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# Presbyterian

# College

# Journal.

Vol. V.



No. 5.

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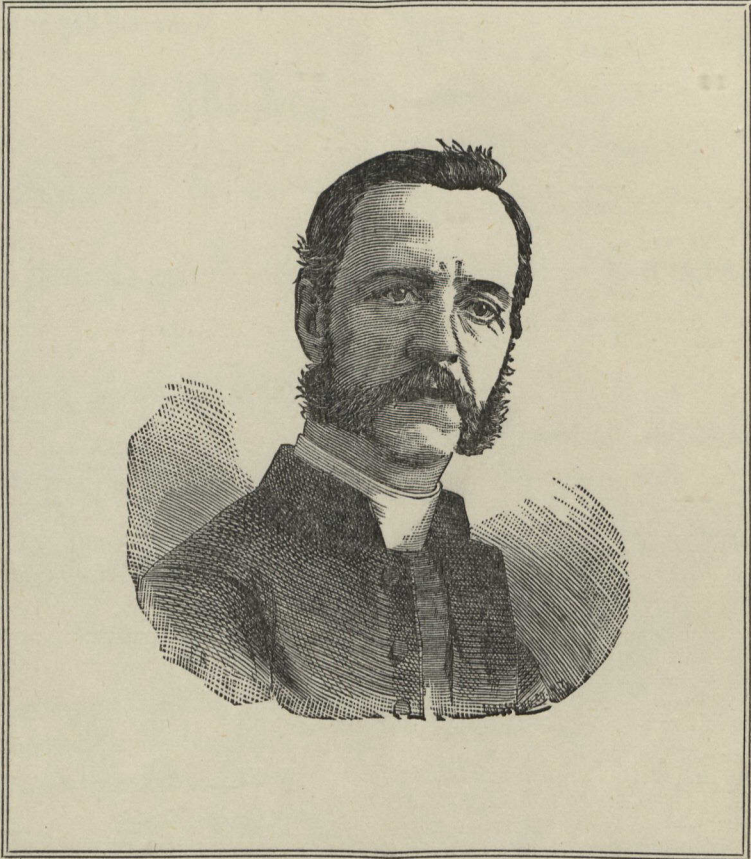
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*John Campbell*

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## LOOKING BEYOND.

*(Selected from the Equity.)*

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We seldom remember to look above,  
While worshipping ever at human clay,  
Till the precious treasures of earthly love  
Are hid in the shadows of Death away.  
Then a sombre veil is lifted aside,  
To admit our love, as they pass along ;  
But, what they may find at the other side,  
Is hid from the eyes of the gazing throng.

Those precious treasures that brighten our lives,  
Grow brighter still as they vanish for aye ;  
For Death's deep shadows the spirit survives,  
While we shed our grief on the mould of clay.  
We toil at our wearisome task each day,  
Till the lips grow cold and the voice grows dumb ;  
And we drift from the present life, away  
To the unknown shores of the life to come.

And the mystic touch of the spirit hands  
That falls on the heart, is the magic link  
That guides our feet through the burning sands,  
Till they rest in peace at the river's brink ;  
And when we are borne by the mighty tide  
Away from the grasp of the hands we love,  
We humbly trust that the waters may glide  
To the hoped-for shores in the realms above.

## WE MOURN OUR LOSS.

O, breathe not his name ! Let it sleep in the shade,  
 Where, cold and unhonored, his relics are laid ;  
 Sad, silent and dark be the tears that we shed,  
 As the night-dew that falls on the grave o'er his head.

But the night-dew that falls, though in silence it weeps,  
 Shall brighten with verdure the grave where he sleeps,  
 And the tear that we shed, though in secret it rolls,  
 Shall long keep his memory green in our souls.

*Thomas Moore.*

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 THEOLOGICAL STUDENTS.

What kind of men seek the halls of Theological Colleges? From what station in life do they come? In answering these questions, we get a clue which, followed up, will reveal to us the training which students for the Ministry need.

As a rule, Theological Students come from the country. The great majority know how the plough-stilt fits the hand ; and are fully versed in the mysteries of reaping and threshing "the golden grain" of which the poets like to boast. They are the sons of intelligent farmers, who fear God, and understand something of the perfection of His law, and of the grandeur of His works.

They are usually strong men, physically, intellectually and morally. They come to College conscious of their physical strength, and very often overrating its powers of endurance in supporting mental labor. They feel that College life must give them two things, intellectuality and spirituality. Give them these two necessaries to a faithful and successful preacher, and they will feel fairly satisfied. Hence, they enter the class-room of the University in which they are to receive their literary training, with eyes bent on seeing and ears intent on hearing. They drink in greedily everything the Professor says, and store it up with care that often makes their more careless city classmates smile. Yet they care not. Accurate knowledge they must, and will, have. It is their life-blood, their strength. To spend more than two or three evenings in a session in society, would be a sinful degree of dissipation. And so they endeavor to heap up knowledge, fully confident that it is a great power. Books, lecturers and professors, are the sources from which they must draw all that is valuable in the intellectual world.

Let us look a little more closely yet, however, at our student. He is a pretty muscular fellow ; and in the fields and woods of his country home, or even

in the College halls, he has a manly and gallant bearing, which is very commanding. Besides this, he has received a pretty good classical and mathematical education. He can analyse an English sentence, and quote from poets and historians, with considerable ease. He can discuss knotty points of philosophy with a degree of skill, which shows that he has put to good use the powers of mind with which nature has endowed him. He can write on natural science with a freshness and originality, which show that he has cultivated, to some degree, the faculty of observation. In fact, in the field, in the College hall, in the class-room, and examination-room, he is a strong man.

But, change his bearings. Place him in a brilliantly lighted drawing-room where formality and etiquette are certainly not below par, and ask him to entertain a lady of, let us say, very ordinary ability and education. Where is now the gallant bearing? Where the powers of discussion? Gone; and the poor student reflects but little credit on himself, his College, or his professors.

Why should this be the case? There is no reason that we can see, why it should be so. The cause of its *being* so is not far to seek: Theological students do not mix sufficiently in society. With the exception of the few evenings spent at the different professors' homes, many pass through their college life as semi-hermits. We think the social element is not freely enough cultivated, and that students ought to take greater advantage than they do, of the circumstance in which they are placed. Men travel to get a knowledge of different kinds of people; but if one does not open one's eyes to see, and analyse, and compare the persons that one is constantly meeting, travelling would be of little benefit. And if College-men neglect to improve the opportunities they have of gaining social knowledge, they are doing themselves a great injustice; for the best text-book on, "Men, and How to Deal with them," is mankind;—this, like the Bible, is a text-book which we all need to study more thoroughly and more systematically. And the greater the number of points from which we view the subject, the better.

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We don't object to a man's refusing to write an article for the JOURNAL if he has not time, though we think every student and graduate has time to write one article at least; but we decidedly object to a man's promising us a two-page article for our first issue, and never letting us know a single thing about his refusing to write it. We don't like to count up our pages for press, relying upon what we supposed was as good as the article—the man's promise, and then, at the last moment, have our calculations thrown out, by never receiving a single line.

## BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

REV. PROF. JOHN CAMPBELL, M.A.

Our Professor of Apologetics and Church History was born in 1840 at Edinburgh, the honored birthplace of so many distinguished men. He is the son of Scottish parents, being the second of six surviving children. His father is Mr. James Campbell, the publisher, Toronto. In 1845 the family removed to London, to a suburban home, and here the subject of our sketch received his early education. He was for a while pupil in a private school, the head master of which was a nephew of the famous Wm. Cobbett. The school which he attended chiefly was the Roxborough House Academy. The head master was Andrew Robertson, a great mathematician; but, strange to say, he failed to inspire his *élève* with a passionate love for mathematical science. During the period of his residence in the suburbs of the great metropolis he read extensively the standard works, and devoured, as only a boy can, the juvenile literature of the day. There was one book especially of which he was very fond, and from whose open pages he received many valuable lessons—the book of Nature.

At the age of fourteen he crossed to the continent, and studied for more than a year under the tutorship of Pasteur Scheffer, at Jägerthal, about forty miles from Strasburg, and not very far from the spot where the first engagement of the Franco-Prussian war took place. Here he continued his studies in French and German. Here, too, he enjoyed the mountain freedom of the Vosges. Occasional opportunities to visit Strasburg, Baden-Baden, Paris and other centres of attraction, were gladly welcomed.

On his return to Britain, preparations were made for an Atlantic voyage. He crossed the ocean to New York, where a brief period was spent in mercantile service. His father, who was then in business in New York, having shortly afterwards removed to Toronto, he accompanied him thither, and continued in business until 1860. While attentive to the duties of his occupation he found time enough to attend the meetings of Literary and other societies, with which he connected himself. He also devoted considerable time to botanical field work, and made a choice collection. During the same year he realized more than ever the claims of Christ, and resolved to devote his life to the work of the Ministry. Attention was now given to the subjects prescribed by University College for matriculation. He entered upon his University career in 1861, and a brilliant one it was. He not only passed the matriculation examinations, but, to his great surprise, took a scholarship, which proved to be the first drop of a shower that has ever since continued to fall upon him.

