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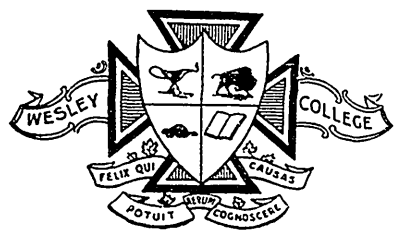
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Vox Wesleyana

February, 1900



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With steps triumphant and a heart of cheer ;
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Sees his hopes fail, yet keeps unfaltering trust
That God is good ; that somehow, true and just,
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Falls from his grasp . . . He alone is great
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—Selected.

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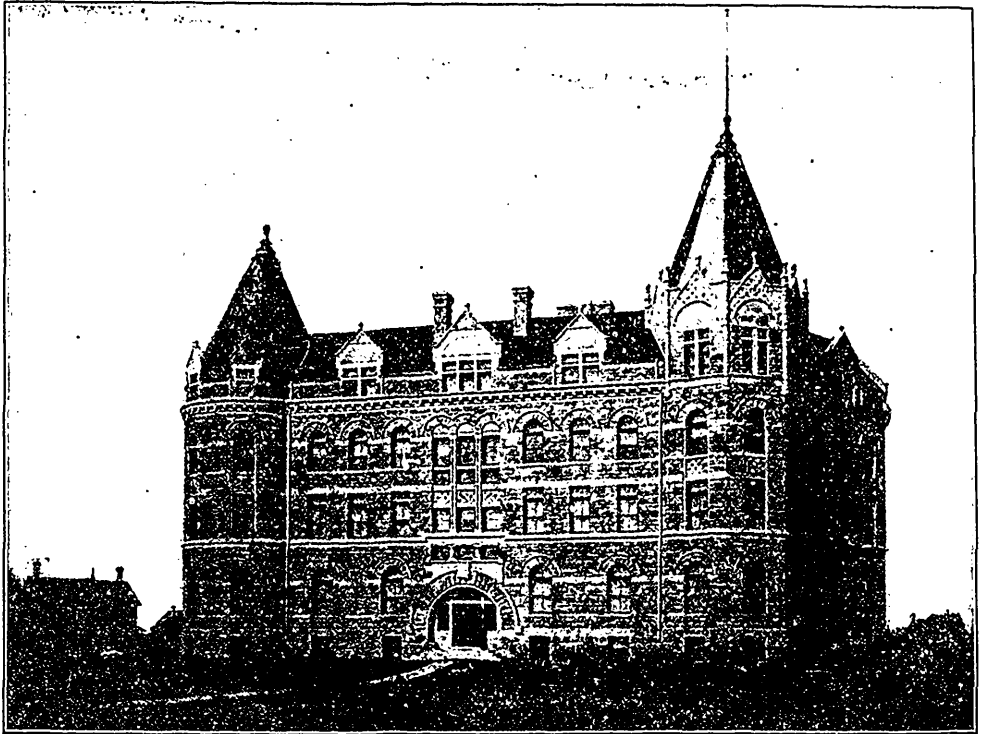
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1892	255,212	192,700	82,919	600,213
1893	301,100	291,760	99,901	695,111
1894	281,467	341,159	1,046,609	698,450
1895	277,576	415,621	1,118,274	702,653
1896	336,712	517,775	1,225,415	708,537
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1898	400,476	757,399	1,475,283	717,884

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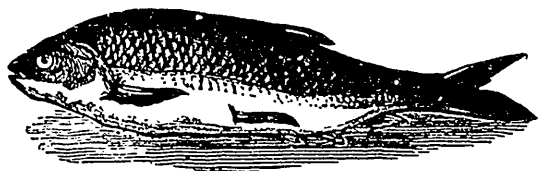
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EDITORIALS

Without involving ourselves in the distracting controversy which has been waged during the past months, we may say we stand very near the dividing line between the centuries. It has been argued and sometimes with a good deal of force, that at midnight on the 31st of December we really commenced the new century. There are those who, doubtless, have felt a thrill of delight in commencing the duties of life in this new time; there are others who, though aged, have experienced the same sensation in rounding another corner, and by this means approach nearer the fulfilment of some brightest hopes, and the results of long laid plans.

This is an opportunity we may take advantage of by looking at the past and glancing as far as possible in to the future.

But whatever the prospect may be either way, we intend to look in another direction. Time was, before it became divided into centuries. Science tells us our world existed long before the advent of man, but with the rise of consciousness and the consequent search for truth, time was one of the great thought forms in which the external world was disclosed to consciousness. The century is an invention, it merely marks the revolutions of our world around a given centre, and from this we come to the conclusion that the meeting point of the centuries is in the mind itself.

To state the same thing more briefly, time is subjective. Since Kant, the great philosopher of Konigsberg, many new ideas have been given to the world on the question, the battle raging incessantly on

the relation of the human mind to time. Whatever conclusion we accept, we find ourselves limited. Dr. Calderwood says: "Expatriating on the powers of intellect we must also acknowledge its limits. We know and can know only in part." But Time, while it shows us our limitations, and in no way discloses the mystery of its own nature, yet leads us to one of the grandest thoughts, our relation to the eternal.

How do we know ourselves as limited? The only objects we look at, the things we handle, the friends to whom we speak, all are connected with the transitory, they are all subject to the great law of change; but this in its turn suggests the changeless, for we could not know of change except by something changeless.

We think of ourselves in existence because of that beyond existence. In one of his poems Shelley says:

"The one remains the many change and pass,

Heaven's light forever shines, earth's shadows fly;

Life like a dome of many-colored glass
Stains the white radiance of eternity."

In different forms the same thought has been expressed by many men, in short, the voice that proclaims him mortal at the same time proclaims his immortality.

It is, however, when we come to study our religion—Christianity, that this thought occurs again. Christianity is an historical religion and the farther we go from a given point subjects it to all the more criticism. Other things being equal the effect upon us is less as we move onward in the course of time. If this be true how do we account for the increasing strength of our religion to-day? From the fact the history discloses something to us, over which it has no control. The historical Christ is only true as He leads us to the Father. His life on earth sug-

gests the relation to time the ascension to that which is eternal.

We might go on with this subject, but close with one more thought, it is because our religion is related to the transitory and the eternal that it is doing so much to leaven the world; for the same reason it is worthy of becoming the universal religion.

The work of the Young Men's Christian Association has in recent years been extended so as to include organizations in nearly all the leading Colleges and Universities throughout the world.

Some may have thought in the beginning that the Colleges did not present the most inviting fields for Christian work, but the outcome has certainly been a pleasant surprise to all. Probably the most optimistic saw only in imperfect outline the form the movement would take, never perhaps did it occur to them it was to become a potent factor in the Evangelization of the world. The work thus started has given rise to the Student Volunteer Movement which has as its aim "the evangelization of the world in the present generation." The aim is high, the idea is large, but College men have been noted for the largeness of their ideas, the height of their ambitions, and the resoluteness with which they attempt to carry out their purpose.

We have just received a copy of the "World Student Movement," which furnishes a very comprehensive survey of the work done by the Colleges during the past year. Statistics, which are usually uninteresting, in this case, when we think of what they represent, afford a real inspiration.

Amongst the most encouraging results are to be found the following:—

1. Formation of new unions and increased activity in older societies.

2. Employment of permanent secretaries, and a large increase in the offerings for buildings.

3. More diligent study of the Bible, which has paved the way to better evangelistic work.

These results in themselves are truly great, but we would be disappointed if this were all.

The spirit pervading these organizations has resulted in deepening spiritual life, of adding much to the meaning of Christian living, and in the awakening of the unconverted.

