



J. Torrance

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JOHN TORRANCE.

It is now over twelve years since the subject of this sketch passed away from his work on earth, to be forever with the Lord and Master whom he had long and ardently loved and so faithfully served. Few, however, of his many friends throughout the Province have yet forgotten or are likely soon to forget the story of his life and the peculiarly sad circumstances of his last sickness and of his death. They will remember, too, the cry of sorrow and disappointment that went up from every Baptist heart in our land at the loss of one whose ripe scholarship, clear and profound knowledge of Bible truth and whole-hearted consecration to the work of studying and interpreting the Holy Scriptures, seemed to give the fullest promise of a long life of usefulness and of great spiritual power and blessing in the church of Jesus Christ.

John Torrance, like so many others who have fought long and bravely for Baptist principles in Canada, and as no one who knew his heart and was familiar with his voice need be told, was of Scottish parentage. He was born in Kilmarnock, Ayrshire, on the 7th of December, 1838, but nine of the ten years of his life in Scotland were passed in Glasgow. Being a bright, intelligent lad, he saw and learned, even in those few early years, enough about the land of hills and heather to make him remem-

ber her all through life with feelings of affection and patriotic pride. In the year 1848, the family immigrated to Canada, and found their first home in the New World in the city of Toronto. Here John, their only child, became a pupil of the Model School, and applied himself so diligently to his lessons and so pleased his teachers by his intelligence and progress that, on his leaving the school, they awarded him as a prize the privilege of free tuition in the City Grammar School, a privilege of which he was not, however, able to take advantage.

After a residence of three or four years in Toronto, the family moved to the Township of Reach, Ontario County, where they lived for the next three years, during which period young Torrance was sent for some months to the school in Borillia, near Port Perry. They now removed to a farm near Fenelon Falls, Victoria. Here in the Township of Verulum, about five miles from the Falls, John Torrance, now seventeen years of age, began to teach in a Public School, in which occupation he continued until circumstances led him to devote his life to the work of preaching the gospel.

Some time before this, the late Robert Graham of Fenelon had moved from Smith Township, Peterborough, to what is known as the "Blythe Farm," in Fenelon. Mr. Graham had been brought to Christ under the preaching of the saintly John Gilmour, was one of the earliest Baptists in that section, and one whose own heart yearned to see his fellowmen brought to the knowledge of the truth. Soon after coming to Fenelon, he started a weekly prayer meeting at which John Torrance became a regular and earnest attendant, and before long found the Saviour. As he soon showed some ability in speaking, Bro. Graham encouraged him to take frequent part in the meetings. The result was that Mr. Torrance acquired considerable ease and even fluency in public speaking, and was often found on the Sabbath day preaching the gospel to pastorless churches in the vicinity. But Bro. Graham's influence did not stop here. He had many long and serious talks with the young school-teacher on the doctrines of Scripture, and among other important matters, directed his thoughts to that of believer's baptism and discussed with him fully the teaching of the New Testament on this question. From what we know of Bro. Torrance's honesty

and seriousness, we may feel assured that he studied this subject thoroughly and prayerfully until his own mind had reached a clear and settled conviction of what was his duty. He decided to follow the Lord in his own appointed way, and was baptized by Rev. A. McIntyre in Sturgeon Lake, not far from the Blythe Farm above mentioned. His father and mother also became soon afterwards members of the Baptist church through the labors of Bro. Graham and himself. For the facts of this paragraph, we are indebted to Bro. Henry Graham, J. P., of Kinmount, son of the brother above referred to, who has kindly taken special pains to verify every particular. Like the disciples in primitive days, Mr. Torrance had sought to improve the gifts that the Lord had given him. His pulpit efforts were so encouraging and so well received that it was soon evident to himself and to his brethren that he had been chosen and endowed of God for the great work of preaching the gospel. In 1860 he was called and duly ordained to the pastoral care of the Baptist churches of Woodville and the West Line of Brock, where he continued to labor for a year and nine months. His sermons, we are told, were already marked by that familiarity with the Scriptures and that independence and maturity of thought which served to render his preaching so instructive and impressive in after years. The blessing of God attended his work, and the influence of this first pastorate is felt in those churches to this day. In later years he frequently preached in Fenelon Falls, when visiting his parents, and on such occasions he was greeted by large congregations who listened to his discourses with pleasure and profit.

In the fall of 1861, Mr. Torrance, feeling strongly the need of further study, resigned his charge and set out for Woodstock to enrol himself as a student of the Canadian Literary Institute. By practising strict economy, and by preaching almost every Sabbath, he succeeded in remaining in his classes for three years. Knowing the value of the limited time his slender means would allow him, he entered upon his work in the Institute with such zeal and determination as rendered success in his studies a matter of course. He was particularly fond of English studies; he cultivated a taste for good literature and made every effort to acquire ease and correctness in composition and speaking. We

have heard him speak with animation of his work in science. That he was regarded as one of the best students of those days is attested by the fact that he was afterwards, for many years, one of the examiners of the graduating classes.

As already intimated he preached a great deal during his residence in Woodstock. He supplied regularly for some months at Burlington, also for the Woodstock church, and occasionally for the brethren in Mount Elgin. The esteem in which he was held by the latter may be gathered from the fact that, on one occasion, Mr. E. A. Bodwell, a large-hearted brother and enthusiastic admirer of Mr. Torrance, hearing of his circumstances at college, hitched up his sleigh, and making the tour of the members, secured a big load of provisions which he drove to Woodstock and presented to Mr. Torrance as an expression of good will from himself and his brethren.

At last, however, Mr. Torrance felt that circumstances would not permit him to continue his studies any further for the present. He accepted a call to become the pastor of the Mount Elgin church, and entered upon his duties on the 7th of August, 1864. The installation services took place on the following Wednesday. Dr. Fyfe preached the sermon, Elder Thos. Baldwin giving the charge to the young pastor, and Elder Topping that to the church. Three years of happy relations between pastor and people now followed. Elder Torrance's genial disposition, his kindness to all, and especially his deep interest in the young people made him a general favorite. His exposition of Scripture on the Sabbath-day, and his earnest, heart-searching appeals to the unconverted could not fail to do good. The members of the church were stirred up to new spiritual life and more earnest study of God's word, and many souls were brought to the knowledge of the truth.

In the summer of 1867, Mr. Torrance tendered his resignation of this charge, much to the regret, not only of the members of the church but of the people generally, from whom, after his settlement on his next field of labor, he received many expressions of esteem and confidence. He now spent a few months in collecting funds for the Institute at Woodstock, travelling on this mission over a great part of Western Ontario, and making the acquaintance of numerous churches and pastors.

The churches in Cheltenham and Edmonton were at this time vacant through the departure of Mr. John Crawford to assist Dr. Fyfe in ministerial training at Woodstock. On one of his collecting tours, Mr. Torrance visited and preached in these two churches where he was not entirely unknown; for not long before he had had a lively controversy in the Canadian Baptist with Mr. Crawford on the propriety and scripturalness of women taking part in the devotional meetings of the church. The latter had subsequently met his opponent at Woodstock, made his acquaintance, and brought back a high opinion of Mr. Torrance's ability, and his genial and winning manner. The people now saw and heard for themselves, and the result was a hearty call to him to become their pastor. Mr. Torrance had already, in Mount Elgin, resolved to take a University course, and now on receiving a call from those two churches, he accepted on the understanding that he should be permitted to begin his studies whenever he felt prepared to do so. He entered upon the duties of his new field on the first of January 1868, and as he did not begin his college work until the fall of 1869, the brethren had the benefit of his full time and energy, without interruption, for over a year and a half. It was, indeed, a period of great blessing to the churches. They listened to a series of the most earnest and impressive sermons, the clearest and most helpful Scripture teaching they had ever heard, and their previous pastors had all been strong men. The same blessed results followed as on the previous field; a revival of spiritual life and a marked growth of scripture knowledge in the church, followed by greater loyalty to the truth and consecration of life to Christ. Many of the congregation, who had listened for years unmoved to the words of life, were now convicted of sin and brought to the Saviour. Some of these form to-day the strength of both churches, and the names of others are familiar in many departments of our denominational work. Through the inspiration of their pastor's own devoted and consistent life, his labors on their behalf in the pulpit, prayer-meeting and Sunday school, these young disciples became strong in faith and in fidelity to the cause of Christ. Mr. Torrance practised what he preached, and that too every day of the week, commending the gospel by his daily walk and conversation. But he was no long-faced Puri-

tain. Visitors to the parsonage found him always happy, often indeed merry, and anxious to make others happy. He was fond of having his young members about him, and never were young people more attached or more loyal to their spiritual father. Few, indeed, were the cases of discipline in those days, for none thought of persisting, out of mere personal preference, in any course of conduct which their pastor held to be unscriptural or hurtful to the cause of Christ. No wonder these were years on which Bro. Torrance's memory loved to linger, that ties of affection were then formed which could never be broken, that during his illness he longed to have some of these brethren about him and that he desired, when his soul had winged its way to be with Christ, that his mortal remains should be laid in the little cemetery of the village which had been the scene of his best and happiest days.

In the autumn of 1869, Mr. Torrance began his studies in University College. Many things combined to make this no easy undertaking. The distance from the nearest railway would in itself have proved a serious obstacle except for the kindness and devotion of the late deacon Learment of Edmonton, who drove his pastor to and from the station during the whole period of his course. Mr. Torrance was a thorough and conscientious student. He rarely missed a lecture; he made every effort to keep up in all class exercises, and particularly to read all the prescribed work. He procured every text-book and did not rest satisfied until all had been carefully read and reviewed. Such a student could not fail to attract the attention and win the admiration of his professors. The President of the University, the late Dr. McCaul, was particularly kind to him and showed a lively interest both in his studies and in his church work. Mr. Torrance, on his part, could see much in Dr. McCaul that commanded his admiration, his great scholarship, his refined but cordial manner, the elegance of his addresses and the impressiveness of his strong personality on convocation days, and above all, the profound reverence with which the venerable President would, on all such occasions, speak of the holy religion of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ.

Four years soon pass, even at College, and through the blessing of God nothing occurred to break our brother's course.

He passed all his examinations without a single star, and at University Convocation in June 1873, he received the degree of B.A., with a silver medal in Metaphysics and the prize in Oriental Languages. The long-cherished desire of his heart was now more than realized. It had cost him years of toil and anxiety, and no one knows what self-denial, but at last the goal had been won, and won with honor. If he felt a thrill of pride and joy that day, no one had ever a better right to it.

