



J. P. Drotar
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THE
McMASTER UNIVERSITY MONTHLY.

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GEORGE BURMAN FOSTER.

George Burman Foster was born in Monroe Co., West Virginia, April 2, 1857. His grandfather, John Foster, came from England in his boyhood, and served as a soldier in the war of 1812. His father Oliver Cromwell Foster is still living and is engaged in agricultural pursuits in the blue-grass region of West Virginia. At an early age young Foster was seized with a desire for mental culture and was able largely through his own exertions to secure in succession an academic, a collegiate, a university and a full theological course. He secured the diploma of Shelton College in 1879, after four years of study. Before entering upon his college course he had united with a Baptist church on a profession of faith and had consecrated his life to the gospel ministry. He was ordained in 1879 and the same year entered the University of West Virginia, where after four years of earnest application he was graduated with the honors of his class. On the completion of his university course he was united in marriage with Mary Lyon, daughter of Professor F. S. Lyon, and niece of Mary Lyon, the famous founder of Mt. Holyoke Seminary. In 1883 he entered upon a course of theological study in the Rochester Theological Seminary where he gained high distinction as a student and awakened among his teachers high expectations regarding his future career as a teacher.

After his graduation from the Seminary he served successfully for five years as pastor of the First Baptist church, Saratoga, N. Y. In June, 1891, he was appointed Professor of Philosophy in McMaster University, having been recommended to this position in the highest terms by President Strong, of the Rochester Theological Seminary, Professor Reynolds, of the University of West Virginia, and others. Having spent a year in special study in Germany he entered upon his work in McMaster, October, 1892. Denison University, of Granville, O., had shortly before conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Philosophy.

Here he at once won the respect and affection of Faculty, students and governing bodies, by his enthusiastic devotion to his work, by his grasp of the subjects that had been committed to him, by his deeply sympathetic nature, and by his ability to make his work impressive and interesting. His ideals were high and he applied himself with the utmost severity to study. As preacher he was much in demand and many of our churches have pleasant memories of the earnest and thoughtful discourses with which he favored them.

When it was learned early this year that he was about to accept a theological chair in the University of Chicago, strenuous efforts were made by the Board of Governors, the Faculty and the students of our University, to retain his services; but he felt that duty lay in the new sphere, which seemed to him to have been providentially opened for him. He has carried with him to Chicago the good wishes and the high expectations of his Canadian friends. We shall watch his future career with deep interest and we shall be surprised if he do not speedily take his place in the front rank of theological teachers. His four years of special philosophical study have given him the best kind of preparation for teaching theology in a divinity school that forms part of a great modern university.

The following from President A. H. Strong, D.D., LL.D., under whom he studied theology and who has taken a deep interest in his subsequent career, may fittingly close our sketch:

"Dr. G. B. Foster is a man of native breadth and insight. He has the philosophical and theological bent. Training in the schools has given him a generous culture, and he knows the best

that has been written both in English and in German. But Neander's motto especially applies to him : *Pectus est quid theologiae facit.* He loves God and God's word, and a genuine Christian spirit pervades all his instruction. He is one of the few teachers who believe in, and who exhibit, the power of personal character to mould the minds and hearts of their pupils. He will always be an inspiring and elevating influence in any institution with which he is connected, simply because he regards his work as a sacred ministry to be conducted for God, and to be made the means of imparting to students something of the truth and the love of God. He has done noble work in McMaster University, but in the University of Chicago, with larger experience and greater maturity, he will do even a larger and better work ; while he will furnish to that great new institution precisely the element which it has needed—the element of deep religious and spiritual life."

ALBERT H. NEWMAN.

THE INCARNATION.

The Godhead shines in human face,
Heaven's pity weeps through human eyes,
And Mary's fragile arms embrace
The mighty God who built the skies.

Wonder of wonders ! David's Lord
Becomes his son ; and to atone
For human guilt, th' eternal Word
Stoops to the manger from the Throne.

Did ever such extremes unite,
Or natures join, apart so wide ?
He took our nature that He might
Be also God on our side.

D. M. W.

THE CHANCELLOR'S ADDRESS,

DELIVERED AT MCMASTER UNIVERSITY OPENING, OCTOBER, 1895.

The legend of McMaster University, "In Christ all things consist," equally on account of its source and its ruling idea must excite more than a curious or fleeting interest. Embedded in the literatures of ancient Greece and Rome there are many clever apothegms which have been regarded as exactly fitted to be the mottoes of institutions of higher learning: it is significant that, in the selection of a motto for McMaster University, these were left and a text of Scripture taken. It is significant also that the motto of this university, almost alone of academic legends, contains no allusion to the gains and honours with which the world is accustomed to reward men who study laboriously and patiently. By the choice for the legend of our university of this divinely inspired sentence, which sets forth a basal principle of the Christian faith, the conviction is published that young men and women, while preparing for the great duties and responsibilities of life, need a clear vision of Christ rather than an alluring sight of the grandeurs and glories of this world.

As a text the meaning of this motto is sublimely comprehensive. In all literature there is not a statement concerning Christ greater or more daring. It is impossible for the human imagination to explore all that the thought involves: "In Christ all things hold together,"—all things in this world and in all worlds, whether they be minute atoms or boundless magnitudes, feeble insects or mighty angels, trembling dewdrops or majestic oceans, fretted pools or tranquil skies: thrones, dominions, principalities or powers; "for in Him we are all things created, in the heavens and upon the earth, things visible and things invisible." Christ, therefore, when presented to us as the "image of the invisible God," is seen to be the mightiest force, the fullest life and the supremest majesty of the universe.

This text, however, published as the legend of a university, has a meaning other than that which exegesis yields. It becomes then a creed, with wide horizons, profound depths and glorious heights, which imposes upon those who recite it the duty of

absolute subjection to the example and lordship of Christ. If then he is to be our example, what is he? And if we are to call him Lord, whither do his commands lead? Let us know that he is more than a great Power: he is a great Man. He is more than a faraway Splendour distantly lighting up our present gloom: he is a Servant waiting to minister to the needs of our ignorant, weak, wayward humanity, "for the Son of Man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give his life a ransom for many." This legend, therefore, when changed into a creed, not only exalts to the place of lordship the Anointed of God, but declares that it is the Servant, the great, humble Minister of the human race, whom men ought most faithfully to imitate and obey.

McMaster University is not a Pharisee; wears no broad phylactery; is not inclined to mock God and mislead men by a pretentious use of texts from which her heart is far away. Our legend is our creed. We confess it reverently, and in the name of our Lord accept the responsibility which is involved in that confession. A service, a ministry, great in extent, exacting in nature, wearying in the ceaselessness of its recurring duties, is demanded of us, and we acknowledge fully the righteousness of that demand. This university does not come to this generation asking to be ministered unto, but offering to minister, and to give the fulness of her life for the help of many. Her professors are men who believe in God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost; confess themselves to be sinners saved by grace; and realize, in some large measure, the sacredness of that ministry of teaching to which they have devoted their lives. Her students, with hardly an exception, are godly young men and women, who are eager to spend their lives in some noble service, and whether as ministers, teachers, physicians or leaders of affairs, to be still in some true and holy sense ambassadors for Christ. In prayer the academic year begins and ends; each day of the year, almost each hour, is hallowed by prayer. If therefore there is any failure to realize the high ideals of service to which our legend summons us, this must be attributed to human infirmity and imperfection, and not to indifference or arrogance.

In undertaking to discharge the obligations of our sacred mission, it becomes our duty both to teach and to train the

young men and women who look to us for guidance in their studies. This duty is a sacred trust. It is no light thing to be the teachers of those upon whom shall come the various trials and vast responsibilities of to-morrow. This is an intellectually expensive age, and he who makes the journey of life during the next fifty years will meet large demands upon his store of knowledge. As never before in the history of the world, the way of empty handed ignorance will be fraught with privation, distress and shame. It therefore must be the teacher's care that his students shall be abundantly furnished with the silver and gold and precious stones of knowledge, and that they do not start out upon their long journey burdened with mean coins or base counterfeits.

McMaster University exists for the teaching rather than the pursuit of truth. Much of the educational work of the present day is a menace to all that is holiest in faith and loftiest in morality because it is moulded in form and determined in spirit by the contrary of this principle. We are not now denying that there is truth to pursue; but we do most confidently and solemnly affirm that there is truth to teach. However vast may be the domain of the unexplored and unknown, it is yet true that something is known. Some truths are ours by the discoveries and attestation of the ages, and others by the unequivocal revelation of God. Such truths as have been abundantly proven or clearly revealed we dare to teach without apology or hesitation, while before such truths we dare not take the attitude of the denier, the doubter or the agnostic. Because it is our aim to send forth from this institution of learning, into the various spheres of responsibility and influence which educated men and women find, scholars whose opinions of truth and whose principles of conduct shall not be a fatiguing weight upon their own souls nor a source and occasion of irreligion in the communities in which they live, we seek earnestly and persistently to keep God in our thoughts and in all our teachings. Because truth is infinitely more than a mathematical formula, a scientific law or a philosophical statement, and that laws, principles, relations and revelations, come into the realm of truth only when those persons who discern and receive them are consciously subject to God in his relation to that which they have received,

we hold that in all true teaching and learning God must be in all and over all, to incite and to restrain, to purify and to mould, to guide and to inspire; and we maintain with an earnestness born of some knowledge of the perils of this age, that the lack of this conscious and confessed subjection to God in an institution of learning ought to be regarded as an inexcusable and fatal deficiency.

The mission of our university includes the work of training as well as teaching. Sometimes the question has been raised whether consecrated money ought to be used to furnish a literary education to our young people. This question can be proposed only when it is forgotten that the human mind is as much in need of development as of enrichment, and that a proper training can be given only where both tasks and environment are fit. If it is a religious act to give a man a sickle when the harvest waits the reaping, it cannot be an irreligious act to teach him how to reap and how to sustain his strength while reaping. If it is a part of religion to teach men true and noble ideas, it must also be a part of religion to teach them how to use these ideas nobly and effectively. Literary training has been given often with false aims and worldly motives. Culture has been sought for gain or pleasure or adornment. The arts college has been looked upon as tributary only to worldly success and power. But over against these false conceptions there stands a true conception, which we do well to honour. There is a pursuit of literary training which is as devout, unselfish and religiously earnest as any pursuit of theological furnishing can be. This is seen when young men, because they are eager for large service in the name of Christ, spend years in the fuller discipline of their mental powers, and in the acquisition of that knowledge which shall put them at an advantage in future Godly toils, having in all their tasks an eye single to God's glory, and realizing that the best offerings of a quickened intelligence and a carefully disciplined character are not too much to lay upon the altar of divine service.