Special problems are being dealt with, such as :

1. How to increase the Missionary interest, that it may have a firmer hold on the lives of the students.

2. How to make students more aggressive in the battle against student evils and temptation.

If these questions are solved we may expect a general advance during the present year.

—

"When we do a thing we may as well do it well," were the words of our worthy Principal on the afternoon preceding the "send-off" to Mr. Daykin, who left with Strathcona's Horse for the Transvaal. Were we to offer any criticism on the proceedings of the evening it would simply be "when we did it, we did it well."

Though only a few hours' notice was given, the students turned out in full force, and with a large representation of friends from the city, literally packed the Assembly room. Professor Osborne took the chair, and gave a very telling address. He eulogized the spirit which always dominated in Britain's wars; a spirit which fought for principle, not revenge, for right, not glory; that saw in the nation's wars, the wars of heaven; and went

into battle praying, "Lord God of Hosts be with us yet."

Professor Riddell followed with one of his characteristic, vigorous addresses, in which he outlined the event leading up to the present war and stated that Britain must win or allow the hour hand of the centuries to be turned back one hundred years. Principal Sparling was next called and in well chosen words made the presentation of a check of sixty dollars to the hero of the hour. Mr. Daykin replied and was wildly applauded.

We must not forget our old friend, Mr. Aikens, who is so well known in our College gatherings, nor Major Whitla, who elicited rounds of applause as he related the dangers and arduousness of war, in the protection of our native country in years gone by.

Without doubt this was one of the most interesting and memorable meetings ever held in Wesley College, and as the meeting concluded with cheers for Mr. Daykin, Lord Strathcona, and the Queen, the singing of "God be with you till we meet again," we unconsciously joined hand and heart with those who at the seat of war are fighting for God and native land.

—

"Modern Apostles of Missionary Byways" is the title of a little book published by the Student Volunteer Movement for Foreign Missions, and being studied by the Missionary Department of the Young Women's Christian Association. Missionary literature so abounds in praise of those who have surrendered themselves for God in China, India and Africa, that we are apt to overlook those, who, from the deserts of Arabia, the hills of Persia, and the icy mountains of Greenland, have heard the oft repeated cry "Come over and help us." We quote from the preface: "To give classes an opportunity to become acquainted with some of these

lands, and also to come in contact with those strong lives that have impressed themselves upon their chosen peoples, the present book has been prepared." The records of the brave men and women are admirably designed to carry out the above work. The story of the trials of Hans Egede among the stolid Greenlanders, serves to impress the thought that early efforts on that dreary island were almost as unavailing as would have been an attempt to melt its icebergs. But like the iceberg, the human heart cannot long withstand influences of a warmer character, and we find at last the Eskimo yielding to God. More easily seen, however, are the results of the efforts of Titus Coan, the St. Peter of the Hawaiians. This story reads like pages from some fascinating romance, as it shows how the natives who lived in subjection to their chiefs, and horded together almost like cattle, became eager for salvation. The crowds who came to listen remind us of scenes in the lives of Wesley and Whitfield and even carry us further back to "One whom the common people heard gladly." The sick and diseased were brought to the

meetings, and altogether a more marvelous work has seldom been seen. The work of James Gilmour among the Mongolians is of a wholly different character. The Mongolian mind was strongly religious and already engaged in religious problems. In a country where Buddhism has a strong hold upon the people, to remove it, means a precarious existence. Gilmour sought by the practice of medicine and a holy life to inculcate some of the cardinal principles of Christianity.

We have only space to notice one other -- Miss Eliza Agnew. In very early life she felt a desire for missionary life, which was intensified at conversion. Her works consisted mainly in the opening of schools for girls in Ceylon. In this she was eminently successful, and for forty years labored unceasingly, without a return home. To quote again, we find it asked, "Wherein lay her powers? In the sterling integrity of character, her sense of justice, and her whole-souled straightforward devotion to her work."

If "faith comes by hearing," our faith in that "strong Son of God" should be greatly strengthened by a perusal of this little book.

THE PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY.

The Philosophical Society held its first meeting of the term in Wesley College on Jan. 26th. Dr. Manahan gave an address on "The Analysis of Wit," which has been summarized as follows:--

Life, for us, has two spheres, fundamentally different, one, that of work; the other of play. In the sphere of play are the sublime, and its reaction, the comic. The sublime is that feeling of our own insignificance which we have when contemplating the vastness of an object. The comic arises in its simplest form from a sense of defect in the object, or of superiority of the self.

The lowest form of the comic is the ridiculous; for example, making fun of

another's deformity. Next we have caricature, a representation which, while preserving a general resemblance to a person, so exaggerates his peculiarities as to make him appear ridiculous. Higher than this is humor, based on sympathy, and fellow feeling for another, who is in a ludicrous position.

In the realm of the purely mental we have wit: a judgment which produces a comic contrast, or sets forth an unexpected relation between ideas. Wit is distinguished from humor in being artificial, while humor is natural; wit is expressed in language, humor in situation; wit requires a good head, humor a good heart.

--(Com.)

LITERARY DEPARTMENT

HOW AND WHY MR. MARKHAM WROTE "THE MAN WITH THE HOE."

The teaching of Mr. Markham's famous poem "The Man With the Hoe" has been so often misunderstood that it is interesting to see what the author himself has to say as to his aim in writing it. In *The Saturday Evening Post* (Philadelphia, Dec. 16th), he tells us how he came to write the poem, and what was his real viewpoint. After alluding to his own early life, which was passed amid the hard conditions of a frontier stock-farm, he says :

"I have mentioned a few of the external forces that colored my thought. I may say, also, that for years my reading had drifted toward the philosophy evident in the poem. From boyhood till this hour I have wondered over the hoary problem that has been passed on to us from Job—why should some be ground and broken? Why should so many go down under the wheels of the world to hopeless ruin as far as human eyes can see? Is it necessary that many should perish that we who are the few may have life and light, may have food and shelter? And, withal, I had read in Isaiah of the industrial wrongs of old—in Isaiah, that voice of Vesuvius, shaking all around the horizon. Then, too, I knew how the world's injustice had forced from Christ's strong heart that cry against the mouths that devour widows' houses; and that other cry against the feet that walk over graves. . . .

"I did not write it as a protest against labor, but as my soul's deep word against the degradation of labor, the oppression of man by man. Of course I believe in labor; and I have little respect for an idler, be he rich or poor. It is against both the personal and the public good for any man to be at the same time a consumer and a non-producer.

"I believe in labor; I believe in its humanizing and regenerating power. Indeed, I believe that a man's craft furnishes the chief basis of his redemption. While a man is making a house, he is helping to make himself. While he chisels the block of marble, he is invisibly shaping his own soul. And it does not matter much what a man does—whether he builds a poem or hoes a field of corn. The thing of chief importance is the spirit in which he does his work. It must be done thoroughly, and in the spirit of loving service. Work of this order is a perpetual prayer. Work of this sort is sacred, however lowly—sacred tho' it be the sweeping of a gutter or the carrying of a hod.

"The spirit of use, of loving service, sends a gleam of the ideal into every labor. And man needs the ideal more even than he needs bread. The ideal is the bread of the soul."

A distinguished resident of New York took exception to the sentiment expressed by Mr. Markham, and offered \$100, \$200 and \$100 for the three best poems written from the opposite standpoint. Mr. Thomas Bailey Aldrich and Mr. Ernest Clarence Stedman were the judges, and out of about a thousand contributions gave the award to the following poems. The criticism of the gentlemen in New York, as well as the poems, are from the *New York Times* :

"While I would detract in no degree from the beauty, grace and strength of his versification, it seems to me that Mr. Markham has twined some very leafy and flowery vines around a vacuum. Either the "Man With the Hoe" is a type of the great mass of those who use farming implements for a living or else he is an exception. If the latter, then the strength of the sentiment uttered lies in the concealment of its weakness, and if the former, then the

poem does wrong to a most respectable and able-bodied multitude of citizens, every one of whom ought to resent Mr. Markham's attempt to throw "the emptiness of ages in his face" and certainly deserves better of the poet than to be called a "monstrous thing" and "brother to the ox."