For four months or more, the brethren in Cheltenham and Edmonton had their beloved pastor to themselves again, with all his added earnestness and power. But now, much to their sorrow, there came a call from the Baptist Church in Yorkville to come and help them, a call which Mr. Torrance thought it wise to accept. So attached had the people he was leaving become to himself and to his pastoral methods, that for a time, it could scarcely be expected that any one else would obtain a patient hearing. His interest in his old flock never failed, however, and they found his advice and influence of great service in their efforts to secure a successor to their liking.

The church in Yorkville was a wider and more important field of labor. The people were intelligent and earnest Bible students, who had for several years been sitting at the feet of one of the ablest teachers in the denomination. It was not every pastor who could take up Dr. Pyper's work and carry it on to the satisfaction of the church. But Mr. Torrance was well equipped for such an undertaking, and enjoyed from the first the fullest esteem and confidence of his people. They were edified by his preaching, and their hearts were gladdened from time to time by accessions to their number, through conversions and baptism. Every thing pointed to a long and happy pastorate, when, after a residence in Yorkville of a little over two years, Mr. Torrance received a call which some of his intimate friends had led him to expect. He had, moreover, begun to feel a strong desire to become a teacher once more, and when after the death of Prof. Yule, Dr. Fyfe and Prof. Crawford united in urging him to come to Woodstock and take up the work of their departed colleague, he saw in it the answer to his prayers and decided to go.

The years that now followed were for the most part years

of earnest, useful and happy work. Prof. Torrance was a man of high scholarly attainments. In the course of many years of faithful pastoral service, he had read widely and thought profoundly on all theological questions, on all of which, too, he had clearly defined views of his own. He had trained himself to think closely and logically. He was alert and keen in debate, and could see as many sides to a question as most men. He made the most thorough preparation for his lectures, and having strong and settled convictions as the result of deep meditation and a long and rich Christian experience, his expositions of Scripture were given with the calmness and positiveness of one who had perfect confidence in the soundness of his conclusions. We need not be surprised that his influence upon the students was powerful, and that the impressions they received from his lectures were deep and ineffaceable. On the death of Dr. Fyfe in 1878, Prof. Torrance was appointed Principal of the Theological Department, and subsequently on Prof. Wells's retirement, took charge of the whole college. The responsible duties of this position he continued to discharge with eminent satisfaction until in 1881, he was nominated to the chair of New Testament Interpretation in the new Baptist College in Toronto.

Towards the close of 1880, his health broke down. It is probable, as has been said, that the long strain of mental and physical exertion had gradually impaired his constitution. He was in the habit of working very late, for in addition to his class work, there was a voluminous correspondence to attend to. This, together with the care and anxiety of his responsible position, made such demands upon his energies that gradually his strength was exhausted and he was compelled to lay aside his work. He rallied, however, met his classes again after the Christmas holidays, and in spite of constant weakness, carried a strong graduating class to the end of the year. But in the following May, after preaching in the Baptist church, he was again prostrated, took to his bed and rapidly sank until little hopes were entertained of his recovery. After a time he so far recovered, however, that he felt strong enough to go to Muskoka, where he hoped the cool, pure air from the lakes would bring back his lost strength. He only succeeded in getting as far as Bobcaygeon, where, unable to proceed any farther, he was taken to the

house of a relative. There at noon, on the 3rd of August, 1881, not far from where he had found the Saviour whom he had so faithfully served, surrounded by his sorrowing family and friends, and as he still held the hand of his only boy, his redeemed spirit departed to be with Christ.

He had not yet seen his 43rd birthday. Like Prof. Yule and Principal McGregor, he was called away in the very prime of manhood. Who can measure the loss our churches have sustained through the early death of these eminently gifted servants of God whom the Holy Spirit had through years of training thus fitted for doing most efficient work in His Kingdom? O what strength and inspiration, what wisdom and sanctifying power would have emanated from these consecrated souls, had it pleased our Heavenly Father to let them labor on among us in the vigor and earnestness of healthful life! We know not why God did not permit his people to reap the fulness of the blessing which such life, if prolonged, could not have failed to bring, but as we think of the glorious results that might have followed, one sad question forces itself upon us. Were these lives not too pure, too good to be continued down here? Did we by our own zeal and fidelity in the Master's service, by our love for them and our fervent prayers for God's blessing on their ministry produce the environment in which alone God could work out his purposes concerning these his chosen vessels? He has put eminently qualified and godly men in their places. Let us, brethren, see to it that no unbelief or unfaithfulness on our part shall hinder the work which God by his Spirit can perform through their instrumentality.

M. S. CLARK.

RECOGNITION.

Yes! when within the heavenly homes shall meet
Souls whose communings touch the earth-lived years,
Some wingèd word set free, like carrier dove,
Some glance or tone, shall bear its message fleet,
And wake in one glad moment sweetest tears,
As blissful rain, from long pent hearts of love.

R.

A SONG OF THE HARP.

In the land where the roses fade, I heard
The sound of a wind-harp's fitful playing,
As its quivering strings were thrilled and stirred
By the breezes over it straying.

At dawn of the morning a zephyr came,
Soft as a sigh, and perfume laden,
It had kissed the sweet wild flowers as it flew
Till it seemed like a breath from Eden.

It touched the wind-harp's slender strings
And I heard, oh I heard the angels' singing,
And I heard the rush of their glancing wings
In the harp's low fitful ringing.

And a rushing wind from the west swept by,
A child of the air and the stormy ocean ;
And the song of the harp rose clear and high
As it swayed to the wind's wild motion.

I felt the north-wind's icy breath,
And the harp-strings wailed like an orphan's crying,
As they told of a grief that was dark as death,
And a pain that was worse than dying.

And I know when the winds of the loved home land
On those living strings are playing,
The angels will hush their songs to hear
What the harp is singing and saying.

I. SINCLAIR.

Brandon, Man.

AT A GERMAN UNIVERSITY.

II.

In my first article on this subject I said that the spirit of learning, far from dying out, was as strong in Germany to-day as it ever was, and to prove the statement, if indeed that were at all necessary, I gave the names of some of the distinguished scholars at the University of Leipsic, whose work has won the admiration and gratitude of students and learned men the world over. Of all these the most interesting to me was Professor Sievers, the well known specialist in phonetics and philology, and consequently I chose him to refer to in detail. But the others and many of their confrères are interesting too, and therefore I am going to devote this article to a sketch of one or two of these and of their work.

The Professor of English is Dr. Wülcker, and as I had more to do with him than with any of the others whom I am about to describe, I shall write about him first. Though a scholar of no mean ability, he cannot be considered a man of genius. He has done a considerable amount of useful work in the editing of Anglo-Saxon and Early English prose and poetry, but this did not require genius so much as patience, industry, aptitude for details and accurate knowledge. These qualities Prof. Wülcker undoubtedly does possess in a very high degree, and it is upon the very good use he has made of them in what may be called the mechanical side of the study of English, that his reputation among scholars will rest. Among other things he has re-edited and enlarged Grein's "Treasury of Anglo-Saxon Poetry," a work of great magnitude and one requiring the very qualities of accuracy and painstaking perseverance with which nature has endowed him. It is to Wülcker also that scholars owe the probably correct solution of the interesting question as to how the so called "Vercelli Book" came to be in Italy. He made a visit to the monastery at Vercelli and learned that in early times there had been a library in connection with it, to which travellers, in return for the hospitality shown them, often made contributions in the shape of manuscripts and collections of poems. From this

he concluded that some monk or traveller from England had carried to Italy the collection of Anglo-Saxon poems now known as the "Codex Vercellensis," and had made a gift of it to this library at Vercelli, in the dusty recesses of which it was found in the year 1832. This supposition seemed so probable that scholars have accepted it as the solution of the hitherto perplexing question. Some day it may be that Prof. Wülcker's popular reputation will rest more upon this shrewd guess than upon his laborious works.

But now let me describe the professor from a nearer view and consider his personality as exhibited in the study and classroom. Wishing to hear some of his lectures, I called upon him at his residence to introduce myself and obtain formal permission to attend his *Seminar*. Two callers were there before me, one of whom was an American who had just taken his degree. Happy mortal! Having to wait some minutes in the study before being shown into the reception-room, I could not help casting a glance or two upon the objects in the room. A student's "den" must always have charms for the true student and what, after all, is a professor's study but the most delightful of student's "dens"? The particular one in which I found myself on this occasion was not to any great extent different from others of its kind. Of course there were many book-shelves and upon them were many English books. If their owner has read them all, as in all probability he has, he has come into touch with more of our literature than most Englishmen or Americans. Every period of English literature from its earliest beginnings down to the present day, was represented. The works of the standard novelists of this century were particularly in evidence and generally in complete editions. Nor were the fiction writers of to-day forgotten. The works of these latter are published for German readers of English in the well-known Tauchnitz edition, and the presence of a couple of hundred of these volumes indicated the professor's interest in the works of contemporary writers, while their looks proved that they were on the shelves not for mere ornament but for use. It struck me at the time that few could be more *au courant* of latter-day literature than Prof. Wülcker.

There were two other things in the room that appeared to me peculiarly characteristic of him who is the presiding genius

of the spot. One of these was a framed photograph of an Anglo-Saxon manuscript, and the other an old-fashioned study-chair. Of beauty the former had little and of comfort the latter had less. An ardent enthusiasm for the language of our remote ancestors might invest the manuscript with beauty, but no one, even in his wildest flights of fancy, could delude himself that he even found comfort in that wonderfully constructed chair. It is high-seated and low-backed; it is stiff and straight and angular, and its look seems to wish to ward you off by telling you that it is hard and uncomfortable to sit upon. For its owner and occupant it may be entwined with memories that make it dear to him; nay, it must be, for what else was there about it to attract any one to it or to make up for its complete lack of the large, comfortable, inviting look that the study-chair should always have? Absolutely nothing, and therefore it must be some human interest attaching to it that gives it worth and attractiveness.

While I was musing over what this romantic interest might be and trying to form a mental picture of the professor from the objects with which he surrounds himself, the door opened and I was called in to the reception-room. A tall, sparely-built man of about fifty years of age arose to receive me and invited me to take a seat on a sofa near him. His grayish hair and whiskers, the lines on his face and his whole manner and appearance gave the impression of the hard and incessant student, in which regard he differed from Prof. Sievers, who appeared the cultured gentleman rather than the laborious student. It is hardly necessary to say that he wore the inevitable glasses. I say inevitable, for it seems to me that the large majority of German students have weak eyes and wear glasses; in some cases they go so far as to wear two pairs at one time. There are exceptions to the general rule, but Prof. Wülcker is not one of them.