For our children we have great and holy ambitions. We desire to see them equipped and anointed leaders in their day and generation. We are praying continually that God will accept them as His servants. If these hopes are to be realized

our children must be well furnished intellectually, rich morally, and possessed of a faith at once intelligent, strong, simple and childlike. It therefore becomes necessary to create conditions which shall be favorable at the same time to the growth of both mind and character, conditions in which true ideas are imparted and intellect is quickened and moulded, while before the minds of the students, in all the stress and success of their daily life, its monotony or variety, its tasks or pastimes, there are kept constantly those great religious ideals of which we have been speaking to-night. Such conditions have been created in our university. Here high literary standards co-exist with high spiritual ideals, and the severest industry in study runs concurrently with the constant exercise of a simple piety. Thus to relate scholarship and godliness is essential to a proper development. Intellectual training, unaccompanied by the cultivation of the spiritual life, is both incomplete and dangerous, and he who thinks that literary development and the progress of the religious life in the soul are not compatible has reasoned carelessly. Not until the juice cannot fill the grape without injury to the vine, nor the blood flow vigorously through our veins without harming the body, need we look upon religion as an unmannerly intruder upon our busy, studious days. The religion of Christ is not the product of a chemist's experiment, the proper place of which is some ecclesiastical laboratory, but a life current which ought to be in full flow wherever man is, and most of all where man is young and growing; and therefore it should be abundant and strong in our colleges and universities. This is at once an explanation and a commendation of the distinguishing characteristic of our own university.

In years McMaster University is yet a child, but in achievement she already has shown herself possessed of mature and ample powers; and if the past may be read as a prophecy of the future, there is sufficient reason to believe that her ministry to this generation shall be both Christian in spirit and of an extent and quality which shall command universal respect and admiration.

Eleven years ago, as I went from the theological seminary to the responsibilities of the pastorate, a friend, whose eloquent lips have lately turned to dust, said to me, in earnest counsel,

"Give yourself in love to your people. This is essential to success in the ministry." To that advice I sought to give heed, and God did not withhold his blessing. Five years ago I was called to the pastorate of the Bloor Street Baptist Church in this city, and as I came to my duties here I remembered, and sought to heed, that former wise and Christian counsel; and again my work was not unfruitful. As I turn to my new duties this same advice, hallowed by years, and by the translation to heaven of him who gave it, comes to me once more, and I wish to obey its imperative injunction. To-night, without reserve or discrimination, I give myself in love to the professors and the students of McMaster University, to serve with them in this new ministry, this changed pastorate, praying that God will accept the service for the sake of his Son, in whom all things consist, and to whom we offer to-night our complete allegiance and most joyful adoration.

O. C. S. WALLACE.

THE DRAGONFLY.

I.

Winged wonder of motion
In splendor of sheen,
Cruising the shining blue
Waters all day,
Smit with hunger of heart
And seized of a quest
Which nor beauty of flower
Nor promise of rest
Has charm to appease
Or slacken or stay,—
 What is it you seek,
 Unopen, unseen?

II.

Are you blind to the sight
Of the heavens of blue,
Or the wind-fretted clouds
On their white, airy wings,
Or the emerald grass
That velvets the lawn,
Or glory of meadows
Ablaze like the dawn ?
Are you deaf to the note
In the woodland that rings
With the song of the White Throat,
As crystal as dew ?

III.

Winged wonder of motion
In splendor of sheen,
Stay, stay a brief moment
Thy hither and thither
Quick-beating wings,
Thy flashes of flight ;
And tell me thy heart,
Is it sad, is it light,
Is it pulsing with fears
Which scorch it and wither,
Or joys that up-well
In a girdle of green ?

IV.

"O breather of words
And poet of life,
I tremble with joy,
I flutter with fear !
Ages it seemeth,
Yet only to-day

Into this world of
Gold sunbeams at play,
I came from the deeps.
 O crystalline sphere !
 O beauteous light !
 O glory of life !

V.

“ On the watery floor
Of this sibilant lake,
I lived in the twilight dim ;
‘ There’s a world of Day,’
Some pled, ‘ a world
Of ether and wings athrob
Close over our head.’
‘ It’s a dream, it’s a whim,
A whisper of reeds,’ they said,—
 And anon the waters would sob.
And ever the going
Went on to the dead
Without the glint of a ray,
 And the watchers watched
In their vanishing wake.

VI.

“ The passing
Passed for aye,
And the waiting
Waited in vain !
Some power seemed to enfold
The tremulous waters around,
Yet never in heat
Nor in shrivelling cold,
Nor darkness deep or gray,
Came token of sound or touch,—
A clear unquestioned ‘ Yea ’ !

And the scoffers scoffed,
 In swelling refrain,
 'Let us eat and drink,
 For to-morrow we die.'

VII.

"But, O, in a trance of bliss,
 With gauzy wings I awoke!
 An eestacy bore me away
 O'er field and meadow and plain.
 I thought not of recent pain,
 But revelled, as splendors broke
 From sun and cloud and air,
 In the eye of golden Day."

VIII.

"I'm yearning to break
 To my fellows below
 The secret of ages hoar;
 In the quick-flashing light
 I dart up and down,
 Forth and back, everywhere,
 But the waters are sealed
 Like a pavement of glass,—
 Sealed that I may not pass.
 O for waters of air!
 Or the wing of an eagle's might
 To cleave a pathway below!"

IX.

And the Dragonfly in splendor
 Cruises ever o'er the lake,
 Holding in his heart a secret
 Which in vain he seeks to break.

THEODORE H. RAND.

"LA REVEILLE."

"Tis a clear, frosty night in December. The starlight glistens on the snow. The ice crackles under the step, and the breath freezes on the air. 'Tis a night for the sleigh-bells to ring out their merriest jingle, and for a hearty greeting to fall on the ear with a more than usually cheerful sound.

The old-fashioned little church at Lichfield has put on its most hospitable appearance—an appearance at best certainly not imposing, for it is a rustic, dingy little place. However, it has done its best to be cheerful. Its huge stove glows with genial warmth, if not with polish, and through its four windows streams the brilliancy of its seven lamps.

You smile, reader, but still in this humble place the sovereign of the heavens deigns to meet with man, and listen to his poor petitions. Listen to the song of praise rising like precious incense from a rude censor. Softly, in low, quivering tones, it rises at first, then louder and louder it swells, as one and another join in the strain:

"Come thou fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy praise."

Deep, solemn, touching old hymn! The little church rings with the melody, and the clear air bears its echo upwards towards the heavens—a sweet tribute of thanksgiving to the Omnipotent.

The hour of prayer and praise is ended. The honest farmers press around the minister to wish him good e'en, in their kindest manner. For a few moments the air resounds with hearty greetings and the merry jingle of bells, but soon the old meeting house, notwithstanding its hospitable air, is left almost tenantless.

Three individuals still remain. One is the old man who has charge of the church, the others are deacon McDonald and deacon Smily. That is deacon Caleb McDonald who stands at the left side of the stove—a tall, fat old gentleman, in a large overcoat. He is about sixty years of age, a model picture of a sturdy Scotch-Canadian farmer. You would not call his face handsome, yet it is one of which the deacon need not be ashamed. A large, well-shaped mouth, with an expression made up of two parts Scotch caution and three parts American shrewdness, a long nose,

and sharp, gray eyes, which have a faculty for looking in all directions at the same time, without giving their owner the disadvantage of a squint. These eyes have won for the deacon a notoriety among the small boys of the neighborhood, among whom he is known by the name of "Caleb the Faithful Spy;" and certainly very few things escape his observation. Many a fine lark has been entirely brought to naught by his quick-sightedness.

Yes, Caleb McDonald is a clever, shrewd old gentleman, but he is not a general favorite. "The Faithful Spy" is the most complimentary of his numerous titles. He is also known as "Old Screw," "Stingy Caleb," and "Skin-flint,"—names of whose uncomplimentary character there can be no doubt. The fact is, that when the deacon began life with the wide world as a potato garden and his hands as working capital, a dollar was a large sum; and now that he has become the richest farmer in the township, a dollar is still a dollar, and is not to be lightly parted with.

Though mankind in general, and beggars and collectors for charitable purposes in particular, do not give the deacon a high name for liberality, still he does help to support his own church. When he sells his wheat, instead of putting all the proceeds into the bank, as we must confess he sometimes feels his evil genius prompting him to do, he silences the wicked one immediately, and with a comfortable sense of having gained a moral victory over the sins of the flesh, he lays aside the sum for the *cause*. Now if the gift is valued by the amount of sacrifice and moral effort required to give it, deacon McDonald's moderate donation must be exceedingly precious. In addition to this yearly amount, the deacon generally gives twenty-five cents towards a donation for the minister, and if potatoes are plentiful and the deacon finds it rather difficult to dispose of his, the minister is sent a bag or two. If a storm comes on and blows some plums off the deacon's trees, they are placed in the garret to ripen, and the minister is sent a share of them. In short, whenever a chance occurs of showing the minister's family a kindness of this description, the deacon always improves it.

Caleb McDonald is an honest man; he never cheats anyone, though he understands how to drive a clever bargain. He is a

deacon of Lichfield church, gives a sum in *hard cash* every year towards *the cause*, gives twenty-five cents now and then towards a donation for the pastor, and occasionally sends a present to the minister's family. He owns the best two hundred acre farm in the neighborhood, has the best house, orchard and cattle in the county, and a good many thousands lying snugly in the bank. In fact he is an eminently respectable member of society. Why do they call him "old skin-flint?"

