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THE
WOODSTOCK COLLEGE MONTHLY.

VOL. I.—MARCH, 1890.—No. 1.

ODE TO THE EARTH.

I love thee, Earth, majestic mother Earth,
Queen of all planets, happy of all worlds!
Since He who made, Himself has trod thy vales
And slumbered on thy bosom, while from far
Uncounted suns from Empyreal heights
Gazed awe-struck as they saw Him making thee
A speck 'mid their immensities— His bed,
Thy breast His pillow, and thy bending trees
His ministers:

Felt they no pang that hour,
Beholding Him who called them each from night
And chaos into being: Him whose hand
Had launched them forth each in its destined path,
Assigned their orbits, filled their golden urns
With light from His own fount, and set on each
His diadem of glory, making thee—
Pale, stricken weeper 'mid the stars, Himself
"A man of sorrows and acquainted with grief"
His lowly dwelling, and thy anguish cup
Drinking for Love's sweet sake.

Dear mother Earth

I love thee for the love He bore to thee
To thine and thee— making His sinless life
And sacrificial death the wondrous price
Of their and thy redemption— incomplete
As yet, and incomplete to be until
Thy ransomed dead come forth, and Thou
The death-chill lifted from thy heart— shall sit
Fairest and first of worlds, thenceforth to be
Eternally His own.

I love thee Earth,

For all thou art and all thou hast His hand
Has wrought and fashioned and equipped,
For uses that transcend all human thought
To comprehend or measure. Every force,

ODE TO THE EARTH.

Impellent or repellent or attractive, He
 Its measure, limit, aim and scope has given :
 All matter weighed, combined and systemized,
 Adjusted mass to mass, compacted, heaved
 Skyward in mountain masses, or submerged
 'Neath ocean depths unfathomed, spread abroad
 In valleys, plains and meadows infinite :
 In desert wastes and caverned vastnesses
 By day unpierced : in seas of primal fire
 Athrob within thy heart. For all, O Earth !
 Since He is all and in all, thee I love.

Beneath thy summer skies I walk abroad,
 And 'neath my feet thou spread'st a carpet such
 As man's poor mimic skill has never wrought,
 Bedecked with flowers, the tiniest of which,
 Painted and fashioned by His hand, to me
 Is a whole world of wonders. Overhead
 Cloud-wonders gather and expand and float,
 Through azure depths unfathomed, glory-crowned,
 A canopy sublime, compared with which
 The jewelled tapestries of monarchs fade
 Like the poor mimicry of babes at play !

Beyond a river rolls, on and still on,
 Forever and forever, pausing not
 In its majestic march to meet the sea
 And lose itself in his immensities,
 And thence return and yet again return,
 In endless circuits of unending change.

I lay me down upon thy breast and all
 The air is full of music. Leaves astir,
 Repeat and re-repeat their welcome to
 The winds that come and go and come again,
 Laden with breath of bloom The birds, His own
 Minstrels untaught, amid the branches sit :
 Their simple hymns to love's own melodies,
 While through the em'rald glow His sun sifts down
 It's golden favors o'er me.

Mother Earth.

Often and often when my heart was glad
 With some great joy, such as too seldom comes
 To human spirits, I have turned to thee
 With my full cup of gladness, thus with thee
 To share it all, and lovingly believed
 Thy trees, and birds, and flowers, and gentle winds
 Responded, and the purple clouds aloft
 In seas of sunset glory, smiled on me
 In sympathetic joy. Oft, too, I've turned
 To thee in hours of anguish and upon
 Thy mother bosom poured my tears unblamed,
 And told my sorrows—sorrows never breathed
 In Friendship's ear and thou hast kept them all
 With loyalty unchanged.

Dear mother Earth
 I love thee much ! In thy maternal arms
 Thou holdest all my treasures. They shall sleep
 Sweeter than cradled babes by mother's song
 At twilight hushed to most serene repose.
 And me, too, thou wilt take ere long, and I
 Shall slumber in thy bosom, waiting there
 In dreamless rest till thy dear Lord and mine
 Shall call us forth at morning-tide, in new
 Immortal beauty with Himself, to share
 His triumph and His glory in the bloom
 Of changeless youth forever.

Bradford, Ont.

P. S. V. YULE.

LORD MACAULAY.

Dr. Johnson has well said, "an array of distinguished names is an ornament more beautiful than any cordon of armies or cluster of waving banners, the trophies of hard-fought battles."

This being true, the eye turned toward England's literary coronet may well kindle with admiration as it sees, flashing like a diamond among the gems, the name of Thomas Babington Macaulay.

The subject of this paper was no fatalist. Had he been fettered by that iron-bound doctrine, he would never have dared to aspire to any eminence; for there was nothing in his position as the son of Zachary Macaulay, the West India merchant, to give promise of singular attainment, and not even the fondest of parents could have foreseen in the lad the future historian, the brilliant orator, the peer of the realm.

