

teach in a Sabbath school but he was often known to drop in with the expectation that the Superintendent would ask him to address the school. The best people in Steady-go had no confidence in Mr Talkative Featherhead Rounder. When the union services began Rounder was on hand, of course. He did not enjoy it at first. The meetings were not large and there was no excitement. Bye-and-bye the interest increased, large numbers attended, and there was considerable excitement. Rounder watched the gathering wave and when it got high he straddled it at a single bound. Perched on the crest of that wave, like a small statue on a high pedestal, Rounder soon became very insolent and abusive. He denounced all the ministers for miles around that did not take part in the meetings. He abused some of the oldest and best Christians in the village because they did not attend every night. He said that ministers were sending souls to hell and that the churches were responsible for all the sin. For two or three weeks Rounder rode that wave in triumph. During the day he picked up all the scraps of gossip he could gather about the meetings and in the evening denounced the parties. He was a great man while the wave lasted. After a time the meetings stopped. The people who had any religion went back to their own churches. The people who had none went nowhere as usual. Rounder has never been at a prayer meeting since the wave passed over. He is waiting for another wave.

A few days ago a minister called at Rounder's house to visit the family. When the good man and Mrs. Rounder knelt for prayer the children did not kneel. During prayer two of them got up a fight. It would seem as though Mr. Talkative Featherhead Rounder does not have worship in the family. He does not attach much importance to family religion. Religion on a big wave is the kind he likes.

The election in the County of Burke was very close. Burke was always a close constituency and had returned members belonging to both parties. At this particular election the contest was very keen. Both parties were straining every nerve and the result was very doubtful. A very high and rather angry political wave was rolling over the constituency. Little Mr. Windbag got right up on the wave and made a blustering speech about the throne and the constitution and several other things and closed with an allusion to "my friend, Sir John." Then he wrote a letter to Sir John and told him that *he* would carry the county for the Conservative party, provided he got an office. Little Mr. Fussy also climbed up the Grit side of the wave and from the crest made a speech about freedom, and liberty and patriotism and purity and other good things. He said he was ready to die for his country, etc. Then he wrote a letter to Mr. Blake and said *he* had made the constituency safe for the Liberal party. Nobody in the County of Burke knew Windbag

or Fussy until they got on the political wave. The wave passed over and no one knows them now. Moral: Permanent places of honour and trust in the Church and the world can be won only by a life of earnest, conscientious, persevering effort. The kind of prominence a man gets by straddling a wave is not worth a straw. The wave breaks and the little man is buried in the spray.

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## Mission Notes.

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MR. EDITOR,—It is long since I wrote to our Canadian Churches through your Magazine, yet not so long I trust as to require that I introduce myself afresh to them. Very much more demands being done here than being talked about; we can get on without writing,—fairly well at least,—we can't get on at all, however, without labouring in season and out of season; so while you hear little, trust at least that much is being attempted. Just now I want to tell you of the latest addition to our agencies,—a Boys' Boarding School; it has long been needed, and we have long desired and prayed for it, now, at length, with God's good help it is. Of it, emphatically, we can say: God gave it; it is from Him alone, and may it ever be wholly for Him. Not a dollar has been given directly by any man for it; not even a word of encouragement or advice; yet here it exists, as the sights and sounds about me fully testify. Our Mission, a year ago last spring, asked of the Board \$440, for the starting of such a school, but, so far as I know, not a cent has ever been contributed for this end, certainly no word of answer has ever come to us. In like manner repeated appeals to friends in England for a master brought no response. Friends of this work seem to have that confidence in us which they have in the spider, that if only not meddled with we will spin all necessary webs out of ourselves; perhaps the very story I am telling may tend to confirm in their minds this to them very comfortable conviction. But, good friends, don't be too hard on us and so very easy towards yourselves because we do accomplish something without you; only consider how much more of that which presses to be done we could and would do with your co-operation. The problem of a Girls' School a few years ago was an easy one compared with this new one; we could part with a servant and so employ a teacher; we could put the girls in one room and seat them at one table, etc.; that kind of thing, however, cannot be repeated indefinitely. The problem this summer has been: *Without* home, seats, or tables; *without* a teacher and without money, to create a Boys' High School, with, if possible, a limited boarding department. Why not give up the thing as impossible? But many things pressed us on to it; not to act was to beat a retreat, suffer shame and for-