Well, we have given you an introduction to deacon McDonald, with an appendix ; and now it is time we took a look at his companion, deacon Smily—quite another person. Small, wiry, with a smart, elastic step, and a face the perpetual picture of his name: a small mouth, the corners of which have a decided propensity to curve upward ; a pair of laughing black eyes, and a shock of curly brown hair, dashed here and there with silver. Everyone agrees with the boys that deacon Smily is a "regular brick." We shall not praise him too much for his liberality—though his hand is as open as his heart—because it probably costs him less to hand over twenty-five dollars than it does deacon McDonald to unclasp his fingers from *twenty-five cents*. There is less *high moral effort* wanted.

The two old farmers were soon seated in deacon Smily's sleigh. Deacon McDonald often takes a seat with his friend, as by this arrangement his horses are fresh for the morning's work. "Brother," said deacon Smily, when they had driven on quickly for a few moments, "I have a few calls to make if you do not object. I promised to see poor Martha Monrow, and, by the way, you are a deacon, and might come along. She'd be delighted to see you. Here we are at the place," and in a moment the lithe little man was standing at the door, with a basket on his arm, and his burly companion by his side.

The door was opened by a tidy Scotch woman, who heartily welcomed deacon Smily, and though she looked surprised at the sight of his companion, she gave them both a cordial invitation into a neat little room, at the one end of which was the sick girl's bed. Poor Martha was indeed a sufferer. For five long years had she been a prisoner to her couch, but she still was cheerful. Christianity was a power with her, which held firmly to her one bright hope after all other hopes had taken wing and fled. Dea-

con Smily immediately crossed the room and spoke to the invalid : " Well, Martha, how do you feel to-day ? " At the first sound of the cheery voice, the sick girl's pale face lighted up, and she stretched out her hand eagerly to the visitor. " I have had one of my bad spells to-day, but I am better now, thank you." Her eyes fell on the second visitor, and deacon Smily said, " Martha, this is deacon McDonald ; you remember him, don't you ? " " O yes, very well," and with one of her brightest smiles, she held out her hand to the deacon. 'Twas a thin white hand, and somehow as his large hand closed upon it, a strange feeling came over him. Deacon McDonald had a warm corner in his heart, and that pale-faced, gentle sufferer seemed to reach it by the shortest way. The last time he had seen her she was a rosy, romping girl, and now upon her pale face there was plainly written the sufferings of the years gone by. Something like remorse, too, mingled in his thoughts. He had done nothing during all these years to help her to bear her heavy burden. He stood quietly by while Deacon Smily spoke to her comforting and tender words. He saw her eyes brighten at the sight of the ripe golden pears which the deacon had brought her, and all this time feelings which long had slumbered in Caleb McDonald's heart awoke and swelled and surged in his breast. He had a sister once, who died long, long ago ; faded away day by day until she became too frail and beautiful for earth, and took her flight for the regions of bliss. 'Twas long since he had thought of her, but now memory was fresh and vivid. As he followed deacon Smily from the sick girl's room, he brushed something like a tear from his cheek, and inwardly determined that one of the boxes of peaches in his cellar should find its way to the invalid on the morrow.

The avenue, once opened to the deacon's heart, was not quickly closed. A visit to Widow Martin determined him to send her a load of wood. As he followed deacon Smily from one scene of suffering to another, and marked the glow of sunshine this good man's presence cast over the most dismal scenes, an enthusiasm began to kindle in his breast. The tiny spark of Christianity, which had been almost smothered by worldliness, now began to brighten into a ruddy blaze; the slumberer was awaking.

"Twas late before Caleb McDonald went to bed that night. He sat in his large arm-chair, and the fire-light from the large wide hearth shone upon a ponderous volume on his knee. Over his countenance stole a softened expression as he read with a new interest the old, old story of Him who was rich yet for our sakes became poor.

Since that night many have been the blessings invoked upon Caleb McDonald's head, and "Old Skin-flint" is a title no longer used. The deacon's head is growing whiter, his step more uncertain; before many suns roll round, he will pass from this to the other side. But he is happy in the thought, and in that day many will rise up to call him blessed.

Tyro, 1876.

E. A. C.

TO A COMRADE.

Give me thy hand, for many years have fled
 Since we as comrades wrought on India's strand,
 And moons have waned, and friends have passed away;
 Give me thy hand.

The world rolls on with its bright sister orbs,
 That pass and repass in their paths of light;
 Great rivers flow, their drops return in rain,
 We meet to-night.

One will there is that guides those radiant spheres,
 One love alone can reach the sons of men,
 No joy is found in wanderings wild, until
 They turn again.

And so to thee, though many voices call
 With Babel accents, in that Orient land;
 Friends may grow cold, yet when we meet again
 Give me thy hand.

R. GARSIDE, '95 (Th)

THE PRELUDE.

The voice of the singer is silent now ;
 His fingers pass over the keys ;
 The notes of the organ are sweetly low,
 Now dying away on the breeze.

The quaver, the swell, and the joyous tone,
 In concord their music prolong ;
 And twilight is sweetened amid the strain :
 The singer commences his song.

O sweet was the prelude he played to-night ;
 But sweeter the song that is heard ;
 The sadness of mortals is hushed to rest,
 Deep joy in each spirit is stirred.

The tones are all tenderly sweet, for now,
 Not sounds that are carelessly wrong ;
 But perfect the harmony sounding far :
 The prelude is heard through the song.

O Christian ! play well, play thy prelude now,
 'Tis short, for it ceases with Time ;
 The song will be sung through eternity,
 Though endless, all perfect, divine.

Play carefully now, let no harshness mar
 The music, the righteous may own,
 For mortals so eagerly watch each day
 To witness a harsh, ruffled tone.

O sweeten thy prelude with God's high praise,
 And strengthen by might from above,
 That mortals, while list'ning, may deeply long
 To play the same music of love.

Harmonious then be the chords you strike,
 All perfect in praise, though not long,
 For oft in the music that floats thro' heaven,
 The prelude is heard through the song.

THE DEACON'S SALOON.

[The following poem by the Professor of Latin in the Connecticut Literary Institution (Baptist), Suffield, was used with marked effect in the recent campaign against the Gothenburg liquor plan in that State. Our thanks are due to our old friend the author for sending it to us.—ED.]

"O friends, you ought to come and see good temperance deacon Brown.

He runs a Gothenburg saloon, the only one in town.

He sells his whiskey, gin and rum in the new Norwegian way,
Which makes it just as pious to sell whiskey as to pray.

The deacon's shop is fitted up in a most uncommon style,
With Scripture mottoes on the walls—it's enough to make you smile.

A Bible stands upon the bar—a hymn-book, too, they say,
With every bottle that he sells he gives a tract away.

The parson sometimes takes a hand to help the deacon out,
And oft the brethren, wandering in, stand solemnly about.
" You can't suppress this evil " they say with sweet accord ;
" So we'll try to cheat the devil while we make him serve the Lord."

So they build their schools and churches with the profits of the
" biz "

And they all rejoice to serve the Lord in such a way as this.
And they vote those churches all " dead slow " who work for
" Kingdom come,"

With only " holy water " where they might have gin and rum.

And yet they say that Widow Smith, when her only son lay
dead

With the deacon's tract beside him and a bottle near his head,
Could never see the difference—so very clear to some—
Between Pat Murphy's whiskey, and the pious deacon's rum.

ALFRED H. EVANS.

Students' Quarter.

THE INFLUENCE OF SPENSER UPON SUCCEEDING POETS.

(Concluded.)

And now, lest our subject, however interesting, prove too enticing, we must be content to sketch rapidly the history of Spenser's influence down to modern times, beginning with the artificially-cut verse of Pope, in imitation and perfection of his leader, Dryden. Style, subject, sources were now all changing, and men read Spenser less. Yet Pope declares that he never lost enthusiasm for *The Faerie Queene*, and admired it greatly throughout his life. His criticism of Trevisan's demeanour after his escape from Despair shows acute appreciation. In his *Discourse on Pastoral Poetry*, he praises Spenser with discrimination; and in many of his *Juvenile Poems* acknowledges his indebtedness. *The Dunciad* contains similar confessions, evincing considerable knowledge of the epic. Spenser declares in his very first stanza that

'Fierce warres and faithful loves shall moralize his song,'

and Pope borrows the concluding phrase in his *Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot*:

"Not in fancy's maze he wandered long,
But stooped to truth, and moralized his song."

Such contemporaries as Ambrose Philips, Gay and Prior were also swayed by Spenser, especially as regards the pastoral.

Omitting mention of the poets that clustered within the dying school of Pope, we pass on to find not only a reviving interest in classics, but a conscious awakening in the field of criticism and knowledge of poet-lore. Enthusiasm spread and the past was eagerly ransacked. Many a forgotten poet found his long-delayed deserts at the hand of posterity, and it is not, therefore, remarkable that a second Spenserian school arose, animated by the master's grand old spirit. Warton produced a meritorious essay on *The Faerie Queene*; William Shenstone wrote his *School-mistress* in imitation; James Thomson followed suit in his *Castle*

of *Indolence*, 1784; and James Beattie also, in *The Minstrel* of twenty-three years later. This group also observed a rigid adherence to the Spenserian stanza, which has been favoured by many later poets, and of which a brief notice should here be given.

This peculiar stanzaic form is certainly entitled to its name, being Spenser's own invention. Doubtless the Italian 'ottava rima' proved grateful and suggestive to our poet as well as Chaucer's basal form, but Spenser's stanza is far the more noble and melodious. The concluding Alexandrine affords a perfect finishing touch, and is triumphantly adapted for climactic effect, whether of humour, pride or pathos. The form must invariably help, rather than retard, the expression of every good poet. As *Emerson says of Spenser, 'in his rhythm is no manufacture, but a vortex, or musical tornado, which, falling on words and the experience of a learned mind, whirls these materials into the same grand order as planets and moons obey, and seasons, and monsoons.'

The more modern throng is so large and representative of innumerable phases of personal and historical influence that trepidation characterizes our approach, and the conviction that adequate treatment is impossible within this limited scope deters us from too ambitious an attempt. We are content to select the three distinctive groups of Wordsworth and Coleridge; Byron, Shelley and Keats; and Tennyson and the Brownings. Even of these we must say but little.

Swinburne and Rossetti concur in praising Coleridge for high lyrical excellence, and in this field particularly may fruitful comparison with Spenser be achieved. Dean Church has shown, significantly enough, that Spenser's great and varying picture is the literal rendering of Coleridge's lines:

"All thoughts, all passions, all delights,
Whatever stirs this mortal frame,
All are but ministers of Love,
And feed his sacred flame."

