

Josephburg and someone had attempted to lop off the rector's locks—probably it was himself. He looked picturesque. Above his ears, and around his neck was a fringe of long hair left in the futile attempt to render the length of hair uniform. Above this a series of cascades and cataracts undulated and tangled themselves in a manner irregular, but almost beautiful. The rector never for a moment suspected his grotesque appearance. At any rate, he wouldn't have cared. At first, I was inclined to smile, but somehow I couldn't. There was something so inherently noble in the man, so far removed from his shaggy hair and muddy trousers and heavy dirty boots, that I felt awed when near him. The poor rector didn't know his lecture well. He got his pictures slightly mixed. He sang a couple of solos, but there was no applause and none was deserved. I thought of attempting to applaud myself, but just then it seemed such a vulgar thing to clap my hands. I couldn't do it. Jokes were quite beyond the rector. I was sorry he tried them. He was not made for jesting, but once he raised a ripple when he said something about the Bible and the death of a cow. The floods had lost some cattle on the C.P.R. that same day, and the allusion to the cow's death was most opportune. He didn't know it, though. The lecture over, the rector took up a collection—"for the expenses of the mission," he explained, quite unnecessarily, I felt, for no one could fancy that he would appropriate any for himself. His very garments showed he never had; his face proclaimed he never would. And then he thanked us all for our kind attention—who would have thought of interrupting the rector?—but then, it was like him to be courteous. He told us that in the morning there would be a short communion service. He would like us to come. I resolved to be present, and going up to the rector, I thanked him for the evening's pleasure. "I enjoyed it very much," I added. "Yes, I'm glad; I thought it would be new in Walsh," he answered, little dreaming that his lecture was intolerable, and he himself, the object of my interest and regard.

The next morning we assembled. The Methodist parson had spent the night with me, and I persuaded him to attend. Besides us were one Baptist, one Presbyterian, and one communicant. This did not constitute a quorum for a sacrament, and we had the usual service for the third Sunday after Easter. I could see that the rector was disappointed—so was I. I knew he had set his heart on it. He had arranged the communion table with no little skill. The vessels and cloths on the rude pine table were few in number. He had a silver goblet—only he himself could tell where in the broad Northwest he could have got it—also, spread on it, a snow-white silk handkerchief, and a vinegar bottle, half-filled with wine. He had made a chancel by placing a long bench in front of the table. There was something grand in it all. The rector stood, in his full vestments, somewhat crumpled, and a little shabby, while we sat trying to follow the service. Only one Anglican, and one prayer-book there, the rest of us watched her, and did our best, until the rector, quick to observe through sympathy, fell naturally into saying, "We'll stand now," and, "And now, we'll be seated." I wanted to do something to help him. I couldn't sing—I never

can. Finally he asked me to take up the collection. I felt it was assisting the rector, but it was a joy that brought in only 35 cents. Finally the service closed, and, as we left, another communicant arrived—an hour late. Such a gentle rebuke the rector gave her,—"You should have fixed your hour, when I saw you yesterday, and then I shouldn't have begun too early."

The last I saw of the rector, he was trudging down the railway track. No! he hadn't time for dinner; he must reach Irvine, 12 miles distant, for the afternoon service. As he hurried along with his valise, I saw him look far away to the Cypress, and then above to the clouds. I knew then why my soul went forth for the rector. His heart was true, his purpose, fine, his longing, deep.

Edmund H. Oliver.

Columbia University, New York.



Balio! College, Oxford, December 10th, 1904

Dear Professor Hutton:

Yesterday was the last day of term. Almost everyone has gone and the Common Room, where-in I write, is quiet and deserted.

There is no need for me to say that I have enjoyed the past eight weeks. That would be putting it very mildly. I am delighted with Oxford—and even in that phrase the living voice is needed to supply the emphasis. Of course I was at first somewhat disappointed, as anyone with an imagination who had been thinking about Oxford for many months would be. But as I have become accustomed to my surroundings and have begun to comprehend them, that feeling has quickly vanished.

I have been trying to see every side of the life,—reading a good deal (though the amount of entertaining in one's first term interferes a little with work) seeing much of the other men (some of whom I now know rather well and like), playing football and rowing, and beginning to do a little speaking.

My tutor is the Dean, Mr. Strachan-Davidson, and I regard myself as most fortunate. I have been reading two essays a week to him on Roman History and he tells me that he is very well satisfied with my work. I am afraid, however, I am behind the men I am with in knowledge of the languages. They seem to read Latin as if it were French. I am finding the work very enjoyable. I am not sure that I see the advantage of going so deeply into the minutiae and the details of history as we do, but the philosophy is splendid. I am particularly delighted with Professor J. A. Stewart's lectures on the Republic.

On the day of my arrival I was warned by one of the tutors that I must take regular exercise, in order to withstand the slackening and depressing effects of the climate. I have since heard it solemnly asserted that if one misses one day, death is the inevitable result. I began football and played in a number of college matches; but I did not find the English game very enjoyable (probably because I wasn't a great success at it) and turned to the River. I find rowing rather a drudgery, but it gives one regular exercise and is doubtless a good discipline. I was fortunate enough to be one of the winning four in the annual college competition, and a pewter goblet graces