



J. F. Caldwell

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THOMAS FORD CALDICOTT, D.D.

A suggestion has been made by the acute and judicious Andrew Fuller, that "those lives alone should be sketched for narration, which were distinguished by gifts, graces and usefulness." Judged by this standard, not a few biographies ought never to have been written; but even in its most rigid application, the rule would admit the subject of the present sketch. The "gifts, graces and usefulness" of "good old Dr. Caldicott," as the friends of his later years loved to call him, were acknowledged by all who knew his work and worth.

Thomas Ford Caldicott was born in Long Buckby, Northamptonshire, England, on the 21st of March, 1803. His father was for many years a deacon of the Baptist church in that village, and occasionally officiated as a lay preacher in the neighborhood. The boy was nurtured under Christian influences; and when only a lad of seventeen he was brought to a knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus, and publicly baptized on a profession of his faith. Shortly after uniting with the church, young Caldicott was appointed superintendent of the Sunday school. His gifts became so apparent to his brethren, that he was soon urged to exercise them in the Gospel ministry. His first sermon was preached at Sheepshead from Hosea xiii: 9,

"O Israel, thou hast destroyed thyself, but in Me is thine help." So full was he of the subject, that he had time to open up only the first part of the text; but he promised to return and finish the sermon. The opportunity did not immediately present itself, as he soon afterwards removed to Leicester, and subsequently crossed the Atlantic; but on a visit to his boyhood's home, after he had become eminent as a preacher, he kept his promise and completed the discourse! In his later years, he often told the incident with peculiar zest, and remarked that quite a number of those who heard the first part of his sermon were still living thirty years later to hear it finished, so permanent are village residents in the old land.

Northamptonshire has for many years been famous for the manufacture of boots and shoes; and young Caldicott, like William Carey, a native of the same county, learned the trade of a shoemaker. As a boy he had received the elements of a good English education, and he soon manifested such fondness for books and study that it became apparent to his father and other friends that his heart was elsewhere than in his trade. Indeed he opened his mind to his only sister, and told her that he felt "very unhappy" in his secular calling, adding, in the words of the great apostle, "Woe is unto me if I preach not the Gospel." A council of ministers, before whom he preached, recommended that he be immediately sent to college. Applications were made on his behalf to the institutions at Bristol and Stepney, but both were full. Meanwhile, at the age of eighteen, he proceeded to Chipping Norton, to enjoy the advantages of a school of some note. At the end of eighteen months the colleges were without a vacancy, but the young aspirant to the ministry was not to be discouraged. He visited Leicester, where his sister was residing, and sought the advice of Mr. Wigg, a Baptist minister of some reputation, who recommended him to open a day-school in the town. The school was successful, for the young teacher had singularly clear perceptions, and possessed in a marked degree the power of impressing his thought upon others. He employed his leisure hours in the study of languages, under the instruction of a clergyman, and nearly every Lord's Day he preached in the adjacent villages. Cir-

circumstances eventually led him to seek a home and field of labor on this continent, and he landed at Quebec in the year 1827.

His first employment in the new world was that of Tutor to the family of the Commanding Officer of the 79th Highland Regiment, and he was subsequently appointed to the position of Regimental Schoolmaster. In this capacity he accompanied the regiment to Montreal, Kingston and Toronto. In the last named city, he opened a private school, in a brick building near the present site of Knox Church, Queen Street, where several who afterwards rose to considerable eminence in the city and province, received a part of their early training. In all the Canadian towns in which he was successively located, Mr. Caldicott joined himself to the people of God, and preached the gospel as opportunity presented. A minute in the first Church record of the March Street Baptist Church, Toronto, then under the pastoral care of Rev. Alexander Stewart, states that he was received into membership, May 22nd, 1831. by dismission from the church in Kingston; another minute notes his appointment as deacon, July 3rd, 1832; and a third, dated Oct. 2nd of the same year, records the fact that he was unanimously invited to occupy the pulpit in the absence of the pastor. He seems to have given up his school and opened a book-store, for in the "Landmarks of Toronto," recently published, we find the name of T. F. Caldicott as a book-seller and stationer on the south side of King Street, a few doors east of Yonge Street. Still he could not get rid of his burning desire to devote himself wholly to the work of the Christian ministry, and in the year 1834, the way was opened for his ordination. This took place in the township of Chinguacousy, north of Brampton; and among the ministers who took part in the services of the occasion, were the Revs. John Harris, William Cook, and William Rees, who were all useful and devoted pioneer Baptist preachers, and the two first of whom have been succeeded by grandsons in the sacred office. Not a few of the early settlers in Chinguacousy retained for many years an affectionate remembrance of Mr. Caldicott's self-denying labors among them. He was then in the prime of his manhood, a vigorous thinker, an effective speaker, and a good singer: and interesting reminiscences of his discourses and services of sixty

years ago are still preserved by a few of the oldest inhabitants. Some of the constituent members of the Cheltenham Church were the first fruits of his ministry.

In the year 1835, Mr. Caldicott removed to the United States, which was the scene of his labors for twenty-five years. He received and accepted a call to the pastorate of the church in Lockport, N.Y., where his ministry of four years was greatly blessed. His three subsequent pastorates were in Roxbury, Charlestown, and Boston proper. Of the nineteen years he spent in New England, some two or three were employed in the service of the Northern Baptist Education Society. As its Secretary, he visited the churches, pleading the claims of ministerial education, and giving counsel and encouragement to young men who believed they had been called of God to the Christian ministry. A severe illness, which lasted for a whole year, and which a trip to England failed entirely to remove, compelled him to resign his pastorate of the Baldwin Place Church, Boston, which was probably the most successful of his whole ministerial career. On his recovery, he received, but declined, a call to the Oliver Street Church, New York, as being too laborious a field for his yet feeble health. He accepted an invitation to take the pastoral charge of a newly-formed interest in Williamsburg, a district of Brooklyn, N.Y., which afterwards developed into the Lee Avenue Baptist Church. The members of this young church expressed themselves as greatly indebted to him for his untiring exertions and fidelity during the past two years of their history; and bore the fullest testimony to the honored place he held among them as a faithful and effective preacher, a judicious and devoted pastor, and a generous sympathizing friend. When the foundation of the new interest had been well laid, he was visited by a deputation from the Bond Street Baptist Church, Toronto, then vacant by the resignation of Rev. R. A. Fyfe, D.D., who had been appointed Principal of the Canadian Literary Institute, Woodstock. The deputation reported favorably, a unanimous call was extended; and Dr. Caldicott began his Bond Street ministry in November, 1860.

Of his nearly nine years pastorate in Toronto, the fruits

were abundant. He was now in the fifty-eighth year of his age, and he came back mature in years, in experience, and in wisdom, to the church he had served in its infancy as deacon and lay preacher. As a gospel minister, he was a workman that needed not to be ashamed. His discourses were pre-eminently scriptural, methodical, and practical; and if not delivered with the fire and fluency of earlier years, they derived peculiar impressiveness from a commanding presence, a deep, rich voice, and a calm deliberation. He was too ingenuous to court popular applause, and he never affected peculiarities of either matter or manner, in the pulpit. Dr. Rollin H. Neal, a fellow pastor in Boston and a brother beloved, said of him, as a preacher, "The gospel was commended by him because there was *a man* behind it." The great theme of his preaching was Jesus Christ and Him crucified, and the great aim of his ministry was to feed the flock of God, and to lead sinners to the Saviour. He was not without experience of church troubles during his Bond Street pastorate, but no amount of provocation ever ruffled his equanimity, and no harsh or censorious words ever fell from his lips. He was eminently judicious and practical in all his plans for the material prosperity of the churches of which he had the pastoral oversight, and it is believed that he left every one of them free from any claim of man. His great desire was to spend and be spent in his Master's service, and to his sacred calling he devoted not only a strong and gifted intellect, but a moral nature, peculiarly attractive and noble, and deeply under the power of divine truth. He was suddenly called away from the work he loved; but he died with his armor on: "he was not, for God took him."

The Hon. J. A. Boyd, Chancellor of Ontario, who had been a member of the Bond Street Church during the whole of Dr. Caldicott's pastorate, and who was deacon and superintendent of the Sunday school at the time of his death, wrote the following interesting sketch of his work and character:—

"One branch of Christian duty, in which the fruits of Dr. Caldicott's teaching have been manifest, is that of 'systematic beneficence.' By him were introduced the 'cards of beneficence' in 1863, by means whereof the scheme of defraying the debt on the chapel was first started; the interest of the church awakened in Home and Foreign Missions, and in the various special agencies for spreading Baptist principles and Christian education. By means of his guidance and suggestions, the large chapel debt, which had long encumbered the usefulness of the

church, was completely cleared off. He encouraged the 'weekly offering' system, whereby the revenues of the church have been more than doubled; and the last Sunday before his death, he had the happiness of seeing the old plan of passing round the collection-plates abolished, and all the sittings of our place of worship declared free. By the influence of his words and example, he gave a great—and shall it not be a lasting impetus—to Christian liberality, and guided into new channels of usefulness the energies of his people. Admonished of his increasing years and many infirmities, he directed the members in securing the services of an associate pastor, and one whom he taught them to look upon as his successor. And so he wisely set all things in order for the decease, and having finished his work, he was ready to go at the Master's bidding to receive his reward.

"His was essentially a work of building up the church in their most holy faith, developing and consolidating their influence and their usefulness, welding his people together in true Christian unity, and himself leading the way in every good word and work.

'This noble example to his sheep he gave,
That first he wrought, and afterwards he taught.'

He could and did adapt himself to the capacities and peculiarities of all. He had singular aptitude in attracting the young to himself, in fixing their attention, in stamping in their memories and sending home to their hearts the great central truths of Christianity. Large numbers of his converts were those in the dawn of youth, who have shown the reality of their Christian faith by the steadfastness of their Christian life. He could also sympathize with and speak consolation to the aged, the infirm, the afflicted, the bereaved, the mourning and the dying. He was tender-hearted as a woman to all suffering, and open-handed to relieve the wants of all the needy. Yet his goodness in this respect was quietly wrought: the sum total of his deeds of mercy, of

'— that best portion of a good man's life,
His little, nameless, unremembered acts
Of kindness and of love,'

shall not be known, or spoken of till the day when 'the books are opened.' 'His works do follow him.'

"When he last exercised his pastoral office, in the Wednesday evening prayer-meeting, two days before he died, his discourse was as vigorous, as fresh, as impressive as any of his best efforts. With an intuition that now seems almost prophetic, he was led to speak of the blessedness of sudden death. His remarks were suggested by the drowning of Mr. Wingell, one of the members of the church, two days before. He showed how happy were they who died in the Lord: that sudden death for them was sudden glory: that we should not sorrow for those whom God had summoned to Himself, the sorrow was rather for them who were left behind. He then referred to the mysterious providence of God, in cutting short the life of one who was the prop and mainstay of a helpless family; of one whom others leaned upon and looked up to for support and direction; and then suggested some of the causes of God's so dealing with the children of men. He would quicken the sympathies awaken the compassion, and enlarge the charities and love of Christian people towards the bereaved ones; he would cause the words of advice and instruction spoken by the departed to come with re-doubled, with tenfold force upon the recollection of the living, and so influence them more for good than if the death had not intervened. And then reverting to his starting-point, he said he remembered what agonies had been undergone by one of his brothers, when on his dying bed, and, in view of being spared such sufferings, he could thank God that there was such a thing as sudden death, and for such a thing he could pray.* And it has happened unto him even as he desired; his prayer has been answered, and we who remain may well comfort one another with the remembrance of his last words."