In his conversation with me he spoke slowly and languidly, as if to talk were a burden to him. This is his natural manner of speech and not one adopted for the occasion; for in all his lectures he spoke in precisely the same way. He can speak English fairly well, but would not do so with me, I suppose in order to test my ability to appreciate his lectures. However, we got along very well, and the result of the whole conversation was that I was given permission to attend his *Seminar*. After

a few more words I left, and on going out met another American acquaintance coming to call. That made the fourth caller in half an hour. It is evident that a German professor's *Sprechstunde* is no time of leisure.

A few days afterwards I attended Prof. Wülcker's *Seminar*. It was supposed to begin at five o'clock in the afternoon and last until seven, but in reality it never began until a quarter past five and rarely extended beyond a quarter to seven. It is always understood in Leipsic that, unless stated to the contrary, lectures never begin before the quarter after the hour, this being necessary in order to give the students time to get from one building to another. It is worthy of note that lectures are given on six days of the week, and that the earliest is given at seven in the morning and the last from eight to nine in the evening, during the summer heat such an arrangement has its advantages, as I proved to my satisfaction in his case. A *Seminar* is quite distinct from either a lecture or a class, the difference being in the changed relations of professor and student. In a lecture the professor talks and the students listen; in a class there is an interchange of questions and answers; in a *Seminar* things are reversed, for there the professor for the most part listens while the students do the talking. Perhaps I shall best make this distinction clear by giving a description of the way in which the English *Seminar* at Leipsic is conducted.

The meeting-place is an ordinary class-room, in which, however, a long table takes the place of the professor's desk. Of the score or so in attendance the majority sit around this table, the remainder occupying the seats immediately in the rear. When the professor enters, all present arise and remain standing until he has taken his seat at the table. This custom is not universal in German universities, the exception in this case being due, perhaps, to the fact of its being an *English Seminar*, and therefore to a desire to follow the English custom in this respect. Let the reader suppose that the work to be done is, as was really the case when I was present, the translation of the professor's own Middle English Reader, and that a new extract is to be begun. The professor's *Famulus* has arranged with some one to open the subject, and without waiting to be called upon the one appointed proceeds to do so. First he gives a short introductory

account of the extract, in which he makes particular reference to the various manuscripts extant, their dates and the dialect or dialects in which they may have been written. Should this account be incorrect or wanting in any essential details, the professor interposes to make the necessary corrections and additions; though if any of the students feel competent to do so, they have the right to point out and correct the mistakes. The introduction being completed, the student reads some twenty or thirty lines in the original, his mistakes in pronunciation, if they be not too many, being corrected by the professor as he reads. Then he translates the passage into German, after which he makes what annotations he considers necessary. Interesting points in philology and dialectal differences are considered particularly worthy of comment. Woe be to the annotator who refers to anything mentioned in the notes appended to the Reader, or to any details of grammar which the class could reasonably be expected to know. It will be quietly, but none the less forcibly, intimated to him that he is not to waste the time of the class over trifles; that he is to give information and not a mere repetition of something already given in the notes. After such a rebuke the student first recovers his breath and then goes on with his work, very gingerly it may be taken for granted. When a student has proceeded as far as his preparation will allow him, he gives over the task of carrying on the translation, etc., to one of the many ready and anxious to do so. And thus it goes on until the time is up, the student lecturing and the professor emending or adding to what is said.

Such is the German Seminar. The system is admirable; it develops accuracy, independence and originality in the students better, perhaps, than any other system. I should like to tell my readers something of Wundt, the professor of philosophy, of Guthe, the Hebrew historian, of Socin, the Hebrew and Arabic scholar, and others, but space will not permit at present.

Speaking generally, and speaking from an admittedly limited experience, I should say that German professors are mines of information in their particular branches, but that outside of those they are but dilettanti. In special knowledge they are perhaps peerless; in general culture weak. They need more of their own Goethe's universality to give them comprehensive views.

So much of the professors. The interesting student must be left for another time.

W. S. W. McLAY.

London, England, Dec. 30, 1893.

Students' Quarter.

ORCHARD THIEVES.

The orchard trees glance sidewise oft,
 They cannot now be sober,
 Like blushing maids upon their arms,
 Hang apples in October.

Alack! alas! the bright-eyed birds
 Are rivals for their kisses,
 From rosy red to dappled white
 Turn quick the frightened misses.

And if Jack Frost but saunter by
 Their hearts are straightway smitten,
 Cold tear-drops start upon their cheeks,
 They're hopelessly frost-bitten.

Or autumn winds blow fierce and high,
 The orchard bends and cowers,
 And all the silly maids take flight
 In red and golden showers.

The orchard trees sigh day and night
 Their leaves like tears a-falling,
 And "stop! stop thieves! you've stolen summer,"
 They mournfully are calling.

A. S.

SOME CANADIAN POETS.

In view of the growing interest now taken in Canadian poets, a few facts may not be out of place concerning the lives of several of those whose successful verse has already given them outstanding positions in the ranks of our authors. Among these is William Wilfred Campbell, whose reputation as a poet was established by the appearance of his "Lake Lyrics," and

who has won for himself fresh laurels by his recently published volume, entitled, "The Dread Voyage," which contains many strong and original poems. Though he has shown his power as a word-painter in many beautiful descriptive poems, his genius is not content to rest here, but loves to dwell also on the emotions, the passions, and the tragedy of human life. Such poems as "The Mother," "Lazarus," "The Last Ride," are characteristic examples of his power in depicting the strongest and deepest feelings of the heart.

In appearance he is described as being tall and fair, with the vivid and slightly sunken eye that so often accompanies strong powers of imagination.

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Archibald Lampman, another of our young and rising poets, is a true son of Canada, dating the settlement of his forefathers in the land to pioneer days,—two hundred and fifty years ago. He was born in 1861 in the little post village of Morpeth, on Lake Erie. His father was a clergyman, and during Lampman's childhood removed to Gore's Landing, a beautiful and peaceful village on Rice Lake. The surroundings afforded ample opportunity for the study of nature, and doubtless had a share in developing the genius of the poet. In 1876 he was sent to Trinity College, Port Hope, and afterwards entered Trinity College, Toronto. His student career was brilliant with scholarships and honors, and after taking his degree he taught for a time in the Orangeville High School. Within a year, however, he received an appointment in the Civil Service Department at Ottawa, which he still holds. His first printed poems appeared in the College paper which he edited while at Port Hope. He is a frequent contributor to the "Week" and the "Century Magazine." The first published volume of his poems was "Among the Millet," which established his genius beyond question, and placed him in the foremost rank of Canadian poets.

He excels in sonnet-writing, and all his poems are characterized by great delicacy of touch, and perfection of style, while they are also rich in coloring and instinct with truth.

* * * * *

Prominent among the women writers of Canada is Miss

Machar, better known as "Fidelis," who for years has been a constant and valued contributor of both prose and verse to our leading periodicals. Her summer home is a beautiful spot among the Thousand Islands, her winter residence in historic Kingston,—surroundings not unfavorable to the production of her graceful lyrics and stirring patriotic songs. Her time is divided between literary and philanthropic interests, and she says of herself, "I am happy enough to be one of the women who have no history to speak of outside my work." No separate collection of her poems has yet been made for publication, but her friends and admirers are pleased to learn that this is soon to be done.

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Though little is known about the life of the gifted Isabella Valancey Crawford, who died in Toronto about six years ago, that little is of pathetic interest. 'She was a young and ambitious woman, and had published one little volume, entitled, "Old Spooks's Pass Malcolm's Katie, and other Poems." The dearest hopes of her life were centered in this, and when it fell unnoticed from the press, awaking not the slightest interest, the despair of unrecognized genius laid hold of her and death soon cut short a life that held the promise of a brilliant future.

But the meed of praise that should have been hers while living, has been accorded in full measure since her death, and critics have found her "Malcolm's Katie" (a Canadian Idyll) to be full of strong and original conception, and glowing imagination,—a work of undoubted genius.

* * * * *

Among the several noteworthy French-Canadian poets, the name of Louis Fréchette is perhaps the best known. He was born at Lévis in the Province of Quebec, in 1839. He was educated at Nicolet College, an institution which has sent forth not a few distinguished men, and afterwards took degrees at Laval, McGill, and Queen's Universities.

He then studied law, and was admitted to the bar in 1864, but the worship of the Muses has always had more attraction for him than legal disputations. His first volume of poems, "Mes Loisirs," was published in Quebec in 1863, and attracted much attention and favorable criticism. Afterwards he resided

for a few years in Chicago, where he published a French journal, entitled, *L'Amérique*, and wrote "*La Voix d'un Exilé*," a poem intensely patriotic in tone.

Returning to Quebec, he resumed his professional career, married and made his home in Montreal. He still continues his literary labors, and in 1880 had the honor of being laureated by the French Academy for writing the finest French poems of the year, the "*Fleurs Boréales*" and "*Les Oiseaux de Neige*."

* * * * *

The captain of Canadian song, Charles Douglas Roberts, who will undoubtedly take his place in the ranks of world-poets also, spent his early years in Westmoreland, New Brunswick, the land of dykes, and tides and grassy flats. At the age of nineteen he graduated at the University of Fredericton, and afterwards taught in the Grammar-school at Chatham, N. B. He was a singularly successful teacher, winning the affection of his pupils and inspiring them with his own love for literature. During his stay here, he published his first volume of poems—*Orion*. When only twenty-two years of age he became the editor of the "*Week*," but finding himself hampered in the expression of his political views, he returned to his native province, and in 1885 was appointed to the chair of Modern Literature in King's College, Windsor, N. S. This position he has held ever since, but has been able in the midst of its cares and duties, to develop his poetic gift, in strains continually finer and loftier.

His second volume, "*In Divers Tones*," appeared in 1887, and gave evidence of the wide range of the author's power in its variety of subjects and style of treatment. It contained poems strictly classical in subject and workmanship, poems whose ringing patriotism stirred every heart, and poems vividly descriptive of Acadian scenery.