What honors Macaulay gained he earned by honest toil. Other men have faced greater discouragements, surmounted greater obstacles; have reached the pinnacle of their ambition by a more varied course; but few men serve as a better example of what a persevering toiler may become, in spite of the disadvantages supposed to inhere in any social system where the aristocratic element prevails.

Leaving home at 18, young Macaulay entered Trinity College, Cambridge. His course was an industrious and moderately brilliant one; and though owing to his intense dislike of mathematics he did not compete for honors, he was offered, and accepted, a fellowship at graduation. At the age of 26 he was called to the bar in the famous court of Lincoln's Inn, and from this time goes steadily onward through the successive appointments of Commissioner of Bankruptcy, Secretary of the Board of Control, until

when but 34 years of age he is placed at the head of the Supreme Court of India. Five years later—1839—his voice is heard thundering from the benches of the House of Commons, is member for the city of Edinburgh. In 1856 he was elevated to the House of Lords as Baron Macaulay, and 1859 he died, loved by those who knew him and honored by the nation that has yet good reason to be proud of him.

Macaulay's literary fame is four square. He invaded the domains of Euterpe, Clio, Polyhymnia and Eirato, and brought away trophies from each. He was poet, historian, orator and essayist in one.

As a poet his greatest merit is INTENSE VIVIDNESS. We have all read how—

“The Consul's brow was sad
And the Consul's voice was low,
And darkly looked he at the bridge,
And darkly at the foe.”

We can see the bridge tottering to its fall, as “axe and lever right manfully are plied,” and our hearts go out in anxious longing toward the “dauntless three” as they hold the bridge in the face of “thrice three thousand foes.” Then as the attack begins, with what interest do we watch as—

“Stout Lartius hurled down Annus
Into the gulf beneath;
Herninius struck at Scius
And clove him to the teeth;
At Picus brave Horatius
Darted one fiery thrust
And the proud Umbrian's gilded arms
Clashed in the bloody dust.”

and when the climax is reached, Horatius swims the Tiber and gains the other side, our own feelings are anticipated in the words, “and e'en the ranks of Tuscany could scarce forbear to cheer.”

No less vivid is the style of the poem called “*Virginius*” in which Macaulay dramatizes the social conditions that led to the rebellion of the Roman Plebeians against the tyranny of the Patricians (449 B.C.). As we follow this narrative our indignation blazes forth at the sight of Appius Claudius plotting against the school girl whom he had seen in the morning tripping through the Forum, tablets in hand, on her way to school.

At her death we drop a tear, and pity rather than blame the father for his share in it. As the reading proceeds we espouse the cause of the Plebeians and cannot keep down the satisfaction we feel when, after the riot caused by his vile act, Cladius is carried to his home, "his head and neck one bloody clot of gore."

No student of Macaulay can afford to miss reading the "Lays and Ballads of Ancient Rome" in which the common life of the Latin people is portrayed as nowhere in the classics. Similarly no student of English history should overlook the "Lays of the Roundheads" and "Lays of the League," though these have been somewhat overshadowed by the former and better-known poems.

The greatest of Macaulay's prose works is his History of England. The fact that five volumes are filled with the review of events from the accession of James II. to that of William and Mary is proof sufficient of its thoroughness. How careful was the preparation for this work, may be judged when it is remembered that he visited in person the scene of every important event. Many a day's journey did he make from end to end of the United Kingdom, stopping here and there, talking with this one and that one, collecting information, exploring ruins, ransacking archives, sparing no time, expense or pains in his search for truthful details.

As a treatise on the philosophy of British History, no better work can be found: for the author has brought to light, held up and discussed, the principles underlying the development of national life, in a manner at once profound and readable. Too often historians justify the severe language of the Cardinal in Bulwer's drama "Richilieu—"

"History preserves the fleshless bones
Of what we are—and by the mocking skull,
The would-be wise pretend to guess the feature,
Without the roundness and the glow of life,
How hideous is the skeleton."

To give the "roundness and the glow of life" was Macaulay's task. No man could have performed it better.

As an orator, Macaulay was distinguished by scholarship, eloquence, and attractiveness. It mattered not where he might be, on the floor of the House of Commons, on the platform of an Edinburgh hustings, at the Lord Mayor's banquet, or among his intimate friends, he was ever the same ready speaker. His memory was phenomenal. Henry Taylor declared that his memory had

"swamped his mind." When dining at Holland House, he so exhausted the patience of the hostess by his fund of information concerning the most trifling subjects, that in very desperation she asked if he could tell when dolls were first mentioned in history. Macaulay "grappled with the question, quoted Latin and Greek authors, and if he had been allowed to proceed would have told the name of the first baby that ever handled a doll." No wonder that the shy retiring Greville found shelter behind Macaulay's "easy and brilliant loquacity."

On the 4th November, 1839, the seat of Edinborough fell vacant by the elevation of Lord Abercrombie to the Upper House, and Macaulay addressed the electors of that city as a candidate for the constituency. That address still lives as an example of eloquent and high-minded politics.

