

Fowell Buxton, Andrew Carnegie, and others.

The Ottawa monument to Champlain is to be erected on Nepean Point, on the spot where, it is believed, the famous explorer stood three hundred years ago to take the observation he made at the Chaudiere Falls.

Prof. McFadyen, of Knox College, Toronto, has resigned his position, and accepted the Chair of Old Testament Literature in Glasgow University. He had spent twelve years in Toronto. He left Toronto for Scotland last Friday.

Gen. Jas. Wilson, as a result of personal investigation, states that coal is by far the most valuable resource of Alaska, the deposits covering an aggregate of 12,667 square miles, with a practicable mining area of 1,202 square miles.

### Our English Letter.

SOMETHING ABOUT OUR CANADIAN SOLDIERS AND THEIR ENGLISH COMRADES IN ARMS.

The worst of writing one's letters so far ahead of time is that, when their turn comes to be read in Canada, it is inevitable that any mention of passing events must have lost somewhat of its freshness; but, all the same, I just must send you a quotation or two from what the English papers are saying, with enthusiasm, about our Canadian soldier boys as they are now, at this very moment, impressing their individuality, not only upon the minds of their comrades at Aldershot, but also upon the minds of the uncountable thousands who read the records of their daily doings through the press of the Old Land.

Surely, England and Canada alike are deeply indebted to the munificence of Sir Henry Pellatt for providing an object-lesson in patriotism which cannot fail to be of the most lasting value to both, not only from an ethical, but from a practical point of view. The daily mail of 31st August writes, under the heading of "Object Lesson in Imperialism": "The Queen's Own Rifles of Canada, swung around Farnborough road this afternoon singing their regimental song, of which parts run:

"We come from a land of bright-blue skies,  
Where fruit-tree blossoms greet the eyes—  
A land where grapes in the open grow,  
And we love our Lady of the Snow.  
Here's to our land of the maple leaf,  
Here's to the land of the golden sheaf,  
Here's to the Empire's flag unfurled,  
Emblem of freedom around the world.

"Imperialism, as their colonel, Sir Henry Pellatt, said to me to-day, explains why he and his men are in this great military camp. 'Canadian politics are simply Imperialism; we care for nothing else,' he remarked."

"The regiment is now quite at home. . . . A day spent with the men is a mental tonic. It is as refreshing as a day on a hillside."

On the other hand, and as proof of the spirit of camaraderie which already exists between the Regulars and the Canadians, one of the latter says: "I like your British soldier. He is a great chap, and willing to do all he can for us amateurs."

According to Sir Henry Pellatt, at least 500 of the men have never seen a British regiment on parade. "To see that I have brought them all the way from Canada." Of the opportunity afforded them on the 4th September, a correspondent writes: "The Canadians had what they described as the day of their lives, when they saw a ceremonial inspection of the First Scots Guards and the First Buffs." Their admiration of these regiments was unbounded.

"We are going," they said, "that

the Guards can fight, and to see them drill is a revelation." "It will do our fellows good," said one of their officers, "especially those who are inclined to despise their drill." They were struck with the precision with which the long line of scarlet coats, topped with the towering bearskins, moved, as if by one will, that of their commanding officer, and, as the Canadians stood two deep by the side of the drill-ground, they could not resist, every now and then, a deep-toned exclamation of surprise and admiration.

A special correspondent of another daily paper has this to say in praise of our Canadian soldiers:

"Aldershot has taken the Queen's Own Rifles of Canada to its heart, and there are no more popular uniforms there at the present time than the 'khaki' with the red piping. Everyone praises the bearing and work of the men. Their work, and their evident desire to learn all that is to be learned at the center of activities of the British service, has won for them the esteem and respect of the troops of all ranks."

"I saw something of their marching to-day, and it would have pleased some of the old-fashioned commanding officers of the Regulars, who have never been known to express unqualified approval of the work, even of the smartest troops in the Service."

