

# McMASTER UNIVERSITY MONTHLY

*MARCH, 1900.*

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## THE LATE REV. DAVID MARSH.

On the west side of the steep declivity then known as Hope Hill, reaching from the great Basilica and the market square of the city, down to the edge of the St. Charles, stood a plain two-story house, old as the French occupation. There was nothing of an ecclesiastical look about the building. An upper room, about forty feet in length, and twenty in breadth, plainly furnished with pine table and desk on which the Bible lay, unpainted seats and uncarpeted floor, was the meeting place of the few Christians who professed Baptist principles in the early forties and the birth place of the Baptist Church of Quebec. There was nothing to appeal to an æsthetic taste about the place. Outside, nature was lavish in her display. The great St. Lawrence to the right, bounded by that verdant gem, the Island of Orleans, and the Point Levis shore, in front the St. Charles river softly flowing into the St. Lawrence, while beyond the St. Charles the rich valley of the same name gently sloped up to the pine-clad Laurentian mountains, which curved in gentle sweep towards the west, thus engirdling the city, as of old did the mountains round about Jerusalem. Everything that met the eye outside of that plain building was grand and uplifting. All within was as plain and unpretentious as was the upper room of old in which the first disciples met. If the preaching room reminded one of apostolic simplicity, the men who ministered there were men of apostolic type, and the gospel they preached was a truly apostolic gospel. Dr. Davis, then principal of the Montreal Baptist