

ape over there,
northerly you

the journey up
wered with an
e had a tender
hat even if the

hind that head,
ft in the moun-
for a safe an-
only two days
s practising in
up in astonish-
y low to see if
thought I saw
caught mine.
hat he said.

About half a
there. Well,
about daylight
I was debating
hospital when
in the harbor
ld Englishman,
le's had a bad
the wind out-
both ways.'

'Yes, by after
en.'
re I got to the
efore we were
fortunately, the
id 'headed' us
t was running
when at last

ter Creek have
that seals and
ly should not
seasons and
improverished
the southern
he most able-
cottage still
bit of 'cod-oil'
the most part
out the human
nothing but

we were wet,
we landed at
inliness helped
it did the tale
ought to have
of cod-heads,
r, should have
many of our
! Winter was
med to be the
Life looked

ded a black-
fifty gave us
evident happi-
eyes, it made
before he had
found a cup
us. That tea
because 'there
bour, Doctor,
fish be dry.'

you could just
The pots and
ne so brightly
the tiny kero-
sides at once,
ndle-power it
ures could not
mplicity of the
r so cozy and
dings outside.
e hearth with
er. 'No, Doc-
lied our host,
took Sam as
is mother lay
since. Those
ate, his wife,
I remembered
had had to

as tea was
Englishman.
needn't go
'So upstairs
t to find the
most service-
stances. 'Up-
ween the roof
At each end
windows in-
dinally by a
reaching up

to the tiny cross-beams. There was no lofting, and both windows were open, so that a cool breeze was blowing right through. Cheerfulness was given by a bright, white paper which had been pasted on over everything. Bright, home-made rag mats covered the plain boards. At one end a screen of cheap cheesecloth veiled off the corner. Sitting bolt upright on a low bench, and leaning against the partition, was a very aged-looking woman, staring fixedly right in front of her, and swaying forward and back like some whirling Turkish Dervish. She ceaselessly monotoned what was intended for a hymn.

"The old gentleman sleeps over there," said the skipper's head, which was just above the floor level. He indicated the screened corner, and then bobbed down and disappeared. Skipper John was far too courteous a man to intrude. The old lady took no notice whatever as I approached. No head was visible among the rude collection of bedclothes which, with a mattress on the boards, served for the bed. 'Uncle Solomon, it's the Doctor,' I called. The mass of clothes moved and a trembling old hand came out to meet mine. 'Not so well, Uncle Solomon? No pain, I hope?' 'No pain, Doctor, thank the good Lord—and Skipper John,' he added, reverently. 'He took us in, Doctor, when the old lady and I were starving.'

"The terrible cancer in spite of which his iron constitution still kept him alive had so extended its fearful ravages that the reason for the veiled corner was at once apparent, and also the effective measures for ventilation.

"The old lady had now caught the meaning of my presence. 'He suffers a lot, Doctor, though he won't say it. If it wasn't for me singing to him, I don't know how he would bear up.' And strangely enough, even I had noticed the apparent coming down from an odd dreamy state to crude realities, as the old lady abandoned her crooning and talked of symptoms. 'But, Aunt Anne,' I said, 'you can't keep it up all night as well as all day?' No, not exactly, Doctor, but I mostly sleep very little'; and to my great astonishment she now shut up like an umbrella, and at once recommenced her mesmeric monotone.

"When the interview was over, and all my notes made and lines of action decided, I still did not feel like moving. Indeed, I was standing in a brown study, when I heard the Skipper's voice calling me. 'Be you through, Doctor?'

There be two or three as wants to see you,' it said—but it meant, 'Is there anything wrong?' The long and absolute silence might mean that the sight had been too much for me. 'There's no hurry, Doctor,' it hastened to call, however, before I could answer, for his quick ear had caught the noise of my start as I came to earth again.

"What can be the meaning of it all? I was pondering. Is there any more sense to life than to Alice in Wonderland? Are we not all a lot of 'slithy toves, that gyre and gimble in the wabe'—or worse, can we who love living only regard it as one brief tragedy?

