

several optional courses on India, China, Japan and Home Problems in the cities, each conducted by men who had spent years in that particular locality and work, and were therefore able to present to us a vivid picture of the needs and attractions of the work. At the close of the Mission Study hour, the men seated themselves in companies upon the lawns beneath the trees, for practical talks on life work problems. There were groups for prospective Y. M. C. A. secretaries, for ministerials, for doctors, for newspaper men and men of science, in which various difficulties incident to the profession and the practical relation of each profession upon the work of uplifting humanity, were discussed.

Next came the platform address in the auditorium—the climax of the morning sessions. At mention of these addresses my mind goes wandering far afield amid a profusion of blossoms of eloquence and oratorical power, but it is recalled by the vicious snap of the Editor's scissors, and the expectation of a reminder that the ATHENÆUM is not a collection of six-months-old sermons. They are not old however but ever new and ever living in the lives they have influenced. Space permits me merely to mention names, but they are names that speak volumes. There were addresses by John R. Mott, President of the International Work, Rev. F. B. Meyer of England, Rev. W. W. Moore, D. D. of Union Theological Seminary, Harry Emerson Fosdick, Henry Sloan Coffin, D. D. and Robert E. Speer, on subjects such as : Alone with God, The Right Use of Passion, The Model of a Life Work, The Result of Prayer, The Religion of the Mind, and Victory by Faith. But let me hasten to explain that all this was not hurled upon us in one session, and now I pass on to finish my attempt to describe a day at Northfield

The afternoon of each day was given up to athletic sports, committee meetings, preparation for next day's classes, rambles in the woods and over the hills. The chief attraction was the sports. A natural terrace sloping suddenly down to a grassy field formed the grand stand, where the spectators sat and cheered on the sweltering base-ball players. Here the old grads lived over again the merry days of long ago, and cheered lustily for a good hit or run, or even threw aside their hat and in spite of the hot sun beaming down on doubly uncovered head, entered the pitcher's box once more, with the light of battle in their eyes.