and covenant, and who now lie buried there.

We may take that scene as representative of many another such, for in various parts of Scotland there are like quiet resting places, and there have always been pilgrims, more enthusiastic and appreciative than that schoolmaster, who have meditated there. I would most heartily commend such a pilgrimage to any who may chance to read these notes.

Should you chance to be in Edinburgh, take your way to the Greyfriars' Kirkyard and there, almost under the shadow of the Castle Rock, and near to the Grassmarket where so many were put to death, you will find the "Martyrs' Monument," or should you be minded to go to some solitary spot

within easy reach of the city, walk a few miles towards the south-west and you will reach the battle field and burial place of Rullion Green, sheltered in a nook of the Pentland hills.

Then, if time allow, extend your tour into the southern and south-western counties. You may go to "Ayr's Moss" where Richard Cameron fell, and where still—

"Cameron's sword and his Bible are seen
Engraved on the stone where the heather lies green."

you may stand beside the monument at Anwoth, raised in honor of Samuel Rutherford, who began his ministry there. You may turn towards the Solway Frith and note the place within the flood mark, where the fair young Margaret Wilson and her aged companion were drowned. You may spend an hour at Priesthill, where John Brown the devout carrier was shot by Claverhouse, or you may pause beside green mounds and mossy headstones of the obscure but brave, who lived and died in the faith which their fathers knew.

Go to such places, take the hat from off your head, for the place on which you stand is holy ground. Come with mind well stored, not from such misleading and inaccurate sources as the brilliant novel, "Old Mortality," but from letters and words of the people themselves, and from strictly historical records. As the fresh breezes from the moorland and hillsides, and the stronger winds from the sea blow about you, let the memories of the past, like these fragrant breezes, encircle. Let a vision of the army of the Covenant pass before your mind, as a vision of the kings passed in procession before Macbeth. You will find such a place to be at once a sanctuary and a school of learning; a sanctuary amongst the hills where you will be as one worshipping in spirit and in truth, and a school of learning where you will be enriched by the thoughts such surroundings will suggest.

A first thought that must rise in the mind is this: "*These sufferers knew how to live.*" The more closely we study the history of this period the more deeply we must be impressed with the fact that these sufferers lived indeed. We feel that these were lives into which God had poured of His fulness; and though they were constantly giving out of that with which they were filled, there still was left "good measure,

pressed down, and shaken together, and running over." What was the secret of it all? They had first merged their will in the Will of God, as the river pours itself unrestrainedly into the ocean. Then they were filled with high resolves—to maintain the kingship of Christ, to defend the right to liberty of conscience, and to hand down to after generations the heritage of a pure church, with Christ above as its king and head.

As they lived and struggled for this, their lives became full to overflowing. If ever men lived they did. They realised that, in this life and now, men must die to live, and this they did daily. They realised that the words of Jesus were deeply true of the daily life—"He that findeth his life shall lose it; and he that loseth his life for My sake shall find it." They lost their lives daily by surrendering them to God, and devoting them to these noble ends. They were recompensed an hundred fold, for they lived in one week a lifetime of heroic deeds and holy thoughts.

They have sometimes been called unlovely and narrow and stern in their lives. Doubtless some were so, and forbiddingly so; but more often their stronger qualities have been mis-read. Iron firmness of troublous times is often called in the summer days which follow, harshness; and unflinching determination to maintain what is dearer than life, is called sternness; while the directing of the thought full upon the absorbing subject to the necessary exclusion of others, is classed as narrowness. Some of them were harsh, and stern, and narrow, but by far the greater number, while unflinchingly determined, were lovely and loveable in their lives. John Stuart Blackie defends our forefathers right well:—

Say not that they were harsh and stern and sour,
Or say they were so, but not therefore base;
In iron times God sends with mighty power
Iron apostles to make smooth His ways;
And hearts of rock, close-clamped with many a bar,
He plants where angry billows lash the shore:

* * * * *

We reap in ease what they did sow in toil,
And rate them harsh, and stern, and sour the while.

When men are hunted and shot down like wild beasts, when they are forced to wander about "destitute, afflicted, tor-

mented"—how could the softer graces be developed! If they were harsh and stern so were Jeremiah and Elijah and John the Baptist; so were many others "of whom the world was not worthy."

We will not stand beside these resting places in vain if we have learned how to drink deeply of the cup of life, that the fulness of life in us may expend itself in devout thought and heroic deed.

A second thought will naturally follow the first: "*These sufferers shewed how to die.*" Thus they lived, thus they teach us to live; how did they die? No more splendid record of triumphant advance to meet death is recorded in history. To equal it we must read the annals of Christian fortitude in the days of heathen persecution. We feel, as we remember their death scenes, that here are men and women who have caught a glimpse of the glory beyond the veil, and who are passing, in triumphal progress, from glory to glory.

Let me recall a few of those memories of their last moments. I will take them almost at random, as one would pluck a few wild flowers from amid the abundance in the woods.

Here is a fragment of an old letter which Donald Cargill wrote to a fellow-sufferer when both were about to die:—
"Farewell, dearest friend, never to see one another any more till at the right hand of Christ. Fear not, and the God of mercie; grant a full gale, and a fair entry into His kingdom, which may carry sweetly and swiftly over the bar, that you find not the rub of death."

The story of the death of John Brown, of Priest-hill, is known to every one. The wife and children stood by in dread, while Claverhouse ordered him to pray. The man of God, a humble carrier, commended his soul to God with such fervor that the very soldiers would not shoot him. There is something inexpressibly touching in those last words of his, in which he called down the benediction of God on his dear ones—"God bless you all; may all purchased and promised blessings be multiplied."

One of the most heroic, though the briefest, of the death scenes was that in which a dying peasant, weltering in his

blood, cried out as he fell back dying—"Though every hair of my head were a man I would die all those deaths for Christ and His cause."

