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DR. F. L. PATTON.

His Intellectual and Spiritual Awakening Took Place in Canada.

A British subject, an old-time Toronto student, at the head of one of the greatest universities in the Uni-ted States, was the spectacle pre-sented by Princeton University dursented by Princeton University during the presidency of Dr. Francis L.
Patton. For fourteen years Dr. Patton held that distinguished position
and by his brilliant gifts added to
'is distinction. A year of two ago
he resigned his office as head of the
university, and the other day he was
installed as President of the theological seminary, to whose more con-

gical seminary, to whose more congenial duties he will now devote himself.

Canadians are interested in the career of President Patton, and for good reason, says The Globe. He is one of the keenest thinkers, one of the most acute dielecticians on this continent, and he is not slow to con-fess the debt he owes to his academic career in Toronto.

mic career in Toronto.

He was born in Bermuda, and came to Toronto when a lad to continue his education. Knox College, then domiciled in the old gubernatorial residence, Elmsley Villa, where Central Presbyterian Church now stands, was the scene of his educational activities. He is remembered by the students of that day as a super and vertices. When the remembered is the students of that day as a super and vertices. rare and restless youth, for whom the average professor could do next to nothing. But there was one men on the staff to whom hundreds owed their intellectual awakening—George Paxton Young. He it was who kind-led the spiritual flame in the soul of the youth from Bermuda, and to him Dr. Patton still pays the homage of

Dr. Patton still pays the homage of a real scholar to a great master.

Dr. Patton is an expert in philosophy and theology, and has never been for any long time far from the storm-centre of controversy. While yet a young man he led the attack upon the late Professor David Swing of Chicago, which resulted in Dr. Swing's withdrawal from the Prespotentian Church and his career as an byterian Church and his career as an independent preacher in the Central Music Hall. There may be, even within s the Church, difference of opinion as to the value of Dr. Petton's service to religion or to the Church in that controversy. The con-flict was that of the poet and the logician. Swing was a poet, whose creed could not be stated in the exact terms of logical formulations; Patton a logician, whose reasoning moved, as along the cold lines of Bessemer steel, from premise to conclusion. Such types of mind never can agree either as to the exact con-tents or as to the distinctive em-phasis of their creeds.

Since 1881 Dr. Patton's chief work has been done at Princeton either in the university or the theological seminary. He was prominent in the celebrated Briggs controversy which separated Union Seminary, New York, from the Presbyterian Church, and, although the noise of contro-versy has happily been stilled in the Church of which he is an ornament, Dr. Patton has still a great opportunity for the exercise of his unique gifts in safeguarding evangelical Christianity on the one hand from invertebrate pietism, and on the oth er from bloodless naturalism. He stands for a definite, robust, positive faith, and in him dogmatic evangelicalism finds one of its chiefest defend-

"NEVER JOIN US."

The Advice of a Prominent United States Divine to Canada.

Rev. J. A. Rankin, President of he Toronto Methodist Conference, recently said that, in view of recent events, Canada should pause for a while and consider her next steps. After full and mature consideration, the country should press forward un-daunted towards the goal her God-

inspired ambitions point to.

"I believe," said Mr. Rankin,
"that North America will be the
stage on which the final scenes in
the drama of human life will be enacted. No one can estimate what proportions Canada will assume in years to come. Immigrants are pour-ing in on us. I hope they will not come too quickly. I believe God has kept locked the doors of this coun kept locked, the doors of this country until we can build up a proper national character. I was in New York recently, and I heard Dr. Tyler preach. After the service I went up and shook hands with the venerable divine. 'Oh, yes, I know Canada,' he exclaimed: 'I know commercial Montreal: Ottawa, the centre of legislatreal; Ottawa, the centre of legisla tion, and literary Toronto, And I advise you, never join us, my brother.'

I told him we never would. We have
no wish to take over the vast problems the people of the United States must solve, their 10,000,000 of negroes, for instance. Canada has problems of her own, which she should face now. If these problems are not solved now they will have to be a hundred years hence."

Robert Barr Tells It on Himself.

Robert Barr, the Canadian nove-list, now living in London, tells a good joke at his own expense. Mr. Crockett is the subject of it. In Mr. Crockett's earlier years, he visited London, and was invited to lunch by a publisher, "of rather peculiar character," who at times imagined he was very poor, and beimagined he was very poor, and be-came stringently economical. In Mr. Crockett's presence the publisher was to suggest the Hotel Cecil as the scene of the lunch, whereupon Mr. Barr was to propose they should go to one of the foreign restaurants in Soho, which would be much cheaper. The plot succeeded, but there is one Soho restaurant which is appalling-ly expensive, and it was there that Soho restaurant which is appallingly expensive, and it was there that Mr. Barr engaged a table. When the publisher saw the bill he turned ashen pale, scribbled on a leaf of his notebook, and passed it under the table to Mr. Barr, rquesting him to 'Pass £5 to me under the table, and keep on talking to Crockett so he won't see what you are doing." Mr. Barr happened to have £5, and passed it. He thought at the time it was a good joke on the host, but now he has his "doubts," as the £5 has never been refunded. ***********************************

WILL N. HARBEN Author of "Westerfelt"

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Bishop was no fool, and he grasped Abner's meaning even before it was quite clear to the others.