"I entered life," said he, "a Whig, and a Whig I am bound to remain. I mean by the word Whig, not one who subscribes to any book, though that book were written by Locke: not one who approves of the whole conduct of a statesman, though that statesman may have been a Fox: not one who adopts the opinion in fashion in any circle, though that circle may have been composed of the ablest and brightest spirits of the age. But it seems to me as I look back over the past, I can discern a great party which has preserved its identity: a party often depressed, never extinguished: a party tainted with the faults of the age, yet ever in advance of the age: a party which, though guilty of many errors and some crimes, has established our civil and religious liberty on a firm foundation, and of that party I am proud to be a member."

These are certainly the words of an honestly independent man, a man full of honorable purpose, a man endowed with the genius of a true politician.

Perhaps the oration that displays the most sparkling eloquence is that delivered November 4th, 1846, at the opening of the Edinburgh Philosophical Institute. The following extract is a gem:-

"I am to propose a toast to the literature of Great Britain: to that literature, the brightest and purest and most durable of all the glories of our country: to that literature, so rich in precious truth and precious fiction: to that literature which boasts the prince of poets and the prince of all philosophers: to that literature which has taught France liberty and gives Germany a model

for art: to that literature which has exercised an influence wider than our commerce and mightier than our arms: to that literature which will in future days instruct and delight the unborn millions who have turned Australian and Kaffrarian deserts into gardens and cities. Wherever British literature is found may it be accompanied by British liberty and British independence." The English language does not preserve a nobler specimen of oratory than this utterance of our British Cicero.

The essays have become classic. They were originally contributed to the *Edinburgh Review*, and were first published separately by a Boston, Mass., firm in 1840, since which time they have formed an essential part of every good library. Strange to say, their value as critical deliverances is completely destroyed by their evident one-sidedness. How Macaulay—a man trained in the most rigid school of law—who for the last twenty-five years of his life must have breathed an atmosphere of strict impartiality: how such a man could have broken faith with the very first law of criticism, is a mystery.

Notably is this the case with the essay on Robert Montgomery. Here Macaulay's partiality and critical cruelty find their climax: so much so that the one becomes childishness and the other ferocity.

He accuses the poet of plagiarism, forgetting that in one of his own addresses he uses, with almost no alteration, Paul's magnificent peroration as found in Phil. iv: 8. He accuses the poet of making far-fetched uses of imagery, never perceiving his own far-fetched use of criticism: thus he degrades the high office of the critic by making it the vehicle of a literary grumbler.

The most attractive of these masterpieces is certainly the essay on Milton. Nowhere in the realm of eulogy can there be found a purer specimen of writing than the closing sentences of that sketch:—

"We are not much in the habit of idolizing either the living or the dead. But there are a few characters who have stood the closest scrutiny and the severest tests: who have been declared sterling by the general consent of mankind, and who are visibly stamped with the image and superscription of the Most High. These great men we know, we trust; and of these was Milton."

Truly that is a mosaic of words—a cluster of brilliants in a setting of gold.

A glance at Macaulay's portrait shows a man of great powers. The firmly set lips tell of resolute purpose; the massive head and broad brow, symbolize powerful intellect and concentrated thought; and the general contour of feature and figure bespeaks hard and earnest toil.

To this man England is perpetually indebted. To her legal profession he added an honored name. Her courts and Commission Boards are hallowed by the memory of an honest man. Her Houses of Lords and Commons were ennobled by the presence of an upright politician. The sky of her Literati is still resplendent with the brilliancy of a star of the first magnitude. Her Literature he has made more classical, her libraries more valuable; and when at the age of 59 he died, while yet the shadows were short in the afternoon of life, he left behind him an "In Memoriam" that will ever endure while the English name and tongue are among the moulding forces of the world.

P. K. DAYFOOT.

Strathroy

STUDENTS' QUARTER

THE SCENE OF THE RED MAN'S REST.

I.

A lonely wood where moonbeams glance betwixt
The lofty trees, and Shades flit oft unseen
From shade to deeper shade,
In darker vales these vesper spirits hide
Till night has fully come and then they glide,
In sable garb arrayed,
Into the open, o'er the murmuring stream,
O'er flowers kissed in sleep by pearly dew,
O'er insect worlds lost in a happy dream,
Or floating in some leafy avenue.

II.

The fly her tiny lamp has lit once more
The carnival to brighten, and to soar
Among myriads of her kind
That glance in gaudy whirls of light, and gleam
O'er grassy lawn, o'er fen and sparkling stream,
By evening unconfined,
From deeper shadows comes the cricket's note,
A lizard voice now joins the tuneless choir;
In forest's deepest nooks he sings remote,
Enthralled by Spring's inebriating fire.

III.

Wild and majestic in the glimmering light
 Uprears some gnarled oak, who in the night
 A ghost-like form appears,
 That changes as some wandering veils o'erspread
 The moon's pale disk. A murmuring from the dead
 That sleep below he hears.
 The clouds are passed—this momentary sleep—
 This wild transition to the world of dreams
 Is broken. Again, far in the forests deep,
 The reve'ry moves on ; life endless seems.

