

never chills—to the democratic clay pipe short of stem, and redolent of much dark hued tobacco, or the "corn cob" that the old tired Southern "uncles" used to smoke by the cabin doors after the heat and burden of the day. And there are other pipes in out-of-the-way corners of the world—freak pipes, as it were, made of horn, bone, ivory and even glass—uninteresting, characterless, the experiments of the dissatisfied. They hang unbought, unused, things that time may wear out, but no rosy gleam will ever light or burn away.

In tents of the desert, in camps where soldiers bivouac, in old and ruined cities of the East on the mountain-rimmed plains of the West, the perfume of the plant Sir Walter Raleigh gave to England, still rises in the air.

In deep walled silent prisons, those whom the law has taken, sigh restlessly or long passionately for the blue smoke and the scent of it. Many a one, indeed, about to pay the last penalty for crime, has by that grace of mercy which sometimes tempers justice, been permitted to light his last pipe in the hours before the breaking of the day, and he too for a while has smoked, and dreamt his dreams. Even so did Sir Walter himself upon a long past sorrowful morning in London town, for we are told by the old chronicler that "he tooke a pipe of tobacco a little space before he went to the scaffold."

That the beloved weed has a tendency to lure men along the primrose path o' dreams, there is no gain-saying. The delicate clean perfume of it, the faint violet haze that follows where it burns, the curling eddies of smoke, the will o' the wisp red gleam, the intangible fascination of the whole combination, possesses a power to still the wheels of life, and to drift the immaterial man out into the world of immaterial things.

A pipe belongs to the tranquil hour, the few minutes of rest. It is part of the drowsy golden noontime and the quiet purple twilight. It goes with the cheery lamplight, the friendly book, the chair that is shabbiest

because most popular, and the coat of much comfort whose first youth belongs to a period of mere conjecture.

While it has been oftentimes the sole companion of a lonely man, a pipe is the very symbol of goodfellowship. In wild discussions, amid fierce and angry mobs, or on the field of battle, its fires go out, and they are not relighted until peace unfurls her white flag.

Yet more than all it is the great magician of dreams. And the path of dreams is a good way to follow now and again in this age of much hurry. A tiresome age, when four and twenty hours make too short a day, and men's nerves are jangled by the ringing of many bells and racked by the endless vibration of labour-saving inventions.

It is a little flower-starred by-path that leads far from the glaring, crowded thoroughfares, where mortals with weapons not good to contemplate ceaselessly hunt the nimble and elusive dollar to its lair. It takes one straightway to the green gloom of the summer woods, or back to well-loved rivers running to the sea between blossoming banks. It dips down to low-lying marshes, grey and gold in the sunset, and bird haunted from dawn to dark, or it threads its way among the stars. Along its many twists and turns come the jingle of dear nonsensical rhymes, snatches of song and verse, measures of undying melody, broken bits of stately poems, pages of stories well remembered.

Upon that dream road we build the airy castles that no man may covet, and whose opalescent doors swing noiselessly behind us. And also on that dream road we sometimes find the things we thought had slipped forever from our grasp—the ideals we have lost—the illusions—sweet and gracious, that faded as we touched them, the iris-hued bubbles that we blew only to have the wind carry them away—and the roses—Ah! the red roses and the white, that blossomed in the summer of youth.

V.S.



Revising the Church Hymn Books

The Church of England in Canada is to have a revised Hymnal. Early in 1905, Mr. J. Edmund Jones, of Toronto, brought the matter before the authorities, and in September the General Synod decided in favour of it. Seven distinct and different hymnals were in use, and the adoption of one in all parishes would be in the interest of national and unified service. A general committee, representing all shades of opinion in the church, was appointed. This committee has been meeting in Toronto from January 2nd to 10th, advancing the work. It then adjourned to meet again in the summer. The above photograph shows the committee at work in St. James Schoolhouse, Toronto. The persons in the group are The Bishop of Huron, Jas. Edmund Jones, (Convener), Rev. Prof. Clark, Ven. Archdeacon Fortin, (Winnipeg), Rev. Dyson Hague, (London), Rev. Dean Crawford, (Halifax), E. G. Henderson, (Windsor, Ont.); Rev. Canon Welch, F. E. Hodgins, K.C., Charles Jenkins, (Petrolea), Rev. A. G. H. Dicker, (Toronto), Rev. F. G. Plummer, W. B. Carroll, (Gananoque), J. L. Jennison, (New Glasgow, N.S.)