

Campbell was the worthy founder of this college. Dr. Pendleton succeeded him as president, and in 1887 was followed by Dr. Woolery. All acknowledged him to be well qualified for this position. Before entering Bethany College as a student he had taken a course at Kentucky University. In 1876 he graduated at Bethany, after which he adorned the pulpit until 1882, when his Alma Mater called him to take the chair of Latin, which at that time was vacant. He accepted the call to the president's chair five years later, after he had proven his sterling worth as a teacher to the trustees of the college. Until his death he was interested in education. His sermons from the pulpit, his public lectures and addresses, his lectures in the class-room, always inspired his hearers to seek knowledge.

His extreme modesty was first noticed by me when we met at his home on my arrival in Bethany. Every man must be conscious of his own merits; but Colomau has said that "on their own merits modest men are dumb." This was especially true of the late president: "Thy modesty was a candle to thy merits."

He had a very sensitive nature. It was not uncommon to see him in tears. Often have I seen his eyes flooded with tears when he was speaking from the sacred desk on the "Love of Jesus," "Salvation," "the Sinner's Friend," etc. In August last he spoke at the funeral of a charming little girl, and in the midst of his speech broke down and "wept bitterly." It is rare, indeed, that a strong and thoughtful man possesses a nature so sensitive.

Students are always critical. A man who sits as professor in any chair at college and shows traits of weakness, mentally or morally, will be little respected by those who are in attendance at his classes. President Woolery was strong in mind. Every student was satisfied with his lectures, his able criticisms and comments on biblical texts and themes.

At a time when he gave a lecture on some popular theme, and invited students who were not sufficiently advanced in learning to attend his classes, they all were eager to meet in his class-room, and listen to his instructions.

This able and scholarly man, who on the 20th of June ult., was in the enjoyment of health, and on that day made his last public speech after the degrees had been conferred on the graduates, now lies asleep. He peacefully sleeps the "sleep of death." He lies near the remains of Alex. Campbell. On the morning of the resurrection day they will come forth to appear before the great "I Am" to give account of noble deeds and heroic actions. Both were philanthropists. They will shine as stars in eternity.

At a later date I fully intended to present President Woolery with a gift, in acknowledgement of his kind assistance as a teacher of Hebrew, sacred history and mental science. But he now needs no reward from human hands. He is worthy of God's gifts. I am glad to be able to speak of his worth to my friends in the Maritime Provinces of Canada.

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#### NOTES OF TRAVEL.

As we journey along the pathway of life each day brings its own experience; and we are wise if we profit by this experience. We may not be able to recall the past years of our life and live them over again; but we can bring back the scenes of days gone by, days of sanctified affliction, when our hearts were softened by grief, when we felt drawn very near to our Father. Oh! how such murmurings, such experiences should cause us to think, that if under such special trials and afflictions we find comfort and peace, why not enjoy the same

blessed comfort every day? We certainly would if we would profit by past experience. Then there are days of spiritual depression. What brings them on? Distrust. And yet everything came out all right. This is the experience of hundreds of godly men and women. If we profited by this experience we would no longer distrust. We all are all travellers, bound for eternity. Some travel by express, make a quick trip, go down to an early grave; others go slowly, and live to see the allotted "three score and ten," perhaps more, but the same destination for all—"the grave." Some travel alone; that is, they go through life as if there was no one in the world but themselves. A Christian cannot do this. He or she must live to do some good for somebody, or their's is a false profession. The great law that governs Christianity is, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy mind and strength, and thy neighbor as thyself."