Though we are tempted to linger over these splendid comments on the text, "O death where is thy sting," we will recall only one further—that of the last of the martyrs, James Kenwick. He was a young minister of rare parts, described as "ruddy and of a fair countenance, like David." When in prison, about to be led out to execution, he offered up, in the presence of his mother and sisters, a prayer of which the following sentences form a part :—"O Lord, thou hast brought me within two hours of eternity, and this is no matter of terror to me, more than if I were to lie down in a bed of roses. . . . O, how can I contain this, to be within two hours of the crown of glory !"

We do not admit that the page of history which tells of the death of these heroes is a dark one. It is one of the brightest in all the history of our church and people, and we could not afford to forget it. It would be well for us, the heirs of the privileges they handed down, if we might also fall heir to such life with God as that the hour of death, however and whenever it might come, might be the brightest hour of all.

A further thought will surely be this : "*Their memory was revered and is worthy of reverence still.*" We do not wonder at the deep reverence with which their memory was cherished. We do not wonder that the very Psalms they loved best, the passages of Scripture found to be most comforting to them, their sayings through the struggle, their dying words, have been devoutly cherished. Nor do we wonder that the very places of burial have become as sacred shrines.

No people in the land have expressed this veneration more fittingly than aged men of the peasant class. In the generations succeeding the struggle many an old man, staff in hand, would saunter towards the martyrs' graves. They would take the bonnet from the head, repeat devoutly some favourite passage, or sing some favourite psalm, then feel that the highest earthly honour for them now would be to be laid to rest beside them.

Mr. Robert Reid, one of our minor Scottish poets, and now resident in Montreal, depicts such a scene in pure classical Scottish dialect. The poem, of which the following verses form a part, is one of the tenderest and best of Covenanting melodies. An old man imagines himself to be in the kirkyard of Kirkbride by the Nith. He imagines that he hears, floating from the sky above the valley, the song the sufferers had sung here long ago, and he expresses the longing to be laid to rest beside the 'great and just.'

"Bury me in Kirkbride
 Where the Lord's redeemed ones lie ;
 The auld kirkyard on the grey hill-side,
 Under the open sky ;
 Under the open sky,
 On the breist o' the brae sae steep,
 And side by side wi' the banes that lie
 Streikt there in their hinmost sleep ;
 This pair dune body maun sune be dust.
 But it 'thrills wi' a stoun o' pride,
 To ken it may mix wi' the great and just
 That slumber in thee, Kirkbride.

Hark ! frae the faur hill taps,
 An' laich frae the lanesome glen,
 Some sweet Psalm tune like a late dew draps
 Its wild notes doon the win' ;
 Its wild notes doon the win'
 Wi' a kent soun' owre my min'
 For we sang't on the moor, a when huntit men
 Wi' oor lives in oor haun's lang syne ;
 But never a voice can disturb this sang,
 Were it Claver'se in a' his pride,
 For it's raised by the Lord's ain ransomed thrang
 Forgether'd abune Kirkbride.

Rax me my staff an' plaid
 That in readiness I may be,
 An' dinna forget that The Book be laid
 Open, across my knee ;
 Open, across my knee,
 An' a text close by my thoom,
 An' tell me true, for I scarce can see,
 That the words are—"Lo ! I come."
 Then carry me through at the Cample ford.
 An' up by the lang hillside,
 An' I'll wait for the comin' o' God, the Lord,
 In a neuk o' the auld Kirkbride."

While referring to the veneration in which the devout peasantry of Scotland have held the memory and the very resting places of the Covenanters, I cannot refrain from jotting down a few sentences which will be found in S. R. Crockett's brilliant work, "The Stickit Minister." These sentences will surely live as long as we have a Scottish literature:—

"He saw an old grey-headed man, who worshipped, leaning upon the top of his staff, in a sheltered nook behind a low white-washed Galloway farm house. He held his broad bonnet in his hands and the wind blew a stray lock over a brow like a weather-beaten cliff. His lips moved, but there was no sound. A little lad of five came pattering up the foot-worn path which led to the private oratory of the family high priest. The silent prayer ended, the pair took their way hand in hand to the heights of the crags, where, under its shallow covering of turf and heather, the grey teeth of the granite shone. As they sit, they speak, each to the other, like men accustomed to high and serious discourse.

"But why did the martyrs not go to the kirk the king wanted them to?" the child asked.

The old man rose, strong now on his feet, the fire in his eye, his natural force not abated. He pointed north to where on Auchennesch Muir the slender shaft of the martyrs' monument gleamed white among the darker heather—south to where on Kirkcounell hillside Grier of Lag found six living men and left six corpses—west toward Wigtown Bay, where the tide drowned three of the bravest of women, tied like dogs to a stake—east to the kirkyards of Balweary and Nether Dullarg, where under the trees the martyrs of Scotland lie thick as gowans on the lea. The fire of the Lord was in his eye.

"Dinna forget, David Oliphant," he said, his voice high and solemn, as in a chant, "that these all died for Christ's cause and covenant. They were murdered because they worshipped God according to their conscience. Remember, boy, till the day of your death, that among these men were your forbears."

This spirit of reverence we too may emulate, though it may be expressed in other ways. While "Old Mortality" kept the gravestones in order and the names engraved thereon legible, while many another paid reverent tribute by spending the evening hour by the mounds, while others aspired to be buried beside them, we may cherish their memory in ways that are open to us. We may honour them in heart, we may try, in our far other circumstances, to be as brave and as devout as they were; better still, we may show our veneration by seeking to maintain, in our church and land, the great principles of liberty and loyalty for which they suffered, and thus may try to realize, in these summer days, that for which they struggled so bravely.

I have thus sought to outline one way of using a day or two, while touring in Scotland, and have touched the margin of the many thoughts and lessons which such surroundings must suggest.

As we cannot estimate the direct and indirect influence on our church and people now, of the dead who rest in old kirkyards by grey hillsides, we may well spare a day to meditate there, and to receive the lessons there taught.

Mimico, Ont.