On the professorial staff at this time were a lot of dignified and scholarly men, all well up in years, and possessed of more than ordinary culture. Most

of them have now passed away. While at the University special attention was paid to the departments of Metaphysics, Modern Languages, History, and the Natural Sciences, not, however, to the neglect of either Classics or Mathematics. It was his good fortune to get scholarships every year. In the third he took two of them, one for Metaphysics, the other for Modern Languages and History. And he not only graduated in honors but carried off two gold medals, a rare achievement in College history. The Prince of Wales prize, presented to the student standing highest in general proficiency, was awarded him. In addition to these, he obtained numerous college prizes, including three prize poems, the first of which, "Our Widowed Queen," on the death of Prince Consort, created not a little stir. Other prizes for special prose compositions were also presented to him. Such an exceptionally brilliant Academic career marked him at once as a man of no ordinary intellectual power.

He had the high honor of being appointed, while yet a student, to teach the classes in Natural History during the last illness of Prof. Wm. Hincks, brother of the late Sir Francis Hincks, a man of ripe scholarship, and an enthusiast in Natural Science. During his University course he was made President of the University Literary and Scientific Society, of the Metaphysical Society, and of the Natural Science Club. One would feel much surprised to be told that a student bearing the burden of such heavy courses could find time for any other work. Yet, it is a fact that he did a great deal of hard Christian labor, principally among the French lumbermen. And, what is of special interest to note, he took the initiative in establishing, along with Mr. Robert Baldwin, the Toronto Young Men's Christian Association, the first meeting being held in his father's house. This is an institution which has flourished greatly.

He graduated in 1865, and had scarcely ceased from the routine of lectures, examinations, etc., when he was put upon the Senate by the Lieutenant Governor, Sir Wm. Howland, and, when the Senate became an elective body, he was one of those elected, being fourth or fifth on the list, preceded by such men as the Hon. Edward Blake, Chief Justice Moss, and Professor Loudon. For many years he was University examiner in the departments of English, History and Philosophy.

In the Fall of '65 he entered the Theological Hall of Knox College, Toronto, where he remained for two years, under the instruction of Principal Willis, Dr. Burns, and the early tuition of the present principal, Dr. Caven. He did not manifest any strong desire to obtain prizes; the University honors seem to have satisfied this longing. But, stung by the taunt of a non-university man, who had asserted that all University men were failures, and who had recently expressed his intention of carrying off the Prince of Wales prize, he took this opportunity of dispelling the mistaken notion of



our friend, by taking it from him. He was prevented at the close of the first session from engaging in mission work. It was the time of the Fenian raid, and he had to turn out to defend the frontier. On the field of battle he proved himself worthy of his rank as senior-sergeant of No. 6 Company of the Queen's Own. His brother, lieutenant of the same company, having received a bad wound in one of the engagements, which rendered necessary his immediate removal from the field, he brought the Company out of action. Only two Companies of the regiment covered the retreat. While not particularly creditable to the forces engaged, as a whole, it was at least creditable to these two Companies. During the second summer a good deal of conscientious work was accomplished for the Master. He organized the churches at Orangeville, Mono Mills, Cedar Grove, and Stouffville.

Having attended Knox College for two years, he returned to the city of his birth, and studied one session in New College. The Principal at this time was Dr. Candlish; and, associated with him in the work of instruction, was a staff of eminent men, whose works are well known in the theological world. His course now completed, he revisited the continent, accompanied by his sister, now Mrs. Mason of Toronto, who lived with him during the previous winter in Edinburgh. Together they visited Holland, Belgium, the Rhine Countries, France, etc., opportunity being thus afforded him of meeting old friends and renewing old associations. But this season of enjoyment was followed by a most sorrowful event in the history of the family. Returning from his continental trip to Canada, he found his mother lying very low. It was her last illness. Her death was a great shock—a baptism of grief, verily, for the work of the Ministry. In the same year, 1868, he passed his trials for license, and was immediately called to be the first minister of Charles Street Church, Toronto, in connection with which he had been for many years engaged as a Sabbath school worker. The congregation, comparatively new, was composed chiefly of people of influence in the city.

Prof. Young and Dr. Reid were two of his elders. Among the members were Mr. James Brown, well-known in church courts, Judge Paterson, and Judge MacKenzie. While pastor of this Congregation a Mission Station was established in the suburbs, which still flourishes. During his incumbency he was appointed, after the death of Dr. Burns, by the Senate of Knox College, to lecture in Church History. This was the session of 1871-72. In the following session the General Assembly appointed him to lecture, the first three months in Knox, and the last three in the Presbyterian College, Montreal. As a consequence he was nominated by the Toronto Presbytery and other Presbyteries in the West for a professorship in Knox College, and by the Presbytery of Montreal and the Senate of this Institution for a professorship in this College. The Assembly having sent Professor MacLaren to Knox, he came to Montreal.

Prof. Campbell is an indefatigable student. His private studies are chiefly in the line of History, Ethnology, and Philology, including Paleography. And not only has he distinguished himself, but we may affirm with all safety that he has few, if any, who are his superiors in these departments. Although much of his time outside of class work is occupied with these subjects his students suffer no loss thereby—the rather are their interests advanced, as all his studies bear directly upon the subjects which he teaches. The results of his labor have been given to the public chiefly in the form of a large number of articles contributed, from time to time, in the *British and Foreign Evangelical Review*; in the *Princeton Review*; in the *Transactions of the Canadian Institute*; in the *Transactions of the Literary and Historical Society of Quebec*; in the *Canadian Naturalist*, and other publications. Besides these, many essays, lectures, etc., bearing marks of his eminent scholarship, have passed through the press. Many of his articles attracted a good deal of attention, and excited considerable comment in the United States, England, and various parts of the continent of Europe. And within the lapse of a brief period we find him in correspondence with a large number of writers of the highest scientific attainments from all parts of the world. In order to show how highly his labors have been appreciated it will suffice to name the various learned societies of which he has been made a member. These are: the Canadian Institute of Toronto; the Celtic Society of Montreal; corresponding member of the Literary and Historical Society of Quebec; member of the Society of Biblical Archæology of London; honorary local Secretary of the Victoria Institute, London; délégué général de l'Institution ethnographique de Paris; membre titulaire de la Société américaine de France; honorary member of the Lega Filellenica of Turin; and honorary correspondent of the Anjuman-i-Punjab of Lahore. In addition to the honors we have named, certain special distinctions have been conferred upon him. He has received from l'Institution ethnographique de Paris the insignia of délégué général in gold and silver. The bronze medal of honor of the French Republic, decreed by them to service in the cause of science, was awarded to him. He has also received from King Charles of Roumania the ribbon and medal of order of merit of the first-class.

In 1875 he married Miss Mary Helen, eldest daughter of Mr. Jas. S. Playfair, cousin of Sir Lyon Playfair. Mrs Campbell takes a deep interest in all matters relating to the College, and is an especial friend to the students. Her house is, in a peculiar sense, the student's home.

Professor Campbell at the beginning of his professional duties was a regular attendant at the assemblies of the Church, and took an active part in all kinds of church work. But now he finds that his time can be employed to better advantage, both for the Church and the world, by devoting himself as

far as possible to close study. The departments in which he has been working with so much profit have been already indicated. To illustrate and attest the truth of God's Word has been the aim of all his investigations. And, while fresh problems continue to present themselves for solution, his magnificent success up to the present time would warrant the highly reasonable expectation, that, should his life be spared, not a few of the perplexing questions concerning which a great variety of opinion at present prevails, shall have been satisfactorily answered.

In the summer season he combines relaxation, in the form of hard physical labor, with severe mental toil. As soon as the College labors are over and the weather sufficiently warm, he removes his family to their summer abode—to the island of Yoho, on Lake Joseph, where he remains until the commencement of another College term. It is a charming spot, and the fact that a number of friends live in the neighborhood adds to the attractiveness of their island home. Lieutenant-Governor Robinson spent the past summer on one of the neighboring islands. The inhabitants of Yoho were honored with a flying visit from His Excellency the Governor General last summer in his progress through these beautiful lakes. While on the island the Professor holds regular Sunday services, which are attended by the occupants of the surrounding islands, and by the settlers of the vicinity. His congregations are exceedingly varied, embracing all the Evangelical denominations, up to High Church Anglicans, Roman Catholics, Swedenborgians and Agnostics. Sometimes there are as many as a hundred of an audience. He pays particular attention to the children and settlers; and, although many learned men, theologians, jurists, statesmen and others, attend the meetings, they all have to share the children's food! And indeed they all seem to enjoy the services greatly, and sometimes the question is asked—why don't they preach like that in town? A volume of these discourses have recently appeared under the title of *Sundays in Yoho*, which is well worth reading.