Very recently his latest and greatest poem, "*Ave*," has been published. This, written in memory of Shelley, the poet to whom above all others he owes his inspiration, proves him to be no unworthy follower of the author of "*Adonais*," and raises in our hearts well-grounded expectations of still greater things from the future of this young and gifted man.

E. P. W.

SKATER AND WOLVES.

RONDEAU.

Swifter the flight ! Far, far, and high
 The wild air shrieks its savage cry,
 And all the earth is ghostly pale,
 While the young skater, strong and hale,
 Skims fearlessly the forest by.

Hush ! shrieking blast, but wail and sigh !
 Well sped, O skater, fly thee, fly !
 Mild moon, let not thy glory fail !
 Swifter the night !

O, hush thee, storm ! thou canst not vie
 With that low summons, hoarse and dry.
 He hears, and oh ! his spirits quail,—
 He laughs and sobs within the gale,
 On, anywhere ! He must not die,—
 Swifter the flight !

G. HERBERT CLARKE.

In The Canadian Magazine.

A PLEA FOR PHONOGRAPHY.

One of the most note-worthy features of the days in which we live is perhaps to be found in the spirit of progress and reform that seems everywhere to be entering our colleges. This spirit is to be seen under various aspects, but perhaps no phase of it will be more heartily greeted than that which seems bent on the widening and improving of the different courses of study. To-day with the optional courses of study, any man can find his sphere ; and may we not also say, that in the many factors employed, any course of mental training and discipline may be enjoyed ?

There is, however, one feature that we should very much like to see more fully entering into our work, than it does at

the present time, viz., the study of Phonography. There are, as we think, many and good reasons why this should take rank with our other subjects, and we think that these reasons need only to be stated to commend themselves to one and all. In the first place, we suppose that all are ready to admit the worth of any system that shall enable us more easily and expeditiously to commit to paper either our own thoughts or those of others. The days in which we live are of all days the most busy, and any means that will give to us the best result, with the minimum amount of time and labor, needs, we are sure, but to be mentioned to meet with universal acceptance.

But to state our reasons. We claim in the first place, that since the value of Phonography is admitted, and the advisability of acquiring it heartily endorsed, the best time to do so is during the early years of one's collegiate course. The mind has already received considerable training and having acquired tenacity, and being not yet burdened by more advanced work, it is in a condition to receive impressions and retain knowledge which, in after years, will prove of the greatest use in acquiring yet wider learning. Nor indeed is its value as a factor in education to be overlooked. If education be not so much accumulation as development, anything that will serve the end in view, and aid in the pursuit of our object, is to be welcomed; and on this account we claim a hearing for Phonography. The acquirement of it will afford, we claim, in a very high degree the same mental discipline as the study of a new language, and it has moreover this feature to commend it, that it is eminently practical.

But then again consider the immense advantage it affords the student, whatever course of study he may chose! With what facility he can make a synopsis of anything he reads! How much information may be brought from lectures in the condensed characters of Phonography! How many sermons may live in his memory with all their old time force and vigor, recalled by a small slip of paper jotted with shorthand notes.

But its great, and, it seems to us, its chief advantage is the immense aid it renders in composition. For instance, how much useful information may be easily retained! How many quotations preserved for future reference and use! And with the

advantages thus gained, may we not suppose that more writing will be done ?

But yet another result of the study of Phonography is to be seen. One great fault in ordinary composition is the indefinite manner in which the thought finds utterance. With the necessary attention to the smallest matters which the successful study of shorthand demands, will come that alertness and mental conciseness without which even the most useful phases of thought and suggestion may fail of their object. Then too, as this means an improvement in our manner of thinking, it also means improvement in our style of writing, and so all stiff, formal methods of expressing our ideas will give way before the incoming of a more free, easy, racy style.

With these last points before us it seems scarcely necessary to say more, for surely these speak for themselves. We therefore trust that the day is not far distant when we shall add to the already thorough course of study pursued in our colleges this last and so useful study of Phonography. E. A.

Woodstock College.

THE FOREST.

In what majestic splendor art thou drest,
As wave thy towering plumes o'er hill and dale :
How strange and weird-like is the mystic tale,
In murmuring sounds deep-heaving from thy breast !

A realm of glory is thy garb of green,
But O what gloom there lurks beneath its shade
At dead of night, or just within the glade
At even, what a calm, a rest serene !

But soon the varying tints shall deck thee o'er
With transient beauty ; mingling joy and pain,
We view the matchless scene so swift to wane.

Though oft renewed thou hast thy sure decline ;
By woodman's stroke and wreathing flames apace,
Thou too with all the great must yield thy place.

A. F. HAMMETT.

REGULUS' FAREWELL.

AN IMAGINARY CONVERSATION.

CHARACTERS :

REGULUS	The Roman General.
VIRGINIA	His wife.
CAPELLA	Her sister.
MARCIVS	Lieutenant to General.

SCENE: In house of Regulus, a few miles from Rome.

Capella—[*Entering room*].—I wonder where Virginia is. I have searched for her all the afternoon, through the house, in the garden, down by the brook she calls her silver stream, her favorite resting place. But I am unable to find my sister. It cannot be that she has gone to the city, for Rome is too far away. [*Looking out window*.] And it is late: the hills are radiant only upon their western slopes. [*Sitting at table*.] To-day Regulus was to return from Carthage. Perhaps even now he is marching along the streets beneath some arch of triumph, greeted by the cheers of myriad Romans. [*Rising*.] And when he comes my loved Marcivus will come to me. But I must not let him know that he is loved. Astrologers tell us some bodies attract other bodies—and I believe that's true. How well I remember that first day we met! The army was just about to embark. And Marcivus seemed so regretful at parting from me. But I—I did not care, at least not very much. Yet I seemed to feel a little golden arrow nestle into my heart—and I think Cupid was the archer. I do wish this old world could wag along without any wars, or else that Marcivus weren't a soldier—just a prince or king or emperor or something of that sort. [*Listening*.] That sounds like my sister's footstep. Yes, it surely is. [*Listens again and calls*.] Virginia! Virginia!

[*Enter Virginia*.]

Virginia.—O *Capella*, how slowly this long day has passed!

Cap.—Why, my sister, where have you been?

Vir.—Up in the tower, looking for some sign of my husband's coming.

Cap.—And is there none?

Vir.—None—except an ominous shadow that darkens my

mind. I fear it is cast by some disaster, already overtaken my lord, or waiting for him in the near future.

Cap.—No, Virginia, that cannot be. Regulus will surely come.

Vir.—But I have watched for him all these hours, until the winding road is familiar to me as our mother's name. Each cloud of dust rolling onward raised my hopes. I thought it was the galloping of his cavalry. But I was disappointed a score of times. And each cloud seemed to make the shadow darker still.

Cap.—Did you see or hear nothing?

Vir.—Only once. Shading my eyes from the setting sun and looking towards the city I thought I heard the noise of a great tumult come floating on the evening breeze.

Cap.—Then, Virginia, we may know that Regulus is come. Only what you heard was the ringing clamour of many cheers as your husband and Rome's idol marched in triumph or rode in conqueror's chariot.

Vir.—I wish I could think so, Capella.

Cap.—And you may, my sister. Let the heart be bright, even as yonder roseate cloud coloring the west and hanging just beyond the Capitol.

Vir.—You are truly a daughter of sweetest consolation.—
[*Kisses her.*]

Cap.—Listen!

Vir.—What is it, Capella?

Cap.—I thought I heard the clatter of hoofs.

Vir.—Perhaps a messenger.

Cap.—Perhaps the General himself.

Vir.—How glad I should be!

Cap.—Here he comes.

[*Enter Marcius, with extra sword.*]

Vir.—Good morrow, Marcius.

Cap.—Welcome.

Vir.—What news? [*Hands her a letter.*]

Mar.—Regulus is in Rome.

Cap.—I knew it. [*Vir. opens letter and reads.*]

Mar.—[*Placing sword on table*]—This is the General's sword. He bade me bring it to his home.

Cap.—He has laid aside his armour!

Mar.—Yes, and is addressing the Senate.

Cap.—That is well.

Vir.—[*Aside*].—Good!

Cap.—Virginia, Regulus is now wearing the Senatorial robes—so surely the dove of peace has spread her wings above your villa.

Vir.—It gives me great happiness to think so, Capella. (*Taking up sword.*) For I would rather see this used as an ornament than as a weapon. But is it not beautiful? [*Pointing to hilt.*] Look, here is the pearl I gave my lover when he won his first battle.

Cap.—A jewel indeed, my sister—and white as the giver's heart.

Vir.—And lovingly he has cherished both.

Cap.—But what news does your letter bring?

Vir.—Most pleasant. Listen! [*Waves Marcius aside, and reads aloud.*]

“Regulus to Virginia:

“Most noble wife, greeting:

“I will return to our home to-day, shortly after the setting of the sun.

“Farewell, for a few hours.

“Regulus.”

Cap.—And now, Virginia, let all shadows be banished.

Vir.—From both our lives, my sister. For Regulus promised me that after this war he would settle down in Rome and devote his life to the affairs of the city. [*Going out.*] I will return very soon. [*Exit.*]

Mar.—Capella.

Cap.—Yes.

Mar.—Do you remember that first time we met?

Cap.—Let me see—I think I do.

Mar.—The army was just about to embark for Egypt.

Cap.—What a grand thing it must be to be a soldier!

Mar.—Since that bright day we have been together on river and in grove many hours, and I have been through many wars.

Cap.—What a glorious thing it must be to go to war! [*Aside*] But I wish—

Mar.—And since then, Capella, whether on Roman or for-

eign shore, by march or siege, in camp or battle, I have never ceased to think of you as my heart's joy. [*She glances at him and then away.*] And—I love you Capella. Tell me, do you not sometimes think kindly of me?

Cap.—[*Looking down.*]—You should not ask me such a question.

Mar.—[*Looking away, slightly dejected and perplexed.*]—I do not understand.

Cap.—No—[*Looking up to him and smiling.*]—You do not seem to understand. [*Both silent a moment. Then he looks into her eyes and sees the smiles.*] *Marcus*, I love you. [*Takes his hand. He kisses her.*]

Mar.—My own.

Cap.—But tell me, *Marcus*, when did you first begin to love me?

Mar.—The first time I saw you, *Capella*.

Cap.—Oh, now—

Mar.—It is true. Those sparkling brown eyes of yours led me a happy captive.

Cap.—And where did you learn to say such pretty things?

Mar.—Worshipping at your shrine.

Cap.—Oh, *Marcus*!