ALEXANDER MACMILLAN.

PATRICK LAING.

NOTE.—As a fitting supplement to Mr. MacMillan's article we print the following poem by Mr. Alexander Anderson, author of "Cuddle Doon" and other poems. Mr. Anderson, although by original occupation a railway "surfaceman," succeeded in acquiring a good literary education and has written a number of beautiful Scottish lyrics. His ability was at length recognized and he now occupies the position of librarian in the Philosophical Institution, Edinburgh. We print this poem from a MS. in Mr. Anderson's handwriting forwarded by Mr. MacMillan.

The deid sleep soun' in the auld kirk-yaird
 At the fit o' the hills sae steep,
 They dream sweet dreams aneath the swaird
 An' lang and still is their sleep.

The whaup comes doon wi' an eerie cry
 An' the peasweep flaps a' day,
 But they canna wauken the deid that lie
 At rest in their shroods o' clay.

The grass grows lang and waves at the heid
An' fit o' each sunk thruch-stane,
"O, waes me," it sighs, "for the faithfu' deid
That canna come back again."

Then the win's tak it up, an' they cry to me
As I lie on the grassy swaird,
"We hae ane that kent how to live an' die
An' he sleeps in the auld kirk-yaird."

For when hate like a clud hung over the lan',
For the faith that his fathers knew,
He took to the hills wi' the sword in his han'
To fecht for the gude an' the true.

An' when the storm o' his life grew still,
They laid him doon to his rest,
In the auld kirk-yaird, at the fit o' the hill,
Wi' the green swaird on his breast.

An' what though nae stane can be seen at his heid,
There is ane wha dwells abune,
That kens o' his grave where the grasses wave
Wi' its kindly heart within

An' when at the last the trumpet blast
Shall bid the heavens be bared,
Then God will keep min' o' that ae leal heart
That sleeps in the auld kirk-yaird.

MISSIONARY.

AN INDIAN DANCE IN THE NORTHWEST.

HAVING learned that the Indians were making extensive preparations for their yearly dance, I was very anxious to attend the celebration, and, if possible, learn something of its nature, and what the various proceedings throughout its course signified.

This, I was told, was the crowning event of the year among the Indians, and that all of them for miles around, including Sioux, Crees, and Stonies, would be present at this heathen act of worship, which, as they suppose, renders propitious the Good Manitou, who may have become estranged on account of their misdeeds, and thus allowed an evil Manitou to cause disaster, sickness and death among their tribes. The dance was gotten up, especially, on behalf of an Indian woman who was then at the point of death. She was a chieftain's daughter, and the second wife of a medicine man, whose other wife had grown jealous of her, and struck her on the head with an axe.

The wound, however, did not prove fatal, and she was rapidly recovering, when her husband gave her poison medicine of which she grew worse, gradually sinking, until she died. Her father endeavored to have the culprit brought to justice, but owing to the secrecy of the affair, and the uncertainty of the evidence nothing was done, except that he was obliged to leave the district in order to escape the vengeance of the enraged chief.

The morning of June the second was the date fixed upon for the commencement of the dance, which was to be held at the Cree reserve about fifteen miles northeast of the village of Broadview, and five miles south of the Qu'Appelle river. It, however, did not begin until late in the afternoon, owing to the rain which fell in torrents the greater part of

the day. But towards evening the clouds dispersed, and the sun shone down in mild radiance upon the assembled tribes into whose darkened hearts the Sun of righteousness had never yet sent His kindly beams.

On the following morning, accompanied by a missionary friend, I set out to the dance in a small sulky drawn by a spirited little Indian pony.

It was a lovely forenoon. Everything being refreshed by the previous day's rain seemed to shed forth life and joy. Our trail lay in a winding course over rolling prairie dotted with bluffs, from which the happy songs of birds, and mellow humming of insects came blending in joyous harmony. Wild roses lined our way emitting their rich fragrance to the morning breeze. Numbers of gophers ran to and fro on every side, popping in and out of their holes as if they were playing hide-and-seek with the sunbeams. Soon we could discern the lofty banks of the Qn'Appelle, like the walls of some great fortress, rising to view, and extending far to the east and west until they were lost in the distance.

All the Indian houses, that we passed, appeared as if they were entirely deserted, so we concluded that their owners had gone to the dance, and taken all their moveable goods with them. Not, even, was there a dog left behind to bark at us, nor could a pony be seen anywhere, either on the prairie, or in the bluffs.

As we drew nearer the scene of the dance, but still some miles distant, we could hear, at intervals, wild whoops and yells rise faintly at first, then increase in volume and loudness, and anon die away to single whoops, until finally silence was restored.

A strange feeling seemed to steal over me with the thought that we would be, presently, alone and unarmed among a host of wild Indians and Halfbreeds, who, if they so desired, could over-power us in a moment.

The whooping became louder as we proceeded, and soon, having ascended a small eminence by the side of our way, we caught sight of the situation of the dance. There, upon a small circular plain enclosed by bluffs were not less than a thousand Indians and Halfbreeds, dressed in their best, with faces fantastically painted, and seemingly all very much

interested in what was going on. On the grounds there were fully one hundred and thirty tepis (tents) on the canvas of which were painted figures of animals or birds indicative of the character or rank of the inmates. About four hundred ponies scampered around, among the tents, or in the bluffs, apparently enjoying their holiday quite as well as their masters, while from every quarter arose mingled sounds from squalling paposes, barking dogs, and neighing ponies, causing a constant din, but which were ever and anon submerged in an overwhelming wave of whoops and yells from the Indians in general.