*It is worthy of special record, that the last hymn he announced for singing at that Wednesday evening meeting was the well-known one of Wesley, beginning:

"Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly."

The death, which resulted from the rupture of a large blood-vessel near the heart, was almost instantaneous. It took place July 9th, 1869, at the house of the late Deacon J. F. Lyon, where he found a comfortable and congenial home after the marriage of his niece and the death of his brother Samuel, for years his faithful attendant and helper. His health had been impaired for several months, but the week or two before he died there had been a sense of betterness. It was only "the torrent's smoothness ere it dash below." His work was well done, and God took the weary worker away, without any of the anxious anticipations, and the painful illness that so often attend the last struggle. Never can the writer forget that the last journey Dr. Caldicott took from Toronto was to urge the acceptance of a call from the Bond St. Church to be his co-pastor, that the last business which engaged his attention in the church was the arrangement of some fitting reception for his colleague and successor, and that the first duty of the latter in the Bond St. pulpit was to preach his funeral sermon.

A profound sensation was produced by Dr. Caldicott's sudden death. The funeral solemnities were of the most impressive character. The Bond St. Church-edifice was thronged by hundreds who were awed at the thought that the sparkling eye was closed in death, and the ringing voice was for ever still. The drapery of mourning with which the pulpit and galleries were hung; the tearful countenances of men, women and children; and especially the sight of "the good gray head which all men knew" resting in the coffin, with the face calm and easy, as if in a deep sweet sleep, rendered the scene indescribably solemn. The funeral procession was very large. The members of the Bond St. Church showed their respect and affection for their deceased friend and pastor by erecting over his grave in the Necropolis a neat monument, which bears an inscription, stating that "he was a judicious adviser, a faithful pastor, and for nearly forty years a successful preacher of the gospel." Indeed, so successful had he been as a servant of Christ, that during his entire pastoral service of about thirty-five years it was estimated that he had baptized upwards of a thousand persons.

There were strong men associated with him during his Bond St. pastorate. Some of these are still spared as pillars in the

churches, but many are fallen asleep. Among the latter may be named Hon. Wm. McMaster, Rev. Hoyes Lloyd, Messrs. David Buchan, A. T. McCord, J. F. Lyon, Wm. Elliot, James Ryrie and William Poole. Most of these at one time or other filled the office of deacon, and several of them held positions of prominence in the city and province. The brother who was his most active and zealous co-adjutor in inaugurating the plan of systematic beneficence was Mr. David Buchan; and it is safe to say that but for their successful efforts the work of Baptist church extension in Toronto would not have been possible. That work developed so rapidly that in little more than a year after his death the two mission-interests were started which soon grew into the Parliament St. and Beverley St. Churches; while the Yorkville Church, organized in the following year under the lead of Mr. Buchan, was self-sustaining from the very first.

Chancellor Boyd's testimony about Dr. Caldicott's power of attaching young people to himself deserves to be emphasized. The reason was that he was full of love himself. His heart throbbed with generous impulses, and he not only seemed to feel, but he really felt a personal interest in those with whom he became acquainted. This was especially true of young men, who ever found in him a true friend and councillor. Indeed one of the marked characteristics of his ministry up to its close was the influence he exerted over young men, and the deep affection he awakened in their hearts. The Rev. S. A. Dyke, who was much with him during the last years of his life, and who has given valuable assistance and suggestions in the preparation of this article, says in regard to him:—"Dr. Caldicott was my spiritual father. He baptized me, received me into the Bond St. Church, and advised me to prepare for the Christian ministry. He commended me to Mr Spurgeon, when I entered the Pastors' College. I loved him more than my own father."

It is scarcely possible to over estimate the esteem and affection with which Dr. Caldicott was regarded by his brother ministers, or the influence he exerted in the denomination. During his Boston ministry he was the intimate friend and associate of Rev. Drs. R. H. Neal, and Baron Stow. The former visited him almost every year during his residence in Bond St., and it was a treat to be in the company of the two men, as they talked over

their old associations, and became "like boys again" in recalling familiar scenes and incidents. With the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, a pleasing acquaintance was formed in 1857, when the visit to England was made, and Dr. Caldicott took to him the sum of one thousand dollars from Sheldon & Co. of New York, as a share of the profits on the first published volumes of the sermons of the noted preacher.

In our own province such men as Revs. John Bates, James Cooper, D.D., T. L. Davidson, D.D., and one or two others who are still living, enjoyed his friendship and often shared his hospitality. When surrounded by a company of friends, nothing in the way of social intercourse could be more thoroughly enjoyable than his genial and humorous conversation. In his own kindly and homely way he was unexcelled as a host, while his interesting anecdotes and large share of wit added to the happiness which he ever seemed to diffuse around him. It was these social characteristics, combined with thorough practicalness and sound piety, which gave him prominence in denominational councils. He was no ecclesiastical lawyer, and he never sought official appointment, but his brethren loved to honor him. The two Convention sermons that he preached, one on "Systematic Beneficence," and the other from the text "O Lord, revive Thy work," were mighty in their power for good. In that wonderful Ingersoll Convention of 1867, when the Foreign Mission enterprise was launched and the Rev. A. V. Timpany was designated to his life-work among the Telugus, amid such a flood-tide of holy enthusiasm as only those who were present can understand, it was his opening sermon that was a factor in contributing to the grand result; while as amid tears and prayers the contributions rolled in so rapidly that they could not be counted, it was his voice that was heard saying in its most sonorous and emphatic tones, "Brethren, I always loved you, but I love you to-night more than ever."

While from his youth up Dr. Caldicott kept the faith as a sound and loyal Baptist, he was a lover of all who loved the Lord Jesus, and a helper in every good word and work. The early records of the Upper Canada Bible Society show that he was a director of the York Bible Society, as it was then called, from 1833 to 1835. At the time of his death he was senior Secretary of the Upper Canada Tract Society, which he served

with faithful devotion and prudent counsel. He was also active in the origination and maintenance of the Toronto Branch of the Evangelical Alliance, the Council of which bore generous and grateful testimony after his decease to the warmth and catholicity of feeling displayed by him in all its meetings. On the Board of the Bible Society he was a prominent adviser till the close of life; and it was at one of its great anniversary meetings, which were attended by vast gatherings thirty years ago, that one of the audience, who heard him speak for the first time, and questioned whether much could be expected from the bearer of that stern countenance and portly form, exclaimed with a breath of relief, as he listened spell-bound to the peroration of his brief but impressive address, "Every word weighed a pound!"

Many interesting reminiscences might be added, but the space allowed for the present sketch is already more than filled. Only one or two additional facts remain to be noted. Dr. Caldicott's daughter, singularly like him in personal appearance, is still living in Sheffield, England. He received his doctor's degree from Madison, now Colgate, University in the palmy days of his Boston ministry. For a short time, in 1861-62, he was associated with another in the editorial management of the *Canadian Baptist*, but he had little taste or aptitude for literary work. His heart was in his pulpit and pastoral duties, and to the discharge of these, he gladly devoted all his powers. It is nearly a generation since he rested from his labors, and the ranks of those who knew him, and still hold him in loving memory, are being rapidly thinned. All the more necessary is it that some permanent memorial should be made of his life and ministry; and the writer of this sketch counts it a privilege to be permitted to weave this humble wreath of laurel for one whose name and memory are worthy of being devoutly cherished. It will be a blessed thing for the Baptist churches in these provinces, if during the coming years there should be raised up many godly and gifted ministers, who shall be deemed worthy of a place in the saintly succession of those princes in Israel who were prominent in the decade from 1860 to 1870, but who now "rest from their labors, and their works do follow them."

WILLIAM STEWART.

TO A WOOD THRUSH.

(Singing in the early morn.)

Sing on, glad heart, thy matin songs,
Sing on, sing on!
Since silence lies on kindred tongues,
Since the wide air to thee belongs,
Since 'twas thy Maker taught thy art,
Sing on, glad heart!

Sing on before away shall pass
The grateful dew,
That gracious night shook o'er the grass
From out her robes like beads of glass,
Before it slakes the brazen sun,
Sweet heart, sing on!

Sing on, across the quiet morn,
Thy tuneful psalm;
Before the carking hours are born,
Before the mad wheel's grate and turn,
Before the clamor of the mart,
Sing on, dear heart!

Sing on, ere men awake once more,
To buy and sell;
Ere greed and gain their dupes allure,
And "grind the faces of the poor!"
All mammon's wiles to thee unknown—
Blest heart, sing on!

Sing on, that through the livelong day
Thy blissful strains
In my soul's deepest depths shall stay
To chase all sordidness away,
And thoughts of purer impulse start;
Sing on, glad heart!

M. A. MAITLAND.

A GERMAN CHRISTMAS.

The Germans understand how to keep a holiday much better than Americans. There is more of it, and it lasts longer. Two or three weeks before December 25th, a stranger becomes aware that something unusual is in process of preparation. Great wagons heaped with fir-trees come rattling and rumbling over the streets, and picturesque looking peasant men and women set up evergreen bowers in every square and open place in the city. The air is fragrant with forest odors. Before long one can walk the pavements between rows of trees, and not have to stretch his imagination so very far to fancy himself in a veritable forest.

What does it all mean? Not very difficult to determine if one stands and watches for a while. Here comes a stout, red-faced man, who marches up to a group of peasants, strikes a bargain, and staggers off under one of the largest trees, his face fairly beaming with joy and perspiration. There walks a sad-faced woman, carrying in her arms a tree she has just bought,—such a tiny tree, scarcely a brush, but destined to make little Gretchen's blue eyes grow wider and rounder at the sight.

By the end of a week the trees are nearly all sold; for every home, no matter how humble, has its Christmas tree; and the smallest custom of the season is most rigidly observed. And not only is the festival kept in each house, but in the churches, in the shops, and even in the streets, is the general feeling of good-will and holiday cheer manifest.

Among the street scenes, the most interesting is the *Weihnachtsmarkt*, or Christmas market. In the *Schloss Platz*—a great open square before the Emperor's Palace—and in many of the other principal squares, long rows of booths are set up, in which are exposed for sale all manner of holiday wares, from plaster casts of Venus, Mercury, and the rest of the godly fraternity, down to little woolly dogs and monkeys, and huge "hunks" of ginger bread.

It is dismal enough in the daytime—how can it be otherwise with rain every other day and the streets in just the condition to put everybody out of temper? Only the owners of the booths sit behind their stalls indifferent, seemingly, alike to

wet and cold, wearing red hands and pinched faces with an amount of patience and contentment really wonderful. "Oh, they're used to it!" is the general answer to any expression of pity, so that sympathy in that direction is quite wasted.

But at night, when the stars shine dimly over the Palace and the other beautiful buildings clustered about the square; when the lights below flame at the open fronts of the booths, showing everywhere bright colors and picturesque groupings of buyers and sellers; when music of different sorts, the dull tramping of feet, and the clamor of tongues fill the air,—then is the time to see the romantic side of the *Weihnachtsmarkt*.

"What do you wish, *meine Dame*?" "What are you looking for, *meine Dame*!" "How can I serve you, *meine Dame*?" So are the ears saluted at every step. Here and there some little peasant girl crouches behind her stall, too timid to join in the general outcry; but most of the sellers cease not to importune the passer-by after the above fashion. Hundreds of people fill the narrow passages between the booths, pushing, jostling, crowding and elbowing one another on their way back and forth. It is like a scene from the Arabian Nights, and one lingers as before a constantly changing kaleidoscope.

