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Though subscriptions have come in pretty steadily up to the present, yet we are free to say that the list marked "unpaid" is still the larger. Subscribers kindly take note.

We shall count it a favor for subscribers who may fail to receive any number of the MONTHLY to let us know, so that we may rectify the mistake.

Missionary Intelligence.

A MONTH IN THE NORTH-WEST MISSION FIELD.

FORT McLEOD, where my head-quarters are, is only fifty miles from the mountains. In the evening the setting sun brightens their peaks; the Porcupine Hills near by become purple, contrasting with the pearly blue or glittering white of the Rockies. The Old Man's River reflects the light as it swirls rapidly by. Every day some changing beauty is to be seen in this vast picture gallery of nature. View it under the quiet moonlight when the tom-tom is sounding accompaniment to the monotonous songs of the Indians in their tepees wherein the camp-fire glows: view it in the clear daylight, when the snow-clad mountains gleam like frosted silver, or in evening when the sky is suffused with the ruby and gold of sunset, and you will be ready to exclaim, "Every prospect pleases." The distant is beautiful, but as we come to view the near prospect we almost wonder at the insight of Heber when he says,

"In vain with lavish kindness the gifts of God are strewn,"

for truly of this land may we say that man only is vile. There are quite near, thousands of pagan Indians among whom two or three missionaries are laboring to undo the mischief done by the lust and avarice of as many hundred

white men. Not much better are many who live in this town of mud-plastered huts—"Many dirty houses," as the Indians call it. The professional gambler, the escaped road-agent, dealers in contraband whiskey, men with the mark of Cain upon them jostle those who are respectable citizens. The motto almost everyone seems to have taken for his own is: Make money, honestly if you can, but—make money. The business done in the town is enormous. Ranchers and cattle men of this vast grazing district make McLeod their metropolis; supplies for the Police, the Indian trade, the banking business of the companies about bring thousands upon thousands of money to those here engaged in business.

It was in this old town, whose population is at continual ebb and flow, averaging about two hundred, that I held service on the first Sabbath in November. The building used was put up while a Methodist missionary was working here, and it is the only one in the town built for religious or educational purposes. Once before, I had preached to three of a congregation, but that evening there were present twelve times three; so even here there is encouragement of a certain kind. Those to whom church-going is a rarity are serious and earnest, but some lately come from the more privileged east, preserve their insane desire to titter at everything and make the service a pastime.

There is a better time dawning for this district. The Government have at last designated a town site and sold lots, so that those who wish may have a certain home. In this old town no one has a government deed for property, and squatters rights are not so religiously regarded in Canada as in the States. Uncertainty of residence prevented improvements being made; on the new site, however, there are many fine buildings. No doubt the clean tidy surroundings will react upon the people and make them less careless of appearances. We are straining every nerve to raise funds for church-building, and if present success be prophetic of the future, a church will be ready next summer worth a thousand dollars or over. At present services are held in the Recreation Room of the New Barracks, a short distance beyond the new town. No provision is made for religious services among the Police, and most of them have completely lost interest. However, quite a number turn out to the services regularly held on the second and fourth Sabbaths of the month. Several times in the beginning of the work the congregation has numbered three, but in November as many as twenty-eight were present. Some have been benefited by the preaching of Christ and Him crucified, and as they try to follow His example there can be no doubt of the genuine purpose in their hearts. The man who professes to be a Christian here must be a hero, for he has much to contend with, not only lack of sympathy and ridicule, but the continual deadening influence of surrounding carelessness, impurity and profanity as well. I must testify, however, to the respectful behavior of those whose life here is necessarily rough; and also to the sympathy and cordial assistance of those in command of the post.

A few days before the third Sabbath, I rode to Pincher Creek, a distance of over thirty miles. The morning was frosty, but there was no snow save on the mountains, which were full in view as I journeyed westward. The creek is a beautiful clear stream which rises in a mountain lake and thence winds about in a deep gravel bed, watering the finest section of the grazing country. On the "bottoms" along its course are the ranches of settlers and cattle-men built within the last few years; so as yet there are few who are able to make

receipts greatly exceed outlay, for the first expenses of residence are not always made up in a few years. Some eight or ten buildings form the "town" in which is a hall built for school purposes and dancing, as well as for services. The proceeds of a social primarily intended to begin a fund for church-building were given to pay off part of the debt on this hall; and we hope to have it more comfortable for Sabbath School and service. At the former we have about twelve children of all denominations, for it is a union school; at the monthly service the attendance is between thirty and forty.

At Pincher Creek we are among the foot-hills of the Rockies, and the whole country is a vast pasture field. Upon these hills, or hidden in the valleys, thousands of cattle feed. Everywhere are streams of pure, cold, sparkling water, and during most of the year small lakes or sloughs hold a water supply. So cattle thrive well, and by their increase in kind and in value, owners add to their wealth without that keenness of pursuit which is necessary in the busy marts of the East. Ruskin names three essentials of life without which no one knows how to live; in the West these three necessities are remarkably well represented, for they are pure air, water and earth. One feels continually invigorated by the tonic air, and so pure is it that meat will keep sweet if raised above the reach of flies; a saccharine solution does not ferment when exposed to it as it quickly would were the air less pure; by its dryness the carcasses on the prairie are soon mummified, and the water—clear like crystal, except in time of flood when the swift streams are carrying away the hills to exalt valleys elsewhere. Deep down one can see the trout darting among the boulders of the stream, and the water is cool to drink even in the heat of summer.

Before I left the district I spent a few days visiting. The weather continued crisp and cool so it was pleasant riding about, and the ride home was no hardship—as it has been when chilly rain was falling, or when the cold was 40° below zero. On the Thursday of this week there was a heavy fall of snow, and for some days the white covering lay upon the earth. At noon on Sunday a Chinook wind began, and before a dozen hours the snow was gone. The fury of the wind may be understood when you know that it took over an hour to walk a couple of miles against it to hold service—two men who started out to attend were exhausted and turned back after going half the distance.

On the last Sabbath of the month I was to hold service at Lethbridge, or as it is familiarly called, from the designation on the maps, the Coal Banks. A year ago a large force of men were at work, but this summer the place has been almost deserted; for the attempt to freight out coal by the Saskatchewan river practically failed; and until the railway from Medicine Hat is finished, the colliery will not be much worked. When, however, the railway reaches the place, it is likely that a large population will flow in and build up a prosperous town. After a ride of nearly thirty miles I reached the bank of the river, on the other side of which was my destination. Shouting nor shooting was sufficient to attract the ferryman's attention so I had to stay with a Roman Catholic friend who was working a seam of coal on his side of the river. Some freighters and miners happened to be there and a profitable time was spent in conversation. The offer to conduct worship was cordially accepted, and a chance given to sow good seed in the hearts of some I shall likely never see again. Next morning through a mistake in directions I was nearly plunging into thirty feet of water, for I had to ford, the ferry being frozen in. However, I turned back and eventually made the proper ford, though not

without a wetting. The great danger of the rivers is their swiftness and the changing of the fords in time of flood.

For the first time since I came out here, I was unwell for a day or two at this place. On Saturday afternoon I was prostrated with high fever, but plenty of quinine and a rest enabled me to hold service next day. Afterwards I rode back a dozen miles to a place where I had arranged for service on the way down. Fort Kip it is called on the maps, but only the charred remains of the whiskey-traders' fort is to be seen, though some bleaching skulls in the brush near by still bear witness to the work done. Notice of service had not been given as promised, and I had several miles of riding across the river, and by a bridle path halfway up its precipitous banks before a congregation was gathered. Here let me say a good word for the cow-boy. When I went to one camp and asked the men if they would come to service they consented with the readiest alacrity, and only regretted that some companions had just gone who would have come too. During the service at which nine were present, the greatest attention was given even though many things happened which would have distracted an ordinary congregation. Afterwards I could have enjoyed the hospitality of half-a-dozen, and was made to promise visits next time I passed. The earnest attention of these rough fellows, their gentlemanly conduct, and the kindheartedness and courtesy they manifested make it evident that even the most maligned of men are not wholly bad.

During this month of fine weather I made about thirty visits, and travelled 248 miles. The average distance I have ridden each month for the last half year is over two hundred miles. Travelling is usually pleasant, but I do not find it romantic to have to ride a score of miles soaked and benumbed by cold rain: nor does it give me a desire for arctic exploration to have ten consecutive days of riding through deep snow when the sun cannot make the temperature warmer than 10° below zero, and when at night it is as cold as 52° below; the desire quite evaporates after the experience of sleeping under the stars when the cold is between 30° and 40° below zero. It is not all fun and fine weather here.

W. P. MCKENZIE.

Fort McLeod, N. W. T., December, 1884.

MANITOULIN ISLAND MISSIONS.

THE Indians called Manitoulin after their god, the great and mighty Manitou. To most minds it is yet recalled with visions of the Indian pony and the wigwam. But the fast-decaying Red man could not find a secure home, even on the lonely shores of this island, protected as it is by the wild waves of a great lake. Ruthlessly his hunting grounds were occupied by the pale faces, who carried many contrivances of agriculture and commerce to the Grand Manitoulin.

Three students from Knox College found a summer home on the island. An account of the mission work of the entire island, with its twenty-three Presbyterian stations, is, in such a short paper as this, quite impossible, therefore we must satisfy ourselves with a view of the work accomplished in the village and neighborhood of Little Current.

On the 24th of May we first touched Manitoulin soil at Manitowaning. The citizens were manifesting their loyalty to the Queen in different ways; and the occasional boom of a fire-cracker, together with the waving of many flags, stirred up the slumbering loyalty, ever characteristic of a Canadian student. Leaving this thriving port, we sighted Little Current just about sunset. Situated on a declivity that runs down to the water's edge, the village presents a commanding and beautiful appearance, and the romantic scenery around establishes the first favorable impression of the beholder. We gained possession of a wheelbarrow for the sake of our luggage, and with two small lads as escorts, we formed into procession, and advanced against the village. No hostility awaited our approach, but the very kindest of receptions, for without the slightest delay your missionary was heartily welcomed into the home of Mr. T. S. Potts, the students' friend. In addition to many personal kindnesses from himself and his family, your missionary is indebted to Mr. Potts for such full information as enabled him easily to understand the situation and the requirements of the field.

