

if not reverently, attentive throughout. The service lasted little more than an hour, and was followed by a short, bright prayer meeting, for which some seventy or eighty remained. A number of us from the country, who had not attended such a large and enthusiastic evangelistic service for months, came away with hearts aglow and spirits refreshed. Let me speak of two main impressions that I brought away with me:

1. The grand opportunity we have at the Tabernacle for a mighty evangelistic work. The Tabernacle is becoming known all over the country. Audiences of much over 1,000 have packed themselves within its walls. They are nearly all men, young, mostly students. To reach the women—and a short experience has shown that they can be reached—other methods are necessary, and a group of devoted women workers, Japanese and foreign, are needed.

2. The need of more workers. There are the hundred and one instrumentalities that are being, or are to be used, and for which help is needed—prayer-meetings, Sunday-schools, house to house visitation, open-air preaching, women's meetings, dispensary work, social meetings, lantern lectures, literary meetings. For the Sunday night evangelistic meetings alone a staff of workers should be on hand to move among the audience before, during and after the services, take down addresses, engage individuals to talk, and help in all ways possible.

I heard one, whose name, as a wise and devoted missionary, shines second to none in Japan—our own Dr. Cochran—say, the other day, "There's work for four men at the Tabernacle." Yes, indeed! and for as many unmarried women.

We have put thousands of dollars into the institution. The Conference Minutes will tell you that half of our total value of church property in Japan is found on that half acre in Hongo. We have planned on a large scale. We have a magnificent plant, a plant that in any of the large cities of the West would have a score or more workers attached to it. And if we do not man that machinery, we might better have sent our money to the bottom of the Pacific Ocean. My heart melted within me as I saw the hundreds of eager, intelligent young men in that hall whom I longed to know and follow up and lead to the Saviour. Our difficulty in many places is to get at men. Here we have them in hundreds—fruit within hand-picking reach, and yet doomed to fall away, much of it forever untouched, for lack of laborers.

Dr. Eby's request is most modest—one minister and one lady worker.

I know no evangelistic opportunity in our whole Canadian Church to equal this. May we realize our day and opportunity before it is forever too late!"

STUDENT LIFE IN THE EARLY DAYS OF QUEEN'S.

NO. 2.

A few incidents of a general nature, and home scenes, may be interesting. Mr. M., a grave Senior, was losing some of the natural covering of his head; and there being no terror of the Concursus to restrain audacious youths, one presumed to tamper with an ode of Anacreon (who was afflicted in a similar way) substituting the name of M. for that of Anacreon. Imagine the awfulness of a youth singing in Mr. M.'s presence:

Legousi hai gunaikas
M...geron ei

To Mr. M. it would be a sad thing if the ladies should, for such a reason, regard him as becoming old. So to avert this calamity, he went off to Palmer's drug store and bought a bottle of "Balm of Columbia," which was guaranteed to produce a luxuriant growth of hair on the most obdurate of crowns. This he vigorously applied with a hair brush each evening. He used to study at a small table in the dining room, and one evening he brought the bottle and brush there, so as to vary the internal application of Euripides or Sophocles with an occasional external application of the precious balm. He accidentally spilled some of it on the table. Next morning when all assembled for breakfast, Mr. R. was diligently examining the table and passing his fingers over it: "What's that knave R. about now?" asks Mr. Pringle. R. replies "O Joannes M. spilt some of his balm on the table, but I don't see any hair growing on it." The balm had not been so effective as the oil offered by a Yankee peddler for the same use, the marvellous power of which was vouched for by his statement that having intended to rub a wooden chest with linseed oil, he has by mistake used the hair oil, when—mirabile dictu,—next morning he found the wooden chest turned into a hairy trunk.

Mr. Pringle had a boy who waited on table, known as his man Friday. Mr. Pringle was a firm believer in the two great principles of old Scottish life—that all children and servants should be taught the Shorter Catechism, and that a most liberal use of the rod was an important factor of education. Friday had two questions for his daily portion, and when Mr. Pringle came home from his office, Friday was called in to recite. Now it is doubtful whether Friday could have committed these to memory if he had tried, and as he did not try, there was not much hope of his reaching the position of another boy, who when asked how he was getting on with the catechism, replied, "O finely; I am past redemption." Soon after Friday's entrance we would hear exclamations such as "O! Mr. Pringle, don't beat me, and I will have them all learned to-morrow; Oh! yes, Mr. Pringle, I'll have them all to-morrow."