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AARON SLAGHT.

When on the 3rd of June last the subject of this sketch passed away from the scenes of earth, the County of Norfolk lost by all odds its best known citizen, and one who for more than fifty years had been a distinct force in the religious, social, and political affairs of the community in which he lived. Aaron Slaght belonged to U. E. Loyalist stock, his grandfather having come from the State of New Jersey shortly after the close of the American war of Independence. The family settled on a farm about a mile east of the now village of Waterford; and there on August 22nd, 1822, Aaron was born; near the spot where his earthly remains now repose.

Both the religious and educational advantages of those distant days were very scant as compared with the present; but Aaron attended the common school, such as it was; and also the public services, which were held more or less regularly, in a union building which stood not far from the present Baptist church. When seventeen years of age he was converted, and baptized by Elder Goble, joining the Free-will Baptist church at Windham. It is worth mentioning in passing, that many of the early Baptist churches in this part of the country were at first Free-will; and that in every case they have become extinct, and have been succeeded by regular Baptist churches.

Almost immediately after his conversion young Aaron felt a call to preach. And here we discover the first indication of that self-reliance and independence of thought that marked his whole life. It is needless to tell any one familiar with early Canadian Baptist history, that ministerial education was not so highly thought of then as now. In fact there was a strong prejudice against an educated ministry; "man-made ministers" as they were called by some. And we must not judge too severely this feeling. There were many noble men who had been eminently successful in preaching the gospel in these parts, who never had any college training. These men were greatly beloved, and held in high honor; and it required no little strength of mind and will to run counter to this prejudice. But Mr. Slaght at once determined to seek a preparation for his life work by taking a theological course.

The only college the Baptists then had in Canada was at Montreal. Dr. Davis and Dr. Cramp were the instructors. The late Dr. Fyfe was also for a short time a teacher there. In this college Bro. Slaght remained three years. After his graduation he preached for a time in the city of Quebec; but under what circumstances, or with what results, I am unable to say. It was at any rate but a temporary service; and he soon returned to his home here, to enter, with all the energy and enthusiasm of his young manhood, on the great work he was destined to accomplish.

Soon after his return, in the year 1846, he gathered together a little band of eight brethren and sisters, one of whom was his brother, and all of whom were his neighbors, and formed them into a Baptist church. This, like most of the neighboring churches, was Free-will. He was the last of that little company to pass over the River. Soon after this Mr. Slaght was ordained to the work of the gospel ministry. The council was a large one; and among those who took part in the exercises of that now distant day were Rev. J. VanLoon, and Rev. W. H. Haviland, who are still with us. At this time much of the County of Norfolk was a wilderness; and Mr. Slaght soon after his ordination, was called upon to bury the first actual settler in the Township of Townsend.

The little church planted thus in the woods was blessed

from the first with additions to its membership. The first year of its history it increased to thirteen; three years after it had reached the number of forty. Up to this date the Waterford church was not connected with the denomination; but in the year 1850, through the influence of its pastor, it was received into the Grand River Association, as a regular Baptist church. From this time the progress made was steady and gratifying; and when at the end of over thirty-five years the pastorate closed by the resignation of Mr. Slaght, the membership numbered three hundred and sixty. At the same time he had been the leading spirit in the erection of our pleasant and commodious house of worship, which was dedicated free from debt. This certainly was a remarkable work; especially when we remember that the young student, fresh from the Seminary, had nothing to begin with in the way of church or congregation; and that the work was done at his own home, and among his own neighbors.

In looking over the career of our departed brother, and in seeking to account for his success, the following points will, I think, impress themselves on those acquainted with him.

Mr. Slaght was, in the first place, endowed with intellectual powers of a high order. He had a mental grasp, an alertness of mind that would have borne him to the front anywhere. He was a clear and forcible speaker; and used, both in public discourse and in private conversation, exceptionally good English. Mr. Slaght possessed also a pleasing personality. He was friendly without that offensive familiarity which we sometimes see, and which only "breeds contempt." He never forgot that quiet dignity, that self-poise which befits a Christian gentleman, and is especially becoming in a minister of the gospel. And yet he was every body's friend; and sought every opportunity to show his sympathy for, and interest in young and old, rich and poor alike.

Mr. Slaght had wonderful faculty for getting hold of men, and bringing them into the church. He worked along this line: Every person in the community ought to be a Christian, and ought to belong to that particular Baptist church of which he was pastor; and he left no stone unturned to bring about these results. Here is one illustration. A young man came to the

village and entered into business. He was not a Christian ; and his leanings were not towards the Baptists. Mr. Slaght was holding revival meetings. The young man kept aloof. One day he received a letter from the pastor to this effect : " Dear Friend, What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul ? Close your store and come to the meeting to-night." He came, was converted, and has been for many years an earnest Christian and a deacon in the church.

Mr. Slaght, while a faithful pastor, was also a strong believer in special evangelistic efforts. Besides holding revival meetings in his own church every winter, he reached out into the regions around ; and that the Baptist cause is so strong in the Township of Townsend is in no small degree due to these labors. Some one has said that " a pastor's influence increases in geometrical ratio to the length of his pastorate." The influence which " Elder Slaght," as he was familiarly called, exercised in this community is an illustration of the truth of this saying. He had grown up from childhood among the people here ; he knew every body, and every body knew him. I believe that Mr. Slaght officiated at more weddings and funerals than any other Canadian Baptist minister. He was sent for from far and near, by people of all denominations and of no religious belief. In the sick room and in the house darkened by death he knew what to say, and what not to say. I think more carefully than most of us, he prepared himself for a funeral service ; and in conducting these services he showed great tact, as well as faithfulness to the living.

But the influence and work of Mr. Slaght extended beyond his official duties as a pastor and preacher. He could say : "*Homo sum : humani nihil a me alienum puto.*" He threw himself with energy into every question of public moment, and always on the right side.

Perhaps few of the younger generation of Canadians fully realize the crisis through which their country passed about the year 1850 on the question of the Clergy Reserves. In the year 1791 the British Parliament had set apart every seventh lot of land in what was then known as Upper Canada, for the " support of the Protestant Clergy." These lands were afterwards claimed by the Church of England, to the exclusion of all other

religious bodies. In the conflict that ensued Mr. Slaght took a prominent part, along with such men as Dr. Ryerson, afterwards Chief Superintendent of Education, and our own beloved Dr. Fyfe. A remarkable meeting to discuss this burning question was held in Simcoe in July, 1851. The cost of publishing the report of this discussion, which Mr. Slaght was chiefly instrumental in arranging for, was \$500; and of this sum Mr. Slaght assumed the one-half, payable by the friends of voluntarism.

Mr. Slaght has been criticised, and I think unfairly criticised on two grounds. One is that he took an active part in politics, even in party politics. As a general principle I think it is wise for a minister to keep himself aloof from active participation in politics. True he has a right to his political views; and a right to express these views on all suitable occasions. In becoming a minister he does not cease to be a citizen. But to take sides publicly on merely party questions will, in most communities, and with most men, be destructive of a minister's peace and to his usefulness. But Elder Slaght could do what he did do because the circumstances were peculiar. The community in which he lived from boyhood, and the congregation to which he ministered were almost to a man of one political party. He grew up with his congregation, and naturally there were attracted to that congregation only those whose political sympathies were with the pastor. It was therefore safe for him to do what in any other locality in Ontario would have led to friction and disaster.\*

The other point that has been criticised is that Mr. Slaght engaged in secular pursuits while also engaged in the work of the ministry. This is an important question, and one that might well be discussed in view of the ever broadening field calling, and often calling in vain, for gospel labor. Here, I believe,

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\* An interesting illustration of the influence that Mr. Slaght exerted in political matters is afforded by the following incident in his eventful life. About the year 1872 the leaders of the Liberal Party in Canada were looking for a man who would be likely to gain a victory in Norfolk County, which, I understand, was at that time represented in the Dominion Parliament by a Conservative. The late Hon. George Brown wrote to Mr. Slaght strongly urging upon him to allow himself to be nominated. Mr. Slaght at once declined. He however suggested the name of John Charlton, headed a deputation which waited upon him, secured his consent to run, and so exerted himself that Mr. Charlton was elected, and has worthily represented the County of Norfolk in the Dominion house ever since.

there should be no hard and fast rule. It may be admitted that under ordinary circumstances Paul's rule is a good one: "this one thing I do." But that there is anything wrong in a pastor engaging also in business if he finds it necessary, cannot be proved by Scripture. Paul we know had a trade; and for a time worked at it, "laboring with his hands that he might not be chargeable to them." Certain it is if the young Aaron Slaght had waited on his graduation from the Seminary at Montreal, until he had been assured of a salary, or had been appointed by a Mission Board, the history of the Baptist cause in this vicinity would have been sadly different. And might not the method pursued by Mr. Slaght help the solution of the Home Mission problem as it confronts us in the vast regions of New Ontario that are opening up for settlement, as well as in Manitoba and the North-West? I believe that the principles that led to the foundation of Prairie College by the late Dr. Crawford, never received from the denomination the consideration that their importance demands.

In his relation to his brethren in the ministry Mr. Slaght was cordial, sympathetic, and honorable. Never did I hear him make an unkind or disparaging remark about any of his brethren. To every young pastor coming into the association he proved himself a friend and counsellor. I received recently a letter from Rev. Dr. Carey of St. John, N.B., in which he testified to the help he had derived from the sympathetic friendship of Elder Slaght, when he, in his student days, spent a summer in Norfolk County; and which, he says "has colored and influenced my whole life." His home, too, was ever open to his brethren; he was "given to hospitality;" and among those who enjoyed that hospitality was his friend and fellow-laborer, the late Dr. Fyfe, who, during his closing years spent more than one vacation in Waterford as the guest of Mr. Slaght.

It was the privilege of our departed friend to be permitted to labor on almost to the last. He had just arranged for a series of revival services at the Round Plains church when he was laid aside by sickness. There did not seem to be present any special disease, but a general breaking up of his, until now, vigorous constitution. His end was peace. He passed away June 3rd last, to enter, as we confidently believe, into that "rest which remains for the people of God."

ANDREW MURDOCH.

## AUTUMN FOLIAGE.

The forest leaves are flushed with gold,  
And scarlet hues, and crimson dyes,  
And colors rich and manifold,  
As sea shells boast, or sun-set skies.

There's glory now on every hill,  
And wooded dell, and glen, and vale,  
And beauty margins lake and rill,  
With green, and red, and yellow pale.

Come with keen eye, and dextrous hand,  
With poet's genius, painter's skill,  
And fix these scenes that cannot stand  
The coming gusts, and rain, and chill.