Mar.—It is most true. You come of a beautiful family. Whether in the temples of the Nile, the cottages of the Jordan, the bazaars of the Euphrates or the palaces of the Tiber, I have never beheld a girl or woman of such charming beauty as—*Virginia*,—

Cap.—Oh!

Mar.—Except *Capella*.

Cap.—You dear. But here is my sister.

Mar.—Let us tell her.

Cap.—No, not just now. She is troubled. Let us wait until to-morrow.

[*Enter Virginia.*]

Vir.—*Marcus*, to the tower. And see if lord *Regulus* is coming.

[*Exit Marcus.*]

Cap.—Have you been watching for him, *Virginia*?

Vir.—Yes, and I think I saw him. Afar along the road I

could distinguish a horse that seemed to gallop like his favorite Arabian.

Cap.—Then had we better light the tapers.

Vir.—Yes. [*They do so.*]

Cap.—Listen!

Vir.—What is it, Capella?

Cap.—Marcius is returning quickly.

Vir.—That means good news.

[*Enter Marcius.*]

Mar.—The General is already hastening through the garden
A moment more and he will be in your presence.

Cap.—It is well.

Vir.—Thank you, good Marcius.

Mar.—Here he comes.

[*Enter Regulus.*]

Regulus.—Virginia!

Vir.—O my husband! [*Kisses her.*]

Reg.—[*To Cap.*—]—Our sister is well, I hope.

Cap.—Excellent well.

Vir.—Regulus.

Reg.—Virginia—[*To Mar. and Cap.*—]—Leave us friends.

[*Exit Marcius and Capella.*]

Vir.—And now, Regulus, we shall have many years of happiness together.

Reg.—I fear it cannot be, Virginia.

Vir.—Why so? You promised to live in Italy after this war.

Reg.—But in this war I was—conquered.

Vir.—Conquered!

Reg.—Yes. I, the victor of a hundred battles—I, whose brow has been crowned with a thousand laurels—I, who with the sword of Rome helped to rule the world—I am now the prisoner of Carthage. That base ignoble city overcame our army by the aid of Xanthippus, the Spartan general.

Vir.—Oh, horrible!

Reg.—And in a little while this—[*Touching sword*—]—must be surrendered. To-night I return.

Vir.—Surely it cannot be!

Reg.—Yes. The ambassadors and guards are waiting for

me in the garden. Yes, this very night, I say farewell to Rome, to my native land, farewell to home, farewell to Virginia.

Vir.—O Regulus, no, no, no!

Reg.—I am compelled to go. My conquerors sent me as an ambassador to Rome to sue for terms of peace. I swore that if not successful in obtaining their request I would return.

Vir.—And did you not succeed?

Reg.—No. To-day I stood before the people, patricians and plebeians, and advised them to pursue with exterminating vengeance Carthage and the Carthaginians!

Vir.—Though you knew that meant you must return, though you knew that meant death to you.

Reg.—Though I knew that meant death to me.

Vir.—Then why did you do it, my husband?

Reg.—For the honour of Rome.

Vir.—O Regulus, break your plighted oath and remain with me. Do not the Carthaginians see what a hard decision you are forced to make?

Reg.—Yes, they do. It was that made them hope I would advise my country to consent to terms of peace.

Vir.—Then do they not pity you, when by returning you will be so utterly at their mercy?

Reg.—Pity me!

Vir.—Why not?

Reg.—Virginia, you are a woman and have never seen the face of a foe contorted with the greed of blood and fierce revenge. Pity me? Yes—as a cat pities the mouse bleeding beneath its paws. Pity me? Yes—as a serpent pities the bird trembling beneath its fangs. Pity me? Yes—as an eagle pities the squirrel struggling beneath its talons. Pity me? Yes—as a tiger pities the human babe torn and dying beneath its claws. Pity me? Yes—as a demon pities the mortal writhing beneath the heel upon his neck. Pity me? Oh, how they do pity me! Ask for justice—they would answer me with the lash. Ask for mercy—they would answer me with a spear thrust.

Vir.—Then, Regulus, again I entreat of you, I implore you, break your plighted oath and remain at home.

Reg.—Virginia, but a few hours ago all the assembled senators of Rome, grave and reverend men, proffered the same request.

Vir.—Then, hear us both, my husband !

Reg.—[*Aside.*] What shall I do ? I cannot leave her. No, I cannot. O gods, how I love her ! But yet I must go. I have sworn to return—and never, never shall a pledge of Regulus be broken. I tremble to tell her. [*Going towards her*] Virginia—

Vir.—You will stay, Regulus ?

Reg.—Love bids me remain at home, but honour commands me to return.

Vir.—I cannot give you up, my husband.

Reg.—Virginia, to-night I must say farewell.

Vir.—Oh, no !

Reg.—I am compelled to go. Yes, to-night, even before the tapers have burned much deeper down, I must put on the prisoner's chains and start away for Carthage.

Vir.—And so you leave me, leave me forever. Regulus, years ago this ring [*raising her hand*] you gave me on our betrothal morning as a pledge of your love. But now that must have changed. You have ceased to love me. To-night you turn away, and leave me, leave me to live, to die—alone ! Therefore [*removing it*] I return your ring [*hands it to him*] and will not take it back again until you can prove you love me still.

[*Enter Marcius.*]

Mar.—My lord, the Carthaginian ambassadors are waiting. They have entered the house.

Reg.—Let them wait.

Mar.—Their chief is growing insolent.

Reg.—What did the fellow say ?

Mar.—He bade me tell my master—

Reg.—What, Marcius ?

Mar.—It is dangerous to keep a Cathaginian waiting.

Reg.—Ah, ha, ha ! And then he curls the lip and strides the hall. I despise the puppy prince. Go, tell him so. Ah, ha ! A Carthaginian—name for a slave of cowardice, a devotee of torture, a paragon of treachery !

Mar.—But, my lord, the ambassadors will tell me—

Reg.—Regulus has sworn to return.

Mar.—They claim it.

Reg.—And it is true. I will return. Tell them I am comi—

ing, but at my pleasure. [*Mar. starts to go out.*] Marcius!
[*He turns.*] A letter, Marcius—I will write it. [*Sits at table
and writes.*]

Vir.—[*Aside.*] I was wrong.

Reg.—This to my mother. [*Hands him letter and writes
again.*]

Vir.—[*Aside.*] My husband is right.

Reg.—This to the consul. [*Hands him another letter.*]
Send them at once. [*Exit Marcius.*]

Vir.—[*Aside.*] He should—return. Oh! [*Going towards
him.*] Regulus, I did you wrong. Forgive me. [*He kisses her.
She raises her hand, which he takes.*]

Reg.—Virginia, my love for honour proves my love for you.
Let this ring [*putting it on*] be more than a pledge to you now.
Let it be a sign that my love is eternal as the northern star.

Vir.—It will be this, Regulus, from this hour.

Reg.—For I love you more than any words can tell.

Vir.—As I do you, my noble husband.

[*Enter Marcius.*]

Mar.—My lord, the Carthaginian ambassadors bid me say
they will wait no longer.

Reg.—Tell them I am coming now. [*Exit Marcius.*] Vir-
ginia, I must go. So—farewell.

Vir.—Farewell, my husband. [*They embrace.*]

Reg.—Farewell, forever. [*Kisses her and goes.*]

Vir.—A moment, Regulus, a moment! [*They speak to-
gether.*]

Reg.—I hear them calling for me. Farewell, Virginia, fare-
well. [*Goes.*]

Vir.—[*Aside.*] Oh, I cannot live without him! I'll follow
him. Yes, follow him! [*Quickly takes dagger from armour
standing in room, and conceals it in her robes.*] A moment,
Regulus, a moment more!

Reg.—Virginia—

Vir.—Will follow her husband.

Reg.—How? What do you mean?

Vir.—Regulus dies for the honour of Rome. [*Raises her
head for him to kiss her.*] Farewell.

Reg.—[*Kisses her.*] Farewell.

Vir.—And Virginia dies for Regulus. [*Stabs herself, staggers and falls.*]

Reg.—Marcius! O my wife, Virginia, my love! [*Enter Marcius.*] Bid Capella bring some wine! Lose not a moment! [*Exit Marcius.*] Virginia, [*kneels beside her*] Virginia, speak to me, answer me! But I fear it can never be again. There is no sound—nothing, save the deathly silence as of many graves. Oh, thou wast a faithful wife to me, a pure woman, a noble friend. But now thou art gone. Thy pulse has ceased to beat and thy chaste breast to throb. O gods, she's dead!

[*Enter Marcius and Capella.*]

Cap.—Here's wine, Regulus!

Reg.—Aside, aside! She's dead. Virginia's dead [*kisses her brow*] and this is her corse—what else has the world in it for me now? Her purpled corse—slain by Carthage! Woe to the city that caused the shedding of this costly blood!

Therefore another oath. 'Twas in this room our youthful vows were whispered. Hear me ye walls that echoed to the clanging of the first coat of mail Virginia buckled on, hear me ye gods that hurl your thunderbolts at traitors, hear me! Once again I swear, but this time it is to dedicate myself—body, soul and all—to vengeance. Carthage shall be crushed, crushed by Rome!

What strange influence is this that comes upon me as I kneel? I seem to feel the spirit of Virginia near, hovering above me as an inspiration to noble deeds as in the years gone by. I'll come to thee soon, my love—oh, so soon! For this very hour I return to my Carthaginian dungeon and from that foul cell I shall return to thee.

Yes, Carthage, [*rising*] to glut thy coward eyes I know this throat shall bleed. But the ruby drops hot with anger shall melt my hated chains. And I shall be free—free with oath unbroken, honour unstained! Oh, splendid freedom!

And for thy kindness Rome shall pay thee back! The queen of the Seven Hills shall reward thee with a gift of myriad swords. But she shall hold the hilts, and thou into the false hearts of thy citizens shalt receive the blades! [*Taking up his sword.*] This it is that won the Punic war—this, the hero of every battle. Where is the limit to thy matchless power?

Before thee rulers fall down and tremble, armies falter and nations with eager knees own thy boundless sway! Bestower of crowns, breaker of sceptres, upholder of thrones, thou art king of the land, monarch of the sea, emperor of the world!

