

## BRO. J. B. HALKETT,

PAST SUPREME VICE-CHIEF RANGER, AND HIGH SECRETARY OF ONTARIO.

Not only will the Order in Ontario, but the membership at large, be both pleased and interested in seeing the portrait, and reading a brief sketch of Bro. Halkett. There are few members of the Order as well known as the kindly and accomplished High Secretary of Ontario. As a member of the Supreme Court, and a Past Supreme Executive officer, he is well and favorably known outside his own High Court jurisdiction.

Bro. Halkett is in the prime of life. He first saw the light in St. John, New Brunswick, in Sept., 1845. His father was the late Rev. Andrew Halkett, at one time pastor of St. Andrew's Church, St. John, N.B., and for nearly thirty years minister of Brechin, Scotland. It will be seen that the subject of our sketch is a son of the manse, and, doubtless, from his childhood was familiar with those high principles that are so marked in his character.

For a good many years he has been in the civil service, at Ottawa.

In Forestry, Bro. Halkett is a veteran, entering the Order in 1879. He is one of a select few that have watched from small beginnings the phenomenal growth of the Order that now counts a membership of 40,000, and cash reserve of close on to half a million. When the Supreme Court was organized, he was chosen its first Supreme Vice-Chief Ranger. He has been High Junior Beadle, High Journal Secretary, High Vice-Chief Ranger, and was Recording Secretary for Court Ottawa, now the banner court in the Order; at present he is a member of Court Laurentian. He was elected to his present office in 1884, and has held it continuously ever since.

During these eight years he has discharged the duties of his important office with marked acceptance and ability. A natural aptitude for secretarial work has been developed by experience, and a scrupulous fidelity to the trust reposed in him. Successive High Chief Rangers and High Auditors have spoken in terms of unqualified praise of the manner in which the work of the High Secretary's office has been done. One of the pleasing incidents of the meeting of the High Court in Brockville, was the presentation to the High Secretary of a beautiful silver tea service, suitably inscribed. The presentation was made, amidst much enthusiasm, by P. H. C. E., Norman F. Paterson, Q. C.

Bro. Halkett is also prominent in temperance work. A Son of Temperance, and a Good Templar, he has done good work for both organizations as a Provincial Deputy. He is a member of St. Andrew's Church, Ottawa, and has filled the position of Sec-

late Rev. Dr. Kemp, and the Rev. F. W. Halkett edited, some years ago, the "Forester" of the Presbyterian Church in Canada, a little volume that had quite a wide circulation. He has also, at various times, edited the "Forester" Column of several magazines and newspapers. In years gone by, before the duties of the High Secretary became so onerous, he was a contributor to the columns of the "Forester."

Bro. Halkett has been twice married. His present wife is a daughter of the late Rev. Thos.

Lightbody, and is well known as a writer for children, under the *nom de plume* of "Sister Belle."

Master J. B., Junior, was at Brockville last year, and was a great favorite with members of the High Court.

Bro. Halkett is an earnest Christian worker. As elder and session clerk for the Presbyterian congregation of Stewarton, Ottawa, he is rendering valuable service.

It falls to the lot of few men to count as many warm friends as Bro. Halkett possesses. A considerate regard for the feelings and opinions of others, along with a courteous manner in the discharge of the duties of his office, are of the elements that have secured for him, in a marked degree, the good will of his brother Foresters. That James Brooke Halkett may have before him many years of health, usefulness, and happiness, is a wish in which every Forester will join.

## Children's Corner.

### A Gentleman.

I knew him for a gentleman  
By signs that never fail;  
His coat was rough and rather worn,  
His cheeks were thin and pale—  
A lad who had his way to make,  
With little time for play—  
I knew him for a gentleman  
By certain signs to-day.

He met his mother on the street;  
Off came his little cap.  
My door was shut; he waited there  
Until I heard his rap.  
He took the bundle from my hand,  
And when I dropped my pen,  
He sprang to pick it up for me,  
This gentleman of ten.

He does not push the crowd along;  
His voice is gently pitched;  
He does not fling his books about  
As if he were bewitched.  
He stands aside to let you pass;  
He always shuts the door;  
He runs on errands willingly  
To forge and mill and store.

He thinks of you before himself;  
He serves you if he can;  
For in whatever company  
The manners make the man.  
At ten or forty 'tis the same,  
The manner tells the tale;  
And I discern the gentleman  
By signs that never fail.

—Margaret E. Sangster, in *Harper's Young People*.

### Signing a Declaration.

BY WILLIS BOYD ALLEN.

"If I were you, boys," observed Mr. Melbourne to his Sunday school class, just before the end of June, "I wouldn't let the 'glorious Fourth' go by without drawing up and signing some sort of a declaration of independence."