"From time immemorial the tiller of the soil has been invested with his full share of the honor of this world, and where any individual example of the class—or, in fact, of any honest and respectable class—has given reason for Mr. Markham's inquiry: "Whose breath blew out the light within this brain?" it can, I think, be safely said that the man's own breath blew it out. There is no occasion for a farmer to have his soul quenched or to become a 'dumb terror.' He can hold his head as high as any man's, and he generally does; and what calling is more honorable—at least in this country—to which, by the way, I understand Mr. Markham's observation and study have been confined.

"What about the man without the hoe—he who cannot get work, or, having the opportunity to labor, won't do it? There are thousands of young men in this country who have been educated up to the point where the honest and healthful occupation of their fathers in the field has become distasteful to them, and, in many cases, they have grown to be ashamed of it and of their parents. In European countries particularly there are multitudes of young men—the younger sons of titled people, for instance, who have been taught that common labor or work in the trades is beneath them, and they sink their individuality, their manhood, and their future in the ranks of the army and in petty government positions. They must have money, but they must earn it only in a 'genteel' way. These are the men without the hoe—the real brothers to the ox. Who shall tell their story? Who shall best sing the bitter song of the incapables who walk the earth, driven hither and thither like beasts by the implacable sentiment of a false social education, suffering the tortures of the damned and bringing distress upon those dependent upon them because they have lost the true independence of soul that comes to him who dares to labor with his hands, who wields the hoe and is the master of his destiny.

THE THREE PRIZE POEMS

THE MAN WITH THE HOE.

(A Reply to Edwin Markham.)

"Let us a little permit Nature to take her own way; she better understands her own affairs than we."—Montaigne.

Nature reads not our labels, "great" and "small,"

Accepts she one and all,
Who, striving, win and hold the vacant place;

All are of royal race.

Him, there, rough-cast, with rigid arm and limb,

The Mother molded him,
Of his rude realm ruler and demigod,
Lord of the rock and clod.

With Nature is no "better" and no "worse,"

On this bared head no curse.

Humbled it is and bowed; so is he crowned

Whose kingdom is the ground.

Diverse the burdens on the one stern road
Where bears each back its load;

Varied the toil, but neither high nor low,
With pen or sword or hoe,

He that has put out strength, lo, he is strong;

Of him with spade or song

Nature but questions—"This one, shall he stay?"

She answers "Yea" or "Nay."

"Well, ill, he digs, he sings"; and he bides on,

Or shudders, and is gone.

Strength shall he have, the toiler, strength and grace,

So fitted to his place

As he leaned there, an oak where sea winds blow,

Our brother with the hoe.

No blot, no monster, no unsightly thing,
The soil's long-lineaged king;

His changeless realm, he knows it and commands;

Erect enough he stands,

Tall as his toil. Nor does he bow unblest;
Labor he has, and rest.

Need was, need is, and need will ever be
For him and such as he;

Cast for the gap, with gnarled arm and limb,

The Mother molded him,

Long wrought, and molded him with mother's care,

Before she set him there.
 And aye she gives him, mindful of her
 own,
 Peace of the plant, the stone ;
 Yea, since above his work he may not
 rise,
 She makes the field his skies ;
 See ! she that bore him, and metes out
 the lot,
 He serves her. Vex him not
 To scorn the rock whence he was hewn,
 the pit
 And what was digged from it ;
 Lest he no more in native virtue stand,
 The earth-sword in his hand,
 But follow sorry phantoms to and fro,
 And let a kingdom go.

—John Vance Cheney, Chicago.

THE INCAPABLE.

The pathos of the world is in his eyes,
 Within his brain abortive schemings
 roll,
 His nerveless hand in impotency lies
 With palm held open for the pauper's
 dole.
 The burden of all ineffectual things
 Is in his gait, his countenance, his
 mien ;
 While round his harassed brow forever
 clings
 The mocking ghost of what he might
 have been.
 Here, where men toil and eat the fruit of
 toil,
 He idly stands apart the whole day
 through ;
 Here in a land of ceaseless work and toil,
 His hand and brain can find him naught
 to do.
 No sweat of manly effort damps his brow ;
 In workshop, field or mart he hath no
 place.
 To earn his daily bread he knows not
 how,
 Or, scornful, counts the offered means—
 disgrace.
 Too proud to dig, yet not too proud to
 eat
 The bread of strangers to his face and
 name ;
 Homeless, he wanders with uncertain feet,
 Of thrift the scorn, of fate the idle game.
 What though he wear the hall-mark of the
 schools,
 A weakling in the world, he stands con-
 fessed ;

For lack of will to use the humbler tools,
 He walks the earth a byword and a jest.
 The precious promise of his youthful
 years,
 All unfulfilled, upon his manhood waits.
 He wakens to his shame with bitter tears
 And knows himself to be the thing he
 hates.
 Incapable ! His destiny we spell
 In logic of inexorable fact :
 At naught may his untutored hand excel :
 The curse of Reuben blasts his every
 act.
 The plowman whistles blithely as he goes
 And turns upon the world no coward
 face,
 In joy he reaps that which in hope he
 sows,
 Nor bows his head to aught but Heav-
 en's grace.
 The craftsman, too, rejoices in the thing
 To fashion which his cunning hand was
 taught ;
 Of want he feels nor fears the bitter sting.
 In manhood's strength his destiny is
 wrought.
 But this one—futile, hopeless, crushed to
 earth,
 A prey forever to forebodings grim,
 Well may he curse the day that gave him
 birth,
 And summon God and man to pity him.
 —Hamilton Schuyler, Orange, N.J.

A SONG.

(In answer to "The Man with the Hoe.")
 From giant-forests hewn,
 And golden fields of grain ;
 From the furrowed hills and the belching
 mills
 With their fuel of hand and brain ;
 From the mountain's mine-dug depth
 To star paths made by men,
 Sounds one vast song that rolls along
 And circles the world again :
 Work—Let the anvils clang !
 Work—Let us sew the seam !
 Let us bind the girth of the mighty
 earth
 With the music of our theme !
 Sing as the wheels spin round,
 Laugh at the red sparks' flight,
 And life will flash from the sledge's
 clash !
 Till all the land is light !
 Over the deserts' waste
 We measure the miles of chain

Till the Steam King roars from both the shores

And rends the hills in twain,
We search in the ocean's bed,
And bridge where the torrent hurled,
And we stretch a wire like a line of fire
To signal through the world!
You with your tinsel crowns
And kingdoms of crumbling clay,
You with gold in its yellow mold
Rotting your lives away,
Rest when the task is done,
Sleep when the day goes by,
And the sweat of the hand that plows the land

Are gems that you cannot buy!

Work—Let the anvils clang!

Work—Let us sew the seam!

Let us bind the girth of the mighty earth

With the glory of our theme!

Sing as the wheels spin round,

Laugh at the red sparks' flight,

And life will flash from the sledge's clash

Till all the land is light!

From the wealth of the living age,

From the garden grave of death,

Comes one acclaim like a furnace flame

Fanned to a white hot breath,

Honor the Man Who Toils

And the sound of the anvil's ring:

From a deathless sky a hand on high

Has reached to make a King!

—Kate Masterson.

THE USE OF BOOKS

By Rev. S. Wilkinson, B.A.