"Looky heer," he said sharply, "what do you take me fer?" "I 'ain't tuck you fer nothin'," said Abner, with a grin. "Leastwise, I 'ain't tuck you fer \$5,000 wuth o' cot-



"You mean to say"-

ton mill stock. To make a long story short, the Atlanta jack leg lawyer is akin to the Tompkins family some way. I'd bet a new hat to a ginger cake that Perkins never owned a spoonful o' land up heer an' that he's jest he'pin' the Tompkins folks on the sly to unload some o' the'r land, so they kin move west, whar they've always wanted to go. Peter Mosely is a man on the watch out fer rail soft snaps, an' when Perkins whispered the big secret in his yeer, like he did to you, he started out on a still hunt fer timbered land on the line of the proposed trunk line due west vy-ah Lickskillet to Darley, with stop over privi-leges at Buzzard Roost an' fifteen minutes fer hash at Dog Trot Springs. Then, somehow or other, by hook or crook—mostly crook—Abe Tempkins wasn't dodgin' anybody about that time. Peter Mosely could 'a' run agin 'im with his eyes shut on a dark night,

"I was at Neil Filmore's store when the two met, an' ef a trade was ever made quicker betwixt two folks it was done by telegraph an' the paper was signed by lightnin'. Abe said he had the land an' wouldn't part with it at any price of he hadn't been bad in need o' money, fer he believed it was chuck full o' iron ore, soapstone, black marble an' water power, to say nothin' o' timber; but he'd been troubled so much about cash, he said, that he'd made up his mind to let 'er slide an' the devil take the contents. I never seed two parties to a deal better satisfied. They both left the store with a strut. Mosely's strut was the biggest, fer he wasn't afeerd o' nothin'. Tompkins looked like he was afeerd Mosely 'ud call 'im back

an' want to rue." "You mean to say" - But old Bishop seemed unable to put his growing fear into words.

"Oh, I don't know nothin' fer certain," said Abner Daniel sympa-thetically, "but ef I was you I'd go down to Atlanta an' see Perkins. You

thar's anything in his railroad story or not. But, by gum, you ort to know, whar you stand. You've loaded yore-se'f from hind to fore quarters, an' ef you don't plant yore feet on some'n you'll go down."

Bishop clutched this proposition as a drowning man would a straw. "Well, I will go see 'im," he said. "I'll go jest to satisfy you. As fer as I'm concerned I know he wasn't tellin' me no lie, but I reckon you all never 'll rest till you

He descended the steps and crossed the yard to the barn. They saw him lean over the rail fence for a moment

as if in troubled thought.
"Poor father," said Alan to his uncle as his mother retired slowly into the house. "He seems troubled, and it may mean our ruin-absolute ruin."

"It ain't no triflin' matter," admitted "Thar's no tellin' how many thousand acres he may have bought, He's keepin' somethin' to hisse'f. I remember jest when that durn skunk of a lawyer put that flea in his yeer. They was at Hanson's mill an' talked confidential together mighty nigh all morn-in'. But let's not cross a bridge tell we git to it. Let's talk about some'n else. I hain't never had a chance to tell you. but I seed that gal in town yesterday an' talked to 'er."

"Did you, Uncle Ab?" The face of the young man brightened. His tone was eager and expectant. "Yes. I'd hitched in the wagon yard

an' run into Hazen's drugstore to git a box o' axle grease an' was comin' out with the durn stuff under my arm when I run upon 'er a-settin' in a buggy waitin' to git a clerk to fetch 'er out a glass o' sody water. She recognized me, an' fer no other earthly reason than that I'm yore uncle she spoke to me as pleasin' as a basket o' chips. What was I to do? I never was in such a plight in my life. I'd been unloadin' side meat at Bartow's warehouse an' was kivered from head to foot with salt and grease. I didn't have on no coat, an' the seat o' my pants was non est—I don't think thar was any est about 'em, to tell the truth. But I knowed it wouldn't be the part of a gentleman to let 'er set thar stretchin' 'er neck out o' socket to call a clerk when I was handy, so I wheeled about, hopin' an' prayin' ef she did look at me she'd take a fancy to the back o' my head', an' went in the store an' told 'em to git a hustle on the'r-se'ves. When I come out, she hauled me up to ax some questions about when camp meetin' was goin' to set in this yeer an' when Adele was comin' home. I let my box o' axle grease drap, an' it rolled like a wagon wheel off duty an' me after it, bendin'bendin' of all positions—heer an' yan in the most ridiculous way. I tell you, I'd never play croquet ur leapfrog in them pants. All the way home I thought how I'd disgraced you."