The geography of the island need hardly be described. Many inland lakes lend beauty and fertility to the interior, while the *terra firma* is somewhat impartially divided between good productive soil and bare unyielding limestone. Before reaching any of the out-in-the-country stations, the traveller must ascend what the islanders call a mountain. It is not remarkable for the difficulty of its access, nor for its towering height, nor for its snow-capped peaks, but it is justly celebrated for the sublime view that is gained from its summit of the beauties beneath. There stretches far below, at a distance of two or three miles, what looks to be a tortuous stream, but in reality is the waters of Lake Huron; and, across the waters, still farther to the north, the eye wanders over the bleak rocks of the La Cloche mountains, that run for many miles along the mainland.

Enough having been said in a general way, let us now more particularly examine our field. It will be better that we re-travel, as a company, the well-known route of the Knox College student as he passes on his round to proclaim the rich gospel of Christ. For the present let us leave Little Current and her Sabbath-school out of our consideration, and having spent two of the bright hours of the Sabbath morning in Christian work there, let us travel towards the south, and when we have left Little Current six miles behind us, we find ourselves in *Green Bush*, amid a congregation of thirty-six, assembled to hear the word of God. On investigation, we find the Presbyterian element does not predominate, but all the community live very harmoniously together. nor does any sectarian bitterness mar the beauty of the Sabbath service.

We pass, on our Sabbath day's journey, through an unfrequented roadside, towards Pearch Lake, one which, like many of these inland lakes, is quite unknown even to modern geography. If you wish to accompany us to our destination, you must take your place with us in a weather-beaten scow, while with one or two attendant boatmen, we plough for twelve furlongs through this mixture of mud and water. This unpretending lake has been known to be turbulent with the winds, and in truth one boisterous day, we and all our crew nearly went down in our flat-bottomed craft; even as it was, these merciless waves drove us altogether out of our course, and delayed our evening service for at least an hour. However, supposing that on this occasion we have safely reached the shore, we proceed through the woods, following a snake-like trail, and stopping now and then to peep into the deserted wigwam of some de-

parted Indian. In fifteen or twenty minutes we emerge from the woods, and before us lies a level road that leads us in an hour's time into *Green Bay* school house. The congregation numbers sixty-four, for the people really wish to hear the gospel. Many a weary month has been passed by them with no service to solemnize the Sabbath. Only the Great Master knows the harvest that will grow in Green Bay from gospel-seeds of '84. Certainly much encouragement was met with, and when the communion of the Lord's Supper was held in the Current, five from this congregation, braving the discomforts of a twelve-mile ride, and facing the down-pouring rain, were present for the first time at that solemn feast.

On Monday we may visit the neighborhood, but by tea-time we must find ourselves six miles farther west, at our fourth station, known by the euphonious name of *Rockvale*. We confess that the condition of affairs, as revealed by a single visit to this place, was very lamentable. In the neighborhood there were at least twenty young people, but no Sabbath service, no Sabbath-school, no, not as much as a day-school existed. The people were widely scattered, sometimes for miles no dwelling-house being visible. Yet, such is the attraction of the gospel, that entire families came four or five miles, at the close of the day, to listen to the Bible truth. Only an individual here and there remained at home, and accordingly the average attendance in this apparent wilderness was forty-six. Recent information, as to their progress, is very favorable. Arrangements have been made for the erection of a Presbyterian church, necessarily of somewhat unpretending appearance, and a Sabbath-school is conducted weekly. For the use and encouragement of the scholars of this school a Christian gentleman regularly sends a parcel of Sabbath-school papers, which, we fancy, constitutes the entire circulating literature of its neighborhood.

Tuesday morning we must retrace the route to Green Bay, and penetrate four miles to the south, down to the township of *Bidwell*. In a word, we remark that a complete reformation is necessary to convert Bidwell into anything like Utopia. The Western part, where our attention was confined, was a Scotch settlement. In their singing our friends here faithfully adhere to the Psalms of David, but alas! in their daily practice, many of them shamefully disregard the precepts of the psalmist. We regret that only three fortnightly services were held in this needy district. Their subscription to the support of the Gospel was such as to clearly indicate that the Augmentation Scheme of our Church has never been eloquently advocated in their hearing.

Wednesday, we must again reach Little Current by nightfall to be present at our little prayer meeting, and during the rest of the week we may visit some of the homes of the village, and make ready for the coming Sabbath. To understand the summer's occupation another Sunday tour is necessary, for the journey before mentioned only took place fortnightly. Let us then a second time set out from the Current to travel a few miles on foot. We might remark, in this connection, that walking was not absolutely imposed upon your missionary, but as the horse is an animal he has ever cherished a high, but somewhat distant regard for, your missionary found that it conduced to his comfort, as well as to his safety, to proceed unostentatiously and on foot.

We pass up our mountain as usual, pausing at its top to admire the beauties of nature, and soon we reach the above-mentioned Green Bush. On concluding Service here we deviate from our preceding day's path. Green Bay and its two satellites are forgotten, and we proceed eastward till we arrive at

beautiful *Sheguiandiah*. The attendance we perceive is sixty-four, the congregation being in the proportion of six or seven Presbyterians to thirty or forty of our Methodist brethren. This evening service was much appreciated, and the pecuniary recompense was liberal, but it is a matter of doubt whether other parts of the island might not be more advantageously occupied in future years. And here we conclude our friendly journeyings, unless in company we return to our Current charge—a description of which now occupies our attention.

Sunday morning at ten o'clock the Sabbath School scholars are gathering together, and soon after, the Superintendent opens the School with the usual religious exercises. The roll reveals an attendance of forty-two. On our left hand, as we face the meeting, are the ten members of the Bible Class, with whom we spent many a pleasant half-hour. Although the School is Presbyterian in name many that are not Presbyterians gather around the Bible and the Shorter Catechism. It may be ten minutes past eleven before the congregational services begin. The rude seats are occupied by fifty-five attentive listeners, and often the psalm-tune floats over the waters, while the truants of some passing boat time the music with an oar. Close by the water's edge stood our temporary Church—a dilapidated store, where the dry-goods had long since abdicated their seat, and the rats and mice frolicked in the security of a home. In the process of time the building became hallowed by many religious memories, yet, as a church, it maintained only a precarious existence. The opinion gradually prevailed that the time for the erection of a new edifice was at hand. Months before a small fund had been established for this purpose, and during the summer the proceeds of a Bazaar and Social (old devices formed for the purpose), swelled this fund by the amount of \$75. Accordingly, all things being favourable, guarded steps were taken towards the accomplishment of the scheme. A gratuitous plan was furnished; materials were procured from a distance; a hired carpenter and some voluntary assistants began operations, and the result is, that at the cost of about \$250, an unfinished church, from the hill-top, smiles benignly upon a peaceful village. Incomplete as its present state is it will doubtless be more suitable than our past quarters for worship during the coming summer; nor is it expected that it will long remain in its present state of incompleteness. Towards its completion the people themselves will grant much more of their means; and besides, an important element in the construction of that necessary building was the Christian element of faith. As part payment of this latter, Knox church, Kincardine, offers us a contribution of \$50 with a prospect of increasing that amount, and we anxiously wait to hear of others coming forward to help in bearing the burdens of the weak.

Now the brief synopsis of our mission work is complete. Before the vision of our interesting station fades into the dim past, linger for a moment in our weekly prayer meeting. Our mainstay for our thirteen meetings was the promise that where two or three are together in His name, behold the great *I AM* is in the midst of them. It was this inducement that swelled our average attendance to thirteen, which, in consideration of the smallness of the village, was very satisfactory.

And now we wave our adieux to the Current. The "uninterrupted level" of white has mantled all the island scenery, and the voice of praise is hushed in our summer stations. Our regrets are true and deep—not that the island is isolated from the mainland—not that the comforts of a Toronto home are denied to inhabitants of Manitoulin—but we do regret that the proclamation

of the Gospel has been stayed, that the services in connection with our Church are discontinued during the dreary months of winter. However, we all pray for the success of the cause. Little Current was but one out of seventeen Fields occupied by students from the Knox College Missionary Society. And while one student labors in one part of God's vineyard, and another works in a far distant field, we all pray that He from whom alone cometh the increase will wonderfully own and multiply the gospel-seeds, and so may the day quickly dawn when "the *earth* shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea."

A. J. McLEOD.

MISSIONARY WORK IN ITALY.

It has often been noticed in the lives of individual men, that those who are at first most highly favored in the world do not always, or even in the majority of cases, make the best use of the advantages thus enjoyed. In this respect, what is true of individuals is also true of nations, and it is lamentably true in the case of Italy. While the memory of Christ's life on earth, His matchless character, His deeds of kindness, His forgiving spirit, His miracles, His dying yet undying love, were yet fresh in the memory of thousands, the Gospel in its purity was carried to Rome, and the seed of what was yet to be a great Kingdom, was there sown. And though there was much that must be conquered before the new religion could gain the ascendancy, yet, notwithstanding this, when the divine character of this religion, and the living exemplification of it by its Author, and the agency of the Holy Spirit to give it efficacy, were taken into consideration, as also its adaptation to the felt wants of the human race—surely it must have appeared evident that for Italy at least there was in store a great and peaceful future. But now, looking back over the history of the intervening period, we see that any such anticipation was doomed to disappointment. Though paganism was obliged to give place to Christianity, or the true religion, yet it did not do so without first leaving its mark upon its victorious rival; so that the Christianity which survived the fall of paganism in Italy was not the Christianity which three hundred years earlier had begun an aggressive warfare against every form of false religion. Thus the sun of Italy's hope went down, and left her to grope in a darkness even more hopeless than the pagan night out of which she had just passed.