IV.

Here sleep the brave ; he guards their wakeless rest,
 And solitude holds sway that none molest
 Their long forgotten graves.
 Here roamed the brave, amid this floral wild,
 And left it thus ; and Nature bending smil'd,
 They fled. No hand engraves
 On Nature's open scroll a single mark
 Of their existence, save a lingering shade
 That haunts their monumental oak—but hark !
 'Tis naught. At morn's approach these visions fade.

Woodstock.

C. E. DEDRICK.

 HARRIET BEECHER STOWE AND "UNCLE TOM'S
 CABIN."

The marvellous usefulness of the Beechers is now axiomatic. The literary critic that divided the people of the world into the good, the bad, and the Beechers, only exaggeratedly evinced his appreciation of the fact that out of the home-gathering in Litchfield have gone forth forces of thought and action that have astonished the world. To no other modern family does the greater part of humanity owe so much gratitude as to this Beecher household. What better memorials could greatness bequeath than the glorious emancipation of slavery, and the clearest interpretation of God's loving Fatherhood ? Towards the woman whose work has spread from land to land, and has been blessed by millions upon millions of humane hearts, we direct your attention,

Harriet Beecher was born on June 14, 1812, at Litchfield, Connecticut. Her father was the son of a thorough blacksmith and formidable theologian who imbued Lyman with his own determination to win that success, which characterizes the lifework of all the Beechers. The mother was a woman of rare virtues, culti-

vated imagination, and a highly educated artist. All the surroundings of Harriet's early life conduced greatly to that expansion of soul and development of thought, which were prominent features in the public service of the members of this illustrious family. The pressing cares attendant upon a narrow purse and unlimited work, prevented the parents from giving much attention to the outdoor pursuits of their children. But now we can confidently assert it was best that Harriet and Henry made the hills, valleys and fields their playgrounds: that they ran wild among the trees and flowers: that they listened to the pipe and trilling of the birds, and recklessly explored the woods, and followed the streams.

Harriet from a child promised to be a scholar. At five years of age she read fluently, and had memorized twenty-seven hymns and two of the longest chapters of the Bible. For a girl she was an omnivorous reader. Scott, Byron, Dickens and others were read through many times. Her school life showed marked evidences of progress. No man could have been more surprised than Dr. Lyman Beecher was, when, after listening with great pleasure to an elaborate paper read at a closing exhibition, he received the news that his daughter had composed it, the best piece of the evening. For some years the growing girl helped her sister Catharine in teaching school.

When the family moved to Boston, Harriet, now almost a woman, went to Cincinnati to take charge of a young ladies' seminary. In this large city her genius was gradually brought to the surface by the attraction of congenial spirits. A Semi-Colon Club was organized. Essays, reviews, poems, etc., were contributed by men and women who afterwards received the laurels of fame. When twenty-four years of age, Harriet was married to Prof. Stowe, who was rapidly being raised to fame and usefulness by his reforms in education. On the banks of the river Ohio they lived in a happiness which was marred only by the touching recitals of dying slaves, exhausted by their efforts to escape from their pursuers. But during this period scarcity of money and a growing family made Harriet's life anything but easy. One day while she was trying to get through some household work with three babies crying upon the floor, Mrs. Beecher, her step-mother,

entered and suggested to her that she might employ her talents to better effect than in housework.

This advice acted upon, virtually began our author's literary career. Her first book "The Mayflower," a collection of sketches, was published in 1846.

Slavery at this time was a question that provoked much warm discussion. On the banks of the Ohio river, men were bought and sold, tortured, dishonored and murdered with no hope of redress in this world.

The Beechers, full of great-hearted sympathy, did all they could to help escaping slaves to reach Canada. Many instances might be recalled to show the unbounded unselfishness of these efforts to assist the despised runaway slave.

Logical argument soon gave way to unruly excitement over the matter of slavery. Outrages increased in frequency and in violence. Many of the far-seeing abolitionists had to fly from the country. Even the tide of Christian sentiment was against the African. Slavery was a constitutional right, and opposition to it was treason to the Union, cried the church-goers.

But the dying shrieks of the lashed-to-death slave were distinctly heard by a God, whose heart of universal love had expression through the instrumentality of Mrs. Stowe. One day while reading the National Era, she noticed the incident of a slave woman escaping, with her child at her breast, across the floating ice of the Ohio river. She began to meditate and plan a story that would vividly describe the diabolical cruelty of the slavery system. The black husband, who remained in Kentucky, going back and forth on parole and remaining in bondage rather than forfeit his word of honor to his master, suggested the character of the "world-wept" Uncle Tom.

The scenes of the story began rapidly to form in her mind, and the whole wonderful scheme was completed before she put her pen to paper. She cared not for literary fame: her outraged feelings wanted to speak, and her woman's heart triumphed over her head.

