

Testament. The grand truth shown is that God hates sin, but that he loves the sinner. God hates sin everywhere but God is merciful toward all men. The lesson of Jonah is the lesson for us all. Dr. Sawyer was followed by Rev. G. J. Bond of Halifax who gave an inspiring address on the subject—“Is life worth living.”

The Sunday services began with the regular students' prayer meeting led by D. A. Davy. After this meeting the Conventional sermon was preached in the Baptist Church by Dr. E. M. Kierstead from, John 8, 18; “A Message and a Mission.” The sermon was one of Dr. Kierstead's best efforts, he was filled with his subject and spoke with an earnestness and eloquence that held his hearers enraptured.

In the afternoon a testimony meeting was held in College Hall led by Mr. Marshall. A large number were present and the testimonies indicated that the speakers had received a blessing from the conference, and had grown more determined to do the Master's work.

The Farewell Service Sunday evening was very impressive. Mr. Davy spoke on “The crowning work of Y. M. C. A.” Miss Blanche Burgess gave a short but most interesting and helpful address in behalf of the Y. M. C. A. A few words in farewell were then given by each of the delegates and by Pres. Corbett, Mr. Ross and Mr. Newcomb of Acadia. The meeting closed by all the delegates joining hands forming a circle around the church and singing, “Blest be the tie that binds.”

The conference meets next year at the Univ. of New Brunswick, and we trust that another feast may be had there, as was enjoyed at Acadia this year.

A Poet!—He hath put his heart to school,
Nor dares to move unpropped upon the staff
Which Art hath lodged within his hand—must laugh
By precept only, and shed tears by rule.
Thy Art be Nature; the live current quaff
And let the groveller sip his stagnant pool,
In fear that else, when Critics grave and cool
Have killed him, Scorn should write his epitaph.
How doth the Meadow-flower its bloom unfold?
Because the lovely little flower is free
Down to its root, and, in that freedom, bold;
And so the grandeur of the Forest-tree
Comes not by casting in a formal mould
But from its *own* divine vitality.

—Wordsworth.