The night was long and the darkness heavy; and though occasional light seemed to brighten the horizon, and even for a time to linger on the summit of those lofty mountains that guard the valleys of the Waldenses, yet deliverance came not; and for centuries the millions of Italy have groaned under a spiritual despotism which is almost without a parallel in the history of the world.

At present the kingdom of Italy has an area of 113,000 square miles, and a population of over 28,000,000. Of this number 100,000 are Greek Catholics; 96,000 are Evangelical Christians; 36,000 are Jews; 25,000 Mohammedans; and all the rest belong to the Roman Catholic Church.

Up till a few years ago it was almost impossible for Protestant Churches to carry on mission work in Italy owing to the fact that the Popes, in addition to absolute authority in spiritual affairs, also held the reins of temporal power, and consequently there was no room in Italy for a religion which demanded

purity of life in her ministers, and liberty of conscience for the masses. But on the twentieth of September, 1870, the Pope lost his temporal sovereignty; and immediately the door was opened to the Protestant Church; and it is to her credit to say that the opportunity was not lost, for at once the heralds of the Gospel went up to possess the land and have begun a work which is destined ere long to effect a national and spiritual regeneration of the Italian people.

For centuries Protestantism has simply been on the defensive, but now she has taken up the weapons of an aggressive warfare, and with a genuine Christian heroism has ventured to place her banner in the very heart of Roman Catholicism. May they who conduct the work ever remember that their weapons are not carnal, but mighty through God to the pulling down of strongholds.

The first mission work which we notice in connection with Italy is that of the "Free Italian Church." This Church was founded in Milan in 1870 by the union of several congregations which had been independent of the Waldensian Church.

It is non-denominational, being composed of Baptists, Methodists, Presbyterians and other bodies. This mission has met with great success in the dissemination of Gospel truth. Though the time since its establishment has been so short, yet the Rev. Antonio Arrighi, as its representative at the second General Council of the Presbyterian Alliance, held at Philadelphia in 1880, spoke as follows: "During these twenty years Jesus and He crucified has been proclaimed by noble and faithful men to the Italian people, and to-day I stand on this platform in the name of 10,000 Christians converted by the labors of these devoted missionaries; and I repeat to you the words of the Apostle Paul—'They of Italy salute you, they of Italy greet you.' We of Italy bring you salutations, in the name of our common Father, in the name of the blessed Jesus, in the name of true Christianity, and in the name of true Presbyterian Catholicity." In the report of 1881, this body numbered 23 congregations, 13 ordained ministers, 16 evangelists, 21 teachers, 1,750 communicants, 284 catechumens, 1,250 pupils in the day schools and 657 in the Sunday schools. This body has also a theological school in Rome, with four professors and ten students. Gavazzi is one of the leading spirits in this Church. Such success as this in the very heart of Romanism is surely an evidence that the divine Spirit is the directing power.

The Methodist Church, with her characteristic energy and missionary zeal, has also done good work in Italy. In the northern missionary district, they have 28 congregations, in the southern district they have 15 congregations, and in all 22 ordained ministers.

The American Methodists, as distinct from the above, began work in Italy in 1871. For nearly forty years the scheme had been advocated by prominent members of this Church, but owing to the absolute power of the Pope, in the matter of Italy's spiritual life, the attempt was delayed; but in 1871, Bishop Ames appointed Dr. L. M. Vernon, as superintendent of the mission. As soon as possible he took his departure for his new field. After making a survey of the field he began work in Bologna in 1872, where a church was founded in 1873. The work has greatly prospered and gradually extended to Rome, Florence, Genoa, Milan, and other cities as fast, and as far as the force at command and the fanatical opposition of the priests would allow. A church was erected in Rome in 1875, and opened on Christmas Day of the

same year. In 1877, a "Women's Missionary Society" was formed, and three native bible-women were employed in Rome, Turin and Venice.

The latest report of their mission shows 21 stations, one Foreign Missionary and his assistant, 15 ordained and 9 unordained native preachers, 10 native women under the Women's Society, 833 members, 232 probationers, and 14 Sunday schools with 363 scholars.

The American Baptist Church has also distinguished herself in the work of evangelizing Italy. The Mission of the Southern Baptist Convention was established in 1870, and in 1872, George B. Taylor, D.D., of Richmond, Va., was sent out to superintend the mission. The growth at first was slow; nevertheless substantial work has been done for the Master. In 1883 this mission embraced 13 stations, 11 Italian ministers besides Dr. Taylor and his colleague, Rev. J. H. Eager, of Mississippi, who recently entered the field. The more important stations are Rome, Naples, Milan, Venice, Bologna, Cagliari, the capital of Sardinia, and Torre Pellice, the capital of the Waldensian Valleys. The General Baptist Mission of England has also established two stations in Rome. Among private workers I only notice a "Miss Shaw." This lady has opened a Home in Rome to receive female orphans without family ties, and to educate them with a view to their future usefulness among their own countrywomen. This is surely casting bread upon the waters in the hope of finding it after many days. The labours of Miss Emory and of Count Oswald Papengouth, are well worthy of mention did time permit. Let it suffice to say that the latter spends \$10,000 a year in this noble work.

The Church of England has three congregations in Rome.

The Presbyterian Church has no separate and independent missions in this field, at least so far as I can ascertain; but she co-operates with the "Free Italian Church," and also with the "Waldensian Church."

The last and most interesting work that I have to notice is that of the Waldensian Church.

With the exception of the Jews there is probably no people on earth today who have so remarkable a history as that of the Waldenses.

Side by side with corrupt Rome, this little community, amid persecutions and barbarities which neither tongue nor pen can describe, continued not only to exist, but to keep the Gospel torch burning through the darkness of the middle ages, when almost all the world was either groping in the darkness of paganism, or crouching in terror under the soul-destroying sway of the papacy. We cannot read the records of Waldensian heroism without giving vent to a heartfelt sympathy and admiration. Nor can we read the records of monstrous cruelty and hideous barbarity, which are to the eternal disgrace of the Church of Rome, without feeling as did Cromwell when he wrote to the Pope, saying that if these Waldensian persecutions were not stopped, "he would soon hear the cannon of England thundering against the gates of Rome." Nevertheless, though Rome had always been their enemy, when the soldiers of Victor Emmanuel entered Rome, a Waldensian missionary with an armful of Bibles entered the city along with them and there began the work of evangelization—a becoming imitation of the forgiving spirit of Him who had said "Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you, and persecute you." The Waldensians are now as free as any in Italy. The new King, Humbert I., has accorded them full religious liberty, much to the mortification of the Romish priests. By latest reports they have in the valleys 16 churches, with 12,

000 communicants, and 2,800 Sunday school scholars. There is a parish in each valley with a school and teacher. In the field of evangelization, *i. e.*, outside the valleys, they have over 100 stations, with 3,000 communicants and 2,000 Sunday school pupils.

In this short survey of missionary work in Italy, we believe there is ground for great encouragement, when it is seen that the Christian Church—notwithstanding the existence in the present day, of a daring rationalism and a widespread scepticism—still retains sufficient of her primitive power and heroism to attack and successfully capture, the most formidable strongholds of deep-rooted superstition, and which present the most serious impediments to the progress of Christ's cause in the world.

S. S. CRAIG.

Contributed Articles.

ECHOES FROM THE OCCIDENT.

OVERLAND journeys on the great American continent have been so often described by writers of all degrees of intelligence and descriptive ability, that little of interest remains to be told. Principal Grant's charming volume, "From Ocean to Ocean," has made its readers familiar with many scenes on the route pursued by him. The last part of Sandford Fleming's new book, "From Old Westminster to New," pictures a similar journey. Numberless writers have given thrilling accounts of the dark and the bright side of rail-roading in the West, and of what may be seen from the windows of cars as they roll rapidly along. But, while this is the case, as no two persons see out of the same eyes, a little time may be spent in noting a few things by the way.

Our route from Toronto lay along the Credit Valley, Canada Southern, and Michigan Central Railways to Chicago, thence by the Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific Railway to Council Bluffs, and thence by the Union and Central Pacific to San Francisco. This distance of nearly three thousand miles was passed over in the wonderfully short time of five days' actual running, including the minor stops.

On the second day, we had left Chicago far behind and were passing rapidly over the gently undulating plains of Iowa, where the corn-crib is a distinctive feature, and gives a clue to the leading product of the State. As the "free and enlightened" citizens of this State had recently carried a prohibitory liquor measure, they formed the subject of comment and criticism as we passed by their comfortable-looking homes. Most of our travelling companions were from the "Golden State," and, consequently, their temperance sentiments had not been sufficiently educated to understand how any but fanatics could ever think of such a foolish act.

Crossing the Missouri, which appeared in its true character as a very "muddy river," we were soon into the heart of Nebraska, where the plains are less undulating than in Iowa, and become tiresome in their dreary monotony. The houses grow smaller, and less numerous, until, in many places,

they vanish altogether ; and the prairie dog seems to be the sole occupant of the soil.

A word about these interesting little animals. The Indians call them "wish-ton-wish," probably because they utter a cry something like this. They live in villages, and are interesting creatures. They are pretty little animals, of curious shape, always fat, of a greyish-red color, and about six-teen inches in length. Their mounds, or burrows, are frequently of considerable size dug in a sloping direction, at an angle of forty-five degrees. After descending two or three yards, they make a quick turn upwards, and end in a spacious chamber. They live solely on the roots of grass. Attempts have been made to tame them but in vain. They rarely live long, and are very apt to amuse themselves in biting off fingers. The scene presented by one of these villages is very curious. They are not less inquisitive than timid. On the approach of danger, one gives a sharp yelp of alarm and plunges into his burrow, followed by all his neighbors. For a moment the village seems deserted ; but soon curiosity overcomes prudence, and their inquisitive little noses are seen protruding from their holes to find out the cause of alarm.