"Oh, you are all right, Uncle Ab," laughed Alan. "She's told me several times that she likes you very much. She says you are genuine—genuine through and through, and she's right."

"I'd ruther have her say it than any other gal I know," said Abner. "She's purty as red shoes, an' ef I'm any judge she's genuwine too. I've got another idee about 'er, but I ain't a-givin' it away jest now."
"You mean that she"—

"No." and the old man smiled mischievously. "I didn't mean nothin' o' the sort. I wonder how on earth you could 'a' got sech a notion in yore head. I'm goin' to see how that black scamp has left my cotton land. I'll bet he hain't scratched it any deeper 'n a old hen would 'a' done lookin' fer worms."



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CHAPTER III.

HE next morning at breakfast Alfred Bishop announced his intention of going to Atlanta to talk to Perkins and inci-dentally to call on his brother William, who was a successful wholesale merchant in that city.
"I believe I would," said Mrs. Bish-

op, "Maybe William will tell you what

"I'd see Perkins fust." advised Abner Daniel. "Ef I felt shore Perkins had bunkoed me, I'd steer cleer o' William, I'd hate to heer 'im let out on that sub-ject. He's made his pile by keepin' a sharp lookout."

"I hain't had no reason to think I have been lied to," said Bishop dogged ly as he poured his coffee into his saucer and shook it about to cool. "A body could hear his deathknell rung ev-ery minute ef he'd jest listen to old nen an' "-

"Old bachelors," interpolated Abner. I reckon they are alike. The longer a man lives without a woman the more he gits like one. I reckon that's beca'se the man 'at lives with one don't see nothin' wuth copyin' in 'er an' vice-aersy."

Mrs. Bishop had never been an apreciative listener to her brother's phi sophy. She ignored what he had just said and its accompanying smile, which was always Abner's subtle apology for such observations.

"Are you goin' to fell Adele about the ailroad?" she asked.

"I reckon I won't tell 'er to git up a' excursion over it 'fore the crossties is id." retorted Bishop sharply, and Abnse being in his own vein.

"I was goin' to say," pursued the offly treading wife, "that I wouldn't oftly treading wife, nention it to 'er ef-ef-Mr. Perkins in't to be relied on, beca'se she wories enough already about our pore way o' livin' compared to her uncle's folks. Ef she knowed how I spent last night, she'd want to come back. But'l ain't -goin' to let Brother Ab skeer me yet. It is jest too awful to think about

What on earth would we do? What would we, I say?"

That afternoon Bishop was driven to Darley by a negro boy who was to bring the buggy back home. He first repaired to a barber shop, where he was shaved, had his hair cut and his shoes blacked: then he went to the station half an hour before time and impatiently walked up and down the

platform till the train arrived.

It was 6 o'clock when he reached Atanta and made his way through the jostling crowd in the big passenger depot out into the streets. He had his choice of going at once to the residence of his brother, on Peachtree street, the most fashionable avenue of the city, or looking up Perkins in his office. He decided to unburden his mind by at once calling on the lawyer, whose office was in a tall building quite near at hand.

It was the hour at which Perkins usually left for home, but the old plant-

er found him in. "Oh, it's you, Mr. Bishop," he said suavely as he rose from his desk in the dingy, disordered little room, with its single window. He pushed a chair forward. "Sit down; didn't know you were in town; at your brother's, I reck on. How are the crops up the road? Too much rain last month, I'm afraid." Bishop sank wearily into the chair. He had tired himself out thinking over what he would say to the man before

him and with the awful contemplation of what the man might say to him. "They are doin' as well as can be expected," he made answer. But h didn't approve of even that platitude for he was plain and outspoken and hadn't come all that distance for a mere exchange of courtesies. Still, he lacked the faculty to approach easily

the subject which had grown so heavy

ithin the last twenty-four hours and

of which he now almost stood in terror. "Well, that's good," returned Per kins. He was a swarthy man of fiftyfive or sixty, rather tall and slender, with a bald head that sleped back sharply from heavy, jutting brows, under which a pair of keen black eyes shone and shifted. "Come down to see your daughter," he said; "good thing for her that you have a brother in town. By the way, he's a fine type of a man. He's making headway too



"You are a scoundrel, Perkins," he ... His trade is stretching out in all detetions; funny how different you two To Be Continued.

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