Wordsworth, the spiritual philosopher, the revealer of the holiness and glory of Nature, read Spenser with delight. Yet Spenser's Nature may be termed humanistic, and he made no

*On "Poetry and Imagination."

effort to interpret her moods and being, while Wordsworth's whole history of the soul is tinged with and interpreted by the philosophy of Nature. Wordsworth thus may be said to have inaugurated a new departure in English poetry; thoughtful observation, careless of expression, is sometimes noble, but often rude; and studied seclusion tended unduly to self-exaltation. Poets *need* an external world, real and vivid; and the recluse is sure to be one-sided. So much for Wordsworth's theory and method. There is a modern and fatal restriction, precluding the possibility of such keen, excited, and exultant vision as Spenser's.

At Cambridge, Wordsworth naturally dreamed of those great poets who had there been received and nurtured in youthful days. As his spirit felt the beauty of the place he thought that

“Scarcely Spenser's self
Could have more tranquil visions in his youth,
Or could more bright appearances create
Of human forms with superhuman powers,
Then I beheld loitering on calm clear nights
Alone, beneath this fairy work of earth,”

an early indication of his intelligent affection (if we may so speak) for Spenser, whom, indeed, in after years, he and Coleridge read together with as much enthusiasm as Homer inspired in the hearts of Keats and Cowden Clarke.

The stanzas written in his pocket-copy of Thomson's *Castle of Indolence* are noteworthy as both a self-revelation and a remarkably successful imitation of the Spenserian style and stanza. *Artegal and Elidure* shows similarity in subject, tone and treatment. But the preface to *The White Doe of Rylstone*, in point of feeling, appreciation and sympathetic imitation is Wordsworth's best recorded tribute to Spenser. We quote the first stanza:—

“In trellised shed with clustering roses gay,
And, Mary ! oft beside our blazing fire,
When years of wedded life were as a day
Whose current answers to the heart's desire,
Did we together read in Spenser's lay,
How Una, sad of soul—in sad attire,
The gentle Una, born of heavenly birth,
To seek her knight went wandering o'er the earth.”

Many other examples could be cited,—let these suffice. Spenser affected Wordsworth, because both were high moral poets, revering the beautiful, worshipping the true, differing in method and perception, but united in honest and noble aims.

What an antithesis in Byron, the active, clever, passionate genius! We can find everything in him but a heartfelt satisfaction. Polished and satirical as Pope and Dryden, loyal as those of old to Nature, but reflecting himself upon his visions, and then again half-unconsciously, but altogether impetuously, following Wordsworth's spirit, however much he affected to despise it, he certainly presents a strange coalition of poetical instinct, intellectual influence, fateful circumstances, and a genius like a Fury, that drove him on forever. Byron cannot be called noble, but Spenser was. The one could be hypocritical, but not the other. Byron revelled in evil, Spenser related it fearlessly, as one to whom "all things were pure." Byron drummed experimental snatches upon the organ of the universe, merely to please himself; Spenser played from a brave poetic soul harmonies and melodies for all who would be charmed. The differences were wide, so that Byron heard but little from his fellow-poet.

Spenser, however, gave Byron his stanza for *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, in the preface to which he remarks that "the stanza of Spenser, according to one of our most successful poets, admits of every variety," and proceeds to quote Beattie's praise of the measure, concluding with the assertion of his own conviction that failure, if it comes, "must be in the execution rather than in the design, sanctioned by the practice of Ariosto, Thomson, and Beattie." But failure did not come.

Shelley, the supreme and swift dictator of the Imagination, rightly accorded it the first place in his being. He understood Wordsworth as Byron would not, and he too invested Nature with spirit. But methods again differed: Wordsworth saw all as the reflective philosopher, Shelley, in the image of Love. Anxious, sensitive, ecstatic soul! *Epipsychedion* is his involuntary autobiography. However carefully intellect served him, his utterance grew more passionate, quick, intense. His love was boundless, choking. He reached the point of over-satiation, of too keen joy,—

“Woe is me !
The winged words on which my soul would pierce
Into the heights of Love's rare Universe,
Are chains of lead around its flight of fire.
I pant, I sink, I tremble, I expire !”

The Spenserian stanza readily revealed his genius. *The Revolt of Islam* and *Adonais* have caught up the form and absorbed it to perfection, albeit some stateliness is curiously absent, though necessarily so. *Stanzas written in Dejection, near Naples* are in a measure adapted from the Spenserian, and exceedingly harmonious. Shelley was free and new and wonderful, and though he loved Spenser, his own flowing song was paramount. In *The Skylark*, however, where he has adopted the device of ending the stanza with an Alexandrine, (probably Spenser's stanza still rang in his ears), he has

“And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest,”

while Spenser's Una

“. . . praying still did wake, and waking did lament.”

Keats cries: I have known him ! Keats,—the large-eyed, melancholy Greek, full of love and reverence, vision, murmur, and melody. His life presents curious analogies with that of Spenser, of whom also he was a fervent, though not exclusive, disciple. Both were often dominated by sound and music, exquisitely sensitive as they were to sweetness of tone. Craik has it that the true poet alone can judge the essence of song, the musical element, such power over language belonging to only the “greatest poets—in Spenser especially, whose poetry is ever as rich with the charm of music as with that of picture, and who makes us feel in so many a victorious stanza that there is nothing his wonder-working mastery over words cannot make them do for him.”

At sixteen, Keats obtained *The Faerie Queene*, and read it with immediate effect. Week after week he shouted over it in the ears of Cowden Clarke. “He ramped through the scenes of the romance, says his friend and tutor, “like a young horse turned into a spring meadow.” With what keen relish the boy devoured the poem may well be judged by the extent of its influence upon his future work. He early employed the Spenserian

stanza in some bantering verses about his comrade Charles Armitage Brown, in April, 1819, though his first experiment was made at the age of 19, *In Imitation of Spenser*, followed by the fragment of *Calidore*. Spenser's impulse chiefly urged expression. In 1817 Keats produced his first volume, with the characteristic motto from Spenser on its title-page :—

What more felicity can fall to creature
Than to enjoy delight with liberty ?

His last long poem, *The Cap and Bells*, is written in Spenserians. His master's *Pastorella* appealed strongly to his poetic mind, so that he embodied her story in *Endymion*. All through his poetry, indeed, *The Faerie Queene* appears by allusion and insertion. He even undertook to write a new conclusion to Canto Five, of Spenser's Second Book. Spenser's influence swayed Keats from first to last, though we would not claim persistent domination, nor, indeed, was it continually paramount. *The Eve of St. Agnes*, in the Spenserian stanza, excellently exemplifies our opening remarks on Keats,—it is dreamy, picturesque, beautiful, and owes its all to sound.

Spenser's fierce lion, rushing towards Una, suddenly pauses, cowed and amazed by the Beauty of Truth.

“ O how can beautie maister the most strong,
And simple truth subdue avenging wrong ! ”

for indeed, as Keats has it

“ Beauty is truth, truth beauty.”

Spenser describes the wiles of Phaedria over Guyon :

“ By this she had him lulléd fast asleepe,”

followed by Keats in *La Belle Dame sans Merci* :

“ And there she lulléd me asleep,”

his first manuscript reading :

“ And there we slumbered on the moss.”

Certainly Spenser first gave Keats the key into the garden of fairy-land, music and enchantment, and proved ever after a choice companion.

We have spoken somewhat of Tennyson, with regard to his treatment of King Arthur. In 1872, Buxton Forman produced a criticism of "Our Living Poets," which *The Quarterly Review* at once proceeded to demolish. Tennyson's "Arthur" is declared to be artificial and non-existent. *The Idylls* are representative of modern thought and interests, while Arthur is ancient and improbable. To this we would reply that the poetic colouring and scenery are second only to the poetic occasion itself, while both are indispensable. It is claimed by others that 'Arthur is a modern gentleman,' and we do not demur. Human passions are world-lasting, and sense wars as fiercely against soul to-day as ever before. The action of the epic is an universal action. It is no mistake to resort to allegory where it has its own delights and can ensure the dual symmetry. If such objections should prevail, what of *Lycidas*, or of *The Faerie Queene* itself? Matthew Arnold terms poetry a "criticism of life," using the phrase in its broadest sense. This Tennyson accomplishes, and with the inestimable help of choice diction, clear-cut style, and artistic arrangement.

It is right that the Arthurian literature should have grown, and strange that its volume is not greater, for its hero is the ideal man, often naturally identified with Christ himself. Joseph of Exeter declared that "the old world knows not his peer, nor will the future show us his equal,—he alone towers over all other kings, better than the past ones, and greater than those that are to be;" Alberic:—

"Hic jacet Arturus, flos regum, gloria regni,
Quem probitas morum commendat laude perenni,"

and Sharon Turner: "all human perfection was collected in Arthur." Joyfully, then, Spenser and Tennyson turned to such an ideal, and realized their poetic purposes by realizing him.

There can be no good turn served by squabbling about *The Idylls*; 'hypocritical' and 'unreal' are words that show deplorable blindness or wilful perversity. Jacobs objects that Tennyson's epic is not an epic at all, or, at best, only a literary one. But his definition is designed to exclude all allegory, and appears trifling and arbitrary. An epic is an heroic narrative, which Sidney calls the best and most accomplished kind of poetry.

The introduction of a moral need not make it didactic. It is true, indeed, that the necessity of maintaining perfect proportion is an excellent opportunity for the exhibition of skill, and a distinct addition to poetic merit and achievement. Spenser's story has more sensuous charm, Tennyson's a more symmetrical balance.

The late poet-laureate, like Spenser and Milton, loved the classical; like Keats, he caught the antique spirit itself. His lyrics are unsurpassed. He is to the Victorians what Spenser was to the Elizabethans,—the singer of the tones that rule the times, the artist conscious of his work and subject. Tennyson is clearer and more brilliant, Spenser warmer and more spontaneous.