In the same hole with the prairie dog is found very often the *burrowing owl* ; and, frequently, on the same mound, may be seen, sitting in stately silence, the solemn owl, on one side of the holes ; and, on the other side, the lively little dog squatted on his haunches, with head erect, and fore paws hanging down, ready at the slightest alarm to dash head first into his hole.

The rattlesnake also is found sometimes in the same burrow. This makes rather an incongruous family ; and what sympathy can exist between creatures so diverse, it is difficult to say. The general opinion is that the solemn owl and treacherous snake, live with the little dogs to abuse their hospitality by feeding upon their young.

Leaving the prairie dog villages, we hasten on. While gazing on the vast expanse of loneliness spread out as far as the eye can reach, one can very easily enter into the feelings of the poet who wrote :

"Lo ! here you learn how more than fit,
And dignified is silence, when
You hear the petty jeers of men
Who point, and show their pointless wit.
The vastness of that voiceless pain,
Its awful solitude remain
Thenceforth for aye a part of you,
And you are of the favored few,
For you have learned your littleness."

For many miles, our course lay along the North Platte river, the shores of which were lined with immense herds of cattle from Texas and Colorado on the south, and the vast plains of Nebraska on the north. In some of these herds there must have been many thousand head, and altogether there could not have been much less than a million of animals grazing. Here those fit for market are taken out and shipped east, and the rest are driven back to their respective ranches.

lemon

Iliff, the late "cattle king of the plains," had a ranche one hundred and fifty miles long, and a herd of twenty-six thousand head.

In the periodical "round-ups" of these cattle, the *cow-boy* appears in all his glory. As he belongs distinctively to the West, perhaps a brief description of him may be given in passing. He is usually looked upon as a typically "bad

man." He does not, however, always deserve this reputation, although he delights in wearing a wicked looking hat, with as much gold braid about it as he can obtain, a pair of jingling spurs, and several six-shooters. He will shoot the lights out of a saloon, or make a "tenderfoot," which, by the way, is the western term for a "freshman," dance and sing, convincing him with a revolver that such entertainment would be acceptable. Notwithstanding all this, he would as a rule, fight in the defence of the weak, and would not hesitate to shoot the man who would dare insult a woman. A few criminals may be found among the cow-boys, but only a few. Men lead this life, not so much to escape justice as because it is free, and wild, and exciting. Many of them are men of education and, beneath the roughest exterior, culture and refinement of no mean order are sometimes found. The life is a fascinating one, and after becoming thoroughly initiated into its mysteries, they do not care to abandon it.

Closely resembling the cow-boy in many things, is the *bull-whacker*. He is a strange phenomenon and characteristic of the West, although, like the prairie dog, he is rapidly vanishing before the onward tide of civilization. The bull-whacker is usually very large and strong; his hair is coarse, long, and unkempt, and his beard is usually as stiff as bristles. Ordinarily he can manage eight or ten yoke of oxen attached to two waggons which are bound together, one behind the other. Hanging to the side of the waggon is his trusty rifle, and ready axe, while lying on the top are red blankets to cover him at night. It is said of the bull-whacker that his *oath* and his *whip* are both the longest ever known. The stock of the whip is only about three feet long, while the lash, made of braided raw-hide, is seldom less than twenty feet in length. From the stock, the lash swells out gradually for about six feet, when it attains a circumference of nearly ten inches; from here it tapers to within a foot of the end, which terminates in the form of a ribbon-shaped string, or "cracker." Some have facetiously called this terrible whip, a "persuader." Under its influence an ox-team will travel at the magic rate of twenty miles per day.

Those who have spent any time on the prairies of the West and North-West, among ox-drivers, know something of their profanity; but the bull-whacker of the plains bears the palm in this respect. He is universally regarded as the champion swearer of America. He surpasses the mate of a Mississippi boat in the length and frequency of his oaths, and he has given his word that he "kin drink more whiskey."

But the iron horse has been all this time flying on, and we are now rapidly ascending into a rarer and purer atmosphere, and approaching a more rugged and mountainous country until, at Sherman, in Wyoming Territory, we are at the summit of the road, more than a mile and a half above the level of the sea. In this neighborhood are the Black Hills and the great Laramie Plains, which are regarded as one of the richest grazing portions of the country, and a "paradise for sheep." These plains were the happy hunting grounds of the Indians for many generations, and they have not abandoned their claims without a severe struggle. Their treachery is denounced by all who have had the misfortune to come into contact with them. Probably the whites taught them the lesson and they have been apt pupils. An old Rocky Mountain trapper describes them in the following characteristic terms: "They are the most unsartainest varmints in all creation, and I reckon thar not mor'n half human, for you never seed a human, arter you'd fed and treated him to the best fixins in your lodge, jest turn round and steal all your hosses, or anything he could lay his hands on."

At one of the stations in this district, we had the satisfaction of seeing two of these Indian braves, in full war costume, gallop up to the platform. On the train was a detachment of the U. S. Infantry *en route* to Idaho. The men were rather inferior-looking, and one of them happened to be standing on the platform when the Indians came up. "Where you come from, John?" said one of the savages to the soldier. From the East replied the soldier. "Where did you come from?" "Oh, back," said the savage, giving his head a very uncertain toss. "You going to fight, John?" asked the Indian in serious tones. "Perhaps," returned the soldier. "Ugh! no much fight in you," said the Indian in a most contemptuous tone; and, putting spurs to their horses, they galloped away.

Indians are sharp in their observations, and some of the results are amusing. One of them describing to an Englishman the characteristics of the different people he knew, remarked naively: "King George man, (English) very good; Boston man, (American) good; John Chinaman, no good; Negro, he no better than a dog."

They are very curious about negroes, to know whether they are black through and through, as an Irishman would say; and it is said that they actually scraped one who had fallen into their hands to verify the matter.

As we roll along, the scenery increases in grandeur and picturesqueness. Soon we are in Utah—the home of the Mormons. Nor have we to wait long for evidence of the fact. While the train stopped for a few minutes at Echo, a beautiful spot, nestled in the midst of towering hills, some of us stepped out of the car to look around. The first object that attracted our attention was a house with three front doors. As we were discussing the utility of such a style of architecture, our curiosity was set at rest by the master of the house coming around from the back with a wife on each arm and a third clinging to the arm of the second. Each wife was disposed of at her own door, and entered into her own apartments. This was our first experience in Mormon domestic economy.

Passing on, Ogden is soon reached where passengers for Salt Lake City change cars. Here Mormon, and anti-Mormon, literature of every description is exposed for sale. Leaving Ogden, we skirt the shore of the Great Salt Lake and enter the Great American desert, the country which has been described as

"A wide domain of mysteries
And signs that men misunderstand!
A land of space and dreams: a land
Of sea, salt lakes and dried-up seas,
A land of cars and caravans,
And lonely wells and pools."

This region is closely associated with the daring spirit of adventure that brought thousands of fortune-hunters from the East in search of the fabulous treasure said to be stored up in the Sierras. Instead of gold, however, most of these old "49ers" as they have been called, found lonely graves amid the sage-brush and burning sand of Nevada.

In a very short time we are in the "Golden State," hastening towards San Francisco, the commercial centre of the North Pacific coast. We will not, however, tarry here for the present, but ask you to take a long leap over to British Columbia, the Pacific Province of the Dominion. Our journey terminates at New Westminster, "the Royal City." As this is our home we wish to make you acquainted at once with our neighbors. It is not well to

talk about one's neighbors but, in the present case, it will do no harm as it is not very likely that they will hear what we say. We shall divide them into two classes.

Those strange-looking people with loose-fitting garments which hang around them like a sentry-box, umbrella hats or skull caps, shirts apparently on the wrong side of their pants which are made ankle-tight by means of tapes, shoes with wooden soles, a jaundice-colored skin, peculiarly set almond eyes, high cheek bones, moustaches as scanty as a freshman's, half-shaved heads, straight and jet black hair, and dangling pig-tails, are the *Chinese*. This class of our neighbors is by no means as perfect as we should like. Chinaman velle muchee like Melican man in this respect, "alle same." With all their faults however, and they are many, we have no hesitation in saying that these people are being badly treated, and grossly misrepresented by politicians, editors, "our own correspondents," and citizens in general. They are described as being the very essence of all that is vicious, villainous, and filthy.

In the eyes of many, they do not seem to have one redeeming feature. To add to the horror their numbers are increasing so rapidly that they will, unless prohibited from coming, soon out-number the whites. Indeed, they are so plentiful now that small boys say they can't throw stones without hitting them. As the dark side of their character has been so often painted in the most revolting colors, we will dwell chiefly on the other side.

The Chinese are very industrious. They are never idle when they can find anything to do. When travelling, they seldom loiter on the road, but may frequently be seen trotting along, keeping time to the springing of a pole on which they carry their burdens. They are ready for any kind of work, no matter how menial. They work early and late, Sunday as well as week-day. They justify themselves for not going to church or keeping the Sabbath, by saying "White man Gods in church; he go there on Sunday; he good on Sunday; he no good other days: Chinaman gods at home; he see them every day; he good every day; Sabee?" They are active workmen, and generally give satisfaction after they have become sufficiently initiated into their duties. They dislike begging and it is only when reduced to dire necessity, and after they have failed to get work, even for their board, that they will seek charity. They make skilful mechanics and artizans.

As their physique is not of the strongest, they are best adapted to light, quick work, and in a very short time they will work with the regularity and precision of a machine. Their imitative powers have become proverbial. So wonderful, indeed, are they that Darwin might have seized upon them as the "missing link" in his theory of natural selection. His imaginative faculty might easily have developed their caudal adornment and imitative power into a relationship to the monkey. One of them, who aspired to be a coachman, was sent one day to grease the carriage. On his return from the ban, he said he had greased it all over except the sticks the wheels hang on. This, however, by the way. We have seen them tailoring, shoemaking, tinsmithing, joining, painting, baking, &c., and the conclusion at which we have arrived is, that their work will compare very favorably with that of the whites.

