

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Deliver not the tasks of might
To weakness, neither hide the ray
From those, not blind, who wait for day,
Though sitting girl with doubtful light.

"That from Discussion's lips may fall
With Life, that working strongly, binds—
Set in all lights by many minds,
So close the interests of all."

THE UNEXPECTED.

THE little burns singing here as everywhere, the Highland not with the less music: "Men may come, men may go, but I go on forever."

Attended the parish church, old and grey but clean and neat. The grave-yard all round, where quietly sleeps the dust of many generations of the fore-bears, awaiting the fulfillment of the life promise made to the fathers in the far past years.

Had the privilege of listening to an edifying sermon by the minister of the parish, the Rev. Jno. Cameron, M.A., from the words, "Be not afraid, only believe," and since, ever and anon, the words come back to cheer and strengthen in life's ceaseless movement.

In the afternoon we went out by the "highway," past the farms tilled by the fathers and grandfathers, Dun aughtach Stewart field, Dall-na-chardan. Crossed the latter to the sea.

One of the fields of this farm recalls vividly this scene: A summer day; a field of grain, and ripe; the reapers arranged so that a man and woman work side by side, and each couple thus arranged throughout the day have allotted to them an equal portion to reap; men binding, others gathering the sheaves into stooks. A field alive with merry men and comely women; couples bantering, chaffing; who does the best work, the most work, and works the speediest.

The grain falls in handfuls, carefully arranged in sheaves ready for binding. Thus the day passes—a

long day for the reapers. The night gathers home tired laborers; sore of hand are the reapers, but a day of much instruction to the workers in the school of life, our final university. What a contrast to a ten-acre field in harvest time in Ontario, with its three or four men and a reaper!

On the shore we sat by the calm-sobbing sea; greeted by the low, sweet notes of the birds in the fields, watched by the swift, observant sea gull, sitting on the rocks near by; the tide silently rising and swirling about the rocks; meanwhile the sun hastens westward.

This rugged shore and cave is alive to me with memories of by-gone years. On the one side, of work in the day's early dawn, laboring men gathering sea-wrack for manuring their land, horses struggling up the steep ascent dragging the heavily-laden cart: The sea, dark and booming with loud roar, driven in by the fierce north-west wind: on the other hand, in that dark recess, operations of a very different class may be under way. Here is the little stream, there the niche for the still from which in due time (wind, weather and other things permitting) will run a steady jet, not very copious, of liquid that has no poison in it, so the experts testify.

In the evening we attended the Free Church and heard a discourse by an Edinburgh man, not unknown to financial men in Toronto.

Time and tide wait for no man.
The coach and four from Camp.