Professor Campbell stands high in the esteem of the students, not only on account of his scholarly attainments, but also, and quite as high, for his genial disposition. He is always ready to assist the inquirer after truth, which he does in a cheerful and encouraging manner. Those of us who are privileged to sit under his instruction from day to day become more and more impressed with the liberality of his views, the kindly character of his criticism, and his generous regard for the opinions of others. Never does he shine more brightly than when drawn aside from his notes by questions from the class. Then it is that he exhibits his marvelous acquaintance with the many spheres of human knowledge, for, it matters not what questions are asked, he is ever prepared to give a ready, and generally exhaustive, answer.

## THE STORY OF A HYMN.

Of all lives mingled with sadness, that of Cowper's seems most to enlist general sympathy.

Left an orphan at an early age, educated in the hardest of schools, and suffering from frequent and severe attacks of melancholy, he learned to love retirement, where, hid behind the stage, he might with safety look out at the busy conflicts of every-day life. The longer he lived, the more he became disgusted with the shameless sins of the worldy, and the unblushing boldness of infidelity. Thus, cast in an age when it was fashionable to scoff at everything religious, can we much wonder that one so pure should take so decided a stand against the prevailing evils, as Cowper does, not only in "The Task," but in his hymns. For example, take that one so familiar,

"O for a closer walk with God!  
A calm and heavenly frame;"

But, passing this by, there is one in particular to which I wish to refer, as he was prompted to write it under the following peculiar circumstances. Cowper, as I have already remarked, was subject to fits of melancholy, and when in such a state was often tempted to commit suicide. On one occasion while in London, being so afflicted, he determined to put an end to his life. It was a dull, drizzling day. Going out, he ordered a coach to drive him to that bridge, whose history is closely allied with that of the far-famed Bridge of Sighs. Here he had decided to take the fatal step,—to find a watery grave. When nearing the bridge the mists, which all morning had been gathering, now became more dense; in consequence of which the driver was compelled to halt. This gave Cowper time to reflect and repent. While waiting here, the mists rolled away; and, as they did so, his melancholy departed. He ordered the driver to take him home; and on his return home he wrote that most beautiful hymn:

God moves in a mysterious way,  
His wonders to perform;  
He plants His footsteps in the sea,  
And rides upon the storm.

Deep in unfathomable mines  
Of never failing skill,  
He treasures up his bright designs  
And works His sovereign will.

Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;  
The clouds ye so much dread  
Are big with mercy, and shall break  
In blessings on your head.

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,  
 But trust Him for His grace ;  
 Behind a frowning providence  
 He hides a smiling face.  
 His purposes will ripen fast,  
 Unfolding every hour ;  
 The bud may have a bitter taste,  
 But sweet will be the flower.

— GOODLOW.

### THE SPIRIT OF THE AGE.

By G. D. BAYNE, B.A.

*Outline of an oration delivered at Wadlington, New York, Jan., 1885.*

It is part of every man's business to watch the signs of the times. No man is prepared for the duty of the age who has not, in some measure, apprehended the spirit of the age. It is to the advantage of every man who would be useful in his day and generation, to keep his hand upon the pulse of his own times. It is not necessary to approve of men's views and feelings in order to do them good ; it is necessary, however, to reach their plane, in point of sympathy at least ; to appreciate the force of the things which influence them, and to enter, as far as possible, into their sphere of thought and feeling.

We are invariably misled by partial views of things, by *ex parte* evidence, by hasty generalizations, by the contracted outlook of selfishness, and, while it may be impracticable fully to eliminate these disturbing causes from our thinking and acting, it is still possible to reduce their influence. We are not yet made perfect. We are not omniscient. It is safe to assume that man is not omniscient—the hierarchy of science notwithstanding. Neither is he likely to be for some time to come. While admitting this disability, it is still the duty and the privilege of every man to judge and to act from as wide a range of evidence as he can gather and to enlarge the sphere of his vision as far as in him lies. The design of this paper is to answer two questions :

I. *What is the spirit of our age ?* It may be, and has been, variously characterized, but it seems to me that, in the last analysis, there are four great currents of influence in human society to-day, which give character to the times in which we live.

(1.) The spirit of the age is *utilitarian and practical*. The questions which rise to all lips are, "How will it pay," "What is it good for !" To perceive the full truth of this remark it is necessary only to compare science as understood by the ancients and science as we understand it. Science in ancient times was speculative, theoretical and *aristocratic*. Socrates was almost the only man in antiquity who seems to have been free from

the prevailing inclination to speculation and, until the time of Bacon, the true object of science was unknown. The profound and beautiful sentiment with which he opens his *Novum Organum* has revolutionized Science. The true philosopher, the man of science properly so-called—(not the half-educated dude)—is now no longer to sit in his porch or walk in his grove and frame in his own mind a plan of what nature *ought* to be. He is henceforth to be the “minister and interpreter of Nature.” This principle draws the line of distinction between all modern and ancient science “The ultimate object of the sciences,” says Bacon, “has by no one heretofore been well defined.” “The greatest of all errors,” he says, “consists in losing sight of the ultimate object of science, which is the *comfort* of mankind the lightening of the annoyances of mankind, and the enriching of the human race with new inventions and discoveries.” This was Bacon’s object; this is the object of modern science; an object deemed degrading in ancient times. Modern science is utilitarian and practical; ancient science disdained to be useful. A distinguished writer, named Posidonius, of the age of Cicero and Cæsar, had the hardihood to specify, among the humbler blessings which philosophy had conferred upon mankind, the discovery of the principle of the arch, and the introduction of the use of metals. The philosophic world considered this eulogy as an affront. Seneca disclaimed such insulting compliments, “We shall next be told,” said he, “that the first shoemaker was a philosopher.” Now all this is changed. The man who would now strike out a deep and abiding influence must first demonstrate the utility of his project. It would be difficult to secure *capital* or patronage on any other condition. The practical lives; the merely theoretical is suffered to die. It would not be easy to point to any truth of practical value that has ever been lost. No invention, no workable principle, nothing of real and permanent value will our age “willingly let die.” The human mind grasps it with a giant’s power and works it into the elements of society, incorporates it with customs and laws until, like the name of Phidias on the shield of the statue of Minerva at Athens, it cannot be removed without disturbing the entire social fabric. The apprehension of the proper *objects* of science and philosophy has operated to render our age exceedingly *practical*.

(2). The spirit of the age is *progressive*. The evidence of this is ample in the advances of science, of invention, of civilization, of theories of government. Let any one enter a factory, for example, and compare the methods of operation there with what they were twenty years ago. He will observe that what a man was employed to do then is often now accomplished by a cog-wheel, and that factories which were once crowded with human operatives are now almost deserted; here and there he may observe a silent, lonely human being, but, so great has been the progress of invention and dis-

covery, so marvelous the contrivances for extending and applying power, machinery seems now to accomplish everything. The same is true of almost every other sphere of human activity, the evidences of which might be multiplied indefinitely.

(3). The spirit of the age is *inquisitive*. Never was there such a conflict of thought as exists to-day. Wherever the enlightening and liberating influence of the Gospel is felt, there is a rising level of intelligence. Forthwith men emerge from the gloom of superstition into "the precincts of the living day" and rise to a higher plane of thinking and acting. Free thinking and free questioning are encouraged and fostered by the religion of Jesus:— not free love, albeit; not the free thinking and free raving of "sand-lot" orators; not the idiotic parading of unbelief by lazy, conscienceless bar-room loafers, in which the almighty dollar is the supreme motive; but free thinking in the divine and metaphysical sense. Men are asking questions now concerning the very foundations of things. Themes, once considered too sacred to be debated above breath, are now thrust into the crucible of free enquiry. The electric light is now poured upon things sanctimoniously musty by reason of antiquity. All this, within the limits of common decency and scientific respectfulness, is proper enough. In the end it will work for good. For, after all, when the din of battle has subsided and the smoke has rolled away, it is found that real advance has been made and the world, in the long run, treats real advances respectfully. It is as true of measures and questions as of men, that "the name of the wicked shall rot," and just as true that "the righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance."

(4). The spirit of the age is *communistic*. It is becoming apparent that communism, in a more or less modified form, is gradually permeating all ranks of society, and it is finding adherents among many nations. Communism in France, Socialism in Germany, Nihilism in Russia and Internationalism in the United States are essentially one and the same thing. Now, while no reasonable man would attempt to justify the excesses and outrages to which this spirit has been carried, there may still be in all this upheaval and confusion the promise and the possibility of better things. It may serve to clear the atmosphere; it may help towards the better vindicating of the doctrine of equal rights; and, while it never can be that dynamite and agrarian outrages will ultimately triumph, even these, in the Providence of God, may indirectly contribute to the accomplishment of the designs of Him who "makes the wrath of man to praise Him." But I am concerned, at present, not to discuss this profound and perplexing question, but simply to point out the fact, of which the foregoing is adduced as evidence, that, for better or for worse, the spirit of the age is communistic.