As house servants they are, as a rule, reliable and satisfactory when they find kind mistresses, who will exercise patience with them at first. Some will have no one but a Chinaman to do housework. A San Francisco lady told the writer that she had tried English, Scotch, Irish, German and American servants, but her Chinaman was far superior to all of them. In cooking they

often attain a high degree of skill. At a recent Chinese banquet in San Francisco, an orange was placed at the plate of each guest. The orange itself seemed like any other orange; but, on being cut open, was found to contain within the rind five kinds of delicate jellies. One was at first puzzled to explain how the jellies got in; and, giving up that train of thought, was in a worse quandary to know how the pulpy part of the orange got out. When one of the guests asked the interpreter to explain this secret of cooking, he expanded his mouth in a hearty laugh, and shaking his head, replied, "Melican man heap smart, why he not find him out?"

In economy, frugality and shrewdness they are more than a match for the Scotchman, or the Jew. They will pick enough gold out of the tailings that slip through the fingers of the white man to make a fair living. In roasting and selling their pork, for which they have a great weakness, they generally "go the whole hog" to save many rooks and many fires. They can live for about eight or ten cents a day, although the average cost of the working class is about thirty cents a day.

They are peaceable and inoffensive when not improperly interfered with. They generally mind their own business, and it is only under the greatest provocation that they will retaliate. We have seen examples of their patient forbearance under cruel treatment, when it seemed to us that forbearance had ceased to be a virtue, and when we certainly would have found no fault had they administered a severe chastisement to their persecutors.

They are scrupulously clean as to their persons. This is a strange anomaly in their character, since their houses are often filthy beyond endurance. Notwithstanding this, they will come out of these foul habitations as clean as an eel out of its skin. They bathe as if it were a sacred duty, and the tooth-brush is a daily companion.

When they can afford it, they shave their heads every ten or fifteen days. Their razors are triangular in shape, about two inches long, an inch wide at one end, hollow ground, and weigh about two ounces; the steel in them is of the finest quality. Instead of the striped pole of the American barber, the Celestial knight of the scissors displays a four-legged frame, the legs of which are painted green, and the knobs on the top red.

The queue, which is regarded with as much pride by a Chinaman as the Union Jack is by a Briton, has chiefly a political significance. It, as well as the tonsure, was introduced into China in 1644, as a mark of acceptance of, and subjection to, the Tartar rule, and enforced by the favor of the Courts, which was extended to all who wore it, but denied to those who appeared without it. Usually it dangles down the back, but sometimes, for convenience, it is worn in a coil around the head or the neck. It is, however, a mark of great disrespect to have it thus coiled in the presence of superiors.

As the queue is the badge of loyalty to the present dynasty of China, no one can become a British subject and retain this, for it claims that in political matters he is not his own master but the subject of the Chinese Emperor.

It is quite consistent, therefore, for a Chinese Christian to retain his queue, as it has little, or no religious significance, and it is manifestly unfair to doubt his sincerity because he will not forego this adornment.

Let me now notice some of the charges brought against them, and show the inconsistency of them. I must, however, refer to this at some future time.

HYMNOLOGY.

PERHAPS the briefest definition of hymnology is the "religious consciousness singing." The forms may be various, *e.g.* praise, adoration, contemplation, communion, resignation, yet they are but the diviner feelings voicing themselves in song. There are, therefore, the vague hymns of Buddhism; those of c'assic Paganism to the deities, to the wild forces of nature, to the ideal heroes. These hymns are often sublime but too cold, and they embody gross ideas of the gods.

Christian hymnology shares the nobler qualities of the Pagan; but there is an additional glory because of the mightier conceptions of our faith.

There are none to surpass the poems in the Bible. For example, the triumphant song of the Hebrews on the east of the Red Sea which swallowed the Egyptians; the fiery war-song of Deborah; the Psalms of David that have lasted through the generations without losing their solemn beauty, and which show how lovely is genius when kindled by the inspiration of heaven; the spirited outburst of praise when Peter and John reported to the alarmed brethren the success of their cause: these are examples chosen at random. Paul's language seems at places to show that he quoted from some poems then existent (Eph. v., 14: 1 Tim. iii., 16). It is not unlikely that there were popular melodies among the Hebrews, which have been long lost. The long interval between the Apostles and the Reformation was, on the whole, distinguished by vigor of thought, which, although too dialectic and speculative, was splendid, and, we believe, earnest. The Schoolmen could grapple with the heaviest dogmas. Their untiring dissensions wrenched the Church and embittered the numberless parties. While the schools were warring and entangling themselves in noisy disputes, there were quieter productions. "Art thou weary, art thou languid," is from a translation of the Eastern Church.

It was only in the fourth century that Grecian hymnology was introduced in the Western Church. The colossal form of Ambrose emerges as the chief party in this event. He ordered hymns to be sung in the great church at Milan in order to nerve the people who were prone to despair of the truth in those stormy times. Augustine belonged to that congregation, and the new music enchanted him. Ambrose was an author signalized by masculine thought, by simplicity, by an expression not at all technical. There are four great poems over his name: "Dread framer of the earth and sky," "Maker of all things, glorious God," "Redeemer of the nations, come," "Christ at this hour was crucified."

We are sorry not to be able to trace the steps by which the stern Ambrosian hymnody was softened by St. Benedict. Its form was strong and didactic, but it lacked melody and sweetness; this defect, however, disappeared as other hymnals arose. "Alleluia, song of sweetness," is a specimen of later melody.

There is a striking figure appearing in the twelfth century, St. Bernard of Clairvaux. His devotion to monasticism was unwearied. He preached crusades to persuade people to take the vows of his order, and his eloquence was so overpowering that wives hid their husbands, and mothers their sons, lest they should be enticed by his kindling enthusiasm. But he was not a fanatic; under that fiery surface there lay a power of subtle thinking which could cope with the famous Abelard, and which encountered with unvarying success the keenest disputants of other orders. He left the monastery of

Citreaux, and where a little stream coursed through a lonely forest farther north he fixed the monastery of Clairvaux. He wrote the original of "Jesus, the very thought of Thee," "Jesus, Thou joy of loving hearts." Critics have detected a blemish in his compositions: they are very glowing and passionate, and on this very ground they ascribe too many human feelings to God: they tend to materialize the invisible world.

It is curious that a similar blemish has been pointed out in most of the hymns of the Pietistic school in Germany. In some cases, the fault-finding is too eager. At all events, their verses, which do not (it is said) always square with scholastic formularies are welcome to the human heart; and perhaps the heart is a safer guide than the head in such cases. Arnold belonged to this class. He was an untiring and unsparing gladiator, yet his poetry is gentle. This singular double-sidedness of Arnold reminds us of the versatility of those stalwart champions—Jeremy Taylor, John Milton, Samuel Rutherford—whose close logic and unerring invective were the dread of opponents, but whose spiritual writings betoken a mellow serenity and tenderness altogether exceptional; they are like the Apostle John, who loved to lean on the Master's bosom, but whose savage and blazing wrath called down fire upon the wicked.

Tersteegen, too, a Moravian, was an illustrious composer; Wesley has translated two: "Lo! God is here; let us adore," "Thou hidden love of God, whose source." Zinzendorf, the chivalrous Moravian, a missionary of almost unequalled energy, wrote the German for "Jesus, Thy blood and righteousness."

The most illustrious composer of Germany is Luther; and the most illustrious of his compositions is "Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott," a paraphrase of the 46th Psalm. Carlyle likens it to "a sound of Alpine avalanches, or the first murmurs of earthquakes." The Germans caught its martial spirit, and it is impossible to calculate its influence on the Reformation. It is curious to find that in Wales, many generations afterwards, another hymn wielded a similar power, "O'er the gloomy hills of darkness." William Williams, who had proposed to study medicine, was arrested by the sermons of Howell Harris, and resolved to labor for the gospel in Wales. His Celtic nature, congenial at many points with Luther's, was gifted with an unyielding purpose and a fervid fire of poetry which singled him out as the apostle of the Welsh. While travelling over her drear moorlands and while climbing her rugged hills, his glowing spirit dreamt of a gladder time when the truth of Jesus would fall upon the land of his birth. The day was dark but the morrow would be bright: and his chivalrous spirit broke forth in those stanzas of daring hope that became the watchword of the Welsh Church.

The same fact shows itself to-day. Hymn-books are more popular than the Scriptures in many homes. There are those who are not able to glean joy from the Bible because its chapters are frequently difficult, who never imbibe comfort from the too often chilling technicalities of orthodoxy, but who can sing with the heart those verses that are homely and pure. There is a lesson in the fact. It is not so much that the Bible must be opened, but it must be opened in its native spirit. The danger is that the preacher is tempted to handle and criticise systems and theories, and to interpolate, in single verses, those views which will tally with a favorite body of divinity. Scientific mastery of scripture is capital; but it is a rare union to find this together with a power to bring out the real force of Scripture. A great tragedian of Shakespeare is a critic in order to be an actor: he makes the author lifelike

in the plays, which it would be impossible for the mere critic to do. A great theologian may be neither scientific nor popular; he may be scholastic; a great preacher may be both scholarly and powerful. It is the last class which can transform a doctrine into a verity: and they will supply that vague craving in the people for strong truth which makes the great hymns so effective because they strike at the heart of things.

It is not singular that our classic hymnody has been largely traceable to sorrow in some form or other.

Cowper's history was very eventful; naturally delicate and sensitive, he suffered cruelly from causes which those of hardier calibre could coolly endure. The frenzy that crippled his fine powers always threatened him. It was when living at Olney, on the Ouse, where John Newton was energetically evangelizing the careless villagers, and it was, too, when he was in languor, that he wrote "On, for a closer walk with God!" "There is a fountain filled with blood," "The billows swell, the winds are high," "God of my life, to Thee I call," "When darkness long has veiled my mind:" and it was on the eve of insanity that he wrote those lines that seem wrung out by bitterness mingled with unflinching faith, "God moves in a mysterious way."

When Ray Palmer was at college, his finances were almost drained, and his bodily health was very low. He became down-hearted. His gloom darkened the hopes of his ambition; and his heart looked to God, "My faith looks up to Thee."

