

called "swearing"; it is only a refined substitute for that habit. One of our men had almost taken out a copyright on one phrase which invariably followed upon a poor stroke. It was "wouldn't that make you sick," followed by a scratching of the head with the right hand. Another usually says "gracious," or "gosh," while another throws his racket on the ground and jumps over it, muttering the while something not quite audible. But Mac's highland blood is only fired with the sting of threatening defeat, and pulling his cap down over his eyes, and crouching like a panther about to make a spring, he says to his partner "let's beat them yet; I just feel like playing now." The tennis court is no bad place to judge a man's character.

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A lively discussion has been maintained for some time on various topics of current interest. The reason of it is a man from the north of Ireland. If that is not sufficient reason, you need only drop in on us some time and see that man in the midst of a bunch of fellows. To see him is to acknowledge that he is a "scrapper." He has many opponents, but that does not daunt Mac. We do not wonder that he and his followers managed to convert all the Liberals of McGill, Montreal, to favor the Borden Naval Policy. But then Westminster Hall men are not all McGill men of Montreal, and Mac. seems to have his hands full if he intends to do successful missionary work here. But disagree with him, as some of us must, we can't help admiring the relish with which he welcomes a fight—it gives those of us who have never lived in Ulster, an inkling of what lies behind the opposition to Home Rule. These men dearly love a fight. They remind you of their comrade to the south of them, who when asked if he could not live without quarrelling, answered, "No, not happily."

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Vancouver has been privileged during this month in being permitted to sit at the feet of Dr. S. D. Gordon, the author of "Quiet Talks." Dr. Gordon visited the Hall on the 11th, and addressed the students. It is refreshing to listen to a preacher who does not strain after effect; who is quite sure that what he is saying is absolutely true; who is not bothered with doubts as to the authenticity of this or that book of Scripture, and who speaks out of an experience of God which is his very life. It is good, too, to hear a man who speaks so quietly and softly as Dr. Gordon does. He gives prominence to a side of the Master's character that we are too often apt to overlook. We would not like to think that this "quiet" Jesus was the whole truth. But this is the trait that we need very much in the hurry and bustle of our modern life. Dr. Gordon, the man, is a far greater study than his message. His message and the way he presented it was only a window through which you could see a great soul resting in the presence of God; indeed you saw more of God than you did of the speaker. One could not help noticing his Bible; it was much thumbed, ragged and torn—a Bible that spoke of a complete gospel. No gospel is complete till it has been sought and grasped by a living soul, and this Bible, with its marks of study, showed that a soul had sought and loved its message. Dr. Gordon pleads for an absolute surrender of the life to Christ. His message to us theological students was the counsel to cultivate a passion for Christ, to speak of what we have proved to be true by our own experience, and when we have got to the end of our experience, get closer to Christ, not to