Sitting at communion one Sunday, the intensely realistic scene of Tom's death rose up before her, and stirred her great soul with indescribable agony. She hastened home, wrote the picture, and then read it to her children. The burning words so touched their

young hearts that they wept inconsolably with their mother. Dr. Bailey, editor of the *National Era*, was written to about the story. He immediately applied for it, and the story that the writer calculated would run for only a few weeks, continued its startling revelations during some months. For a time the paper was slightly "boycotted" by the prejudiced, but soon rumors of a strange and powerful story swelled the subscription list. The serial was published in book form in March, 1852.

Thousands of copies were sold in a few days, and over 300,000 copies within a year on American soil. Talk of it filled the air. Discussions, reviews and newspapers were monopolised by the excitement it caused.

The contagion spread to England, thence it flew to France, Germany, Italy, Switzerland, and aroused in the papal-guarded people an inquiry for "Uncle Tom's Bible." In one year nearly a million copies of the "slave's trash" were sold in England and the United States. It was translated into about forty languages.

The enterprising librarian of the British museum collected thirty-five of the first forty editions, issued within six months after its publication: more than fifty of the world's leading reviews devoted long articles to it, and eight ably-written books discussed its features. Since that time it is estimated that over ten million copies have been circulated in Europe and America.

It is difficult for us to understand the phenomenal popularity of this work, because in our unthinking familiarity with it, we have forgotten its strength, its graphic power, its deep philosophy, and its rare humor. But if we turn the pages of history we find that pure and great hearts, speaking to others upon subjects that thoroughly absorbed and possessed them, have made all the great books which hold a vital tenacity upon the human mind and baffle hostile critics.

Who dare deny that she was inspired to achieve the end God had in view? You who are as cuttingly critical as narrow in your range of thought, and who have found it impossible to stand up against the flood of testimony poured in upon you, explain away, on any other supposition, the astonishing effects of the book.

Give ear to this, ye doubters!

The scene in the slave market did more to liberate the American slaves than all the thunder of Garrison's *Liberator*: than the

stirring poems of Whittier: than the persuasive eloquence of Phillips and Sumner. It made the Fugitive Slave Law impossible to enforce, for it made cruel hearts tender and kind to the persecuted fugitive.

It gave birth to the monster memorial signed by 3050 New England clergymen, praying for abolition, which had such weight in assisting Congress to a decision. It stimulated England's generous sympathies towards an act so gloriously noble that it is our lifelong boast we are Englishmen. Recently, in Brazil, we discover that "emancipation" was mainly due to an editor who kept his paper alive with the moving figures and scenes of "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

Such a book marked an epoch. Men began to recognize the power of divine emotion over human intellect, and to perceive that we cannot justly criticise the literary merits of a work laden with righteous protest against a damnable sin.

While from the first page this story has been a startling revelation of the various aspects of life under the system of negro slavery, it is not till we stand over the dead body of faithful Uncle Tom: not till we feel the sublime pity of it: the tender regret and rising indignation of it: the swelling sense of cruel wrong, and the irrepressible rush of divine rage, aversion and unquenchable denunciation for what made this possible, that the work reaches its highest power.

We can say that the story is unique in that it does not contain a lover to centralize the interest of the reader. It is a nondescript work. No rules or canons which apply to the average literary creations fit it. Most books are too low for conventional criticism: "Uncle Tom's Cabin" is too high and isolated. "Why?" do I hear you say? Listen! Because it was dashed off under the pressure of inspiration of the highest kind, that transparently showed truth in all its colors. Shall we talk of art when its intensity of sweetness and sadness makes tears stream from millions of eyes, melting the most hardened, and having carried away the props of conventionalism from under us, bringing us down to the true basis of feeling, sentiment and truth? No, we shall praise the Great Spirit for using it as a vehicle of His love.

Side by side it stands with the dozen great books indispensable to the world and it will last until the last memory of slavery has been lost in the coming universe of goodness. For, behind the

eloquent beauty of her descriptions: the terse fibre and rare strength of her arguments: the melting tenderness and contagious humor of her philosophy: back of the almost unaccountable momentum of her literary power was the mind and heart of a brave, consistent and unassuming woman.

Woodstock.

J. H. P. KENYON.

SOME RANDOM THOUGHTS ON EDUCATION.

It is the morning of Austerlitz. A thick fog hangs over the allied armies. Last night a great noise in the French camp as if preparatory to retreat, but really a shout of welcome to the Emperor, decided the council of Russian and Austrian generals to march at break of day against their once terrible but, as they deem, now frightened foe. True, Kutuzof, the Russian general, cautions prudence: in fact, states that Napoleon is still in his formidable position of yesterday. But he is over careful and too slow: so it has been resolved to hurry forward some ten miles, draw up in line of battle, and attack the enemy according to the rules of war. And is this not wise? Behold that regiment of Russian hussars: mark the regularity of that detachment of Austrian infantry: note the confident air of the artillery as they rattle along with their well-manned guns. Thousands and thousands of well-officered men moving to stately music. Surely Napoleon must have turned: surely to-day the knowledge of the magnificent Austrian and Russian army has induced a flight that is but the predecessor of defeat. Victory is surely ours. And yet it is not so to be. Seated on the heights above the fog, the wily Bonaparte watches the allied forces descending into the valley. See him smile, as on his beauteous horse he sits, gloved like a lady. "Shall we yet attack?" "Not yet," he says, "wait a while, let them come farther." "Now you may. Be quick: bring up your men."