In the centre of the grounds was the large tent in which the dance was conducted. It was constructed of poplar poles placed on their ends around a circumference of a hundred and twenty feet, and meeting in the centre at a height of about twenty feet. Poplar branches and canvas served as a covering for the framework. There was but one entrance to it, which was kept strictly guarded by squaws, who held up blankets to prevent any one but their own from looking in. We endeavoured to gain admission, but, at first, were not allowed, and were rudely thrust away by a number of mounted Halfbreed guards. At last we asked for permission to see the Chief, who immediately came out and desired to know our business. We informed him, by means of an interpreter, that we wished to see the dance, and that we would pay him if he would permit us to enter the tent. He readily accepted the money, and very courteously admitted us to the interior, giving us full liberty to go where we pleased. This removed all fears as regards an unfriendly reception, and we gladly followed the Chief, who led the way into the tent, and gave us standing room at one side. The performance then proceeded without further interruption.

Around the circumference of the tent, but in the interior, were two rows of cell-like booths, arranged in the form of a semicircle. These were eighteen in number, and were made of small poplar poles interwoven with twigs and branches. Each booth was about six feet long, two feet wide, and three feet deep, and contained three dancers. From above them hung various kinds of flags and tapestry forming a sort of canopy for the dancers, and screening their almost nude, but

hideously painted persons partially from view. Each dancer kept his eyes steadily fixed upon a flag before him, which, we were told, was an emblem of some spirit ; each also blew a whistle and leaping up and down, kept time to the beat of drums and tom-toms, played by a group of Indians who sat on the ground inside the circle of dancers.

We were informed by Rev. Hugh McKay, of Round Lake Indian Mission, that these had to dance for two days and two nights without rest or food in order to propitiate some unknown spirit who, they supposed, was angry with them.

We come now to describe the dark part of the performance, which certainly was the most sickening scene I ever beheld. Such will probably serve to give us some idea of the Pagan mind as it is presented in the Northwest Indian.

In this dance fifteen Indians submitted themselves to special torture. From what I could learn it appears they endured such suffering to please, in a special way, the good spirit, so that he would cause to be banished from them, sickness, or disease, or any kind of serious misfortune that had befallen them. One, for example, was greatly troubled with sore eyes, so he allowed himself to be tortured that they might be made better.

Twelve of these unhappy beings had undergone their suffering before we arrived, but the remaining three were quite enough to make us disgusted with such a horrid sight.

The first we witnessed was a Chieftain's son named "The Yellow Dog." Sullen and sad he sat in the centre of the Pagan throng. Streaks of red paint, imitating blood, ran down from his eyes. His body was almost naked, but striped with yellow paint. In his hands were two small flags which he held up over his head as he sat bowed in silence. Then everyone was perfectly still ; not a whisper could be heard ; even all the dancers had crouched themselves to the bottom of their booths, and the rest either sat or stood silently awaiting proceedings to commence.

After the lapse of a few minutes four Indians and two Chiefs advanced, followed by the medicine man, who carried in his hand two small wooden pins, a hawk's wing, and a knife. These, all, surrounded the unfortunate man, and

screened him from view with blankets. The medicine man then knelt before him, and with one hand drew out the flesh of his breast on one side, pierced it through with the knife and inserted a wooden pin. Similarly he did on the other side. The ends of two small ropes were then securely attached to the pins, the other ends of which were fastened to the top of the centre pole of the tent. When this was done the four Indians withdrew, and the two chiefs raised him slowly to his feet, inclined him slightly forward, and then violently threw him backward, striking the ropes at full tension, and drawing out the flesh and skin of his breast about five inches. Here he leaped and danced around in a semi-circle, rearing back, and striving to tear out the pins. At the same time he kept his hands behind his back, and his eyes steadfastly fixed upon a small flag which hung on the centre pole. In the meantime the dancers danced and blew their whistles, the drummers beat their drums, and everyone set up a general howl.

One would naturally suppose the pain of such would be almost unendurable, but he never uttered a complaint or cry, although it was quite apparent, by his distorted features, that he was suffering intensely. The sight was anything but a pleasing one to see, and, had we not known that the suffering was voluntary on his part, our feelings might have forced us to withdraw.

In the course of about fifteen minutes, having failed to tear out the pins, he was no longer able to dance. He was about to faint when the medicine man came to his assistance, drew out the pins with his teeth, spat into the gashes some spittle from an herb he had been chewing, and assisted the exhausted man to the rear of the tent.

A very pathetic scene was presented when it came the next one's turn to undergo the same. His aged mother was sitting near watching him very anxiously. When the ropes were attached she was no longer able to restrain her feelings, but burst into deep sobs, piteously imploring them to release her son. The only effect this touching incident produced was to call forth, simply, titters of laughter from all.

Anything so human could provoke no sympathy from hearts unaccustomed and untrained to feel another's woe,

yet we discover in this heathen mother's breast feelings, which, when purified and refined, and rendered holy by the grace of God, exalt womankind and make her the means of untold blessings to the world.

In the case of others the pins were put through the flesh on the back of the shoulders. A horse was then attached to the ropes, and driven rapidly around the exterior of the tent until the pins were torn out. I was told that when a squaw was tortured they cut a piece out of her breast, wrapped it in a cloth, and burned it before her eyes.

When these cruelties were ended the Chief of the Crees addressed the assembly. He spoke in a loud, hasty manner, gesticulating wildly, as though he were under much excitement. He began his remarks by eulogising the present government, and spoke in high terms of Our Sovereign Lady, the Queen. He then went on to say that it was indeed a great gathering; that the occasion of their meeting was of vast importance to their people, but he regretted that such meetings would soon be brought to a close owing to the white man. He also spoke at considerable length of parts of the day's performance, but, whether my interpreter would not, or could not translate it, I was unable to learn the particulars. He concluded by announcing that it was then dinner time, and advised every nitche (young Indian) to look after his favorite squaw in that respect. This evoked considerable laughter and applause which, as he ceased speaking, swelled into one tremendous volley of whoops and yells with prolonged beating of drums. Another Chief immediately came around with a quantity of fat, raw pork cut in square pieces, and threw one to each squaw, who at once began eating it, without even taking time to remove the dirt that adhered to it by falling into the dust.