(Concluded in next issue.)

## NOT IN VAIN.

*(Adapted from the "S. S. Times.")*

"I have labored in vain," a preacher said,  
And his face was worn with care ;  
"I have labored in vain." He shook his head,  
And many and sad were the tears he shed  
In his moment of dark despair.

"I am tired and faint, and my heart is weak,  
And my courage is almost gone ;  
For none seem to heed the words I speak,  
And in vain for signs of fruit I seek  
Where the seed of The Word I've sown."

And again, with heaviness of heart, he wept ;  
For his soul with grief was stirred ;  
Till the night wore on, and at last he slept,  
While a silent calm o'er his spirit crept,  
And a whisper of "peace" was heard.

And he thought in his dreams that his soul took flight  
To a blessed and grand abode.

He saw a throne all dazzling bright,  
And saints were singing, and robes were white—  
Made white by the Saviour's blood.

And he saw such a countless throng around  
As he never beheld before.  
Their heads with jewels of light were crowned,  
And sorrow and parting no place had found,  
For the trials of life were o'er.

Then a white-clothed maiden came forth and said,  
"Joy! joy! for thy troubles are past!  
I am one that thy earnest words have led  
In life's narrow pathway therein to tread ;  
We welcome thee home at last!"

And the preacher looked on the maiden's face ;  
He had known that face on earth  
When, with anxious mind in his wonted place,  
He told his charge of a Saviour's grace,  
And their need of the second birth.

Then the preacher smiled, and an angel said :  
"Go forth to thy work again ;  
It is not in vain that the seed is spread,  
If only one soul to the Cross is led,  
Thy work has not been in vain."



At last he awoke ; and his knees he bent  
 In thankful, child-like prayer ;  
 And he prayed till an answer of peace was sent,  
 While Faith and Hope as a rainbow blent  
 O'er the clouds of his earthly care.

And he rose with joy ; and his eye was bright—  
 His sorrow and grief had fled ;  
 And his mind was calm, and his heart was light ;  
 For his soul was strong in his Saviour's might,  
 As forth to his work he sped.

Then arise, fellow-preacher, to labor, go !  
 Wide scatter the precious grain ;  
 Though the fruit you ne'er may see below,  
 Be sure that the seed of the Word shall grow ;  
 Work on in faith, and thou soon shalt know  
 " Thy labor is not in vain ! "

J. S. McILRAITH.

#### NOS CRAINTES ET NOS ESPERANCES.

Parfois, quand nous jetons un coup d'œil sur l'état religieux de notre pays, nous ne pouvons que nous attrister en voyant jusqu'à quel point tant d'âmes sont encore plongées dans l'erreur, malgré les efforts continus de nos missionnaires.

Quand il nous arrive de visiter quelques-unes des grandes églises catholiques de notre ville, durant un service religieux, nous sommes profondément peints du spectacle que nous offrent les cérémonies du culte : aussi, souvent, en quittant ces lieux, après avoir vu des foules entières se prosterner devant des objets faits de mains d'hommes, nous cheminons bien tristement ; une pensée nous occupe, nous accable même ; nous nous demandons si jamais cet édifice de mensonge (l'Eglise Romaine) sera renversée ; si jamais le jour viendra où Jésus, triomphant de ses ennemis, arrachera ces foules à l'erreur et à la superstition ! Et, bien trop souvent, nous doutons : cette église nous paraît encore trop formidable au Canada pour succomber aux attaques de nos missionnaires et de nos pasteurs.

Un instant nous nous trouvons téméraires de vouloir, à vingt ou vingt-cinq ans, livrer bataille contre cette église que les efforts d'un Luther, d'un Calvin et de tant d'autres n'ont pu renverser complètement.

Parfois ce sont les paroles de certains de nos coreligionnaires qui viennent augmenter nos craintes. On nous dit, même d'un accent ironique : " Mais où sont les fruits des efforts tentés contre le catholicisme ? Quelques âmes viennent à vous de temps en temps, voilà tout ; c'est vraiment trop dépenser d'argent et d'efforts pour si peu de chose. " Eh bien ! tout cela glace

notre courage et nous hésitons quelques instants avant de nous mettre à l'œuvre ; comme Jonas nous serions prêt à nous enfuir ; mais nous aurions tort : car, si un instant, quelques impressions momentanées, ou les paroles de personnes peu éclairées nous ont montré l'Église Romaine comme inébranlable, elles nous ont trompés : en réalité cette église n'est pas aussi redoutable qu'elle le paraît et les jours de sa toute-puissance ne sont plus.

Si au lieu de l'examiner dans son extérieur encore imposant, nous nous mêlons à ses fidèles les plus éclairés pour l'examiner plus attentivement, on est surpris de voir que tout cet édifice tremble sur ses bases. Toutefois elle jette encore assez d'éclat autour d'elle pour tromper au premier abord ; mais ce reste de grandeur ne fait que cacher sa décadence aux yeux du public. Telle était la monarchie française sous Louis XV ; elle était encore parée des grandeurs du siècle précédent quoiqu'elle fût bien près de sa perte. C'est ce qui nous montre que la lutte du protestantisme contre l'Église Romaine n'a pas été vaine. Par là nous pouvons voir que chacun des coups portés contre elle a laissé quelque trace profonde, non-seulement en lui enlevant quelques-uns de ses membres, mais l'édifice lui-même en porte les traces ; car peu de catholiques, de nos jours, envisagent le protestantisme comme on le faisait il y a une vingtaine d'années ; on sent que des pensées plus nobles et plus vraies ont pénétré dans la société. Bien des gens maintenant lisent nos livres ; on ne les brûle pas aussi souvent qu'autrefois ; et si parfois nos édifices religieux sont encore attaqués ce n'est que par les plus ignorants ou par de jeunes étourdis qui font du tapage sans savoir au juste pourquoi. Les catholiques un peu sérieux ne se mêlent plus à ces choses-là, ils les blâment même :

Si nous nous permettions d'entrer dans les détails nous pourrions citer une foule de faits à l'appui de ce que nous venons d'avancer ; mais contentons-nous ici de rappeler les derniers vœux de notre célèbre avocat, Monsieur Doure ; chacun sait qu'il a désiré être enterré dans le cimetière protestant de notre ville.

Seul jusqu'ici avec le grand Papineau, il a eu le courage au dernier moment de manifester ses convictions personnelles. Nous aimons à espérer qu'il trouvera des imitateurs parmi nos compatriotes. Mais il ne suffit pas d'abandonner l'erreur il faut aussi se ranger autour de la bannière de Jésus-Christ.

Je disais, il y a un moment, que nous aurions tort de nous laisser effrayer par les apparences actuelles de l'Église Romaine ; eh bien ! quand même elle serait tout aussi redoutable qu'elle l'était par le passé, nous sentons que, là même, nous aurions tort de reculer devant cet ennemi de la vérité : car si le Seigneur est avec nous qui sera contre nous ?

Mais le catholicisme n'est plus ce qu'il était : aussi notre tâche en sera d'autant plus facile ; et si parfois quand nous aurons commencé la lutte,

notre courage est ébranlé en présence des difficultés de l'œuvre ou de l'indifférence de certaines personnes, regardons à Jésus qui du haut du ciel est prêt à nous secourir ; et soyons assurés que la vérité triomphera de ses adversaires.

A. L. —

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LA PRIERE.

A minuit, près du lit, dans ma chambre d'étude,  
 Seul, dans le silence de cette solitude,  
 A genoux devant Dieu, auteur de tous mes jours  
 Lui demandant son aide et son divin secours  
 Pour que, de Jésus-Christ, je sente bien la flamme  
 Il m'ouvre les replis les plus secrets de l'âme.  
 Dans ces heures pieuses, dans ces moments heureux  
 Où mon âme est touchée, où mon cœur est sérieux,  
 Oubliant, de la vie, la peine et la souffrance  
 Pour ne penser qu'à Toi, mon unique espérance,  
 Je savoure la vie, je goûte le bonheur  
 En m'approchant de Toi, adorable Sauveur ;  
 En soupirant à Dieu, une douce prière,  
 En pleurant, du passé, l'innocence première  
 En regrettant toujours, ces jours où la vertu  
 Couronnait la tête de cet être déchu  
 Qui, depuis si longtemps, pleure sur cette terre,  
 La perte des plaisirs de la pure lumière.

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P. N. C.

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OUR LOCAL NOTE BOOK.

Evident partiality, if *no other reason* can be assigned. Those in the Morrice Hall occasionally have gas much later at night than the residents of the old building.