It is interesting to note how well Tennyson catches *Spenser's description of the sword Excalibur, and turns it to his own use. Jewellery abounds in both descriptions, but †Tennyson's is the more keen and gleaming. He is less enthusiastic about Arthur's accoutrements, making him ride

“ . . . a simple knight among his knights,”

while Spenser devotes eight stanzas to Arthur's personal appearance. Both poets agree upon the legend of *The Holy Grail*, but Spenser grants it scanty space. The Merlin of *The Faerie Queene* is not at all mysterious, but launches forth into explicit narration of the lineage and race of Arthegall, son of Gorlois. Both poets have disposed their material to excellent advantage.

Spenser often requires a whole stanza in which to tell the time of day, an easy grandeur quite in keeping with his broad, uplifting, transforming embrace of all the heterogeneous elements, commonplace or extraordinary, that go to make up *The Faerie Queene*. For example, (we quote part of a stanza only):—

“ By this the northerne wagoner had set
His sevenfold teme behind the stedfast starre
That was in ocean waves yet never wet,
But firme is sixt, and sendeth light from farre
To all tha in the wide deepe wandring arre.”

**The Faerie Queene*, Book One, Canto Seven.

†*Idylls of the King*, *The Coming and the Passing of Arthur*.

This no doubt suggested Tennyson's lines in *In Memoriam*:

"The brook shall babble down the plain,
At noon or when the lesser wain
Is twisting round the polar star."

Little need here be said of Browning; as the modern Christian poet he possesses many philosophical advantages over Spenser and Milton, but the three confound all comers with the faith defended. Browning, however, in his genius and performance, is alone; influencing far more than influenced; swimming across the Gulf-stream rather than carried down its current. As to form, his *Misconceptions* appears to be a haphazard half-imitation of Spenser's stanza. But his beautiful companion had loved old "Colin Clout," and of her we must speak a moment.

Mrs. Browning's classicism was more like Keats' than Milton's in its warm and kindred touch, but she is nevertheless a distinct modern, and knows how to make her aids subservient. With Spenser, she sat at the feet of Homer and Plato, and could not be satiated. Her reading was wonderful in extent and sympathy. Italy welcomed both the Brownings in her passionate embrace, and impelled their work as never before, not in Milton's life, still less in that of Spenser. In the sixteenth century, however, Wyatt and Surrey came back from Italy and sang the first note of modern poetry, which inspiration is the lasting glory of the land of Petrarch. They were the beginners of the amourist poetry in England, "sonnets mingled with lyrical pieces after the manner of Petrarch, and in accord with the love philosophy he built on Plato." Sidney, Shakespeare, Spenser thus exulted, and of late the impulse appeared in the sonnets of Rossetti and Mrs. Browning. The following fine characterization of Spenser appears in Mrs. Browning's *Vision of Poets*, for certainly Spenser was the greatest and noblest dreamer of England, and has led Mrs. Browning herself to sing in sleep:

"And Spenser drooped his dreaming head
(With languid sleep-smile, you had said,
From his own verse engendered,)

On Ariosto's, till they ran
Their curl's in one. . . ."

What a chorus of testimony to the value of Spenser's work!

It is the poets' fairy-land,—but it is more. It is a philosophy of life, depicting in a profuse harmony of colour and arrangement, mingled with the sound of exquisite music, the brave endeavour of the soul to come and find new life in its pure Source, and the evils that beset it by the way. As a hunter, suddenly translated from the busy mart of commerce to the vast and gorgeous jungle, so hail all poets with delight the glorious scenery and open music of Spenser's epic. His high heart extolled all that was best in man, honoured true bravery, and hoped for eternal happiness; his good sense saved him from interminable sermonizing; his artistic taste prescribed a charming allegory, sweetness of melody, and superabundant decoration. The discordant keys (and they are not few) are drowned in this magnificent organ-recital of life and death, passion, humour, hope, despair and triumph. God the Creator, the Saviour, the Guide, breathes seriously throughout the poem; and at His bidding hasten all His attributes, with individual intensity, to the conflict with the idealized legions of evil. Each book recounts special temptations, and deliverance in the crisis; the actions of the first two books, especially, are as skilfully elaborated as a drama, and a painstaking analysis will reveal a handiwork that would do no discredit to Shakespeare himself. The epic proclaims itself the product of a cultured poet and Christian philosopher,

“ Ay me, how many perils doe enfold
The righteous man, to make him daily fall,
Were not that heavenly grace doth him uphold,
And steadfast Truth acquite him out of all !
Her love is firme, her care continuall,
So oft as he, through his own foolish pride
Or weaknes, is to sinfull bands made thrall.”

Who could want a greater text ?

Let us glance for a moment at his summarized teachings, many of which might well become mottoes of life-action :—

“ Sweete is the love that comes alone with willingnesse,”
“ Blisse may not abide in state of mortall men,”
“ The things, that day most minds, at night doe most appeare.”
“ The vertue selfe, which her reward doth pay.”
“ Who will not mercie unto others shew,
How can he mercy ever hope to have?”
“ Give salve to every sore, but counsell to the minde.”

All these and many more are poetically wrought out, for the most part, in accordance with direct Christian teaching.

The reader will by this time have gained a fair idea of *The Faerie Queene*, since this whole essay may be viewed as a critique based upon results. We have attempted a summing-up, necessarily brief, and will offer in conclusion some specific appreciations.

Spenser has been charged with lack of humour, generally by those who have never read him, but who prefer buffoonery to serious progress, at all events. Yet *The Faerie Queene* contains a reasonable amount of humour, appropriately interspersed throughout the poem. The Renaissance spirit and Spenser's innate kindness forbade hard Puritanism. What more could one desire than the laughable description of the "raskall rabble's" fear at the sight of the dead dragon; or the demure gravity of the poet's address to the Queen at the beginning of Book Two? The second and third cantos of this book have many such passages; for example, such a picture as that of Trompart grovelling before Braggadociochio, is ludicrous enough:—

"The seely man, seeing him ryde so ranck
And ayne at him, fell flat to ground for feare,
And crying, "Mercy," loud, his pitious hands gan reare."

In Canto Five, when Pyrochles is at last overcome by Sir Guyon, the poet humorously avouches that

"Such homage till that instant never learned hee."

Book Four, Canto Five, contains much light English fun. In the Fifth Book, Radigund's death would have 'deprived her mother of a daughter.' In Canto Nine, Guile bears a 'great wyde net,'

"With which he seldom fished at the brooke,
But used to fish for fools on the dry shore,
Of which he in faire weather wont to take great store."

For a final example, Canto Four of the last book shows us how Calepine

"Catching up in hand a ragged stone
Which lay therby (so fortune him did ayde)
Upon him ran, and thrust it all attone
Into his gaping throte, that made him grone

And gaspe for breath, that he nigh choked was,
 Being unable to digest that bone ;
 Ne could it upward come, nor downward passe,
 Ne could he brooke the coldnesse of the stony masse."

This is also a good example of Spenser's power of expression. The description of the fight between Arthur and the two Pagan brothers, Pyrochles and Cymochles, we have never seen equalled in vivid reproduction.

Spenser abounds in nice poetical devices. One of his most successful is parenthesis, as in :

" So forth they goe together (God before),
 and
 " But thine, my deare, (welfare thy heart, my deare !)

Another is his emphatic repetition, especially of monosyllables. A most artful contrivance is the following play upon words :

" ' But dread of shame my doubtfull lips doth still restraine.'
 ' Ah ! my deare dread,' said then the fearefull mayd,
 ' Can dread of ought your dreadlesse heart withhold,
 That many hath with dread of death dismayd,
 And dare even deathes most dreadfull face behold ?'"

But Spenser's power in diction often made him careless, and exposed him to the charge of undue prolixity.

We leave *The Faerie Queene* with a sigh of regret, as we turn to the practical affairs of life, feeling that

" This is the port of rest from troublous toyle,
 The world's sweet in from paine and wearisome turmoyle,"

full of such poetry as

" With that the rolling sea, resounding soft,
 In his big base them fitly answered ;
 And on the rocke the waves breaking aloft
 A solemnme meane unto them measured ;
 The whiles sweet Zephyrus lowd whistled
 His treble, a straunge kinde of harmony ;
 Which Guyon's senses softly tickled,
 That he the boteman bad row easily,
 And let him heare some part of their rare melody."

But we leave it also with increased faith and renewed devotion, remembering such assurances as this :—

"And is there care in heaven? And is there love
 In heavenly spirits to these creatures base,
 That may compassion of their evils move?
 There is:—else much more wretched were the case
 Of men than beasts: but O! th' exceeding grace
 Of highest God, that loves his creatures so,
 And all his works with mercy doth embrace,
 That blessed angels he sends to and fro,
 To serve to wicked man, to serve his wicked foe!"

Indeed, the "heavenly grace" of "highest God" is the all-in-all of the epic, whose throbbing scenes disappear before the higher contemplation.

Still shall Spenser receive the homage of posterity. What is his art? What is all art? The adequate presentation of truth, conceived of as synonymous with beauty and the good. The performance of Spenser in large measure realizes this conscious ideal.

The Faerie Queene should therefore strongly attract the cultured mind. Warwick has been justly called the "king-maker," but Spenser deserves a far greater title. If the poet can be made at all, *The Faerie Queene* will accomplish it, and this great epic may yet inspire some lowly heart to flights as high as those to which it lifted Milton and Keats.

Thy music, Spenser, swims the sea of sounds,
 Whose surface trembles with the under-stream,
 And evermore the distant shore surrounds,
 Where uath abides within the Land of Dream,—
 Strong singer! whose full-ripened tones do teem
 With rarest melody; thy noble heart
 Beats brave and true; right stately dost thou seem,
 Poet of poets,—master of all art,
 Arthur delights our youth, maidens bless Britomart.

G. HERBERT CLARKE, '95.

THE LIFE AND WORK OF PASTEUR.*

"Suddenly this man goes. His work will save more human lives than all the conquerors in the past and of the future did or will destroy." So spoke Dr. Paul Gibier recently, of the Pasteur Institute in America, concerning Pasteur's death. To some this may appear to be a very wide statement, but we think it is fully justified. Few men in the course of history have done work which will influence human action and human destiny to such an extent as has Louis Pasteur. His work has been among the infinitely little, but in this "little world" "the father of bacteriology" has discovered principles and laws which govern bodily ills, and which if rightly understood may be made available in the overthrow of disease and death—humanity's dread enemies.

