

The Teachers Monthly

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On the very day these editorial pages are being made ready for the press comes the news of the sudden death of one of our most honored contributors, whose loss to the cause of Sabbath School instruction, as, indeed, to many other causes in the church and in the state, it is impossible to estimate.

In Principal MacVicar our Sabbath School publications had a fast friend. Already a lesson writer in the columns of THE TEACHERS MONTHLY, he began in the first number under the present management a series of articles on Teacher Training, which had not a little to do with the marked revival of interest in that vital subject throughout the church; whilst his Analysis of the Lesson, now in its third year, has been recognized on all hands as of very high value. It is gratifying to know that the Analysis is on hand for the lessons to the end of July. No contributor to our pages was more prompt and thorough than he. That was characteristic of the man. What he did, he did with his might.

The writer, who was one of Principal MacVicar's students in the early days of the College, when almost the whole burden of the teaching fell upon his shoulders, recalls the quenchless energy of the man in his classes. Teaching was not a duty, it was a joy and triumph to him, and therefore an inspiration to his students. Years never seemed to abate his force. To the last hour his enthusiasm abode with him, and not the least influential of his lectures were those to his students and to Sabbath School teachers on the art of teaching. He was a master in this field.

Principal MacVicar was of the stalwart type; a tall, lithe figure, stentorian voice,

clean cut opinions fearlessly expressed, ready to defend the faith against all comers; as a preacher, denouncing sin without reserve, but with an equally pressing presentation of the mercy of God in Christ Jesus; always to the front when such issues as the temperance question or the obnoxious claims of the Church of Rome were under discussion—one always knew where to find him. In private life, so gentle and kind, and with an unfailing fund of jest and anecdote—no wonder that he was a man much beloved. The Church is the poorer by every such removal, and the mourning for him has been widespread, deep, and genuine.

R. DOUGLAS FRASER

THE SERVICE OF CHRIST

"I know thy works." So spake He, whose eyes were as a flame of fire looking beneath the outer appearance and reading the heart, to each of the seven churches of Asia.

Alas! there was much to condemn in them all. Every one of them had fallen far below the high ideal set before them. The symbol of the churches is golden lamps burning with a clear and steady flame; but in reality the gold was becoming dim and was mixed with brass and iron and clay, while the light was pale and feeble and flickering, ready almost to go completely out. Upon each of these churches those flaming eyes look down and the voice like the sound of many waters says, "I know thy works."

Yet the Holy One endures them and abides with them and acknowledges them as His. When He sets these churches in vision