

ter wherewith to fill out this sketch. The difficulty will be with the brevity, we hope, however, not to trespass unduly.

Jno. McLaurin was born in Osgoode, County Glengarry, Aug. 9th, 1839, and lived there until he was twenty-two years of age. During that time he was, of course, greatly influenced by the godly companionships and religious thought which were characteristic of his surroundings. Rev. Daniel McPhail was then in his strength, ministering to the Osgoode people; and with him were associated, upon frequent missionary tours, such men as Jno. Edwards, Robt. Fyfe, Jno. Dempsey, and Wm. Fraser. The country side was, through the work of these men, saturated with evangelical truth, and the young men breathed its atmosphere from their earliest thought. The preacher was the great man in the early day of that community, and the sermon was the one form of public address. Nor was Sunday the only religious day. The preacher and the sermon did duty seven days in the week, and although church edifices were few, green groves abounded, and log barns and school-houses sometimes nightly, and for weeks, received the consecration of godly eloquence and burning zeal. Wonderful meetings were those of Osgoode thirty or forty years ago. The memory of them still lingers. At "early candle light" the services began; and, as the evening shadows gather the young men and patriarchs after the day's toil in the fields, and the women and children so many of them as can be spared from the home, find their way through the woods and across lots to the low roofed log school-house, and there is the scene being enacted which more than may be suspected has influenced Canadian Baptist thought for over half a century. McPhail, as he was called, without prefix either Daniel or Rev. is at the desk—the school room is crowded with reverent listeners, and that honored servant of God delivers his message. It is a wonderful message. Simple, direct to the soul, and straight from the word of God. It is delivered with strong thought in rugged form—not much pretty talk about it—not much of the gospel of nature, dealing with flower and leaf and tint and bloom, but plenty of the gospel of grace, dealing with sin and death, salvation and everlasting life. Lost souls are before the preacher as he speaks, and God's woe is plainly before the trifler with the message; and so both preacher and sermon