The afternoon was taken up with a dance on special behalf of the Chieftain's daughter who was then dying. This was, perhaps, the most solemn, as well as the most interesting part of the entire proceedings. Whatever the true significance of this dance may have been, one thing was evident that it was propitiatory in its nature, and that it had reference to the welfare of the departing spirit of this woman. Perhaps it was that she might be more readily admitted to the Happy Hunting Ground frequently spoken of by writers

in Indian lore. It evidenced at any rate how deeply rooted in the Indian consciousness is the idea of the immortality of the soul.

After a half hour's preparation in a small tent at some distance, twelve Indians, led on by two Chiefs, slowly marched in procession to the large tent. They were very grandly dressed according to Indian taste. Their moccasins were one mass of bead work. Strings of bells hung from their embroidered leggings. Over their bodies they wore skins of animals, profusely ornamented with bead-work and ribbons, while their heads were decked with hawks' heads and wings, and polished buffalo horns sitting in an erect position and projecting forward. Their faces were painted in divers colors and streaked in the most whimsical styles. In their hands they carried rifles, tomahawks and scalping knives, and their general appearance was that of some order of beings from another world.

They were followed by two little boys very prettily dressed, and mounted on two small ponies which were decked with feathers and ribbons. Behind these came a number of Indians carrying rifles, blankets and other requirements. These all having entered the tent, the twelve at once formed themselves into a ring and prepared to dance. The boys took their stand near the centre pole of the tent, around which the rifles and blankets were piled. Scarcely was there standing room left and numbers were unable to get even near the door-way.

Chief Chippawis, the father of the dying squaw, next gave an address. He is an old man, and, as he spoke, his voice faltered considerably. One could readily discern that he was deeply moved concerning the condition of his daughter. He spoke very affectionately of her, and in conclusion said that these gifts, pointing to the rifles and blankets, and two ponies, would please the Good Spirit to whom he now presented them. The articles were taken by the Stony Indians, the Chief of whom in turn made a suitable reply. My interpreter did not understand his dialect, so I was unable to get the gist of what he said.

When he had closed his remarks the dance began. The din caused by the jingle of the bells, the beat of drums, and

yells of the Indians on all sides was such as could be heard for several miles around. It might be difficult for one unaccustomed to such scenes to imagine anything so strangely wild. Even the smallest girl and boy added what they could to the general fund of uproar. At intervals the noise ceased, during which a number of braves were called upon to relate some of their adventures. The first one said that he had gone to the home of the Blackfeet, and killed two of their squaws, and stolen away forty horses. A second one added that every time he went to the Blackfeet's home he took a scalp. A third said he had driven away two hundred horses from the same tribe, while a fourth contended that on one occasion he had fasted four days in succession. The rehearsal of these tales drew forth much applause from the rest, who evidently did not hesitate to believe them.

This dance, then being over, brought the day's performance to a close, and we returned to Broadview, as the sun was sinking behind the western horizon, being glad to mingle again with our own people, after a day of such adventure.

In presenting this article to the readers of the MONTHLY, I do so with the view of awakening a still deeper interest in mission work among the Indians of our Northwest. The very fact that a performance, of the nature I have described, could be conducted, and enjoyed, is proof that much has to be done yet by way of civilizing, not to say Christianizing them. The old religious prejudices and superstitions, which have been inherited from almost countless generations of the past, and which have moulded, to a great extent, their modes of thinking and behaviour, require a great deal of time and careful training to remove. Hence, in the case of the old, whose minds and characters have become settled, it is almost, or quite impossible, in many cases, to influence them, either by our civilization, or Christian teaching. Consequently the evangelization of the Indian depends greatly upon the removal of the young from under the heathen parents' influence, and teaching them the principles of Christianity while their minds are innocent and plastic.

The Indian schools, which our church has instituted through the west, are admirably adapted for this work.

At Round Lake, I had the opportunity of visiting one of

these schools, and was delighted with the work that was being done.

The children were all neat and clean, and looked comfortable and happy—a striking contrast to the squalid, miserable condition in which many of them are in their own homes. There were about thirty in attendance being daily taught to read and write the English, and being instructed in gospel truth. It is almost surprising with what rapidity the children learn the English language, and adapt themselves to civilized customs. In the evening, Rev. Hugh McKay, who has charge of the school, had a number of the children brought into his own drawing room, where they delighted us by singing a number of our own familiar hymns, some of which they sang in English, and others from an Indian version.

The question has been raised by some, as to whether or not, after all, the Indian is worth the time and labor spent upon him by our missionaries. The true value of the work done, however, cannot be judged from present results. An adequate estimate of such can be given only as its influence widens out in future time, and rolls onward towards eternity.

The command, "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature" refers to the Indian tribes of our Northwest as well as to the Chinese nation. Consequently, since the former are in a special sense entrusted to the care of the christian people of Canada, we are even more responsible for their evangelization than for that of any other of the heathen who are entrusted to the care of the whole christian world. May we not be sparing, either in sympathy or aid, to those who are actually engaged in the noble work of bringing the gospel of freedom and peace to the dusky natives of the plains.

Orangeville.

A. E. HANNAHSON.

NOTES FROM THE FIELD.

Reports are coming in from time to time of the work in our summer mission fields. The standard of mission work done by Knox men has been raised during past years to a high degree. Men to-day feel this and endeavor from the start to preserve the grade. There are unwritten laws too which have become so marked that they are everywhere noted and sought to be obeyed. For example the well-known sage of 37 writes modestly of his work in a western Ontario field, combining a vein of humor too, as follows:—"I find this quite a change from Algoma. No driving on Sunday. Only one station. Perhaps with two sermons each day the old pump will be sucking wind before the summer is over. Then I will require to yell to make up the deficiency." This simply means that he is deeply in earnest to preach two good sermons each day, even as conscientiously as if Dr. Proudfoot and the theologs were auditors.