Addison was sailing along the Italian coast when a terrific storm fell upon the sea, and the crew despaired. It was an hour of anguish for the brilliant author. The vessel weathered the storm however; but there were deadly fevers ravaging Rome and Naples, and he was alarmed by their malignity. But he escaped both shipwreck and malaria, and his rich and lovable nature produced those words, "When all Thy mercies, oh my God."

Rev. John Fawcett was a distinguished preacher in the last half of last century: his charge at Hebden Bridge was thought to be too obscure for his generous talents. Dr. Gill had recently resigned the oversight of a fashionable church in London, and Mr. Fawcett preached in the vacant pulpit. His sermons were powerful, and the congregation jumped at the chance of securing so promising a pastor. They called him. He was very loath to leave his unlettered flock, but he decided to go. At the last moment however the people clamored for him to stay amongst them, and their pitiful appeals touched him. He decided to stay. This is the occasion of those heartfelt lines that reveal a brotherly spirit, "Blest be the tie that binds."

"Few are thy days and full of woe," "Take comfort Christians when your friends," "Behold the mountain of the Lord," were written by Michael Bruce, a Scotch Christian of the Covenanter stamp, whose fragile constitution was enfeebled by intense intellectual effort and poverty, and whose untimely death was due to a disease which he fought against with silent but unavailing fortitude.

Charlotte Elliott, (1789) had a religious passion that was almost morbid. She brooded over the unseen world until it haunted her. What increased her trouble was a nervous sensitiveness. It was natural that she should have terrible fears about the future condition, which her fancy intensified. Her conscience tortured her. Her views were neither clear nor sound. For long years she laboured and suffered, but, in her thirty-third year, there was a release from this inward struggle, and she records the unwonted joy in these

lines that are almost the first sung in infancy and the last sung in dying, "Just as I am though tossed about." It is a historic hymn.

Anne Steele was the daughter of a Baptist minister. Hers was lifelong sorrow. She was early betrothed to a young man who, only a few hours before the wedding, was drowned. This stroke told cruelly, and the aching heart was not long afterward wounded afresh by the premature death of her father. Her days passed under a deepening shadow. What wonder that she wrote "Dear refuge of my weary soul"!

Miss Mills, an English lady, when nearing death, wrote "We speak of the realms of the blest." And "Lead, kindly light,"—which has been questioned by some critics because of its negative character—was versed by Rev. J. H. Newman when delayed for seven days on the Mediterranean. He was in drooping spirits after his recent illness, and he was troubled with the dissensions in the Church at home. It has also been said that his convictions were shaking, convictions which he has since disavowed.

The surviving hymns of the Middle Ages probably owe their beauty to this circumstance: those who abode in cloisters, who faced the dangers of lonely travels, who unsparingly mortified the flesh, felt an experience that made heaven more welcome and restful. Bernard, of Morlai, in the twelfth century, a severe monastic, wrote 3,000 verses; and the sentiments are so exalted that he was judged to be inspired. Out of that long poem Dr. Neale has selected most of the hymns on "heaven" that are in the Presbyterian Hymnal—"For thee, O dear, dear country," "Jerusalem the golden," "The world is very evil."

It would exaggerate the facts to say that tribulation is the sole cause of hymnody: strong religious feelings, of whatever kind, are: but it is a fact that almost, if not all, our stronger feelings spring from melancholy conditions. This is the philosophy of hymnology.

The music, to which the words are set, plays a great part, sometimes favorably, sometimes not. There are verses empty of thought, and buoyed up by evanescent feeling, that are sung over the land because the melody is good. Indeed a person has been heard to call a certain hymn "a hopping tune": and often that "air" is liked the best to which the vulgar can keep time with their feet. There are, on the other hand, noble lines that are unpopular because the music is tame and dragging. Many Psalms are proofs: for where are there loftier strains than in the Davidic Odes? But a drawling tune has often murdered them. Melody is to hymnody what oratory is to truth. Blazing rhetoric may redeem and transfigure the shallowest commonplace, and defective speech may spoil the weightiest ideas. And, whether or not there is truth in the saying that the Presbyterian pulpit is often guilty of clothing excellent ideas in beggarly guise, there is undoubted force in the observation that Presbyterianism is the slowest to utilize melody in worship. This blame is hers: but hers is the praise that she will likely keep clear of abusing music by gently converting the service into a concert. Good hymns and good melodies; good doctrines and good speech: all are wanted.

If hymnology is the "religious consciousness singing," then it is easy to explain how the hymns of all the ages of the Church have so much in common, even although they appeared in ages that were distinguished for the most acrimonious discussion. When the schools were waging fierce war over definitions and creeds, then the deeper instincts of the heart fell back upon those views which most sects love. Hymnology is a testimony not only to the

fact that the points on which the Churches differ are very small when compared to those on which they agree, but also to the fact that those who engage in loud contentions are, at bottom, longing for the great verities which appeal not so much to the intellect as to the needy nature of man. Argument may drive God from the world, but burdened humanity would cry for His recall from an exile painful both to heaven and earth.

J. C. SMITH.

Correspondence.

REGINA, Jan. 19th, 1885.

To the Editor of Knox College Monthly:—

DEAR SIR:—Two copies of the MONTHLY have safely reached us, and I need not tell you that the MONTHLY is a welcome visitor. On perusing its pages so full of interest, our college days, but recently completed, are vividly recalled, and imperceptibly we are once more in the class-room, receiving instruction from our learned and able Professors, and enjoying all the pleasures and advantages of College life. But we woke up surprised and disappointed to find that it has all been a dream—a dream it is, but not to be forgotten, for those college days shall carry with them their impress down every step of life.

The graduates of last year, as you mentioned in your last, are now widely scattered—we are glad, however, to know that although absent we are not forgotten.

Thinking that, perhaps, a brief account of my work in the West might be of interest, I therefore venture a short sketch. Before, however, attempting to do so, you may have a desire to know something about our winters in the West, since, no doubt, some of the graduates will have the West in view as a field of labor. In respect to the winter, of which I can now speak from experience, we certainly have some very cold weather. But while this is the case, I do not think that the winters are to be viewed with such dread, as many who have never lived in the country generally suppose. We have a great deal of very pleasant weather, and with houses comfortably built, no special inconvenience is felt, even during the coldest weather. In regard to the summer season, it is unnecessary to make any reference, since the summers are both pleasant and healthful.

In alluding to our work here, I wish to say that up to the present I have enjoyed it with increasing interest. My field of labor proper is Regina and its immediate vicinity; but to speak of limiting work to any locality in the West is at present simply impossible. With a desire to overtake as much work as possible, and also at the earnest solicitations of a number in different localities who have been deprived of gospel ordinances ever since coming to the country, I endeavoured to do what I could to hold occasional services at some of those points. I will briefly refer to two of them, in order to give you some idea of their relative importance:—

Carsdale, which is named after an extensive farmer in the locality, is some twenty-four miles north-west of Regina. At this point I held service once a

month, driving out on Saturday, holding a service at 10.30 a.m., and returning to Regina for evening service. This settlement is particularly interesting, the land is excellent, the class of settlers is superior; and almost to a man the community is solid Presbyterian. At this point there was an average attendance of from thirty to forty, which could easily be increased if a man was on the field. About twelve miles farther west I think that an equally good attendance could be secured.

The other point to which I will refer is Long Lake. Through the kindness of the Rev. Hugh McKay, Superintendent of the N.W. Indian Missions, I was enabled to give this field a monthly service during the summer months. Here also the attendance was good, there being an average of from thirty to sixty in the two localities at which I held service. In connection with this field there is every prospect of the number of settlers increasing, since the land is good, plenty of wood and water, and in addition a line of railway is spoken of, for the coming summer, from Regina to Long Lake—and I may here add that if we can only occupy the field, for the present at least, I think we shall have undisputed possession. North of the present settlement in this district, some 500 Germans, as a nucleus of a still larger colony, have taken up land, and will enter upon it during the coming summer. To the south, again, and some twenty miles north of Regina, 100 homesteads are spoken of as having been taken up by Scotch Crofters, who purpose coming out next spring. In addition to these there are also a large number of individual homesteads taken up at different points throughout the country.

The localities here briefly referred to are only two among the many urgently needing that for which there can be no substitute—the Gospel. Twelve miles south of Regina there is a settlement of considerable size, largely Presbyterian—no service. Sixteen miles east, again, on the C.P.R., a large settlement, principally Presbyterian—no service. To the north of this point, again, two large settlements, the greater part Presbyterian—no service. And so we might go on enumerating point after point.

In the matter of mission work, whether at home or abroad, *Knox* has ever been to the front, and judging from the missionary sentiment expressed in the *MONTHLY*, their spirit is growing rather than wavering.

During the coming summer, in order to overtake the work with any degree of efficiency, two men (graduates if possible), in addition to those already on the field are necessary. And remember, these are not *boom* ideas, but claims which are most moderate in their nature. Who will come over and help us?

I remain, yours very sincerely,

ALEX. URQUHART.

To the Editor of *Knox College Monthly* :—

MY DEAR SIR,—I don't know very much—now don't be illnatured enough to say "I thought so," for Socrates was worse off than I—he used to say, he did not know anything. Looking upon the *Monthly* with awe as a sort of intelligence office, I approach with a mind consumed with a thirst for knowledge. What is your opinion about the custom of students preaching during term? Do you think it pays? Does it pay the students? And does it pay the congregations? I have been adding up both sides, and I make the answer, *no*, but I did not take honor mathematics. I tried to solve the problem by

geometrical progressions and permutations, but the progressions were too extensive, and the permutations too sudden, and I became intermingled, so to speak, and gave up that method—but it was good training. I tried another way something like this: A student knowing that an appointment is before him, spends more or less time in reviewing two or three sermons. This takes some as many as three or four hours, while others may take two days or more, the time spent being in proportion to the size of the man's brain—it takes me a long, a very long time, but that is away from the point. Then in going out, the student loses Saturday, Sunday, and part of Monday; he travels from ten to one hundred miles, driving two, five, ten, twenty miles—last Sunday one had to drive, in all, fifty miles.

