

as belonging to the once sprightly Gully. But it was impossible to be deceived in that grey suit and cap the same he had so often worn at Acadia. Poor Gully, how it grieved me to see him so reduced in circumstances, the world had shown him no lenient side.

Speaking on the Temperance Question he was entreating a number of small boys, arranged on a settee in front, never to smoke hayseed because it inevitably led to drinking soda water. The appeal was extremely pathetic and some of the little fellows were touched for tears were shed profusely. Then turning his attention to the adult members he discussed, very effectively, the evils of dancing and card playing. Fearing the effect of such persuasive eloquence I begged the Sibyl to change the scene and instantly I stood in a ball room, brilliantly lighted and filled with elegantly attired guests, who tripped the light fantastic to the music of the orchestra, whose slender bow waved like zephyr-tossed grain. But my attention was particularly called to a dignified lady, sitting under a palm. Before her upon his knees with hands upon his throbbing heart in an adjoining bower, wealthy Count Dumois was telling of his passion. The tender light in her eyes indicated plainly what the result of this demonstration would be. Ah! how little did we ever dream that our Mabel would become a titled lady of fashion.

I blushed for fear of being detected, but the witch relieved my embarrassment by dissolving the scene and the rising vapors shaped themselves into the Presbyterian Witness. In a column outlined with deep mourning I noticed this paragraph, headed, "Appalling Fate of a Nova Scotian." News has just been received from Amasana of a most horrible incident. The Kanawaloos, the most savage tribe in the island, in celebration of a cannibal feast served up on toast Rev. W. R. Foote. This true Christian brother spent his early life in Grafton, Kings Co., N. S. After graduating from Acadia and completing his theological course at Pine Hill with honors, he spent some time studying in Europe. Strongly convinced of a call to missions he loyally sailed for Amasana.

The past eleven years have been spent in active labor and his efforts richly blessed but venturing among the uncivilized Kanawalloos he met this direful fate. Throughout the whole torture, it is said, he showed a perfectly Stoical endurance saying with his last breath, "When death is I am not, when I am not is death."

That our brother's career should close at this stage seems