A man once stood up in a social meeting and told how much he enjoyed religion; but when the question was asked, "does your wife and family and your neighbors enjoy your religion?" it put a different face on the matter. Life is so short and uncertain that we need to profit some by our own experience, and as much as we can from the experience of others. Let us make the journey as pleasant as possible for others as well as for ourselves. Our greatest happiness will be found in making others happy. When a man starts on a journey, the state of his mind depends a great deal upon what he expects to meet at the end of that journey. A man who is called home to stand by the bedside of his dying wife does not travel with heart as light and cheerful as a man who is going to meet his bride. And yet how many Christians there are who go through this world as though there was nothing more in store for them than for those who are not Christians. If Christians could realize that all things work together for their good, and that they have a kind Heavenly Father to watch over them, one who cares for the lilies of the field and the birds of the air; if they would only look forward to the end of their journey, and consider that the trials and experiences of the journey are not to be compared with the happiness and glory that they will enjoy at the close of their pilgrimage. Oh! the joy they would feel at the thoughts of meeting again with loved ones who had finished their course first. Mothers will meet their loved ones, those dear little ones that they were so sorry to part with, but now never part from them again. Husbands and wives will be united, brothers and sisters, fathers and mothers will all be united in that great throng which no man can number. Oh, yes, we will see Jesus and be made like Him, and then their will be no more sickness, no night; God shall wipe all tears from our eyes; there will be no sorrow, no sin shall enter there. What are we? what have we done that we should be entitled to such happiness? We are the adopted sons of God. He has accepted us through His beloved Son. We have not done anything to merit this great enjoyment. Still our journey through life has a great deal to do with it. Hear Him: "I was hungered and ye gave Me meat, I was naked, sick, in prison, thirsty, etc., and ye ministered to My wants." And then He adds, "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of these, My brethren, ye did it unto Me." Ah, yes, what are we doing for Christ in this way as we journey through life? Let us keep our eyes fixed on Jesus as the Captain of our salvation. Our hope in heaven is an anchor sure and steadfast, and whatever we do in word or deed do all in the name of the Lord Jesus.

I started to write something about my travelling experiences among the churches this month, and headed this article "Notes of Travel." It should have been "Notes on Travel"; but what I have written I have written. I hope that some fellow

traveller may read and be encouraged to press onward and look forward with joy to the end of his journey. If so, I shall be glad and God's name be praised.

August 20th.

W. H. HARDING.

#### Y. P. MISSION BAND—COBURG ST. CHURCH.

When our Band was organized we had but eight members. This meeting was held on 14th May, 1886. The officers then elected were:—

Mrs. Milos, *President*.  
Miss G. Murray, } *Vice-Presidents*.  
Miss E. McLunis, }  
Miss K. Harris, *Treasurer*.  
Miss J. Morrison, *Secretary*.

It was decided to call our Society the Young Peoples' Mission Band and that to become a member each person should pay five cents and five cents at each meeting.

The first meeting was held in the afternoon and was restricted to young ladies only, as there was a society then existing among the young men. It was thought best to hold the meetings in the evening and to extend an invitation not only to the young men but to any person whether a member of the Sunday School or not.

Later on we changed the date of meeting, from the last to the first Friday of each month.

At the second meeting a motto was chosen for the Band, which may be found in the II. Peter iii. 9, and reads: "Not willing that any should perish." We also decided in this meeting to give our money to Home Missions.

The membership has steadily increased, and now we have enrolled thirty-three members.

The meetings are opened with reading and singing, the minutes of the previous meeting are read, roll called and dues collected. If there are any suggestions or unfinished business that is next considered, and then a short programme consisting of readings, singing, recitations, etc. is carried out. The meetings then close with singing and prayer.

In March, 1887, the Mission Band united with the Aid Society and Little Workers in a public meeting which was held in the vestry, and at which a report was read by the Secretary.

The officers elected for the second year were:—

Mrs. Milos, *President*.  
Miss Christie, } *Vice Presidents*.  
Mr. Christie, }  
Miss Banks, *Treasurer*.  
Miss J. Morrison, *Secretary*.

At the resignation of the secretary in August, Miss Rae Christie was appointed to fill her place which position she held during the remainder of that and the whole of the next year.

The officers of 1888 were:—

Mr. DeVoe, *President*.  
Miss R. Christie, *Vice President*.  
Miss Barnes, *Treasurer*.  
Mr. Christie, *Secretary*.

At the resignation of the President in September, Mr. Capp was appointed to that position.

In May, 1889, a concert was held by the members of the Band. A silver collection was taken up, which realized about \$10.00.

The officers of the present year are:—

Mr. Capp, *President*.  
Mr. Allan, *Vice President*.  
Miss Emery, *Treasurer*.  
Miss J. Morrison, *Secretary*.

Since the organization of the Band we have handled something like \$50.00, which we hope has been a little help to our object—Home Missions.

JOSEPH J. MORRISON.

*Secretary*.