He expends a vast amount of muscular and nervous energy in preaching, that is, if he possesses a moderate degree of ambition, for he is duly informed how splendidly the student preached last Sabbath, or the younger and more frivolous among his entertainers make facetious remarks about the verdancy of the said unfortunate student, and so he does expend all his energy, ordinary and reserve; he loses the rest of the Sabbath that was intended to fit him for next week's work, and in return for all this he gets a shocking bad cold and *four* dollars. The cold is free, so he always takes it—he can take it when he is driving or when he is going to bed, or in bed, or in getting up at 6 o'clock. There is plenty of it around, and so he makes himself at home and helps himself, or rather, he can't help himself, he can't refuse, so he takes it, and after keeping it with a great deal of pains and care, he lets it go at the end of the next week. This is a fact, one of the few I know, and you may have it free. He gets the practice in speaking? Well, I know that too, but is that what he is in college for, and don't you think six month's practice in the summer ought to last him over the other six months of the year? Some say it helps a man's spiritual nature against the evil felt in pursuing purely abstract truth—the evil of pure intellectualism. But don't you think that there is plenty of work in the city that would be a more effectual counterpoise? And I am not sure but that the evil effects following a day's preaching more than counterbalance the good. The student knows he is only there for a day, and he is inclined to preach in a perfunctory sort of way. There is often a woeful lack of sympathy between congregation and preacher. Now, I do not say this is always so, and certainly it is not a necessary evil. But too often the preacher is thinking of his eloquent sermon, and the congregation involuntarily criticising the style of the young man and his personal appearance, charitably hoping he may improve in both. I have always had the idea that the students were in college to prepare themselves by a course of reading for preaching. Now if they are out preaching two Sundays out of three, as many are, don't you think it would be better to drop all reading except what is necessary for preparation for Sabbath work? Do they go to college to board, or to study? And when you study do you put half your time and energy on something else? I told you I didn't know very much. But I want to know if it is a good thing for able-bodied congregations to have an idea that they can in the very slightest emergency send for a student and save four dollars. It is economical I know, but is it good for their morals as congregations? Does it make them appreciate pulpit service as they should? Does it teach the lesson of listening to the truth and not to the preacher? Or does it increase the congregational malady of "itching ears"? I went calculating again, and I made out the following result: that with two congregations of, say,

one hundred and fifty each, counting morning and evening service only, there would be the tax of one cent and a-half, or about that sum for each individual to pay for the day's work. Now, it does not make a man generous to give one cent and a-half, even if he gives it every Sunday, does it? This has a reflex influence on the student also, for though he may not be making any such mental calculations during the sermon as I have mentioned, yet he does at times think of the financial question, for no matter how spiritual a man may be, he can't pay his board-bill without money; and I have heard students comparing notes as to the proceeds of a day's work, nay, there are examples of a mild form of stock-broking in the way of appointments. Of course, I will agree with you that such comparisons evidence extremely bad taste, and are not altogether due to the system of term-preaching. Now, you say pulpits vacant must be supplied, and so say I; but I have an idea that if the minister's wage for a day's preaching—that is a bad way of putting it but I don't know a better—were *eight* dollars and not *four*, the calls upon the student would be much less frequent, and more than that, the same financial result would be gained with just half the number of times going out, minus the colds; but the colds he would have to give up. I, personally, have no sympathy with a man who must have everything, and won't give up anything. Now I have one more idea left, namely, that it is time to stop.

Yours etc.,

NOD ROG.

Editorial.

THE close of the College in March, bringing its usual list of examinations, will send up to the Presbytery another class of candidates for license. They have been under its zealous care since the beginning of their course; they have read before it an exercise yearly, and now they appear to be twice examined before they shall be considered ready to receive a call, or ordination. We say nothing of the character of the examination or of the inequality of the tests given by the different Presbyteries, but we ask are not these trials altogether unnecessary, especially under an educational system groaning already with the weight of examinations.

This custom is a relic of an age when there were no colleges, or none under the Church's eye. Then they were necessary as a guarantee of the life and doctrines of her ministry; now the case is different. The Church has her colleges. The professors fill their chairs at her appointment, and have vowed loyalty to the confession of Faith. She appoints annually a board of examiners, of which the professors form a very small fraction. If there be danger of a professor verging unconsciously from the straight line of orthodoxy then there is in the board of examiners a sufficient safeguard. Why should not all examinations be committed to its hands? Its members are selected from the most scholarly and devout men within the bounds of the church. No other body is so capable of testing the merits of those who offer themselves for the ministry. We believe that yearly examinations under the direction of the board are amply sufficient to meet all the needs of the church.

THE method of supply for our vacancies has become a vexing question. Some cry for a return to the old system, enforced more rigorously. It has been shewn conclusively that this is useless. "The two chief factors in the problem were the vacancies and the probationers, and the scheme suited neither. Should we return to a system that failed to meet the wants of the parties chiefly interested?" Our present condition represents nearly one extreme of possible arrangements, that of the Episcopalians the other. With us, the congregation and candidate are free to contract an engagement; with them, both are under the authority of the Bishop, although through the kindly exercise of this power the scheme is generally very satisfactory. What we at present require is to find a middle ground. We want some power between the congregation and the candidate—some person or body to assist our weaker congregations in their struggle for supply against the stronger, to exercise authority in placing a suitable man over indifferent or quarrelsome congregations, to advise important congregations where they may find the gifts which they require. Can any such power be given to existing organizations, or can a new office be created clothed with this power?

SOCIETY all over the world is at present in a very agitated and unstable condition. The public are being constantly reminded by dynamite explosions and shooting affrays, that there are smouldering fires in their midst ready to exert their forces whenever an opportunity occurs. There seems to be a warfare inaugurated by the poor and abject classes against the rich and powerful. It is a sad fact, that there are societies formed whose avowed object is to wage war and extermination on rulers and capitalists. There can be no question that the poor are oppressed and down-trodden; and however unnatural and foolish the means they are employing to obtain their rights may be, the fact remains that a necessity exists for a sweeping reform in the relations that capital and trade sustain to labor. The Government, and the Church too, must sooner or later face this necessity. The iron heel of oppression, backed by the power of the state, may keep the smouldering fires in check for some time, but the claims of the masses will be constantly asserting themselves, to the annoyance and even danger of the State, until something is done to ameliorate their condition. While no sympathy can be shown toward the dastardly and wicked acts of dynamiters, yet the condition of the masses is such as to demand sympathy from both Church and State. We see plenty of poverty and misery in our own land, but the condition of the poor in the old world is much worse. Eye-witnesses have declared that their condition is absolutely indescribable. Such a state of things existing in the heart of Christian civilization proves that there is something wrong in the arrangements of society. It is no adequate explanation to say that these people themselves are responsible for their present condition. That may be true in a certain sense, but it is not the whole explanation. In their present physical, mental and moral condition there is no practical possibility of their rising to a higher life even though opportunities were placed at their disposal.

Now, who is responsible for this degradation? Certainly a large share of the blame must rest upon the governing and religious institutions of the land. The State and the Church have allowed these people to sin gradually without doing anything to prevent. The wholesale license granted to groggeries and saloons have enabled liquor traffickers to ply their nefarious business among

these poor people, until every spark of true humanity is destroyed. Their education has also been neglected. Nothing has been done to lead them up to true views of life and society. The vast majority are unable to read. The Church also has been forgetful of the moral needs of these people. Although there are on record many noble examples of Christian benevolence, yet the mass has been allowed to drift into almost hopeless spiritual death. So low have many of them gone, that it is questionable if there is anything of a moral sense at all. While the poorer classes are living in this condition of ignorance and wretchedness, we need not wonder at the means employed in their warfare against the State. The means are such as an intelligence little above the brutes would suggest, especially when their fanaticism is kept alive by leaders who are governed either by selfish incentives or by mistaken ideas of liberty and society, or perhaps both. Ignorance, indeed, cannot be pleaded for the principal actors of the outrages so frequently occurring. Their plans are too well laid and their actions too covert to plead ignorance for them. But these leaders are drawing from, and living upon, the ignorant masses, and if peace is to be restored, the masses must be reached and lifted from their present degraded condition.

What is to be done in the crisis? The authorities may devise extreme measures. They may hunt out, imprison, and send into exile or eternity the deluded perpetrators of these outrages, but we venture to affirm that such treatment will not make matters better unless followed by some redemptive measures. Reform must begin at the root of the evil, and the only possibility of reform is by destroying, as far as possible, the physical causes of their wretchedness, by introducing a suitable system of education, which will eventually restore their mental vigor, and by the Church following in and making known to them the gospel of the grace of God, which alone can raise the spiritually dead to new life. The reformation will of necessity be gradual. The evil is the growth of centuries, and we need not wonder at the reformation being slow and gradual.

AMONG the many voices raised in alarm about the supply of our mission fields the words of our Superintendent of Missions in the North-West in our last number were very timely. The condition of things at present should alarm and arouse the Church. We repeat his inquiry: Is the Church in a healthy state that can find men for her appointments in the foreign field, and numerous applicants for her important vacancies, while her mission fields at home are left in unpitied neglect? Vacation sets free students enough to fill a majority of the fields for the summer months, but the pulpits stand empty when the college doors are opened again. Observing the help afforded by the students one writer suggests that the classes be divided so that while the one half is attending lectures the other may continue the work. By shortening the sessions slightly he thinks two might be held each year, one for each division. To compensate the professors partly for their extra labour he would relieve them of all other work at present burdening their shoulders. This is an honest attempt to overcome a difficulty, but it would only supply one-half, or by spreading the services more thinly, a few more than one-half of the fields thus thrown vacant. Another plan is to allow the option of a lower standard of education for our ministry. It is said that many men who would be useful to us are either kept from the ministry or turned aside to other bodies by our long course of study. By this means it is thought that a large

number of practical men could in a comparatively short time obtain a good English education and an intelligent grasp of the truths of the Bible, and do good service for the Church in many of the fields now difficult to supply. The objections to this scheme are probably insuperable. But the idea of getting a supply of workers who shall not be required to take our lengthy course of study, we are persuaded, lies in the right direction. Can we not obtain this supply, and yet retain our present standard. No one fails to recognize the good work done by our catechists. Why should we not increase their number? Could not men of this class be obtained whose services would be acceptable on many of these vacant mission fields? Perhaps it would not be impossible to increase their efficiency as well, by paying them better, by granting them some kind of ordination so that they could administer the sacraments, and by affording them opportunity for additional education.

