

the Missionary Enterprise." In the evening a men's missionary banquet will be held at which the progress of this Movement will be described and the need for developing it demonstrated. The forenoon and afternoon of the next day will be devoted to a study of the Home and Foreign Mission Fields, followed in the evening by a gathering of Young People's Societies and Sunday school workers, and, where advisable, a simultaneous mass meeting of men to consider the question of responsibility in the cause of world-wide evangelization. In the forenoon of the third day there will be a discussion of organization methods and in the afternoon a meeting of the delegates and leaders of each denomination to plan a forward policy. The closing meeting in the evening will consist of testimonies to the value of this movement, and reports from denominations and congregations indicating their plans for more aggressive missionary work. The Sunday preceding should be given to sermons and addresses on Missions, and on the Sunday following the church services should follow up by application the interest generated by the series of meetings.

No subscriptions will be asked for, nor appeals for money made at any of the meetings, the effort being solely educational, informing the delegates regarding the home and foreign missionary enterprise, the ideals of the Laymen's Missionary Movement, and the modern methods of securing interest in and support of the missionary cause, thus inspiring and equipping them to launch the movement in their various congregations and cities.

In addition to Mr. White, at each series of meetings speakers will be present representing the missionary interests of all the churches. Among the laymen already secured are:—N. W. Rowell, K.C., S. J. Moore, H. H. Fudger, Jas. Ryrie, John A. Paterson, K.C., A. A. Ayer. Others are endeavoring to lend their services to this campaign. All the leading five denominations will be represented by laymen, missionary secretaries, and missionaries.

A recent tour of all the provinces by the Secretaries of this National Campaign, found representative men of all denominations in every city most cordial in their reception of the project, and unanimous in their desire to enter into active preparations for the meetings. Executive committees are now at work in all the cities arranging for this campaign and planning to secure delegates from the surrounding territory, thus carrying out the provincial and national ideas of the series.

The present is a most opportune time for such a campaign. The claims of our vast home mission work are more insistent than ever, because of the increasing tide of immigration, and the complex problems which face church and state as a result of the many races which comprise this incoming population. The open doors in non-Christian lands present an unparalleled challenge of the church to send forth and maintain an adequate force of missionaries, in order that the whole world may be speedily evangelized. The women, the students, and the young people all have their Missionary Movements, and now God is calling the men—His reserve forces—to devise more liberal things for the extension of the Kingdom of His son. To consider the church's distinct responsibility toward this two-fold task, the Canadian Council of the Laymen's Missionary Movement and the Mission Boards sent forth this call to the Christian men of the cities concerned, earnestly entreating their prayerful consideration of the plan, and trusting that their hearty co-operation may be given to make this campaign a success. Let only one thought dominate as this scheme is deliberated upon, viz., to crown Christ Lord of all.

MEMORIAL TO MRS. OLIPHANT.

