

GRADUATION ADDRESS.

BY CHARLES LORRAINE BIRD, MCMASTER UNIVERSITY.

The occasion does not demand any lengthened address from me. Let me content myself with calling your attention briefly to a few points of commanding interest. The work of the Higher Education compels attention on the part of those intimately concerned in it to the signs of the time. Especially must this be true of such an institution as the one in connection with which we are now assembled, conditioned, as it is, for the independent pursuit of truth, and the free use of it in moulding character, and inspiring life.

We find ourselves at a handbreadth from the opening of the 20th century, and other minds are filled with solicitude as humanity passes through the closing years of the 19th. The closing years of the 18th century saw the establishment of the great Republic, the growth of which opened up opportunities were freely offered to the millions of Europe; of the 17th, the new commonwealth in England, with its magnificent fruitage of principles of every calling, and in fact for all peoples; of the 16th, a great intellectual quickening, with its wonderful outcome of modern literature in England and on the continent; and of the 15th, the discovery and opening of this New Hemisphere to civilisation. There is an expectation abroad of great events near at hand, which shall be of concern to humanity at large. Religiously, the most significant movement of this century has been the awakening of the Christian world to its paramount responsibility to give the Gospel-salvation from sin with purity and holiness of life—to all people under heaven, at home abroad, and in every god-given thing to be able to say that the Baptist denomination has been a leader in this movement. It has long since been found, and is becoming increasingly recognised, that it is not Christ thought that this responsibility is to be discharged by the efforts of a few, and these the ordained ministers of the Word, all-important as these are; but by the lives and efforts of His people of every calling and profession. The avenues for efficient service in this great cause, of all Christians are as numerous as the ways of man, and the existence of this University, with its academic departments of Woodstock and Montreal, has its ground in this great end. Every form of intellectual work and discipline must be laid under tribute if Christians of to-day are to meet worthily the responsibility of the times in which we are living. There is no discharge in this campaign, and the signs of the hour all point to yet mightier efforts to Christianise the whole earth. The opening of the 20th century will undoubtedly see China, peopled as it is with more than one-fourth of the human race, roused to the life of modern thought, and the entire Orient open as never before to the influence of the Gospel, the life-giving great continent of Africa. The currents of Christian life at home are being quickened and purified yet more by the needs and opportunities of the world abroad.

It will be the attention of all to place beside these facts, this statement: The closing years of our century are marked by the progress of a destructive criticism of the Word of God. Its contents are declared to be devoid of the supernatural, or rather that only the portions which are explicable on purely natural grounds are worthy of any confidence. Jesus was not supernaturally begotten, he did not rise from the dead, he did not ascend to Heaven, he did not send the Comforter, the Holy Spirit. God—if there be a God—has not really spoken to us at all, and this fair earth with its teeming millions is rolling through space—has "without God"—certainly "without hope," this is not, of course, a new discovery, but it is winged with new power to-day in that it is promulgated with the professed sanction of scientific criticism. The divergence of the discussion will be still sounding in the ears of earnest men when the next century opens. Christian scholarship will have the last word here, and who that has not missed these last few months of Christ, and therefore knows Him to be the Son of God, the Redeemer of the world, but will recognise the impotence of the demand that Christian institutions of learning be equipped to-day with every resource of science and philosophy. The century is closing without any serious attempt on the part of philosophy to come away from the field of what has proved to be largely barren speculation, and enter upon more fruitful tasks. It is of moment to briefly outline the great steps of the way. With the sophists appeared subjectivism in philosophy, an undeveloped nominalism. Scepticism in philosophy and anarchism in politics, the sophists roused the noble mind of Socrates to the greatest philosophical achievement of any age—the checking of incoming nominalism in Greek thought, the annihilating of the scepticism as a practical power in philosophy, and the determination of thought towards realism for fifteen hundred years. These began with him the philosophy of objective thought. The existence of an objective outward world was an undoubted premise among his followers. In no period, in fact, of Greek philosophy did nominalistic tendencies make much advance after it had been checked by Socrates. It is in the scholastic period that we see the beginning of the general subjective movement of modern philosophy, which, on the death of scholasticism, took up into itself all the latest tendencies of the then triumphant nominalism. Under new forms and new names, by which it shrouded itself at the base of contemporary thought, this great issue between realism and nominalism—ob-

