

advanced in the nineties, and with a face as placid as a picture or a piece of china. She had twelve children, six sons and six daughters. Her husband had been only of respectable uselessness, and it had fallen to her to rear the family. She never allowed them in any way to drop. She took lodgers, she sewed far into the night, she sent each one of those sons to the University. The first one became manager of the greatest Australian Bank; the second was member of Parliament for the Dumfries Burghs; the third was in the Indian Civil Service and Mayor of Calcutta; the fourth was a barrister, and, though he died young, had reached a high place in the Bombay bar; the fifth is an architect of mark, still living in Scotland, and the sixth had the misfortune to marry a rich wife. That may be an exceptional case, but not wholly so. The University is held up to every lad by parents as his goal when he is at school, and as an open approach to any source of influence.

This interest in the things of the mind shows itself with the most complete genuineness in the extent of reading on the part of those who are reading simply for their pleasure or their own up-building. My first charge in the ministry was in Ayrshire among the weavers. They were all of them extreme radicals, of course; the descendants of the Chartists of early days. But there were certain books on which they exercised their wits; books that needed a rare power of concentration to master; "Sartor Resartus" was the companion of the leisure and lighter hours. The real study was Mill's "Logic" and Mill's "Political Economy." It was at the sale of a weaver's books that I bought nearly all the Arabic literature I possess, as well as many another good volume. Burckhardt's Arabic Proverbs, Don Quixote with the Doré illustrations, the "Bannatyne Memorials"—all these came from the library of a man who never in his life had more than \$6.00 a week. Pass along the streets of Edinburgh or Aberdeen and you will be amazed at the number of first class book shops. There is nothing in Canada to compare with at least half a dozen of the Aberdeen book stores, and these book shops of the old country are a true indication of the major interests of the mind. You may remember how Barrie tells of his mother