

WHERE CHRIST ABODE.

By R. G. Dunbar.

Grim were the clouds when the sun was set
 And against the stars they conspired anon,
 And the lurid lightning the precipice met,
 While Salem wearily slumbered on.

But the wind awoke and solemnly sang
 In the frowning vale where the Kidron flowed,
 And Jehovah's thundering cadence rang
 On the Mount of Olives—where Christ abode.

FIRST PACIFIC COAST THEOLOGICAL
CONFERENCE.

It means much for the religious life of any community that the pressing theological problems of the day should be forced upon its attention. No one could attend such a gathering as the First Pacific Coast Theological Conference, held in Vancouver during the last week of July, without having his information widened and his spiritual life deepened by the able and lucid discussions of vital questions which made up the programme. Differences of opinion did not fail to appear; but what there was of disputation was carried on in such a spirit as to win admiration for the Christian theologians, as the worthy leaders of thought and counsellors of society of today.

By right of merit the dominating figures of the conference were the two celebrated scholars from the Old Land, who had already made us their disciples in the lectures we have heard from them in Westminster Hall. Dr. Stalker, kindly, humorous, eloquent and magnetic, ripe in scholarship and experience, cast the charm of his personality over the gathering; while Principal Garvie, who combines with a touch of Celtic mysticism, force and fluency of utterance, keen and rapid thought, frank and unbiassed judgment and a

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