jectivism and subjectivism—is an issue to-day. By virtue of certain truths contained in it, and greater freedom for speculation, nominalism triumphed over realism in philosophy, and reached complete fruition in the genius of Kant. The strength of nominalism is the serenity of nominalism—to more, no less. Realism, in virtue of certain truths in it, overcame nominalism in science, stimulated men to investigate nature's objects, and thus the splendid result of establishing the scientific method.

The last half of this century has witnessed the grand achievements of science—the most wonderful practical outcome of human thought, the progress of the race. And yet the method of science is empirical and purely practical. There is a virtual divorce between philosophy and science. The latter seeks in vain for a theory of knowledge. It would seem, that philosophy cannot much longer, if it is to have power over human thought and progress, avoid the disquieting or paralysing effect upon human activity which it would bring about by the advance of better philosophical methods. The value of truth compared with mere speculation makes it clear to the minds of men. Meanwhile, there is a long way to travel. So long as philosophy denies a substantial existence to matter, by that very denial it confesses its incompetency to frame a theory of knowledge applicable to the ascertained facts and truths of physical science.

In the deep yearning of the human mind for a unity which it can intellectually grasp, we are witnessing in these closing years of the century another marked recurrence of philosophical thought towards quasi-panteism—not that of Spinoza, which is obsolete, or that of Hegel, or even modern idealism which is "crifling extern; but spiritualistic Monism. There is only one substance, and that is spirit. This is supposed to meet Haeckel fairly, who says, there is only one substance, and that is matter. This spiritualistic Monism is a notion fit in the East and has more than once before sought entrance into western thought, notably through the Saracens in the 15th century. It is today finding recognition in many Universities, and will color, at least for a time, the stream of modern philosophy. The practical effects of this type of philosophy, as seen in every country where Buddhism prevails, suggest that the western mind is too selfish, too busy, and too strongly imbued with a sense of personal and self-hood, to rest long in the teaching, meanwhile serene, with untold troubles at its side, and to let the world stand without in the porch, and philosophy turns an averted face. The problem now in the words of Abbott, identify science and philosophy by making the foundation, method, and system of philosophy scientific, and the foundation, method, and system of science philosophical, seems no nearer solution than ever. All the same, science or lies on her practical investigations and experiments, and enriches the world.

Once more. Emile de Laveleye has said that the message of the 19th century to man was, "Thou shalt cease to be a slave to nobles and despots who oppress thee; thou art free and sovereign." But the problem of the closing years of the 19th is: "It is a grand thing to be free and sovereign, but how is it that the sovereign often starves, how is it that those who are held to be the source of power often cannot, even by hard work, provide themselves with the necessities of life?"

The effort to answer this question has moved, and will yet more powerfully move, our western civilisation. Its answer demands a contribution from every department of human thought and the end is not in sight. The imagination in general, and deep that important changes in our social system are rapidly maturing, and no one seems able to forecast their exact nature or extent. The claims of capital and labor, individualism and collectivism, are a strife for better adjustment. On the one side, corporations, syndicates, and combinations of capital; and trade-unions, and federations of labor, on the other. The institutions of the past are being tried, and are found indifferent to these antagonisms. While the study of Economics is important, the greatest contribution that any educational institution can make in this behalf to society, is the inspiring of young lives with the aims, noble, manly, Christ-like principles of life. Social Economics can never find any satisfactory and permanent application where moral considerations are imperfectly recognized. At its bottom the question is an ethical one, and the Sermon on the Mount needs to be written on the hearts of all men.