In thy flash I see a welcome vision. O Carthage, thou art doomed! To-night mine eyes pierce the future. I see thy haughty ships burning in their harbour, the flag of Rome floating on thy walls, her eagles glittering on thy citadel. I hear her legions tramping up thy crimson streets—men and matrons, maidens and children, crying for help, shrieking for mercy. Proud city, thou art conquered! I see a blood-red glare—it is the flames licking upward on thy gilded palaces! I hear a ponderous crash—it is the tumbling of thy temple domes! O fated city, the curse of God is on thee, thy star has set forever! To destroy thee with omnipotent vengeance the very heavens join with hell! And thou art fallen, Carthage—fallen to an eternal grave!

W. J. THOROLD.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

ERRATA.—In the first of the editorial notes in our January number, the word Howard, occurring twice, should read Harvard in both places. For an interesting notice of the volume there referred to, see last number (9) of *The Week*.

LA LÉGENDE D'UN PEUPLE, by Louis Fréchette, is a volume of intensely patriotic poetry on subjects of thrilling interest to every French Canadian. These poems all bear the stamp of the author's genius for stirring narrative in highly finished poetic form. That such poetry and sentiments are popular with his countrymen is proved by the fact of his venturing the publication of so large a volume. While we should like to see more of our Canadian poets seek their themes and inspiration in the memorable scenes of early colonial life, and throw their best energies and talents into just such work as Fréchette has given us, still we cannot help regretting the spirit of bitter hostility to much that is dear to the hearts of the majority of Canadians which pervades this volume of his poems. Unless the people of Quebec can forget such sentiments by learning to admire and love our free Canadian institutions and the spirit of evangelical Christianity on which they rest, a great united Canadian nation is practically impossible.

A HANDSOMELY printed Latin letter and song have been received from the young men of Aberdeen University, Scotland, containing a friendly salutation to all young men pursuing studies at the various universities of the world. This famous Scottish school of learning is about to celebrate with due solemnity the 400th anniversary of its foundation, and intimates that letters from sister universities expressive of their interest, goodwill and fellowship will be received with pleasure.

THE managers of the *McMASTER MONTHLY* have still on hand a number of bound volumes of the magazine, which they will supply at reasonable rates to any who may wish to procure them. Each volume contains, besides much other interesting reading, eight portraits and biographical sketches of prominent Canadian Baptists. All our friends who wish their children to know something of our early history, and of the men who have done so much to make our churches and institutions what they now are, would do well to place these beautiful and attractive books within their reach, either at home or in the Sunday School library. The information these books contain can be found nowhere else. Please write at once to Messrs. Clarke and Tarr, McMaster Hall.

"BEAUTIFUL JOE," a prize story of domestic animal life, by a Canadian lady, Miss Marshall Saunders, daughter of Rev. Dr. Saunders, of Halifax, Nova Scotia, which was recently issued in Philadelphia, by the A. B. P. Society, is receiving most favorable notice from the press everywhere. It is the autobiography of a remarkably intelligent dog, named Beautiful Joe, a dog, in fact, with keen moral perception and acute powers of observation. After cruel experiences in early life, he lights on brighter days in the home of a good minister, Mr. Morris, and his family, where the varied incidents of the home life afford Joe many good opportunities of giving us, in the most charming style, his views of the claims upon our sympathies of the lower animals generally, and of household pets more particularly. That these have greater capabilities and endowments more closely allied to our own faculties of reason and moral perception than is commonly supposed, the authoress takes for granted throughout the book, and justly so. Moreover, that the habit of treating our domestic animals, not as mere unfeeling brutes, but as intelligent creatures, keenly sensitive to pain and suffering, and gratefully responsive to care and kindness, cannot fail to exert a most elevating influence upon our own moral natures, is a fact that Joe's narrative proves beyond all doubt. "Beautiful Joe" should be in every Sunday School library, for every boy and girl will want to read it, and even older people will enjoy its perusal. It would

be well for our erring and selfish world if all would lay carefully to heart and honestly carry out in daily intercourse the clear and simple principles of practical ethics which Joe's humble and beautiful life so charmingly exemplifies.

THE natural scientist, as might be supposed, has no reverence for the ancient form of words. To him they are but tools and apparatus to be adapted to the work in hand. The new "Standard Dictionary," a worthy peer of "Webster's," contains some startling innovations in chemical nomenclature. As these changes have been made on the recommendation of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, no doubt they will be widely adopted. Sulphur has become sulfur, and chlorine must now be written without an e. Oxid, iodid, sulfid, etc., are now the approved forms. In *Nature*, Dec. 14th, a uniform system of names for physical phenomena is proposed. For instance, the passage of electricity through a body is now known as *conduction*, the amount as *conductance*, and the degree in one body compared with another as *conductivity*. The proposal is always to employ the suffix *tion* for the phenomenon, *ance* for its amount, and *ivity* for its specific degree. Some of the series would run friction, frictance, frictivity; solution, solutance, solutivity. Such a word as heatance looks strange, but it is a strangeness due entirely to unfamiliarity.

*BIRD SONG.—SUNG BY MADEMOISELLE JENNY LIND.

COMPOSED BY TAUBERT.

- “Vöglein! was singst im Wald du so laut?
Warum? Warum?
Rufst du den Bräutigam, rufst du die Braut?
Warum? Warum?”
- “Ich bin nicht Bräutigam, nicht Braut,
Doch singe ich im Walde laut,
Weiss nicht, warum ich singe.”
- “Vöglein! ist's Herzchen dir so voll?
Wovon? Wovon?
Dass es von Liedern überquoll?
Wovon? Wovon?”
- “Mein Herz ist voll und doch nicht schwer,
Mein Herz ist leicht und doch nicht leer;
Weiss nicht, ich muss nun einmal singen.”
- “Vöglein! was singst die Tage entlang?
Wozu? Wozu?
Lauscht eines auch auf deinen Gesang?
Wozu? Wozu?”
- “Ich singe mir mein Leben lang,
Nicht dies und das ist mein Gesang,
Weiss nicht, ich muss nun einmal singen.”

—Chronotype.

*The above beautiful song is taken from a Montreal *Witness* of Jan. 1851.

HERE AND THERE.

O. G. LANGFORD, ED.

TORONTO University is to do herself honor in the coming Greek Play of *Antigone*; already seats are being taken, and great are the general expectations. McMaster men are looking forward with confidence as for the event of the season.

McMASTER MONTHLY begs to propose an Inter-Collegiate Press Association for Canada. Many and great would be the advantages gained by the confraternity of college journals, if some association were formed for mutual assistance and co-operation. Exchange editors, let us hear from you!—The *McGill Fortnightly* has not reached us for some time; we miss its cheery presence. *Manitoba College Journal* is also irregular in its visits, which we regret.—Of about forty exchanges upon our table "*The Bema*" has the most attractive and tasteful cover.—Quite an improvement is noticeable in "*The O. A. C. Review*," better paper, better presswork, better articles. *King's College Record* undertakes to chastise the *University Monthly* for blasphemy. One of the notes under "De Omnibus rebus," certainly is deserving of severe criticism. We regret also to see a similar "slip" in "*Queen's University Journal*." We cannot be too jealous of the tone of our College papers.—*The Varsity* is greatly improved, not only in the attractiveness of the cover and quality of the paper, but in the literary and scientific contents. All Canadian colleges will rejoice at this step in advance by *Old Varsity*. Some one writes in the last issue advocating the manly art of boxing. After the recent brutal exhibition between the great champions—a legitimate and certain outcome of this noble (?) art—surely the gentlemen of Toronto University have no time or place for this degrading pastime.—The kindly words of the *Transylvanian* reach us all the way from Kentucky.—The *Sibyl* is a gem of journalistic art. The Ladies' College of Elmira, N.Y., has reason to be proud of so exquisite a production; it strikes us as being nearly perfect. The prize essay on "*Lew Wallace*" is well done, and should find a place in one of the larger magazines. "*In Vespero*" is a very musical poem, space alone forbids our quoting it in full. We clip the following:—

NOW AND THEN.

I said good-bye. The door was closed;
How could I know that all was o'er?
That with a vision of that face,
The sun would greet me, never more!

I said good-bye, nor did I know
The lengthening shadow of that word
Would stretch across my life, until
It merged in night's vast shadow-herd.

HELEN M. CHASE.

THE *Canadian Magazine* for February surpasses all previous efforts in Canadian magazine literature. Special attention is called to

"The American Indian: What and Whence," and "The Schools of the Olden Time," the latter is particularly readable. Chancellor Rand, of McMaster, and Miss Blanche Bishop, of Moulton College, each contribute excellent poems.—*Knox College Monthly* and the *Methodist Quarterly* have each articles on "The Calling System." Interesting indeed are the results of a comparison of methods of the two denominations, and it is surprising how much of Baptist Polity creeps in, in spite of Disciplines and Presbyteries. Two articles on "The Atonement" in the *Quarterly* will repay careful reading.—*The Methodist Magazine* is unusually interesting; we have not space to commend all that deserves commendation. "Tent Life in Palestine" and "Zurich and its Memories" are able articles, finely illustrated. We quote the following:—

EQUIPOISE.

Just when we think we've fixed the golden mean—
The diamond point, on which to balance fair
Life, and life's lofty issues—weighing there,
With practical precision, close and keen,
Thought, motive, word, and deed, there comes between
Some wayward circumstance, some jostling care,
Some temper's fret, some mood's unwise despair,
To mar the equilibrium, unforeseen
And spoil our nice adjustment! Happy he
Whose soul's calm equipoise can know no jar,
Because the unwavering Hand that holds the scales,
Is the same Hand that weighed each steadfast star—
Is the same Hand that on the sacred tree
Bore for his sake, the anguish of the nails!

MARGARET J. PRESTON.

SMALL mistakes sometimes tell large tales. That which to the ignorant appears like learning, easily shows itself as ignorance to the learned. "If I didn't pronounce Rio Grande in the Spanish way," said a sciolist, "my friends would think I didn't know any better." "Well," answered the scholar, who was advocating the Anglicized pronunciation for Americans, "you *don't* know any better." And so with a very large proportion of those who would seem sufficiently literate and cultivated to write for the press. They would impress the editors with their facility in the marks of professional accomplishment. They would not send "a manuscript," but an MSS, or an M.S.S., or an MS.S., or even an M.M.S, or Mms. It is almost as rare to find such writers sending an MS. as "a manuscript." And, again, it is not uncommon to find handsomely printed books, pamphlets, circulars, etc., by, or about, an L.L.D. One "S" or one "M" too many, or one surplus period, is a small mistake with a large significance. Upon what principle are such abbreviations constructed? How much is there to know about such symbols? Evidently they are dangerous tools in the hands of the inexpert. No one can expect to use them safely, and to carve a writer's fortune with them, unless he is willing to study out what such signs stand for, and how. Success is not to be attained in literature or scholarship, any more than in any other walk of life, by relying upon seeming to know what one does not know.—H. CLAY TRUMBULL, in *S. S. Times*.

