

has been exemplified, in a way to inspire us all to emulate the example set?

That Vancouver has the material and the start made towards the making of one of the best drill teams on the Coast. That is "big" talk but we know that it is true, and that now is the time to get in lively practices?

That there is no better practice than working on a real live candidate?

That Captain Anstie is always cheerfully ready to superintend operations?

That some friends have spoken to you about wanting to join the Order and that you have suggested: "Wait till the Fall," and that you have more or less let the matter slip your memory ever since?

That the foregoing is enough along that line?

That we are gratified to see Brother W. D. Mearns back, thoroughly pleased with his journey through the Upper Country, and that we all experience a "wake-up" feeling when he is with us again?

That we are glad to know that Bro. H. J. De Forrest had a pleasant and profitable sketching trip?

That good old Granville Lodge is setting a splendid example in providing attendance-inviting entertainments, and that we should try to imitate the jolly old lady's plans. We cannot hope to improve on them, but we can all try?

That a social session with ladies admitted would not be a bad thing to experiment with?

That the brother who stole Bro. Brooke's White Flyer wind had a good reason for making a hurried trip to Victoria?

That I have talked too long?

Yours in Ef. See and Bee,
TIDINGS.

THE HEARTS OF MEN.

(Continued.)

Sleep—one of nature's mysteries—held our friend in close embrace, and hour succeeded hour, whilst Jim and I kept watch. Still Hugh slept on, the quiet sleep of an innocent child. Jim was the one to be first on duty at the office next day, and so, perforce, had to resign his place to me, leaving me to watch on alone. Towards morning, when daylight once more had come, Hugh awoke, conscious, and for the first time for days recognized me. He was too feeble to speak but a word or two, and dropped off again. I was overjoyed and thanked God that the crisis had passed and that my dear old chum had a chance once more to live with us in our daily life. There was something grand, something pathetic, in his emaciated face, as he lay sleeping. He seemed to be hovering on the "Borderland," hearing some message from the Beyond—something noble and uplifting—for he smiled as his face, to my fancy, appeared to reflect a light not of this world. Soft as a sigh came the words, "I thank Thee, oh my Father, 'tis Thy Will and I will do it." Had he been commissioned to some work? My readers, you must judge. Let results speak for themselves.

This was the beginning of brighter days, in which we all began to learn something; we had up to this time been too busy to think much of it. Bit by bit did it dawn upon us that Hugh was, as it were, "another man." He was the same, yet not the same—can you understand me? There was something added to him, a power, an influence, we all felt but could not define. Gentle he had always been—he was more so now. He had a way of saying things, a manner of answering questions, and in answering them of showing that he understood the

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