

have taken possession of a land ready at any moment to yield up its vast, yet hidden treasures into the hand of industry. Add to this the fact that the country is largely Presbyterian in population. We have thus a combination of favorable circumstances rarely to be found. It is precisely this feature which should give Home Mission Work a place in the Presbyterian Church equal, if not superior, to that occupied by any other scheme.

It is very pleasing to record that our own Church has been among the first, if not the very first, to recognize and seize her opportunities in this new field. The foothold already gained and the prestige acquired, have been due, in no small degree, to the appointment of a Superintendent of Missions. Only in this way could the ever-increasing religious wants of the people be attended to as they have been. It is needless to say that much remains yet to be done. The Church has hardly advanced beyond the threshold of the great field ever widening its limits. It is absurd to assume that the wants of the North-West have been supplied. At the present time several very important stations are lying vacant; and not only so, but if the past is of any value as an index of the future, there is no doubt that next spring will witness an influx of people northwards, far exceeding in numbers anything of the kind that has yet taken place, marvellous as it has been. We can anticipate what will be required then. It will be necessary to have a cordon of mission posts extending at least six hundred miles west of Winnipeg, in the vicinity of the railway. Unless something like this is done, many adherents of our Church will be alienated from her, or at least, they will lapse into a woeful state of degeneracy. To accomplish what is needed men and means are required. As students we can find no more promising field in which to engage during the summer, than in the North-West. Young men free from encumbrances, endowed with a physical energy equal to the performance of arduous tasks, fired with an enthusiasm which nothing can damp, gifted with a happy capacity of coolly accepting the situation—such a class is called for. Every student should be able to fulfil these conditions. Whoever undertakes Mission Work in the North-West—and we hope there may be many a one from this college—need not expect to find at all times the most congenial society. To his mind the poet Chaucer's description of the Parson, will recur, "Wyd was his parisch and the houses fer asondur." It is quite possible he may not be made the recipient of a well-filled purse when he is about to leave. Yet he will see many phases of life not found within the precincts of a college; he will gain an experience of great value in after life; he will get some conception of the vastness of our Mission field and the work which the Church is called onto perform. Last, but not least, he will return to the college halls refreshed and invigorated, with a most conscious sense of superiority over his companions who have been content to achieve their triumphs nearer home. A. S.

Jehovah's Jewels.

"We must needs die, and are as water spilt on the ground, which cannot be gathered up again."—2 Samuel, xiv : 14.

"They shall be mine, saith the Lord of hosts, in that day when I make up my jewels."—Malachi, iii : 17.

When night was dark and stars were clear,
A dew drop nestled in a rose,
Which loved to yield a sweet repose,
Nor ever dreamed that grief was near.

But through the vale with fearful sound,
A cold wind swept in cruel quest,
It snatched my treasure from my breast
And dashed it, ruthless, to the ground.

Oh aching heart ! Oh voiceless pain !
I groan, I bow my weary head
Above the dust where lies my dead,
Ne'er to be gathered up again.

Yet as I mourn, a still small voice
Steals to my heart, and makes it swell
With hope that all shall yet be well,
That though I weep, I may rejoice.

It whispers, "What though wet weeds twine,
"And night winds sigh around the grave,
"Remember, Jesus came to save,
"The night must pass, the morn must shine.

"Soon shall thy Sun's all powerful beam
"Break through the night, and pierce the tomb
"Where rest His jewels, wrapp'd in gloom,
"Death's worthless dust, as mortals deem.

"'Twill bear them up on golden wing,
"To gem the diadem divine,
"For, 'They are mine and they shall shine
"My jewels,' saith their Heavenly King."

A. B. MACNAY.

J. H. S.

A CHRISTMAS REVERIE.

The light was fading in the sacred courts,
And ghost-like shadows from the gathering night
Went sweeping through the aisles. I sat me down
Before the altar rich in cunning work,
And read the gilded symbols which declare
That Jesus is the Saviour of mankind.
The darkness came, and like a far-off scene
Dimly discovered through the misty air,
The solemn organ rose amid the gloom
Which fast enshrouded all the wide expanse.
Yet still, as if by some fair seraph's hand
Touched with a living fire, the mystic signs
Grew brighter.

In the snowy streets without
Hunger and Want wended their toilsome way,
And shiv'ring, sought a momentary rest
From the rude wintry blast; and blackened Vice
In forms Protean sped to deeds of sin,
Or hurried from the vengeful Nemesis
Which ever crossed its path with gleaming sword.
From casement windows fell a stream of light
Upon each passing traveller, and the shout
Of merry laughter echoed through the halls
In joyous holiday.