

unspeakable. It is only the redeemed who know the fulness of the love of God. "Oh let the ransomed ones His great love proclaim." That song will resound through earth and heaven. It will be the grandest chorus of the ages and will last forever.

Many will say, "I would not have that experience in the forest for all the world." Men and women are saying the same about the vicissitudes of their every day life. They do not note the significance of their experiences, namely, that God is a Father and that though the night be dark and the way be long and weary, yet a great joy and everlasting fulness of glory awaits the redeemed. The darkness and sorrow of night will be more than compensated by the joy of heaven.

I now summarize this eventful experience by stating that it crystallized the cardinal virtues of Faith, Hope and Charity or Love. These virtues had been cultivated in my heart from infancy towards my parents. Later they were broadened in reference to my teachers and now they were centered and perfected toward God Himself. Moreover, I obtained a very real conception of the Fatherhood of God.

For the purpose of illustrating I mention now one of the most important experiences of my University College days. That experience consisted merely in becoming intimately acquainted with the late Mr. J. H. Brown, of the class of 94. Mr. Brown was one of the most brilliant students who ever attended Toronto University. I often visited Mr. Brown in his room when I had intellectual difficulties and the ultimate experience for me was only second in importance to the thrilling experience already outlined. Mr. Brown was the first one who ever impressed me with the idea of the altruistic spirit, the brotherhood of man. He was not paid for the assistance he rendered and moreover, we were comparative strangers. I would think it the duty of a relative or a teacher or an intimate friend to give the assistance required. But

this is not all. Mr. Brown's noble life at college and the circumstances of his death accomplished something more. Mr. Brown had nearly completed his theological course at Knox College. He sought an appointment in the home mission field for the six months' vacation prior to his final year. He was given a very desirable station in Ontario. In order to secure a field requiring more exertion and self-denial, he exchanged his appointment with another student who was appointed to a new settlement in south-western Manitoba. Mr. Brown had to drive many miles weekly in order to reach the people of this scattered settlement. He was often drenched by the rain and compelled to remain in his wet clothing for long intervals. This exposure brought on a sudden attack of hemorrhage from which he died after a week's illness, and after laboring among the people of this settlement for about three months. Mr. Brown's mother was notified promptly at Toronto but was unable to reach her son before his death. Upon her arrival she was informed that deceased had died very peacefully but had been anxious to say good-bye to his mother. A small memorandum book was found in his vest pocket which contained a brief but significant entry. On leaving the station at Toronto for the west Mr. Brown had inscribed the following prayer: "I desire that I shall be the means of converting ten souls to Christ during my labors in Manitoba." Scores of the settlers drove long distances to pay their last tribute of respect to their departed missionary before the body was sent to Markdale, Ont. for burial. Every man, woman and child was convulsed with sobs as each stood by the open casket. Mr. Brown's prayer was liberally answered but by his death. My personal knowledge of Mr. Brown, coupled with his noble death, became an experience of no small importance. It was thus that I learned to know Christ as a Savior and Redeemer, being better able to appreciate His motive of love and self-sacrifice.