
THE BRITISH COLUMBIA MONTHLY

situated and it is in a noisy district, and its reference room, though tolerable in some ways, is not adapted for lectures such as the librarian arranged during the past winter—with credit to himself and the other lecturers, and to the satisfaction and enjoyment of an increasing number in this far-western community whose interests include literature.

As a Scotsman whose home is in this far-west coast city of the British Empire, I make bold to ask you to have under consideration the coupling of your name with the provision of worth-while buildings for the three purposes mentioned. Lest anyone should prompt the question, "What do you want?" let me add that I do not estimate in figures, lest I should name too small a sum.

In writing thus, I have no idea how the publishing of this open letter may be received by those interested here; but I am mainly concerned in how it will be received by you. "Begging letters" are not in my line, but I have seen it reported that you hold that no man should die rich, and of course I hope the cases noted may be given consideration by you.

P. S. — As evidence of the writer's interests, etc., it might be in place to mention that, when quite a young man, he had an experience with which you were indirectly associated. The eminent Edinburgh literary man who acted as your agent in securing a secretary, not only placed him on a "short leet" from among many candidates for the post, but ultimately honoured him with second place; and as the gentleman who was given precedence was about ten years his senior, he had no complaint to make of the decision then, and he has no regrets to record now. At the time, though he held a good position at the Supreme Court, he did regret missing the opportunities of travel which the appointment promised.

It may also be permissible to add that the writer has for some years worked—not without success in the best sense—towards his ideal of service, which he reckons in its way not less important than any Y. M. C. A. building, Civic Centre, or Public Library.

Lastly, neither "clannishness" nor presumption prompts the pen-name of "A Brother Scot," but (coupled with a disinclination for self-advertisement and the feeling that the all-important thing is to *get the work done*) the belief that there are times and ways in which Scotsmen can best understand Scotsmen, and the varied ideals that are common to most of them.

A POET'S GRACE

O Thou, who kindly dost provide
For ev'ry creature's want!
We bless the God of Nature wide
For all Thy goodness lent;
And if it please Thee, heavenly Guide,
May never worse be sent;
But, whether granted or denied,
Lord, bless us with content.

—ROBERT BURNS