E'en now the wind's low moan and sigh,  
Seem sorrowings over dead ones near—  
And lo! those gleams in Nature's eye,  
Are portents of the dying year.

Away with eager steps I haste,  
From stir and strife, to scenes of calm,  
To view the landscapes fair, and taste  
The breeze that brings the woodland balm.

Here I may breathe a holier air,  
And feel life's pulses stronger rise ;  
And nerve renew to bide and bear,  
By noting how the foliage dies.

With such inspiring scenes in view,  
Faith, hope, and courage sturdier grow ;  
And patience learns to wait or do,  
From nature's glorious dying glow.

W. H. PORTER.

*Brantford.*

## THE OPPORTUNITY OF BAPTISTS IN PRESENT RELIGIOUS PROGRESS.\*

The topic on which I have been asked to speak seems to me to imply (1) that there is at the present time what may properly be called religious progress, and (2) that there are opportunities for Baptists in connection with this religious progress that up to the date of the Sixteenth Baptist Congress they are neglecting to utilize or to utilize in full measure.

It stands to reason that if we as Baptists would avail ourselves, as is meet, of the opportunities that present themselves to us because of current religious progress we must have some definite conception of what constitutes religious progress. I venture to suggest, that religious progress is not necessarily involved in the growing influence of the latest forms of speculative philosophy on the theological thinking of the time. Everything here depends upon the determination of the question, whether the current philosophy is fundamentally true. If modern philosophy, or any particular phase of it, is unquestionably true in its methods and in its results, then we must conclude that it is the correct human expression of the divine thought, and the more our theology is dominated by it the better. To say that there cannot possibly be any contradiction between true philosophy or science and true theology is to utter an axiom. Each within its sphere must express the thought of God himself, and where their spheres touch there must be perfect harmony.

It may be said with equal confidence, that for the Christian the grounds of assurance regarding the reality and the finality of the divine revelation that led up to, was embodied in, and proceeded from Jesus the Christ are vastly superior to any that are possible regarding the maxims of any merely human philosophy. So far as modern theologizing represents a weakening of the influence of the eternal verities of divine revelation and a substitution therefor of the products of the unaided human intellect, it would be a misnomer to speak of it as an exemplification of religious progress.

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\*Read before the recent session of the Baptist Congress in Buffalo, N. Y.



All honor to the men who, while holding fast to the supreme authority of the Holy Scriptures as a divine revelation, devote themselves assiduously to the study of science and philosophy and seek to harmonize the teachings of God in revelation and the teachings of God in his creation. Christian philosophy must not only take into account the teachings of revelation, but must give to these teachings the foremost place. For a Christian of any kind, and above all for a Baptist Christian, to subordinate revelation to uninspired human modes of thought is an anomaly ; and to point to such a proceeding as a proof of religious progress would be wholly inadmissible.

When in the second century a tidal wave of pagan theosophy swept over the struggling churches of Egypt, Syria, Asia Minor, Mesopotamia, Greece, Italy, Northern Africa, and Gaul, and transformed the simple teachings of the New Testament into the dogmatic theology of the subsequent time, do we find that religious progress in any proper sense accompanied or was involved in the process? The assimilation of Christian thought to pagan thought carried with it the assimilation of Christian ordinances to heathen mysteries, the assimilation of Christian worship to heathen liturgical services, the assimilation of Christian methods of interpreting the Scriptures to heathen methods of interpreting the ancient mythological literature, the assimilation of Christian religious life to pagan, the multiplication of religious festivals after the example of those current among the pagans, the substitution of the veneration of saints and martyrs for the worship of heathen deities. It brought into the churches a vast body of imperfectly Christianized heathen and prepared the way for the union of Church and State, with a host of attendant evils.

But let me not be understood to depreciate philosophical thinking in the realm of theology. The problems that thrust themselves upon the attention of the theologian call for the profoundest thought of which the human mind is capable, and the divinely illuminated intellect of the devout Christian thinker may and should draw to its aid all that is true and good in the realm of philosophy ; but it will instinctively reject whatever is out of accord with divine revelation.

Again, devout loyalty to divine revelation forbids that we

should regard as indicative of religious progress anything in the way of organization that is out of harmony with New Testament precept or example, or that in any way interferes with such fundamental Christian principles as the universal priesthood of believers, involving equality of rights and privileges, and the autonomy of the organized congregation of baptized believers. The history of Christianity is full of warnings against any encroachment on these principles. Every stage in the process of the transformation from the congregational polity of the apostolic age to the papal absolutism of Innocent III. was made, perhaps, with good intentions, or almost unconsciously in response to influences that were well-nigh irresistible and to meet what seemed to be urgent Christian needs. Baptists may and should use everything in the way of organization that commends itself by seeing utility and does not involve the annulling or the weakening of the principles of church order that underlie New Testament precept and example.

Religion in the individual denotes, I suppose, those activities of the soul that are concerned with the ascertaining and the doing of the will of God. Religious progress in the case of any individual would consist in his learning more and more fully what God is and what he requires, and in bringing his inner and outer life into more and more complete accord with the divine nature and requirements. The highest possible attainment in religion for any person would be to have his emotions, his intellect, and his will in complete harmony with the divine emotions, intellect and will, and to have his physical nature minister to and not contradict and thwart the promptings of the divinely swayed higher nature. Religious progress in a land or an age would consist in the multiplication of the numbers of individuals in whom advancement in religious life, thought and activity had been accomplished or was going on. Quantity and quality in religious life must go hand in hand, and must be unmistakably crescent at the present time, if the term "present religious progress" be an applicable one.

A good deal could be said for or against the real religious progressiveness of the present age. The Christianity of any age can be judged only by its works, and it is difficult for a contemporary to judge correctly of the Christian achievements of his

own times in comparison with those of other times. But I am optimist enough to believe, that with all its short-comings, our time is a time of religious progress, however much I may feel compelled to differ from some of my esteemed brethren as to wherein this progress consists.

Now if present religious progress be a reality and Baptists are not already in its current, and do not constitute with their individual and organized lives and activities a chief factor therein, it is assuredly high time that they were awaking to their responsibilities and grasping the flying opportunities to participate fully in the onward march of the kingdom of Christ.

My study of history and my knowledge of present-day religious life and thought have convinced me that Baptists and their spiritual ancestors have been ever in the very forefront of religious progress, and that they still hold this honorable position among the religious parties of the world. As I conceive the matter, Baptists have been, under God, the creators, to a great extent, of the opportunities for further religious progress that present themselves to the Christian world to-day. This very fact furnishes the strongest possible argument in favor of Baptists grasping and making the most of such opportunities as exist. If they have done nobly and achieved great things during the past centuries by very imperfectly putting into practice the high principles for which they have stood, it behooves them, inspired by success with ever greater confidence that their principles are God-given and that God will still own and use them as instruments in the extension of his kingdom, to go forward with united and well organized forces to still greater achievements for Christ and humanity.

At the risk of being common-place, I will enumerate some of the more important elements of present progress that may without impropriety be designated "religious," indicate my conception of the part Baptists have had in promoting this progress, and suggest some ways in which Baptists may avail themselves of the opportunities that present themselves of still further and more largely participating in current religious progress and in advancing the Redeemer's kingdom.

1. If I were asked wherein the Christianity of the present day is most noticeably in advance of the Christianity of a

hundred years ago, I should answer, In the *thoroughness and the intelligence with which the Bible is being studied*. Never before was there so fixed and wide-spread a determination to know everything that can be known about the sacred books. Never before were the Biblical languages and all other languages, whose philology or literature can be expected to throw the least ray of additional light on the sacred page, studied so diligently, so scientifically, so minutely, or by so vast a number of scholars. The literatures of ancient Assyria, Babylonia, and Egypt have been unearthed and deciphered, and are being studied, largely because of the light they may throw upon Biblical history. The geography and the archæology of the Bible lands are being studied as minutely and enthusiastically as the languages. Learned societies are organized for the promotion of the various departments of Biblical research. Periodicals almost without number are published in this interest. The press sends forth a constant and copious stream of learned and popular works on the Bible, and more copies of the book itself, it is probable, are circulated at present in one year than were circulated during the first sixteen hundred years of Christian history. Then the popular study of the Bible in the Sunday Schools of the world, in connection with the various young people's organizations, in Bible clubs, etc., to say nothing of the multitudes of earnest private students among the learned and the unlearned, is inconceivable in its extent, and its beneficent results are beyond computation. It is true that the critical study of the Bible has not always been conducted with the reverence that is meet, and that conjectural criticism has often gone far beyond the limits that sound science would prescribe; but this is a mere incident in the world-wide and enthusiastic study of the Bible, and irreverent and unsound criticism is sure to be corrected by criticism that is reverent and sound. I think we may rest in the firm assurance that the word of God can endure all the criticism to which it may be subjected, however unreasonable and even hostile it may be, and that it will come forth from the testing process better understood and more highly appreciated than ever. Baptists and their medieval and sixteenth century ancestors have always magnified Bible study, and insisted on getting at the exact meaning of God's word, and making its

teachings the rule of faith and practice. The modern critical study of the Bible is reaching practically the same results as have underlain Baptist practice from the beginning. Baptists are to-day doing a vast work in the practice and promotion of Bible study. They have a magnificent opportunity through their multitudinous educational institutions, through their Sunday School and Publication Societies, through their Home and Foreign Missionary Societies, through the Baptist Young People's Union, through the Baptist press, through their educated ministry, through improved methods of teaching in the Sunday Schools, through the encouragement of regular Bible study in the homes, through the endowment of Biblical research, and in a hundred other ways, to promote the scientific and popular study of the Bible, and thus to propagate the truth and advance the kingdom of Christ on earth. If Baptists are right in their distinctive views, the profounder study of the Scriptures will confirm them in their views, and the general promotion of such study will bring others nearer and nearer to the Baptist position. If Baptists are wrong in anything, such study will tend to correct their errors, which would be equally advantageous.