\* \* \*

Invitations to evening parties are pouring in upon the busy student. One gentleman, very popular, received four for two nights.

\* \* \*

It is rumored that the Dean is boarding out.

\* \* \*

This month the Faculty intends giving a *conversazione* in the Morrice Hall. The Philosophical and Literary

Society will not therefore, in all probability, hold a second public meeting.

\* \* \*

Our college quartette has recommenced practice. At the "at home" given by the Principal they contributed to the evening's entertainment. They propose visiting before vacation a few of the charitable institutions in the city, to afford an evening's pleasure to the inmates.

\* \* \*

At the annual dinner of the Faculty of Arts, McGill University, held on the 27th of last month, our College was represented on the programme. Mr. W. M. Rochester, 3rd year Arts,

responded to the toast "Canada," and "our societies" was proposed by Mr. W. Deeks, 1st year Arts.

\* \*\*  
The first year theological students have been delivering themselves of their best efforts in the Sacred Rhetoric class. It is needless to say that the critic was disarmed by their thrilling eloquence.

\* \*\*  
The site of our college is too romantic. The muses flitting about the mountain occasionally hover over our building, thus accounting for the poetic effusions which of late have been literally pouring from the tower.

\* \*\*  
We take this opportunity of extend-

ing a hearty welcome to our friend, "Donald." It is a pleasure to see him returning so frequently to our midst. I am sure that all of us highly appreciate his self-sacrificing endeavors to revisit his many friends in the College. Never mind; go ahead, Donald; *il y a un prix au bout.*

\* \*\*  
Our graduates are following each other in rapid succession into the realms of matrimonial bliss. The latest recorded are the marriages of Revs. R. Gamble and W. H. Geddes.

\* \*\*  
Criticals and populars are the order of the day. What a fearful slaughter of the innocents!

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#### PERSONALS.

Mr. R. Stewart, B.A., a graduate of '85, was ordained and inducted to the charge of North Gower and Wellington, Presbytery of Ottawa, on the 7th of January. In the evening he was tendered a reception by the congregation.

\* \*\*  
Another of our graduates, Rev. W. H. Geddes, has changed his field of labor, having been transferred from Plantagenet to Duncanville and Metcalf, both in the Presbytery of Ottawa. He was inducted to the charge of the latter place on the 19th of January.

\* \*\*  
We regret the departure, through illness, of two of our students, Mr. D.

A. McRae, 4th year Arts, and Mr. D. M. Jamieson, 1st year Arts. We hope they may soon recover sufficiently to return to their studies.

\* \*\*  
In the *Scotsman* of last mail we notice among the number of those who have recently passed the final examinations for the triple qualification, and been admitted L.R.C.P., L.R.C.S., Edinburgh, and L.F.P. and S., Glasgow, the name of W. E. Thompson, M.D., '82, McGill. Dr. Thompson is a brother of our assistant editor, and some of us will remember having met him at the College a session or two ago. We are glad to learn of his success.

Mr. J. W. Mackenzie, B.A., who graduated in Theology last year, has been extended a call from the congregation of East St. Peters, P.E.I.

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On the 14th of January Mr. W. K. Shearer was ordained and inducted to Fitzroy Harbor and Torbolton,

Presbytery of Ottawa. This Presbytery is being rapidly filled with our graduates. Already they represent about one-half the number, while in the Synod of Montreal and Ottawa about one third of the ministers have received their training in this institution.

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### OUR REPORTER'S FOLIO.

Philosophical and Literary Society. —The meeting of January 15th, our readers will notice, was briefly chronicled in the local column of last number. That of the 22nd deserves a much longer notice. For enthusiasm, thoughtful pointed speeches, and drawing out of those who are usually reticent, this was the best meeting of the session. The subject of debate was: "Resolved that the system of giving prizes in our theological institutions should be abolished." Mr. McKenzie opened the affirmative, Mr. Henderson the negative. The question was then left open to all for discussion. Though no vote was taken the majority seemed in favor of the affirmative. Some of the Speeches might well grace the columns of our journal if the speakers would just commit them to writing.

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LITERARY SOCIETY—A regular meeting was held on Friday evening, 29th ult., when a debate of unusual interest took place. After a well-rendered French reading by Monsieur Coté, the question, "Should women be

allowed to occupy the pulpit?" was answered affirmatively by Mr. MacDougall. He held that the question was not one to be decided on the ground of present requirements, or on that of woman's physical fitness, but must be settled by an appeal to Scripture. Turning first to the Old Testament he found that women held a prominent place in the Jewish Church; there were prophetesses. Coming to the New Testament he showed that her place in the Apostolic Church was more prominent than in the Church of to-day. His opinion was, that the Bible certainly favored public instruction in divine truth by women. Mr. D. MacLean, in rising to speak for the negative, admitted that the previous speaker told a lot of truth. 'Tis true that woman held a high position in Bible days and in other times since; for example, she was, actually worshipped as the "Goddess of Reason" in the stormy days of the French revolution. He pointed out passages in the New Testament where women were forbidden to speak in public. Paul speaks more than once to the effect that women should not

be suffered to teach. He had read of Christ sending out seventy men to preach the Gospel, but not one woman. Woman's place is at home; in the social circle. Mr. Hastings, in supporting the affirmative, referred to the powerful influence of woman in the temperance movement. He mentioned the names of women who had distinguished themselves as public speakers, showing that she had the ability to hold that high position. As to what is said in the New Testament, he asked "did not the woman of Samaria preach Christ?" "Was not Mary Magdalene the first preacher after Christ's Resurrection?" Monsieur Cayer spoke in support of the negative. It was his belief that woman was not capable of ruling a congregation. To occupy the pulpit does not mean to preach, or read the Word merely; it means to develop the intellectual, moral and religious faculties of her congregation. History teaches us that man can best do this. He was not individualizing. To occupy the pulpit a woman would have to leave home; to neglect the most sacred duties—those pertaining to the family. This could not possibly be. The affirmative was carried. Mr. MacKenzie, as critic, made some well-chosen remarks on the debate, after which the meeting adjourned.

**LITERARY SOCIETY**—The last regular meeting was held on the 5th, inst. Mr. Goff, with his customary macaronics rendered "Irish Valor and Loyalty" with capital success. Then followed the debate,

which took the form of a question—"Is the Scott Act a failure?" It was answered in the positive by Mr. Johnstone. The negative was opened by Mr. Clay. Mr. Robertson spoke on the affirmative side, and was followed by the negative supporter, Mr. McLeod. The leader of the affirmative closed the debate. Mr. Rochester, as critic, then passed a few remarks in the way of favorable comment. We are sorry that lack of space prevents us from reporting the debate at greater length.

**MONDAY CONFERENCE.**—The subject discussed at the first two meetings after vacation was appropriately this: "The Attitude of the Pastorate towards Revivals and Revivalists." On the first occasion there was merely a sort of familiar conversation about Mr. Moody and his work in Montreal. On the following Monday afternoon,

Prof. SCRIMGER more formally opened the discussion. All were agreed, he said, as to the desirability of having real revivals of religion in the Church. And all were agreed as to the value of special and frequent services to promote revivals. Every Church in Christendom was accustomed to hold them. All were agreed, too, that some persons were better adapted than others for conducting such services. These persons had qualities and capabilities not so much for teaching as for pressing the truth home upon the heart and conscience. Every minister, of course, ought to have that power, but all do not pos-

sess it in the same degree. "I think, then," said the speaker, "that the general attitude of the pastorate toward revivals and revivalists ought to be a cordial one,—not one of suspicion. Every minister, in my judgment, ought to avail himself of opportunities of this kind. At the same time I think there are several cautions which ought to be observed, and which will limit the application of the principles just laid down. For instance, it is necessary to be cautious about the help you get from outside. You are not bound to take in everybody that comes along, simply because he calls himself a revivalist. Recent experience affords good reason for exercising caution in this matter. The good-will of ministers is often shamefully abused by those claiming to be evangelists. I once knew of a converted Jew who turned out to be a villain of the deepest dye. All evangelists, unfortunately, have not the same piety and common-sense as Moody, and we need to be-ware. Then, if such services are undertaken, the minister, as a rule, should keep the meetings held in his own Church under his own control. All the necessary arrangements should be made under his direction and, in this way, he can make sure beforehand that the methods adopted will be such as meet with his approval. Very often evangelists, who have no standing whatever in the Church come in and assume the whole control of a meeting, much to the detriment of the regular pastor's influence; for people will never cher-

ish a high esteem of any minister who allows his own responsibility to be trifled with. In after meetings, especially, you should secure the help only of persons in whom you have the fullest confidence. Cranks, and persons of all kinds, have no right to come into the enquiry room and say what they like; keep them out." The speaker thought it desirable that any general meeting should be followed up by personal work in the homes of the people, and that converts should be induced as soon as possible to connect themselves with the visible church and to engage in some practical Christian work. And then, after a revival movement had passed away, special attention was to be given to the control of those who had been powerfully influenced. Such converts were by far the most difficult to manage, because their experience had been so peculiar. The mountain torrent might be impressive, but it was not as easy to control as the mountain rill.