Heiliger Abend, Christmas eve, is, as with us, the real beginning of the festival. On that evening the Christmas trees are lighted and the presents distributed. Wondrous creations they are, some of these German Christmas trees. The decorations are very simple. A fine, thread-like stuff,—“angels' hair,” it is sometimes fancifully named—is wound in and out among the branches, where it sparkles against the dark green like spiders' webs on a dewy morning. There are tiny candles of white, red, and blue; golden stars; little wax angels suspended here and there: and on the very top stands a figure of the Christ-child. The gifts are arranged upon white covered tables around the base of the tree. After these are duly examined and admired, *Pfefferkuchen*—literally, pepper-cakes, but in reality savoring very strongly of ginger—with nuts, figs, and sweets, are eaten; while the candles burn low and the stars look more star-like than ever in the dim light.

In most houses, the trees stand in their places until the day after New Year's, and are lighted every evening. Where there

are children, an additional attraction is the *Weihnachtsmann*, St. Nicholas, whom they here believe in, if possible, more devoutly than at home. The German saint, however, chooses a more agreeable method of entrance and exit than by the time-honored chimney, and comes through the door like other sensible beings. He is believed, moreover, to be sent by the Christ-child in answer to the prayers of good children. A very pretty custom is observed among the children of reciting hymns and other selections of poetry upon *Heiliger Abend*.

On Christmas day, services are held morning and evening in all the churches, and there also the *Tannenbaum* (fir-tree) burns, while the preacher tells of the stars that shone over Bethlehem that night so long ago, when the angels sang, "Glory to God in the highest, peace on earth, good-will towards men." Whatever may be said of Berlin congregations upon other days in the year, at least on Christmas and New Year's the churches are filled to overflowing. In some cases the fine music, and in the *Dom* (cathedral) the presence of the Emperor, may form the greatest attraction, but certainly not more than lies in human nature, which is much the same here as in America.

The 26th of December is regarded as only second in importance to the 25th, all the shops being closed on that day as well. In fact, festivities of every kind are kept up until the New Year.

New Year's Eve, called *Sylvester Abend*, is observed much after the manner of our Hallowe'en. The secrets of the Fates are wrested from them by all the devices known to curious mortals, from melting lead to sailing little ships of walnut shells upon the rough ocean of life (a basin of water), in each a small burning wax candle to represent the lamp of life. Everyone is on the watch for the hour of twelve, and precisely as the clock strikes, the congratulations begin. Each member of the family kisses the others and wishes them happiness for the coming year. Then all sit down to eat *Pfannkuchen*, and drink one another's health in punch. The latter is concocted of rum, hot water, sugar and lemon-juice, and the punch-bowl is as much an institution of *Sylvester Abend* as the trees for Christmas. *Pfannkuchen* are something like our fried cakes, or crullers—without the holes—fried in fat, but having a little jelly or preserve in the centre of each.

Outside, in the streets, the scenes are more hilarious. The bells all over the city ring joyously, windows are opened and merry voices shout, "*Pros't Neujahr!*" (Happy New Year!) again and again. The cry is taken up by every one who happens to be out, and the clamor ceases not until nearly morning. Even the organ-grinders consider it their privilege to add to the general hub-bub, and grind away as if possessed—but not with the spirit which soothes the weary and sleepy citizen. Upon *Unter den Linden*, the principal street of the city, a fast and furious rout of the lower classes takes place late at night, and in the different public halls, balls, masquerades, comic pantomimes, and all sorts of gayety reign supreme.

On New Year's Day the churches are again filled, morning and evening; the shops are closed, and everybody wears holiday attire and feasts on holiday food. Cards of congratulation are interchanged among friends and acquaintances. The tradespeople see to it that their congratulations are not mere form. The baker, the milkman, the postman, the chimney-sweep, all make it their duty to call upon the head of each house, offer the wishes of the season, and demand therefor a fee! Sometimes fancy cards are sent, and occasionally an aspiring merchant sets forth in glowing verse the dependence of the public upon sausage or cheese, and politely requests, still in the accommodating metres of Schiller or Heine, a tangible acknowledgment of that dependence.

Talk about the low wages paid to working people in the old countries! They gather up enough fees in the course of the year to make accounts balance pretty evenly. The effect of the system upon the spirit of the people themselves may be rather doubtful; but it certainly tends to create a spirit of conscious unselfishness in the givers. I heard a German lady express the feeling after this fashion: "I find it a characteristic of Americans to think each one of himself before any one else. We Germans think more of giving pleasure to others!" So it goes in the world! It seems to me the good and evil are pretty well mixed, and that all the plums are not for Jack Horner in his narrow little corner, any more than are Christmas pies for every day in the year.

BLANCHE BISHOP.

Students' Quarter.

LIFE IN THE NORTH-WEST.

BY FIVE GIRLS FROM MANITOBA.

I. THE CLIMATE AND VARIOUS OTHER MATTERS.

As I was born and brought up in Winnipeg, my knowledge of the great North-West has been principally confined to that city, but the climate, I believe, is much the same throughout the whole country. The extremes of heat and cold are of course very trying to our constitutions, and also to our tempers. On a midsummer day changes of temperature are often so sudden and severe, that the inhabitants are kept in a state of constant transition from muslin gowns to winter coats, and from ice-cream restaurants to glowing chimney-corners. However, we have the advantage of such invariably cool and delightful evenings as travellers tell us are enjoyed nowhere else. We play tennis every evening until half-past nine, and it is not really dark until ten.

Our scenery, as a whole, is far from beautiful. This we are all obliged to admit, especially after a visit to Ontario, for we are almost destitute of trees. The appearance of Winnipeg is quite different from that of eastern cities. Our narrowest street is almost the width of Jarvis, while our three broadest, Portage Avenue, Main, and Broadway, are at least three times that width. The city is said to be laid out very much like Detroit. Just as in that city, there are immense clouds of dust blowing in all directions, which make it almost impossible to recognize one's friends. Still we prefer it to the mud, the fame of which bids fair to become world-wide. However, so many improvements are being made in the roads and sidewalks, that it is nothing in comparison with their condition in former years. We have no asphalt nor cobble-stones there, but only block pavements; yet even for these we are thankful.

One great drawback has always been the lack of a park of any description. So many complaints were raised, that last year

the Street Railway Company took the matter in hand, and provided one about five miles from the city, on the banks of the Red River. A large pavilion has been erected on the grounds, where a band plays during the evenings. A boat-house and refreshment parlor have also been built.

During the winter-time Winnipeg is about the gayest city in Canada. The chief out-door amusements are tobogganing, snow-shoeing, and skating. We have an excellent toboggan-slide, and next to it an open-air rink. Both are crowded every afternoon and evening. The young people form themselves into clubs, the one to which we belong having thirty members. Every Wednesday evening we meet at the slide, toboggan until twelve, and then very often tramp on our snow-shoes to the home of one of the members for an oyster-supper. In short, there is not a city in Canada where young people can have a better time than in Winnipeg.

II. DAME FASHION IN MANITOBA.

There is at least one spot on earth where this capricious feminine tyrant does not reign supreme. She has met her match and more than her match in the high winds, variable temperature, and deep mire of Winnipeg. Here in Toronto she may walk serenely along the south side of King Street in a hat all brim and no crown, in thin-soled kid slippers and a princess train, and announce that it were better not to live than not to follow suit. But let her visit Winnipeg. The kid slippers are left in the middle of a muddy crossing, the hat wings its flight to the top of a telegraph pole, and the train, limp and bedraggled, is uplifted in token of surrender. For once she is obliged to listen to common-sense, and her next appearance in public is in a short skirt, stout thick-soled boots, and a cap or tight-fitting turban.

It is indeed a fact that styles which are in vogue in other places cannot be followed in Manitoba. In winter, moccasins are the rule, even for church, and no less than three pairs of stockings must be worn in them. All wear fur coats, women as well as men. Cloth jackets are nearly always lined with cham-
ois, as a protection against the strong winds.

Men dress as in Ontario, with the exception of those whc

have spent perhaps twenty-five years out in the far west at the Hudson Bay trading post, where they care little for fad or fashion,—where men wear a rough costume, decorated with a colored sash around the waist, and their hair, allowed to grow at its own sweet will, hangs down to the shoulders.

III. MANITOBA FARMING.

In the first place the farms in Manitoba are larger than in Ontario. The smallest is of about 200 acres, and one near Brandon has 1,800 acres, all in one large field of wheat. The ploughing is done very early in the spring, last year about the first of April. In a field of 300 acres there are four or five teams going from early morning till six at night, and they finish all in a week at least. After the ploughing and harrowing is over, the seeding commences. All the work is done by machinery, and when finished, there comes a time of leisure for most of the farmers. Those who have new farms begin breaking them. This they do with an implement almost like a plough, but shallower. Summer fallowing is accomplished later on.

About the middle of August the cutting begins. Some of the farmers cut before that, even though their wheat be green, since they are so afraid of the frost. Grain buyers are much opposed to green cutting, as it shrinks the grain and spoils the flour. The weather at that season is watched with intense anxiety, for you must remember that everything depends on the crops. Town and city people all watch for the frost, and some even sit up until one and two o'clock in the morning, they are so excited and anxious. Unlike the boiling of the proverbial watched pot, the frost is sure to come. Sometimes smudges—which are like bonfires—are built and ignited, the smoke from which, blowing over the wheat-fields, is a considerable protection. The day after a frost, the usual greetings: "Good morning," and "How d'ye do?" are replaced by, "Did you know there was frost last night?"

There is another difficulty to contend with,—the hail-storm, which comes in a strip, sometimes striking a whole farm and not touching the adjoining one; at other times cutting down part of one and part of another. The hail-stones are about the size of egg and very hard, being of solid ice. When they strike the

ground they bounce up two or three feet, so that it may readily be imagined that they are very destructive.

When the wheat is all cut and set in stooks, the farmers commence to build stacks, two in one place and two in another, all over the field. Sitting at a window at my home in our small town, I looked over the country and without moving from my chair counted twenty-four stacks of wheat.

There are several steam threshers for every town of any importance, and at least twenty-four men travel with one machine. The threshing is all done out of doors, as there are few barns or granaries sufficiently large. This explains the large number of elevators scattered throughout the province of Manitoba. Those who have no room for their grain bring it into town to the elevators, and a load of wheat is as common a sight as a street-car in Toronto.

We have any number of grain-buyers standing around as soon as the wheat begins to arrive. One day a farmer came into town with a load of "the best No. 1 hard," as they call it. The grain-buyers surrounded it as usual, said it was frozen and smutty, and would not give a fair price for it, so he turned his horses homeward. On the way he met a brother farmer who wanted to know what he was making such a long face about. The facts were stated, and then a brilliant idea came to them. They exchanged horses, the second farmer took back the same load of wheat, and received for it the highest market price. "Splendid wheat," said the buyers, "very best quality!"

IV. AN AMERICAN'S IMPRESSIONS OF THE PEOPLE.

I went to live in Winnipeg about a year ago. I was on the whole very favorably impressed with the people I met. It seems at first difficult to get acquainted with them, though when one comes to know them well they are found to be bright, hospitable and entertaining. But let no unsuspecting stranger for a moment dream of keeping a secret of any sort. Such a thing is impossible in Winnipeg, for the inhabitants seem to know by intuition how many times he has been plucked in his exams, whether or not he is engaged, or whether his great-grandfather's uncle kept a corner grocery, and all such matters that one would

like to keep locked fast within his own breast. To all the sensitive I say, keep away from Winnipeg!