There are many privileges of which this generation may justly be proud. We glory in our steamships, railroads, telegraph systems, telephones and the many things that increase our wealth, or add to our comfort. But to my mind, one of the greatest privileges of our time is the possession of so many good books and the opportunity of reading them. With Channing I can say, "God be thankful for books, they are the voices of the distant and the dead and make us heirs of the spiritual life of past ages," and with Carlyle, "All that mankind has done, thought or been is lying as in magic preservation in the pages of books. The chosen possession of men." Now what are the uses and purposes of this possession?

Evidently the first great uses of this possession is the gathering of information, and the increase of mental strength. It is a strange being that God has given us. We have a body constantly craving and depending for its life upon a fresh supply of flesh or fruit, and wrapped up with this body a mind craving a supply of facts and principles. "Knowledge stands in as vital relation to the growth of reason as iron and phosphate to the enrichment of the blood." And since much of this knowledge is to be found in books, so what one has gained by experience and reflection, there should be added a large store of facts to be gleaned from the literature strength. For knowledge is strength, and

ignorance is weakness. It has been well said that "this is a world in which the last fact conquers: much of the success of this world is the result of possessing information and "knowing how." A man of influence in the railway world said, "I have learned that each new fact has its money value. Other things being equal, the judgment of the man who knows the most must prevail." Now books are the great storehouses in which the facts and principles that help a man to "knowing how" are kept for the use of all.

In our day a youth is scarcely considered to be fully equipped for life's harder tasks until he has some acquaintance with the development of societies, religion, education, industries and trade. In order to do this he must not know one land, but many lands; not one people, but many peoples; not one set of facts, but many sets of facts. How shall he obtain so much? Life is too short to acquire it by experience or travel. He must fall back on books, where the facts are stored. Histories will give him the life and developments of the past. Humboldt will show him the wonders of the Andes of America, and Livingstone the secrets of Africa's jungles. With Herschel he may explore the stars, and with Dana the rocks. With Audobon he may trace the life and history of birds, and with Grant Allen or Gray see tree and shrub suck flavors from the soil, or sweetness from the sunbeams.

Well might Charles Lamb suggest that we should say grace "over the table spread with good books."

Besides the class of books that adds to our store of facts and principles there is another class very useful because of its power to touch the imagination and the emotions. We read partly to add to our store of definite knowledge and partly to instruct our impulses, and to strengthen ourselves in fine and noble tempers. We love those books which appeal to our hearts as well as those which appeal to our reason. "They move us, inspire us, console us; they make life less difficult, and its drudgeries more endurable, they trouble the waters of sympathy within us, and keep them from stagnation; they enlarge our interests, quicken our emotions and drop the golden haze of the ideal over the grey monotonies of a leaden and prosaic life." It is this strong appeal to the heart that gives to poetry its greatest value. George Wm. Curtis has truthfully said, "Until we know why the rose is sweet or the dew drop is pure, or the rainbow beautiful, we cannot know why the poet is the best benefactor of society. The soldier fights for his native land, but the poet touches that land with the charm that makes it worth fighting for and fires the warrior's heart with energy invincible. The statesman enlarges and orders liberty in the state, but the poet fosters the care of liberty in the heart of the citizen. The inventor multiplies the facilities of life, but the poet makes life better worth living." There

seems little room for wonder that a pious old man should pray God to bless His servant the poet for the blessings and benefits he had bestowed upon men.

It seems scarcely necessary to urge the reading of fiction. The man who can tell a good story is always sure of hearers. But perhaps it is necessary to urge people to read such books as bear more directly upon conduct and character. And in this department the Bible stands above all others. It deals, as no other book deals, with the deepest and richest things in man's heart and life. Ruskin and Carlyle both tell us that from it they have gotten more culture and refinement than from "all other books plus all the influences of colleges and universities." In that book through seer and apostle God has told us many things concerning man's nature and destiny. It sets forth the richest, and sweetest, and deepest things in human life and hopes. "Read all other books, philosophy, poetry, history, fiction, but if you would refine the judgment, fertilize the reason, wing the imagination, attain unto the finest womanhood, or the sturdiest manhood, read this book, reverently and prayerfully, until its truths have dissolved like iron into the blood. Read, indeed, the hundred great books. If you have no time, make time and read. Read as toil the slaves in Golconda, casting away the rubbish and keeping the gems. Read to transmute facts into life, but read daily the book of conduct and character—the Bible.

POETRY vs. CIVILIZATION

By Mr. Rothwell

In one of Macaulay's essays, he digresses from his subject to discuss the gradual decline of poetic virility in the race, and to advance a theory that might account for it. Briefly stated, his argument is that to really enjoy poetry of any kind, excepting that of a didactic nature, one must be gifted with a certain unsoundness of mind, a power to obliterate fact, and a strong imagination to conjure up vividly the personages and scenes described. As colors are more lurid if thrown upon a dark back-ground, so are impressions more powerful and lasting, if received by an un-

cultivated mind. And by means of this argument he accounts for the fact, that in a highly civilized state of society, there will be plenty of good critics, abundance of analysis and elaboration of poetic technique, but a dearth of true poetry. In short, his purpose was to show, that in proportion as a people becomes practical, and begins to drift towards utilitarian ideas, it begins to lose both its power of producing and enjoying true poetry. And the more one reflects over the theory of the great essayist, the more he is inclined to accept it.

That there has been a steady decline in the quality of the verse produced since the time of Shakespeare, is a statement which few will gainsay. At times, indeed, England would become "a nest of singing birds," but it must be admitted that, however excellent the poetry was, its strength was always one-sided. As a result we have the contrasts existing between the poetry of each. Their verse, although often filled with the divine "a-flatus," is generally the expression of their personal views. The "Essay on Man," Cowper's "Task," and "Childe Harold," may be taken as examples. In short, if one carefully reads the most considerable poets from Shakespeare to Tennyson, he will finish, with his mind in a complex state of doubt, and will not be able to disentangle any fixed opinions from the multitude of varying impressions thus produced.

Now, since every poet living during that period has produced verse, in which particular phases of thought are elaborated almost to the limit of possibility, it follows that as time goes on, the finding of subjects for poetic treatment becomes more and more difficult. Writers must either choose subjects already dealt with, or find neglected phases of emotion. Thus we find Tennyson resurrecting the Arthurian legends, while Swinburne inclines to an excess of sensuousness, as Browning of mysticism.

At this point it is well to inquire as to how the poets of to-day express our ideas and feelings. Fortunately we have certain axioms which may guide us in coming to a decision. It is agreed that in a barbarous age the poetry is marked by great vigor, accompanied by little or no depth of thought. In a semi-enlightened age, the vigor is still present, and also a delicacy of sentiment. Of this fact, the "Iliad" may be taken as an example. Only such an age can produce a true poet, whose mind will be developed symmetrically, and whose poetry will be marked by a perfect balance existing between the vigor of description and the depth of thought. Such an one will err, neither on the side of grossness of color, nor that of lack of ideality.

But in our age, one of manufactures, of inventions, of comparative social equality, and above all of absence of superstition,

it is natural that our writers should reflect our practical bent of mind. And that is exactly what they are doing. Kipling, whose name has been heralded to the four corners of the earth as our only representative Anglo-Saxon poet, is probably the best example of this fact. His "Recessional" may live for a century or so, or perhaps longer. But if we except that one production, has he written a single poem that will endure for a century, and be a source of inspiration to Englishmen yet unborn? Can productions savoring strongly of engine-rooms, machine oil, reckless soldiery and jingles, can such poesy weather the storms of time, and stand forth as literary monuments? His works are interesting, his language vigorous, and his general tone is one of sincerity, but their evanescence is almost a certainty.

Besides him, there are in England and Canada, scores of good versifiers, many gifted with poetic instincts of a high order. But they never soar. "The world is too much with them."