I need not stay to point out how these great questions which I have briefly referred, discover the leading forces with which the cause of truth and the welfare of society has now to reckon, and whose lights and shadows are falling so strongly across the threshold of the century, that it is rapidly nearing, *Gentlemen of the Graduating Class,*—Just a word. Our years of fellowship have been serene and delightful. You, especially, are the heirs of the great and far-reaching questions which I have spoken. How does the outlook strike you? Is there fear in your hearts? I do not believe. Recall the divine legend of your University: *Tu Pontis ad Auto Sunesteben: In Him- in Christ—all things cohere—hold together—have unity.*

Christ, in whom all things coexist, The everlasting bond of ease In worlds around, in human thought, In life and death's great mysteries.

Christ, without Thee who would dare Truth's wilderness quest with human given.

But hold! These, who holdst all, The mightiest truth of God is ours.

The unsolved problems are not going to be left entirely to the solution of man. God's Spirit is in the world and abides with those who seek His wisdom and guidance. So let us that your eyes fall in a time when there is work to be done that counts—serious work. Stand for truth and right, for purity and righteousness of life, and manly and Godly integrity. Stand for the weak and

neerly no less than for the strong and well-to-do; for all the nobbling enterprises of life; for woman in all her generous offices and ministrations; for home; for aims master, as her representatives, defenders and helpers; for Canada, for the Empire in its grandeur and integrity; and last, yet first, stand for Christ and His Kingdom, and know assuredly that character shall abide forever, and that the approval of the Master is the one thing which no man can take from you. Be of good courage, and "Quit you like men."

SIGHTS AND SOUNDS IN INDIA.

For Boys and Girls in Canada.

DEAR GIRLS AND BOYS: This is Friday afternoon. Last Wednesday morning, while crossing a bridge and looking up the river, at a distance of about seven miles, I saw white steps, leading up, up, up, the side of a hill to the great stone steps are not cut from earth to heaven. The top of the hill towered high over the heads of all the neighboring peaks, and on its cloud-capt summit, nestled a comical building, white as snow. I said the steps were white, but they were white, while was in strips and it all looked like a stair-carpenter in black and white strips, smoothing the way to the moon. When you come to the foot of the hill you find the great stone steps are not carpeted, but spotted with whitewash, spots of grey snow and spots of white countless as the stars, and as you throw back your head and look up the dazzling slope you feel as if you were rolling your glance up the Milky Way.

"H-r-r-r-ring-ong-ong-ong," and there is my little alarm clock, trembling on the box, near my cot. It is 12.45. The moon has been up several hours, and from his throne in the south is ruling over the night. Slumbers and indisposition are shaken off, and soon after four o'clock, two native preachers and myself stand with our feet upon the bottom step of that motionless stair, and we are now, in no danger of mistaking the whitewash for a carpet. Up! Up! We take our vests. Up! Up! At a turn in the stairway we sit down to rest. But there is no time to lose. At daylight we must come down again. We spring to our feet. The steps are steeper. We roll up our sleeves, and go up step by step to lessen the grad by increasing the distance. We press our feet on the steps, and in our hands. The stone is hard. Our knees ache. We rest again, gaze out into the moonlight far above the earth, breathe easier and leap to our last step. Fatigue is gone, and we are at the top. Heat, pulse, temples and jugular veins swell and beat, like engines.

But as we mount higher, the air grows purer. We have cleared the presidential breath of the mist. We are breathing the breeze where the eagles soar. New life, that conquers weariness, throbs in every limb. Hope too, lends its powerful aid. At the summit we rest a while, cool breath, and outlook upon the world, worth many times this toll. So up we run like the roe upon the mountains.

To the school boy tells over his lessons, climbing the hill of knowledge. Be he learning nearly to sing, or a boy, "As step by step the hill we mount, 'So one by one we learn to count: 'And word by word we learn to spell, 'And line by line to read quite well."

Each step instead of wearing his youthful feet, gives him new strength. The air grows purer, and more invigorating. His limbs become stronger. He sees further. He breathes more deeply to drink in the bigger world that greets his wondering ken. Courage swells in his veins and he leaps up the mountain like the eagle, while sluggish slumber at the base.