It is a noticeable feature that there are very few old people there, and of the young people by far the larger proportion are young men. For these there are several good colleges, but there are none for young women. Local sentiment is very strong in some directions, but not in the matter of higher education for girls. It does seem too bad that they should have to leave their homes and come so far away to school. This state of things is not, however, the result of a lack of appreciation of the refinements of civilized life. The people of Winnipeg are very musical. In fact, musicians who come there find their audiences as critical as any in the large cities across the line. They will patronize none but the best. They are also fond of giving recitals, light operas, and concerts, and in this way try to supply the place of the many companies who do not consider it worth their while to travel so great a distance.

It is often asked why the various circuses find it unprofitable to come to Winnipeg. It may be that the citizens, besides not being of a kind to enjoy such frivolities, find it enough of a circus every day on their own streets to watch busy men struggling across the street, getting entangled among baby-carriages and stumbling over dogs, slipping in the mud, their arms waving wildly in the air, and then, as a sudden gust of wind comes tearing along, clutching frantically at their hats, but all too late, as they discover when they see them disappearing forever around some breezy corner.

V. A PARTING WORD OR TWO.

In forming an idea of the Manitobans, do not think they were all born and brought up in Manitoba, for that is not so. Those whom we call Manitobans are really representatives of almost all nations, people who have gone there in the early days and have come to look upon the country as their own. Naturally they are very energetic and persevering; for those without push and back-bone soon leave for other fields, and only the enterprising remain.

There are no class distinctions. The descendants of noble old-world families join hands with the half-breed in promoting the common good.

But I should not be doing justice to my fellow-countrymen in Manitoba, if I failed to call special attention to the ruling trait of their character. Certain things have been told over and over until they have become an old story. At least *one* fact has been impressed upon the mind of every man, woman and child in the Dominion of Canada, and that is—the greatness of the great North-West! Times without number you have heard of our immense extent of country, of our enormous crops of wheat, and of the phenomenal growth of our towns and cities. Yet the greatest fact of all receives the smallest share of attention. The extraordinary cheerfulness of the people, their hopefulness and buoyancy, amid the most discouraging circumstances, are the richest resources the country can possess. Come wind or hail, frost, rain, mud, mosquitoes, drifting sand, snow, bitter cold or fiery heat, the Manitobans are ready with the invariable answer: "Oh! that's nothing," and go on believing in their country with all their hearts, as every true Canadian should. Long live Manitoba and the great North-West!

Moulton College.

"THERE IS A FRIEND."

Say not I am loved and praised by all,
That I live but to cheer and bless,
But say there is one who knows I am weak,
Who knows that I feel what I dare not speak,
And does not love me less.

Say not they believe me strong and true,
A faithful teacher, guide,
But say there is one who knows me pained
By a heart-hidden wrong, blotted, stained,
Who yet will walk by my side.

O. G. LANGFORD.

THE OPTIMIST'S VISION.

On the fourteenth day of August, in the year eighteen hundred and ninety-four, while in profound meditations upon the mysteries of life, I was permitted to view such revelations as are rarely, if ever, witnessed by mortals. Wearied through exhaustive study in the philosophy of the Grecian Plato, I retired for a short rest in my hammock, swung between two limbs of a tree. My spirit was refreshed by the cooling breezes that played gently with the leaves. Deeply impressed with a sense of the beauty of my poetical surroundings, I began to repeat Longfellow's peaceful "Hymn to the Night." But soon my meditations were arrested by the brilliancy of the harvest moon, as it rose before the eastern sky. On and on in her gentle path she trod, her speed losing its rapidity as she attained the zenith of her glory.

Whether it was the thoughts of the day, whether the meditations of the hour, I cannot say; but the pale soft beams of glory had for me a meaning that I never had felt before. As I gazed wonderingly, almost worshipfully, she was transformed into the image of a beautiful goddess, beaming forth a mellow light that encircled all things about me. Quick as the flash of a meteor, I felt myself, as a spirit, swept from the earth through the boundless spaces of the universe. Onward, still onward, upward, farther our course led, until at length, leaving in the distances the incomprehensible multitudes of worlds, stars, comets, yea! even universes, we came to the outer circle of the cosmos. Here, if your minds can grasp such a "here," a spaceless space, a point, beyond all space and time! the two impassable boundaries of the finite. Here, then, the Spirit of Order, for such was my guide, revealed to me the hidden mysteries of the material universe. As, through a powerful telescope one sees an object magnified to many times its size, so with piercing gaze, that enlarged the smallest atoms to a mighty world, a world to a universe, I beheld before me all creation. I could see with clearest vision the movement of each star revolving in its orbit. I could see each planet, as a great attendant waiting upon its appointed sun. I could see each moving satellite shedding its borrowed beams upon some darkened earth.

The magnificence of this spectacle overcame me. I gazed with silence upon this harmony divine. Then did the spirit relate unto me the secrets of this universal order, but, as many others of these revelations, it will never be expressed to man. Human language is too inadequate, the human mind too limited, the human spirit too feeble, to comprehend these mysteries, had I the power to utter them. "But dwell not too long upon such perfection of arrangement! List no more to music so enchanting!" said the Spirit. "The touching of one secret spring must plunge these splendid orbs, these glorious worlds, into the most stupendous chaos. Thy fair globe would be overwhelmed in unfathomable leagues of burning substances." This but leads me to the portal of the revelations awaiting my bewildered mind. "Would'st thou know what man can do? Cast thine eyes upon yon struggling world of men." Looking as I was directed, I saw before my eyes a truth, that, though well known before, was now to overcome my tense feelings. The slightest motion man can make, moves the earth, the system, the entire universe. Yes! the pouting child that stamps the ground, all unconsciously to itself, has moved the entire creation. For a moment every particle, every atom, trembled with the shock and forever changed its relations. Can you wonder that I questioned my sanity?

"Look, now, no longer on the secrets of matter and substance! They are but the broken symbol of what is to follow. Go thou to yonder Being, the Spirit of the Ages, der Zeitgeist, she to thee shall vision what never fell to lot of earthly creature." I did as I was directed. The Zeitgeist received me. She suddenly placed her hand upon mine eyes, when, swift as a flash, a change swept over my thoughts; the material world like a dream of the night, the fancy of a madman, fled away, and of the glories, of the raptures, that now appeared what tongue can ever tell? What shall I call the world that met my gaze? Call it the spirit world? No! that is not it. Call it the thought world? But that will not do! Call it the world of Influence? But how can you understand? It is truly the world of influence.

Nature, by her beautiful garb of many colors, her melodious symphonies, her rich perfumes, her delicious sweetness, through eye, ear, nose and tongue, exerts upon man an influence whose force is never even feebly conceived. A man is wandering

through the meadow, a bright little violet impinges on the retina of his eye, a sensation, a perception is in the soul. With what speed? And who can tell that mystery of mysteries, the unseen tunnel through which the sensation in passing becomes a perception, that shrouded bridge, the transition from matter to mind? But thinkest thou that is all? Nay! never, never! That image of beauty is impressed on the soul for eternity. The stream of thought was interrupted, changed, wonderfully enriched. Never can the mighty influence of the humble flower be extinguished; never again will the ideals of beauty be as before. So long as lives the man, lives the flower! It shall henceforth never cease, though unconsciously it may be, to transform the thoughts, tastes and aspirations of the soul. Truly the poet was right: "A thing of beauty is a joy forever." So too he might have said, "A thing of ugliness is a pain forever."

But is it nature alone that influences man? Oh! if you could see, as I did see, the delicate mechanism of mind and spirit, how sensitively aware would you be to the fact that man is forever exerting the most immeasurable influence upon himself! The boomerang recoils on him who throws it, a thought on the spirit that thinks it. What though a thought is lost to consciousness? Is its acting done? When it retires behind the scenes of consciousness is it inactive, or comes it again in newer and higher characters filling its place in greater and nobler processes of thought? What though it never reappear, is it annihilated? Never! Behind the recesses it unceasingly mingles and commingles with other thoughts, forming, moulding and upbuilding them, until as some powerful unity they again reappear to claim the attention of their mute spectator.

But dost thou in thy heart imagine the flower lives for the man alone? The man has been transformed, enriched; in every fancy of his heart, in every thought of his soul, in every deed of his will, that small image of beauty is ever alive, ever forceful. But as man physically shakes every atom, mentally he touches every spirit that now exists or ever shall exist upon this mortal earth. His every act toward a fellow being is tinged with that violet. And through the influences of these acts it will enter upon a further, greater life in the minds and souls of others. But these others touch by their lives still others, and thus the waves of influence grow wider and still wider until

they encircle each human being upon the earth. Nor does that influence live for this man, this class, or this generation alone. Henceforth and for ever more it is the indestructible possession of the race. Down through all ages, through every individual it goes. It ends alone with the human race in the eternity of the future.

Art thou a Rousseau? Wouldst be freed from the past? What folly! All the past is indelibly engraved into thy soul. Thou never hadst an impression from thy fellow creature that was not the supreme outcome of every fancy, thought, and deed of every individual that has as yet drawn breath upon this planet. All the past lives to-day and lives more powerful every day. Yes, and in thee all these infinite influences center. Never canst thou flee the past!

The vision that was before me was the stupendous expansion of a web whose threads were the incomprehensible multitudes of inconceivable influences that have been at work during the ages of human existence. In this vast fabric I could see with clearest accuracy the smallest, the most insignificant, influence that has ever produced effects so marvellous upon mankind. In profound astonishment I stood transfixed. The influence of every man, of every woman, of every child that ever came to birth upon this planet; the influence of every sensation, of every perception, of every thought that ever lurked in the spirit of man, there stood out in all its tremendous power. Oh! that I could make you feel the truth of what I say, but alas! my words express but the form; the ocean of truth lies beneath.

As I swept my glance along this enormous web of influences that cross and recross and for ever intermingle in the vast expanses of the texture, I beheld a vision that overwhelmed me with joy. Late in the ages arose an influence which from its inception grew wider, ever wider, weaving its threads throughout the immensities of woof and web. Turning to my guide I asked in accents of wonder and amazement, what this power might be. The answer came—"Cast thine eyes more generally upon it," and then flashed out in living letters of flame, comprehending the length and breath of the entire mass—*τὰ πάντα ἐν Αὐτῇ συνέστηκεν.*

FREDERICK EBY.

A FORECAST RETROSPECT.

You are a lawyer, thirty-four, and—so you imagine—a confirmed bachelor. To-night, the last of the old year, you sit listlessly before your chamber-grate, weary in heart with the unsatisfying struggles of the past. From the darkness without, the moaning of the winter storm comes as a dreary echo of world-misery.

Shake the feeling off?—you cannot. The day with its errors, its disappointments, and, worst of all, its selfish unmanliness, spreads constantly before the inner vision.

The evening paper? Pshaw! it only aggravates. Its columns but depict a chaos of humanity. Furiously you puff at your meerschaum, but even "My Lady Nicotine" has lost her wonted powers, and no longer weaves her spell of peace among conflicting brain-paths. There is no disputing the fact—you have the blues.

Petulantly you ransack your bookshelves. The immortals of antiquity receive as scanty reverence as *Iota*, or the anonymous creator of *A Superfluous Woman*. Favorite authors have lost their exorcism, and in slighting discontent you glance now at this book and now at that. One old sheep-bound volume—a Greek lexicon minus, the front cover—has a faded scrawl upon the exposed fly-leaf that arrests your attention: *Reginald Dash, Blankford University*.