COLLEGE NEWS.

G. H. CLARKE, }
S. R. TARR, } *Editors.*

THE UNIVERSITY.

An excellent prescription
For the malady of "blues,"
Is: "Pay up your subscription,
And read the College News."

UNIVERSAL College cry: "Mail in yet?"

Is Kant cantankerous? The punster can't recant.

FRESHMAN Latin: "Bene, benior, benissimus."

YE jaunty junior: "Oh, boys, the deaf and dumb mutes are coming."

A SUNDAY morning's private breakfast: Sodas and Lake Ontario bacteria.

A QUESTION in theology: "Got your systematic up yet?"

FRESHIE to soph: "Is it right to study Old Testament English on Sundays?"

THE football team and executive are contemplating the photographic mania.

REV. H. J. HAVILAND, B.A., B.Th., of Jerseyville, was a welcome visitor to the University, recently.

A FORMER student of the University, Miss Bertha L. Johnson, of Batavia, N.Y., paid us a much appreciated visit lately.

WALTER DANIEL, '95, succeeds to the office of University press representative, vice G. H. Clarke, '95, resigned.

WE have recently been treated to an excellent talk on "Etiquette," by the chairman of the Executive. And now the average freshman's enjoyment of his meals is marred by the bitter self-emanating suggestion: "Am I holding my fork as though it were a hoe-handle?"

WE are glad to announce the favourable decision of the Senate regarding the question of gowns, which are hereafter to be worn among us.

PROF. A. B. WILLMOTT, M.A., B. Sc., read a masterly paper at the Canadian Institute on Saturday, the 3rd inst., dealing with the relation between the organic and inorganic realms.

LANGUAGE Professor (meeting student in the corridor)—"Prose, this morning, isn't it?"

Student (interpreting as "Frosty morning, isn't it?")—"Yes, but it's getting warmer and is quite dry."

Contemplation ensues as to the advisability of bringing up the matter of undergraduate civility before the Faculty.

'95's ANNUAL dinner approacheth ! The president looketh concerned ; the treasurer anxious : the members important ; the matron cheerful ; '94, '96 and '97 curious. Let them wait ! What concept is adequate ?

To-morrow is only a dream, no doubt,
But the dream comes true to the most devout.

"A LITTLE adversity worketh wondrously in winning a man to live excellent well." So saith S——, as he gazes ruefully upon his new photographs, wherein appear not even the most indifferent indications of that fondly-cherished finger-smoother.

THE Mathematical Society convened in room S, on the 30th ult., at 4.30 p.m., S. R. Tarr, '95, presiding. There was a fair attendance and the following excellent programme was received with relish : A paper on "Conic Sections," by Miss McKay, '94 ; "Pre-Euclidean Geometry," by W. J. Pady, '97 ; "Trisection of the Angle," by J. W. Russell, '95, historical and illustrative. :

EXCERPTS FROM OUR CORRESPONDENCE :—

"Is it proper for a young man to walk down Yonge St., with his hands encased in his trousers' pockets ?"—*Diogenes*.

No ! Nor for an old man, nor down any other street, nor with his hands in any other person's pockets.

"Should not the freshmen be hustled ?"—*Soph.*

Unless you pine for broken head,
With large and blackish eye,
And wish to spend a month in bed,
We prithee, do not try !

MIRABLE DICTU :—

"Don't care a fig !"

"It makes me *tired*."—*Thorold*.

"That's so, for a fact."—*Kendall*.

"Well, sir, it was great !"—*Trotter*.

"Hurrah, boys, shoot on goal !"—*Brown*.

"We all know what Freeman's waiting for."—*Stobo*.

"You are plis'd to be facetious, Mist' Stobo."—*Baghdasarian*.

"Literary copiousness in the stead of logical cogency."

"Mr. er. ah, em,—oh, Harry, there, at the end of the table."
—*McIntyre*.

CHORUS : CLASS SONG OF '95 :—

"Oh, '95 is the crowd for me !

We agree,

Don't you see ?

For in '95,

Together we strive, together we thrive,

And together at the goal of success we arrive,—

Then faster, ever faster.

Cheer,—'95, McMaster !"

PROBLEM FOR THE SOPHOMORES:—I am going down Yonge Street with a velocity of twenty feet per second and acceleration two-forty. With awful suddenness I impinge directly on an object with a mass of at least two hundred pounds. The force at the instant of impact is tremendous. "Action and reaction" prove equal and opposite—I bound in one direction, she in another. Also, various bundles fly in all directions, eventually falling to the earth with acceleration thirty-two—I hear a voice hoarse with wrath exclaim—"Young man! I'll excuse you when you pick up my parcels!" Find with what acceleration I disappear round the corner?

WE regard the *esprit de corps* of the University student in respect to his literary society as an essential feature of scholastic life. Along this line our experience has not been inconsiderable. These very college societies have made for our country men,—popular and useful public men. Let us be assured that members of our Alma Mater have long since discovered veins of development from these strata unheeded in their life, and making rich their energies.

The Freshmen and Sophomores are the component parts of the "Tennysonian" Society of our University. We meet every other Friday evening, alternately with the "Literary and Scientific Society." We meet for enjoyment and mental profit. Quite proper! The band of officers managing the affairs of the "Tennysonian" this term are: A. N. Marshall, President; George H. Sneyd, Vice-President; A. G. Baker, Sec.-Treasurer; H. H. Newman and A. S. Darroch, Editors of the *Argosy*; E. P. Churchill, A. S. Farmer, Councillors. We anticipate much prosperity this term.

AFTER repeated and severe attacks of influenza the Theological Society—child of tender age and anxious watching—has definitely decided to live. It is not merely to exist; it will *live*. No longer the laboured breathing and the painful movement of its infant limbs, but a genuine crow and kicking of heels. True, it has until recently passed most of its little life in a crib; yet, having in some way got on the floor, it has learned to creep. May we not reasonably hope that very soon it will soon be seen walking with strength and vigour, though ever with becoming seriousness and dignity. Let the following speak for itself: Friday evening, 2nd February, 1894, meeting called to order by Vice-President R. Trotter. After preliminaries the following officers were elected:—President, A. P. Kennedy; Vice-President, J. P. McIntyre, M.D.; Sec.-Treasurer, H. P. Whidden, B.A.; Councillors, A. F. Hammet, and R. Trotter. Strong and telling speeches were made by the members elected officers. Important discussion followed on matters of vital interest. Society adjourned, to meet February 16th.

A VOICE FROM AFAR.—"It was my privilege to be present at the ordination of a McMaster student, Mr. E. Seldon, in Judson Memorial Baptist Church, Denver, Colorado. There was a large representation from the city churches and from some of the neighbouring towns. The council kindly invited the writer to sit with them. Mr. Seldon's testimony as to his conversion and call to the

ministry was clear, concise and satisfactory. His statement as to his belief of Christian doctrine was most acceptable to the council. The church was completely filled at the ordination service, which was solemn and devotional. The examination of the candidate was unique, I was about to say, but was at least a pattern for other councils to follow. If there was a crank present, he kept his crankiness to himself. If anyone had a hobby, he left it outside. The wise, the learned and the astute were modest. I believe God would be more highly honoured if all ordination examinations were such as this. We are highly pleased to see our old college friend looking so well, although he had such ill-health when he left McMaster University. We believe he has many years before him, in which to bring honour and glory unto the church. He has made many sincere friends in this city, and the work of the Lord is prospering in his hands."—*Frank Hunter.*

YE DAINTIE DITTIES.

II.

CHAMELEON-LIKE.

(An Undergrad's Experience.)

I saw her one bright e'en,—
But she and—he—were two,
I couldn't stand the scene,
Cupid interposed a screen
Which—really—made—the world—seem—very *blue*.

Soon a friend I had induced,
(To bring it to a head)
To have me introduced :—
It brought—chaos—to the head,
For I begged to be excused,
And was—very—very—*red*.

She has changed me deepest *green*,
And once, alas, quite *black*,—
But now she reigns, my queen !
How *white* I must have been
As I waited for—the little—whisper—*back*.

IMMEDIATELY after dinner on the 23rd of January, Archie Baker strode majestically through the halls, ringing a hand-bell. The sounds burst upon the ears of some who were still engaged in storing away comestibles, and some who were strolling leisurely up-stairs. The annual auction of reading-room matter was about to be held. The reading-room committee had made full arrangements, and at the proper time Mr. A. P. Kennedy mounted the auction stand. His voice could be heard in all parts of the building and his intonations were exquisite. He touched the pockets of his hearers so deeply, that many periodicals were sold for nearly twice their market value. The sale was the most successful held in the history of the University.

A MEETING of the Classical Society took place on Friday, the 2nd inst. A hearty response was given by many of the students of the University to the invitation extended to them by the Society to be present. A large and enthusiastic audience greeted the Hon. Pres., Prof. Campbell, as he rose to read an article on the Platonic Theory of Education as presented in the "Republics." The paper was delivered in a most eloquent manner, and proved of the greatest instruction to all students of Greek customs and thought. We are glad to see the Society has so many friends, and we are assured that it will exert a much needed influence upon the minds of those who attend its sessions.

ON Monday evening, January 29th, the resident students had the pleasure of listening to one who was and is an out-and-out college man. Graduated from Cornell in '86, John R. Mott has since been identified with College Y. M. C. A. work. As Travelling Secretary for America, he has come into closest touch with college men from San Francisco to Halifax, from Texas to Manitoba; and he is loved by them too. After supper we repaired to the Chapel room, where with deepest interest we heard his message—a message made doubly dear because of its own import and the intensity of him who gave it. His words on "Service in the Kingdom," students being peculiarly responsible, we cannot soon forget. And then his invitation to McMaster to be represented at the great Student Volunteer Convention, to be held in Detroit from Feb. 28th to Mar. 4th, was received with expressed approval on the part of those present. Mott has gone; but he will be remembered because of what he *is*, and because of what he *does*.