But who is this Pasteur? What is his history? He is best known to-day as the inventor of a cure for hydrophobia. We use the word inventor purposely. This is the last and perhaps the most famous of his many achievements. As a man the great scientist was patient, persevering, patriotic. A remarkable characteristic of his work was its accuracy. Pasteur made few mistakes. This is doubtless the reason of the rapidity and wide extent of his work. His life has been one triumphal march through the domains of disease and death. France, the country he loved and in which he labored, recognized the true worth of this man, and heaped upon him every honor in her power to confer, and when he died mourned him as a nation.

One would expect that such a genius should come of remarkable parentage. Louis Pasteur was the son of a tanner, yet in this father we recognize some of the characteristics which contributed to the success of the son. Born in 1822 he received his earlier education at the schools of Arbois. Here he displayed no special ability, but is described as shewing a fondness for sketching and drawing. Afterward he entered Besançon College. His course here was by no means brilliant, but the Professor of Chemistry, at the close of his pupil's course, declared that Pas-

*Read before the Natural Science Club of McMaster University.

teur knew more chemistry than himself. After this he entered the Ecole Normale, from which he graduated two years later with a degree. After holding several important positions, he finally settled down as the director of the scientific studies in the Ecole Normale, Paris.

Strange to say Pasteur began his work in the realm of molecular physics. "The weightiest events of life sometimes turn upon small hinges." While experimenting with the crystals of the tartrates and paratartrates, Pasteur unexpectedly landed amid the phenomena of fermentation. He found that ferments were in every case living things. This discovery was, no doubt, aided by the previous discovery of the yeast plant. In this same line Pasteur's investigations regarding putrefaction and acetic fermentation are invaluable.

But Pasteur was soon to come into conflict with the scientists of his day. As a result of his investigations he came to the conclusion that there was no such thing as spontaneous generation. Pouchet and Dr. Bastian were strong for this principle. All scientists were against Pasteur. But he did not stop to argue the matter. To prove his theory, Pasteur set up his laboratory upon a mountain-top where he had only pure air. He found that no fermentation took place there. Dumas was convinced, and Tyndal said of these experiments: "They have restored the conviction that life does not exist without antecedent life."

The work of Pasteur is noted for its practical character. This characteristic has been true of it from the beginning. Researches on the disorders of wines have saved much expense and trouble to the manufacturer. He has also been of much service to that class of citizens known as brewers. Five minutes work with the microscope now often reveals that which formerly meant heavy loss.

In 1868 the silk industry of France was well nigh ruined. Some plague had attacked the worms, and was rapidly destroying them. What was it? Dumas could not find out, and asked Pasteur to study the problem. "But I have never seen a silk-worm," Pasteur objected. After much persuasion, however, he went to the scene of the difficulty. He soon discovered that certain parasitic corpuscles were the cause of the trouble. It

was easy to tell the healthy moths from the diseased. "Healthy moths," reasoned Pasteur, "lay healthy eggs, healthy eggs hatch healthy worms." The problem was very simple. But all France called him a young fool, and the Academy publicly censured him. Pasteur by simple demonstration won the day. An Imperial villa was placed at his disposal, the net profits of which amounted to 26,000,000 francs. There was then no ground for doubt.

The later years of Pasteur's life have been devoted to a study of the germ theories of disease. In this department he proved that disease was due to the work of minute organisms. Having satisfied himself on this point he set about the problem, how to overcome these organisms. The secret he found in "virus attenuation." The principle is somewhat as follows: A tree or any other plant placed in the ground must find there the nutriment which it needs to sustain its life or it will die. 'So it is,' reasoned Pasteur, 'with the organisms causing disease. If they do not find those elements in the blood which they need to sustain them they will die and of course do no harm. How this can be done is the problem.' A quantity of parasites were obtained and after they had been reproduced a hundred times they were found to be as virulent as at first. If these, however, were exposed to the air for some time they became enfeebled. Animals inoculated with these were affected but slightly and were thereafter immune from the disease, the reason being that the attenuated virus so exhausts the soil that the virulent contagion when introduced has nothing to live upon and for that reason die harmless.

Perhaps Pasteur's boldest feat in this department was the famous Melun experiment. A number of cows and sheep were taken. Half of each were inoculated with attenuated virus. Fourteen days afterward, the whole of them were inoculated with extremely virulent virus. Three days afterward, over two hundred people assci. led to witness the result, which, when seen, was the occasion of a "shout of admiration." Of the unvaccinated sheep all were either dying or dead and the unvaccinated cows were prostrated by an intense fever. The vaccinated animals, on the contrary, were alive and full of health.

Pasteur's last achievement has been his crowning glory. In

front of the Pasteur Institute in Paris stands a statue representing in bronze the life-and-death struggle between one of Pasteur's earliest patients and a mad dog. But hydrophobia has now lost some of its terrors. The hydrophobia virus has been discovered, the attenuated virus prepared, and now branch institutes are established in different parts of the world. People come to Paris from all over Europe to receive treatment. Some of the scenes in, and in front of the Institute, are described as very picturesque and amusing. Judging from the good nature and the happy faces of the crowd it has been said one would hardly suspect the purpose for which they come, such faith have they in the treatment.

The Pasteur Institute is a magnificent building beautifully situated in Paris. Here Pasteur resided, and here his followers will continue his work now that he is gone. The building was constructed and equipped by the subscriptions of grateful countrymen. In this very fitting and lasting way the name of Pasteur will be perpetuated in the history of the world. It was here that Pasteur labored, and here, according to his own request, he was buried, preferring this spot to a resting-place among the greatest of France.

WALLACE P. COHOE, '96.

ATTAINING.

Unwavering eyes on the end,
Lips that are bidden to bleed,
When a man strives, depend,
Heart is the thing to heed.

"My beauty, I have you in hand,"
(Does he murmur?) "but hard was the price!"
Not if he understand
Striving is sacrifice.

PLASHET.

RECOMPENSES.

There's rhythm in a heart throb
And sunlight in a tear,
There's music in a smothered sigh
And warning in a fear.

There's quiet in a shadow
And peace in silent night,
There's silver in the morning cloud
And guidance in the light.

There's pleasure in a cherished hope
And solace in a dream;
There's gladness in a home of care
And glory in a gleam.

There's strength in every burden borne
And added power in strife,
There's help in every tale of woe
And death in every life.

There's beauty in a gathering mist,
Sad tones in every bell,
There's doubt in every plighted troth,
Release with every knell.

There's service in the humblest path
That weary feet e'er trod,
There's rest beneath the sleeper's shroud
And recompence with God.

O. G. LANGFORD, '95.

From Chicago Standard.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE fine copy in oils of Hoffman's great painting, "Christ in the Temple," by Mr. Herbert Clark, of Toronto Junction, which attracted favorable attention at the Toronto Industrial Exhibition last September, has been presented by the artist to McMaster University, and holds a place of honor in the Library Reading Room of the Hall.

AT the request of his numerous friends in McMaster University we publish with this number the portrait of the first occupant of the chair of Philosophy, whose departure, though to a position of far higher honor and influence, was deeply regretted alike by students and friends of our college. In bidding us farewell last spring the modest Doctor predicted that in the great institution in Chicago, he would probably be known simply by his number in the calendar. He has already developed into a pretty lively number, and the indications are that his public utterances are likely to contain something worthy of the attention and consideration of the best biblical scholars of the West.

TRAVELLERS who pass rapidly through foreign countries, keeping close to the regular tourists' routes and putting up at recommended hotels, and even students who live in hired rooms on upper flats in large cities usually see very little or nothing of the real home life of the people. To see this and learn to judge correctly of its attractions or privations, one must gain admission to the home and confidence of some well ordered families, and be one of them for a considerable length of time. In the November number of *The Leisure Hour* will be found a well written paper by an English lady, who enjoyed the privilege of living for many months with the family of a Protestant pastor in a humble village in Lower Silesia. The picture there drawn is one that all Canadians will appreciate and in spite of black bread and liver sausage, they will see much to admire in German home life.

A REMARKABLE BOOK has recently been published in Paris by M. Charles Letourneau, whose title in English is 'War Amongst the Various Human Races.' This work is the result of deep study and long and patient research into the origin and causes of war upon the earth in all ages and among the various races. In perfect accord with the sentiment once expressed by Voltaire that war is the epitome of all wickedness, the writer believes it is cruel and barbarous, the outcome of evil passions and ambitious designs. Cannibalism all the civilized world views with horror and disgust, but how much better is wholesale mutilation of bodies and destruction of life on the field of battle? How

utterly inconsistent with civilization, not to say the spirit of Christianity, is the policy of the nations whose greatest ingenuity and a large portion of whose revenue is employed in the production of engines of death capable of destroying thousands of human beings in a few minutes ! The time has come in the history of human progress when wars should never more be resorted to. To realize this blessed consummation, the writer thinks republicanism must become the universal form of government, the prevalent but stupid admiration of military glory must be stamped out, and the sentiment of brotherhood so widely diffused among the nations that patriotism shall no longer be associated with ideas of conquest and military supremacy. If this good book should have a wide circulation and its principles be generally adopted in the author's own country, a long step would be taken towards the realization of his most Christian desire.

The following from a monastic chronicle of the thirteenth century should be of interest to some of our readers. The disturbers of the tranquillity of the ladies of the time was Cardinal Latinus :

" This man Pope Nicholas appointed Legates in Lombardy, in Tuscany, and in Romagnola. And he brought consternation upon all the women by a certain constitution that he promulgated, in which it was provided that the women should have their dresses short so as to reach the ground, and not more than a handbreadth further. For previously they were accustomed to trail the trains (lit. tails) of their dresses a yard and a half long over the ground. . . . And he caused this to be preached throughout the churches and he impressed it upon the women by precept, and [assured them] that no priest could absolve them unless they did as they were bidden ; which was more bitter to the women than any sort of death. For a certain woman said familiarly to one, that that train was dearer to her than the whole of the rest of the clothes that she wore. Moreover, the Cardinal Latinus enjoined in that constitution that all women, as well girls as young ladies, married women, and widows and matrons, should wear veils on their heads. Which was horribly grievous to them. But they discovered a remedy for that tribulation such as they could by no means find for the trains. For they had veils made of linen and silk woven with gold with which they appeared ten times better than before and attracted more successfully the eyes of beholders."