Swiftly thoughts fly backward. Reclining in your lounging-chair, you resign yourself to reveries of a past life—a life complete in itself and passed in a little universe of its own. How real it all was then, that college world with the campus bounds for its horizon. Beyond was The Unknown, peopled with a humanity eager for great leaders and deliverers—hence for you. How like a memory of some glimpse of fairy-land, it all seems now! Then, in your self-sufficiency, you were ardently altruistic—burning with the enthusiasm of the schools. Now, in your weak dependence on the world, life seem only—egoistic.

There was no doubt in your mind then, that the ways of the outer world were extensions of college ways. Greatness and honor were to be won upon the same ideal principles that

had become real to you in scholastic training. You knew not that it was a fair delusion to think of the busy world as being fashioned after any such plan. How little you gauged the strength of Custom's forces! How much you over-estimated your own constancy of purpose! To-day, your most strenuous efforts seem little more than molecular vibrations from an atom in the whirling mass-total of humanity.

—Once again, through Fancy's magic, you are spending your first day at college. How strange it all seems to your village-bred mind! What blunders you make! You wonder, perhaps, who of all this throng are to be your particular friends in the years to come. A feeling of solemnity and an earnestness of purpose is upon you. A new life opens up and, like most, your heart is big with high resolves.

The year passes quickly with its lights and shadows. A mild hazing, a few "hustles," a Hallowe'en "howl," and various society elections, all add variety to the new experiences. You work faithfully and, at the close of the year, successfully stem the torrent of annual "exams."

At home, how proud every body is of the "son from college," and you walk somewhat airily through the village street—sporting a cane.

And now you are a sophomore. This year you find your chum of chums in a new student—an *ad eundum* arrival from another university. Open-hearted, jovial and clever, he is a favorite with all, and you soon become inseparables.

—How real, too, seemed these early friendships! Warm and glowing as the coals upon the hearth before you. But these are losing their bright heat, and so, long ago, it was with many of the embers upon Friendship's altar. Yet, even now, amid the ashes chilled by time, Memory keeps here and there a precious living spark.

—With such a companion, extra-mural attractions become stronger. The new experiences have a decided fascination for you. Very apt you are to

"Let Euclid rest and Archimedes pause,"

with more than Miltonic alacrity. You extol the idea of an all-round man, whose sympathies are not all between the covers on

his book-shelves. Perhaps it is in support of this theory—perhaps from less disinterested motives—that you fall in love. At any rate you do so; of course, no-mere boyish fancy, but something serious—financially. Opera, confectionery, livery—why enumerate?—the list has been the same these fifty years back. Much-to-be-pitied pater!

At the term's close you are "starred." How the ignominy of it weighs upon you as you think of those at home, trustful ever in your honest ability! How the shadows of selfish—perhaps in themselves innocent—indulgences, stripped now of all their fleeting pleasures, haunt your memory! Earnestly you resolve by whatever of manliness there is in you to strive at making amends for what has been lost forever.

Home-coming is not so joyous this time, and the summer that follows is by no means a lazy one. But then the joys of two weeks off, camping among the lakes! *She* is staying at the neighboring summer hotel. Not she who caused that fierce but transient flame in your sophomoreic breast, but another, fairer vestal who kindles upon your heart's altar a sacred and undying flame—so you express it in that little poem, still unpublished.

Thus the summer quickly, too quickly, passes. Manfully you begin the work of the term; those "stars" of ill-fortune prove shooting ones and disappear forever. The year passes with its deserved results, and at last, a senior, you have reached the acme of undergraduate wisdom. And now it is that you begin to feel the results of a higher education. You experience a new strength growing up within—a strength which you fondly dream will surmount all the difficulties of Life's obstacle-race.

Sometimes, perhaps, you spend more time at epistolary production than is absolutely necessary. Then, too, once in a while (for the mind needs change) you take a small card panel from your vest-pocket—the left one—and, looking at it quite intently, allow your thoughts to soar to a far loftier level than that of the *Higher Plane Geometry* upon the table.

—Even now—lawyer, thirty-four, and confirmed bachelor, gazing morosely at a grate of dying embers, while the city bells ring out the last seconds of another toilsome year—even now, as you muse upon those happy days long past, you feel a strange

softening within your shrunken pericardium. The smoke, or the flickering light, or *something*, dims your eyes, causing you to cover them with your hands and——.

You are still poking at your refractory optics, but in bed. From the adjoining room some one is shouting, "Happy New Year, old boy! Going to graduate this year—'weather permitting'!" Then comes a snatch of song:

"Oh 'ninety-five' is the class for me!
We agree! Don't you see?
For in 'ninety-five,'
Together we strive and together we thrive,
Together at the goal of success we'll arrive,
Then faster, ever faster——"

Just then you hear the swift patter of slippers feet in the hall, and glancing drowsily through your half-opened door, see a well-known form rushing by, "in trailing garments of the night," plus an old plaid dressing-gown, with girdle and tassels dragging—which does multifarious duty as bath-robe, study-garb and lounging-jacket. It is your sole companion in the loneliness of a "Residence" vacation, on his way to take a morning "tub"—cold water too. Ugh! the very thought of it puts one's whole body in a state of *chair de poule*. The remainder of this recitative solo is lost amid the slamming of the lavatory door and the sound of splashing water, but, *de profundis*, there comes a chill-shaken shout for

"'Ninety-five,' Old Blankford!"

As you tugged suddenly at your coverlet, in the first movement of waking surprise, one after the other *Dream Life* and the *Reveries of a Bachelor* dropped suddenly to the ground—your own and "*Ike Marvel's*."

S. R. TARR.

FRANCIS BACON.

“If parts allure thee, think how Bacon shin’d,
The wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind !”

Does Pope speak true? Shall his words pass scrutiny and criticism, ‘crack’d,’ as they are, ‘within the ring’? Why—when elsewhere he has been content with honest coinage, such as

“Future ages with delight shall see
How Plato’s, Bacon’s, Newton’s looks agree,”

and

“Words that wise Bacon or brave Raleigh spoke,”

—why must he now select the purest beaten gold, and, in moulding, spoil all by the insertion of unworthy alloy?

We forgive Pope his first two enthusiastic superlatives, but must condemn the use of the last. It is less reprehensible to praise extravagantly than to censure a whit beyond the just and certain limit.

Francis Bacon’s discretion was considerably inferior to his keen discernment and excellent judgment. Wisdom combines all three qualities, and *his* were measurable, so that he was by no means the wisest of men. Who had already excelled him? Moses, Solomon, Socrates, Plato, Jesus Christ. Who since have surpassed him? Shakespeare, Kant, Hegel, Browning, Tennyson. All these were wiser than he. All these knew greater truths than Bacon could conceive. They are his masters, but they hold sway over a worthy and remarkable subject.

For Bacon was truly a wise man, and, moreover, a *φιλόσοφος*. He is the father of Experimental Science, and was undoubtedly the first to utter clearly and consciously certain noble and essential thoughts which are now prominent factors in the constitution of modern philosophy. He found the sciences lacking miserably in enterprise by means of experimentation: philosophy had promoted the worldly welfare of no man; logic still clung tenaciously to error. Perceiving the root of the difficulty, Bacon proposed the solution: that a reconstruction should be made: a new basis for knowledge fixed. Two conditions would suffice for further progress, assured and triumphant,—first, objectively, that science calculate from experience and the study of nature: second, subjectively, that mind and intellect be purged of all abstract theories and transmitted prejudices. The salvation of

science, at least, must in future depend upon fruitful methods of induction. Such, in brief, is Bacon's philosophy. He has founded the empirical system, the direct and thoughtful examination and interpretation of Nature's moods and laws. Great empiricists have since arrived at great results, who owe to Bacon their foundation idea. This is Bacon's contribution to the history of philosophy, and herein is his highest merit.

But Bacon's field of knowledge and research was far wider, embracing, as it did, facts, opinions and dissertations concerning nearly all things that could be accounted favorable to the universal welfare. Burke, indeed, considered his *Essays* "the best of his works"; Doctor Johnson opined "that their excellence and their value consisted in their being observations of a strong mind operating upon life; and in consequence you find there what you seldom find in other works." Certainly Bacon was not the philosopher of his philosophy; he lacked the ability for progressive rational systematizing (the very growth of philosophy), and was more acute in detecting the errors of previous philosophers than careful in regard to his own conclusions. He truly perceived that the past philosophers held unsymmetrical and untenable theories; he assuredly discovered the appropriate foundation, or at least the corner-stone, of modern philosophy; but he himself failed to grasp the ideal motive, since formality with him superseded finality. For an instance, he dwells fondly upon the necessity of finding means for the prolongation of animal life, but does not think of discussing the origin and destiny of the higher life. In fact, he goes so far in his *Natural History* as to produce formal receipts for altering features, making gold, prolonging life, etc. All this is an absurd disguise for his philosophy to assume. His own tenets contradict its need or reason. Yet again and again, blindly and persistently, he resorts to eulogies of freaks and chimeras, while all around him true science is crying, groping for guidance in her toilsome, dangerous ascent. He was unrealistic in his embryonic realism.

As we have intimated, however, even apart from philosophy, Bacon traversed wide domains of learning, and planted noble ideas throughout, with rich fruition. Says the *Spectator*, for Dec. 5th, 1712, "one of the most extensive and improved Genius's we have had any Instance of in our own Nation, or in any other, was that of Sir Francis Bacon, Lord Verulam. This great Man,

by an extraordinary Force of Nature, Compass of Thought, and indefatigable Study, had amassed to himself such stores of Knowledge as we cannot look upon without Amazement. His Capacity seems to have grasped All that was revealed in books Before his Time, and not satisfied with that, he began to strike out new Tracks of Science . . . ascertained by the Industry of After-Ages, who should proceed upon his Notices or Conjectures."

To our second point: Bacon was bright. He has radiated light, cheeringly, benignantly, as the solitary lighthouse for miles upon the sullen, weary sea. And if other lighthouses have since arisen, of stronger build and more magnificent aspect, that reflect a dazzling splendour upon the "turbulent, bitter waves" of humanity, so that the first brave beacon is quite outshone and but dimly seen at rare intervals, even then, shall we not honour the rugged and battered old tower once so piercingly bright, once so praised and blessed, and always resolute, steadfast, majestic?

Bacon early manifested superior powers; the whole course of his life and the whole trend of his works show the high and noble heart of the man and the writer.

And, now, was Bacon mean? Montagu and Collier deprecate such a verdict; Macaulay and Pope insist upon it. Surely, if we can show that Bacon was not a Judas in intent, it is sufficient to disprove Pope's caustic denunciation. But was he mean, dishonourable, unmanly, to any extent? He stands accused on three charges (we omit the obviously unnecessary case of St. John). Justice presides; our readers are the jurymen; and the counsel for the prosecution concludes his case:

"My lord, the illustrious prisoner has been committed on three counts: first, baseness, treachery, and ingratitude towards the late Lord Essex; secondly, cruelty and 'dark practice' with regard to Edmund Peacham; lastly, bribery and corruption in office. I will, my lord, review these charges in their order, so that the gentlemen of the jury may have placed before them a succinct and dispassionate statement of the facts and development of the case in hand. The Earl of Essex, my lord, had been the warm friend and patron of the prisoner; he had earnestly endeavoured to secure him coveted emoluments, and, when unsuccessful, had presented him with the beautiful estate of Twickenham Park. Shortly after the success of my Lord Essex

Cadiz, the prisoner, conceiving, as he says, that by 'military

dependence, or by a popular dependence, as that which would breed in the Queen jealousy, in himself presumption, and in the state perturbation;’ the Earl might incur danger, warned him so, and implored him to alter his course. But my Lord of Essex heeded not the warning, justly considering it irrelevant and impertinent, though, as usual, he forgave its author. And now, my lord, I must hasten on, passing over the intervening events: the departure of my Lord of Essex for Ireland, despite the dissuasion of the prisoner; his return therefrom and immediate arrest, caused, as is shown by the evidence, through the duplicity and insidious scheming of the prisoner; the Star Chamber session, craftily unattended by the thoughtful Bacon; and emphasize the demand of the prisoner that Her Majesty the Queen should allow him the right of prosecution, which concession being granted him, he triumphantly and domineeringly carries the case against his foe (to whom, however, he still hypocritically proffers friendship) and secures a verdict, to the death, my lord! to the death, gentlemen of the jury! to the death!