2. Next to the wide-spread enthusiasm for scientific and popular Bible study the feature of the age that most impresses me is *the zeal with which historical investigation is being carried forward*. Everything that pertains to the past life of man is to-day a matter of interest, and occupies the attention of a host of earnest and painstaking investigators. The determination to know all the knowable with respect to man's life on earth, expresses itself in anthropological research, in archaeological investigations, in the study of history proper. Church history is coming to be recognized by historical students, apart from their personal interest in Christianity, as one of the most important departments of the history of man as a social being. Church history is being studied more and more with a view to getting at the exact facts, and not so much as heretofore with a view to supporting preconceived theories. Baptists have not had anything like so large a share in the advancement of the science of church history as their numbers and their intelligence would lead one to expect. We have left it to others very largely to bring to light much that is most honorable in our own his-

tory. The rich literature of the Anabaptist movement and of the evangelical movements of the Middle Ages have been brought to light almost wholly by non-Baptist scholars, Catholics and Protestants vying with each other in this useful work. Within the last few months, an Oxford scholar\* has edited with an introduction, translation and notes, an ancient Armenian Paulician work, which completely revolutionizes the current conceptions of the party based upon the slanderous narratives of Photius and Peter Siculus, and which shows these much persecuted Christians to have been neither dualists nor rejecters of external ordinances, but, in nearly every particular, Baptists of a very staunch and strict type; and he argues with considerable plausibility that they were historically connected with primitive Christianity, that not they, but the Greek and Armenian churches were the innovators. He maintains that they were primitive even in their adoptionist view of the person of Christ, to which most modern Baptists would object.

Baptists have everything to gain and nothing to lose from historical studies, and the time is at hand when they cannot afford to leave to others the work of research, but must take a position in the forefront. The department of church history in our theological seminaries should be strengthened so that professors may have more time for research. Chairs of church history should be established in our colleges and universities, and at least as much time should be given to this subject as to secular history. Our religious periodicals must cultivate and minister to the taste for church history among the masses. Our pastors must study and teach church history. Our Publication Society is, I am sure, disposed to go as far in publishing the results of research as the demands for such literature will justify. Research cannot be conducted effectively without learning, leisure, and enthusiasm. Our men o. means should be induced to provide endowments for research, and for the publication of its results. Were such provision made, I doubt not competent men would soon appear to carry forward the work.

3. Few features of modern Anglo-Saxon life are more in evidence than the *love of liberty*. Baptists, we are never weary

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\*F. C. Conybeare, "The Key of Truth," Clarendon Press, Oxford, 1898.

of saying, have been the pioneers in the advocacy of soul liberty, and to the heroic struggles of our spiritual ancestors is due very largely the measure of civil and religious liberty that exists in the world to-day. The vantage ground occupied by Baptists because of their consistent and heroic record gives them the right and the opportunity to lead in carrying forward the struggle to the end. We should be far astray if we should suppose that the victory is won. England still has a State Church, hedged about by immunities and privileges, and exerting a social and moral influence far beyond what its numbers and its character warrant. The very existence of such an establishment, apart from any direct exercise of tyranny, involves the bloodless but no less real persecution of every dissenter or non-conformist. These very terms are themselves the embodiment of grave injustice and insult. In the Canadian province of Quebec the Romish Church has constitutional rights that enable it to use the machinery of the State in taxing the people for religious purposes, and it possesses such privileges and immunities as make it seemingly impregnable to the attacks of advocates of civil and religious liberty. In the United States an aggressive hierarchy is constantly watching for opportunities to carry on its work at public expense, and the utmost watchfulness on the part of Baptists and those who have come to agree with them will long be a necessity. Baptists should have a large share in the work of completing the emancipation of the Spain-cursed and priest-ridden populations of Cuba, Porto Rico and the Philippines, and should give their heartiest support to every political measure that tends to the spread of Anglo-Saxon civilization. We should seek to make Anglo-Saxon civilization what it should be and to diffuse this perfected Anglo-Saxondom throughout the world.

4. In the *great cause of world-evangelization* Baptists have been pioneers, and have been successful beyond all others. This fact carries with it the duty and the obligation of Baptists to keep at the very forefront of this glorious movement. A beginning only has been made. The doors of the heathen world have now been opened. The opportunity is sinrily unlimited. And yet our Boards plead in vain for a sufficiency of funds to carry on the work already in hand. Instead of marching

triumphantly forward under the banner of King Jesus, blessing the world with the light of the Gospel, we are constantly planning some means of retrenchment. We cannot plan too carefully for the wise expenditure of the funds that are committed to us; but we cannot afford not to go forward.

5. I have already suggested opportunities for Baptists in certain lines of *Christian education*. Baptists have had an honorable part in bringing education in general, and Christian education in particular to the present high state of advancement. But the opportunity for Baptists in Christian education is at present magnificent. I think you will all agree with me when I say that any branch of learning can be better taught by a Christian than by a non-Christian. Baptists do, or should, represent the very best type of Christian. The teaching of many subjects by unbelievers inevitably fosters unbelief. The teaching of any subject whatever by a believer, just as inevitably fosters faith in the disciple. The more Baptist professors in all departments, the more Baptist lawyers, the more Baptist physicians, the more Baptist statesmen, the more Baptist public school teachers, the more educated Baptist business men, the more intelligent Baptists in any influential calling, the better it should be, not for our denomination alone, but for the country and the world. We have plenty of Baptist schools and colleges, perhaps, but few of these are adequately equipped. There is no more profitable investment for a Baptist business man than the endowment of a Christian college. We are already pretty well supplied with teachers, and the supply will easily keep pace in quality and in numbers with the demand that arises from better endowment and equipment.

In conclusion I would say, that Baptists have grown and prospered and achieved, not by seeking to adapt themselves to the ways of the world, but by seeking in all things to be faithful to Christ. Latitudinarianism is contrary to Baptist traditions and is in its very nature ineffective. Staunch fidelity to principle is still, I humbly believe, the way to success.

ALBERT HENRY NEWMAN.



## NATURE'S PERPETUAL HYMN.

Ever since Creation's birth,  
 Up, and down, and round the earth,—  
 Here, and there, and everywhere,—  
 Deep in caverns, high in air,  
 Loneliest, loveliest scenes among,  
 Hath that old sweet song been sung !

Where the rustling pine tree sighs  
 Mid the frosts of Alpine skies,—  
 Where the gloomy fir tree grows  
 Mid the North's perpetual snows,—  
 Where the tall palm towers high  
 Toward a glowing tropic sky,—  
 Where the sad yew droops its head  
 O'er the slumbers of the dead,—  
 Where, in brotherhood serene,  
 Stand the forest patriarchs green,—  
 Sweet or solemn, grave or gay,  
 Swells that olden hymn away !

Evermore the wand'ring wind  
 Harps of wondrous power doth find—  
 Harps of ever-varying tone  
 Where to revel, where to moan ;  
 Now, with blast of triumph high  
 Waking notes of victory,—  
 Now with moanings low and dread  
 Wailing the unburied dead,—  
 Song of rapture, bridal strain,  
 Sigh of anguish, sob of pain,  
 Song of gladness, wail of woe,—  
 All, all tones the wind doth know !

Restless waters in their play  
 Sing that old, old hymn away ;  
 Ever chimes the little rill

Round the green foot of the hill,  
 Answering every note of love  
 From the wind-harps hung above ;  
 Evermore the river lone  
 Sings in deeper, sterner tone ;  
 While the cataract's wild hymn  
 Echoes thro' the forest dim ;—  
 Round the lonely, Northern lakes,  
 Music, sad and solemn, wakes,  
 Answering to the tempest's moan  
 'Mid the cypress branches lone,  
 And, from ocean's rock-girt shore,  
 Troubled tones rise evermore !

Pleasantly the summer rain  
 Sings it 'gainst your window pane ;  
 'Mong the roof-tree's rustling leaves,—  
 Round the vine-wreathed cottage eaves,—  
 And the warb'ling birds prolong  
 In the grove the same old song,  
 While soft echoes down the glen  
 Wake the joyous strains again !

Listen ! Daylight's golden ray  
 Fadeth from the hills away,  
 And the sun's last loving beam  
 Trembles on the glassy stream ;—  
 Listen ! every waving tree  
 Vocal is with melody ;  
 Listen ! every echoing vale  
 Flings its tribute on the gale ;—  
 What a world of song and mirth  
 Seemeth now this peopled earth,  
 Yet there's not a single note,  
 Save of those old strains that float  
 Round the earth, and thro' the air,  
 Richly swelling everywhere !

List again—'tis midnight deep !  
 Silence reigns o'er vale and steep—

Silence, solemn and profound,  
Broods above, beneath, around.  
Hush, what soft, sweet strain is there ?  
'Tis the wind-harp in the air ;  
Viewless minstrels hover nigh  
'Neath the star-gemmed, midnight sky,  
And in low, sweet strains prolong  
Softest music all night long !

It is Nature's ceaseless hymn  
Going up 'mid shadows dim,  
Storm and sunshine, night and day,  
To the ear of God alway !

PAMELIA S. VINING YULE.

## Students' Quarter.

(Graduates and Undergraduates.)

P. G. MODE, B.A.     D. BOVINGTON, '99 Editors.

### CANADIAN POETRY AND POETS.

#### II.

Archibald Lampman, of the Civil Service, Ottawa is another leader of Canadian verse-making. He, like Roberts, is essentially a nature poet.

While Roberts and Lampman are both nature poets, their attitudes are very different. Roberts is the disciple of a great teacher, whose hidden truths he seeks with earnest patience to apprehend. Lampman is the simple child, loving, with an instinctive sense of kinship, a universal mother. Out of his sense of discipleship, Roberts writes with conscious purpose—to give others his inspiring view of idealized nature. Out of his perfect sympathy, almost by involuntary compulsion, Lampman reflects to us pictures of mirror-like accuracy and loveliness. The latter has the faculty of broadly suggesting scenes, which is very effective. He has greater control over poetic expression in regard to ease and smoothness; but his range of thought is narrower; nor can the greater accuracy and beauty compensate the lack of spiritual insight. The duty of the poet is to bring nature into relation with man, and thus show the great unity.

Lampman excels in his sonnets. The perfection of finish and gem-like brilliancy necessary to the sonnet is his characteristic. For dramatic effects he is not qualified. He excels in the description of placidity and calm. His word is one of reflection and dreams. "An Athenian Reverie" is a subject which gives his talents full play. It is an exquisite creation. The poet loves his theme. The words flow on in restful lingering rhythm. A soft content glows through the lines.

"How joyously

These hours have gone with all their pictured scenes,  
A string of golden beads for memory  
To finger over in his moods, or stay  
The hunger of some wakeful hour like this."

The descriptions have that indescribable charm and poignancy which comes from feeling, and his poems have one quality which is generally lacking in Canadian poetry: they are full of expressions to carry away and ponder over.

The ruling characteristic through all Lampman's poetry is his passion for beauty. His descriptions are so fine, sympathetic and true, yet so infused with an artistic idealization, that in reading them there come those lines of Browning—for the poet and artist are very near akin—

“For, don't you mark, we're made so that we love  
First when we see them painted, things we have passed  
Perhaps a hundred times nor cared to see.”