So the creature climbs the narrow way. With every step he renews his strength. Every difficulty overcome puts down a stone in the way, and every temptation he rises into the air, bracing atmosphere that infuses vigor for another flight. By the might of Christ he treads the pride of life beneath his feet, tramples his triumphant way over the world, the flesh, and the devil, up rocky steep, and over eternal snows into a purer religion, a broader view and nearer to God.

So we run up the hill and were not weary. As the moon rises round against a large rock, "Temple" they would shout, for there about our view, the white temple and its green tree beautiful in the light of the moon. In another moment we were treading its tower, like the eagle, while sluggish slumber at the base.

The light of the moon leaves distant objects obscure, but, as the hill's base, weeds a river flows, dry, trickling, filtering down its bed of sand. It banks the mango trees look like mere shrubs. In the fields, as the morning dawns, the lights of the stars are extinguished. The voice of chattering is fast, even to the eagle's nest. The east address. The stars go out.

Under where the north star was, or a little to the right, is a hill like Blomstrand, a river flows in the distance. Refresh us, running northward, is the road to Vishanagar, red as the roads of P. E. Island. But there is no cheer. Still facing the north, turn a little to the left. About three miles away in that groove, near the river, is a large village, called Postnoon. A little more to the left, close to that great orchard, you see a white temple. There a village of Vishanagar shines in the distance, by the banks of a tank. Over this village and three miles or more beyond it is a place called Bimlimging. Bimlimging is on the Vishanagar field and we plan to go there next morning.

Between these hamlets and the base of the hill on which we stand, are broad green fields of a dozen different shades. They are divided into sections like a

map of the U. S., with each state a different shade of green. Indeed on the north is a long tank for the Great Lake, while through the middle, for the Mississippi River, stretches a ridge canal. To the left, a row of hills represents the Rockies, and next of all, the winding river, stands for the Pacific Ocean. Still turning to the left, there yonder, where the moon will go down at noon, is a long hill. We know that on the other side of the hill is a large village named Gandavaram, and around it are a dozen other villages where the gospel is very seldom preached. I have been able to reach them once and only once since I came to India. Still beyond that region toward the right, is another long hill with three peaks on its back. Over that hill is Alamanda Railway Station on the new E. C. R.

Turn, further to the left and face the south. Here a road forks the river, runs through an orchard, and stretches toward Soutam, where we were on our first coming to this place. Over the hill and across a hill on whose summit the clouds rest and a range of snow-capt peak. Turning now clear around to the northeast behold Polately hill, and east of that a long hill that walls out the sea. To the right of this hill, behind the brickening coast, veiled in the mist, is the blue expanse of the Bay of Bengal, and on its bosom a mile or more off shore is anchored a black steamer.

Last, but not least, there close to sea, is a mile from where we stand, is a long hill, with an old house on its back. Beneath the farther end of that hill is the town of Bimlimging, and close at the foot of the hill is a bungalow, where we are to stay. A very good man, who knows not that his father is standing on this mountain wishing for a telescope to spy what she is doing.

But why look at all the world and design to place upon this temple under whose shadow we are sitting is berated at every door. No unclean gentiles may enter here. Victoria herself, except by force, might not enter except by permission. Only those who are highly enough honored as to be allowed to tread its inner courts. I would like to see the lady and describe it to you, but there is no priest here to open the door and let us stand off and look in. The lady is a woman, and her name is Mrs. J. G. Holland. She is a hamlet beneath, as sleek as a porcupine, but her garments are filled with the gifts of the deluded people, who come with their offerings to worship at this lofty shrine.

The sun is coming up, and we are coming down. On all sides men and women are rising to the fields. Pretty crochets hold up their luxuriant bows and we sit at believe we could leap into the air. We are sitting on two temples, one in the village and the other between the village and the hill, present us with a bird's-eye view of their inner courts, surrounded with verandah, and opening toward, like Solomon's porch. Down the stone stairway we go, sometimes sideways, sometimes backward, to rest ourselves by change of occupation. At length we pass under the two trees, which over-arch the bottom step, and are once more down in the world, amongst the Telugus.

