

this, and in the duty of the Christian Church to fulfil her "marching orders," have made him a warm advocate for Christian missions, giving a catholic sympathy to all, of whatever name, who are seeking to plant among the heathen abroad what he holds to be the root of a true Christian civilization, or who are labouring by any method to humanise and Christianize the heathen at home. The narrowness of conventionality in religion is as repulsive to him as that of creed or ritual. He delights to own true brotherhood with all who "profess and call themselves Christians," and he looks and labours for the true spirit of unity in the Christian Church, which shall give it its true power in the world.

It is the inspiration of this faith and hope which has made his life so fruitful in power and inspiration, and will make him live in many hearts and lives when other men, as prominent now, shall be forgotten.—FIDELIS.

THE CRUISE OF THE GLEE CLUB.

(Concluded from our last number.)

THE journey to and from Delta was accomplished in a large waggon, which could comfortably seat one half the number, but by taking turns at sitting on one another Delta was reached safely. The audience here was not a very risable one. Indeed, the elocutionist of the club having recited the well known sermon on Mother Hubbard, which was received rather solemnly, found it necessary on appearing a second time on the program to inform them that "this time it is not a sermon I am about to deliver, and you may smile a little if you like." The performance on the vocophones seemed to encourage this sadness at some places. Very affecting music that of the vocophones.

We would like to recount a good joke that was practised here on a certain lady-killing senior, but we forbear. We have only three horse pistols, a year's notes in Junior Philosophy, and a rusty jackknife; so we daren't. After the concert and a supper, to which some kind friends treated the singers, a start was made for Newboro, which was reached about 2 a.m.

The drive from Delta to Newboro is a rather pretty one, the principal points in the surrounding scenery being milk cans, white dust and high, rocky cliffs, covered with verdure and "BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS." Practical use was made of the first-mentioned articles on the way home, and numerous and long were the stoppages—where there were no dogs around. One of the thirsty, half-asleep travellers, while struggling with a huge milk can, accidentally and not to his own knowledge tipped a pail of ice water, which had been set in the milk for the purpose of keeping it cool. He only tasted the mixture, then said something—we really think it was "What in thun—?"—and climbed back into the van a considerably perplexed and disgusted individual. At any rate he didn't tackle any more cans on that trip.

The next day the club proceeded on their yacht to Westport, where they gave their concert in the evening

to a very large and appreciative audience, and were hospitably entertained over night by the villagers.

Leaving Westport on Thursday morning at 7 o'clock, after a very beautiful and enjoyable sail Smith's Falls was reached about noon, and at 5 p.m. the boys left by the C.P.R. for Carleton Place. Here, as in other places, the club met with a hearty welcome, and they thoroughly enjoyed their stay in the town. Next morning the boys again boarded the train and soon reached Almonte, where they were met by P. C. McGregor, B.A., one of our esteemed graduates and principal of the Almonte High School, under whose auspices the club gave their concert that evening. He was also ably assisted by a phalanx of scholars, consisting principally of young ladies. These latter soon swooped down on the unsuspecting youths, and, having captured a number of them, led them to their several homes and carefully looked after them during their stay in the town. A splendid audience, the best the club had on their tour, turned up at the beautiful new town hall that evening, and this so inspired and enthused the singers that during the evening they kept their hearers in perpetual roars of laughter and applause, while between the pieces of the programme the exuberant students frantically turned somersaults or stood on their heads in the dressing room in order to give vent to their overflowing spirits.

The scene next day at the station, on the occasion of the club's departure for Smith's Falls, was too interesting a one to be passed over in silence. Here stood a group of particularly fascinating studes energetically flirting with a few fair admirers, while not far away the sides were reversed, and this time the boys were the captures of their charming entertainers. Occasionally, in a quiet, retired spot, a couple would be discovered seated contentedly side by side having a confidential chat, and in sight of the station, up and down a quiet street, some fortunate students would be seen promenading slowly with their new and very interesting friends. The number of tears shed, of tokens of love interchanged, of all sorts of impossible vows uttered, and of handkerchiefs dissolved, cannot be estimated, but sure it was a hard parting. Why, so broken-hearted were the boys that all the way to Smith's Falls they sang but two glees, and didn't even destroy the conductor when he objected to their sitting with their feet out of the windows.

Sunday and Monday were spent in Smith's Falls, and here another old student of Queen's, J. R. Lavell, B.A., looked after the boys and neglected nothing that would make their visit a very pleasant one or minister to their comfort in any way. On Sunday evening, by request of the choir, the club led the singing in the Methodist Church in academic costumes. They behaved themselves all right. The concert on Monday evening was listened to by a very large and appreciative audience. We use the adjective large here in a peculiar sense, for what that audience lacked in quantity was fully made up in quality, for there was a tremendous lot of quality there.