

evitably a good deal of a nuisance to his non-smoking fellow-travellers, would it be unfair to expect him to pay his own bills in the matter of extra cars and smoking-rooms required for his special gratification?

—Scarcely to be regarded as an honor to this university is that Chicago professor who declares that Longfellow, Holmes and Whittier were not poets but mere verse writers, because forsooth these men were Puritans and Puritanism is inimical to art. The man who talks such stuff shows that either he does not know the authors whom he so summarily sweeps from their places of honor or that he does not know what poetry is. John Milton too was a mere versifier, no doubt, for he was the greatest Puritan of them all. And where do Job and Isaiah come in? The poet, according to this professor's idea, is not born, it seems, but made, and made in accordance with the canons of art. It would doubtless surprise this teacher of youth to learn that puritanism means something more than austerity of speech and conduct. It seems not to have dawned upon him that poetry is a thing of life much more than a thing of form and that its inspiration lies far more in the principles dear to the soul of puritanism than in the principles sanctioned by art.

—Do not laugh at your boy for being something of a hero worshipper, even though the object of his deep admiration shall seem but a very small hero in your eyes. It is a wholesome indication when a boy honestly admires someone of larger growth and attainment than himself. The boy who admires is likely to attain to something, for admiration begets aspiration, and aspiration helps upward to attainment. One great trouble with too many of us is that we look upon the world of humanity with jaundiced eyes. We seem to think that men are set before us in order that we may criticise them and point out their defects and shortcomings. We do not learn to admire with childlike simplicity and frankness those who are worthy of our admiration, and so we are not helped upward by them as we might be. It is of great importance that we see and be attracted by the traits in our fellow-men that are worthy of our regard, and it is of supreme importance that the admiration and the profoundest homage of our natures be given to Him in whom manhood in the fulness of its stature finds its perfect realization.

—Questions as to whether or not the Book of Genesis can be reconciled at all points with the knowledge that has come to men through modern science ought not to blind us to the priceless value of the truths which Genesis contains concerning God, and man's relation to God. The Sunday School Times in an article on Genesis and Science, notes the world-wide difference between evolution and Genesis. "Genesis is in a sense complete, without a scrap of evolution. Evolution without Genesis leaves heaven and earth, and all mankind, like a child's plaything in comparison with what we know them to be as God's creation and representatives. Genesis, however it was written or by whom, gives prominence to God as the Creator, and to man as a representative of God, and so differing utterly from the highest of the lower animals, not merely by a step or a stage, but in an infinite degree and sort. On account of this, Genesis is worthy of the intelligent study of the brightest children and the wisest scientists. There are minor differences in the record of Genesis as to creation, from the record of creation disclosed in geology and other materialistic exhibits, but these in no sense affect the unique value of the record in Genesis of God as the creator of all that is created."

The Census.

The returns from the census are now complete, with the exception of some of the outlying northwestern parts of the Dominion, and the figures have been officially published. The results, it must be said, are not exhilarating. Those who had been counting on a Canadian population of six millions or more must feel that their optimism has been put to shame, and those of us whose expectations in respect to the census were much less extravagant must acknowledge that the published figures are disappointing. It is indeed hard to account for some of these figures, taken in connection with those of the census of 1891 and the generally prosperous condition of the country during the past decade.

The population of Canada, according to the census of 1891, was 4,833,239. The present population of the country, according to the figures just published, is 5,338,864, making an increase for the decade of 505,625, or less than 10% per cent. This rate of increase shows a considerable falling off from that of the preceding decade and a still larger falling off from that of the years from 1871-1881.

The figures for the different decades are as follows:

Year	Population	Increase
1871,	3,635,024	
1881,	4,324,810	689,786
1891,	4,833,239	508,429
1901,	5,338,864	505,625

The following statement shows the increase by provinces, taking the Maritime Provinces and estimating the increase for the Yukon and unorganized districts for which the returns are not yet complete:

Quebec,	132,434
Ontario,	53,657
Manitoba,	93,910
Northwest Territories,	79,300
Yukon and unorganized districts,	43,113
British Columbia,	92,000
Maritime provinces,	11,000
Total,	505,625

The figures for the population of the several Provinces by the present and the preceding census are as follows:

