

clear field and did not land the hapless inhabitants in wholesale irreligion? Has it ever occurred to Father Gwynn to ask why it is that it is only in Protestant countries his religion can now be freely practised? In a pamphlet just published I read of Spain: "Now the doors of the Roman Catholic chapels are covered with sheet iron to protect them against incendiary attacks, and the most hated men in the kingdom are the monks." Jesuits ought really to labour to support Protestantism if any corner of Europe is to remain a refuge for them."

Coronation Scouts.

An item is going the rounds of the press that we venture to say will interest every big and little boy in Canada. It is in evidence in its most attractive form on the front page of a leading Canadian weekly journal, on which is depicted a sturdy and happy looking "Boy Scout" holding the staff of a big red flag, on which is inscribed the stirring announcement, "Hurrah! The Canadian Century is going to send twenty Boy Scouts to the Coronation." All patriotic Canadians will rejoice at this generous and public-spirited act on the part of our Montreal contemporary. We believe the "Boy Scout" movement is worthy of the support and encouragement of every true Canadian. It is bound to cultivate in our boys just those qualities of mind, body and character that go to the formation of vigorous, resourceful, and manly men. We are delighted at the thought that twenty picked Boy Scouts will represent the youth of Canada at the approaching Coronation of our beloved Monarch.

"Brotherhood."

Indirectly the St. Andrew's Brotherhood has wielded a wide and inspiring influence on our Church people. It has pressed home upon the mind and heart of many a man and boy, who has not identified himself with the movement, the fact that the word "Brotherhood" spells individual and collective responsibility. "Am I my brother's keeper?" is a question of the most solemn moment to each living soul of man. It is as old as the Bible itself. From the very dawn of the world's history comes, to each one of us, this mournful self-accusing cry of one who at the call of pride, envy, anger, filled a heart formed for love, with hate, and stained the hand shaped for deeds of kindness, with a brother's blood. O! that we would strive each day of our lives more clearly, fully to realize that the remorseful cry of Cain is a warning to us, lest we should seek to shirk the Divine responsibility placed upon us of being in very deed and truth "our brother's keeper," and the further truth that "our brother" is every man and boy we meet, each day and hour of our life on earth. To cheer, to hearten, or to succour. If need be to counsel, to shield from wrong, or guide along the narrow path of right.

Springtime.

Happiness and sadness are intimately blended in the return of the spring. To those of maturer years the woodland walks of the early spring-time, where the pine and hemlock spread their network of greenery overhead, and the gaunt grey boughs of maple and beech stretch out their stark and leafless tracery against fleeting cloud and azure sky, are not without moments of melancholy reflection. Where are the comrades who blithely shared the joyous rambles of other days? The mournful sigh of the passing breeze, as it waves the tree tops, and the shadow of the passing cloud as it momentarily dims the light of the sun, give to the question a sombre significance. But the cloud passes. The sun shines out. The wind stirs up new life in shrub and tree. And all about you is evidence, despite lingering traces of departing winter, of a wondrous natural resurrection—emblem to the de-

out spirit of a still more glorious resurrection, which is ours in promise and shall be not only ours but theirs in fulfilment. So we welcome each recurring springtime, not only with the sprightliness of a pure-born joy in nature, but with a joy of deeper, richer, purer birth, the joy we are not denied to appreciate even in this world—the joy of the enfranchised spirit.

Neighbouring City Parishes.

There is a fine verse in the Sunday School lesson for January 29th, which deserves particular notice, "Jehoshaphat strengthened himself against Israel." Why, it may be asked, would the King of Judah strengthen himself against his own kith and kin, the house of Israel, instead of against the heathen nations? On this verse the "Pulpit Commentary" remarks:—"One that ought to be in the closest possible relationship to us, but that is formally separated from us, and that is likely to be jealous of our power, is most to be feared by us. The avowed enemy is not so hostile as the envious rival, as the unfriendly neighbour." Do not this verse and the commentary quoted tell the story of many city and town parishes? They lie side by side, they are engaged in a common cause, members of the same spiritual family, yet holding aloof from one another. We go on declaring that we believe in "the communion of saints," but somehow we have relegated it to the next world, and do not always actively seek and cultivate Christian fellowship with our brethren at our doors.

Question Box.