If Lampman were to be criticised, it would be for his indulgent surrender to mere external beauty. This being “content to watch and dream,” leaves him weak to pierce into the heart of things, or even fully to analyze and express his own feelings. But the poet realizes his own failing, for in “An Athenian Reverie,” he says:—

“There are so many things to think upon,  
So many deeds, so many thoughts to weigh.  
Yet in that thought I do rebuke myself,  
Too little given to probe the inner heart,  
But rather wont with the luxurious eye,  
To catch from Life its outer loveliness.”

And so criticism is disarmed, though it never could be severe with one whose faults are negative, and whose virtues are those of purity and gentleness.

Bliss Carman is an author who is attracting considerable attention. He is a Nova Scotian and a cousin of Roberts. He has published five volumes of poetry, “Low Tide at Grand Pré,” “Behind the Arras,” “Songs from Vagabondia,” and “More Songs from Vagabondia,” written in collaboration with an American, and latest, “Ballads of Lost Haven.”

Carman, unlike Lampman, leaves a strong impress of his individuality upon his work. He is original to a high degree. So strong is this originality that his descriptions often impress one more as being Bliss Carman's way of looking at a scene than the scene itself. His subjects bear great similarity to each other, for his inspiration seems to be born mainly of the sea. One feature of his work we hail with appreciation is the appearance of the personal element. It is vague and limited as yet; but it brings with it more or less of that great power in literature—human interest. Vagueness is the great defect in this poet. It is such, that in reading the effort to supply necessary

details often becomes wearying. One writer, mentioning his characters, calls them, "personified outlines, stalking shadows, which suggest vague and threatening presences." But this statement is somewhat tinged with effective exaggeration. Carman is more imaginative than either Roberts or Lampman. He has also greater power over the music of language, though at times he is surprisingly faulty, which is made the more harsh as breaking the usual rhythmic flow. This musical quality is always in fine harmony with the motive of the poem. It is equally good in the rollicking swing of a sea song such as "The Grave Digger," or the tender murmuring cadences of a beautiful and pathetic tale like "The Yule Guest."

It is very interesting to note the dominant thought of Carman's five books, and see how they grew out of one another: not because this growth is so direct, but because of an interesting lapse which occurs about midway. "Low Tide at Grand Pré," is a decorous little volume of considerable ability, and rather negative faults. "Behind the Arras," shows increase of power, but at the same time, more apparent faults. Coming to the third book, "Songs from Vagabondia," opening with,—

" Off with the fetters that chafe and restrain.  
Here is the real.  
Here the ideal,  
World's bloom and world's blot.  
Houpha !  
We are free."

we seem to have fallen on a very sudden and inexplicable change. But reading back in the light of this we find the fore-casted shadows. In "Behind the Arras," we notice a sense of chafing and unrest; while back again in "Low Tide at Grand Pré," such titles predominate as, "Afoot," "Mayfaring," "The Vagabonds," etc., and in "Afoot" we find,—

" I would wander all the hills,  
On the Frontier of Desire  
I would drink the last regret."

So we are somewhat prepared for the breaking out in the third and fourth books, where the hills of Vagabondia are being thoroughly explored. While there is too much freedom in the songs which were sent us from there, for them ever to receive

much honor, there are some rare snatches to be culled. As both "Songs from Vagabondia," and "More Songs from Vagabondia," were written in conjunction with another poet, levies can scarcely be made on such doubtful territory. Yet it is with reluctant pen that such piquant originality as "A More Ancient Mariner," such irresistible drollery as "Hem and Haw," or the liquid flow and dreamy luxuriance of "A Spring Night in Washington," are passed over without some notice. The writers of these books have verily hearts like the throstle, and are free to rejoice in blisses and beauties.

Carman, however, has come back from Vagabondia, and returned to writing what we secretly wonder if at one time, he would not have termed,—

"Commodities,  
Wholly available,  
Stupid and saleable,"

and "Ballads of Lost Haven," have recently appeared. The book is marked by the same characteristics noticed at first. Never lacking in feeling, there is more vigor here; there is greater ease and freedom, the musical quality is more marked; and there is an increase of strength generally. His work is quick to respond, musical to a high degree, and pulsing with racy energy, but we feel that he will have to adopt a clearer and less fantastic style before he can produce a masterpiece.

William Wilfred Campbell is another poet of the Civil Service at Ottawa. He has the nature element of the three preceding poets, and the personal element of the last, intensified; yet he stands in marked contrast to them all.

"Lake Lyrics," the earlier of his two books, is the more expressive of the nature element; and of nature he deals with but one phase. "Blue, limpid, restless lakes, God's mirrors underneath the sky," is the one ever recurring theme. He loves the lakes with Lampman's intuitive sympathy for mother earth. They are to him a joy, a peace, a rest. Few pens could write a more graceful lyric than "Vapor" and "Blue"; or make description more vivid than in the careless little sonnet on "An August Night on Georgian Bay."

"The day dreams out, the night is brooding in,  
Across this world of vapor, wood and wave,

Things blur and dim. Cool silvery ripples lave  
 The sands and rustling reed beds. Now begin  
 Night's dreamy choruses, the murmurous din  
 Of sleepy voices. Tremulous, one by one  
 The stars blink on. The dusk drives out the sun. . . . "

On such passages the reader of Campbell's poetry would fain linger; for it is the happiest part of his work. In the second book, "The Dread Voyage," this nature element has grown less, and the dramatic greater. The tendency that crept out only too clearly in "Lake Lyrics" is intensified. A gloomy melancholy pervades the book. Strange gruesome subjects are chosen, which are not robbed of any of their sombreness in their treatment. "Lancelot" is a long poem, having dramatic vigor and a fine Tennysonian rhythm; but its strength lies in the depiction of a once great man, now fallen, the passions which rend his despairing, remorse-stricken soul, and his wild death. "Lazarus" is beautiful in its pathetic human appeal, but its teaching is perverse. Surely no purpose lies in the obscurity and passion of "The Last Ride." And as for "The Mother," so much talked of, in it the gruesome reaches its climax, and poetic refinement and delicacy are transgressed both as to phase of subject and mode of treatment.

The masterpiece of the book is "Unabsolved." It is founded on the confession of a man who went with one of the expeditions to rescue Sir John Franklin's party, and who, being sent ahead, saw signs of them, but through cowardice refused to tell, and so left them to perish. The power of this poem is superb. We creep out on the bare ledge of ice with that lone man. The "hellish, lonely solitude," that "ringed his reason round," creeps over us. We hear him whispering "Madness, madness to the dark." We look over with him and see,—

" But night, and awful gulfs of dark,  
 And weird ice-mountains, looming desolate there.  
 And far beyond the vastness of that sea,  
 And then,—O God, why died I not that hour? . . . .  
 The certain tapering outline of a mast,  
 And one small patch of rag: and then I felt  
 No man could ever live to reach that place,  
 And horror seized me of that haunted world. . . . .  
 Then crept I back, the weak ghost of a life,  
 A miserable, confined, shaking fear,  
 And spake, 'I saw but ice and winds and dark,  
 And the dread vastness of that desolate sea.' . . . .



And then once more I crept out on the ledge . . . . .  
 And as I lay those moments seemed to grow  
 As men have felt in looking down long years.  
 And then I chose 'twixt evil and the good,'  
 And took the evil ; then began my hell.  
 And back I crept with that black lie on lips,  
 And spake again, ' I only saw the night,  
 And those weird mountains and the awful dark.'

And came a wondrous shock across the world,  
 Like sounds of far-off battle where hosts die,  
 As if God thundered back my awful lie.  
 And I fell in a heap where all was black."

And after all the horror and dread of the revelation of this poor  
 haunted creature's soul, what have we ? Only this,—

" But I have felt in some dim shapeless way  
 That back of all there is some mighty will,  
 Beyond the measure of our days and years,  
 A wondrous mercy that is working still."

There are such sad terrible things in life we know, but does  
 true art show us the dark, the sad, the awful, except as it is  
 reconciled with the everlastingly strong, hopeful, and true ?  
 Would 'In Memoriam' bear that stamp of immortality if the  
 sorrowing friend had been left in mere blind resignation ? Would  
 Faust be Faust if we were left at the death of Marguerite ?

Campbell is one of the strongest of our Canadian poets.  
 He has a wonderful talent for dramatic and tragic writing. In  
 this regard he holds undisputed sway in Canada, and would be,  
 I think, a fair rival to his contemporaries in a wider field. His  
 sympathy with nature, his feeling, and power of expression are  
 strong. His work is stamped with the sterling mark, and yet  
 it is sadly marred. The cause of this failure would seem to me  
 to lie in one thing, but this how vital—the ethical nature is  
 amiss. It is as though a highly-wrought, generous nature had  
 received some mortal hurt. When the spiritual nature is wrong  
 it makes all the rest wrong. Was it of such a nature Ruskin  
 wrote:—"There is a tendency in the minds of many men, when  
 they are heavily disappointed in the main purposes of this life,  
 to feel and to declare that life itself is vanity. Because it has  
 disappointed them, they think of its nature as of disappointment  
 always, or, at best, of pleasure which can be grasped by the

imagination only"? Yet, this may be but the dark before the dawn,—the 'mysterious, indescribable process of *getting to know*.' May he some time finish the sentence with Ruskin—'I saw that my own failure came from the want of sufficiently earnest effort to understand the *whole* law and meaning of existence, and bring it to its noble and due end. And as I saw more and more clearly that all enduring success in arts had come from a ruling of lower purposes, not from the ruling conviction of its nothingness, but by a solemn faith in the advancing power of human nature."

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## MIGRATION OF BIRDS.

NOTES BY AN AMATEUR ORNITHOLOGIST.

Spring in our northern climate may be said to extend from the middle of March to the middle of June. It is during this period that our birds return: some of the more hardy species, such as the robin, song sparrow or bluebird, arriving in March. The rarer and more brilliant appear at varying dates, from the first of April till the middle of June.

Considered in all its relations this annual journey of the birds is one of the most wonderful facts in nature. Coming such an immense distance, many from the tropics to the far north, often one or two thousand miles, how can they regulate the time and distance so well? Condition of weather and character of season make little difference, for we can tell within a few days when to expect the arrival of each species. The time of arrival as also of departure, though so exact in each case, varies greatly with different species. Those birds which arrive first stay latest, and the latest visitants are the first to depart. The robin, the bluebird and various blackbirds, the killdeer, the meadow lark and the song sparrow arrive before winter is over, and are thus the harbingers of spring. But the thrushes, warblers, cuckoos and flycatchers come with the spring flowers and tender foliage.

