

hold, especially for freshmen. He seemed to think that any failure on his part to find a particular volume, and then the exact place required in it without an atom of delay was a misfortune which students ought not to be allowed to behold. Though reserved, the Provost was always a warm friend to the students, and many pleasant evenings spent in his house are gratefully remembered by them.

During his long headship of nearly thirty years, the late Provost Whitaker earned a high reputation for sound scholarship and great ability as an educator ; but apart from that he will long be remembered as one who took a great interest in all matters concerning the Church in the Diocese. He was made Archdeacon of York and afterwards Prolocutor of the Lower House of Provincial Synod. In 1866, and on two separate occasions afterwards, Provost Whitaker received large votes for the bishopric of Toronto, but was never able to carry a majority of both orders of the House and consequently failed in his election.

He resigned his position as Provost of Trinity College in , and his old college in Cambridge, in recognition of his services, appointed him to the valuable rectory of Newton Toney, in Wiltshire, which he held until his death in 1883.

He was succeeded in 1884 by the present Provost, the Rev. C. W. E. Body, S.T.D., L.L.D., sometime Fellow and Lecturer of St. John's College, Cambridge.

### INDIAN POVERTY.

**T**HE following anecdote told by a missionary of the Northwest gives an idea of the patience of Christian Indians under the pinchings of poverty. The widow and children of a man named Samuel, who had died from nervous prostration caused by conducting an expedition to convey food to some starving white people, were found by the missionary in great need.

"Nancy," he said to the poor woman, "you seem to be very poor; you don't seem to have anything to make you happy and comfortable."

Very quickly came the response, in much more cheerful strains than those of the missionary :

"I have not got much, but I am not unhappy, missionary."

"You poor creature," he said, "you don't seem to have anything to make you comfortable."

"I have but little," she said quietly.

"Have you any venison?" "No!"

"Have you any flour?" "No!"

"Have you any tea?" "No!"

"Have you any potatoes?"

When this last question was uttered the poor woman looked up, and said, "I have no potatoes, for don't you remember, at the time of the potato planting, Samuel took charge of the brigade that went up with provisions to save the poor white

people. And Samuel is not here to shoot deer, that I may have venison; and Samuel is not here to catch mink and marten and beaver, and other things to exchange for flour and tea."

"What have you got, poor woman?"

"I have got a couple of fish nets."

"What do you do when it is too stormy to visit the nets?"

"Sometimes some of the men from the other houses visit them for me, and bring me fish. Then we sometimes get some by fishing through the ice."

"What about when it is too stormy for any one to go?"

She quietly said, "If we have nothing left we go without."

The missionary hurried out of the room to stifle his emotion, but the woman, suspecting the feelings of his heart, followed him out and said :

"Ayumeauke (Praying master), I do not want you to feel so badly for me; it is true I am very poor, it is true, since Samuel died we have often been very hungry, and have often suffered from the bitter cold; but, missionary, you have heard me say that Samuel gave his heart to God, so have I given my heart to God, and He who comforted Samuel and helped him, so that he died happily, is my Saviour, and where Samuel has gone, by-and-by I am going too, and that thought makes me happy all the day long."

Of course, her necessities were relieved by the care and thought of the missionary.

At one of the social gatherings of Baron d'Holbach, where the most celebrated infidels of the age were in the habit of assembling, great entertainment was afforded by the witty way in which the pretended absurdities, stupidities and follies of the Holy Scriptures were descanted upon. The philosopher Diderot, who had taken no part in the conversation, brought it to an abrupt termination by saying, "Gentlemen, I know no men, either in France or elsewhere, who can speak or write with more talent than you who are here present, and yet, notwithstanding all the evil that has been spoken of this book (*de ce diable de livre*) and no doubt with reason enough, I defy you, with all your power, to compose a narrative as simple and yet as sublime and touching as the story of the passion and death of Jesus,—a narrative which shall produce the same effects and make so strong a sensation, felt so generally by all men, and the influence of which shall continue the same after so many ages." So astonished were the company, and so touched in their inmost consciousness, that a long and awkward silence ensued.

GIVE us a man, young or old, high or low, on whom we know we can thoroughly depend—who will stand firm when others fail—the friend faithful and true, the adviser, honest and fearless, the adversary just and chivalrous.