

as the outer lights fell upon her face. And thus the moments passed. Laura scarcely realized what it all meant. Surely this couldn't be reality.

The night had fallen and the shadows darted fancifully across the windows while the rain splashed fitfully against the panes. The drops sparkled when the light touched them and then ran quickly down the casement. Laura fancied that she could hear the wash of the Forth as it dashed up against the rocks on Inchkeith and also on the southern shore. The lights in Edinburgh Castle lit up one by one and shone softly through the darkness.

At last Crutts himself got tired of the stillness. "I fancy the star of the Royal won't take the leading role to-night," he remarked ironically. Of course that breaks your contract, you know, because the plea of sickness wouldn't do in this case. You mustn't think that the house manager will let you off either because I have closed with him to let me have the house at a higher figure than your company is paying, if by any means you broke the contract. That means you are frozen out over here. Miss Durward threw her head back disdainfully. I doubt whether you could get a solicitor, let alone an attorney to help you. No one would believe what you would tell them about your absence. They would think it was the same old story. Yes, I guess you will go home when I let you out—along with Cousin Bob, he supplemented meaningly.

Laura sat there with a sob in her throat and a heart broken by her absolute helplessness. Oh, she thought, if Cousin Bob were here, or Burchon, or anyone—desperately. Crutts renewed his taunts and innuendos, but dazed by the situation she was dreaming wearily of other things. Scarcely had the hour gun discharged its last round of eight o'clock and the echoes had died away when she was roused by voices in the hall.

"I can't understand it, Miss Durward must be somewhere in this building because she told me of her intention to drive out here after the matinee."

Laura jumped to her feet, but owing to her captive condition tumbled heavily on the floor. As she fell Crutts made his exit by the secret stairway. The door was thrown open and Chandler and the warder sprang into the room. They eagerly picked her up and removed the leather belt around her arms. Laura had just time to take the stuffing from her mouth and gasp "Cousin Bob" before she fainted in the arms of Chandler. They carried her to the carriage in waiting and drove rapidly for the Royal, where after a light lunch and a hasty change of dress, she was ready to take her part.

Before going on she leaned trustfully on Chandler, who, folding her in his strong arms, kissed her gently on the forehead in spite of her affectionate remonstrance of "Oh! Cousin Bob." He then shoved her encouragingly on the stage.

The curtain went swiftly up,
And she was again within the lights.

GIFTS TO VARSITY.

Mr. Richard Unsworth, B.A., of Fergus, who graduated from this institution in 1856, has recently presented to Varsity a lamp which was once the property of Prof. W. H. Balmain, and a complete English dispensary of over a century ago. The latter is most interesting, showing, as it does, the extraordinary remedies which were used at that time.

Wycliffe Notes

Superintending Editor - F. G. Kilmaster.

Monday evening, March 3rd, the Lecture Hall of Wycliffe College was taxed to its utmost capacity, the occasion being a special meeting of the Church Missionary Society. Perhaps we are indebted to the recent Students' Volunteer Convention for the number of distinguished speakers, among whom numbered their Lordships the Bishops of Toronto and Huron, Mr. Jays, formerly a missionary in Africa, and Rev. H. E. Fox, Prebendary of St. Paul's Cathedral, London, England. The sentiment pervading the meeting was one of intense missionary zeal, which is very significant in view of the great convention just concluded.

Something new and indescribable seems to have come over the College since the convention of last week. May not the reason be that the missionary spirit has taken entire possession of the men? Already eleven have volunteered for the foreign field. One might be inclined to think such a sudden and general move is perhaps due to an overflow of enthusiasm; but when he talks to the men, the sobriety and seriousness with which they regard their recent action tells another story. Some are in the midst of an Arts Course, and doing conscientious work. With nothing material to look forward to in the foreign field but lives of hard and trying labor, they are quite willing to give up Varsity work, so congenial to all students, and at the same time so essential for their mental training. They are turning their backs upon the splendid possibilities opening before them along artistic lines, and saying that their lives shall mean more spent in the cause of missions. The decisions of these students who have counted the cost are surely fraught with much meaning.

On not less than three occasions during the past week we have enjoyed Chapel addresses from distinguished gentlemen, two of whom, Messrs. Fox and Jays, were prominent speakers at the Students' Convention, and the third, Mr. Beauchamp, one of the Cambridge Seven, of whom everyone has heard. The delightful and admirable feature in every one of the addresses was their entire lack of that sickly sentimentality one sees too much of in the Christian Church now-a-days. They had facts to tell us, and to say the least, University students are able in a measure to appreciate this sort of thing.

Last evening Wycliffe College Literary and Theological Society held its annual Mock Parliament. Notwithstanding the many calls upon the men at this critical season of plugging, the forces of the Government and Opposition were well represented. Many live topics were discussed and threshed "to a finish," with an abandon, vigor and keen insight on the part of the various speakers which might cause some of the matter of fact members over at the Ontario Legislature considerable surprise. The Government was not sustained.

Mr. Drury of Oxford University, England, and his guest, Mr. Stewart, expect to begin their week's mission for boys on March 30.

Wycliffe is glad to welcome back Mr. Hopkins ('05), who has returned to Varsity more hale and hearty than ever.