Provinces.	1891.	1901.
British Columbia,	98,173	190,000
Manitoba,	152,506	246,464
New Brunswick,	321,263	331,093
Nova Scotia,	450,396	459,116
Ontario,	2,114,321	2,167,978
P. E. Island,	109,078	103,258
Quebec,	1,488,535	1,620,974
Territories,	66,799	145,000
Unorganized Territories,	32,168	75,000

The population of the principal cities of Canada by municipal boundaries is as follows:

	1891.	1901.
Montreal	220,181	266,826
Toronto	181,220	207,971
Quebec	63,090	68,834
Ottawa	44,154	59,902
Hamilton	48,980	52,550
Winnipeg	25,639	42,336
Halifax	38,495	40,787
St. John	39,179	40,711
London	31,977	37,983
Victoria	16,841	20,821
Kingston	19,263	18,043
Vancouver	13,709	26,196
Brantford	12,753	16,631
Hull	11,264	13,988
Charlottetown	11,373	12,080
Valleyfield	5,517	11,055
Sherbrooke	10,097	11,765
Sydney	2,427	9,908
Moncton	5,165	9,026
Calgary	3,876	12,142
Brandon	3,778	5,738

There has been, it will be seen, a substantial gain in the population of most of the cities and towns, while in the Maritime Provinces and in Ontario the country districts as a whole have not even held their own. According to the above statement, it will be seen that P. E. Island has decreased in population during the decade by nearly 6,000. Considering the fertility, the beauty and the many general advantages of the Island province, this statement is indeed astonishing and it is difficult to accept it as correct. Then there is Nova Scotia; rich as the Province is in agricultural, mineral and forest wealth, with its extensive fisheries and its mineral resources being developed as never before, there is but an insignificant increase of population, and indeed apart from the 14,000 additional inhabitants of Cape Breton county, there must have been, according to the figures, decrease rather than increase. Much the same is to be said of New Brunswick. The increase is small, is mostly in the Northern or French counties, and is in part probably the result of overflow from Quebec. The natural increase of a healthy and virile people, like those who inhabit Canada, cannot be, at the most moderate estimate, less than fifteen per cent. during the decade. There has been no large immigration into the country, yet there has been an immigration into the Northwest from across the sea and from the United States, which is not altogether inconsiderable, so that if, as the returns from the Census seem to show, the net increase of our population for the decade is little more than one per cent. per annum, at least half our natural increase in population must still be going to the United States.

The Book of Genesis.

BY DR. MARCUS DODS.

There are, we suppose, few books which will be found more illuminative of the first book of the Bible or more helpful to the Sunday School teacher in the current course of lessons in the International Series than this work of Dr. Dods'. It constitutes one of the volumes in the Expositor's Bible series. It has much less the character of a commentary than some other volumes of that excellent series. It is not indeed a commentary upon the text at all, but a series of expository discourses presenting in a large and somewhat general way the spiritual and moral lessons of the book. These early narratives and biographies are treated with a remarkable power of intellectual and spiritual discernment. Along with great clearness and vigor of thought, there is a lucidity and elegance of style which charms the reader. A reverent and earnest spirit pervades the book, and those truths concerning men, their relations to each other and to God, which had been apprehended and had found expression in the sacred literature of the Hebrews millenniums ago, are applied with a master hand to the life and conscience of the present day. Ministers who read this book for the first time will be apt to marvel at the extent and richness of the sermonic material discovered to them in Genesis.

As an illustration of the author's style, and his method of dealing with his subject the following paragraph is quoted from his chapter upon The Fall. "Temptation succeeds at first by exciting curiosity. It is a wise say-

ing that 'our great security against sin lies in our being shocked at it. Eve gazed and reflected when she should have fled.' The serpent created an interest, excited her curiosity about the forbidden fruit. And as this excited curiosity lies near the beginning of sin in the race, so does it in the individual. I suppose if you trace back the mystery of iniquity in your own life and seek to track it to its source, you will find it to have originated in this craving to taste evil. No man originally meant to become the sinner he has become. He only intended, like Eve, to taste. It was a voyage of discovery he meant to make; he did not think to get nipped and frozen up and never more return from the outer cold and darkness. He wished, before finally giving himself to virtue, to see the real value of the other alternative." —Of this and other volumes of the Expositor's Bible, Fleming H. Revell Company, Toronto are the Canadian publishers. Price \$1.10.