Disregarding the host of self-constituted poets of America, we observe that public opinion has settled upon Walt Whitman as most capable of reflecting American thought. And, indeed, if a complete disregard of technique be praiseworthy, he is beyond criticism. He chooses commonplace subjects, from which even Wordsworth would have recoiled, and treats them after a fashion all his own, which is generally tedious, and at times disgusting. If one doubts this latter statement, let him study the treatment accorded to a subject whereon the poet lavished all his resources, namely, a Chicago pork-packing establishment.

As far as we have attempted to explain why modern writers select prosaic subjects. We have given some reasons which lead us to believe that poetry, worthily so called, is almost impossible at present, owing to the complexity of our impressions, and their consequent lack of vividness. Such a conclusion, though not gratifying, is nevertheless not without consolation. If the stream of modern poetry is too scanty to afford us much refreshment, let us not forget that we can draw inspiration from the Grecian, Roman and European literature, the whole forming "an intellectual ocean, whose waves touch every shore of thought."

RELIGIOUS DEPARTMENT

WHAT IS THE GREATEST WORK IN THE WORLD?

By Rev. R. E. Spence, M.A., Wascana, Assa.

It will doubtless be generally admitted that the greatest thing in the world is character, and that the work of the Christian Church is not the outpouring of wealth or focalization of energy, but the perfection of Christian character. It may also be conceded that the aim of an educational training is not so much the impartation of information as the development of all the individual powers into a strong and robust personality.

The answer, however, to the query, "What is the greatest work in the world?" will depend very much on the person's point of view. This supreme question of the hour is one which appeals with peculiar power to the constituency of young men and women, represented by Vox.

It seems to me that the supreme enterprise of the age is the immediate preaching of the Gospel to every creature. This means the bringing of the glad tidings to all within our own borders as well as sending the message to the "regions beyond." Without question this is the age of missions. A missionary revival is sweeping over the churches and they must yield to the mighty impulse if they intend saving themselves from stagnation and death. This is seen to be true by reviewing the history of the past. The church at Jerusalem, after receiving the power from on high, must obey the command of its Master and go into Samaria or dwarf its own life. Paul must "go over into Macedonia" and help, or the light would have faded from the landscape of his life. The life and development of both church and individual depends upon their yielding to and swaying with this mighty movement as it presses upon them.

If we admit then that the question of the hour is, how can the immediate proclamation of the Gospel be made a fact, we must notice what is the hindrance in the way. It is not to-day because the doors are closed. This was once the dif-

ficulty. When Francis of Navarre, the Jesuit missionary, stood before the walled kingdom of China, he exclaimed "O rock! rock! when wilt thou open to my Master?" But now, not only China, but nearly all the nations have flung wide open their doors, and many are crying for the light. Neither are we without the means of evangelization. The printing press has become the handmaid of the ear in the dispersion of the Gospel, and science has really become the ally of faith in this work. Nor are we hindered for lack of an adequate force. Thousands of young men and women, thoroughly qualified for the work, are to-day willing and ready to go; but they cannot do so unless they are sent.

The great difficulty at present is the lack of funds. There is a financial basis for the evangelization of the world, and one of its greatest elements is money. With many the missionary problem is to-day a matter of dollars and cents. The Missionary Boards have not the means to send a great proportion of those who are offering themselves. The reason why the funds are not forthcoming is not the poverty of the Christian Church, for she is wealthy: neither do I think it is generally a willful withholding what belongs to the Lord: but rather a lack of information concerning the missionary enterprise in detail. It must sometimes seem to contributors that the work is so stupendous, that the amount subscribed does very little good: it is like putting money into a bag with holes in it, it disappears, but it cannot be seen what good has been accomplished.

What is needed to-day, is a thorough study of the condition of the heathen, with its awful consequences as revealed in the physical, social and national life. We must feel their awful need and endeavor to realize for ourselves what life would be to us without Jesus Christ: and then as we think of the "Golden Rule."

we will be in a position to do all we can. To bring us more into touch with the awful destitution of the Christless nations, we require living links, between us and them, and these are being supplied now by the "Forward Movement" among the young people.

We may not all be able to go abroad with the message, nor is it necessary, but would we save our own souls we must make it possible for others to go in our stead; and by our sympathy, prayers, and offerings, we can all be workers together with the Lord in the upbuilding of His kingdom.

The young men on the "Home Missions" may accomplish a good deal for the foreign cause. If they are men of spirit and fit for higher stations, they will endeavor

to educate their people along missionary lines and get them, as soon as possible, to become independent of the "Missionary Boards."

From the human side nearly everything depends upon the workers at home and abroad. God makes a special appeal to young men. With many, life's sun is passing from zenith to its setting, and with others the setting already reddens the sky. With young men and women it has still to pass from dawn to zenith. This is the age on ages telling, and sometimes into a year is compressed the eventfulness of a century. The signal gun is booming. Let the Christian Church then advance to the call and so will they learn "What is the greatest work in the world."

*WHY SHOULD WE HAVE COLLEGE REVIVALS?

By the late Professor W. S. Tyler, of Amherst College.

Revivals are in accordance with the analogy of nature, which has its seasons of revivification and rapid growth followed by seasons of ripening fruit and maturing strength. They are in harmony with the nature of man, who requires alternate seasons of activity and repose; of stirring labor and excitement on the one hand, and on the other of tranquil enjoyment and sober reflection; each in turn preparing the body and the mind for the other, and both in their due season imparting health and vigor to the system, and conspiring to produce the largest possible results. Revivals accord especially with the habits and spirit of the present age, which is an age of excitement, of division of labor, of associated feeling and action, of concentrated effort, and hurried enterprise and rapid locomotion; and religion, if it is to keep pace at all with business or pleasure, or sin, must fall in more or less with the movements of men and things. Revivals of religion are peculiarly adapted to the constitution and the circumstances of young men in college—with their quick impulses and lively sympathies.

*This argument and appeal, although written by Professor Tyler forty-five years ago, is not without its powerful message to Christian students and professors to-day.

their love of excitement and activity—the exciting and engrossing nature of their pursuits also, and the peculiar force of their temptations. Occupation and excitement are to them a necessity. If they are not, at particular times, specially excited by the thoughts of religion, they will be always engrossed, if not by something hurtful, at least by something not so useful, not so important, not so essential to their temporal and eternal well-being. They are remarkably susceptible on this great subject. Serious thoughts, anxious inquiry, and earnest prayer spread through a community of college students with the rapidity and the power of an electric shock. Every eye is open, every ear attentive, every conscience awake, every heart alive to this one engrossing interest. Dissipation ceases, amusement is forgotten, the ball-ground and gymnasium even are forsaken, silence reigns through the rooms and halls, broken only by the voice of prayer. Now and then perhaps a number band together for rioting and uproar, possibly to make sport of sacred things. But it is like the revelling of Belshazzar and his court over the sacred vessels of the house of the Lord: they see a handwriting on the wall, and their knees smite together: the next day, they are found penitent and believing before the cross, and in a few years they are preaching the

gospel in the far West, or publishing the glad tidings of salvation to the more remote nations of the East. In the course of two or three weeks, the conversions are counted by scores. Then the intense excitement gradually subsides. But the impressions are permanent; the fruit remains. Under proper instruction, and watch and care, the converts in college are found to hold out as well as any other congregation. Oh, if we could but take our Christian readers with us from room to room, and hall to hall, when such events are occurring, and let them witness with their own eyes these thrilling scenes, and sympathize in their own hearts with these marvellous transformations; or could we place them on some high vantage ground, where they could not only take in at a glance the whole literary community, whether retired within their closets, or gathered in little circles for prayer and religious conference, or assembled in the house of God on the Sabbath, but where they could also catch a glimpse of the future history of those converted youths, and trace the results of one such season of religious interest, then they could not withhold their prayers for revivals in colleges.

