

Turkish policy; Russian and French consuls join with the Turkish officials in the attempt to gather evidence incriminating missionaries in revolutionary attempts; orders have been issued for the exclusion of certain missionaries from the land; formal complaint has been laid against me, though, fortunately, the only evidence they have succeeded in gathering is an expression printed in the *Missionary Herald*, where I speak of a certain young man as "a coming man and a patriot." The missionaries' sin is two-fold: they have sympathised with the persecuted Christians, putting their lives and property in danger in order to save some; and they are obnoxious to Russia.

MacNaughton has gone to Erzroom to help my brother. Mrs. MacNaughton remains alone, with her children, at Manissa, that she may be a comfort to the people and that her house may be a refuge for some in case of a massacre there.

I enclose a draft for \$8. Will you be so kind as to hand \$5 to the committee (if there is one) for getting up a suitable monument to the memory of Dr. Williamson: \$1 to the Queen's Missionary Society, and the remaining \$2 to the JOURNAL to cover two years' subscription.

Please remember me to Dupuis and Nicholson. I don't know that there are any others in connection with the College who remember me except Prof. Mowat and Dr. Bell. Please give to them my cordial, filial salutation.

With very best wishes, and with gratitude for all your kindness,

I am, yours sincerely,

R. CHAMBERS.

P.S.—Hundreds of choice people will emigrate from this land in the Spring, unless some unforeseen change takes place in the situation. Can we not turn the tide towards Canada? Has Canada unoccupied lands, with transportation facilities, suitable for fruit and silk culture? Is she not sufficiently in need of wide-awake, industrious immigrants to offer these people favorable terms in the matter of land grants, assisted transportation, and some help to get through at least one season?

R. C.

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SONNET.

And what to me the ceaseless ebb and flow,  
 The rage of parties and the cry of creeds,  
 The throes of nations swaying to and fro  
 Amid the clang of never-dying deeds;  
 The evil shadows stealing on the land,  
 The vital glories of the dawning light  
 Of holy faith and science flaming brand  
 Adorning the receding trails of night?  
 The stormy sea will ever chafe the shore,  
 The streamlet wear the granite in its course;  
 The changing earth will change forevermore,  
 The soul will ever seek its mystic source,  
 And I shall reach some charitable shore  
 Where chill nor shade shall vex me nevermore.

A. D. MACNEILL.

CONTRIBUTIONS.

TRAINING FOR THE BAR.

THERE is a beautiful passage in the *Republic* where Socrates, who always raises the most interesting and the most difficult questions, asks of Cephalus what account he has to give of the later years of life. "I delight," he says, "in conversing with very old persons. For as they have gone before us on the road over which perhaps we also shall have to travel, I think we ought to try to learn from them what the nature of the road is; whether it be rough and difficult, or smooth and easy." And just as the answer of Cephalus had its own entertainment for his listeners so perhaps we, also, who have gone from college life to the society of other institutions or to the wider life of the world, may have something to say that will be of interest to those who come after us. Our graduates are found in all departments of professional and non-professional life, and each one would have, no doubt, his own message to deliver. But it is intended in the present sketch merely to note briefly some of the features to be met with by one who wishes to study law in the Province of Ontario. It is common knowledge, as some of our judges say, that for graduates a period of three years legal study is required before admission to the bar of this province. This time must be spent as an articled clerk in the chambers of a barrister, and for students living out of Toronto two sessions of about eight months each are to be devoted to attending lectures at Osgoode Hall. Those in the city must attend three sessions. Life in a town office is essentially different from that in Toronto, where the great bulk of legal business is carried on, for in the city is established the central office of the High Court and the Court of Appeal for Ontario. Some of us enter a town office for a while and sleep away a winter filling up at random legal blanks, to what certain end we know not, other than that the client pays our principal, and we hear at the close of the day that business has been good. We nod a cheerful assent and go home to ponder over our text books, finding little in them to add to the joys of living. We turn a page and it reads somewhat in this way: A demands title deeds from B; B refuses to give them up; A takes his gun and raises it in anger, evidently intending to shoot B; but C rushes in and catches A's arm, and B does not die that day. The judge and jury after considering the evidence and thinking over the matter conclude that A is *not* guilty of any attempt to shoot B. We marvel somewhat, but bravely read on and the next page brings this: A points at B a revolver with some chambers loaded and others not. He pulls the trigger, which falls on an empty chamber.