Is it possible in our educational campaign, amid all the splendid arrangements, the magnificent facilities, the ingenious devices and studied methods, the applications of psychology, that the army of careful enthusiastic teachers is moving on, mistaking its halting-place and ignorant of the position of the foe? It may be. What should educators wish to accomplish? What is education?

A few thoughts to clear the way.

First, as to the object of education. All education, truly so-called, must fit for right living. Anything that unfits, either by matter or by mode, for living to the best advantage is not education, or rather, is bad education.

Second, as to the subject or matter of education. If education be intended to enable us to live to best advantage, certainly the matters dealt with will vary with the circumstances. Where Nature yields the means of existence with a grudging hand it will be necessary to prepare by education for a skilful and successful struggle against her. In the Arctic circle we must expect that the boy will be trained principally in the use of harpoon and dart. In temperate regions where Nature is more bountiful, there will be needed less training to procure food and the other necessities of life. More time may therefore be given to education that fits us to make the most of the enjoyments and amenities of life. Should these temperate regions, however, become so crowded as to render living difficult, education will tend more and more to a training fitting the inhabitants to make the very best use of the fertility of the soil and the general resources of the earth. If this be true it results that a system that suited admirably in its "matter" the needs of the last generation, may not suit those of to-day; and further, that the curriculum which is the very best for one district or for one class of people of a country, is not certain to be the best for every other district or class. There is, however, this to be said in general, that either the parent or the teacher should see that every lad should become thoroughly acquainted with the general laws relating to his physical being, and also to the other laws relating to his existence as a member of a community. The old Greek idea that every man should be his own doctor and his own lawyer is a consummation devoutly to be wished. We know that attention paid to the laws of health has resulted already in a considerable increase in the average life of man, and it cannot be doubted that common sense education in hygiene and physiology would accomplish much more in this direction. Similarly "civics" should be a subject of instruction, either by the parent or by the teacher. How many of our Canadians can explain how a jury is selected, or what is meant by the term "magistrate" or "assize." A glance at Canadian needs to-day will show in what way the "matter" of education is affected by our circumstances. And first, since the majority of our boys and girls leave school before twelve,

and since the term spent at school is barely sufficient for the acquisition of the three Rs. When shall we have sense to see, that if we wish a growth in intelligence in our citizens, a reformed method of spelling is a necessity, because of its time-saving value? we must be content therewith. There are signs, however, now that we have "nine-hour" days, and that the "eight-hour" day is being demanded, that the boy will soon remain longer at school, and thus cover more work and do it more thoroughly. This leads to "method" or "manner," the "how" of education. It is well here to look towards the ideal. The ideal educator places the child in contact with things and lets him learn therefrom, the thought being that, as new things and facts will be met when his course of training under a master is ended, it is well to get him into the right way of dealing with facts, or difficulties—if we prefer the word—before he leaves school. In the ideal education spelling and reading are acquired by the boy of his own accord, and with but slight assistance from a master. They are of far less importance than is an acquaintance with facts. A boy may not know how to form a single letter and yet be far better educated than one that can read and write quite well. Similarly in true education, informal mental calculation in arithmetic might come some long time before the child had learned to explain in figures the result of mental numerical operations. In fact, in ideal education, little or no time would be given to arithmetic at all, for, after learning to add, subtract, multiply and divide, mentally, the way to indicate these operations is easily acquired. The arithmetic class is an evil, necessary, it is true, but still an evil, resulting from the fact that boys have not time to deal with things first, and draw their own conclusions but are compelled before they know about things to learn how to express things they know nothing about. What reader cannot remember his terrible struggle in an honest endeavor to learn "to do subtraction" before he had any idea of what it meant, or knew what advantage his answer was when he obtained it. Why should it be necessary to-day to teach boys how to compute interest, calculate the value of stocks, etc.? Do they know the four rules? Let them invent their own ways as they need them.

What then is the proper method? Throw the child into contact with things and facts. To save time it may be necessary for the

teacher to group things, and facts but let the boy draw his own conclusions, let him acquire the habit of decision—of relying upon himself. He must be profitably employed: must not be allowed to injure himself by drinking poison or setting a match to a barrel of gunpowder, but he must learn for himself, and a small explosion may do him no harm.

Woodstock.

W. H. HUSTON.

(Concluded in our next.)

EDITORIAL.

SALUTATORY.