Burnet says of his field—"You have all heard of the Fraser river. The Thompson river is one of its tributaries which has its source in the Shuswap Lakes. The C. P. R. runs along this river and past the lakes mentioned. I work at five different points here stretching over a distance of 80 miles. As to the people, the old timers have been a fine class of men physically, but there is a great lack spiritually. Generally they reject the Bible, at least Christ. They tell you they know not from whence they come or whither they go. All of them have been poisoned with this kind of literature which has been flooded in here. One has the sense of the terribleness of sin and the weakness of man to oppose it. Yet after all there is a great depth of joy after a service to think that God has permitted you to tell these people, though they oppose it, of the true God, and of His infinite love to man in the salvation of His Son Jesus Christ.—Farewell."

Mitchell is at Gleichen, Atha. His field extends further than from Dan to Beersheba, because it is 195 miles long,

having six places for Sabbath work and seven extra for the week. He is on the edge of the Blackfeet reserve, where the Church of England and Roman Catholics are working. Let us give a few of his own words:—"The country is a treeless, rolling prairie. We are in the dry belt and farming is pretty much a failure so that the farmers are discouraged. Many of the places I preach at are section houses on the railway. The people as a rule are careless and Godless, and it makes one feel how impotent is man against sin. Pray for the Spirit's power.

Muldrew is stationed at Pipestone, not far from Virden and Souris, in Manitoba. Let us have a few of his sentences:—"Pipestone is the main station. Here we have a fine little church with an attendance averaging one hundred. Elsewhere we worship in school houses with congregations of about forty. This is a beautiful stretch of prairie and the water in this community is quite up to the Ontario article. A large proportion of the settlers are Scotch and in the majority of cases have been successful in the country. Many of the people are very interested in the work and give me great help."

SABBATH MORNING IN MUSKOKA.

WE COUNT OUR BEADS.

'Tis nine a. m., the prayers are by,
An hour more and we shall hie,
To meet with God in his temple nigh,
In holy bonds.

This hour my soul is blessed to greet,
The morning sun is shining sweet,
The silent grove I seek, to meet,
For quiet thought.

By yonder stone I've knelt before,
It seems so dear, I clasp it more,
For there my chums I've numbered o'er
In earnest prayer.

One by one to the God of power,
I now commend, for a gracious shower,
In wisdom, might and holy fire,
To urge the fight.

VIGIL.

BIBLE STUDY.

“*They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength.*”—ISA. 40: 31.—STRESS AND STRENGTH.—Under stress of captivity were those to whom the words were addressed,—in the deplorable condition of strangers in a strange land, cut off from their temple and its worship, with now fifty years of banishment behind them, and the night still thick about them and no prospect of day-dawn, much less of noontide. Little wonder the sad plaint, “My way is hidden from the Lord and my judgment is passed over from my God.” (v. 27). Do there not come times of sore stress to all God’s children,—of temptation, of the burden of apparently unfruitful effort in the Lord’s cause, of disciplinary trial, of the enervating atmosphere of the world, in which every Christian life must be led?

Whence the *strength* for such times? The prophet takes the disheartened direct to the fountain head. “Ye believe in God, who made the starry heavens above you and who appoints to each greatest and least star its place and sustains it there. He is your God,—your Creator and Sustainer, the unchanging One. And, moreover,” he continues, “He is Jehovah, your covenant God, the redeemer, leader, and champion of Israel. From Him is your strength to come.” A gospel message up to date! For is not He the everlasting God, and has He not gloriously manifested in the Christ His power and His willingness to help? The winds and waves stilled, disease cured, death itself triumphed over,—these are the testimonies to His gracious might.

And this strength is bestowed on the simplest possible terms,—bare trust, looking to Him; and on the same terms continued. The needed daily renewal follows on the daily “waiting on the Lord.”

R. D. F.

II JOHN 10, 11.—John is distinctively called the Apostle of love, yet he could not tolerate those who were enemies, or in any way opposed to the truth. To the Elect Lady he writes: "I rejoiced greatly that I found of thy children walking in the truth,"—reminds her of the new commandment, "love one another," and then warns her against those who abide not in the doctrine of Christ.

His manner of treating such is the point before us. "If there come unto you any that bring not this doctrine (or teaching) receive him not into your house, neither bid him God speed; for he that biddeth him God speed is partaker of his evil deeds." The R. V. has instead of God speed, "greeting." This is harder still. We might not feel like bidding God speed to one whose teaching, or life, was not in harmony with the truth; but at the same time we might feel like giving him greeting, i. e., wishing himself well. But according to the R. V. John even forbids that.

The question arises how to reconcile such teaching with the words of Christ "Love your enemies," "Bless them that curse you." Is there any weight in this explanation? Whatever man may do to ourselves personally must not be a cause of hatred, or illwill in any form. But when men are enemies of the truth of God, and teach what is contrary to the Gospel, we must not tolerate them. Our love to Christ must be supreme. So taught the master when he said "If any man loveth father or brother, more than me, he is not worthy of me." And again, "He that hateth not father or mother, cannot be my disciple." These strong utterances plainly mean that love to Christ must be supreme.

With regard to the treatment John would have us give to impugners of the truth, are we to take it literally? There seems no other way of understanding the words. They are plain and unambiguous. If so, do they not administer a rebuke to the Church in regard to her method of dealing with men and women who teach false doctrine. If such were uniformly dealt with, as John demands, there would be a heavy discount put on their trade. It is not true spiritual love to God or man, which, with a mistaken kindness holds out an encouraging hand or speaks an encouraging word to such persons. They should not be welcomed into our midst.

There is a wide difference between true and divine love, and that sentimental effusion called love, which is so prevalent in the church and in the world to-day. It is dangerous for anyone to be more loving than God, more sympathetic than Christ, and more tolerant than the word of God allows us to be. God is love. But His love is in absolute harmony with righteousness, justice, holiness, and truth. Let us love all men with the broad, all comprehending love of benevolence. But let us love wisely; and not forget the supreme love we owe to God and to His truth.

