

Come from the mystic ocean,
Whose rim no foot has trod—
Some of us call it Longing,
And others call it God.

A picket frozen on duty—
A mother starved for her brood—
Socrates drinking the hemlock,
And Jesus on the rood;
And millions who, humble and nameless,
The straight, hard pathway trod—
Some call it Consecration,
And others call it God.

COLLEGE ACTIVITIES.

We publish this month brief reports of the mission work done by some of the students.

The charge at South Hill has been under *R. C. Eakin, B. A.*, who reports as follows:

The summer which very soon will bid us adieu will long be remembered by the pioneers of South Hill Presbyterian Church. It was during the present summer months—despite the sultry weather—that our attendance grew from 30 to 80 and our S. S. from 25 to 100. The same summer marks the first organization of the Choir, Trustee Board, Building and Finance Committees. These, with the Managers' Board and Ladies' Aid, are very promising for a great winter's work. In two weeks we shall have an ordination service for elders, and next month we hope to open our new church, which will be one of the handsomest buildings of the kind in South Vancouver. Our watchword has been "Forward." Our report so far has been progress.