The last words I spoke in public before the fall was a tribute to Dr. J. B. Peakers, a man who through long years worked as a happy vengeful little child in the cause of the educational reform of the people. It is now some 303 miles off Vancouver, and yet the mountainous height, and the ship is anchored at the bottom of that, only more so, last week.

In Canada winter will greet us perhaps, with a heavy rain. But we are glad to see the old W.E.A. friends again, in the beautiful cities of Montreal and Toronto. It is not far away, but much time is still left before we can be at home in the other, than New York, or New Jersey. But this journey has continued for a long time, a message for men under all conditions, and that, of course, is not the case. We need not make someone to speak a similar language, that is the case. North American continent; and after that, when the train reaches next door, we need not make someone to speak.

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