Mr. T. J. BARRON, B.A., didn't know what to think on the matter at all. He was inclined to believe that in revivals people generally wanted more excitement than was good for them.

Prof. CAMPBELL: I cordially agree with all that Professor Scrimger has said. Nevertheless it seems to me that the best Church is really the Church that doesn't need a revival. These special services are merely remedies for a disease, and I suppose it would be better if we could do without the disease. But since it does prevail we must do

what we can to get rid of it. Just here, however, "doctors differ" as the saying goes. In revival work, just as much as in the medical profession, there is a good deal of quackery, and it is really a treat when we come across men in whom we can put confidence, like those who have been visiting us. Now, it is well always to remember that a revived congregation is one of the hardest to deal with.

A MEMBER: "It is often the meanest!"

Prof. CAMPBELL: Yes it is often the meanest. And you can keep on reviving it till you revive all the life out of it. The church ought to be alive; but if your people do seem to lose life, then in the calmest way you can wake them up. It is time to put a stop to dissipation in religion. There are far too many people who want to have their religion always red-hot, and who cannot bear to go through life as they should,—calmly and incessantly believing and trusting in God and in His Christ. It is a terrible thing if we need a minister to be continually poking us up—there must be something wrong, something abnormal. It would be a good thing if people would only be content with a reasonable religion, and so give themselves up to God that they would be ready to be taken away by God at any moment. For my own part I heartily despise Christian men and women who go to a revival meeting simply as a species of religious dissipation. (Applause).

Prof. COUSSIRAT mentioned that in Scotland a whole week was usually

devoted to special meetings before every communion season. Many objected to special services at such times, as being of a Roman Catholic tendency. He was not one of the objectors. He advised systematic instruction of the young in personal religion.

Mr. A. S. GRANT, B.A., said special meetings before communion should not be made of an exciting nature at all. The regular preparatory service was enough. It was best to place the Truth before the people instead of excitable stories. Moody's use of the Word, it seemed to him, was far more powerful than his use of anecdotes.

Prin. MACVICAR said that among the evils to be avoided in connection with revivalism was that of leading pastor and people so to depend on such special services that they would undervalue the teaching and preaching of the ordinary ministry. They should have confidence in the every Sabbath service. Another evil was that of creating a sort of hungering and thirsting for what was extraordinary, eccentric, unusual. There was danger, also, of conflict among Christian workers. This was particularly the case with professional revivalists. Moody, with his great tact, like Spurgeon, stood alone; and the ordinary revivalist might create trouble in a church which it would take ten years to get over. But revivals had decided advantages. They were likely to attract wide attention and bring the careless into the House of God—a thing much to



be desired. Then a passing evangelist could say plain things which needed to be said and which could not be said by a stationed minister without weakening his influence. Ministers themselves might benefit at such seasons; for, by being somewhat silent and keeping their eyes open, they might observe mistakes into which they had unconsciously been falling, and endeavor to remedy them.

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**THE MOUND BUILDERS.**—On February 2nd, a less practical subject than usually receives attention at this Conference, drew the largest attendance of the session. After a hymn had been sung, and a chapter read, Professor CAMPBELL led in prayer. The CHAIRMAN then introduced the Rev. Dr. SMYTH, of Calvin Church, Montreal, who had been announced to speak on "The Mound Builders; or, Pre-historic Man." A cluster of colored illustrations, executed by the lecturer's own brush, was suspended from the reading desk and served to supplement many vivid descriptions and explanations. The reverend gentleman introduced his topic by remarking that the origin and fate of these interesting people were surrounded by impenetrable darkness.

The only voices that spoke to us of their existence and manner of life were certain mysterious enclosures, mounds, implements and tablets, found from Western New York to Alaska, and from our own Northwest to Mexico. In Ohio, where he had resided as pastor for seventeen months, there were said to be thirteen

thousand mounds, and he had personally examined a large number of them. In some parts they were clustered together, suggesting the dense populations that aggregate in modern cities; while in other parts they were sparsely scattered, suggesting the less populated country hamlet. The enclosures, sometimes made of earth and sometimes of stone, were doubtless intended as military strongholds. Fort Ancient (on the Little Miami River), a view of which was shown, would stand comparison with the noble castle of Edinburgh, the frowning heights of Quebec, or Gibraltar's famous rock. On the top of the wall of one fortress, immense trees had been growing for seven and a half centuries. Many of the mounds, like the ancient watch-towers of Scripture, commanded a view of the whole country, and in all likelihood fires were often lighted on them as signals to give warning of an approaching foe. The people, on such occasions, would rush from all parts of the plain into the fortress for safety. These people must have been advanced in knowledge of mechanical powers, for in some instances they seem to have brought their building materials from a considerable distance. While the military enclosures had elevated and commanding situations, the sacred enclosures occupied the level plain. The walls of these structures were of a slight description; and within them stood the rude altars on which, to judge from the layers of ashes, the sacrificial fires must have blazed for

many ages. Like the temples of the Druids in Wales, they had their openings toward the East.

The mounds proper were numerous and of various sizes. They were mostly composed of earth, and this often of a different character from the surrounding soil. Archæologists had classified them into temple mounds, sacrificial mounds, burial mounds, symbolical mounds and "indefinite" mounds.

The lecturer, as he pointed to a picture of a huge temple mound, said: "I know not what weird ceremonies, I know not what hoarse chants, strange prayers and responses were engaged in by the priests and worshippers about that altar." Human victims were doubtless offered; for human bones and spear-heads have frequently been found on the altars.

"Mound City" was an enclosure of twenty-six sacrificial mounds. A picture was shown of one of the altars. In the basin was a three-inch layer of ashes, then a layer of sand, then a layer of gravel and sand, then a layer of clay, and then the outward coating.

The burial mounds were evidently situated outside of the city limits, just as in modern civilization. Usually they were found in groups; but sometimes one huge mound stood out alone, containing the skeleton of some grandee, along with his personal ornaments.

In the place where the lecturer had been stationed, the schoolhouse was built on what he thought was a mound, not the natives said it was a natural

hill. It turned out that he was right and they were wrong. A railway tunnel had to be made through a small mound near this supposed hill, and when the men were at work they came upon a skeleton. The lecturer, happening to be on hand, expressed to one of the men a desire to have the skeleton. The man rested on his spade, and merely grunted "Ugh?" "I want to get that skeleton," said the doctor, "I'm greatly interested in these things." "You want to get the skeleton?" drawled the man; "seems to me you're skeleton enough yourself!" (Laughter). "He gave me the *test*," added the doctor with a smile, "but as I was not a dentist I sent them to the Smithsonian Institute, and you'll have to go there if you want to see them."

The last picture exhibited was a view of Grave Creek Mound, one of the largest in America. It was seventy feet in height and nine hundred feet in circumference. The first owner of this mound thought it was only a natural hill. The next owner suspected its true character, but died before he examined it. The man who owned it after him, an "enterprising" Yankee, was induced by some scientists to make a thorough investigation, in the hope that he might make some money out of his property. At a cost of \$1,500 he sunk a shaft. Thirty feet down they came upon a vault. A man who was digging, fell through, and was pulled out with the greatest difficulty. "He was naturally alarmed, as he didn't know where he was going."

(Laughter). The skeleton found in this vault had 3,400 relics around its neck. "I got this bead there," said the lecturer, holding up a small circular well-polished piece of stone. The man explored no farther, but built a sort of elevator and charged a quarter for admission to the vault. He found he was making money, and this encouraged him to go deeper. So they dug away till their spades went through again and then they found another vault, containing two skeletons, a male and a female. These were in all probability persons of some authority, for they had gorgets around their necks. The enterprising Yankee thought he would make the place larger, so that he could put in a stove and cook meals at fabulous prices. Whilst they were digging, one of the men struck a skull that was looking grimly down at him. It fell, and the man ran for his life, thinking the whole skeleton was after him. Before they got through they unearthed ten complete skeletons sitting round as if looking down into the vault. Probably these were some devoted subjects who had been sacrificed at the death of their leader.

The lecturer, at this point, paused, and as the hour was already exhausted, remarked that he would be obliged to leave off here. Perhaps on some future occasion he might conclude his discussion. (Loud and continued applause).

The Chairman: I presume, gentlemen, from the heartiness with which

you use your hands, and to some extent your feet, that you desire me to tender your unanimous thanks to Dr. Smyth (Renewed applause).

The Conference then adjourned. A small collection of stone implements and ornaments left on the table was examined with no little curiosity.

