

But there is another sort of class which is not big enough. It may have every scholar that can be got ; but still it is not big enough. It is *not doing as big a work* as it might do. Is it your class ? If so, what can you do by way of remedy ? Very much. In the first place, you can be always present, and always on time. The full class—not a single absentee, and no scholar late, is the class that sets the pace for a whole school. Then, you can have your lesson well up. Good recitations make a class strong. And you can sing heartily. There is the giving, too. Big giving comes from regular giving. Every scholar present each Sunday, and each scholar with his or her coin, even if it be but a cent,—and the bulk of the giving mounts up rapidly.

Big things are not necessarily great things or good things ; but in the case of a class that grows big by the bringing in of the thoughtless and careless, and by better attendance and better recitation, and heartier singing, and larger giving—there can be no question.

### "Six Foot Three of Bone and Brawn"

By Rev. J. M. Duncan, B.D.

The pioneer of our mission to Korea, Rev. Wm. J. McKenzie, was a giant in stature, and a stranger to fear. Many a time, as we learn from the story of his life, by Miss Elizabeth A. McCully, his strength and courage stood him in good stead. Once a Korean rebel chief abused Christianity in McKenzie's hearing, and threatened the missionary's life. McKenzie replied, "that Christianity might be foreign and bad, but Korea was in sad need of it just now, for Christianity did not permit its followers to murder the king's officers, destroy government property, rob defenceless country folk and force them into the ranks of insurrectionists. The Korean was nonplussed, and as he saw Mr. McKenzie's six foot three of bone and brawn striding away, concluded he had better have nothing to do with him."

We do not wonder that McKenzie was loved by all who knew him. For his heart was as big as his body. During his college vacations, boys flocked round him, filled with admiring pride in his rowing and skating, boxing and wrestling, painting and singing.

Among his classmates he was a famous athlete, especially in Highland sports, and a champion boxer. Yet no one was ever jealous of him, so charming was his overflowing good-humor and sparkling wit.

"Eighteen months in the ice," is the title given to a description of this hero missionary's toils in Labrador. Here he knew and loved everybody, down to "Dan, the Dirty Cook-Boy," on board the steamer that carried him from point to point on the coast.

And this strong man was a very humble and loving Christian, withal. At the close of one of his Labrador days, he wrote in his diary, "It is blessed to live only for Jesus."

In Korea, the memory of McKenzie will never die. It was here that, for two years before he died, he gave himself, with heart and soul, to the work of winning the Koreans to the Gospel. And he showed wonderful skill and ingenuity in his methods. He interested the boys in himself and his message by his clever pictures drawn for their amusement, and had them come to him for instruction in athletics. One occasion, he promised the story of a moose hunt, and a large number came to hear, but, before they heard the story of the sportsman, they had to listen to the message and prayer of the preacher.

McKenzie's courage did not fail him in the perilous days of the war between China and Japan. A brother missionary of another church writes of him: "He remained when every other missionary fled for refuge. The people brought their goods to him for safe keeping. He faced the murdering assailants alone, and their chief put up his sword and called back his men."

Loyalty to his Lord and Leader was in the very blood of this noble Canadian. His favorite hymn was—

"Anywhere with Jesus I can safely go,  
Anywhere He leads me in this world below."

Such men are the proudest boast of their church and country. Better than riches, is it to have, even in small measure, the qualities that shine out in their lives.

God is my strong salvation,  
What foe have I to fear ?  
In darkness and temptation,  
My light, my help, is near.