

worthy, we put no heart and no conscience; but if we lay in, instead of these, our indolence, our indifference, our cupidity, our spite and grudges, then there goes a curse, rebounding to our inmost life, from every nail we drive, or brick we lay, from every paragraph we write, or every sentence we enunciate; and we have no alchemy by which we can transform this crumbling clay of ours from clay to iron, or from iron to gold.

Half-roasted never can be raw."

Exact, O worthy Censor! But so in this mighty sum must the preacher also be included; and he must shape his life by the line he prescribes for others.

* * *

As the contribution of a valued friend to our *melange*, we annex the following verses on him whom, it seems, we must no longer regard as the Ayrshire ploughman:

BURNS.

[His right to a place among the greatest poets of Europe being no longer in dispute, to speak of him still as the Ayrshire bard is almost as dull an affectation as to follow his own example and call him Rob, or Robin.—*John Service*.]

Now no more the Bard of Ayrshire—
Once a better name denied—
Whom the lords of Edinboro
Thought to humble at their side;
But the sweetest of all singers
That the world has ever known,
With a fame for which these nobles,
Could they now, would give their own.

Now no more the Bard of Ayrshire,
But the Poet of the Heart,
In whose songs of love and pathos
Nature leaves no room for art;
Who has shown the lowly peasant
Has as fine an eye and ear,
Has as keen a sense of beauty
As the wigged and powdered peer.

Now no more the Bard of Ayrshire,
But the sharp-tongued satirist,
Shaming now the titled idler,
Now the pulpit dogmatist;
Hating, with an honest hatred,
Cant and all hypocrisy;
Hating caste and holding manhood
As the sole nobility.

Now no more the Bard of Ayrshire,
But the poet dear to all
That regard the tenant only,
Not his cottage, or his hall:
Loving justice, life is better
Since his tuneful work began;
For 'tis God like to consider
Not the raiment, but the man.

—RALPH H. SHAW.

Nevertheless, we think that, in his objection, Mr. Service inclines to stiffness, if not affectation; since we do not conceive of Burns as the Ayrshire Bard or Ploughman only. We are not all Washingtons or Broughams, and we love these little familiarities. And while we are glad that out of Mr. Service's dictum our friend has digged a root for his pleasant little flower, we still have unshamed a secret leaning toward Rab, Rob, Robbin, Robbie, "and that sort of thing."

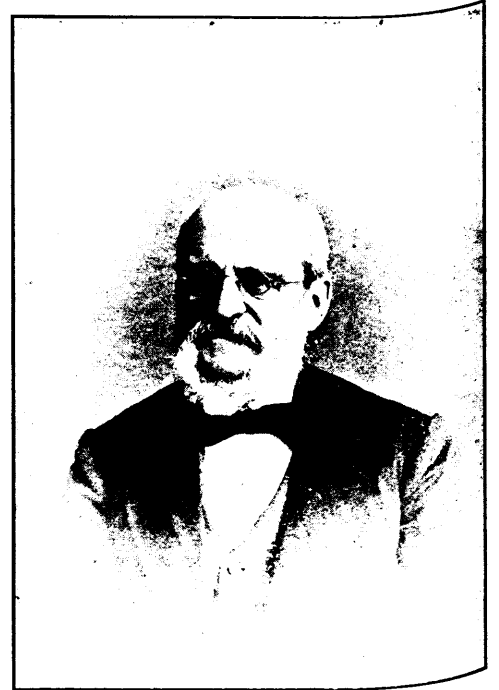
PASTOR FELIX.

A transcontinental railway is under construction in Australia, and that great continent will ere long be traversed from South to North by a line of rails which will penetrate vast regions still unpeopled and largely unexplored. Nearly 600 miles of the line have been completed from Port Adelaide north to Angle Pool, while on the north-end a road has been built from Port Darwin south to Pine Creek, leaving a gap of about 1,100 miles, which will be reduced over 400 miles this year by construction from both ends.—*Railway Age*.

Mr. Henry Mott, Librarian McGill University.

Mr. Mott was born in London, Eng., over sixty years since, and was educated at Merchant Taylors School, one of the old foundation grammar schools of which England may well be proud; he was intended for one of the learned professions, but the whirligig of time brought its changes, and he drifted into commercial life, in which many active years were passed. With considerable literary taste, and a huge love of books, he tried journalism, and was well known in newspaper circles; he wrote much for the *Canadian Spectator* and the *Montreal Herald*, over the *nom de plume* "Quevedo Redivivus" and "A Voice from the Crowd." Mr. Mott

was one of the charter members of the Numismatic and Antiquarian Society, and he has done service as chief editor of the society's magazine; he also did faithful service in compiling the catalogue of the Caxton Exhibition in 1877, and of the exhibition of Historical Portraits, held in 1887, both having been under the auspices of the Numismatic and Antiquarian Society. Four years ago Mr. Mott succeeded



to the librarianship of McGill College (vacant through the death of Mr. Taylor), and in this important position, so congenial to his tastes, and for which he is so especially fitted by education and his wide book knowledge, he has gained the good opinion and esteem of all with whom he has associated; and the hope that many years of usefulness may still be in store for him will be shared by his numerous circle of friends.



VIEW OF THE LIBRARY OF MCGILL UNIVERSITY—(see next page)