

renewed zeal in the cause of our Master. But, perhaps, greater than all these, because of its more subtle influence, is the debt we owe to the man who catches some rays from the Word made flesh, and, embodying them in his life, shews us what a Christian life is. This debt we owe to John Gilmour. The magnetic forces which he, through God's grace, generated, have long since lost themselves in the larger force of combined human action, as the smaller streams surrender their identity to contribute to that larger body that makes up our great lakes and our magnificent St. Lawrence. But as long as one mind continues to influence another and to transmit its religious enthusiasm to the generations that follow, so long will Mr. Gilmour's influence be felt in Canada by men who "desire a better country, that is, an heavenly."

J. L. GILMOUR.

THE GHOST FLOWER.*

Like Israel's seer I come from out the earth
 Confronting with the question air and sky,
Why dost thou bring me up? White ghost am I
 Of that which was God's beauty at its birth.
 In eld the sun kissed me to ruby red,
 I held my chalice up to heaven's full view,
 The August stars dropped down their golden dew,
 And skyey balms exhaled about my bed.
 Alas, I loved the darkness, not the light!
 The deadly shadows, not the bending blue,
 Spoke to my tranc'd heart, made false seem true,
 And drowned my spirit in the deeps of night.
O Painter of the flowers, O God most sweet,
Dost say my spirit for the light is meet?

THEODORE H. RAND.

*The *monotropa uniflora*,—a true flower, not a fungus. It grows in the deep shadows, the entire flower and stalk being colorless and wax-like. It has white, wax-like bracts in place of green leaves. The cup nods, and stalk and flower together form an interrogation point, (which fact, it will be observed, determines the cast of the sonnet). The flower is widely known in the Maritime Provinces as the *Ghost Flower*, but is often called the *Indian Pipe*.