

Theological and Missionary.

TRINITY can claim another Bishop among her graduates. A telegram was received during the recent Alumni Meetings stating that the Rev. C. P. Anderson had been elected Coadjutor-Bishop of Chicago. The Alumni at once sent a telegram of congratulation to the Bishop-elect, who in his letter of reply to the Provost says—"Of the many good wishes that have come to me from outside the Diocese of Chicago, none can give me more pleasure than those contained in your telegram on behalf of the Trinity Divinity Alumni. Dear old Trinity! I am fonder of her than I could expect her to be of me, but the telegram convinces me that at least I am not forgotten. I hope you will have an opportunity of expressing my great love for Trinity to others of her affectionate sons."

Mr. Anderson completed his Divinity course in '87 and, after working for some years in the Diocese of Ontario, moved to Chicago where he has been ever since.

We most heartily congratulate the Bishop-elect on his elevation to the responsible position to which the Diocese of Chicago has elected him.

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The Mission Study Class will resume its regular weekly meetings this week and will continue the study of "Japan and its Regeneration."

Miscellany.

THE GHOST OF JUGGLER'S ISLAND.

THIS is a true story, founded on fact and the word of a gentleman, which is generally pretty much the same thing.

It was night on the Georgian Bay. The moon, bright and full, was high in the heavens, and near the horizon a few stars, like bits of cut steel, were studded in the clear darkness. The water lapped gently on the shore and the wind whispered strange stories to such as were inclined to listen—wonderful stories, those of the wind, and more difficult to interpret than the most difficult book that has ever been written! I once knew a man who separated himself entirely from the world and spent the greater part of his life listening to the wind. Ladies, over their five o'clock tea, said he was "disappointed" and "eccentric." Perhaps if they had substituted "cowardly" and "selfish" it would have been more to the point. Eventually he went mad. Also, I knew—but this is a diversion.

There were three of them. They had come up from the city to indulge in a brief holiday and escape some of the August heat, and were enjoying their pipes on the clubhouse verandah. The spot they had chosen was certainly a lonely one. The house itself was built on a jutting piece of wooded ground. On either side, as far as eye could reach, stretched the waters of the bay; behind was the village, a straggling settlement of Indians, and beyond that a long expanse of desolate woodland. In front lay a small island which was separated from the mainland by a channel fifty or sixty feet broad. It was well covered by a healthy growth of white aspen trees which grew down to the water's edge, and at one end was a half-ruined wooden hut whose walls, for the most part, were covered with a wild tangle of green vine.

Silence had been holding unbroken sway for some time, but it was suddenly broken by Wallace, the smallest and slightest of the three men.

"There!" he exclaimed, "I was certain I saw it. Now watch!"

"The ghost, I suppose," remarked Harold, who from the depths of his arm-chair was gazing above his feet, which were

resting easily on the railing, to the serene expanse of sky beyond. "Thought you didn't believe in them?"

"Seeing is believing," he returned briefly.

Briton got up and walked leisurely to the edge of the verandah.

"Depends upon your eyesight," he said, and occupied himself with his pipe, which needed refilling.

"You might as well test your own anyway," persisted the first speaker; and all three were proceeding to act upon this bit of advice, when their attention was arrested by the appearance at the bottom of the steps of one of the most important Indians of the village. He tried to speak, but words seemed to fail him; so instead, he silently stretched forth his arm and pointed in the direction of the opposite shore. He was trembling all over, and his face was drawn with superstitious dread.

"Told you so!" muttered Wallace—a remark which for downright bad taste and solid rudeness has no equal—Harold shifted his position for one less comfortable but rather more elegant, Briton stared straight ahead with a clear level gaze, and Wallace appeared to be focusing the entire universe in his impartial vision.

For some moments nothing was to be seen but the water, the trees and the hut; then a chill little puff of wind shuddered and shivered mysteriously through the leaves as if heralding the approach of something uncanny from the spirit world, and a tall white figure, like some weird phantom of the imagination, appeared at one end of the island, and gliding smoothly and swiftly along the whole length of the shore vanished in the shadow of the hut.

An involuntary expression escaped Harold's lips. He turned round and was about to say something further, but the words were destined never to be spoken. Suddenly, without the least warning, a wail, wild and weird as the shrill voice of the wind, rang out in high quavering tones and ascended beyond the stars till it beat in one last note of hopeless despair against the closed gates of Heaven itself, and was sent back like an echo through the whole extent of the listening firmament. It was an Indian mother. She was standing with a child tightly clasped in her arms, in the full flood of the moonlight. Its head lay limply over one shoulder, and its small sharp features looked supernaturally pinched and worn. All day long this small morsel had been fighting in the great battle of Life and Death. Death had proved too strong, and, at length, out of sheer weariness, he had given up the struggle. But even now there was no rest, for the wandering spirit of the island had taken him unto himself; and again her wail rang out high and piercing as before. Wallace strode over to the Indian. He grasped him almost fiercely by the collar. "What's the matter?" he demanded. The Indian explained as best he could, and silently, by mutual consent, the three men took their way to the water and launched one of the boats. Harold was in the stern, and three times while crossing he saw the figure glide silently along the shore. There was no further sound from the mainland but once. Briton, looking over, saw a huddled up heap of rags on the ground, and burying his head in his chest, pulled vigorous strokes on the light pine oars. Presently he turned the boat sidewise with a sudden lurch.

"What's that for?" asked Harold.

"Seeing is believing," he said. "My eyesight is good, and I want to see;" and bringing it right round, he took out an oar and began to paddle.

At about eight feet from the shore they stopped and waited. All nature was hushed and listening. The trees were motionless, and even the water seemed for a moment silent. Then a wan little breeze sprang up from somewhere out of the darkness, and passing down the whole length of the island turned back the silver leaves of the white aspens and went like a ghostly white-robed figure along the edge.

For some moments the three men looked at one another