“Furthermore, my lord—for I must proceed, moved with mingled sorrow and detestation as I am—further, in the case of Edmund Peacham, the clergyman of Somersetshire, it is obvious that the prisoner connived at the torture of this innocent man and tampered with the judiciary previous to the trial for treason; ample evidence has been forthcoming of these facts, and the prisoner has admitted their truth, but contemns any inference.

“In the last case, my lord, the interference of Nemesis is plainly discernible. The prisoner, glorying in his successes, and defying all suggestion of apprehension, or of punishment if discovered, abuses his most sacred trust,—the Lord Chancellorship of England, by receiving, even soliciting, large bribes, in return therefor guaranteeing the miscarriage of justice. ‘Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall’ was on a missing leaf from the prisoner’s Bible. He was a law unto himself, but is now miserably fallen, admitting his guilt, and craving mercy. But, my lord, shall he have mercy who murdered his benefactor? Look to it, gentlemen of the jury, look to it, that you do your duty. In the name of that glory of England, that justice so foully stained by him, we demand the conviction of the prisoner, subsequent sentence to be immediate.”

Counsel for the prosecution takes his seat ; confused hum arises, eager and prolonged, broken at length by the rising of counsel for the defence :

"It behoves me, my lord and gentlemen, to be concise, especially in replying to my learned friend and in closing my case, since a double burden is upon me, namely, disproof and assertion. It is true, then, that my Lord of Essex was patron of my client, who sought his favour as that of England's most promising son. And, my lord, I will not tax your honourable patience with the attempt at refuting the early statements of my learned friend. My client certainly received the estate at Twickenham, but with gentlemanly protestations and on the understanding of future requital. One constant occasion of difference between the two was the policy to be pursued with regard to Her Majesty, my client always advocating conciliation and obedience ; but my Lord of Essex rather chose brusqueness and rough authority. That it was not jealousy, but friendliness, which actuated my client's course with regard to the matter of Ireland, is obvious from the petulant but just remarks of my Lord of Essex himself, as was also the case in the former warning.

"During the absence of my Lord of Essex, in Ireland, my client repeatedly besought the clemency and good regard of Her Majesty the Queen, towards his noble patron, not without some degree of success ; and certainly my Lord Cecil is witness that my client endeavoured not to incense the Queen, as is stated by my learned friend, against my Lord of Essex. But the rather, as I aver, he pleaded for him, even thereby incurring Her Majesty's displeasure, who, on the return of my lord, commanded his imprisonment. And for the Star Chamber session, my client held aloof, since he would be no party to my lord's accusation, and thereby still further incensed Her Majesty against himself. Yet he persevered with his intercession, and was gaining good ground, when at last matters reached the climax : that he must cease pleading or lose his position. Then right well was it seen by my client that further opposition would be fruitless, and that by retaining power at least he might yet save my Lord of Essex. So that my client was at length, in his public service, and with the rest of his fellows,

brought to the prosecution of my Lord of Essex. And in all this he ceased not, directly or indirectly, to urge the exercise of clemency and kindness upon Her Majesty, who was like to take umbrage thereat. After the fatal event, and by order of Her Majesty, my client set forth a declaration of the treasons of my Lord of Essex, in mild form, so indeed that he was chided for it and revision made. And, in truth, my lord, he that was executed confessed his guilt, thereby releasing my client from all blame of judgment, even as his own actions had before released him from all insinuations of that baseness and treachery which is charged against him. Thus, my lord, that which seemed censurable in my client now appears to be praiseworthy, and so it is that he hath always been for kindness and moderation.

“Proceeding to the second count, my lord, it is easily answered. Even as previously loyalty was pledged to supersede friendship, so now by command of His Majesty the King, and according to precedent, my client obtained honourably and truly the individual opinions of the judiciary previous to judgment. In this, indeed, is nought of wrong or malice; it were treason to His Majesty to question it; and, for the torture, my client knew not of it at the time, and it is but a custom, for which the law of the realm is responsible.

“Finally, my lord, my client pleads guilty to the last count; yet did never divert the course of true justice thereby; receiving gifts both during and after trials, directly and indirectly, but with an eye only to pecuniary advancement, not pollution of justice, as my learned friend hath it. For assuredly my client was true and faithful in his judgments, but His Majesty desiring his silence, he would in no wise offer a defence. Right fittingly doth Mr. Ben Jonson say of him, ‘I have and do reverence him for the greatness that was or proper to himself; in that he seemed to me ever, by his work, one of the greatest men and most worthy of admiration, that had been in many ages. In his adversity I ever prayed that God would give him strength; for greatness he could not want.’

“Now, my lord, and you, good gentlemen of the jury, think on it. My client has said that he loves a good name, as an handmaid and attendant of honesty and virtue. Must he fore-

go it? Is he the despicable creature conceived of by my learned friend? Is he the meanest of mankind? Broken and humbled as he is, he is surely guilty of nothing base! I plead for him. Leave him his good name; so shall you wound that 'blatant beast' of our noble poet; so shall you commend *yourselves*, to the care of Grace and Truth."

Applause ensues in the court, instantly suppressed by order of the judge. The jury retires. A verdict for the defence is confidently expected.

G. HERBERT CLARKE.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

ALL readers of the MCMMASTER MONTHLY, by whom the name and memory of Dr. Caldicott are held in reverence, will accord a hearty welcome to our present issue, in which appears a most carefully written biographical sketch of the highly honored Bond St. pastor, by Rev. Dr. William Stewart, of the Toronto Bible Training School. Although Dr. Stewart remarks in concluding his paper that he counts it a privilege to be permitted thus to honor the memory of one so devoutly cherished, still the Managing Committee feel none the less deeply grateful for his excellent and instructive contribution, realizing how greatly it will add to the value and interest of the current volume. The portrait is from a photograph of Dr. Caldicott which hangs in the vestry of the Jarvis St. Baptist Church.

A NOTE of explanation from the Editor should have accompanied the poem, "The Annunciation," so kindly contributed by Mrs. Yule to our last number, to the effect that these stanzas will begin and "The Names of Jesus" conclude the New Testament series of sketches in the new volume of poetry referred to in terms of such high appreciation by Mr. Dadson on page 104 of his recent article. All readers and admirers of Mrs. Yule's verses will heartily join our brother in his earnest desire that Mrs. Yule may yet be able to give to the world this poem into which she has put so much of her best thought and work.

STUDENTS of the French language and literature in Toronto have just now an opportunity of listening to lectures and readings in French such as are rarely heard outside of Paris itself. Monsieur Maurice

Queneau, formerly professor of Rhetoric in Paris, France, who is giving a course of lectures in French literature in this city, is an eloquent and enthusiastic speaker; he is thoroughly read in the literature of his country, and possesses the faculty of setting forth clearly, and illustrating by selected passages, within the compass of an hour's lecture, the essential features of the particular period under discussion. It is a pleasure to know that these excellent lectures are fairly well attended.

THOSE of our readers who were entertained and instructed by the series of letters on Art contributed to the MONTHLY some time ago by Mrs. Emeline A. Rand, will be delighted to know that they have been published in the form of a neat holiday booklet. It was a happy thought of Dr. William Briggs, of the Methodist Book and Publishing House, to request of Mrs. Rand the privilege of making these letters available for a wide circle of readers. Dr Briggs' letter is printed at the beginning, and Mrs. Rand's modest response (*in fac simile*) follows. The booklet consists of 64 beautifully printed pages, with a stiff ornamental cover. It will be remembered that the letters are based upon somewhat prolonged critical study of Italian masterpieces in the National Gallery, London. They are written in a clear, elegant style, and manifest fine artistic culture and appreciation on the part of the writer. The booklet is in every way suitable for holiday presentation.

THE following German song from Reclam's *Studentenliederbuch*, and of which "The Hemlock Tree" of Longfellow furnishes a beautiful translation, is familiar to all German children, who love to sing it as, with joined hands, they trip about their Christmas tree. In after life, in distant lands, no other words, perhaps, are wont to call up such tender memories of the Fatherland as those of "*O Tannebaum*." The French stanzas, on the same theme, are taken from a recent French Reader, and will no doubt prove of interest to many who have not been accustomed to associate the Christmas tree with French home life.

O Tannebaum, o Tannebaum,
Wie treu sind deine Blätter!
Du grünst nicht nur zur Sommerzeit,
Im Winter auch, wenns friert und schneit.
O Tannebaum, o Tannebaum,
Wie treu sind deine Blätter!

O Mägdelein, o Mägdelein,
Wie falsch ist dein Gemüte!
Du schwurst mir Treu in meinem Glück,
Nun arm ich bin, gehst du zurück.
O Mägdelein, o Mägdelein,
Wie falsch ist dein Gemüte!

Die Nachtigall, die Nachtigall,
 Nahnst du dir zum Exempel!
 Sie bleibt so lang der Sommer lacht,
 Im Herbst sie sich von dannen macht.
 Die Nachtigall, die Nachtigall,
 Nahnst du dir zum Exempel!

Der Bach im Thal, der Bach im Thal,
 Ist deiner Falschheit Spiegel!
 Er strömt allein, wenn Regen fließt,
 Bei Dürr' er bald den Quell verschliesst.
 Der Bach im Thal, der Bach im Thal,
 Ist deiner Falschheit Spiegel!

L'ARBRE DE NOËL.

Mon beau sapin, roi des forêts,
 Que j'aime ta verdure!
 Quand par l'hiver bois et guérets
 Sont dépouillés de leur attrait,
 Mon beau sapin, roi des forêts,
 Tu gardes ta parure.

Toi que Noël a planté chez nous
 Au saint Anniversaire,
 Mon beau sapin, comme ils sont doux,
 Et tes bonbons et tes joujoux,
 Toi que Noël a planté chez nous
 Par les mains de ma mère.

Mon beau sapin, tes verts sommets
 Et leur fidèle ombrage
 De la foi qui ne ment jamais,
 De la constance et de la paix,
 Mon beau sapin, tes verts sommets
 Sont bien la douce image.

NOTE.—As we were under necessity of publishing the January No. of the magazine before vacation, we are forced to go to press before the arrival of the College News from Woodstock and Grande Ligne.—ED.

HERE AND THERE.

C. G. LANGFORD, ED.

A CHRISTMAS CHIME.

At Christmas time, from clime to clime,
 Each Star to Star doth sweetly chime
 Till all the heavens are ringed with rhyme.

Then, loosed above, a note thereof,
 Floats downward like a wandering dove,
 And all the world is ringed with love.

In *Canadian Magazine*.

JOHN B. TABB.