HERE AND THERE.

O. G. LANGFORD, EDITOR.

SOME of our exchanges print extracts from our magazine without giving due credit. Due courtesy is never misplaced.

TAKEN altogether, perhaps *The Brunonian* is our best exchange. The department "Alumni Brunenses," is always full of interest. When shall we have a column devoted to our own alumni?

THE *Yale Record* comes out with a fine cut of the British Lion with his head all bound up *apropos* of Yale's magnificent victory at the international football contest. It is a good hit.

THE *University of Michigan Daily* is almost entirely given up to the advocacy of sports, and advertisement. Nothing of interest about the work of the University seems worthy of publication.

THE *Ottawa Campus* in an editorial advises students to read much during their college course, pithily quoting from Bacon: "If a man read little he had need have much cunning to seem to know that he doth not."

THE College rush is not quite a thing of the past. The students of the University of Minnesota gave the freshmen quite a vigorous reception this year and the local papers undertook to criticize rushing in unsparing terms. *The Ariel* makes an effort at defence, but does not deny that the rush took place, nor that very unseemly greeting was tendered to the new men.

Tabor College Monthly is one of the most interesting of our smaller exchanges. The October number has a descriptive essay upon "Colorado and its Mines," by our old friend, T. P. Hall, M.A., Ph.D. It is racy and entertaining. Another article tells how five Tabor girls spent their vacation ministering to the physical and spiritual needs of the poor in the City of Omaha. It is a simple story of Christlike service which is very refreshing.

IT is rumored in college athletic circles that Amos Alonzo Stagg, the famous coach and athlete, is about to resign his position as director of physical training at the University of Chicago. Stagg has been falling from grace in the eyes of the Chicagoans for the past year, which has been greatly increased by the showing made by the football eleven in the recent games. Last summer during the disastrous baseball season for that university, Stagg was harshly criticised even by members of the faculty. It ended by his resignation being tendered, but President Harper refused to let the old Yale man go.

COLLEGE NEWS.

W. P. COHOE, '96, R. D. GEORGE, '97,
 J. F. VICHERT, '97, MISS E. WHITESIDE, '98.
Editors.

THE UNIVERSITY.

The Muse of Science lately stepped out of her sphere and attempted to write poetry. The following was the result:—

ON THE WOODPECKER.

" He was of the order aves,
 He was wont to hunt for vermes,
 Or if insecta he could find
 They were quite suited to his mind.
 His eye was microscopic,
 His mandibles were choppie.
 Avoitez bug ! ce fearful mal
 Son alimentary canal."

A doubtful compliment: "That's a rattling good wheel you've got, old man."

QUERY: Is "Come into the kitchen, Ann," a parody on "Come into the garden, Maude"?

A senior reciting in Education recently informed the class on the authority of Mr. Spencer, that many children suffered from "under feeding and under clothing."

Told at the Chess Club—"Mate in five moves," muttered the weary tyro, as he tossed under the spell of Somnus, while fewer than that sufficed to check *him* with the hard, hard floor.

Thanksgiving Day, or rather the day before Thanksgiving, brought with it, as usual, our thanksgiving dinner, and the departure of many of the students to spend the short vacation elsewhere.

One of our foot-ball players, now a sedate theolog, inspired by his recent visit to Woodstock, recalled the following incident of student days there:

Professor in English (reading a metaphor)—"B—, what figure of speech is this?"

B— : "A conundrum."

It is not announced in the curriculum of our University, but it is nevertheless a fact, that every year the chairman of the dining-room delivers a course of two or three lectures on Etiquette and Deportment. Our worthy chairman, Mr. C. J. Cameron, B.A., delivered the first of these for this year, on a recent occasion, to an interested and appreciative audience.

THE opening programme of the Ladies' Literary League given Friday, Nov. 8th, was a good augury for the year's work. Each of the Special Courses of the University was upheld in a five minute speech as follows:

Philosophy,	Miss Eby,
Moderns,	Miss Cohoon,
English,	Miss Whiteside,
Classics,	Miss Iler,
Mathematics,	Miss McDiarmid,
Science,	Miss Dryden.

The idea was unique and interesting; and the orations were all so eloquent that we feel sure even had the ambitious but undecided freshies been allowed to be present they would have been as undecided as ever.

THE statement: 'this is one that is really needed' may have become somewhat worn by frequent verbal use, but we introduce it now for the first time in print as the great *Defensio pro Societate Scacorum*, —Plea for the Chess Club. It is indeed strange that the noble rage for this best of intellectual games should have reached both Toronto and McMaster Universities at the same time. Earnest enthusiasm prevails in both clubs, and each numbers over twenty members. We of McMaster meet on Saturday afternoons and are already developing some brilliant players—future Morphys and Anderssens. Prof. A. B. Willmott, M.A., B. Sc., is the worthy president, and Mr. G. H. Clarke, B.A., wields the secretary's quill.

ON the evening of the 15th inst., the Camelot Club of the University held its first meeting of the year. There was a large attendance and the meeting was of special interest to all. The Executive Committee of the Club were very happy in securing the services of Dr. Rand, who kindly consented to lecture to us. After the delivery of an excellent essay by Miss Whiteside, '98, on 'Swinburne's Genius,' and the reading of his "Forsaken Garden" by L. Thomas, '98, Dr. Rand was called upon for his address. In his opening remarks the Doctor took the opportunity of giving the club some strong advice respecting their study of Swinburne, and offered some suggestions which will doubtless be of profit in the future. His theme for the evening was "True Poetry, and the Proper Method of Studying it." This lecture, from beginning to end, was one of interest, and could not fail to inspire every lover of English song. We, as a club, are looking forward to a very pleasant and helpful winter's study.

THE athletes of the University have bestowed unusual attention upon foot-ball this fall. This is not to be wondered at when we consider the officers of the club. Enthusiasm reached a white heat when the name of Chancellor Wallace was proposed as Honorary President. Then followed the election of H. N. McKechnie, '97, President; F. T. Tapscott, '97, Vice-President; A. G. Baker, '96, Secretary-Treasurer; C. J. Cameron, B.A., Custodian, and Bert. W. Merrill, B.A., Captain. With such promptness as our forwards always display in a rush, the

committee appointed secured for us a place in the Inter College League, and the rental of the athletic grounds adjacent to the college for our practices. Then practicing began in earnest. A second eleven was formed and challenged the first for a match, which resulted in a victory for the firsts, but gave them good team practice. Then excitement waged hot. Teams were formed in the different years and matches played resulting in good practices and any amount of fun. The playing of our first team in the League matches, while not winning them the first place, showed steady and rapid improvement until such a degree of efficiency was reached that the S. P. S. Club was beaten 6 to 0. The last game played was the annual one with Woodstock. Enthusiasm was at its highest when preparing for this game, and the best wishes of the whole College followed the boys as they left for Woodstock the day before Thanksgiving. After a hard-fought game the club was able to return to Toronto winners by 2 goals to 1. If the interest is not allowed to lag we shall have a team hard to beat in the coming year. Boom on Mac !

AMONG the bewildering number and variety of our University societies none can boast so far-reaching an influence over the lives of our students, nor command such general interest and sympathy, as our Fyfe Missionary Society,—the oldest, most abiding, most unchanging of all. The first meeting was held on October 18th, when the following officers were elected: President, Prof. J. H. Farmer; Vice-President, J. J. Reeve, B.A.; Rec.-Sec., W. W. McMaster, B.A.; Cor.-Sec., W. J. Pady, '97; Treasurer, Dr. Welton. These, together with Dr. Good-speed (chairman of committee on voluntary work), Prof. P. S. Campbell, and Messrs. C. J. Cameron, B.A., H. Estabrook, B.A., B. W. Merrill, B.A., J. C. Sycamore, '96, and Geo. Simmons, '96, constitute the Committee.

In addition to the election of officers, four addresses were given during the day, on their summer's work, by Mr. L. B. Crosby as representative of the Lower Provinces; Mr. R. Scott as representing Western Quebec and Eastern Ontario; Mr. Dougal Brown as representing the work in Western Ontario, and Mr. P. C. Cameron, B.A., who told of his work in Manitoba.

Each address contained many points of interest, but especially so that of Mr. Brown, who labored on Manitoulin Island. The work there savored somewhat of apostolic times and bore witness to the fact that persecution and the enduring of hardship as a good soldier of Christ were not altogether things of the past, even in fair Ontario.

At the close of the afternoon service the Rev. G. Dan, for many years missionary to the Bahamas Islands, addressed the Society for a few minutes, giving some idea of the extent and difficulty of his work.

The next meeting of the Society, which was held on Nov. 14th, was one of very great spiritual power and blessing, the thought for the day being "The Deepening of Spiritual Life." At the commencement of the morning session, Mr. A. Imrie gave a Bible-Reading setting forth the teaching of Scripture concerning the Holy Spirit. At the close of the Bible-Reading, President Farmer called upon Vice-Presi-

dent Reeve to take the chair. Mr. Reeve having just returned from a three or four weeks' absence on account of ill health, was warmly greeted by the Society. The Rev. J. McP. Scott then gave an address on "Possibilities of the Christian Life." Referring to the craving of Christians for a deeper and truer spiritual life, Mr. Scott pointed out that the hindrance was in ourselves, since it was in the heart of God to give us what we so longed for. The address was beautiful in its simplicity, and went straight home to the hearts of all. The time allowed for the open conference which followed was all too short, and very many who were anxious to speak were unable to do so. The afternoon session was largely occupied by two very interesting and helpful addresses, the one by President Farmer, the other by Dr. Hooper, of the Beverley St. Church. After a few words from the Rev. P. A. McEwen, the meeting was brought to a close.

The annual public meeting of the Society will be held in the Beverley St. Church, on Tuesday evening, Dec. 10th, the Rev. Chas. Eaton, pastor of the Bloor St. Church being one of the speakers.

"How can I make the most of myself?" was the subject of a most inspiring address to the students by Pastor Denovan on a recent date. We are sorry that space will allow only a few outline thoughts, but they contain gold.

