

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Deliver not the tasks of might

To weakness, neither hide the ray

From those, not blind, who wait for day,
Though sitting girt with doubtful light.

"That from Discussion's lips may fall

With Life, that working strongly, binds—

Set in all lights by many minds,
So close the interests of all."

THE UNEXPECTED.

The journey from Oxford to Glasgow, a distance of more than 400 miles, was accomplished in one day, all in daylight. What a succession of names of cities and towns famous in the story of Great Britain! I looked with special interest for Carlisle; Scotsmen and Highlanders will readily understand why. There is no need this day to repeat the stirring tales of the Border towns. Every convenient opportunity was taken to chat with working men of all trades, and the opinion was found almost universal that a workingman can do better in Britain, as far as wages are concerned, than in Canada. This opinion was expressed more emphatically in Glasgow than at any other point on the journey. I must not write on the contrast between the country in England as it is seen for miles about the city of Oxford, and the country in Scotland as seen about Glasgow. I feel that the contrast would be unfair, and would be certainly misunderstood.

Again, we were fortunate, through the kindness of friends, in being cared for by an excellent family, with whom we felt perfectly at home, within a few minutes' walk of the University of Glasgow. The University buildings are in a very fine park, through which the River Kelvin runs; a most picturesque site for this ancient seat of learning. All classes closed, of course. We went through some of the class-rooms, and sunned and refreshed ourselves by strolling through the University grounds and resting on the banks of

the Kelvin. One morning I was taught a lesson on the meaning of the United Kingdom at Home.

Early one morning I went to get a newspaper to a bookstore at the entrance of the Botanic Gardens, Glasgow. In charge of the store was a tidy, smart lassie. I asked, thoughtlessly, for two or three newspapers published in London. No, the lassie promptly said, they had none of them. To the query, did she not keep the "English" papers, she answered, without a moment's hesitation, no, she did not; they had plenty of papers of their *own*.

The Botanic Gardens! Such a place for rest and enjoyment for its citizens as you would expect to be provided by such a populous and wealthy city as Glasgow. Here you find a park set aside for the young lads and lassies of Glasgow to play in, to romp in, unconfined. The shout was not exactly in tone the same as I heard in Greenwich Park, but, no doubt, it meant "Scotland Forever!"

We in Canada have a good deal to learn from our fathers in the Home land and one thing is how to care for the physical well-being of the children, boys and girls; give them grounds to play in: allow freedom of action in the open air.

Glasgow has the reputation of being the best governed municipality in Great Britain, in fact in the world. For its school organization the good name of this large and thriving city stands equally high. When we were there in the beginning of August, 1899, the schools were