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MONDAY CONFERENCE.—The Principal read communications from two graduates. The Rev. W. Shearer writing from the scene of his labors among the lumber camps on the Upper Ottawa speaks hopefully of his work. Everywhere he is well received, and the Gospel is listened to with marked attention, even where the audience is exclusively Roman Catholic. He gives an interesting description of his method of work, and laments that his ignorance of the French language materially impairs his usefulness as a missionary. The communication from Rev. Mr. McIntyre brings news of a wonderful revival of religion in the county of Glengarry, not confined to the Protestant community, but manifest among the Roman Catholics also, a large number of whom have professed conversion.

The subject for conference was "The relation of the Church to the Foreign field."

Mr. GRAHAM said there was no doubt about the Scriptural injunction to carry the Gospel to the heathen, and in addition, the church's home fields were fully occupied; the nations

of the earth were becoming more and more accessible, and those in the darkness of heathendom were loudly calling for the glad tidings, showing clearly that to this work God wished the energies of the Church to be directed.

Mr. McWILLIAMS, from the words of Paul in Rom. 1: to 14, placed the Church in its position of debtor to the whole world, and especially to the heathen. Enjoying the blessings of the Gospel, and having of grace received them she *owes* the same to those who are without the knowledge of Christ. By the faithful payment of his dues the great apostle of the Gentiles condemns to-day the Church which is so remiss in the performance of its obligations.

Mr. McDougall referring to the charge given by Christ said it was one delivered, not to the Church, but to individuals. The opening up of the way to the nations now, as in the early history of the Church, was the hand of God preparing the way. In considering the question of the Church's relation to the heathen several matters worthy of careful consideration arose, viz., might not denominations agree upon some basis so as to conserve all available power? Instances of two or three missionaries working under different denominations where there was room for one only were mentioned. Secondly, might not mission colleges be established which would train men for this very work? It was well known that one of the greatest difficulties of

missionaries was not learning, but unlearning, divesting themselves of methods of thought which were not suited to those among whom they were laboring. For the training of these men, a science of missions could be constructed from the experiences of missionary life. To this work of missions the *thought* of the men of our Church should be directed.

Mr. BARRON, in a word, said the spirit of God's people enlisted in this work was the guarantee of its success.

Mr. DEY laid before the meeting quite a number of points to be considered at another time.

The PRINCIPAL in bringing the conference to a close remarked the need of a thorough *shaking* of the church, to awaken it to a sense of its deficiency in the work of missions.

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#### STUDENT'S MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

Four fields were undertaken and worked during the past summer. The reports of missionaries are as follows:—

*Eardley*, within the bounds of the Lanark and Renfrew Presbytery, was supplied by Mr. M. J. McLeod. In this field there were three stations, Eardley, Onslow, and Steele's Settlement, each having regular Sabbath supply. The work was encouraging. One church edifice was completed and left free of debt. Work was commenced on another, and nearly the whole of the contract price subscribed. In addition to the regular services there was one Sabbath school. The Sacrament of the Lord's Supper was dispensed by

Rev. M. H. Scott, of Bristol. This field has been under the Society's care for the past three years, and hopes are entertained that it will soon be handed over to the Presbytery, to be placed under a regular pastorate.

*Headingley*, Manitoba, was supplied by Mr. D. Cameron. This field, comprising an area of about three hundred and fifty miles, lies fifteen miles south west of the city of Winnipeg. It was one time the scene of Rev. Mr. Black's labors. There are five stations, in each of which fortnightly services were held. The number of families was eighty-five.

This field for some time back has had only temporary supply, but through the energy of our missionary, besides paying nearly all the expense incurred during the summer, they have subscribed largely for winter services, and have determined at the earliest opportunity to call a pastor. The Sacrament of the Lord's Supper was dispensed in the month of September.

*Sturgeon Falls*, on the Upper Ottawa in the Presbytery of Barrie, was occupied by Mr. W. Russell. This is a village with a population of about three hundred, the majority of whom are Roman Catholics. The field as formerly occupied by the society comprised three stations, North Bay, Sudbury, and Sturgeon Falls. Owing to difficulties of communication the first two were almost entirely out of our missionary's reach. At the third two services every Sabbath were held, besides a prosperous Sabbath School with an attendance of about forty, and a week-night prayer

meeting regularly attended by about half the congregation. The number of Protestant families is ten. Steps were taken by the former missionary to erect a church. A frame was raised, but owing to a sudden decrease in the population, which is of a floating character, the people remaining were unable to continue the work. Our present missionary obtained the deed for the property, and the promise of assistance for the field from friends in the Lanark and Renfrew Presbytery. He is of opinion that a mistake was made in removing this field from the bounds of the latter.

*Ponsonby* is a new field. Mr. C. W. Whyte was the missionary there during the summer. It is situated in the county of Ottawa, directly north of Petite Nation, and is reached by a drive of about thirty-two miles from Calumet Station on the line of the C.P.R. The country is of a mountainous nature, the settlement is new, the roads are rough, and the dwellings as primitive as those in which dwelt the early settlers of Ontario. The people are principally tradesmen, who, having failed in business, have left the city to find homes on small farms. Though generally poor, they are kind and hospitable, and, without exception, gave the missionary a hearty welcome. The first to enter upon work here was Mr. W. D. Roberts, a student of this college. When engaged in work in a neighboring district in the summer of 1881 he spent some time in this field. In 1883 it was visited by a Methodist student from Arundel, from which

place two of the stations have been supplied fortnightly by Methodist clergymen. During the past summer Mr. Whyte held fortnightly service in each of four stations, viz., Boileau, Brookdale, Wolf Lake, and Rockaway. Much interest was manifested by the people in all the services.

At Boileau arrangements were made for the building of a church. The site was secured in a central position, and the people engaged to prosecute the work as energetically as possible during the winter. After the field was left by the missionary, led by a young man of zeal the congregation agreed to meet for prayer and praise fortnightly throughout the winter. At Wolf Lake there was a small but promising Sabbath School. At Rockaway our missionary assumed the role

of schoolmaster, and taught two days in the week, giving instruction in reading, writing, and arithmetic. Here steps were taken for the erection of a school-house which might also serve for Divine Service.

Mr. Whyte sent a recommendation to the Presbytery of Montreal, to the effect that the field be worked in conjunction with a neighboring one under an ordained pastor. Failing this, he urges upon the Society the maintenance of its work there.

A special meeting was held on Monday evening, the 30th inst., when missionaries were appointed for the Christmas holidays. Mr. W. J. Bell goes to Eardley, and Mr. Whyte to Ponsonby.

[We regret that this report has unavoidably been held over. It should have appeared in the November number. Ed.]

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### PLEASANTRIES.

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"My hair is eighteen years older than my whiskers said a lawyer," and I cannot understand why my whiskers should turn grey first." "Because you have worked so much more with your jaws than your brains."

At a party a young lady began a song, "The autumn days have come; ten thousand leaves are falling." She began too high. Ten thousand she screeched and stopped. "Start her at five thousand," cried an auctioneer present.

\*.\*

A child who had just mastered her

catechism confessed herself disappointed because she said, "Though I obey the fifth commandment, and honor my papa and mamma, yet my days are not a bit longer in the land, because I am still put to bed at 7 o'clock."

\*.\*

Hash has saved the lives of a great many people—by their not eating it. Hash is a noun, common—in boarding houses—often passed and frequently declined, neuter gender, singular case. Shakespeare had it in mind when he wrote of "mincing matters." Hash is like a good many

other things—it has to be taken largely on faith. Many people object to it, when they are not in reality accustomed to anything better. Those who are continually clamoring for better fare should eat sawdust which is really fine board.

\*.\*

“Little boy, do you understand what is meant by energy and enterprize?” “No, pa, I don’t think I do.” “Well, I will tell you. One of the richest men came here without a shirt on his back, and now he has got millions.” “Millions! How many does he put on at a time, pa!”

\*.\*

Said an exasperated Texan father at the dinner table: “You children turn up your noses at every thing on the table. When I was a boy I was glad to get enough dry bread to eat.” “I say, pa, you are having a much better time of it now you are living with us, ain’t you?” remarked little Tommy.

\*.\*

One of the religious papers, the *Chicago Interior*, thinks that the girls play the mischief with the theological students. And it is in this wise that they do it: “The young brother, as soon as ‘Rev.’ is duly fastened on before his given name, makes a bee-line for his girl, and she meets him half-way down the lane, and they kiss each other a few times and walk lovingly together to some old preacher, who ought to know better, and he puts his hands on their heads and

tells them to be good—and so spoils a missionary.”

\*.\*

An organ was some time ago introduced in a parish church in the north of Scotland and some of the members took offence and left. One of these soon after met another member and inquired: “Hoo the organ was getting on?” “O, fine” was the answer “jist blawin awa’ the chaff an keepin’ the corn.”

