

are affected by it not half so much as by the sight of a little boy who stubs his toe and cries as we are passing by. To very many good christian people in our own land the heathen world is a shadowy region "with here and there a traveller" dim, away off there. How can they love these straggling shadows "away off there?" *Why should not the art of the novelist, who can give "airy nothing," such an appearance of living reality, be also used to make the real heathen appear real?* Is there not somebody who can make the nations now walking in darkness pass before our eyes that we may lift them up and look? *An unseen person must in some way be vividly represented to us before we can be very much interested in him.* Even Jehovah adapted his method of grace to this necessity of our nature and took upon himself the form of man. Something has been done in this line. Let more be done. If the spirit of missions is the spirit of christianity then all that is needed to quadruple the amount of interest in missions is to quadruple the amount of vivid representation of the heathen world just as it is. "Lift up your eyes and look" comes from a source not to be disregarded.

AS a college we are perhaps as indifferent about a regular system of out door sports as any in the Dominion. With the exception of keeping up a first class foot-ball team (and this by the way shows what can be done when once it is undertaken and interest centres in it) we are practically nowhere. We believe there has been started a base-ball club (and success attend it,) but of late years certainly nothing has been done and unless this effort is wholly unlike many previous attempts the same state of affairs is likely to continue. One hundred and fifteen students in addition to forty or fifty in the Academy and not a single club of note. Ten or fifteen years ago when the number was about half as large and the opportunities far less we had a cricket club second to few in the country; a couple of old bats and a broken wicket constitute the outfit at present and these are without even an owner—last relics of a lamented past without even a place to lay their head, they yield slowly to the elements—"the world forgetting by the world forgot."

And what is the reason of all this change? Surely we have the material; strapping big fellows, wiry little ones, muscular middle men; hard hitters, solid

kickers; good runners and high jumpers, only needing practice to develop into experts, ready to meet and clean out anything of the kind in the Provinces. And nothing to show for it. We get the preliminary all right but go no further. We buy the caps and rosin our hands, and procure bandages for our legs—and then we wear the caps to class, carry canes in our hands and kick the bandages under the bed. We organize and appoint committees, and raise funds, and get the paraphernalia; we go into the thing for a day or two with all the zeal, enthusiasm and energy which should characterize a wedding preparation, but instead of the wedding we usually have a funeral in about three weeks. This one drops out, that one goes may-flowering, another is indifferent, and another wants to run things in his way, and the balance, if there is one, gets disgusted and the club collapses. The reason then is apparently we don't care; fitfulness and fickleness kill anything.

There is no need of this; we might just as well make a success of out-door sports as in-door work. It is just as possible to have a field-day as anniversary day. We have the essentials of success only needing application. We are far from arguing a break neck gallop into sports to the exclusion of mental training, but we do hope some substantial endeavor will be made to get up a permanent interest in out-door sports outside of walking and talking.

This is our last grind on this worn out old stone; we don't do anything more to push matters in that direction than any person else but some one should start. Who is the man?

PERHAPS the most pitiable object existing upon the face of the earth to-day, is the man who has "fully completed" his education. It may be he is also the most ignorant, but that is not the question. To hear a man say that he has acquired all the knowledge he wants is enough to dishearten even the most enthusiastic educationists. There are people, lots of them,—we have had the honor of seeing them,—who will draw themselves up with all the pomposity of a narrow-headed hatter, and declare that they can't be taught anything more, or don't want to be, here at any rate "they have enough to do them." Have enough to do them. It would be superfluous to say that a statement of this kind betrays a narrow-mindedness, a maudlin deficiency in the upper regions, a self-compla-