

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF JOHN G. PATON. D.D., MISSIONARY TO THE NEW HEBRIDES.

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DR. PATON was deservedly a prominent figure in the late Presbyterian Council at Toronto. No member of that great assembly was listened to with deeper interest. His natural eloquence and ripe experience as well as the record of his eminent services to the cause of Christianity and of foreign missions fully entitled him to this consideration.

Four years ago the venerable missionary published an account of his remarkable career in two volumes which have had extensive circulation. It would be manifest folly to try to condense the captivating story into a few pages of *THE COLLEGE JOURNAL*. Let it be read in full as it came from the pen of the gifted author.

I confess that I see no need of issuing, as has been done, a children's edition of it, unless, indeed, for the purpose of inserting illustrative pictures of some of the thrilling scenes so vividly described. It is already as attractive as it can be made to old and young. No intelligent Sunday school pupil can fail to be fascinated by the matter and the style. Not a single sentence should be changed or left out. The reflections made and suggestions offered in con-

nection with missionary and other great problems of the day can be sufficiently appreciated by children. They like to grapple with big questions, and it is good for them to do so. The teeming incidents of the story, which is as well told as that of Robinson Crusoe, will secure their unflagging attention, and prove a hundred times more instructive and elevating than the startling adventures penned by Defoe, Haggard, and others. I cannot imagine how any one with the smallest degree of love of adventure, literary taste, or missionary spirit can lay it down until he has read the last page. I should esteem it an unspeakable boon to this Dominion were it perused, again and again, and its lessons thoroughly imbibed by the inmates of every home from ocean to ocean.

His object in telling the story is graphically stated by the author in the opening sentences—"What I write here is for the glory of God. For more than twenty years I have been urged to record my story as a missionary of the Cross; but always till now, in my sixty-fourth year, my heart has shrunk from the task, as savouring too much of self. Latterly the conviction has been borne home to me that if there is much in my experi-