"The clinic of Skipper John's lower room included one or two pathetic tales, and evidently my face showed discouragement. But I confess I was surprised when the last poor creature had left to find Skipper John's hand on my shoulder. 'You'll be wanting a good hot cup o' tea, I knows, Doctor. And t' wife's made you a bit o' toast, and a taste o' hot berry jam. We are so grateful you come'd, Doctor. The poor old creatures won't last long. But thanks isn't dollars, is it, Doctor?' At that minute his happy, optimistic eyes chanced to meet mine. They seemed like good deep water, and just for a minute a suspicion crossed my mind. Perhaps he knew more of the real values and troubles of life than his intellectual opportunities might suggest. 'Aren't they, Skipper?' was all I said. 'We doctors, anyhow, find them quite as scarce and sometimes much more helpful.' 'Well, Doctor,' he added, 'please God if I gets a skin t' winter I'll try and pay you for your visit anyhow. But I hasn't a cent in the world just now. The old couple has taken what little us had put by. But that won't be for long, Doctor, I'm thinking.'

"Skipper John, what relation are those people to you?"

"Well, Doctor, no relation 'zactly."

"Do they pay nothing at all?"

"Them has nothing."

"Why did you take them in?"

"They was homeless, Doctor, and the old lady was already blind."

"How long have they been with you?"

"Just twelve months come Saturday."

"Thanks, Skipper, thanks," was all I could say. But I found myself standing with my hat off in the presence of this man. I thought then, and still think, I had gotten from him one of my largest fees.—New York Churchman.

Books and Bookmen

"A Book of Prayers with Selected Bible Readings for the Home Circle," arranged by the Rev. Canon R. B. Girdlestone, M.A. London: Morgan and Scott, Ltd. (2s. net.)

This book seems to us to meet all requirements, and many will find useful the suggestions of Scripture passages for daily reading. The compilation includes prayers for two weeks, special prayers and thanksgivings, and heads of prayer for those who prefer to use their own words. A great deal of care has been bestowed on this volume. It is evidently the fruit of ripe experience, and reveals a clear grasp of what is needed. The prayers are comprehensive, simple and well fitted for their purpose. We cordially recommend the book, and feel sure that it will prove a stimulus to Family Worship, and will add to its helpfulness.

"The Story of Canada Blackie." By Anne P. L. Field. New York: E. P. Dutton and Co. (\$1.)

A story that is, to say the least, remarkable. It tells of one of the most desperate and resourceful criminals in the State of New York, who, before his death at Sing Sing, had become an absolutely transformed man, exercising an almost unique influence upon his fellow-prisoners. The letters of Blackie reveal a depth of feeling, of sympathy, and of high aspiration that is extraordinary in a man with such a history. The book is worth reading, as it teaches us never to despair of any man, by showing that even in the most unpromising of men there lie potentialities which by the help of love and trust and sympathy can often be translated into character.

"Studies in Revival." Edited by Cyril C. B. Bardsley and T. Guy Rogers. London and New York: Longmans, Green and Co. (40 cents net.)

A series of papers by representative English Churchmen on various aspects of Revival. Much that is timely and forcible will be found here. The Archbishop of Canterbury contributes a preface, showing the spiritual need created by the present war and suggesting the value of these studies, coming as they do from men of experience. Workers in Canada will find not a little that can be applied here.

Personal & General

Bishop White is going to Edmonton for the W.A. annual meetings.

Miss Cartwright, of Toronto, was present at the Quebec W.A. last week.

At the invitation of Bishop Courtney Dean Llwyd is holding a Mission at St. James' Church, New York.

Canon Daniels is taking charge of All Saints', Collingwood, during the absence of the Rev. R. MacNamara overseas.

The Bishop of Toronto has authorized a children's prayer to be used during the war in all Church schools in the diocese.

The Rev. Charles K. Masters, of Warton, is now Chaplain to No. 1 Canadian Casualty Hospital "Somewhere in France."

Women were given the right to vote in vestries in the Diocese of Columbia at the Synod meeting just held. So the movement continues to grow.