It is a common custom in missions to have a question box at the door, and to invite questions on religious problems and questions of every kind. It is well known that the Bishop of London makes a special point of inviting and answering such questions in his missions. But missionaries are by no means agreed on the value or wisdom of such a course, and the Rev. Father Officer, O.H.C., who kindly addressed his fellow-missionaries and visiting clergy at Trinity College, on the subject of "How to Conduct Missions," gave it as his opinion that a question box was often a hindrance rather than a help. He believes it detracts from the clearness and directness and continuity of the mission addresses, and considers that it ought to be dropped. He spoke with considerable practical experience, and there is no doubt his deliberate judgment on this point made a deep impression.

A Historical Land.

In these days of debates on reciprocity one thing is dwelt on with great assurance on both sides of the line, viz., that here in Canada is the world's wheat garden, the only land which can compete with it is Argentina. Naturally, our people plume themselves on such an agreeable prophecy, and begin to count the eggs. It is too bad to shatter golden dreams, but it is worse to let people assume responsibilities upon statements which a very little reading of the world's progress would show to be greatly exaggerated. Take only one of the world's developments, but the one most interesting to the student of history. At this time the Germans are steadily advancing their system of railways through Asia-Minor. Had Disraeli remained in power he intended to turn the possession of Cyprus to account, and probably the road which the citizens of Tarsus had made so as to give that city a share of the eastern traffic would have been adapted to modern times. As it is, the German railway is going to Bagdad. It is destined to transform the now poverty stricken regions of the Turkish empire back again into the rich fields which they were for ages before the followers of the prophet blighted them. The land between the great rivers, Tigris and Euphrates,

(the names recall the fabled riches of Nineveh and Babylon), are to be turned into wheat-fields to eclipse those of Canada and Argentina. According to the calculations of Sir William Willcocks, nine millions of acres in lower Mesopotamia could be restored to cultivation without building new reservoirs; canals across the Sawad would do. But the completed irrigation scheme would fertilize 12,500,000 acres. Everywhere are ancient works, roads, canals, oil presses, etc., showing that the land supported an enormous population, it supplied the cotton of the then world, it was a land of corn, and wine, and oil. The promise given to Joshua that the chosen people should have "from the wilderness, and this side of Lebanon, even unto the great River Euphrates, all the land of the Hittites and unto the great sea," was fulfilled during the short-lived splendour of Solomon, "and he reigned over all the kings, from the river (Euphrates) even unto the land of the Philistines, and to the border of Egypt."

Payment of An Old Debt.

A commercial transaction has revived interest in a little noticed event in the history of the Civil War. Virginia was the last State to secede, and did not do so till the seventeenth of April, 1861. After that action was taken, the twenty-six counties of the mountain region in the west of the State dissented, and appointed delegates who met at Wheeling six weeks afterwards. This convention repudiated the Ordinance of Secession, and summoned a later convention which met in June, organized a provisional government, and in two years the State of West Virginia was formally admitted into the Union. The new State assumed the payment of an equitable proportion of the public debt of the old Commonwealth of Virginia. Since that time there has been constant haggling over the proportions of the debt, which has just been finally settled by the Supreme Court at Washington. The certificates of debt are held by the Bank of England, and investors chiefly in Great Britain and Holland, and the amount to be paid by West Virginia is \$7,182,507.

Our Forest Wealth.

One very undesirable feature of the blessings looked for from reciprocity by our cousins to the south is the eagerness with which they look forward to over-running our forests, not only for pulp, but for sport. It is admitted that wild life, animals, bird and fish, is being steadily exterminated in the Adirondacks. Humane people who think a little desire a long period of rest, a close season, as well enforced as possible, of from two to five years, to allow game to increase and the woods to grow. Such a dream is not likely to be realized. At this very time so-called sportsman are advocating more deadly onslaughts on any thing wild. It is a warning to us in Canada which should not be neglected; rather let us imitate the policy of the State of Maine, and improve on it, so that our woods and rivers in all our provinces may be perennial sources of wealth.

A Temperance Agent.

The Bishop of London has a wonderful gift of fascinating all sorts and conditions of men. Mr. Aubrey Leigh has written an excellent account of a visit to Leicester, the Bishop's sayings and doings. We have room for only one extract. "And his anecdotes, every one of them true, and from life. Just one. 'Sir,' said a woman to the Bishop when he was rector of Bethnal Green, 'I wish you could do something for my husband. He is splendid when he is not in drink.' 'Send him to me,' said the Bishop. Well, the man came, and in one of the clubs got interested in first aid. Some time after the woman went again to the Bishop, and thanked him for what he had done, 'Doesn't he go to the