

adian and other Colonial schools. This opens up a whole new world of possibilities to the teacher. Out of it has grown the need of a residence for Colonial teachers in London. In support of this project Educational boards and public-spirited citizens in Canada are contributing, welcoming the opportunity of being able to help in this practical way the cause of Imperialism.

The Friendly Universe

[By Frederick M. Harris]

[Note—For itself the following article from the June number of the "North American Student" (New York) is well worthy of reproduction. No doubt it was in the press before there occurred the accident to the Empress of Ireland on the St. Lawrence at the end of May, but many of the thoughts of the writer may make all the stronger an appeal to others because of that catastrophe—so terrible from an earthward viewpoint.]

Cities, slow built through the years, have been destroyed by an earthquake in the twinkling of an eye. Careful schemes of mankind, the result of the combined effort of many vigorous and creative minds, are shattered suddenly by the stroke of misfortune or death. If deep down in men's hearts there was the firm belief that this universe was against us, no city would be reared by human hand and no scheme would be laid out by human mind.

From the days of old to these modern times the greatest among us have proclaimed a truth that finds ready acceptance in the hearts of the toilers struggling in the face alike of the great brute forces of nature and the subtler antagonisms of principalities and powers—the proclamation that the Power behind the universe is friendly to man in his search for the highest good and the most secure happiness. Through all the set-backs that scatter history with pitiful tragedy, the people go forward with the light of hope in their faces, confident that He who has made them will not leave them to perish.

But the weight of the task that must be achieved by our efforts has blinded many of us to the full understanding of the dependence of ourselves and our work upon the Figure that moves in the Unseen. And to those upon whom the heavy hand has not been laid there comes too often the feeling of security in their own hand-made successes. Thus there is lost from our consciousness the great fact that not one of us could live or work a day if it were not for the constant and anxious interest of the Father of Spirits who works and suffers with each struggling earthling.

A man once came to an inn in the mountains of Wales in the early afternoon. He bespoke his room for the night, and then, leaving his knapsack behind him, started out for a tramp over the rugged