Everything else in college is periodical. This is one of the most striking characteristics of college life. Why, then, should not special attention to the subject of personal religion be periodical. Classes enter and leave every year. Why should they not be converted every year? Why should this not be distinctly contemplated, expressly aimed at, and specially provided for, like all the other regular exercises and arrangements of the institution? This would not be inconsistent with the design of such institutions, or conflict with the studies or literary attainments of the student. On the contrary, it would harmonize with that design: nay, more, it is due to that design: for colleges in their original plan and intention were meant to be religious institutions. And it would greatly further the advancement of students in learning; for the principles and spirit of true religion are the surest guide, the strongest stimulus to the right use of time, to the best improvement of talents and opportunities, and to the most successful prosecution of all useful knowledge: insomuch, that not only theolo-

gians and reformers, but philosophers and scholars have indorsed the maxim: "Bene orasse est bene studuisse"—To have prayed well, is to have studied well.

Such a sympathetic attention to the subject of personal religion would fall in not only with the design, but with the general arrangements of a college. Everything else there is done by rule and system; everything else has its allotted time and place. Why should not the earliest suitable time, and the first proper place—why should not the best time and the best place in every year be given to the greatest and best object, which, when assigned its proper time and place, furthers every other right aim, and secures every true interest? The whole economy of Nature and Providence is regulated by times and seasons. Why should it not be so with religion? There is a time to sow, and a time to reap; and these in Nature are annual. Why should it not be so in the church and the college? Why should any church entertain a prejudice against systematic and periodical efforts to secure the revival of religion and the salvation of souls, while they have a time and a place, a period and a system, for everything else that they do, and do to any purpose?

We should pray for colleges because, in so doing, we pray for everything else. In the present members of our colleges, we have the future teachers and rulers of our nation—the professional men and men of influence of the coming generation—the rising hope of our country, the church, and the world. In praying for them, therefore, we pray for our country in its magistrates, for the church in its ministers, for the world in its missionaries, for every good cause in its future agents and representatives—for all the streams of influence in their fountain and source. If prayer is the lever that is to raise this fallen world, here, in our colleges, is the place to apply it. If prayer is the engine that is to put in motion the whole train of redeeming influences, here is the point to which it should be attached. If prayer is the conductor, which is to convey divine influences from heaven to earth, these are the summits where especially it should be set up, and whence those influences will spread, like the electric fluid, through all the ranks and departments of society.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL

Rev. W. R. Hughes visited the city last week.

Mr. Th—n has at last decided to pay a little attention to his Latin.

Mr. MacL—d has not made up his mind as to whether he will join the Senior Vics. or no.

In preparation for the next skating party Mr. R—l has had both skates reinforced by huge bars of steel.

The latest addition to the prelim class is Mr. S. R. Toombs, of Carman. Sam is a good student.

Expert musicians claim that a piano spoils through lack of use. If this be so our instrument is in a perilous condition indeed!

It is reported that the Wesley College Ladies' Hockey Club has challenged the Sorosis Club of Boston. For particulars see "The Delineator."

Miss Sparling had the sympathy of all Wesley students during her serious illness and all are pleased to know of her complete recovery.

Mr. Atkinson, who has been visiting Wesley for a couple of weeks, has returned to his work on an Indian Mission, near Rat Portage.

Rev. W. S. A. Crux, B.A., of Emerson, preached in Wesley Church, Jan. 23th. While in the city Mr. Crux called on his friends in Wesley.

Little Girl (entertaining a Wesley student)—"A drunk man called at the door. I knew he was drunk, but he was a perfect gentleman, for he looked just like you. Mr. Mc—d."

Mr. Ernest Purley, who has been spending a couple of weeks in the city, has re-

turned to his home in the west. While in the city Ernest was the guest of his friend Arthur Clint, both of whom are old Wesley students.

It is rumored that the Prelim. Class is to organize a Ladies' Hockey Club. We understand that Mr. K—n is the promoter of the enterprise.

Vox takes this opportunity of extending a cordial welcome to Miss Laura Sparling, B.A., who has just resumed her duties as tutor in Modern Languages in Wesley. Miss Sparling has just returned from Portage la Prairie, where she had gone on a visit to regain strength after a severe attack of typhoid fever.

Mac.—Say, S—l, you should have been down to Wesley Church this morning to hear W—

S—l—Why! What did he preach about?

Mac.—Oh! About S— and other such fellows.

S—l—Well, I don't see that there is anything in me that he can find fault with.

Mr. Ed. Bennest, B.A., has been in the city for the past week, writing off his third year at law. Although Ed. was highly successful, passing with honors, he found time to attend several social events and look up many of his friends. He made a call on his Alma Mater and his familiar face in the halls reminded us of the days when Ed. was a student of Wesley.

We beg to acknowledge the following subscriptions:—J. W. Hunt, J. M. Harrison, Miss Bunnell, Miss M. Elliott, F. A. August, W. S. A. Crux, B.A., H. A. McFarlane, Mr. Clendenning, J. T. Harrison, Ed. Bennest, M. C. Flatt, G. F. McCullagh, H. W. Wadge, W. A. Cooke, H. V. Fieldhouse, W. W. Emerson, J. F. Woodsworth, S. Cleaver, R. E. Atkinson, Prof. Riddell, E. B. Lindsay, Herb. Young, H. McConnell, Mr. Magwood, Mr. Hamilton, Rev. W. P. McHaffie.

A. E. Smith's little girl is "just as witty as her dad."

Mr. A. B. Hames, of Oxbow, a former student of Wesley, renews his subscription to Vox.

Several of the Wesley students attended a sleighing party given by Miss Beale on Feb. 2nd.

Mr. Bastedo met with an accident in the hockey match with the 'Tobas. We are glad to see him around again.

Wesley is in the throes of a severe attack of poetry and elocution. In one or two cases where both are combined recovery is doubtful.

Opera Goer—"Is there anything unusual about this new play to-night?"

Manager—"Mc——I, of Wesley, is otherwise engaged and cannot attend." (Wild rush for tickets.)

The Western Canada Business College, W. A. Sipprell, Principal, is the latest addition to the Educational Institutions of Winnipeg. The work of the College is in two departments, viz: the Business and Commercial course, and Shorthand and Typewriting. Thorough instruction will be given in Book-keeping, Commercial Arithmetic, and Office Training.

Vox takes pleasure in commending this institution to those desiring a business training. A more extensive announcement will appear later.

The new executive of the Literary Society are to be congratulated on the success of their first programme. It is seldom that we are so favored by our Faculty as on that evening. Prof. Osborne's address on Edwin Markham, and Prof. Riddell's impromptu speech on the South African War, made us all wish that we could hear them at our Literaries much oftener than we do. Another much appreciated feature was the reading by Miss Cleaver. The Mandolin and Guitar Club was, as usual, a success.

"Man is a stomach—and some other appurtenances," with wisdom and experience. Demonstrations of that fact are given by Miss Martin to her collegian patrons from time to time. The latest experiment was brought off very successfully on Wednesday evening. In the progress of the business it was abundantly demonstrated that we are not growing top-heavy; the centre of gravity is much lower down—just as it was, in fact, in long gone days when we sat, rather in dishabille, round a camp-fire and ate our goose (it was wild boar then) from greasy fingers and without the refined accompaniments of colored lights, seasonings, dressings, forestastes, aftertastes, "a litle off the breast, if you please," toasts, songs or ladies. So much for evolution. "To Miss Martin we owe our existence," it was well said. In those old days of the calabash and camp-fire we used to sing martial songs and our organ accompaniment was a tom-tom. The occurrences of the past few months have stirred our old martial feelings so that it was with feelings of intense delight that we listened to the "Forty-Second Highlanders," so well sung by Mr. McKay.