\*.\*

The following witty anecdote is related of Rev. Dr. Calvin Chapin, formerly a Congregationalist preacher in Albany, N. Y. :—Many years ago, before Albany was linked to Boston by iron bands, a meeting of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions was held at Albany, and Dr. Chapin, with a number of other clergymen from this region, attended, performing the journey by stage. At the close of the meeting they returned by the same conveyance. The stage started at four o’clock in the morning, which, at that season of the year, was before daylight. All the passengers in the stage but one were Congregational clergymen; that one was a young Episcopal minister. At first starting the passengers were all silent, till, after some time, our young Episcopal friend, with somewhat more of courage than of discretion, proceeded to deliver himself substantially as follows:—

“I have been examining those portions of the Scriptures lately in which

prayer is spoken of, and have satisfied myself that prayer is never spoken of in the Bible where the circumstances do not render it probable—yea, I may say certain—that the prayer must have been read.”

To this somewhat startling proposition no one made any reply ; but our young friend, nothing daunted, went on:—

“I will defy any gentleman present to bring forward an instance where this was not the case.”

There was again a short silence which was broken by Dr. Chapin,

who said in his blindest and most deferential tones,—

“I do not mean to deny your position, sir; there is a question I should like to ask, if you will be so kind as to answer it.”

“O, ask as many questions as you please, I will answer them,” said the young man.

“The question I wished to ask was,” said Dr. Chapin, very deliberately, too, “who it was held the candle for Jonah when he read prayers in the whale’s belly?”

It is said that the juvenile divine maintained a dignified silence during the rest of the journey.

---

### STUDENT’S THOUGHTFUL HOUR.

A cheerful countenance !—What a light it sheds around ! O Christian, you would do something for the Master ; you wish to speak for Him, to work for Him, to spend your time and your means in His service. May God speed you in carrying out your desire. But if you find at times that you have comparatively few opportunities thus to work for Him, be not discouraged, nor think that your life is a useless one. There are lonely hearts to cherish all around us. Each one has his or her own burden of care, and sorrow, and temptation—deep down in the heart, it may be, hidden alike from friend and foe, yet sapping the very life-blood. Truly if we can renew the smile of true gladness to the countenance of such

a one we shall not have lived in vain. Remember that by a kindly greeting or by a smile of sympathy, we may dispel the gloom from a sad heart, and send a bright ray of sunshine into the life of those whom we meet for a moment, as we go about our daily duties. Surely, our religion is not one of gloom and sadness, not one of pride and churlishness ; and when we have within us the Spirit of Him who is the true Light, the Light of Light eternal, why should not our faces be like the morning ? Thus, even if it be not our privilege to speak publicly or give liberally of our means for Him, our daily life will be a silent but powerful influence to lead others in the way of holiness ; for, by a patient and cheerful disposition,



springing from a heart possessed of that charity that suffereth long and is kind, we may preach the gospel of peace and joy as eloquently and effectively as any pulpit orator.

CLEMENS.

---

Let us remember that we are already in the midst of the solemn responsibilities of life. For the use of our time, the cultivation of our intellectual faculties, and the growth of our spiritual life we are as responsible now, while yet within the walls of the College, as when we find ourselves engaged for a time in the mission-field, or enter permanently the work of the Ministry. We may not have the same opportunities to give objective form to the realities of life while students, yet this fact should not lead us to suppose that our responsibility is necessarily less. Our duties are indeed of a somewhat different character, yet we cannot conscientiously imagine that we are suddenly gifted with new powers, or inspired with new feelings, on leaving our Alma Mater. The status of children is hardly ours while in College—the analogy exists in so far as our dutiful submission to all the rules and regulations of College life is concerned; but we do not enjoy the freedom from responsibility which characterizes the child, or the exemption from a serious study of the issues of life. Time is passing rapidly, and the very fact that we realize how swiftly it wings its course, should satisfy us that our duties to ourselves, to the Church and God are none the

less because of our student life. Unto ourselves and for ourselves we owe the same at all times. The realities of life are ours at one time as at another; and the same deep consideration of the question why we live, is called for on the part of student and Minister alike. Unto the Church, while the nature of our responsibility may be different, we have no reason to conclude that it is any the less serious. The Church has recognized our profession, of feeling called to the work of the Ministry, and places us here for the purpose of fitting us to fulfill that calling. Now, as honest men, we are bound to feel that we are as strongly bound to realize a source of duty now as afterwards; that if the responsibility of the Ministry is great, then the responsibility for *every opportunity* of preparation is also great.

---

TO-DAY.—Live each day as though it were the last to be lived upon earth. Such is the good counsel often given to young Christians by those of more experience in the Master's service. There can be little doubt that he who permits such a solemn thought to recur to his mind with each passing hour is likely to make the best use of present opportunities for doing good to others, and for improving himself spiritually. But there is another thought that might be carried about by the Christian from hour to hour, and prove equally powerful as an influence for good. We might advise him

to live each day *as though he were living for eternity*. To think that every temptation overcome, every passion subdued, every pure thought cherished, every kind word uttered, every good action performed, are so many stones in the edifice of a noble character to be inspected in due time by the great Architect, ought certainly to make the Christian both watchful and prayerful. Such a thought is fitted to awaken a feeling of concern for his own spiritual growth. It is also sufficient to kindle a feeling of anxiety for the eternal welfare of others. This is likely to be so when he remembers that the influence which is being daily and hourly exerted upon those with whom he is brought into contact, will meet him in eternity. It is a solemn thought that all the arrows which we now shoot at random will be found some other day, and that all the songs which on earth we breathe into the air will one day be repeated by other voices.

*Terra Nova.*

Our path in life seems very devious at times. It is hedged in on either side, it is true, but it looks straight as a meteor's path towards the goal. To us the walls appear to bind and bar the way, when, in truth, it is we who are swerving from the path and blindly throwing ourselves against the barriers.

When a coveted object is before us we scarcely pause in our pursuit to reflect what our feelings will be when our hands have grasped the

prize. Like idle children in the summer hours, we chase the gaudy butterfly of promised profit, and persuade ourselves of its value while it is still beyond our reach. But when the flutterings of the brilliantly-colored wings have ceased, and we are permitted to examine the worm-like carcass which is all that is now in our possession, we find leisure to ask ourselves if this is sufficient to repay the pains we have taken in securing the object of our endeavors.

How is it about those resolves which were formed at the beginning of the Session? What of that new leaf that was to be turned at the New Year? When is the "next week" coming, in which *hard* study was to commence? It is the quiet, ever-working forces of nature rather than her occasional exhibitions of irresistible energy, that effect most. No flashing lightning ever did the work of an hour's sunshine; no earthquake is felt so far as are the waves. The resolves were well, but to be of any avail they must be followed up by close attention to the little duties of each day, and earnest watching lest the moments be misapplied.

No effort can be so insignificant as to be worthless in the Master's eyes. The stars are reflected from the lake, but they may be from the dew-drop, also. So there is no word or deed in your life or mine but which may be made to reflect the spirit of Christ as truly as the death which wins the martyr's crown.

"It is I; be not afraid." John vi. 20.

It was night. Darkness lay upon the bosom of the Galilean sea. The disciples had "entered into a boat and were going over unto Capernaum." A "great wind" rises; and the sullen waters are lashed to fury by its force. The position of those in the boat is most unenviable. But the worst has not yet come. Dimly outlined against the leaden sky, they see what appears to be some one "walking on the sea, and drawing nigh unto the boat." How their hearts sink within them at the sight! They conjecture something fearful from this apparition. But, lo! a voice out of the night and the darkness, speaks calmly amidst the roaring winds and seas, "It is I; be not afraid." How often have we, fellow Christian, when sailing o'er life's stormy sea, felt our hearts sink within us, as wave after wave of trouble kept rolling in over our frail bark. The deepening darkness seems filled with grim spectres, bent on tormenting us. Winds of doubt, and billows of anxiety threaten to wreck our Faith. Evil thoughts come in upon our souls like a flood. But, just as we are about to faint and fail, we see a Figure nearing us. It crosses each billow with us; It walks upon the sea by our side. And a voice of commanding calmness sounds sweetly on our ear: "It is I, be not afraid." Fear not, therefore, fellow-voyager on life's ocean, to go down into the valleys where the shadows lie; fear not to cross the troubled waters; for One walks by your side in the darkness, saying caressingly, "It is I, be not afraid." Oh blessed "I"! May Thy protecting love ever strengthen and uphold the frailty of our humanity in every moment of need.

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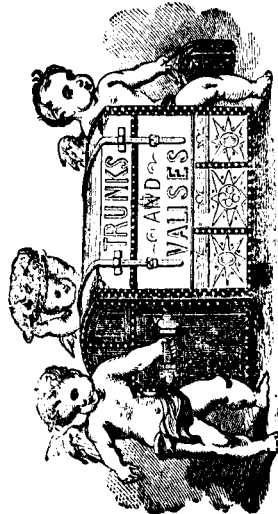
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