It is usual for the editorial "we" to say in the first issue of a magazine something pointing out the grave necessity for the work of the same editorial "we," something expressing the very favorable attitude of a future sure to be kind and appreciative, and something very flattering to those who have the intelligence and good sense—not to mention money—to subscribe. In the case of the Woodstock College Monthly, the "we" has no Salutatory of this sort. We expect the world to go on in much the same way as it did before we took upon us the editorial cognomen. We have no hopes of turning the world upside down: we are not even sure that this would be a good thing to do, if it were within the reach of our possibilities. The facts simply are: We have been asked by the Philomathic Society to edit their paper, and we have consented, believing that the publication of a Monthly is a necessity in a progressive school, such as ours seems to be, feeling confident that the students will, in many ways, be benefited, and even daring sometimes to hope that our influence may extend beyond the sound of the College bell, and be felt in Vancouver and in Cape Breton, and even in India, and, perhaps, in days to come, in China and the islands of the sea.

GENERAL OBJECT.

The Woodstock College Monthly is the property—more or less valuable—of the Philomathic Society. The editors are appointed and controlled by the Society. The chief objects are to develop the literary and even journalistic tendencies of the students, to create a legitimate and broadly-liberal "esprit de corps," and to inform the outside world of our doings.

GENERAL IDEAL.

We aim to make The Monthly worthy of the school and its many friends. At first a cheaply printed and inferior publication was

in the mind of some. Better counsels, however, prevailed, and it has been resolved that in printing, binding, paper and contents, no ideal is worthy of us save the very highest. And though we feel a certain amount of satisfaction in our first number—printed on good paper and with a new font of type—still we hope for much better things in the issues to come.

GENERAL PLAN.

A portion of the Monthly will be set aside for contributions by ex-students and ex-teachers, and by friends of the College in Canada and in other countries. Another portion, "The Students' Quarter," will be reserved for the work of students in attendance. Another will be devoted to literary productions of the Faculty, while the remaining pages will be given up to Editorials, College Notes, Society work, and Advertisements. Upon our corps of writers we impose no restrictions, save that they write clearly and briefly, and think honestly and kindly. We believe in discussion, and have no fears that anyone will suffer from considering views different from his own. Surely the truth is able to look after itself. "*Magna est veritas.*"

SOME CONTRIBUTORS.

We are glad that the friends whom we are requesting to help us by contributions, are all consenting. They have cheered us greatly by very kind words and by sympathetic expressions of interest and commendation. We are not yet able to make anything like a full list, but among those who will help us will be :

- REV. C. PERRIN, Ph.D., Chicago.
 REV. JNO. CRAWFORD, D.D., St. Thomas, Dak.
 REV. JNO. H. CASTLE, D.D., Rochester, N.Y.
 REV. B. D. THOMAS, D.D., Toronto, Ont.
 REV. R. S. McARTHUR, D.D., New York City.
 PROF. J. E. WELLS, Toronto.
 REV. A. H. MUNRO, St. Thomas, Ont.
 REV. J. C. FARTHING, M.A., Woodstock.
 REV. E. W. DADSON, B.A., Woodstock.
 REV. WM. CUTHBERTSON, B.A., Woodstock.
 REV. P. K. DAYFOOT, M.A., Strathroy.
 REV. THOS. TROTTER, B.A., Toronto.
 REV. S. S. BATES, B.A., Toronto.
 REV. J. W. STEWART, B.A., Rochester, N.Y.
 THE HON. CHANCELLOR BOYD, Toronto.
 C. J. HOLMAN, Esq., Toronto.
 M. S. CLARKE, Ph.D., Georgetown.
 D. E. THOMSON, Esq., Q.C., Toronto.
 T. S. SHENSTON, Esq., Brantford.
 A. A. AYER, Esq., Montreal.
 MRS. HALKETT, Ottawa.
 MRS. E. C. COOLEY, M.A., Toronto.
 MRS. J. C. YULE, Brantford.
 J. S. BUCHAN, B.C.L., Montreal.
 MISS M. REYNOLDS, B.A., Poughkeepsie, N.Y.
 MRS. J. J. BAKER, Walkerton, Ont.

COLLEGE NOTES.

"Study hours."—"Let her go shay pee!"

A lawn tennis club will be one feature in our summer sports this year, and the cricket club will be revived after Easter vacation.

Mr. Armitage is up in Bracebridge. The Baptist church of that place has secured his services for a year.

Mr. Robt. Robertson, of London, who completed a business course here four or five years ago, and returned this year to take the scientific course, leaves on a business trip to Missouri at Easter. His business down there will occupy him during the greater part of the summer. The boys are unanimous in wishing him a right royal time.

A meeting of those interested in base ball was held in the chapel room after tea on Wednesday, March 5th. The result of the meeting was the reorganization of the Woodstock College B. B. Club, with the following officers in charge:—President, J. B. Warnicker; Vice-President, W. G. Fyler; Sec.-treas., C. Stewart Cameron; Custodian, W. Daniels; Captain, W. J. Goble. The game bids strongly for the interest of the majority of the boys, and several interesting games have already been played.

