

terest in the fair maiden whose charms had followed him, even in his waking dreams. In the early hours of that eventful morning another Wesley boy was anxiously watching the lowering clouds, for Rev. J. M. Murchison, who was to officiate at the wedding, had to brave the swollen torrent of the mighty Assiniboine before he could reach the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Carroll. At the time appointed Mr. Murchison (who, by the way, was rehearsing for a coming event) gently but firmly tied the knot which bound Mr. Thorne and Miss Carroll for life.

A number of the students of last year had a suspicion that Rev. J. M. Murchison, better known in college circles as "Murchy," was preparing a trap for him-

self. Developments show that the suspicion was well founded. In Zion church, on the Foxwarren circuit, on August 16, Rev. H. J. Miller sprung the trap, and "Murchy" is no longer free. Miss M. E. Laycock, of Foxwarren, was caught at the same time. A large number of friends were present on the occasion, and manifested their sympathy with the unfortunate couple by leaving many beautiful and useful presents to make the way as bright as possible. We sympathize greatly with "Murchy," but as it seems to be the way of all flesh, especially theological flesh, we join with their many friends in wishing the young couple every success in life, and are confident that "Murchy's" well-known pluck and energy will bring him through all right.

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## IN MEMORIAM

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Once more Vox is forced to pause and note with grief the sad ravages death has made in the circle of our friends since our last issue. In this instance it would almost seem that death was a respecter of persons, or why did he choose one so young, so promising and so endeared to the hearts of all as the one for whom we now lament—Miss Jennie Stewart. A year ago she was, as far as we could see, as likely to live as any of us, but during the winter months disease became so deeply rooted in her system that all attempts to remove it were in vain. The mild spring days, with the sunshine and flowers, seemed to revive her failing strength, and friends began to hope for a speedy recovery, but the hope was futile. Scarcely had the summer days passed, or autumn begun to tint the woods and fields with fading leaves and flowers, than she, too, passed quietly away Sept. 16th. The numerous floral wreaths sent by those who knew and loved her attest to the fact that she had a wide circle of friends. Wesley

College will miss her much. In the Y.W. C. A. and other College societies, she was always ready to do her part. But perhaps more especially will the Literary society feel her loss, as her excellent powers of elocution were highly prized. The beauty and power of the Christian faith was very apparent during all her illness, after many struggles she gained perfect victory through Christ. The tears of the loved ones were but brushed aside when death again entered the home and claimed the beloved husband and father. The Rev. John Stewart died September 29th, after an earnest day's campaigning in the interests of prohibition. The summons came without any warning about midnight, but he was found ready, and passed to his reward. Mr. Stewart had endeared himself in many ways to the students of Wesley College, for he always had a word of cheer for those who were struggling upward. The students of Wesley, who knew Mr. Stewart and Jennie, sympathize deeply with those who are called to sustain this severe loss.