Paul teaches the same doctrine. Gal. 1: 9—"If any man preach to you any other gospel, let him be accursed." And Gal. 5: 12—"I would that they were even cut off that trouble you." (See R. V.) The same heart which said "love your enemies" also said: "If a brother will not hear you nor hear the church let him be to you a heathen man and a publican."—Matt. 18: 15-17. Let us beware of an unspiritual sentimentalism which would lead us to tolerate what Christ will not tolerate.

OUR COLLEGE.

Congratulations are in order for Messrs. W. D. Kerswill, Geo. Logie, and W. R. McIntosh, the candidates in the recent B. D. examination. All were successful.

We regret to learn that Peter Scott has been for three weeks ill with inflammatory rheumatism at French River. It will necessitate his leaving his field as soon as able to return home.

W. A. Morrison, so long literary and theological dictator around these halls, has, unknown to many of his most intimate friends, quietly deserted divinity for matrimony. We hope to see you occasionally, Doctor.

Knox would be almost deserted this summer were it not that Rev. Mr. Aull, of Palmerston, Rev. Mr. Burnett, of Alliston, and a few others who are supplying pulpits in or near the city are residing here.

Most of our readers have doubtless heard of the death, in Scotland, of the wife of the Rev. W. G. Wallace, who is one of the present editors of the MONTHLY and always a warm friend of the College. A trip across the Atlantic, which had been looked forward to as likely to prove both pleasant and beneficial, was broken in upon by death. We join with others in our sympathy with the bereaved husband and friends in their sorrow.

KNOX COLLEGE SEMI-CENTENARY.—The year of Jubilee has come for our Alma Mater. Will the graduates show *Esprit de corps* sufficient to bring a grand rally in the old College in October? Will the incubus of debt be removed? Will it bring relief from bondage? These are questions arising in the mind of every well-wisher of the College. Surely Knox should be so enshrined in the hearts of her sons as to elicit every effort for deliverance in a time like this. The cry is, times are hard, but are they as hard as they were fifty years ago, when in the face of difficulties, far greater than now appear, Knox College was started?

It was at first intended to raise a fund of \$50,000. Surely we ought at least to get the debt removed. Already different sections are organizing. 1500 circulars have been issued, and a considerable amount of correspondence has brought the matter before all our graduates. What then remains but the long pull and a strong pull together, and the first of October will witness the freedom from debt of our Alma Mater. Mr. Burns has been receiving subscriptions and will be glad to acknowledge all that come.

Let every reader of the MONTHLY start a subscription list in his locality and send in the funds before the 29th of Sept. There are many congregations where old friends of the College are to be found who may not be appealed to personally by any one. Let such friends enclose their offering towards the desired object and send it to Rev. W. Burns, Room 64, Confederation Life Bldg, Toronto.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

APPLETONS' Popular Science Monthly.

Edited by WILLIAM JAY YOUMANS.

The Popular Science Monthly is without a competitor.

It is not a technical magazine.

It stands alone as an educator, and is the best periodical for people who think.

All its articles are by writers of long practical acquaintance with their subjects, and are written in such a manner as to be readily understood.

It deals particularly with those general and practical subjects which are of the greatest interest and importance to the people at large.

It keeps its readers fully informed of all that is being done in the broad field of science.

Illustrations, from drawings or photographs, are freely used in all cases in which the text may be thereby elucidated.

Examination of any recent number will more than confirm the foregoing.

\$5.00 per annum ; single copy, 50 cents.

D. APPLETON & CO., 72 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

TORONTO OFFICE : 61 & 63 YONGE ST.

ADVERTISEMENTS.


- The Ethics of Literary Art -

BY MAURICE THOMPSON.

CAREW LECTURES FOR 1893.

THESE lectures, by a distinguished poet and critic, are unusually brilliant and pithy in style. They discuss with freedom and downright common sense, the current question of the moral influence of literary works, especially fiction, and the general relation of literature to Christian civilization. The excesses of "the realistic school" are handled with manly vigor, and the claims of a true Christian idealism strongly upheld.

A book for every library, private and public, and a beautiful gift-book.

 Elegantly printed on extra heavy paper, bound in dark-blue cloth, gilt top, untrimmed.

PRICE, \$1.20, POSTPAID.

WILLIAM BRIGGS,
WESLEY BUILDINGS.

STUDENTS'

OUTDOOR

EXERCISES.

We furnish all kinds of supplies. Assortment large. Goods choice. Prices reasonable.

THE H. P. DAVIES CO. LTD.

81 Yonge Street, Toronto.

KNOX LAUNDRY

421 SPADINA AVE.

Liberal discount to students residing in Colleges.

Gents' laundry a specialty.

All Hand Work.

W. LARTER, Propr.

TELE. 1562.

Wonderful, But True.

◆◆ We are selling Gents' 14k Gold Filled Watches for less money than silver ones cost a few years ago.

We solicit your repairs. All work has my personal attention. An experience of over 30 years enables me to offer you best of satisfaction. **FINEST WATCHES PROPERLY ADJUSTED.** Jewelry, Wedding Presents, Spectacles, Fountain Pens, &c., &c.

Special prices to students and ministers.

J. Rowley & Co., Jewellers,
Cor. Spadina Ave. & Oxford St.

THE
VERY * * * *
BEST

RODGERS'

GOAL

Head Office: 20 King St. West,
TORONTO.

ADVERTISEMENTS.



ALWAYS ROOM AT THE TOP.

A. W. ALLEN, GEN. MGR.
A. P. ALLEN, SUPT.



ESTABLISHED 1886.



[TRADE MARK.]

SWISS STEAM LAUNDRY

Allen Manufacturing Co., Proprietors.
105 & 107 SIMCOE STREET,
TELEPHONE 1260. **TORONTO.**

Keep pushing, 'tis wiser than sitting aside
And sighing, and watching, and waiting the tide;
In life's earnest battle they only prevail
Who daily march onward and never say fail.