The methods of the birds in making these passages are varied and interesting. Many birds make their journey by night, while

during the day they may be found resting and feeding in favorite haunts. The wild goose and duck cover great distance during the dark hours of night, and when day approaches they seek the marsh-land or other places of resort where food and rest may be found. It has also been noticed that many birds passing near the ground and thus experiencing special dangers, move under cover of the night. Some aquatic birds as the loons and grebes make their passage by following the great water courses, and have been known to cover many hundred miles without leaving the water, while many running birds, such as the rails, accomplish a great part of their journey on foot.

Who has failed to notice the sudden appearance of the feathered songsters in our midst? To-day we may look and listen for them in vain, but to-morrow as the sun begins to tint the eastern horizon we are greeted by the tender warble of the bluebird and the loud clear notes of the robin. Ornithologists have noticed that many species, and perhaps birds in general, from year to year, return for nidification to the same locality, if not the same spot. Birds of prey have been known to occupy the same old eyrie year after year; the bluebird and martin return regularly to their old abode; the barn swallow resorts to the old home on the rafter with great exhibitions of joy at each return; and even the song-bird of the forest, which makes the longest migration, is known to rebuild near its former site.

The bluebird shows this disposition to rebuild in its old tenement perhaps more than any other bird. I remember an old post at the corner of the orchard where for several successive seasons a pair of bluebirds used to nest. The male usually arrived some time earlier than the female, and he seemed to have come to reconnoitre the old haunts. Upon the arrival of the female there took place a modest courtship, after which followed the preparation for mating. This preparation was very interesting. They would pay little attention to the old home in the post, but took great precaution to inspect every other nook and corner. They used to examine boxes, cavities in trees, last year swallow nests, and cornices about the outbuildings, and all with the greatest care. During these explorations they usually got into serious complications with the sparrow, but the little plebeian usually succeeded in driving the timid bluebirds from

their quarters. But the place of greatest interest to this little pair seemed to be the cavity in the top of an old pump. They would return to this many times and seriously deliberate upon its attractions as a home: but at last they would return to the old abode and settle down to housekeeping with very little ceremony.

It is very interesting to notice the manner of birds in their migratory movements. Many species make the journey singly or in pairs. Often the male precedes the female several days as in the case of the bluebird. Other species travel in families, or flocks, these moving communities sometimes being enormous. The vast assemblages of the several kinds of blackbirds, such as the purple grackle, will fairly darken the cornfields and meadows, and their musical clatter may be heard at great distances. The swallows will gather in immense flocks, perching in dense lines on the ridge of the old barn or along the telegraph wires, and laugh and chatter as though their formidable journey were to be the merriest thing possible.

Few persons realize the great number of birds that come to Ontario during the period of the spring migration. From April till the last of May appear in succession the different kinds of blackbirds, grosbeak, sparrow, woodpecker, wren, swallow, flycatcher and warbler. Ornithologists have noted eleven different kinds of thrushes, more than fifteen kinds of sparrows, and at least twenty-four kinds of warblers. By the first of June, the woods and meadows throb with life. Through close observation with the aid of a glass, we may see numerous feathered songsters which the common observer never notices, but which have even tropical richness of plumage and often pleasing musical power.

These migratory movements are accompanied by many dangers which certainly destroy countless multitudes. Overcome by adverse winds and storms, immense hosts become exhausted and perish, as is shown by the great numbers of small land-birds drifting to the shores of the great lakes after very severe storms. A very striking proof of the way in which strong winds may drive the migrants out of their course is the fact that often species of our North American birds have been found in Great Britain. This is explained in the fact that these birds,

usually bred in northern latitudes, encounter very strong westerly winds, which are frequent about the time of their southward flight. By these winds they are driven to the coast of Norway, and then proceed on their southward flight, soon reaching Britain. After heavy storms during their migration hundreds of ducks have been picked up dead, on a single morning, below the Falls on Niagara River; they having flown into the great cataract and perished.

It has also been noticed that powerful lights often bewilder and mislead the migrants in their flight. Some of the great lighthouses stationed in the paths of migratory movements attract and daze thousands of birds so that they dash their lives out against the strong beacons. Cases are frequent where the great light produced by the illuminating power of a city or town, has caused much disturbance to the feathered travellers. I remember one instance of my own observation. The silence and darkness of the evening was very noticeable when suddenly I heard the distant gabbling of geese. At first I thought little of it, but soon noticed that these sounds remained just above the town. The cries seemed to denote distress, and increased till it seemed as though countless numbers of birds were sweeping through the air. These sounds of agitation continued for almost three hours. I have always believed that in the darkness the geese were flying low and were confused by the electric light. This confusion and panic spread till great numbers of migrants were bewildered, thus causing the great aerial disturbance.

What strange and mighty impulse is this which fills the breasts of such countless multitudes and carries them on through bitter storms and numberless perils to such great distances? This impulse, this great tidal wave of feathered life which sweeps over our land, has long been a subject of interest to poet and philosopher. The hawk that spreads her wings toward the south is no more familiar to the latest observer than it was to the author of the book of Job. The modern sportsman in autumn, by the rivers in Asia, sees the water-fowl thronging as did those old hunters of the days of Homer. The modern poets welcome the swallow as did Anacreon of old; and even the American Indians named the changes of the moon by the movements of the birds of passage.

While at this period of great scientific research we might expect explanations which would be satisfactory to all minds, yet little is known of the real causes of this mystery. In only one great point are we wiser than our ancestors. They believed that the disappearance of the birds was due to hibernation, thus not having to give any account for this strange impulse. Students of the subject to-day give many reasons for the migratory movement, its certainty and its regularity. Some account for this by force of circumstances arising from the habit common to all animals of wandering in search of food; others would like to give the bird almost human reasoning power, whilst many claim the bird is guided by a power commonly known as instinct. It would appear that this, like so many other regular habits in animate nature, must be caused by the laws of instinct guided by Infinite Intelligence. Here is a mystery which science thus far can only enhance. In that mystery who does not exclaim?

“ There is a Power whose care  
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast—  
The desert and illimitable air—  
Lone wandering, but not lost.

E. J. ZAVITZ, '02.

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#### INTER-COLLEGIATE MISSIONARY ALLIANCE.

The twelfth biennial convention of the Canadian Inter-Collegiate Missionary Alliance recently held in Queen's University, Kingston, was a pronounced success, and reflected great credit on the members of the Executive. The convention certainly felt their deep obligation to the Chairman of the Committee, Mr. Jas. Wallace, M.A., for his untiring efforts on their behalf.

Our introduction to Kingston as regards the weather was not of the most reassuring nature. Rain, sleet, wind and gloom did their worst to dampen our enthusiasm, but in vain. It proved, however, to be just the ingenuous device of a coy maiden tantalizing her lover by assuming for the nonce grave dis-

pleasure in order that her gracious smiles might afterward be all the more entrancing. So with Kingston. In the morning what a glorious vision met our enraptured gaze! The rosy-fingered sun shone across the rippling, sparkling waters, transformed the frosted windows into golden frescoes, the crystal-laden trees into opal-crowned diamond pillars, and in silver trumpet tones called for nature's pæan to her Maker.

The reception tendered the delegates on the evening of their arrival was in the highest degree cordial. Historic old Queen's gave us of her best. The kindly faces of former principals seemed to nod a warm greeting from their places on the wall, while professors and students vied with each other in gracious efforts to make the delegates feel at home. The programme was good, as also the refreshments, but best of all was the kindly, fraternal spirit manifested by all present. The manly dignity and quiet courtesy of the students of Queen's won our cordial good-will and grateful appreciation.

Whatever doubts may have existed as to the advisability of continuing the Alliance must surely have been dispelled by the delightful and helpful series of meetings of this last convention. Whatever proves conducive to the fraternal spirit among our Colleges and Universities ought to receive our hearty support and mutual self-sacrifice. Our inter-collegiate games and contests—in whose assured success we all rejoice—satisfy the fraternal longing in its physical aspect; the inter-collegiate debates fill this need on its intellectual side; and what could better minister to this craving for brotherhood in its highest aspect—the moral and spiritual—than the Inter-collegiate Missionary Alliance held in our various Colleges from year to year, and participated in by delegates from all these Colleges, thus meeting together to deepen the spiritual life and to quicken missionary zeal?

In these conventions the routine of business is reduced to a minimum, but what little was done proved very pleasing to McMaster delegates, and we trust to all the others, for the next convention meets in McMaster University, while Prof. Farmer is to be its President and Mr. Ralph Smith one of the Executive. We trust that the friends of our University will see to it that the new chapel already visible to the eye of faith may become

by that time a tangible reality, and prove the scene of many a gracious outpouring of pentecostal power.

It is not my purpose to describe in detail the different meetings. Suffice it to say that they were all good and proved cumulative in interest to the very last—the closing farewell service being one to be long remembered for its stirring enthusiasm and spiritual fervency. The addresses and papers were concise and to the point, showing for the most part careful preparation, and so proving of real benefit. In one word, the convention was *practical*. The speakers took us at once to the heart of their subjects, while the presence of so many missionaries gave zest and vividness to the racy discussions.

The following will indicate the terse suggestiveness of the various addresses.

Mr. J. Campbell White, laboring among the 10,000 university students of Calcutta, reports a great awakening. As many as from 600 to 1,000 attend his weekly prayer-meeting.

Japan's crying need is enthusiastic, evangelistic missionaries of intense spirituality. Under present conditions every Christian should hold himself responsible for reaching 30 heathen. Of every 78 theological graduates only one goes to the foreign field. Nine-tenths of the money for foreign missions is furnished by one-sixteenth of the Christian people, while only one-half give anything at all.

God has a plan for every man. Our best plan is to find His plan.

Medical missionaries are a crying need of the heathen world, 1—2,500,000; at the same rate there would be only three doctors in Canada.

The true study of human nature necessitates the broadest culture of both the mental and spiritual powers.

The students of India furnish the quickest road to the educated classes. All converts from the latter have been won between the ages of fifteen and twenty-five.

God is mobilizing. Think of 15,000 strategic centres, occupied by 10,000 missionaries, supported by 50,000 native workers.

God not only needs us, but ours. "The Lord hath need" of our consecrated wealth. On the day of the triumphal entry, the



shaggy colt of the morning had become by the evening the throne of the Almighty, for the Lord had sat thereon.

Know the religion you are to fight against.

What is needed to-day is not more men, but more man, for God weighs rather than numbers of men.

W. J. PADY.

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### Editorial Notes.