Miss Martin makes the boys feel that she is their friend as well as their caterer and she proves it, too.

On the evening of Friday, Jan. 26th, an unusually large audience gathered in the Assembly Hall, to enjoy the programme furnished by the Literary Society. On this particular occasion, the Previous Class of the College had undertaken the complete management of the entertainment afforded, and the performers surpassed the high expectations formed concerning them. During the business part of the meeting Mr. A. E. Vrooman was appointed critic for the term. The programme was as follows:

- Instrumental—Miss L. Ashdown.
- Impromptu Speech—Mr. Woodsworth.
- Instrumental—Messrs. Tait, McDowell, McLelland and Rothwell.
- Chorus—Previous Glee Club, led by Mr. Lindsay.
- Impromptu Speech—Mr. Rothwell.
- Instrumental—Miss Moore.
- Chorus—Previous Glee Club.
- Instrumental Duet—Misses Beale and Johnston.
- Critic's Remarks.
- God Save the Queen.



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HOCKEY.

The first half of the hockey series is over and the championship practically decided. The 'Tobas are winners with four straight victories to their credit.

Most of the games were good exhibitions of hockey, with the exception that there was at times some needlessly rough checking. Apart from this, the matches were better and more interesting than in other years. This augurs well for hockey and it looks as if the good old game of football was gradually taking second place to Canada's favorite winter sport.

To be sure Wesley so far has done nothing to distinguish herself, and its chan-

ces of doing so, at this late hour, are slim. She can, however, make a better showing if all its students will take an interest in the game and help the seven or eight who are trying to uphold its name in the realm of sport. In previous years Wesley had its rooters and supporters as well as the other colleges, but this year no friendly voices from the side shout words of praise and encouragement. This is certainly disheartening to the players, who do not play the game for their own particular pleasure or glory, but simply for the name of Wesley, and any defeat or victory the team may sustain or gain affects all the students equally.

The standing of the teams is as follows :

Teams.	P.	W.	L.
Manitoba	4	4	0
Medicals	4	3	1
St. John's.....	4	2	2
Schools	4	1	3
Wesley.....	4	0	4

St. John's vs. Wesley—2-1.

Jan. 16.—This game could hardly be called hockey, as most of the players, through nervousness, seemed to forget how to stand on their feet, leave alone handle their sticks. The spectators were far more delighted than the players, who chased wildly after the puck. As the novelty of the situation wore off, our boys settled down to work and kept their opponents busy. Claude Robinson put in several hot shots on Lindsay, but failed to pass him. Bawden then had his turn and not being used to the rink let two rebounds go through. Off-side was claimed in both cases, but the referee failed to see the off-side. In the second half Anderson had his wrist sprained and was unable to do effective work afterwards.

About ten minutes before time was called Robinson scored one and thus the game stood when referee Fortin blew his whistle.

Medicals vs. Manitoba—2-7.

Jan. 16.—Much interest was manifested in this game, as these teams were considered the strongest in the league and the winners would likely be the champions. The 'Tobas, however, had everything their own way and defeated the Medicals 7 to 2.

Medicals vs. Schools—6-4.

Jan. 20.—It looked as if the Meds. were again to be defeated, for at half time the Schools had two goals to their credit and by far the best of the play. Weight, in the end, told, for in the second half the "Skull and Cross-bones" ran in six goals, while their small opponents only added two more.

St. John's vs. Manitoba—2-7.

Jan. 23.—This proved a second victory for the 'Tobas. The St. John's put up a hard game, but were no match for their big opponents, who scored seven times against their two.

Wesley vs. Schools—2-6.

Jan. 23.—After our defeat at the hands of the St. John's our boys determined, if possible, to even matters by winning this game. As the above result shows, they were sadly disappointed. After about a minute's play Blackwood, cover point for the Schools, scored on a long lift. The light was so poor that it was almost impossible to see the puck when it was in the air. On the face off Robinson got the rubber and with the assistance of McCrossan carried it towards the other end and gave Warren a hot shot, which, however, was neatly stopped. The play throughout the first half was very even, neither side seeming to have a decided advantage. Our forward line showed a decided improvement, which was due to the presence of McCrossan. After about twenty minutes' play Gordon and Munton made a very pretty run down the ice, passing both St. John and Walker, and scored goal two. Bastedo, Robinson, McCrossan and Semmens then put on a little more steam, which resulted in Robinson scoring. No further goals were got in the first half. On resuming play in the second half our boys seemed to fall to pieces and Bawden came in for a great share of the work, but the shooting ability of Gordon and Munton was so good that he allowed three to pass through the posts in quick succession. For a few minutes the Wesleyites braced up and carried the puck to the other end, where in a mix-up in front of the goal St. John shoved it through. This was our last goal, but just before time was called Munton ran in the sixth goal for the Schools.

Wesley vs. Manitoba—2-8.

Jan. 27.—It was not with the expectation of winning a victory that Wesley's seven faced the first team of the league on the 27th, but simply to play the sportsman.

Our team was weakened by the absence of McCrossan, but McCurdy, who filled his place, played a good, plucky game. Each player seemed to think that he was required to do his best, and in the first half things were pretty even, which came as a great surprise to both sides alike.

The 'Tobas thought they could score from any place they liked, but were mistaken, as the defence cleared every time.

When play had been in progress about ten inutes, McDonald put in a hot shot which the umpire gave as a goal, but which did not meet with the approval of most of the players. A second goal was scored and thus the game stood at half time.

On resuming play, Walker made a beautiful run and scored, which seemed to put fresh life into the followers of the blue and garnet and for the next ten minutes they made things lively for Olsen.

This pace became too hot for our forwards and in the last fifteen minutes Tobias ran in six goals, while Wesley scored only one.

St. John's vs. Medicals—2-3.

Jan. 30.—The St. John's proved quite a surprise to the Medicals, who were unable to score in the first half, while their small opponents from the north got two. In the second half the Medicals did some heavy body checking, thus securing three goals to the St. John's none.

Schools vs. Manitoba—2-3.

Jan. 30.—The game between these teams was a repetition of the St. John's-Medical match; the St. John's having the better of the play in the first half and the Tobias finally winning on their superior strength.

Medicals vs. Wesley—6-5.

Feb. 3.—This game proved to be one of the most interesting and most evenly contested games of the series. It seemed as if the Wesley boys were making a final effort to win a game. The Meds. claim that their hardest games are with Wesley and this, certainly, was no exception, for it was not until an extra ten minutes had been played that the game was decided.

Wesley started out with a rush, and after a few minutes' play, Bastedo, by a nice piece of play, drew first blood. On the face off Harvey took the puck, but was checked by Walker and the play was transferred to the Meds.' goal. Carter relieved and some fine combination work was done on both sides. A beautiful run by Robinson, McCurdy, St. John and Bastedo resulted in the latter scoring goal two.

Playing, from this out, became rather rough and some very hard body checking was done by Harvey. Several rushes

were made by both sides, but no further goals were scored before time was called.

On the face off, Wesley was very aggressive and Carter, Brett and Black had their hands full. Robinson was playing a star game and several of his individual rushes nearly proved successful. A nice piece of work by St. John and Robinson gave McCurdy a chance to score, which he did very neatly. It just took five minutes more for Wesley to score the fourth time, which was due to Bastedo's good work.

It looked as if Wesley had a complete walk-over, but the pace was too hot and the Meds. gradually forged ahead, securing their first goal from a hot shot by Fortin.

Wesley in a few minutes retaliated by getting its fifth and final goal, from a long shot by Bastedo.

Had the boys not played defence, the game would have resulted differently, as only ten minutes remained and the score stood 5-1. As it was, the Meds. secured four goals, thus making a tie, and in the play off won.

For Wesley Bastedo was the star, while Fortin and Harvey did good work for the winners.