PURE GOLD
FLAVORING EXTRACTS
BAKING POWDER

BAKING POWDER IS MADE FROM
ABSOLUTELY PURE CREAM TARTAR
AND SODA
FLAVORING EXTRACTS ARE
THE STANDARD PUREST AND BEST

UNDERTAKERS

BATES & DODDS

931 Queen Street West **TORONTO.**

THE NON-COMBINATION UNDERTAKERS.
Telephone 5081.

HOOPER & CO.

Druggists,

444 SPADINA AVENUE
AND

43 KING STREET WEST.

Ten per cent. discount to students.

THE
Knox College Monthly
AND
PRESBYTERIAN MAGAZINE.

The MONTHLY for October, among other interesting articles, will contain a chapter of "Reminiscences" by the venerable Dr. Wm. Reid; a "Jubilee" article, on Knox College life in its earliest days; a History of the College Glee Club; and an article on "The Sermon" with a Symposium on "How I prepare my sermons."

Subscriptions should be sent to REV. JOHN MUTCH, 110 Havelock St., Toronto.
Literary Contributions to REV. ROBT. HADDOW, Milton, Ont.

Price of MONTHLY, \$1.00 per annum.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

A. E. KENNEDY

'PHONE 2862

D. G. DOUGLAS.

KENNEDY & DOUGLAS

MERCHANT TAILORS

889 Queen Street West
DISCOUNT TO STUDENTS.

TORONTO.

STRONG AND PROSPEROUS.

THE SUN
Life Assurance Company
OF CANADA.

HEAD OFFICE, . . . MONTREAL.

T. B. MACAULAY, R. MACAULAY,
Secretary and Actuary. President.

Toronto Office—23 Adelaide St. East.

JAMES ALLISON

Merchant Tailor

264 YONGE ST., — TORONTO.

✚ Fine Tailoring a Specialty.
✚ A Liberal Discount to Students.

CURRY BROS.,

Stationers,
Printers,
Bookbinders.

Students' supplies of all kinds at reasonable prices. We have everything you need and expect you to come and see.

414 SPADINA AVENUE, TORONTO.

GO TO **RANNEY'S**

...FOR YOUR...

HAIR CUTTING
AND SHAVING



439
Spadina
Ave.

THE PERPLEXING PROBLEM,

How to Secure the Attendance of the Children upon the Regular Services of the Church.

SUCCESSFULLY SOLVED IN THE NEW BOOK.

**Forty - Three Five - Minute
OBJECT-SERMONS TO CHILDREN**

Preached Before the Main Sermon on Sunday Mornings,
Through Eye-Gate and Ear-Gate, into
the City of Child-Soul.

BY SYLVANUS STALL, D.D.,

Author of "Methods of Church Work," "How to Pay Church Debts," "Minister's Hand Book to Lutheran Hymns," "Pastor's Pocket Record," etc.; Associate Editor of the Lutheran Observer.

12 mo., Cloth, 256 pp. Price, \$1; post-free.

Pastors who desire to bridge the great chasm between the Sunday School and the Church, will find much valuable aid in this new book.

FUNK & WAGNALLS CO.,

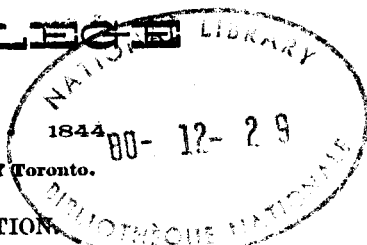
TORONTO — — — 11 Richmond Street.

KNOX COLLEGE

TORONTO.

ESTABLISHED - -

Affiliated with the University of Toronto.



STAFF OF INSTRUCTION.

- REV. PRINCIPAL CAVEN, D. D., Professor of Exegetics and Biblical Criticism.
REV. WILLIAM GREGG, D. D., Professor of Church History.
REV. WILLIAM MACLAREN, D. D., Professor of Systematic Theology.
REV. R. Y. THOMSON, M. A., B. D., Professor of Apologetics and Old Testament Literature.
REV. J. J. A. PROUDFOOT, D. D., Lecturer in Homiletics, Church Government and Pastoral Theology.
Hebrew is taught in University College by REV. J. F. MCCURDY, PH. D., Professor of Oriental Literature.
Elocution is taught by MR. A. C. MOUNTEER, B. E.
MR. GEORGE LOGIE, B. A., Tutor in Greek, Latin and English.

Before entering Theology, students must have either a degree in Arts or have completed a three years course in Arts in some approved institution.

The Elocution Class is attended by the students of all the Theological Years, and is open to all who have the Ministry in view.

SCHOLARSHIPS AND PRIZES.

Twenty-three Scholarships and Prizes, ranging in value from \$80 to \$80, are awarded in the three years of the Curriculum.

In addition to these, a few Scholarships are privately bestowed on the recommendation of the faculty.

There are also Seven Scholarships awarded students in the Arts Course.

PREPARATORY COURSE.

This course extends over three sessions. All entrants must pass a preliminary examination in Latin, Greek, English, Geography, History, Arithmetic, Euclid, Algebra.

DEGREE OF B. D.

Candidates for the degree of B. D. must be graduates in Arts of some approved University; but Students who completed the literary course in Knox College in 1881 and are now in the Ministry of the Presbyterian Church in Canada, may become candidates.

RESIDENCE OF STUDENTS.

The College Residence is very commodious, and has accommodation for seventy-six students.

Students are provided with furnished rooms. The rate of board is three dollars per week, all charges for attendance, etc., included. Where it is preferred, Students are allowed to reside in the College on payment to the Steward of one dollar per week, and to find board elsewhere.

All communications regarding the Curriculum or Residence must be addressed to the Rev. Prin. Caven, D. D., and all correspondence regarding the financial affairs of the College must be sent either to Wm. Mortimer Clark, Q. C., Chairman, or the Rev. W. Reid, D. D., Secretary of the College.