FOR the first time in its history *THE MONTHLY* appears without the photogravure that has regularly accompanied our usual biographical sketch. Inasmuch as this will seem to all a noticeable break with the traditions of the past, we deem it advisable to state the reason that has led the Publishing Committee to omit what has been hitherto a distinctive feature of our magazine. It is needless to say that it was with great regret that we unanimously agreed to make the sacrifice: it is due to ourselves to assure our readers that it was only sheer necessity that forced us to do so. We do not suppose that many realize the financial responsibilities involved in the publication of *THE MONTHLY*, but we may inform our friends that they are so large as to demand a large expenditure of time, thought and energy. These responsibilities are increased by the fact that we have never been free from a pretty considerable debt, and that not a few subscribers neglect to pay their subscriptions. With regard to our present burden of debt, we may say that, though it need not cause us anxiety, it is still large enough to make it necessary for us to exercise the utmost prudence in the financial management of *THE MONTHLY*. This year we resolved to make a special effort to wipe out our deficit, and in the carrying out of that resolution, we regretfully but unanimously decided to deny ourselves the luxury of a photogravure. In doing this, however, we allowed ourselves to hope that the omission of it from our magazine would be only temporary. Just as soon as we are free from debt, and on a firm financial basis again, we hope to resume the publication of it. When that shall be will depend largely on the readiness and alacrity with which delinquent subscribers fulfil their obligations to us and themselves. Had all of those who have taken *THE MONTHLY* for the past five or six years paid their subscriptions, we should hardly have been forced to take our present step. We trust that this hint may not go unnoticed, but that it may lead many to do their obvious duty in the premises.

But while in pursuance of a careful financial policy we have felt compelled to sacrifice one of the best features of *THE MONTHLY*, we do not intend to omit a much more important feature, namely, the biographical sketch. We are more than ever convinced of the present and future value of the life sketches of the pioneers of our denomination, and shall continue to publish one such article a month. In this issue Dr. Murdoch gives our readers an excellent and highly interesting account of the life and character of the late Elder Slaght, of Waterford, and we are sure that a perusal of Dr. Murdoch's appreciation will lead everyone to share our opinion of the interest and importance of such articles.

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## Book Reviews

### THE GREAT POETS AND THEIR THEOLOGY.\*

THIS is a very attractive book in appearance. The publishers have done their best in paper and type. The book contains nine essays, — on Homer, Virgil, Dante, Shakespeare, Milton, Goethe, Wordsworth, Browning and Tennyson. One has not to read far before one is aware that the author has not in any vital sense come into direct touch with the works of these poets, but first and chiefly with the literature that has gathered about them. The light that is here is not that of native vision. Its colors and tones are caught from the overshadowing cloud of commentators and critics. We are frankly told in the preface, what every essay as fully tells for itself, "that most of the capital is borrowed." The "moderate interest," however, which the author says he hopes to repay, is forthcoming in the orderly and readable epitome presented. Each essay repays perusal, for the style is clear and interesting, and there is an atmosphere of summer recreation about it, which dispels the thought of too serious study. The best of the series is that on Homer. The history of the Homeric question is fairly rehearsed, and the considerations which, to the satisfaction of sane minds, have established the unity of the *Iliad* and the unity of the *Odyssey*, and the common authorship of both, lose nothing of their force in the admirable setting here given to them. The essays on

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\*The Great Poets and their Theology. By Augustus Hopkins Strong, D.D., LL.D., President of the Rochester Theological Seminary. Author of "Systematic Theology," and "Philosophy and Religion." Philadelphia: American Baptist Publication Society.

Dante and Shakespeare are next in worth, we should say, while that on Wordsworth is not greatly inferior. The remaining ones are of less value. Goethe would not know himself as a poet, though some wholesome truth is spoken of him as a man. He is termed by the author "the poet of pantheism." Goethe himself has expressly told us: "As a poet, I am a polytheist." The passage in Wordsworth's famous Ode on Intimations of Immortality, beginning

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting,

is taken seriously by our author, and interpreted to mean, "Not ideal pre-existence in God's foreknowledge, but substantial pre-existence in God's being!" But Wordsworth made it all simple enough for us long ago, when he wrote that he did not mean to inculcate the belief that man had known a prior state of existence. "I took hold," he says, "of the motion of pre-existence as having sufficient foundation in humanity for authorizing me to make for my purpose the best use of it I could as a poet." The essays on Browning and Tennyson are misleading, many will think, in capital instances of interpretation. Perhaps it is too much to expect that one whose life long impact of thought has been in the realm of theology and philosophy, should surrender his mind so completely to the poet's way of looking at things as not to suffer from theological or philosophical motes and even beams in his organ of vision.

It is surely refreshing to know that a laborious and learned divine has for thirteen years enriched his life by spending his vacations in the study of the literature of some of the great poets. It is a hint for other busy men, whose daily toil has led them farther and farther away from the fresh world of nature and of divine thought as revealed to the imagination and quickened emotions of the poets. Dr. Strong's volume would have been of wider and truer service, we cannot but think, had the aim been to bring nearer to thoughtful men the heavenly fruitage of poetry itself, all ripe and mellow as it is in the gardens of these almost divine ones to whose gates he leads us. But this was rendered well-nigh impossible by a preconceived purpose—the "theology" of the poets, their direct teachings, or clear implications, in this realm of thought. His purpose has been a dominant one, and the formal results are of little value. If the great poets are seers while they are poets, the theology to be found in their poems will be an unconscious contribution to the science of sciences; and it will be in solution, too, beauty being the solvent. It will not admit of precipitation by any intellectual chemistry. It must be quaffed just as it is

offered in its golden goblet. Then, and only then, will the divine in it diffuse itself through the spirit, and be assimilated with that which is divine in us. Poetry knows little of formal propositions and refuses for the most to make appeal to the logical intellect.

The publication, however, of this book will do good. It cannot fail to provoke many minds in the ministry and in other walks of life to activity in a realm, in too many instances, practically disregarded. Dr. Strong's volume will be a suggestive and helpful hand book. It seems a dreadful thing that we should acquaint ourselves with science and philosophy as aids and side-lights in reading the thoughts of God, and all the while leave to the moles and the bats the more spiritual revelations given all down the course of history in unbroken succession through the insight of the poetic imagination. God Himself is the Great Poet, and we may be certain that in creating us in His own image, He meant to commune with us not alone through the logical and fact elements of our nature, but also through our emotions and imagination quickened to heavenly sightedness by His ceaseless appeal of beauty.

T. H. R.

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## College News.

F. J. SCOTT, '99, A. C. WATSON, '01, EDITORS.

At the tug-of-war a ruthless Arts man was heard to exclaim—  
“You Theologs. can pull wires, but you can't pull a rope.”

STUDENT (to smooth-faced senior) :—“Your face is as smooth as a lady's.” “But my upper lip is like a wire fence.” “Yes, with the wires all *down*.”

PROFESSOR (in New Testament) :—“Can you tell me the event next in order?” CONFUSED JUNIOR :—“He then got into a boat, pushed it from shore, and preached the “Sermon on the Mount.”

LECTURER IN ACOUSTICS :—“Now by this formula we can find the value of all pipes, and——” DULL STUDENT :—“What kind of pipes?”

CLASSICAL MASTER.—“You, there, give me the principal parts of the verb from which *positum* comes.” Rattled student—“Pon—pon—e” — “Stop, stop, that's altogether too suggestive,” interrupted the professor.

FOOT-BALL.—Victory once more has perched upon the standard of McMaster's team. On the afternoon of Nov. 16th, McMaster defeated Trinity Meds. The game was very exciting, and was watched by a large contingent from McMaster. The score of 3 to 1 in favor of McMaster, shows the progress our men have been making in this department of athletics.

THE students of the city are ever grateful to the Jarvis Street Baptist Church for their kindness, annually expressed in the form of a Reception to Students. Among the colleges represented on these occasions, McMaster sends perhaps the largest delegation. This year, on the evening of October 17th, the students turned out almost *en masse* and enjoyed as usual the entertainment and hospitality provided by the Young People of the Church.

DEBATING LEAGUE.—Some of the leading colleges of the city have formed an Intercollegiate Debating League. The colleges represented in it are—McMaster, Varsity, Trinity, Victoria, Osgoode and Knox. The first conflict in which McMaster is to be a participant is to take place on Dec. 3rd against Osgoode. McMaster certainly would feel considerable anxiety as to the issue, were it not that she is to be represented by two of her ablest men, A. B. Cohoe, B.A., and Mr. S. E. Grigg, '00. The effect of this league, no doubt, will be to impart a kindlier and more helpful feeling still among the colleges.

PHILOSOPHICAL CLUB.—The second meeting of the Club was held Thursday, Nov. 3rd, with the President, Mr. A. G. Campbell, B.A., in the chair. The meeting was largely attended, a number of the ladies being present in spite of the traditional aversion of the fair sex to abstract reasoning. The interest in Prof. Ten Broeke's course of lectures seems to be keeping up. The study of sociology is at present engaging the minds of statesmen, preachers and thinkers, and McMaster is, as usual, up to the times.

HALLOWE'EN.—The celebration of Hallowe'en is now a distinct feature of McMaster University life. An orderly crowd of disorderly students assembled in the Hall, and marched to the houses of the nearest professors, serenading them and wishing them well in the preparation of their work for the following day. Moulton College was also visited, while lustily the gailants sang to their cloistered and bed-betucked deities. So enthusiastic were the heroes in their devotion, that some ominous-looking authorities appeared, lest such religious fervor should take a violent form. The boys then wrenched themselves away from the hallowed precincts, and sang with trembling and subdued voices—"We're off on the *tear*."

TENNYSONIAN SOCIETY.—The first meeting of the Tennysonian Society was held on Friday evening, October 28th. The meeting was well attended, a goodly number of the seniors honoring the juniors with their presence. After the president, Mr. A. McNeil, had delivered

his inaugural address outlining the aims of the Society, the following programme was rendered: Instrumental, L. B. Riggs; oration, "Athletics," H. Coumans; oration, "Seneca," R. Guyatt; instrumental, H. W. Newman; oration, "Influence," A. Huddleston; oration, "The True Poet," W. Calvert; vocal selection, Miss McLaurin; Critic's Report, Mr. A. W. Vining, B.A.

THE second regular meeting of the Theological Society was held Nov. 10th. The speaker of the evening was Mr. H. J. Evans, B.A., of Knox College. His subject was "Voice Culture." He indicated the right use of the various organs connected with speaking, and impressed upon the listeners the good that would come from breathing properly. Some very helpful remarks were also given us concerning the kind of people who make up our audiences. Some were intellectual, others more emotional, and again some were more volitional, or in other words, physical. He closed his address by giving several recitations, which were well received.