Bishop Lucas, of Mackenzie River, is expected in Toronto shortly. Much mail matter for the Bishop was destroyed in the wreck of the steamer last summer.

March the 8th is Ash Wednesday. The Lenten season should be observed this year with a great outpouring of prayer and intercession for our Empire.

"Is that interesting?" enquired one man of another who was reading a periodical. "No, it's a religious newspaper," was the response ("Canadian Churchman" is, of course, excepted.)

In many of our churches on Sunday evening last the news of the French success in repelling the German attacks on Verdun was announced from

Rennie's FIRE NOTICE Seeds

We desire to advise our many customers that although we have suffered a very large loss in Sunday's (February 20th) fire, we have sufficient stocks stored at our warehouse at Long Branch and other warehouses in Toronto to enable us to fill orders complete and to take care of the coming season's trade. We commenced shipping on the 21st at noon, and orders will be handled in our usual prompt manner.

Rennie's Seeds

Head Office
Toronto, Can.

All our Branches have been supplied with their season's requirements

the pulpit and prayers of thanksgiving offered.

The degree of D.D. has been conferred by Oxford University upon Right Rev. A. Scriven, M.A., Oriel College, Bishop of Columbia, and Right Rev. A. J. Doull, M.A., Oriel College, Bishop of Kootenay

"Northern Lights," the appropriately named Diocesan magazine of the Diocese of the Yukon, just to hand, was set up and printed by Frederick Boss, Alfred Ellis and David Elias, of the Choooutla Indian School. It does them great credit.

Mrs. Tamar Weaver, who was born on the same day of the month and year of the late Queen Victoria, died February 16th at her home, Bayham Township, near Port Burwell, aged ninety-seven years. The deceased was born on the farm where she lived.

Miss Evans, of Bishop Strachan School, gave a most interesting address on the "Teacher" at the Toronto Sunday School Association an-

nual meeting. She dealt with the need of knowledge: first, of the subject; second, of the children; third, of the spiritual.

"A Journey to Peace River Crossing" shows how Bishop and Mrs. Robins, together with the Rev. W. Minshaw, made the trip under difficult conditions. We in Eastern Canada do not half appreciate the work of our noble representatives in the great North-West. The story will be found under Diocese of Athabasca.

A man who was in the habit of stuttering was asked why he did so. "That's my p-p-peculiarity," returned the man. "Everybody has his p-p-peculiarities." "I have none," asserted the other. "Don't you s-s-stir your tea with your right h-h-hand?" "Yes." "Well, t-t-that's your p-p-peculiarity. Most p-p-people use a s-s-spoon."

Officer casualty lists for January show that the British army lost 310 officers killed, 647 wounded and 40

missing—a total of 1,024. The casualties since the beginning of the war aggregate 23,087, of which 7,157 have been killed or died, 14,158 wounded and 1,772 missing. Brig.-General Fitton and six Lieutenant-Colonels were killed and Brig.-General Harvey wounded.

In the list of New Year's honours it is mentioned that Colonel George Strachan Cartwright, Royal Engineers, has "for services rendered in connection with military operations in the field" been made a companion of the Order of the Bath (C.B.). Colonel Cartwright is a son of the Rev. Conway Cartwright, formerly of Kingston, now of Vancouver. He has served in England, India, and Halifax, Nova Scotia, with distinction.

"The world is now filled with sadness and privation, yet we go on almost heedless of the great moral and economic lessons taught by this terrific war," says Sir W. F. Barrett in the "Spectator." "As a nation we need more chastisement before we can hope to win victory or attain a lasting peace. A nurse at one of our large military hospitals writes: 'Our Christmas was clouded by so many of the men getting drunk.'"

Referring to Captain the Rev. A. P. Shatford's speech at Canada Lodge, A.F. and A.M., London, Eng., February 22nd, the weekly journal, "Canada," says: "Could it have been heard by the German military staff, it must have filled them with a chill foreboding of the inevitable doom of German militarism. It was the real voice of Canada, expressed by a Churchman and a soldier, who, after witnessing months of warfare, remains supremely confident."

In August an appeal was issued to "Missionaries and their friends" in