

striking, in spoken words, the best and happiest chord, though it was a chord which must have been kindred to one vibrating in the hearts of many of the men whose homes were originally, or still are, in Eastern Canada or the Older Homelands. A. B. Dustan, who has already won for himself a place as one of the best-natured, friendliest, and sensible fellows about the Hall, spoke of Home, and Home's memories and inspirations which came to all at such a time.

The "Vanished Hand" and the "Voice That is Still"—or Absent

Even in a Christian College it takes some men a long time (so complex and intricate a thing is human character) to become so well acquainted that they open to each other what may be called the inner sanctum of the individual life; and most men of thought, aspiration, and ideal, no doubt have an inner shrine, the curtain of which is not to be cast aside before any uncouth and careless (however familiar) friend who has not himself a memory-haunted "Holy of Holies," nor knows aught of the reverent sympathy which is essential for fitness even to approach these thrice-hallowed heart-enclosures. But when Dustan spoke of the inspiration of Home—though he did so in only a few sentences—we believe there could not well be one man in the company who had not some one to think of: Perhaps it was in dear dead days which live forever in memory associated with a mother, a sister, or someone not less loved. Happy—blessed indeed—is the man who is never ashamed to speak of his Home and his Mother, however humble or homely (in the more common Canadian use of that word) either may have been to other eyes!

Whether or not it seem contradictory to say so, such men are on the earthly Imperial Highway which leads to the Palace of the Great King; for they are learning that the Gateway of Life is God-ordained, and that, rightly used, all experiences and conditions which are inherited, are meant to lead human souls to "rise on stepping stones . . . to higher things."

A man need not be less patriotic in that he is more cosmopolitan. This old world may yet see the day when men shall so fully recognise that they are "of one blood," and that "One is their Master," that they shall not only (in Tennyson's injunction) with the passing years "Ring out false pride in place and blood," but say with another:

"All scenes alike engaging prove
To souls impressed with sacred love:
Where'er they dwell, they dwell in Thee—
In heaven, in earth, or on the sea.
To me remains nor place nor time;
My country is in every clime;
I can be calm and free from care
On any shore, since God is there."

The Latest Social.

This month's notes would not be complete without a reference to the last social at the Hall. Dr. Taylor makes an ideal chairman. Mr. J. W. Woodside was the "visiting pastor" of the evening, and gave us a neat little speech, like his natural self, brimful of good humour and the joy of living. Mr. Woodside's statement that some of the most important parts of a college course were obtained independently of the regular curriculum, echoed an experience which is no doubt general among students. In so far as that had reference to the ladies, the speaker did not leave his meaning in any doubt; but his remarks were equally true as applied to other departments of life.