FOOT-BALL.—The game the most exciting, and the most skilfully played in the Inter-collegiate Association this year, was that played on Tuesday, Nov. 9th, between McMaster and Varsity. Knowing that the teams were pretty evenly matched, McMaster's hopes ran high. From the very first the game promised to be fast and strong, and the promise was fulfilled. Varsity in the first half scored two goals. In the second half another goal was scored by Varsity, but McMaster towards the finish rose to the importance of the occasion, and gave the Varsity goal-keeper the unusual experience of seeing a ball go through his goal. On both sides there was splendid combination, and individual playing from start to finish. The personnel of our team was as follows: Goal, Baker; backs, Reid, Guyatt; halves, Cornish, Torrie, Pengelly; forwards, Dr. Hooper, Thompson, McDonald, Mr. McLay and Zavitz.

THE students of McMaster were certainly in very good spirits on the day of their Annual Field Day, but the following day witnessed even greater rejoicing and hilarity, if that were possible. And no wonder, for on that day McMaster's Football Team won a decided and brilliant victory over that of Osgoode Hall, in the inter-collegiate series. Although the score at the final sound of the whistle was 5—0 in McMaster's favor, the game was at no time slow or uninteresting. One noticeable feature was the large number of McMaster men and ladies who turned out to witness the game and encourage their team by their presence. This fact is very significant, inasmuch as it goes to show that a deeper appreciation of and interest in athletics is growing in McMaster, a spirit which is indeed essential to a well-rounded University.

THE second of the inter-year debates in the Literary and Scientific Society took place on Friday night, November 11th, between Messrs. G. R. Welch and E. A. Brownlee of "Century" and Messrs. J. R.

Coutts and A. J. Welch of "Naughty Two," on the resolution that "The present unhappy condition of the working class is due more to the employee than to the employer." Dr. Tracy, of University College, was present in the capacity of Judge and gave an exceedingly able summing up, showing that, although the respective number and value of points, after allowing for those which had been refuted on either side, were very nearly equal, the wording of the resolution "due *more* to the employee, etc.," gave the negative a decided advantage. Loud were the plaudits of the Freshmen as they hailed their victorious champions. The other numbers of the programme, viz, a solo by Mr. H. Bryant, a reading by Miss Gile, and a solo by Mr. C. Triggerson, were very much enjoyed by the large audience and proved a pleasant relaxation from the strain of following the intricacies and fathoming the depths of the debaters' logic.

THE Theological Society of McMaster University held its first regular meeting for the year on October 27th, 1898, when Rev. Elmore Harris delivered a very helpful and pointed address on "The Ideal Student." Mr. Harris chose for the foundation of his remarks the words of Paul to the Thessalonians, "May your spirit and soul and body be preserved entire." He emphasized God's order of manhood—spirit first, then soul, then body. He showed that there were three essentials necessary in order to have a healthy body, "pure air, wholesome food, and vigorous exercise." But there was a danger of giving undue prominence in the present day to the development of the physical, while the spiritual was neglected. Regarding intellectual culture he believed not only in a well-stored mind but also in a well-trained mind. The study to attain intellectual culture has its deadening influence, and to counteract this a special spiritual study should be pursued throughout one's course. Above all things he emphasized the necessity of attention to the spiritual life,—as a new man in Christ to breathe the pure air of fellowship with Christ; to feast upon the wholesome food of God's Word, and to impart to others the truth of the gospel. At the request of the President, Rev. W. W. Weeks, who was present, closed the meeting with prayer.

THE second regular meeting of the Literary and Scientific Society was held on the evening of Friday, November 4th, and proved unusually successful. The main part of the programme was of a somewhat novel character, being the first of a series of debates between the different years in Arts. The resolution that "The Czar's proposal for disarmament is impracticable" was debated by representatives of the "Year One" and "Ninety-nine" ably and closely. Messrs. M. D. Coltman, '01, and R. E. Sayles, '01, who upheld the affirmative side of the question, argued along practical lines, marshalling facts and figures and cold logical deductions in such formidable array that the close philosophical and ethical reasoning of Messrs. J. T. Jones and B. R. Simpson, who represented the seniors, was unable to break through their defence. The musical part of the programme consisted of a very acceptable rendering of "The Holy City," by Miss E. Z. M. Lick, and

a piano duet, by Misses Cohoon and McLay. Dr. Starr, who acted as judge of the debate, certainly climaxed the evening by an address replete with wit and humor, as well as a masterly summing up of the arguments, which gave the palm of victory to "Naughty One." As the president, before asking for a motion of adjournment, expressed his pleasure at seeing some members of the Faculty present, that well-known cry of "Speech!" "Speech!" was raised, which only ceased when Professor Farmer rose to his feet and made the desired "impromptu," which was highly appreciated.

FRIDAY, Oct. 28th, was a red letter day in the history of McMaster Athletic Association. Under the careful management of President Matthews and his staff, our annual Field Day was a grand success. The attendance was good, considerable interest being taken in the sports by many of our city friends, including the ladies of Moulton College, who attended in a body. The enthusiasm of all in this college function was quite apparent. The contest for the championship was not as close as it was last year, this being due in part to the fact that, owing to a sprained ankle, Mr. E. J. Reid, one of our most efficient athletes, was prevented from taking part in the games. Mr. G. L. Sprague, '00, won the championship with 17 points, thus becoming the holder of the McNaught cup for the year 98-99, and the possessor of the Chancellor's gold medal. Mr. A. B. Cohoe, B.A., came second with 9 points, and Mr. E. Sayles, '01, third, with 7 points, thus winning respectively the first and second silver medals given by the Association. Fast time was made in the 100 yards, won by Sprague in 10 4 5 seconds. Special mention should also be made of the college record established in the pole vault by Haydon, who cleared 9 feet with ease. The following is a list of the events and the winners: 100 yards—1, G. L. Sprague; 2, A. B. Cohoe. Time, 10 4-5 seconds. Putting the shot—1, A. McNeil, 30 feet 2 inches; 2, A. Lamont, 29 feet 11 inches. High jump—1, A. B. Cohoe, 4 feet 10 inches; 2, G. L. Sprague, 4 feet 9 1-2 inches. 220 yards—1, G. L. Sprague; 2, A. Lamont. Time, 25 4-5 seconds. Half-mile run—1, G. L. Sprague; 2, J. Nicole. Time, 2 minutes 28 seconds. Running broad jump—1, Sinclair, 17 feet 10 inches; 2, A. B. Cohoe, 17 feet 9 inches. Pole vault—1, Haydon, 9 feet; 2, Sayles. Quarter-mile run—1, G. L. Sprague; 2, A. B. Cohoe. Time, 1 minute 5 seconds. Tug-of-war, Arts vs. Theology—Won by Arts team, two straights. Running hop, step and jump—1, Sinclair, 38 feet 9 inches; 2, G. L. Sprague, 38 feet 1 inch. Mile run—1, Guyatt; 2, J. Nicole. Time, 5 minutes 11 1-5 seconds. Fatigue race—1, A. McNeil and Mann, class '01; 2, Guyatt and Macdonald, class '01. Team race—1, team of class '01; 2, team of class '02. Class '01 team consisted of Messrs. Pengelley, Haydon, Mann, Sayles and Coumans. Ministers' race—P. C. McGregor.



## MOULTON COLLEGE.

MISS PUTNAM, MISS DUNCAN, EDITORS.

The second lecture of the "Course" for this year was given by Professor J. H. Farmer, B.A., of McMaster University, on "Advantages of Classical Study." The lecture was most interesting and has given fresh inspiration to the students of Classics.

The next lecture will be given on Friday evening, December 9th, by Professor W. H. Fraser, B.A., of Toronto University, upon the subject, "Michael Angelo."

The most interesting social event of this term has been the Hallowe'en Tea, which was given Friday evening, November 18th. The merriment began early in the evening, when the girls, prettily attired, assembled in the reception rooms preparatory to marching, by classes, to the dining-room where "High Tea" was served. The dining-room wore a festive appearance with decorations of bunting, flags, evergreens and palms, and made an effective setting for the tables, upon which had been artistically arranged the colors and flowers of each class. Music furnished by D'Alessandro's orchestra added greatly to the enjoyment of the occasion.

A feature of the evening's pleasure was the clever speeches made by several of the students in response to the toasts prepared by Miss Ethel Thomson who presided. Among them were "Our Queen," responded to by all singing the National Anthem; "Our Flag," to which Miss Bertha Cassidy of the second year gave a patriotic reply; "Our College," which called forth a witty response from Miss Vivien Hundy of the first year class, and the "Founder of their College," to which Miss Annie Weeks of the third year replied.

The fourth year was represented by Miss Nora Shenstone in reply to the toast "Grecian Heroes." Miss Grace Jefferson represented the special students by replying to a toast proposed to the "Ghost of Hallowe'en," while Miss Jean Jefferson of the Entrance Class replied to "Our Aims." The list was closed by a reply from our Principal, Miss Dicklow, to the toast "The Advantages of being a Woman." On returning to the reception rooms, the Spirit of Hallowe'en held full sway until a late hour, when all dispersed, feeling that such departures from the ordinary routine give fresh zest to work, and leave many happy memories.

On Friday evening, October 21st, the first meeting of the Heliconian was held. The following programme was acceptably rendered:—

|                 |  |
|-----------------|--|
| Piano Solo..... | Miss Gertrude Carey.                             |
| Roll Call.....  |  |
| Recitation..... | Miss Leila Logan.                                |
| Essay.....      | "Longfellow"..... Miss Edith MacGregor.          |
| Recitation..... | Miss Elsie Orpen.                                |
| Reading.....    | "Heliconian Paper"..... Miss Gertrude MacGregor. |

## WOODSTOCK COLLEGE.

S. R. TARR, M.A., J. N. MCLEAN, EDITORS.

THE socials in Baptist Churches and Mission have been largely attended by the College boys.

THE recent visit of the Chancellor was a welcome one. His encouraging words in regard to athletics must surely prove an impetus along lines of College sport.

THE Judson Missionary Society held its regular monthly meeting in the Chapel on Thursday, Nov. 17th. Mr. Pearce gave an interesting report of his experience as delegate at the recent Student Volunteer Missionary Convention in Kingston.

A FRIENDLY game of football was played on the College campus on Nov. 4th between our team and one picked from the town. At the end of the game the official score stood 1 to 1.

THE Literary Societies intend holding an open meeting on Friday, Dec. 2nd. The principal item on the programme will be a mock trial, when W. Wickett will appear before his Honor J. M. Howell on a charge of Breach of Promise.

PROF. WILLMOTT'S lecture of Friday, Nov. 4th, on "A trip through the gold regions of Ontario," was highly appreciated by students and a crowded town audience. We hope this is not the Professor's last visit to Woodstock.

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 GRANDE LIGNE.

