

## OUR FIRST GRADUATE.

IN previous volumes of the JOURNAL several of the graduating classes have been immortalized in brief biographical notices, and possibly some account of our first graduate may be of general interest, especially since he was the author of a text-book still used in our classes. The late Rev. C. C. Stewart, M.A., was born in 1842. We have no source at hand whence to derive information regarding his life, other than a short memoir entitled, "The Footsteps of the Flock," by Rev. James Cameron. Before making extracts, we may mention that Mr. Stewart carried off a gold medal in Arts, and after graduating from this college in 1869 was settled as pastor of Division Street Church, Owen Sound. There he died in 1874. The following words are from the "Footsteps of the Flock":

"It is just four years next month since our late friend was ordained in this church, as your pastor. He came among you young: he came fresh from college, with college honours which he wore meekly: he came, a matter of great account in a pastor, with the close, correct, methodical habits of a disciplined student which he retained to the very last: he came with zeal and an appetite for work characteristic of young Christians: he came with a large fund of general knowledge gathered from books and experience among men, and with a good knowledge of the ancient languages so necessary in a theologian: he came with a mild disposition and a kind and gentle way that endeared him to you all, and that got for him many friends, beyond the bounds of the congregation, and among his fellow ministers; but he came with a weak constitution, with the seeds of the disease that kept all the time gaining ground, and which, (for long dwinning makes cold sheets at last) has at last carried him to his grave.

"A life of diligence, faith and patience, which ends in early death as his did (for he was at his death only 32) must have begun in early youth. At the age of nine, death, the prince of preachers, entered his home, and mother and children were gathered round a father's coffin. 'O eloquent just and mighty death,' exclaims an eminent man, 'whom none could advise, thou hast persuaded, and what none hath dared, thou hast done.' How many of us owe our best lessons to the sermon preached by this preacher. It was so in this case. Deprived of his earthly father, he turned to God as the guide of his youth, and putting his young hand in the hand of Infinite Wisdom he asked Him to keep his feet, to lead him on.

'O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent,'

He led him on: kindly and gently he led him on through clouds and sunshine; wisely and well he brought him up, providing for him all he needed; safely and soundly he brought him through trials and temptations, and now at last mercifully he has taken him home to be with Himself.

"God gave him talents. It is perhaps best for us not to say how many, whether one, or two or five. One thing we are sure of, he was far removed from the character of the slothful servant that hid his lord's money. He carefully improved and employed what talents God gave him. At college he was known as a close and severe student. As a pastor he was laborious and *painful* (i. e. pains-taking) as the Puritans would call it. He studied closely, carefully, critically the Word of God: earnestly, simply, faithfully from Sabbath to Sabbath he preached to you the gospel from this place, preaching often when owing to his weakness he should have been in his bed. In such bodily weakness indeed did he often preach, and so much did he suffer afterwards, that you can now, when all is over, see the point of a remark once made by him: 'when we ask people for money, they think it is the greatest thing that can be given: but I am often called to duties that feel so painful that to give money would be nothing in comparison.' And then after his pastoral duties were over, and when, in kindness to himself, he should have rested, he took the pen, and through the press he spoke to thousands who never saw his face in the flesh. One of his books (Church Government) is well known to you: the other (Exegema) is written less for popular use than for scholars. By these books and by articles in the Monthly Magazines and Religious Papers of the day, though dead, he yet speaketh, calling us not only to ponder the truths he wrote, but to imitate his diligence. His close intense application, which weakened a body never strong, may have been too much. We should perhaps say it was. But seeing the motive was not money, nor earthly interests, of this fault we ought to speak gently, especially since we seldom blame the soldier who, scorning prudence and safety, rushes into the place in the fight where the hardest fighting is to be done. We praise rather the warrior who despises his life in comparison with victory. And in a state of society where material interests outweigh higher interests, and where a regard to ease over-rides often our sense of duty, it is better to see a man erring on the side of unworldly, unselfish toil, and wearing out his ploughshare with work in the furrow rather than allow it to rust in the field.

"To you who have these past three years and more listened to your pastor's treatment of the word of God, I need not say how reverently he bowed his reason before the utterance of the Divine Oracle. 'Thus saith the Lord,' was to him an end of all controversy, taking no appeal therefrom as alas! is too little the habit of young men of keen intellect and cultivated minds in our day. It is to you a matter of knowledge also how lovingly he embraced God's Son, and how calmly he rested on him. Like Mr. Standfast, that excellent pilgrim, 'he loved to hear his Lord spoken of, and wherever he saw the print of his shoe in the earth, there he coveted to set his foot too. His name was to him as a civet box: yea sweeter