THE *Knox College Monthly* opens with an article by J. Laing, D.D., on the Jewish Problem. In a trenchant way he reviews a recent publication entitled *Israel's Present and Future*, by D. Baron, and published by the Mildmay Mission, London. The article is strongly post-millennial in its bearing and it will be read with deep interest by those who desire to look on both sides of this vexed question. This is followed by the first of a series of papers on "The development of the Earthly Life of Jesus." It is thoughtful and suggestive, we shall watch for the succeeding papers.

WE receive the following exchanges more or less regularly:—*Hamilton Lit. Monthly, Central Ray, Bishop College Monthly, The Brunonian, The Advance, The Delphi, Kenyon Collegian, Free Lance, The Sibly, The Transylvanian, U. of M. Daily, Tabor College Monthly, The Farmers Advocate, The Bema, Manitoba College Journal, University Monthly of Fredericton, Y. M. C. A. Woodstock, The Sunbeam, Canada Educational Monthly, Varsity, Methodist Magazine, Baptist Reporter, Messenger and Visitor, The Templar, Albert College Times, Canadian Magazine, Knox College Monthly, Victoriana, Queen's College Journal, Acadia Attenuum, North-West Baptist, Canadian Baptist, The Owl, Trinity University Review, The Portfolio.*

A WHITE WORLD.

I never knew the world in white
 So beautiful could be
 As I have seen it here to-day
 Beside the wintry sea ;
 A new earth, bride of a new heaven,
 Had been revealed to me.

The sunrise blended wave and cloud
 In one broad flood of gold,
 But touched with rose the world's white robes
 In every curve and fold ;
 While the blue air did over all
 Its breath in wonder hold.

Earth was a statue half awake
 Beneath her sculptor's hand,
 How the Great Master bends with love
 Above the work he planned !
 Easy it is, on such a day,
 To feel and understand.

LUCY LARCOM.

THE following from *The Brunonian* tells its own tale :—“The reading room is recognized by the majority of the students as a pleasing and valuable institution of the college, and in view of this fact, the management makes every effort to improve and perfect the facilities that it affords. To do this, money is necessary, and the small sum that is charged as a membership fee is small in comparison with the advantages that membership affords. Those students who do not care to pay the slight tax should be excluded from the privileges of the room. Indeed, they should voluntarily recognize the fact that the use of the room without the right of membership, is an invasion of the rights of others, of which no fair-minded person would be guilty. This is one phase of abuse that should not be tolerated. To degrade the reading-room into a smoking-room and lunch-room is another practice that is most reprehensible, as it is a practice that greatly annoys those who are willing to respect the nature of the institution and the comfort and convenience of others.”

THE POET.

In the heavy web of the loom of life
He weaveth his fancies to and fro,
And the golden threads of his verse will show
The pictured tale of his earthly strife.

But the artist dieth : the web is hung,
With never a thought for its imagery ;
And in passing years, to the tapestry,
The dust and grime of neglect have clung.

All tarnished now is the thread of gold,
The picture is blurred by the lapse of time ;
But there's one has seen mid the dust and grime
That tale which the long-dead poet told,—

That strange new song with its sweet refrain,
A song that whispers of life and love,
With the singer's heartbeats interwove.
So, long forgotten, he lives again.

—*Cornell Era.*

KNOX proposes to publish a Jubilee Memorial Volume. A strong Publication Committee has been formed and the sketch submitted to them covers the entire history of the College. Here is, in the rough, a suggestion of the subjects and order of chapters : Theological teaching in Canada prior to 1844 ; The founding of the College in Toronto, circumstances, early stages, Professors ; At Elmsley Villa, buildings, staff ; Theological training in the U. P. Church, prior to union of 1861 ; Occupation of the present building, changes, development, staff ; The Jubilee. This would cover the history of the institution up to date. To this would be added several chapters taking a survey of the half-century from various points of view : Student life at Knox ; Service to the Church at home, missionary society, pioneer work, etc. ; Service to the Church abroad, Indians, Formosa, Central India, West Indies, Demerara, Africa, Honan,

Palestine ; Service to Theological Education ; Bibliography of Professors and Alumni ; Roll of Students and Alumni, giving condensed biographical data. This volume will be of great interest, and we shall look forward to its appearance with pleasure.

King's College Record proposes to put on holiday attire for Christmas. We clip the following :—

"In other universities the library is thrown open during the afternoons of three or four days of the week, when students may enter and read the book they wish *in* the library, or take it to their rooms after having registered it. I think it would be difficult to find a college where the fee is so exorbitant and the frequent use of the library so emphatically denied as in our own University of King's. Often I have felt the need of looking something up, and when an opportunity *was* granted, the purpose for which my knowledge thus gained would have served, was past. Again, some students have lectures during the hours the library is open to them, and so they are unable at all to procure the books they need, unless some person is kind enough to get them for them. Why could we not have tables and chairs placed in the library, and the doors thrown open at least three afternoons of the week, when students might enter and read there under the supervision of the librarian or one of the professors? On account of the system now in vogue, some students scarcely ever go near the library, and so their fee of five dollars is absolutely thrown away."

In light of the facts here made known, McMaster students will be more appreciative of our library privileges.

THE interest in the study of Greek literature and civilization seems to be increasing rather than diminishing. An open letter in the *Montreal Gazette*, of Nov. 22, dated at Athens, and addressed to the Vice-Principal of McGill University, publishes the fact that a British school of Archaeology has been established in that place. A cordial welcome is extended to Canadian students, and suggestions are thrown out that possibly the leading colleges of Canada may think it well to establish scholarships enabling students to perfect their studies in Greek amid the classic atmosphere of the ancient world's city of art.

DEATH'S PROTEST.

Why dost thou shrink from my approach, oh, man !
 Why dost thou ever flee in fear and cling
 To my false rival, life? I do but bring
 Thee rest and balm. Then wherefore dost thou ban
 And curse me? Since the coming of God's plan
 I have not harmed or hurt a mortal thing ;
 I have bestowed sweet balm for every sting,
 And peace eternal for earth's stormy span.
 The wild, mad prayers for comfort, sent in vain
 To knock at the indifferent heart of life,
 I, Death, have answered. Knowest thou not 'tis he,
 My cruel rival, who sends all thy pain,
 And wears thy soul out in unmeaning strife?
 Why dost thou hold to him, then, shunning me?

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

COLLEGE NEWS.

H. H. NEWMAN,
W. J. THOROLD,
MISS M. E. DRYDEN, } *Editors.*

THE UNIVERSITY.

The student's eye grows strangely bright
When Christmas time draws nigh,
The Freshman lays aside his books
With a weary, homesick sigh ;

The Sophomore scans all his shelves—
A lingering farewell look—
But "could not leave that one behind,"
So packs his Psychology book.

The Junior dreams he is young again
And his stocking full has found,
While the Senior "skips" a week before
And goes home "the long way round."

JOHN R. CRESSWELL, B.A., of the class of '94, has been ordained and is now pastor of the church at Lachute, Que.

DR. HENSON :—"We always let things come to a head in Chicago, and then we knock them on the head."

'96 is planning for its "annual social gathering." Expect something extraordinary.

ENQUIRING FRESHMAN: (to sophomore room-mate)—"Say, Jack! why do they always say 'a maiden of sixteen summers'?"

JACK :—"What do you want? Would you say sixteen springs or sixteen falls?"

DEBATER :—"From the cradle to the grave we all lean upon one another."

Chorus of students standing tier above tier outside the door :
"Here! here!"

DEBATER NO. 2 : (speaking of intemperance)—"I am sorry to say that many of our professors are in the clutches of this terrible—I mean—excuse me, Mr. President—I mean, our professional classes."

REV. J. B. Warnicker, pastor of the Point St. Charles Baptist Church of Montreal, is meeting with remarkable success. Large numbers have been received into membership, and the building is now altogether too small to accommodate the crowded congregations.

FREQUENCY is the fashion in class meetings at present. Each of the years assembles in solemn and secret conclave so often that everybody is wondering what is being meditated. This is especially true of '95.

THE Natural Science Club spent a very instructive hour in the study of bacteria last month. Its members have since hesitated a little about eating or breathing, lest some foul disease be contracted, but we are glad to report all, as yet, in the full enjoyment of health.

ON Friday and Saturday, Dec. 14th and 15th, Dr. and Mrs. Rand were "At Home" to the students of Moulton and McMaster. Needless to say that all spent a most enjoyable afternoon at the home of our Chancellor. Students find such times of social intercourse oases in the desert of study, and heartily appreciate kindness shown them in this way.

IN response to the kind invitation of Queen's University to send a representative to their annual *Conversazione*, Mr. J. B. Paterson was delegated. No doubt he will do us credit, and will have a most enjoyable time. It is to be regretted that our limited accommodation forbids us the pleasure of holding a *conversazione* in McMaster Hall.

THE Literary and Scientific Society appointed their President, Mr. S. R. Tarr, as representative to the public meeting of the Literary and Scientific Society of the Ontario Medical College for Women. He was also given the privilege of choosing his own lady, a privilege which was not at first granted.

OUR Geological department has recently been enriched by an excellent and valuable collection of samples of our Canadian petroleum and its products. The samples are from the Imperial Oil Co., of Petrolea, and have been secured by Prof. Willmott through the kindness of Mr. J. A. Jackson and Mr. Pratt, of that town.

CHRISTMAS and Midsummer are alike in one respect in a College: they bring stillness to rooms and corridors. In a few days many of our students will be speeding homeward, and no doubt fathers and mothers, sisters and brothers, and—others—will be anxiously waiting. May all return filled with happiness and energy and ambition!

PROFESSOR (teaching acoustics)—"Now you would understand the difference in pitch of sounds much better if you could have this act illustrated"—turning to lady member—"Will you kindly sing us the scale—*so la si do*, etc."

Las-sie, shaking her head sadly—"I fear I cannot *do so*, sir."

McMASTER University is unique in its discipline. For the preservation of order and the administration of College rules the students are left entirely to themselves. No professor or other officer resides in the building. All affairs referring to the government of the residence department, comprising over seventy young men, are entrusted to an executive Committee of the undergraduates. Those elected for the present academic year are: W. S. McAlpine, Chairman; C. J. Cameron, 1st Vice-Chairman; E. J. Stobo, 2nd Vice-Chairman; A. Imrie, Secretary; Councillors, C. E. Scott, J. McKinnon, W. J. Pady, J. B. Paterson, J. J. Reeve, D. Nimmo.

ON Tuesday afternoon, Dec. 18th, the students had the exceptional pleasure of listening to an after-dinner speech by the distinguished pastor of the First Baptist Church, of Chicago, Rev. P. S. Henson, D.D. Brilliance, humor and common sense of the soundest kind have rarely been mingled in a manner so charming. Rev. Dr. Thomas, of whom Toronto is so justly proud as the gifted pastor of Jarvis St. Church, in this city, was then called upon by the Chancellor to address the students. He paid a glowing and eloquent tribute to the friend whom he had known for so many years, both having been pastors together in Philadelphia. Such occasions as these are the days of special sunshine and inspiration in college life.

WHAT is to be the outcome of the great college football agitation in the United States? The leading periodicals are overflowing with articles of a denunciatory character. University authorities are determined that football shall not exist in its present form, which is little better than wholesale prizefighting. A reform must be made or football will die. We sincerely hope that it may live and be a game of less brutality when players take the field next year. It is with pleasure that we notice the changes that have been made in the rules of the Ontario Rugby Union, whereby the play shall become more a test of science and speed than a display of brute force. These attractions ought to popularize and spread the game. We trust they may.