The following team represented Wesley: Goal, Bawden; point, Walker; cover point, McCrossan; forwards, Bastedo, Robinson, McCurdy, St. John.

Mathematics vs. Previous.

The game between the Previous Class of Wesley and the Mathematical Class of the University on Saturday, Feb. 3rd, was one of the most interesting matches played this winter. That is, it was interesting to the spectators, and not to McDowall, who hurt his knee, nor to Rothwell, who broke his skate, nor to Toombs, who froze his fingers, and the referee's also, by borrowing his gloves; nor for McClelland, who in his desperate endeavors to reach the puck, made several indentations in the ice, which, not to exaggerate, were somewhat annoying when the puck got into them.

During the first half the Mathematical cranks had the better of the game and at half time the score stood 4-0 in their favor. But in the second half McDowell and Toombs got down to work and evened the score in short order, and had not

McDowell the misfortune to hurt his knee, the final score might have been different. Both teams played a hard game and the Mathematicians were winners by the small margin of 7 to 5.

For the Previous, Toombs and Campbell played the star games, the former scoring four goals. Lawrence and McCurdy, for Mathematics, were not to be discounted.

EXCHANGE-REVIEW DEPT.

Vox is very pleased to commend the Era to all the students. Its form and content are all that could be wished. The brevity and variety of its articles and, indeed, its general brightness of style must recommend it to all who meet it.

The Gettysburg Mercury and the Wesley Magazine appear for the first time on our tables. Both are essentially literary productions, written with a freshness and versatility that indicates resource.

Another new exchange appears this month in the University of Ottawa Review. This is a valuable addition to our list. Its short stories, alternating with several strong essays on literature, afford pleasant variety. Its leading article is a fine biographical sketch of the Rev. Francis J. Finn, Professor of English Literature in Marquette College, Milwaukee. At the back is a summary of the South African war news.

We beg to acknowledge:—St. John's College Journal, The University Cynic, The Argosy, The McGill Outlook, The University of Chicago Weekly, Albert College Times, Acta Victoriana, The College Rambler, The Georgetown College Journal, The Literary Digest, Silver and Gold, The Western Presbyterian, The College Echo, The Transcript, The Inter-Collegian, The Student, The Hartney Star.

The Canadian Epworth Era has come our way this month. This paper has been in circulation about a year and has had great success.

It is published by William Briggs, Toronto, and edited by A. C. Crews, under the management of the General Conference of a Canadian Methodist church, in the

interests of the young people. It bears the badge of the league, exists for its special use and the two are inseparable. This recognition of, and co-operation with, the young people on behalf of the church, has been one of the brilliant strokes in recent church management, and the league has gone ahead in consequence.

The Era devotes an article each month to one of the prominent Epworth League workers and a short sketch is given this month of Professor Riddell, which will be gratifying to every Wesley student. Lately college work has been a special feature also. The east has been dealt with first and now they have come to us. Wesley's history and standing in the various respects is given in a favorable manner and also the just comment—"This success is due in a very large measure to the genius of the honored principal."

Edwin Markham, author of "The Man with the Hoe," is the subject of a very interesting article in the College Index. We cannot improve upon the following:

"Mr. Markham is not a socialist, but a sociologist of the highest rank. He does not offer remedies nor clamor for revolution. . . . Mr. Markham is not a sensationalist, born with a fine artistic nature and a love of literature; his first years were spent upon a range in California, later as a laborer in the harvest fields. He then entered the State Normal College and graduated with high honors. After graduating, he followed blacksmithing for some time, studied law, and, lastly, took up educational work. He is now principal of the preparatory schools of the University of California at Oakland. He has been a laborer and sees the problem from the laborer's standpoint."

We admire the editorial in the Albert College Times on "Men Wanted." The story is related of Diogenes of Athens, who cried aloud in the market place: "Hear me, O men," and when a number had collected around him, he said, scornfully, "I called for men, not pigmies." The world, with its openings, is our modern Diogenes, and the position is expressed by the lines: "God give us men! A time like this demands

Strong minds, great hearts, true, faithful and ready hands:

Men whom the lust of office does not kill;
Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy;
Men who possess opinions and a will;
Men who have honor, men who will not lie,
Tall men, sun-crowned, who live above the fog."

"Have you ever played football?" she asked. "No," he replied, "but when I was a cowboy I was once run over by a herd of stampeded steers."

"There hath been within the memory of man no relaxation for the mind so satisfying as skating."—Julius Caesar, Act VI., Sc. II., line 35. The above is evidently the opinion of some of our students, who appear to need much relaxation about nine or ten at night. The method employed is somewhat novel, but yet it seemeth good unto us.

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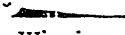
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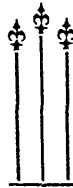
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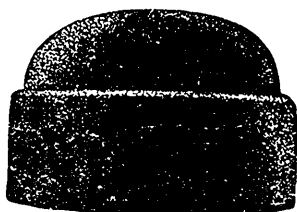
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Annuities	1,322,313	1,517,929	195,616
Renewal Premiums less amount paid to other companies for re-insurance on policies in this Company	27,981,742	31,781,616	3,849,874
Interest, Rents, Etc., plus Deposit on Registered Bond Policy (\$13,700)	9,799,268	14,232,760	433,492
TOTAL INCOME	\$45,481,916	\$52,371,263	\$6,939,347
Death Claims—Endowments and Annuities	\$15,390,978	\$16,022,767	\$631,789
Dividends and other payments to policy holders	6,128,887	6,184,209	55,322
Loaned to Policy-holders during the Year at 5 per cent Interest	4,013,544	4,153,562	140,018
TOTAL TO POLICY-HOLDERS	\$25,533,409	\$26,360,538	\$827,129
Assets	\$215,944,811	\$236,450,348	\$20,505,537
Insurance in Force January 1, 1900	944,021,120	1,061,871,985	117,850,865
Total number of policies in force	378,934	437,776	68,842

Additional Policy Reserve voluntarily set aside by the Company \$3,507,699
 Accumulated Surplus Funds, voluntarily reserved and set aside by the Company to provide Dividends payable to policy-holders during 1900, and in subsequent years:

First—(Payable to Policy-holders in 1900):

To holders of Accumulation Policies, the periods of which mature in 1900	\$2,178,107
To holders of Annual Dividend Policies	594,194
To holders of 5-Year Dividend Policies	125,384

TOTAL IN 1900 \$2,897,685

Second—(Payable to Policy-holders, subsequent to 1900, as the periods mature):

To holders of 20-Year Period Policies	17,583,264
To holders of 15-Year Period Policies	7,523,811
To holders of 10-Year Period Policies	577,637
To holders of 5-Year Dividend Policies	279,965

Aggregate \$28,862,362

Other Funds for all other contingencies \$9,065,423

The Total Increase in these various accounts during the year amounted to **\$3,659,304**

PARTICULAR NOTICE

1. No Policy or sum of Insurance is included in the Company's report for 1899, as new issues or otherwise, except where first or renewal premium therefor, as provided in the contract, has been paid to the Company in cash.
2. The rate of interest on the total amount of average invested assets was 4.64 per cent.
3. The ratio of expenses to premium income decreased during the year.
4. During the year the Company placed over \$50,000,000 more new insurance than it did in 1898.

The New-York Life Insurance Company is composed of over 400,000 policy holders who ARE the COMPANY who own the Company, and who ALONE receive the PROFITS of the Company.

The Cash Dividends declared for 1900 amount to \$2,897,685. The Company being purely a mutual one, every dollar of this large sum will be drawn by policy-holders only during the year 1900.

J. G. MORGAN MANAGER FOR ALGOMA, MANITOBA, NORTHWEST TERRITORIES AND BRITISH COLUMBIA