J. M. Barrie was chosen to unveil the memorial to Mrs. Oliphant in St. Giles' Cathedral. It was a happy choice. Mr. Barrie rarely speaks, and he speaks rarely. He is singularly diffident in the matter, and perhaps it is a very good thing. I always read every scrap that gets printed of his speeches. He said beautiful and true things about Mrs. Oliphant and her works. But I think a good many people will not agree with all he said. And when he was saying certain things, the writing reads like the words of a man who is not Barrie. For instance: "She did so much and she did it so well. Even put aside novels, there are biography and history sufficient to keep a reader busy for years. Put that aside, the better to see that very river of essays that flowed from her to the magazines. Put all aside except those that appeared in 'Maga'—one of the mothers of literature, and still the record is impressive—and if you have forgotten them, then re-read them—and she did those because 'Maga,' out of a list of splendid contributors, knew that she would do them best. To her fellows the sheer quantity of her output is a splendid quality. It does not especially prove her industry—many writers have been far more industrious." All that might have been left out. Mr. Barrie did not have to say it. But he is himself again when he speaks of the blithely brave woman whose sorrows were so many and so long and so exacting. And he does this delicately. He praises her novels, and they ought to be praised, and to be read. My own great favorite is "Kristeen," but there are those who think "Salem Chapel" her finest story. Had she kept to fiction and taken pains with her text, I believe she would have been an outstanding novelist. I am quoting almost the whole of Mr. Barrie's eulogy as it would have read without the statements quoted above. "And now Mrs. Oliphant has come back to you. It has seemed good to the people of Scotland that her face and lineaments should be carved upon the walls of their capital. She used to come here sometimes. It was her romantic town, too, and now she returns at your request. It is only a few halting words you can expect me to say to you here I am no speaker at all, and besides we are not met here for speech-making. We admire her as a woman and as a writer. The woman was the greater part of her. Throughout her life she had other things and better things to do than to write, and she was doing them all the time. It was that that made her heart glad or depressed it—never her books—but with that part of her we have little to do to-day. I remember the last time I saw her, very shortly before her death. She said to me, 'For the first time for fifty years I have nothing on my mind.' She was not referring to her works, but take it at that. And what a mind it was, and how splendidly alive during all those fifty years. One shrinks from using extravagant words about her, and to no one would it have been so distasteful as to herself. And we are not met here to compare her with this writer or with that. She took to literature for the most honorable of all reasons—to make a livelihood—but she took to it as some fine equipped ship slips into the water for the first time. I dare say there was some such ship launched on the day the publishers launched Mrs. Oliphant, and however good a ship it was one may wonder was its machinery in more perfect order than hers, or was its stored-up energy greater than the energy that was stored up in her? It

carried its hundreds of human beings—I do not know how many, but not more I dare swear, than that human barque was to carry—the men and women of her pen—and however gallantly it fought the elements, not more gallantly, I am sure than she. If it had come to a fight between the woman and the ship, her force against its force, I believe the ship would have gone down. Which was her best novel? I suppose we all have our favorites. And there was no one stood out as a pillar among the others. It could never have been said of Mrs. Oliphant, 'one moment only was her sun at noon.' But I suppose we would all agree that among the best are "The Chronicles of Carlingford," and that Mr. Tozer, The Perpetual Curate, Miss Marjoribanks, and the others of "The Chronicles of Carlingford," are as near to us as some of our friends and relatives. And there is another series destined perhaps for a longer voyage than even 'Salem Chapel'—those magical stories of the unseen."

As Mr. Barrie nears the end of his speech, you hear the charming author of "Margaret Ogilvy." How else could he, who so idealized his mother, speak of another woman whose long, undaunted gallant fight appealed to him, whose talents were so eminently of the imagination. "Her imagination—it was not one of those imaginations that have carried some writers in a single flight to the very vaults of heaven to play hide and seek with the stars and sometimes to drop them suddenly. It was rather a friendly familiar that sat with her—sat on the back of her chair—was always waiting for her there—never deserted her once even in the month of May during all these fifty years; watched her grow old, heard the doleful bell emptying her house, lured her back to her chair as if proud of what she had done with him, like one grown to love the old lady in the white cap and the pretty shawl. I am not quite sure about the shawl, but she loved all beautiful things, and I think she wore a shawl. The familiar grew to love it as he sat on the back of her chair and played with it and the cap, and whispered pretty thoughts to her like one child left to her when the others were gone. It would overcome me to say much more—we are here for a special purpose to do honor to one of our illustrious dead, a task accomplished and long day done. It is for the future to sum her up—we at least know that she was the most distinguished Scotswoman of her time, and a steady light among that band of writers that help to make the Victorian reign illustrious. A national monument in this historic pile means that to another of her children Scotland has said, 'Well done.' By your wish—and it is a solemn thought—Mrs. Oliphant joins the great shades who take care of Edinburgh and patrol the city inaudible."—The Bookman in the Manitoba Free Press.

If a man be gracious to strangers, it shows that he is a citizen of the world, and his heart is no island, cut off from other islands, but a continent that joins them.—Bacon.

—We often wonder in profitless moments of self-study how we would act in a crisis, imagining the while that the crises of our lives are ushered in with due regard to stage effect, whereas they are in and out again before we realize it. It is only in looking back that we find the true turning point as a man having lost his way goes mentally back over the road to discover where his mistake occurred.—Merriam.