

of the labors of a Christian moral instructor, who was employed in the prison till last fall. Our Japanese pastor, the Rev. Dr. Kobayashi, has applied for, but not yet received, permission to preach in the prison.

I must close now, expressing in *this* letter my gratitude to you for the article that God used to direct my attention to this field. As the most trying days of the preparation that will never end in this land pass away and I see before me on all sides a broad field of usefulness with burdened, sin-sick souls unconsciously inviting me to go in and claim for the Master, I feel more than ever certain that God's hand has been in all the dispositions of the past. I engaged here the other day for another year's service in the Government school, with so little teaching that I can do half of my week's work before noon on Monday. I have been, I think, more favorably placed as regards time and opportunities for work and kindly disposition of employers and people in general than any other man who has come out here to engage in self-supporting work. Regarding this work I would just repeat what I said in writing a Queen's man yesterday: "I would like to see you receive a Board appointment somewhere. The regularly appointed missionary with an organization at his back and an organization in his hands to work with, can do much better work than any independent worker. I think the main benefit of the self-support work in Japan will be to put into the hands of the missionary societies, instead of entirely new men, a number of two, three, four and five-year-old missionaries. Of course only some of the new men who have come out here independently will be thus taken up and set to work. Concerning the rest of the number it is impossible to say what turn matters will take, but we are all day by day learning, studying the people's language and people's character, and while our field of usefulness at first is very narrow and seems, in many cases, for a long time, almost *nil*, this field is every day broadening. But as I already said, this field will never be so broad as in the case of the regularly appointed man. While I give the foreign field the preference every time, and would tell every Christian worker to get as far *out* as possible, yet if I were asked to advise a man about leaving such fields, ripe for the harvest, as we have in our Canadian North West to come to this special work, I would not venture an answer, but would tell him to seek and accept God's guidance. This I say after a year's life in Japan and after seeing a dozen or more men come to this work."

CONFIDENTIAL CHATS.

No. 1.

Now, our dear fellow-student, shut the door and draw your chair up a little closer to us while we talk with you for a few moments on a very delicate and possibly rather personal matter. You may get mad, of course, and call us cheeky and meddlesome and all that sort of thing, but, bless you, we don't care so long as you realize that we are speaking the truth. So let us begin at the beginning.

You remember, don't you, all about your lofty aspirations and abnormal ambition when you first came to Queen's; how you used to fairly devour every syllable of the lectures and store it up for future exams; how you used to pinch yourself in the evening when your eyes

would become heavy and your senses dull over some perplexing problem till the clock struck twelve, or perchance one, and relieved your conscience and brain; how evening calls and parties were eschewed as wiles of the Evil One to tempt from duty, and how swimmingly studies went on until— Well it is the old, old story; one fatal day a pair of heavenly blue eyes beamed upon you and, seat!—away went resolutions, away went studies, away went ambition, away went conscience, away went every blessed thing but those witching eyes and their proprietor. Own up now, isn't that a fact?

Of course we'll acknowledge that she was different from other girls, that she was of angelic disposition and as beautiful as Helen of Troy. She might even have been a sister student—oh, hold up now, we're not saying that she *was*—but nevertheless the effect was just as disastrous, and now when the professor talks about "rare affection" or about the force of attraction existing between two bodies, you murmur dreamily, "Yes, yes, I know all about that," and straightway forget all the rest of the lecture; and also when you come across a tender line in the Odes of Horace or the *Aeneid* you carefully underscore it and memorize it for future appropriate occasions, until your rational backbone is almost dislocated and temporary paralysis of the intellectual portion of your cerebrum threatens to reduce you to a very fair specimen of the average idiot.

Possibly we are overestimating the gravity of the situation, for you must remember that we speak entirely from observation rather than from actual experience. We do not say that every man who deals in blue eyes and kindred articles immediately loses his head as well as his heart, but there are some foolish ones at any rate who need far more ballast than they now carry and who are in continual danger of being upset by some unexpected squall. What we want to impress upon you, don't you see, is that you are here to gain knowledge by careful application and study, not to look for a housekeeper. It is all right to seek ladies' society and endeavor to develop the social part of your nature, but, man dear, there are more ladies than one in the world—at least there should be until you leave college—and an early engagement or anything approaching to such a state will stunt your social nature and spoil your chances of success in life. And then, you know, ten chances to one the lady of your choice will not be persuaded that you are as valuable a prize as you fondly think you are, and just think what a disastrous effect that discovery would have upon your appetite for a week or so.

Now do not charge us with being a woman-hater, because if you do you don't know what you are talking about. The fact is that if we were ever placed in such a position as would make it impossible for us ever to see a lady again in this world we would immediately vacate these premises and take our chances of alighting safely in a happier sphere somewhere on the other side of a railroad track with the locomotive six feet off on a down grade. No, sir, we are a regular Chesterfield when it comes to gallantry, and if you insult us by believing otherwise, one of us must die.

Now, dear brother, put on your thinking cap and with all seriousness and deliberation consider these things.