

lectures, except the first hour, would be suspended during the Carey Centennial Conference. To us it was one of the great treats of the session. The noble, Christ-like spirit of William Carey, of revered memory, pervaded all the meeting, and inspired us with some measure of his consuming zeal for foreign missions. It would be invidious for us to make distinctions, but we felt that Bro. McDonald struck the key note in his "Bed-rocks in Foreign Missions," which was a four-square presentation of earnest endeavor in the sphere of labor. Bro. Dadson, who is held in tender regard as a former pastor by many of the students, gave us a lucid and masterly exposition of the Word as to church organization. We were pleased to see and hear some stray children from across the border. Why they praise and apologize to their mother so much, and yet deliberately stay away from her, we can't understand. However, Bro. Stewart, of Rochester, who was most intimately connected with our foreign work, gave us every reason to be proud of him in his famous lecture on Wm. Carey. The prodigious labors of this pioneer of modern missions, were graphically and comprehensively portrayed in his own skillful way, and we shall not soon forget the speaker or his lecture. Bro. J. L. Campbell, of New York, a cousin of our classical professor, was a perfect encyclopædia of facts, figures and names, in his lecture on the "History of our Canadian Baptist Mission." The greatness of the work to-day did not alarm us when we heard of its secret beginnings, amid prayer and consecration, when we learned who were the "worthy ones," some now in glory, and the rest with their faces Zionward, in whose hearts God had put the sublime thought of forming a mission society. At the close, we felt that our brother had kept his best wine till the last, and we trust that he may favor us again on similar occasions.

The sonnet "Under the Beeches," by Dr. Rand, in the November number of the MONTHLY has been widely copied. The *Messenger and Visitor* calls it the "gem of the number," and reproduces it in full. The *Educational Review* of St. John's, and the *Acadian Athenæum*, in their February numbers, also copy it with favorable criticism. Nothing can be more gratifying to us than to know our contributions are appreciated by our readers and contemporaries.

GRIP would lay a wreath of affectionate remembrance upon the grave of William Henry Huston, late principal of the Woodstock College. A nobler young citizen, or a more promising career, Canada has never known and lost. Never did man more intensely take to heart the injunction, "whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." And William Huston's hand was put to the grand work of instructing the young—their hearts as well as their heads. His life was brief, but it was a glorious success. His name is enshrined in the generous souls of schoolboys all over the land. What nobler Westminster could man ask?—*Grip, Feb. 6th, 1892.*