"The world needs young manhood of the truest type. The ideal young man was Jesus Christ of Nazareth. He went about quietly, meekly, independent of social standing, or political party, without money, influential parentage or credentials; and yet his life work of three years, in its far reaching power and influence is unparalleled in the world's history. Where are the great philosophers? Where are the world's conquerors? They are but names—names known to but few, while His works and words are an eternal living power which has emptied heathen temples of their worshippers, overthrown their vile priesthood and is now sapping the foundations of the ancient religions of India and China. Study and follow the life of Jesus. Do as He would have done in your place; go nowhere He would not go; do nothing He would not do. Christ was no sour ascetic, no sentimental young man, but a man strong and manly because pure and true. If there were no world beyond this, if death ended all, my best advice to you would still be, "Believe, confess, follow the young man Jesus Christ of Nazareth."

THE worthy institution known as the Natural Science Club has begun its work for the year. The interest taken by the members in this most interesting department of research is sufficient to excite the admiration of a Herbert Spencer. The aim of this society is to foster a scientific spirit in the university and also to be of mutual good to its members. The President's gavel is held this year by Mr. A. Imrie, '96, who is supported by a strong Executive. The first meeting of the year was very successful and prophesies good results to the enterprise. The scientific news for the month was gathered and given to the society by two of the members. A paper on "The Life and Work of Pasteur"

was read. After this the Honorary President, Prof. Willmott, gave a talk on "Acetylene," illustrated by experiments. It was certainly strange to see a substance resembling an ordinary cinder turn into lime and a gas which burnt readily when water was poured on it. So strange indeed it seemed to a well-known professor of the institution on beholding it for the first time, that he said : " Oh, but its coal-oil you're putting on it." The moral is obvious. Attend the meeting of the N. S. C. and get enlightened on such subjects.

WHAT would McMaster do without its Glee Club and Quartette ? Indeed what is any student body without an organization for the development of the musical talent within it ? Without such an organization one of the pleasantest features of College life would be wanting. We are glad to say that we are not behind on this score, for besides vocal there is also instrumental talent and these are organized under the name of "The McMaster University Choral and Orchestral Union." Messrs J. B. Paterson, '96, and I. G. Matthews, '97, are respectively the President and Vice-President. Mr. E. S. Roy, '98, is responsible for the minutes and the cash. Mr. W. S. McAlpine, B. A., is Musical Director with Mr. W. J. Pady, '97, as his assistant, and Mr. A. G. Baker, '96, is Pianist. The Glee Club numbers about twenty voices which are capable of rendering very acceptable music. The Orchestra, which consists of ten pieces, is doing admirably. They expect to be at the service of the institution at an early date. The Quartette consists of Messrs. Wallace, '97, Th., McAlpine, B.A., Paterson, '96 and Cohoe, '96, who try to maintain the high reputation which McMaster Quartettes have won in the past. This Union courts no outside public attention. It is organized solely for the purpose of rendering suitable music on Student and University occasions. Let us wish the Union success !

MOULTON COLLEGE.

EVERYONE who visited the Chrysanthemum show in the Pavilion this year, pronounced it the most successful exhibit that has ever been made by the florists of the city. The display of flowers was very beautiful Chrysanthemums, roses, carnation pinks and English violets were arranged in the most artistic manner, their rich and varied colors set off by the green of beautiful palms and delicate ferns. One could only go from one table and group to another, uttering exclamations of delight at each new beauty, and those of us who had never been there before, came away feeling well repaid for our visit.

THE Thanksgiving vacation was hailed with joy by those of our number who were fortunate enough to go home. Among the less happy ones who had to remain at the College, there were at first some with rather rueful faces. Under the influence of holiday privileges,

however, and the usual bountiful and well-served Thanksgiving dinner, the clouds gradually dispersed, and some were even heard to say that 'Moulton was not such a bad place, after all, in which to spend a holiday,—if one could not go home.'

A VERY interesting meeting of the Mission Circle was held Friday evening, Nov. 15th, when the following programme was rendered :

Reading—'The Little Brown Towel'—Miss Needles.

Trio—"Saviour Lead me Lest I Stray"—Misses Dryden and Woolverton.

Map Talk—"Home Missions"—Miss Emma J. Dryden.

Vocal Solo—"Jesu, Jesu, Miserare"—Miss Boehmer.

Reading—"Try it again to-day"—Miss Brophy.

Special mention might be made of Miss Dryden's talk on Home Missions. We felt after listening to her clear and thoughtful presentation of the aims and needs of the work, that we knew much more about it than before, and that we should henceforth take a much deeper interest in it.

WOODSTOCK COLLEGE.

THE Literary Society intend to hold a concert in the near future for the purpose of defraying in part the expenses of making the rink.

A GLEE-CLUB of about 30 members has been organized, and twice a week sweet strains of music (?) are audible in the chapel-room, mingled with the discordant tones of the college piano.

HOCKEY—A Hockey-club has been organized for the coming season. Much enthusiasm is manifested among the boys, and under the captainship of "Huge" the team will be successfully led through the battles and dangers of next winter.

SUPERINTENDENT McEWEN was with us a few hours this week. He promises us a talk on Home Missions in the near future, and we know that on this subject so dear to his heart he will have something to say. He will find attentive listeners in Woodstock College.

ALL are looking forward in anticipation to the time when the keen frosts of winter will enable us to enjoy our large open-air skating-rink. It is 175 feet in length and 132 feet in breadth, and is furnished with hydrants for the purpose of flooding it when necessary. There will be ample room for all, hockey-players, experienced skaters, and novices.

OUR esteemed friend and former Mathematical Master, Mr. H. S. Robertson, B.A., now of Seaforth C. I., paid us a flying visit last week. His former colleagues on the staff, and his former students will always

extend the heartiest welcome to Mr. Robertson. No doubt Seaforth is a very good place to live in, but ah ! the happy memories of Woodstock ! Come again.

THE First Church has for three weeks been engaged in a series of special evangelistic service : under the leadership of pastor Dadson, assisted by Rev. Bro. Judson Whyte, and his daughter. We believe the church has been quickened, and a spirit of inquiry has been awakened in many unsaved ones. We are glad the interest has extended to the college also, and that some among us are asking the all-important question, "What must I do to be saved ? "

ON Friday evening, Nov. 1st, the College chapel was well filled with an audience of students and town friends, who assembled to hear an address on the subject, "Trust in God and Keep your Powder Dry," by Rev. Thos. Shields, Victoria. In the hands of Pastor Shields this historic saying has been made the text of a very excellent and entertaining lecture. For over an hour he held the undivided attention of his hearers, as, with quaint illustration and solid argument, he unfolded his subject. The speaker showed that everyone is provided with a supply of ammunition for life's conflicts ; that it is wise to preserve the ammunition—the forces of our being, opportunities, etc.—in condition to be used effectively as occasion requires ; and that, with our trust in God, the victory shall be ours.

ONCE more the Football students of McMaster and Woodstock met in friendly combat on the spacious College campus. Two years have gone since the last game and owing to difficulties of expense, etc., it seemed for a time that another year must pass without bringing the rival teams together. Fortunately, the football team in McMaster, seconded by the zeal of some of the Woodstock students, overcame all difficulties and on Thanksgiving Eve. the McMaster boys arrived.

It is but fair to say that the effort to overcome these difficulties was amply rewarded by our pleasant associations with McMaster boys. For some of them, this was their first visit to Woodstock ; their impressions of the place, people and College were, we hope and believe, most favorable. Others were old students and were received by their *Alma Mater* in motherly fashion. All, we trust, were made to feel at home in their temporary surroundings. The McMaster boys are a hearty, genial, jovial lot. Some were called upon for speeches and responded right heartily and well ; some led Chapel service and there we saw and felt their deep seated earnestness and spirituality.

Even in the game this manliness of spirit was shewn. Not a man on either team played roughly ; not a harsh nor improper word was spoken. The McMaster boys have improved of late ; they played a clever but straightforward game. Everything passed off smoothly with one sad exception, viz : The accident which befell Mr. Clarke. This, we are happy to say, was in no sense the result of rough playing, but purely a matter of accident, tinged perhaps with a slight confusion in the playing of McMaster's men. As to the game and its result we shall

be pardoned for expressing the opinion that, on the whole, Woodstock had rather the better of the game. This, however, is in view of the fact that McMaster won by a score of two goals to one. In any case it was, we believe, the wish of the Chancellor that McMaster should beat and we felt in duty bound to pay deference to the express desire of the head of the University. Moreover it would have been unseemly that the visiting team should have had to return with their colors, (flaunted so freely and proudly on arrival), besouled with dirt and dragging in the dust. In conclusion, we would bid farewell to the McMaster team for only one year. If this commingling of the schools uplifts our ideals, makes us eager for McMaster and her halls, broadens our sympathies, widens our associations and advertises our schools, by all means let petty financial difficulties be overcome and let the meeting of the two teams be an annual event !

GRANDE LIGNE.

THE cold weather and snow of the last week have caused the boys to put away the foot-ball and base-ball, and now the demand is for skates and hockey-sticks. We have quite a number of new hockey players, and if the weather continues cold we hope soon to test their quality on the rink.

LITERARY SOCIETIES are good things in their place, but the boys of Feller Institute have decided that too many societies in one school are not for the public good. Consequently, the experiment of last year, in having only one literary society, with French and English meetings on alternate Friday evenings, is being persevered in with good results. The debates and the semi-weekly papers, "The Monitor" and "La Vérité," show that wonderful improvement has been made since our societies were first organized two years ago.

THANKSGIVING DAY was enjoyed as usual, as a holiday, by the residents of Feller Institute. No roast turkey adorned our tables, but they were laden with other good things that amply compensated for the disappointment some may have felt regarding the turkey. In the evening a lecture and supper were given in the church. The lecture, on "Hunting as Viewed by Women," given by Rev. M. B. Parent, was very instructive and elevating as well as amusing. By those who understood the French language it was thoroughly enjoyed. The lady who wears feathers, birds, or furs, and who heard this lecture, will henceforth be more careful of the way in which she denounces the cruelties of the huntsman. In order to enjoy the delicacies of the supper, however, it was entirely unnecessary to be French. No doubt some of the students would be still more thankful if Thanksgiving Day came twice a year instead of once.