ON Friday evening, Dec. 14th, Mr. Wallace P. Cohoe read the "Student," before the Literary and Scientific Society. The ladies were present for the second time and seemed to enjoy the reading. The student was a lengthy one, being about fifty feet in extent. The editor had adopted the novel plan of joining all the manuscript into one long strip, which he spread out before him on taking the platform. As he read he allowed the completed part to fall on the floor in front of him. The paper, as a literary production, was a credit to the editors. They had secured contributions from many sources. Some were sad, some humorous, some neither, but all interesting. The "Student" is an old McMaster institution and we wish it long life.

Wherever you go,
Above or below,

YOU are sure to encounter the inevitable heap of miscellaneous rocks. Every student's room has a rockery. Sometimes we find it on a table, sometimes on a shelf and, alas! sometimes in a corner on the floor. These stones are a cause of great tribulation, for they are often inserted between the sheets of a fellow's bed, and are far from comfortable when he suddenly drops his weight upon them after the gas is out. This, of course, is the abuse and not the use of these rocks. The real use of them is to show the professor of science that you have spent some time in the study of practical Geology. It is necessary for each student in Geology to collect twenty species of rock. We learn that a street-paving company is trying to buy up these collections when the examination of them is completed.

A RARE treat was enjoyed by the members of class '96 when Mr. McLay, our English Lecturer, brought with him into our English class one of his distinguished London friends, Mr. Olver. The gentleman is an ardent student of Shakespeare and a reader of exceptional ability. Spellbound we sat while he recited Hamlet's soliloquy, "To be or not to be." Much light was thrown upon this wonderful production by the excellent manner in which it was rendered. For nearly an hour Mr. Olver read from Hamlet, and not for a moment did the interest flag. About a third of the play was read, and all was highly appreciated, as the hearty rounds of applause, which followed, testified. Mr. Olver did us a great kindness, and we thank him heartily. It is a great advantage to have a lecturer who has made friends abroad.

DURING the past few weeks many brilliant lecturers have visited our city. Among those who most amused and interested us was the famous Frenchman who writes under the *nom de plume* of Max O'Rell. McMaster students realized how great an opportunity was presented and went to Massey Hall in considerable numbers. To say the least, none were disappointed, for the talented Frenchman excelled himself both in oratory and humor. His subject evidently was "Britons," for he characterized the Englishman, the Scotchman, and the Irishman under the titles of John Bull, Sandy and Pat. His characterizations were so true that even when they were not entirely complimentary, the audience took it good-naturedly. Humorous anecdotes were liberally scattered throughout his brilliant address, and hearty laughter was of frequent occurrence. A round of applause such as we seldom hear was heard when the lecturer took his seat.

VICTORIA VS. McMASTER.—On the evening of Jan. 25th, 1895, McMaster and Victoria speakers are to wage a friendly warfare in the halls of Victoria. The question which is to be decided is, "Resolved, that the House of Lords of Great Britain ought to be abolished." This is a question of living interest to all, and we hope that many friends of McMaster will come together in Victoria's halls and cheer us on to victory. The men to whom we have pinned our colors are, J. C. Sycamore, '95, and Jno. F. Vichert, '97, and we trust to them, to uphold the honor of the University. This spirit of friendly inter-collegiate rivalry is a new growth and ought to be fostered. It will be a source of good to both Universities. No doubt the Victoria men are confident of victory, but we assure them that they will be under the necessity of doing some speaking, if they wish to win the debate. All McMaster boys are looking forward to this occasion with much pleasure.

On Tuesday evening, Dec. 18th, the Fyfe Missionary Society held its annual public meeting in Bloor St. Church. This is always one of the most important gatherings under the auspices of the University. On this occasion a large audience composed of the friends of the College was present. After devotional exercises, conducted by Rev. O. C. S. Wallace, M.A., and Rev. J. B. Foster, Ph.D., the President of the Society, Prof. Farmer, introduced the Recording Secretary, Mr.

W. W. McMaster, B.A., who read the annual report which was exceptionally comprehensive and admirable. It will appear in full in our next number. The President then announced the first speaker of the evening, Rev. B. D. Thomas, D.D., whose extempore address was remarkably suggestive and impressive. The students of our College, and in fact of all the colleges in the city are indeed glad that they so often have the opportunity of listening to the eloquent pastor of Jarvis St. Church. Then Rev. Wm. Patterson, of Cooke's Church, spoke with all his Celtic wit and earnestness, completely captivating and inspiring all his hearers. This was one of the best meetings ever held by the Fyfe Missionary Society.

ON the day following the death of the Premier, Sir John Thompson, we were favored by a lengthy address from Mr. D. E. Thomson, Q.C. He spoke in glowing terms of the departed statesman, looking back over his blameless political career and examining his personal character, which was beyond a breath of suspicion. In view of the signal service which this great man had rendered to his country, the speaker was desirous of making a plea for increased religious toleration. His remarks were received with applause as hearty as if the students were a body of Conservative enthusiasts instead of an almost solid Liberal phalanx.

DECEMBER the 18th, our "Monthly Missionary Day," will linger long in the memories of the boys as one of well-nigh unparalleled interest and profit in the annals of the Fyfe Missionary Society. The morning session, from ten till one, was packed full of programme, and the programme packed full of interest. After the usual half-hour of prayer and praise, the President called upon our delegates for their reports of the Inter-Collegiate Missionary Alliance Convention, which met at Belleville. Mr. Reeve, after pointing out the large falling off in the attendance as compared with former years, stated that the Convention had, nevertheless, been one of great spiritual power. It is always gratifying to us when "McMaster" takes the lead, and Mr. Reeve's statement that the paper by Mr. Stobo, on "Mohammedanism" was regarded as *the* paper of the Convention, was greeted with prolonged applause. Mr. Y. A. King, in a happy manner, gave us a good account of the latter part of the Convention.

Following the "Reports" was a paper on "Incentives to Soul Winning," by Mr. W. S. McAlpine. After speaking of the solemnity and grandeur of the work, Mr. McAlpine summed up the incentives under love to God, love to man, and the sure reward. The opportunity for open discussion which ensued was taken advantage of by several and many helpful thoughts were suggested. Mr. J. C. Sycamore then read a paper on "Heart Qualifications for Mission Work." Mr. Sycamore first emphasized the need of a heart fully surrendered to God. This would ensure the possession of the Holy Spirit. Thus it had been with Christ; and just as supreme love to God, boundless love for humanity, and faith in God's power and willingness to answer prayer, had furnished the essential heart qualifications for Him in His

work, so they would for us in our work. Mr. B. W. Merrill's paper, which dealt with a different aspect of the same subject, "Head Qualifications for Mission Work," was a valuable contribution to the morning's programme. A well-trained mind, a well-stored mind, and a Spirit-controlled mind were shown to be indispensable adjuncts to Heart Preparation in order to do the most effective work. The open discussion which followed the reading of these two papers was very stimulating.

President Farmer quoted the following passages of Scripture as suggestive along the line of the subject: "Be ye clean that bear the vessels of the Lord"; "He that will come after Me, let him deny himself and take up his cross and follow Me"; "Not by might nor by power, but by My Spirit, saith the Lord." Dr. Foster spoke of the intellectual question regarding Foreign Mission work; *e.g.*, Argument was of little use to overthrow Pantheism; we must begin with the historical facts of Christ's life, His character and disposition. Confront the Pantheist with these, and he could account for them only by granting Christ's Divinity. These facts of Christ's love could only be learned by years of meditation. Rev. Mr. Mellick was then introduced and given fifteen minutes in which to present the claims of the North-West. Mr. Mellick, however, held the attention of his audience for nearly an hour, and succeeded in so interesting the members of the Society that a committee was appointed then and there to canvass the students for subscriptions towards the North-West work. After a very short business meeting, the Society adjourned till afternoon.

ON the evening of Friday, Dec. 7th, the Literary and Scientific Society held their annual public meeting. The Hall was filled to overflowing, since nearly twice as many visitors were present as were able to secure seats in the chapel room.

After an address of welcome by the president, the following programme was rendered:

PART I.

1. Chorus, . . . "Huntsman's Hymn." . . . Lockwood
THE CLUB.
2. Reading, . . . "Carl, The Martyr." . . . Whiteside.
MISS GILE, '98.
3. Instrumental, . . . "Deuxieme Nocturne." . . . Bachmann.
MISS WOOLVERTON, '97.
4. Paper, . . . "Aqueous Agency in Land Formations"
W. S. McALPINE, '95.
5. Reading, . . . "Spartacus' Address to the Gladiators." . . . Kellogg.
W. J. THOROLD, '95.

PART II.

1. Quartette, . . . "Twilight on the Sea." . . . Ludds.
MISSSES TIMPANY, '96, WOOLVERTON, '97; MESSRS. LANGFORD, '95.
AND CAMPBELL, '97.
2. Debate.—*Resolved*,—"That Existing Poverty is Due more to Moral than to Economic Causes."

Affr.

J. J. REEVE, B.A.
C. E. SCOTT, '96.

Neg.

A. N. MARSHALL, '96.
J. F. VICHERT, '97.

The debate was won by the Negative by a narrow margin.

MOULTON COLLEGE.

EQUIVOCAL—A chance for undergraduates. Moulton student emphatically: "I don't want a B. A.!"

MRS. RAND was "At Home" to teachers and students on the 14th and 15th. The evenings were heartily enjoyed by all.

WE sympathize deeply with Miss Shanks during her days of illness. Each and every one of us hope to see her better and able to come among us again on our return.

THE period of the Bible Class the last Sunday morning in the term was given up to the Mission Circle.

Paper on	"Home Missions,"	Miss Johnson.
Vocal Solo,	Miss Timpany.
Reading,	Miss Cowan.
Quartette,		"Cast Thy Bread Upon the Waters."	Misses Timpany, Johnson, Dryden and Kirk.	
Practical Suggestions for the Moulton Mission Circle,			Miss Taylor.

After Miss Taylor's paper a short discussion was held on the practical works which might be undertaken by the Circle. The members are to consider the matter during vacation and come to some final decision on their return.

WE had lately the privilege of having a talk from Mr. Eddy, the travelling secretary of the Student Volunteer Movement. Mr. Eddy spoke very earnestly and feelingly of the work. We were made to see very plainly the pitiable condition of women in the lands unlightened by the Gospel. While listening to the speaker as he passed rapidly from one point to another, pointing out everywhere the terrible need and our heavy personal responsibility, our eyes were dimmed and our hearts stirred to respond in some way to the call of our sisters all over the world. Mr. Eddy concluded with a few forceful words, reminding us that our Master has left with this work a sacred charge to us to go or send, to give freely and pray faithfully "In His Name."

THE Faculty gave a very enjoyable evening to the Heliconian on the 14th:

1. Piano Duett, "Three movements from Peer Gynt"—*Grieg*—Misses Burke and Starratt.
2. Solo, "Grass and Roses,"—*Bartlett*—Miss Smart, Violin obligato by Mr. Wagner.
3. Reading, "Locksley Hall,"—*Tennyson*— Miss Hart.
4. Solo, "Sweet and Low," Miss Timpany.
5. Violin Solo, "Large,"—*Handel*— Mr. Wagner.
6. Solo, "Ave Maria,"—*Bach-Gounod*,—Miss Smart, Violin Obligato by Mr. Wagner.
7. Address, "Tennyson: His Art and his Relation to Christianity," Chancellor Rand.

God Save the Queen.

Several very hearty encores were given. Mr. Wagner responded very acceptably. Dr. Rand's talk on Tennyson was especially appreciated by the class studying his poems.