

volumes have been lost. Something had to be done to remedy this state of affairs, and the result is that all are inconvenienced by the carelessness of a few. It is hoped that some arrangement will be made by which the books may be freely consulted during certain hours, in which case we trust that all will yield a cheerful compliance to any regulations which may be found necessary to make the Library a real convenience and benefit to the students. But this arrangement, we hope, is only temporary. An extension to the building, providing accommodation for Library and other purposes, has become necessary. Dr. McKnight at his last public appearance as Principal of the College, said that ten thousand dollars were necessary for that purpose, and that he hoped some friend would be found who would contribute that amount. If there is no one man in our Synod whose modesty will permit him to undertake this whole work, there may be several who would willingly take a share in it. If there are such—and we feel certain of the fact—the THEOLOGUE will always be ready to call attention to their generosity.

BY THE WAY.

A good title is often the fortune of a book. There is one which in my opinion has had not a little to do with the phenomenal success of a recent story. It was at least a stroke of good fortune if not of genius that prompted Miss Harraden to call her little book "Ships that pass in the night." An image is called up of flickering lights across the lone sea, their steady mysterious movement as they come out of and pass into darkness, of a pacing of the deck in silence while the stars look down on us thinking of home, or the bitter—sweet past, or those other thoughts that lie too deep for tears. The name in itself is a fortune, for we have a cord in us set vibrating by it that responds to the quiet pathos of two sad lives, which meet each other out of an unknown past and move away into darkness again.

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There are times and seasons too when one side of our nature—shall I call it the spiritual?—is peculiarly susceptible. Why