

about his life there. It is a poor excuse to say that the life is so different here that it will not interest them at all—it does—everything that concerns him interests them. The boy forgets that his letters are eagerly expected, and that it is one of the joys of his parents' life to get out his letters once in a while and read them over until they can almost see the places and people of whom he speaks. And then they look back over the days that are past, and rejoice that the early training they gave him is now steadying him out in the world of men. Then they think of the days to come, when he will be great and honored, and they will be so proud of him. And then of an afternoon when a neighbor drops in, what a pleasure it is to the mother to tell of her boy in College, and this of course is expected, because in most country districts here in Canada the whole of the community has a personal interest in any of their number who goes out in the world, particularly to college, and here again we are reminded of Drumtochty. The mother proudly shows his letters and photo in foot-ball togs, or in College gown, or as a member of an Executive, and then they talk of his account of a hockey match, or a Debate, or an At Home, or of the people he meets. In short all his doings are sympathetically discussed.

Think of all this, and then think of the sorrow and humiliation of that mother if she is forced to tell a sympathizing neighbor that they never hear from the boy in College, and he has almost forgotten his parents in his new life. And then in an apologetic tone she will tell of all the work he has to do, and of how severe his Professors are, and how he really

has not time to write. Anything at all rather than have the neighbors think that he is the mean, selfish creature that he has shown himself to be.

This is not a sermon—but when we hear boys calmly stating they have not written home for two or three months, as they never have time, then we feel that there is something wrong somewhere, and very wrong too. Just think of the meanness of it, and yet we can waste plenty of time, on all sorts of nonsense, and at the same time utterly neglect sending a cheery letter home once in a while. Sometimes of course it is just carelessness, or thoughtlessness, but there are times when it is selfishness, pure and simple. And then again there are cases in which it is rank ingratitude, and the meanest sort of ingratitude on earth.

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If Historical Criticism gives men an insight into the word of God that will enable them to preach that word as Prof. McFadyen did at our University Service on February 11th, or as Dr. Jordan did at the same service, February 25th, then we want plenty of it.

Dr. Jordan's sermon was in Acts VIII, 30, 31, "Understandest thou what thou readest; How can I, except some man should guide me?" It was a strong, earnest, and tender setting forth of the real value and essence of the word of God. One could see the speaker's earnest spirit and strong faith shining through every sentence. Such sermons steady us, they lead us to think with more reverence of the word of God, and they lead us to think of the relation in which we must ourselves stand towards Him who quickeneth, before we can at all set forth His word as we should.