At a meeting of an association, there were so many delegates that stabling could not be provided for all their horses, and they were put into pastures. Unorthodoxly, were put into pastures. Father H. got "lost" in the field and died. This was a great loss to the good man, who was very dependent upon his horse for visiting and preaching in the vastened districts of his rural charges. Mr. Dunbar was announced as the preacher for the evening; and it was stated, that at the close of that meeting, a collection would be taken up to aid Elder H. in repaying the horse accidentally killed. With that resolution, for which Mr. Dunbar was no peculiar, he announced as his text in the evening, "And he set him on his own beast, Luke 10, 34." Of course no sketch can be given of the sermon at this place; but an aged minister of Maine who has heard it, says it was very interesting and instructive; and the result proved that it was powerful in accomplishing the good it had in view. When he heard it, he said, "I was so much interested that I found myself lying wounded and half dead by the wayside, had he been without the faithful dumb servant that bears him to the door. He would not, indeed, have passed by on the other side; for there was no such selfishness in him. He would have poured oil and wine into his wounds but he would have been obliged to leave him where he referred to the good Samaritan. He is a man who, when he has seen a man who has been injured, he would have found lying wounded and half dead by the wayside, had he been without the faithful dumb servant that bears him to the door. He would not, indeed, have passed by on the other side; for there was no such selfishness in him. He would have poured oil and wine into his wounds but he would have been obliged to leave him where he referred to the good Samaritan. He is a man who, when he has seen a man who has been injured, he would have found lying wounded and half dead by the wayside, had he been without the faithful dumb servant that bears him to the door.

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That falls as gently as the dew,
I hear it in the leafy bowers
I hear it whispering 'mong the flowers,
I hear it amid refraining showers,
'Tis heard the long day through.

I hear it in the silent night,
I hear it in the evening star,
And when the lightning flashes bright,
And thunder peals disturb the night,
In meadow or on mountain height—I hear it everywhere.

I hear it when the autumn's foot
Has blighted everything below,
And when the dearest ones are lost,
When Death's cold finger they have crossed,
And when the soul is tempest tossed,
It speaks to calm our woe.

I hear it whispering to the soul—
'Be not afraid, for I am I,
Of wind and storm I hold control,
The world is mine from pole to pole
And those that mourn have reached
To greater joys on high.'

'Then know it is thy Saviour's hand
That leadeth through the thorny way;
I've life and death at my command,
And Death whom no one can with- stand
Shall lead thee to the Heavenly land,
And everlasting day.'—Boris.

CHIPS.

Everything keeps its best nature by being put to its best use.—Philips Brooks.

Gratitude for the past, content in the present, and trust in the future, constitute the trinity of happiness.

Religion is not dreaming; it is not imagining; it is not feeling; it is not thinking; it is all these combined, and incarnated in living.—Lyman Abbott.

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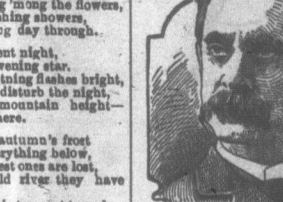
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(Next I. O. B. Station.)
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Manufactures, Tiled and Stone-work, Rustic and Italian Marble, Granite, and other work.

Orders from the country promptly attended to. Satisfaction guaranteed.
Beware of cheap imitations. 100 sets of new style, which I will fill till the lot of grey wool of a large size is gone. Parties intending to buy a large quantity should order early. If you do not buy direct from me and see every count of goods.
CHURCH LIGHT
The pleasant and beneficial effect
Vegetable Syrup

May 22
Sal
BIBL
Adapted fr
Lesson IX.
THE RESU
"The Lord
24: 34.
Christ's re-
surrection in
appearances
1-15; Mark
John 20: 2
THE RESU
I. JESUS R
Very early
(Mark 16: 2)
The stone had
lain in it for
three days—
one day all
ning at three
repeatedly for
on the third
It was the cu
the parts of
THE RESU
II. THE A
resurrection
great earth-
quakes which
quakes which
quakes which
came and the
and the appli-
came forth, a
constituted a
quakes which
came and the
and the appli-
came forth, a
constituted a
quakes which
came and the
and the appli-
came forth, a
constituted a