"There had been some preliminary exercise in the morning, quite sufficient to have set many of the regular soldiers 'grousing' about the 'tyranny' of their officers. They had gone through some tough 'attack' and skirmishing work, and had utilized moments of conference between officers, when they were supposed to 'stand easy,' for drill with arms. And, although they were wet with rain, which came down at intervals, and the work was exhausting, owing to the heavy atmosphere, there was not a grumble, so far as one could ascertain, when the order came for a march to the other side of Farnborough, and back. And this was after dinner!"

"I watched them as they came back into camp. Although there was a stiffness in the step when the band ceased to play for a moment, as soon as they got the inspiration of its strains again they went off over the

uneven ground of Rushmoor Hill with a swing that was really good to see."

This is followed by still other words of praise:

### BASEBALL CHALLENGE.

"But it is by no means all work. I found a group of them playing baseball in a fashion that would make the game one of the most popular in Great Britain if the average citizen could see them play it."

"As the Canadian lads are not going to be 'let down' on work or play, they put their backs into the game as they had into the work of soldiering, and made the spectators marvel at the strokes that sent the ball two hundred yards or more into the air or towards the fielders."

"I am told that the Regulars have taken quite a fancy to the game. They have arranged to get a team together, and have challenged the Colonials, so that there is promise of an exciting contest within the next few days."

Big events are being arranged, which will give our Canadian lads a chance to show the English soldiers of what they are capable in war operations, and, also, they will take part in the autumn manoeuvres for a week—a test from which it is prophesied they will come out with flying colors, and with a practical lesson which they are not likely ever to forget, should an occasion occur in which their services would be claimed on behalf of their King and country. And who, knowing the stuff of which they are made, and the proof they have already given of their loyalty and patriotism, could doubt what their ready response would be should such a crisis arise in the near or even far-off future?

This love of the Motherland, blended with that of the country of their birth, is made manifest to their English comrades in more ways than one, as my last quotations will show:

### HEATHER IN EVERY LETTER.

"Their affection for the Motherland is something to wonder at, and they see attractions and beauties even in the Aldershot vistas. Their loyalty is unbounded. They regarded with the deepest interest the enclosure of the Royal Pavilion, all the more so because King George, recent-

ly stayed there. . . . They have heard the tradition which ascribes to Queen Victoria the transplanting of Scotch heather from Braemar in the early days of Aldershot to Hampshire, and the now abundant plant has a high value in their eyes. Sprays of it, plucked on the edge of Rushmoor Camp, are travelling in every letter to Canada."

And, finally: "Some of the men are already Missionaries of Empire. After duty, when they meet a likely man in Aldershot streets, they try to recruit him as a Canadian settler."

All of which is good news, and interesting news, even though it may be a little belated.

H. A. B.

## Hope's Quiet Hour.

### Through the Veil.

Having therefore, brethren, boldness ("liberty" in margin) to enter into the holiest by the blood of Jesus, by a new and living way, which He hath consecrated for us, through the veil, that is to say, His flesh.

I am staying in a small town in England, and have just been to an early Communion service. There is a beautiful old church here, which was built about 800 years ago, and every day in the week the people are invited to draw near to God, "by a new and living way, which He hath consecrated for us, through the veil, that is to say, His flesh." What a wonderful thing it is to have the Eternal God in our midst, to hear Him calling each one by name to come to Him, to have the right and the privilege of receiving Him Who is the Life. God offering Himself to men, men hungry for God and eager after holiness! Of course, the church must be crowded during the half-hour each morning when heaven and earth are linked together by Him who is the true Jacob's ladder, when we can clasp the mighty hand of God, "through the veil, that is to say, His flesh." Of course, the church must be crowded at such a glorious time! Is it? I leave it for you to judge.

Through the veil! how we try to see through the veil sometimes! When one who is very dear has passed to the other side, then we know that there is another side, though before that sad time we may



Women's Institute, Drumbo, Oxford Co., Ont.

At the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Cowan. The members of this branch gave \$25.00 for prizes for children's work at the fall fair.