

Society hours. In the conduct of public business, the Society is our most efficient educator. Very grave and stern has been the decorum of the countenance worn by our President when asked for some rulings this term, but he has been equal to every emergency and altogether one of the *whitest* of Society Presidents.

FAREWELLS.—This has been a month of farewells. Two brethren, who had endeared themselves to all the students, have left Canada for India—Messrs. McLaurin and Brock. The farewell service held in the chapel room was one long to be remembered. Dr. Rand, in a few tender words, told of his own personal attachment to Mr. McLaurin, and then called upon him to say farewell. All the students and teachers rose to their feet as he stood up to respond. Under deep emotion and with labored self-control our dear brother told us his heart. All were deeply interested in the work that awaits Mr. and Mrs. McLaurin in India, and every word was listened to with the most rapt attention. It is impossible to tell how dear Mr. McLaurin has become to many Canadian Baptists, but it is evident that he is by none more deeply beloved than by the teachers and students of McMaster Hall. Brother Brock followed with a few well-chosen words, after which an opportunity was given to all to express their regret. A very pleasing incident in the meeting was the touching way in which Mr. A. P. McDonald told how his mother had been the means of Mr. McLaurin's conversion.

On the morning of Bro. Brock's departure, a large number of the students of both departments marched down to the station to say good-bye. The scene was very affecting, as the students gathered about the car and sang, "Far, far away, in heathen darkness dwelling." Then, as the hour drew near for the train to depart, in the frosty air of the early morning, "God be with you till we meet again" was sung by those who were not too much affected to sing. Tears were shed by both students and the by-standers, who seemed deeply interested in this simple expression of brotherly affection.

Just as we are going to press we are called upon to say good-bye to Bro. E. J. Stobo. He has been ailing in health for some weeks, and has decided—wisely, we think—to rest awhile. As he stood, valise in hand, ready to depart, the horns and cheers rang through the building, and called all hands together to give him a right royal salute. Mr. Stobo is a devoted worker, faithful and well-beloved, and it was most pleasing to see the boys carry him down the stairs amid deafening cheers. As he disappeared in the distance, he could still hear the last strains of

"Blest be the tie that binds."

WOODSTOCK COLLEGE.

Since the last issue of the MONTHLY, so much has taken place that it is hard to decide with what word to begin our monthly notes.

When we separated last June, it was with hearts touched with sorrow, because of the knowledge that on our return new faces would look upon us from the chapel platform. To many of us it seemed that