

noticed the smile that passed over his face as, after a few minutes more conversation, he picked up his cap and started for the door.

"Well, if you won't join us, perhaps you'll come to some of the games. They're not half bad—sometimes, and we've a coach this winter who is a pretty good scout. We play on the Regal Rink ice every Monday, Wednesday and Friday from seven till eight, and our first exhibition game will on the twentieth. Keep the date if you can." And with the jolliest smile in the world he was off.

"The church is all right in its place," John muttered as he jerked his Latin Grammar from the bottom of a pile of books, "but it just doesn't make hockey or rugby players worth speaking about. It's all very well for mother to talk about 'linking up with some church' when a fellow comes to a strange city, but she just doesn't know."

It was two weeks later that Bob Phillips, hockey boots in hand, met John Anson at the corner of Grand Street.

"Coming my way?" was the cheery greeting. "Don't suppose you'll come inside, but if you're walking as far as the church we may as well toddle along together. I've just been getting a new edge put on my skates, so I've got to tote them along as we have an executive meeting before practice."

The distance between the corner and the church door seemed remarkably short, and as Bob, with a hearty "So long. See you some day again," started up the steps, John almost found himself following. Somehow the pool game he was counting on having down town did not seem nearly so enticing as when he set out. That smile of Bob's was contagious. It mightn't hurt to go once or twice and see them practice, even if he didn't play with them. And perhaps this would be as good a time as any to slip in to the manse and hand in that letter his mother had enclosed in her last one.

The minister himself was just opening the door to someone to whom he had been talking in the hall when John rang the bell.

"Hold on a minute, Henderson," he said, holding out his hand to John, who blushed to the roots of his hair as he gave his name and mumbled out his errand. "Come back and meet our young friend here. Perhaps

he's heard of you already. Mr. Henderson is the leader of our Young Men's Club and the greatest hockey fan in the church," was the introduction, and John found his hand being grasped by a muscular one as he sat down opposite—Ralph Henderson, the man about college whom he most wanted to know.

What he talked about and how he accepted Henderson's invitation to join the Rovers John never could quite tell, but as he walked to the Regal Rink that night, accompanied by the man whose praises had filled so many pages of his home letters, he was supremely happy.

And it was just like John to say to himself as he opened the door of his own small bedroom two hours later, "I'm glad I met him, but I'm more glad still that I didn't know he was going to be there when I took that letter to the manse."



Partnership in the Home

By Rev. P. M. MacDonald, M.A.

Partnership in a home! What is the idea? Well, to answer the question, it is just the idea that is embodied in a business where partners share the responsibility, the work, the losses and the rewards of that business.

If your home is a cheerful, comfortable place that other girls and boys like to visit, and where you and they have "swell fun" every time they come, you will discover, if you think about it, that it is partnership that makes your home like that. If it is a cheerless and uncomfortable place, and if your chums and friends avoid it, you may be sure that the lack of partnership makes the place where you live only a house and not a home. A home is far more than a house, however costly and large, or however modest and small, the house may be.

Homes don't happen in this world, but they are built on the cheerfulness, the helpfulness, the kindness, the fair-play, the honesty and the truth of those who are in them. As one has said, "home is the resort of love, of joy, of peace and plenty, where, supporting and supported, polished friends and dear relations mingle into bliss."

Homes, to be right, must have cheerful people. Grouchy girls or boys are very "trying" persons. And very wasteful, too,