E. S. ROY, EDITOR.

MR. NORMAN has a gate that ought to be *hanged!*

C

SPET ACLES seem to be the latest thing in Grande Ligne. Whether it is because they offer a good excuse for poor homesick boys to visit their mammas or whether it is on account of their weak eyes we cannot tell. But such is the case. Perhaps this weakness is due to the strain caused by the too constant and steady gaze at a window of the ladies' building, and to the fear lest some of Cupid's darts passing through it might fall to the ground without their desired effect. In hopes of pre-

venting a similar catastrophe to the ladies, the exterior of the window has been beautifully decorated with a coat of paint.

La musique de notre étage  
Est fournie par Dutaud,  
Monsieur Massé, le soir, s'engage  
A lui ôter son "piccolo."

Le dortoir est dans le deuil,  
Son amateur l'est aussi ;  
En un moment, en un clin d'œil,  
Le "banjo" était parti.

Garçons soyez donc prudents,  
Dans vos moments de plaisir ;  
Et gardez vos instruments,  
Pour vos moments de loisir.

ALTHOUGH the "Prohibition Plebiscite" carried on the 29th of September last, there is still much work to be done for the cause of temperance in our fair Dominion. And perhaps in no place is this work more needed than in the Province of Québec. Our Temperance Society is now aware of this fact, and it has once more begun active work among the students of the Institute. The first monthly meeting of the year was held on the 28th of October. After the election of the different officers, Mr. A. E. Massé read the constitution to the student body, thus showing them very clearly the object of our existence as a society. We then listened to a very profitable, as well as a highly interesting, programme prepared by Miss S. Piché and Mr. E. Hélie. We hope that much good may result from all our efforts in this work.

THE deepest sympathy has been felt for our pastor, Rev. M. B. Parent, during the past few weeks. Death has entered his home and taken away the little son of two months, while at the same time Mrs. Parent was undergoing a serious and alarming illness, so that for days and even weeks it seemed that she too must go. But we are thankful now to know that there is improvement in her case and a reasonable hope of her recovery. During this trying time in Mr. Parent's home his pulpit has been supplied by the Revs. N. Gregoire and A. L. Therrien.

THE sports of the Institute seem to be flourishing as usual. Some change has been made from other years. Base-ball, without a doubt, has taken the place of foot-ball. All that is wanting to make the game a success is a good campus to play on. This we certainly have.

## Here and There.

W. B. TIGHE, '99, EDITOR.

"A PERFECT DAY."

"I will be glad to-day : the sun  
Smiles all adown the land ;  
The lilies lean along the way ;  
Serene on either hand,  
The full-blown roses, red and white  
In perfect beauty stand.

The mourning-dove within the woods  
Forgets, nor longer grieves ;  
A light wind lifts the bladed corn,  
And ripples the ripe sheaves ;  
High overhead some happy bird  
Sings softly in the leaves.

The butterflies flit by, and bees ;  
A peach falls to the ground ;  
The tinkle of a bell is heard  
From some far pasture-mound ;  
The crickets in the warm, green grass  
Chirp with a softened sound.

The sky looks down upon the sea,  
Blue, with not anywhere  
The shadow of a passing-cloud ;  
The sea looks up as fair—  
So bright a picture on its breast  
As if it smiled to wear.

A day too glad for laughter—nay  
Too glad for happy tears !  
The fair earth seems as in a dream  
Of immemorial years :  
Perhaps of that far morn when she  
Sang with her sister spheres.

It may be that she holds to-day  
Some sacred Sabbath feast ;  
It may be that some patient soul  
Has entered to God's rest,  
For whose dear sake He smiles on us,  
And all the day is blest."

*Ina Coolbrith, as quoted in The Outlook.*

MRS. TIMKINS was taking her son to school for the first time, and after impressing the school-master with the necessity of his having a thorough good education, finished up by saying : "And be sure he learns Latin." "But, my dear madam," said the school-master, "Latin is a dead language." "All right," said Mrs. Timkins ; "he'll want it. He's going to be an undertaker."—*Tit-Bits.*

## VITAI LAMPADA.

There's a breathless hush in the Close to-night—  
 Ten to make and the match to win—  
 A bumping pitch and a blinding light,  
 An hour to play and the last man in.  
 And it's not for the sake of a ribboned coat,  
 Or the selfish hope of a season's fame,  
 But his Captain's hand on his shoulder smote  
 "Play up! play up! and play the game!"

The sand of the desert is sodden red,—  
 Red with the wreck of a square that broke;—  
 The Gatling's jammed and the colonel dead  
 And the regiment blind with dust and smoke.  
 The river of death has brimmed his banks,  
 And England's far, and Honour a name,  
 But the voice of a schoolboy rallies the ranks,  
 "Play up! play up! and play the game!"

This is the word that year by year  
 While in her place the School is set  
 Every one of her sons must hear,  
 And none that hears it dare forget.  
 This they all with a joyful mind  
 Bear through life like a torch in flame,  
 And falling fling to the host behind—  
 "Play up! play up! and play the game!"

—Henry Newbolt, in 'Admirals All.' London and New York: John Lane.

We have received a copy of a very neat little four page periodical, entitled, *Sword and Shield*. It is published in the interests of the Park Street Baptist Church at Peterboro, of which Rev. O. C. Elliot, formerly of '99 theology, is pastor. It is a bright sheet, reflecting the energy of church and pastor.

## THE LIGHT OF HOPE.

As in the night when storms sweep past  
 And hang their curtains o'er the sky,  
 Eternal stars their light yet cast  
 From regions where no clouds dare lie;

So, when our mind in doubt or wrong  
 Is led from truthful ways afar,  
 There lives a hidden faith more strong  
 To guide us like the far off star.

—E. A. D. in *Notre Dame Scholastic*.

SHOUTED BACK.—An immaculate dude from the Scottish metropolis once took two young lady friends to a wood during their holiday sojourn in the country to hear "the echo," which, as he informed them, was really wondrous. When they reached the side of the wood the young man shouted at the top of his voice—"Hey, what are you doing there?" On the other side of a wall near by a man stood up and shouted back in an equally loud and somewhat angry voice—"I'm hoein' taties, ye daft idiot!"—*Ex.*

“ What is the best a friend can be  
 To any soul, to you or me ?  
 Not only shelter, comfort, rest,  
 Inmost refreshment unexpressed ;  
 Not only a beloved guide  
 To tread life's labyrinth at our side,  
 Or with love's torch lead on before ;—  
 Though these be much, there is yet more.”

“ The best friend is an atmosphere  
 Warm with all inspirations dear,  
 Wherein we breathe the large, free breath  
 Of life that has no taint of death.  
 Our friend is an unconscious part  
 Of every true beat of our heart,  
 A strength, a growth, whence we derive  
 God's health, that keeps the world alive.”

—*Young Women's Gazette.*

#### CAN YOU ?

Can you put the spider's web back in place  
 That once has been swept away ?  
 Can you put the apple again on the bough,  
 Which fell at our feet to-day ?

Can you put the lily-cup back on the stem,  
 And cause it to live and to grow ?  
 Can you mend the butterfly's broken wing,  
 That you crushed with a hasty blow ?

Can you put the bloom again on the grape,  
 And the grape again on the vine ?  
 Can you put the dew-drops back on the flowers  
 And make them sparkle and shine ?

Can you put the petals back on the rose,  
 If you could, would it smell as sweet ?  
 Can you put the flower again on the husk,  
 And show me the ripened wheat ?

Can you put the kernel back in the nut,  
 Or the broken egg in the shell ?  
 Can you put the honey back in the comb,  
 And cover with wax each cell ?

Can you put the perfume back in the vase,  
 When once it has sped away ?  
 Can you put the corn-silk back on the corn,  
 Or down on the catkins ? say.

You think my questions are trifling, dear ?  
 Let me ask another one :  
 Can a hasty word be ever unsaid,  
 Or a deed unkind undone ?

—*Young Women's Gazette.*

BETTER is he that taketh four studies and joineth a literary society, than he that taketh five and hath no time for lectures.—*Ex.*

Prof. Eliot of Harvard, recommends to students ten hours for study, eight hours for sleep, two for exercise, four for meals and social duties.—*Ex.*

A NUMBER of Baltimore women have formed themselves into an Association for the Promotion of the University Education of Women and have raised the sum of \$500 to offer a fellowship for foreign study during the year beginning next fall, says the *Baltimore Sun*.

MR. W. B. H. TEAKLES, '98, has been appointed to the position of teacher in classics at Woodstock College. We have no doubt he will be as earnest and painstaking in his work, and as popular personally as he was here.

THAT many of the leading Universities and Colleges are doing much to facilitate the means for deserving students to secure a liberal education will be seen from the following statistics: The University of Chicago gives eighty scholarships and fellowships, aggregating \$20,000. Harvard gives 115 scholarships, of \$225 each. Yale gives \$30,000 to needy students. At Cornell, 125 students receive free education; and there are given, in addition to this, twenty-seven scholarships, of \$200 each. Columbia gives twenty-nine scholarships, of an average value of \$300.—*Ex.*

THE usual number of exchanges have been coming in, some looking as usual while others have put on new dresses. We miss our old friend 'The Owl,' but in its place have a well edited journal called 'The Ottawa College Review.'

We have careful words for the stranger,  
And smiles for the sometime guest;  
But oft for our own the bitter tone,  
Though we loved our own the best.—*Ex.*

THE Harvard Faculty of Arts and Sciences has decided that all students who were in the service of the United States army and navy last June, and for that reason were absent from final examinations, should receive full credit for the year's work and be graded where it is possible.—*Ex.*

#### THE FRESHETTE'S REPLY.

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?"  
"Oh, just to the library, sir," she said;  
"To study?" "Well, yes, I'll open my book, and then  
Like the senior girls, I shall study—the men."

—'Varsity.

## THOUGHTS.

The days filled with perfume of roses,  
The nights with their scent of the sea,  
Are fading away from my memory,  
And leaving but shadows of thee.

The grief that we once dreamed was hopeless  
Departs ere we know it is gone ;  
The tears of the darkening evening  
Are lost in the flush of the dawn ;

For time, who is slave of Oblivion,  
Unnoticed goes by every day,  
And silently mends what is broken,  
And passes unseen on his way.

Thus life is away as we wonder  
And call to the hours that are past,  
Till far in the distance, yet nearing,  
We see the white gates of " At Last. "

Yet even Oblivion's servant  
Sometimes falls asleep at his post,  
While the key to what-always-is-dearest  
Admits a fair, wandering host

Of dreams and of faces and longings,  
Of hope and of joy and of fear,  
Till all the great train of remembrance  
Is gathered in readiness here.

Ah, days filled with perfume of roses,  
And nights with your scent of the sea,  
I would you could fade into darkness  
And bury your image from me.

ALICE FELICITA COREY, in *Sibyl*.