A lacrosse club was organized on the 12th inst. The following gentlemen were given the positions of honor in it:—President, W. Winter; Vice-President, C. F. Piper; Sec.-treas., C. McCullough; Custodian, W. H. Moore; Captain, A. Somerville. Mr. McCullough, besides being an interested participant in field sports, should also make an admirable treasurer for any society. Who ever knew of a Scotchman that hadn't an eye to the "siller"?

We think we have been fortunate in our lectures this term. We had intended to summarize them for the benefit of our readers, but lack of space forbids more than a thankful mention of the lecturers and their subjects. Jan. 4: the Rev. J. C. Farthing, new St. Paul's, Woodstock, Life at a great University (Cambridge); Feb. 18. W. A. Douglas, Toronto, Social Development (advocating the views of Henry George); March 1: Prof. J. E. Wells, Toronto, The Culture of Character

The descriptive reports of the various societies are crowded out. They are all, however, doing good work. The Philomathic and the Excelior vie with each other in the excellence of their programmes, and the college missionary society, "The Judson" holds its regular monthly meetings, and conducts several missionary enterprises in the town. So deep has been the interest in society work that two new societies, designed to supplement the larger ones have been organized under the name "The Fyfe Self Help," and "The Boys." They meet on Saturdays and are doing good work.

The first debate, under the auspices of the Inter-Collegiate Debating Society, of Woodstock, was held on Friday evening the 21st inst., in the Woodstock Collegiate Institute. The subject was: Resolved, that the single tax is preferable to the present system of taxation. The affirmative was supported by Messrs. Muldrew, and Senate of the Collegiate, while Messrs. Gordon Lamb and W. Winter contended for the negative in behalf of the College. The committee of award consisted of Rev. Mr. Cuthbertson, (who was also chairman of the evening) Mr. Garvin and Mr. Kemp. The subject

was handled with creditable skill on both sides, but Mr. Winter especially did well. His speech, though brief, was brilliant and pointed, eliciting hearty applause. Deep was the suspense that reigned while the committee was in conference, and proportionately deep was the satisfaction of at least a portion of the audience, when decision was given in favor of the College. Aside from the debate, a most enjoyable entertainment of music was provided by the Collegiate Literary Society. The College boys marched home together, and when safely within the grounds began to cheer right lustily, perhaps because the visions of fair young ladies attending the Collegiate had temporarily unsettled their nerves, perhaps because of a natural feeling of boisterousness caused by the victory.

THREE WOODSTOCK COLLEGE BOYS.

It has been very satisfactorily demonstrated that a sound mind must have a sound body to sustain it. Therefore that class of the male population whose duty and privilege it is to burn midnight oil in search of knowledge, must also have a care as to the maintenance and development of the physical nature. Now, in this effort toward bodily culture nothing is more natural than that a healthy spirit of emulation should be created. Each would-be athlete aspires not only to obtain health but also to secure superior skill, and hence the first place in the line of exercise most suited to his taste. On the same principle as that which makes a nation proud to own itself the birthplace of a man distinguished in the history of the world, it is usual for schools and colleges to have a pride in the Goliaths when they send forth. Woodstock College would fain enter the ranks with sister institutions in this respect. Almost every manly sport is here practised and a number of the boys have already attained a creditable proficiency in the particular sport each has espoused. Among the bicycle riders is Mr. B. O. Rasicoe, of Thurso, Quebec. He has already made quite a name for himself as an amateur rider by carrying off numerous trophies. One of these is the amateur championship of Canada. In Rochester, N.Y., last July he won three medals in a tournament at which were riders from all of the neighboring states; and the year before last in Buffalo, he captured two medals in races that were open to the world. Mr. G. D. Porter, of London, excels as a runner. He has figured to some extent in the amateur races of the Ingersoll and Woodstock Amateur Athletic associations. Last year he won several costly prizes, among which was a magnificent wa'er-pitcher. In the 100-yard foot race, George managed to cover the ground in 10 3/5 seconds. This is very good time when we consider that the fastest professional time on record in the world is 9 1/5 seconds, for the same distance. Mr. Porter is also one of the ablest goal-keepers in Ontario. On the base ball field Mr. C. F. Piper, of Toronto, has had considerable success. He pitched for the Maroons for some time, but at length a broken arm destroyed to some degree his power as a "twirler." Mr. Will Goble, of Goble's Corners, is also an ardent lover of the sport, and one who possesses some skill in the line.

BRRATA.

We regret that in the first "form" some serious typographical errors were unnoticed in time for correction. Mrs. Yu's poem, especially, has been much marred. Will the reader please change the word "sit," on page 4, eighteen lines from the bottom, to "set," and omit the semi-colon. The period after "bed," on page 3, should, it will be seen, be changed to a comma. Mr. Dayton is not respone, for "peculiar spelling of Richeleien" on page 7. On page 13, second line, after the "three R's," the words from "when" to "value," inclusive, should form a parenthetical sentence.