In our fields which may, from time to time, be vacant could not our elders be induced to supply service, and could they not be aided in this by preparing for them some kind of ritual and supplying them with approved discourses? If the resident elders have not the necessary gifts, perhaps those of an adjoining field have, and might be led to exercise them with acceptance.

But in addition to all such plans we want to co-operate with other workers on these fields. Denominational differences sit lightly on the people of the North-West we are told, and in the other fields we find a good deal of practical unanimity. Then let the denominations keep clear of each other. Don't hold three services in a village which can supply but one congregation. By all means carry the other two to destitute parts. Advise the people to give their sympathy and support to the religious body represented in their midst. Providence points to co-operation, shall we hesitate to follow?

WE adverted some time ago, to a movement among our undergraduate friends of the University towards the erection of a Y.M.C.A. hall on University grounds. Some prominent American colleges have already such an advantage in their college work as the possession of a distinct building undoubtedly is. They all unhesitatingly assure us that independent rooms have proved of incalculable value in infusing zeal and unity among Christian students. While the people of our country are now more than ever directing their attention to the education of young men, the Christian Church is by no means backward in introducing among the same class those religious truths, without which intellectual greatness is of little value to any country. What opportunities for religious education exist in a Provincial University!

This project on the part of the Y.M.C.A. shows vitality, and the \$1,200 already subscribed denotes a considerable degree of success. But all must realize that the above-mentioned sum is far short of the \$8,000 laid down in the estimates. However, let them by no means fear failure in their glorious scheme. Graduates, and Christians of every degree will encourage the aspirations of undergraduates towards a truer life, and a higher efficiency for good. We sympathize most heartily with them, and reiterate the wish that they may meet with all success and favor at the hands of the Christian public.

THE matter of University federation moves on. It is now about certain that Victoria will accept the scheme, and about equally certain that Queen's will not. Trinity is doubtful, with the chances, perhaps, against union.

Every one who has the cause of education at heart will look with interest at the present action and the future progress of Queen's. Will she be overshadowed, and finally extinguished, by the superior magnitude of Toronto, or has she vitality enough and resources enough in her eastern constituency to maintain a vigorous life? The views of her supporters, and their reasons for declining to enter the union, may be supposed to be pretty well expressed in the late address by the Principal in Kingston. It must be admitted that, on the whole, he makes out a fairly strong case, though many of his arguments appear to us to be quite wide of the mark. The authorities of Queens appear to congratulate themselves on the fact that, in the scheme, a principle has been recognized for which they have long contended, viz., that more than one arts college is needed in Ontario for teaching purposes. It appears to us that the principle recognized is rather that in very many subjects one teaching staff is quite sufficient. That several colleges are needed to teach other subjects arises, not so much from the fact that one faculty would be unable to overtake the work, as from religious or denominational reasons. On the general question as to whether centralization is desirable, Principal Grant instances, in support of his position, that it is not; the case of "Massachusetts with her Harvard, Williams, Amherst and Boston universities, all doing noble work, "and not costing the State a dollar;" Connecticut, with Yale, Trinity and Wesleyan; and so on. The comparison does not prove much. If we in Ontario could point to a number of universities which "counted their endowments in millions," and which, *with the equipment of these American Colleges*, "did not cost the State a dollar," it might be easier to show that centralization was not desirable. But until we have at least one university that approaches a proper equipment in men, buildings and apparatus, this argument will not have much force.

Queens' strongest point lies in the question which they have a right to ask, and which they do ask: whether they can afford to move, and whether it would be right for them to move from Kingston, which has done so much for them.

Our College Letter.

KNOX COLLEGE, Toronto, February 9th, 1885.

MY DEAR GRADDE,—I believe I promised you for this month, a longer letter than my last, and a more interesting one. There is material enough to furnish the length, I think; and if it pleases you to hear what is going on in your old college home, I trust it will not be uninteresting.

We shall begin this time, with the Missionary Society. I told you that they intended to hold a public meeting on January 30th. The meeting was held and was successful beyond the expectations of the most sanguine. The programme was as follows: After devotional exercises came a paper by A. McI. Haig, on Mission work in Manitoba. Among other things, Mr. Haig referred to the condition of the Indian tribes of the North-West, and pleased

the audience by giving them a specimen of the Sioux dialect. His mission field of last summer contained quite a large number of this tribe. Following the paper on Manitoba, came a clear and exhaustive treatment of the history of missions in Italy, by S. S. Craig. This was succeeded by a musical selection from the Glee Club. Then came a report of mission work in Manitoulin Island, from A. J. McLeod, who vividly pictured the delights and the difficulties of these remote fields. Mr. McLeod's paper was followed by an interesting and inspiring address from Rev. Mr. Parsons, of Knox Church, on the relation of the Church to missions. The *personalness* of the Divine commission, and the *definiteness* of the work assigned to God's servants were well brought out, and were calculated to afford food for reflection to all who heard Mr. Parsons' earnest words. Another selection from the Glee Club was succeeded by an address from Rev. Charles Tanner, on French evangelization. Mr. Tanner is well qualified to speak on that subject, and the expectations formed of his address were not disappointed. A fine large audience was present, and the singing of the Missionary hymn, which brought the meeting to a close, when everyone was full of the missionary spirit which the words of the speakers had infused, was simply magnificent. Mr. W. B. McMurrich very kindly presided at the meeting, and fulfilled the duties of chairman most satisfactorily. Altogether the Society are to be congratulated on the great success of their third annual meeting.

Before the enthusiasm of this gathering had subsided, Mr. Robertson, Superintendent of North West Missions, came among us and delivered one of his stirring appeals on behalf of his field. He addressed us last Thursday. The needs of the North West were clearly shown, and the absolute necessity of more men being sent to that district. I think we shall send a number of men in that direction in the spring. It was gratifying to hear from Mr. Robertson that those of our men who are now in the North-West were doing such good work. He referred to one of our students particularly—one not yet in Theology—in regard to whom, a resident of the field in which he was working remarked, "that he was just the man for the place, for he had the *sand* in him."

The Literary Society, like the missionary society, has just been indulging in a public meeting. I don't need to tell you that this was a success, for you know our publics always are. The hall was full—almost crowded. Not the least attractive feature of the evening was that we had for chairman, Prof. Young, of University College. You know how much his pupils and ex-pupils respect him, and you can imagine how great a gratification it was to be able to show our esteem by a hearty round of applause as he took his seat, and when he addressed the meeting. In thanking the society for inviting him to the chair, Prof. Young took occasion to express the warm feeling he cherished towards the college, and his esteem and respect for our professors. It is needless to say that his critical remarks on the debate, were interesting and valuable. The essayist of the evening was A. Blair, who took for his subject "Nature's voice to man's religious instincts." Mr. Blair's treatment of this grand old subject was thoughtful and at the same time popular enough to keep the attention of the audience very well, to the close. The reading was Tennyson's "The Revenge," by J. A. McDonald. This was certainly one of the features of the evening. The other feature, perhaps, was the singing of the "Drum March" by the Glee Club. The club, in this selection, seemed to rise to the height of their capabilities, and for the first time at any of the

publics of this year did themselves full justice. They deserved the *encore* which they received. The subject of debate was—Resolved, that public opinion is a safe guide to legislation. On the affirmative, were R. Haddow and D. S. McPherson; on the negative, J. B. McLaren and James Argo. Decision was given in favor of the affirmative.

Since I wrote you last, the Glee Club have given their annual concert at the Asylum. It was as successful as usual, but passed off without any occurrence of much note. On Thursday, the 29th. ult., the club were at Claude, and the fellows say they had a good time. "A good time" means that they reached Claude without a railroad accident, drove a mile or two on a cold night without being frozen, had a substantial tea awaiting them at Dr. Robinson's, sang to a crowded house in the evening, ate supper after the concert, had comfortable quarters for the night, rose at six next morning for another drive and railroad ride, got back to Toronto about nine o'clock and cleared \$15.00 for the benefit of the Glee Club. The Club have just one other engagement for this season—a concert at the West Presbyterian church on Thursday of this week. The proposed expedition to Bolton has fallen through. I should have mentioned that they sang, not long ago, for Mr. Collins, at All Saints' school-room.

The first Friday in March has been settled on by the Society as the date on which their annual elections will be held. I have heard scarcely anything yet about probable candidates, nor have I been canvassed for my vote. There has been no talk this year so far, about cliques and caucuses. I think we got rid of all that sort of thing when your year graduated. Our third year men say that when they were juniors, there used to be rings and wire pullers in theology. But things are very different now.

There has been some little dissension about the form which the closing exercises should assume this year. The probability is that they will be much the same as they have been on the last two occasions. If anything new turns up in this direction I will let you know.

Examinations are beginning to loom like a black cloud, in the not very distant horizon, and most of the boys are beginning to shorten the sail of their pleasures and getting into shape to meet the coming storm. Now is the time when one feels the advantage of having the ballast of a well balanced mind, and the solid timbers of good physical health. ("The rapid, flashing metaphor is the rhetorician's figure.")

The University *Conversazione* comes off on Friday of this week. Some of the members of our Glee club are assisting the University club in the Cantata which they are preparing for that occasion.

Now, I must close.

As ever, your friend,

A. LOFAR.

Rev. John Graddie, The Manse, Procul.