Letters.

What an important part in this great drama of life is enacted by the thousands of letters which pass the mails of our land every day! We read in an old French fairy tale of an elf who unroofed the houses of the village to the view of some favored spectator, perched high above on a towering pinnacle, enabling him to see at a glance everything that was transpiring at the time, around the several hearthstones of the village.

If by some miraculous gift like this, we might get a peep under the envelopes of some of those commonplace looking letters, which fly back and forth through our land every day, who can imagine the strange things which would be revealed to us? Did you ever have such thoughts or fancies as this as you listlessly watched the busy postman flitting from door to door, in his coat of blue, his leather bag slung over his shoulder? What weights of woe does he unconsciously carry with him in some of those letters! These missives may carry weights heavy as death yet they never turn the postal scales a hair's breadth nor bend the postman's back an inch lower; but when they reach their destination, and their burdens are given up to sad hearers—then it is that their weights are felt.

Many a heart has sunk beneath the weight of burdens brought this way to depths where life's sunshine might nevermore cheer it.—many a sunny head has been turned to grey by cankering sorrows, brought in a little letter which in no way differed in appearance from one which the postman laid that same day on the doorstep across the way; but that was full of joy and happiness and love and was warmly welcomed by an eager, happy heart.

And since life has its comedy as well as its tragedy there are doubtless among these white-winged messengers of joy and of sorrow, many which, if their messages might be revealed to us, would cause our faces to broaden and set our pulses to beating time to the cadences of hearty laughter. Letters which would rival Sam Weller's valentine in their unconscious droolery,—letters so thoroughly comical that even the addresses and general "get up" of the outside of them are a comedy in themselves.

If we look back, for a moment, to the days of our great-grandfathers, and see what numerous and great inconveniences they experienced in this matter of postal communication we can better appreciate our own privileges. But in the olden times when letters were luxuries rather than necessities, as they now are, a letter was looked upon as almost sacred. The best efforts of the mind, and the truest and deepest emotions of the heart alone were fit to be written in these epistles which were to be read and re-read by friends and friends' children. And when we read these old yellow letters of days gone by, the decline of the art of letter-writing is only too evident, as we compare with them the so-called letters of to-day. Very few write real letters in these days. A hastily written note, or a postal card dashed off under the pressure of immediate necessity answers every purpose and is the limit of the average man's culture in the art of letter writing.

But in those old-fashioned letters of grandma's, it seems when we read them as though every page were an index to the character and mind of the writer. There, couched in quaint, old-fashioned language, are spread before you the thoughts and impulses and desires of a friend's heart, and whatever goes to make the fellowship of kindred minds so delightful.

There is much talk about the general lack of character in the present generation. This is nowhere more evident than in the letters written today. As the great, buzzing, whirling wheels of some noisy work shop in which we may have passed an hour or two, seem still whirling around in our brains for hours afterward, even in the quietness of night, so the echo of the great world's noise and bustle and work still rings in our ears even in our hours of would be rest and quiet. And so it is that even when we mean to write real letters, before we are aware, the echo of the hurry and excitement to which we have become so accustomed ringing ever in our ears, overwhelms us with its sound, and with hurrying hands we write the light and trifling things that come rushing into the mind, never stopping to look beneath for the deeper and better things.

If you ever chanced to come across some old letter written by yourself some years before, you have wondered undoubtedly how you ever came to write some of the nonsense in it, and would perhaps be willing to make quite a sacrifice if only you might be able to destroy those sentences and the effects they may have produced. To be sure, such an experience may have been the result of a change of sentiment, or of the maturer development of the mind; but often it is due merely to new light which comes to us when in calmer moments we read words probably written thoughtlessly and hastily, revealing to us all their emptiness and vanity.

So we may at least be careful in this respect, that we write nothing in our haste, which in future years we may regret having written, as being false to our minds and consciences; nothing which shall cause us to blush for its falsity and lightness.

And then even though our letters may not be sought in future years, because the names of those who wrote them stand high on the roll of honor and fame, they will at least be treasured by those who have known and cared for us, because they shall show to them our hearts and minds and characters.—Selected.