OUR last Fyfe Missionary day was an unusually interesting and profitable one. After a short season of prayer and praise, followed by business, J. H. Cameron, '97, read an excellent paper on "Recent Missionary News." Then followed a most instructive and inspiring address by Mr. W. Spencer Walton, a missionary of the Cape General Mission, South Africa. His subject was "The Fullness of the Spirit." Evidently his own soul was aflame with pentecostal blessing. The following are a few aphorisms which should be helpful to every Christian student:—"The greatest unused power in the world is the Holy Spirit. The missionary is no good without the Holy Spirit. If you don't know this power, stop at home until you do! Not the power of knowledge, but the 'power of God' is what the heathen wants. Go ahead looking to your experience for your peace, and you will be like a weather-cock; but go on with Christ, and your peace will be lasting. What God loves most in us is that we should trust Him. God keeps not His hidden things from us. After great blessings come great testings. We, like Peter, will not deny Jesus if we know His pentecostal power. There are some Christians whom the devil would no more oppose than he would oppose one of his own angels in hell. Do you know why? Because they don't oppose him. When we give ourselves up to God He is sure to touch some soft spot before unknown to us, as that weed, pride or dress, or those diamonds. No use of your talking about the Holy Ghost unless you are willing to lose even your right

hand for Jesus' sake. Lay yourselves not only before God, but open to Him. There must be subjection to God in the details of life. Just rest it that we are to leave our trust just where we first placed it. 'Trust the Lord to keep you trusting.'" A helpful discussion followed Mr. Walton's address. The afternoon was spent in prayer for colleges. A large number from Moulton Ladies' College were present. The meeting was informal and hearty. Chancellor Rand, who was in the chair, read letters from former students, Principals of sister colleges, and other friends of the University, expressing their kindly interest in the work of the different branches of McMaster. Dr. Goodspeed, Miss Fitch, M.A., Principal of Moulton College; Dr. Welton and Rev. John Trotter delivered short addresses. Rev. A. P. McDiarmid closed the meeting with prayer and the benediction.

On the evening of Feb. 12th the Literary and Theological Society met for the election of officers for the coming term. The following officers were chosen:—President, Harry A. Porter, '94; Vice-Presidents, A. N. Marshall, '96, A. P. Kennedy; Secretary-Treasurer, G. R. McFaul, '95; Councilors, Messrs. Whidden, B.A.: Mitchell, '94; Kennedy; McKechnie, '97; editors of *The Student*, G. H. Clarke, '95, (chief); Messrs. Wallace, '96, and Kennedy (associates). The Literary and Theological Society plays a prominent part in the life of McMaster. It is one of the happy events of the fortnight to which the fellows always look forward with pleasure. It is controlled solely by the students, in a peculiar sense we feel that it is our own, and that we are bound in the light of such a fact to stand by it and help it in all its endeavours to develop literary taste, quicken the intellect, broaden our mental vision, cultivate power and propriety in public speech, deepen our love for the beautiful and true; in a word, to make us noble, useful, all-round men. The past term has been one of remarkable success. Mr. C. J. Cameron, '94, as President, with a strong body-guard of shrewd and able officials, has done his part most efficiently. The programmes have been excellent in tone instructive, as well as interesting in character, and most enthusiastically entered into by all the members of the Society. As a Society we are very grateful to Prof. McKay for the kind service he has rendered with his stereopticon. The views have consisted in scenes from the leading plays of Shakespeare, scenes from the World's Fair, landscape scenes, as well as not a few pointed cartoons of local interest, contributing much to the amusement of all present. We are confident that the new staff of officers will do good work. The President, Mr. H. A. Porter, '94, and all the other officers have the sympathy, love and good-will of all the fellows. While he stands at the helm, may every member of the Society do *his* part in helping along this department of our work. We bespeak for the President and officers the hearty co-operation and sympathy of all the students. With "Forward" as our watchword, may the work of this term be marked by even more gratifying results than that of the last.

MOULTON COLLEGE.

"WHAT'S THAT?" inquired one girl of another as a dim echo of college melodies floated along the hall.

"Yeller Fever," responded the second with a groan, "and it's spreading."

OVERHEARD by a Moultonite. Toronto small boy, pointing to the classic halls of McMaster:—"Mamma, is that the place where they make soap?" Wonder if he meant soft soap?

Sing a song of holidays,
A chorus loud I beg,
After the Christmas turkey,
All hail the Easter egg.

DURING the last week one of our number has gone out from us in sorrow to bid the last farewell to her father. Very deep sympathy is felt for her in her sore trouble, and her companions constantly remember to commit her to the care of her Heavenly Father.

MANY of the girls are availing themselves of the privilege of attending Mr. Wallace's Bible class on Sunday afternoons. A deepening interest in Bible study is becoming apparent in Moulton, and Mr. Wallace's thorough and interesting teaching is supplying a Sunday afternoon want long felt by many of our number.

WERE you ever in a whirlwind, a tornado, or a railway accident? Did you ever hear screams of agony, shrieks of delight, and howls of despair? Were you ever mixed up in the traces with wildly plunging horses, or a witness of a run on a bank? If you ever were, you may have a dim idea of a mail delivery at Moulton, and if you have survived all the others, you may possibly indulge a faint hope of surviving *that*, and coming out the proud possessor of the corner of an envelope.

FRIDAY evening, the 26th, the first year English class, under the direction of Miss Bishop, gave a fine rendering of "Evangeline." Evidently the work of the term on that poem was thorough and well spent, for the various papers read were well written, and appreciated by the audience. Readings from the poem were also given, and the evening closed with a hearty vote of thanks for the enjoyable programme, which must have cost the class no little work and trouble to arrange and present.

THE last session of the mission circle was a very interesting one. The usual plan of having a speaker from outside was varied, and instead, the programme was given by the members. The evening was devoted to enlarging our information regarding the mission work among the Indians. An interesting sketch of the work and its progress was given, and a letter from Mr. Prince was read.

QUITE a large party from Moulton availed themselves of the opportunity for hearing Bishop Vincent, of Chautauqua, on the evening of the 29th. *Those girls* were much interested in "That Boy," his joys and sorrows, trials and successes. It was a very pleasant surprise to us the next morning when the Bishop, coming to call upon a friend in our Faculty, consented to speak to us all for a few minutes in the chapel. The genial, earnest, inspiring words of this friend of all young people came home to every heart, making the best that is in us respond, and stimulating anew our purest aims. We believe that we shall be better and happier girls for this visit of Bishop Vincent.

THE annual Day of Prayer for Colleges was observed among us in the usual way. In the morning a deeply interesting prayer-meeting was held in the chapel. Very helpful words were spoken by Miss Fitch and by Mrs. Holman, one of our former teachers. An hour was filled with prayer and praise. A thought present in all minds was the new and solemn remembrance that Moulton has now one more of her number praying for her in the presence of the King. In the afternoon the union meeting with McMaster took place, and was largely appreciated. The helpful influence of the many prayers which ascended for Moulton is widely felt among the students.

OUR rink has been in an extremely delicate condition for the last few weeks. The latest diagnosis has located water in the upper story, every possible remedy has been tried, but so far in vain. It is sad to see our old firm friend in such a broken-up condition and growing so thin. In order to prevent unnecessary agitation, and at the same time with a faint hope of salutary effects, a spray treatment with the garden sprinkler has been tried. So far, however, the strength of the patient has not improved, and a despairing friend addresses it as follows:—

Rink of the Present, sadly we hail thee,
 Navigable as a lake or a sea,
 Skaters' ambitions of exercise joyous,
 Melting, dissolving, vanish like thee.

Rink of the Future, gladly we hail thee,
 Hid in thy bosom visions of fun,
 But haste thee! oh! haste thee! or sad is the story,
 Winter and skaters alike will be "done."

THERE is one class in the week where we have a chance to see and hear what Moulton students can do in a body. This is Miss Smart's mammoth Wednesday chorus class. For forty-five minutes the echoes of the college are awakened in a startling manner. Early in the year there is generally a great deal of fun caused by the arrangement of the singers according to the parts sung. Everybody is expected to come along and lend a voice, no matter what the quality of said voice may be; and it seems to be a matter of indifference to many whether first soprano or alto parts fall to their lot. The first trial of a chorus is always an exciting time, but the difficulties are soon conquered, and

then comes a period of smooth sailing. Somebody recently characterized our new cantata as "a quick succession of celestials and infernos." Let the sceptics wait and see.

MANY students have attended Moulton for a time and have passed on—their places to be filled by others, but only once before this year has any of our number been taken from us by death. Marian Hobson mingled with the First Year classes for a time last term. Then a long absence ensued, and we learned that she was very ill. But until the opening of the New Year her health had so much improved that great hopes were entertained for her recovery. From that time she grew weaker, and those who were with her knew she could not live. On the day of her death, the 15th of January, Mr. Hobson was reading to her from the twenty-third Psalm; coming to the words, "Thou preparest a table," he stopped, not thinking them appropriate, but Marian added, "Thou preparest a new birthday for me." And so it was, for two days after, her seventeenth birthday, she spent in another world. The memorial services were held on that day, and a number from Moulton attended. Her life amongst us was very brief, but as we look back upon it now, we cannot but note the pure, sweet influence she had upon those around her.

WOODSTOCK COLLEGE.

WE were glad to have a visit recently from Rev. J. Roberts, late of Port Arthur, and his wife, formerly Miss Griffin. Both were once students here, and still feel the keenest interest in all that pertains to the success of the College.

THE boys in the senior Manual Training class have undertaken to build a small steam engine, and are now working at it very enthusiastically in the hope of having it finished by the close of the school year. A case of specimens of work done by the boys in the different years of the course was lately sent to St. Thomas, where it will be put up on exhibition.

(Scene: Bible class—Lesson: Paul's journey and shipwreck.) Prof. McC.—"You must remember that vessels were not so well equipped for sailing in those days as now. The mariner's compass, for example, was unknown then." Student.—"Excuse me, sir, but they had compasses in Paul's time" (hastily turning over the leaves of his Bible). "Here it is in the last chapter of Acts, 'And from Syracuse they fetched a compass and sailed to Rhegium.'"

ON the evening of the 12th ult., our English master delivered an address on Shakespeare before the Philomathic Society. He unfolded for us the beauties of some of that author's best selections, and concluded by quoting a number of his choicest sayings. All felt that their minds had been very much enriched. Many of our students are ardent lovers of Shakespeare, and expect the pleasure of another address before the end of the term.

THE election of officers for the societies took place on the 5th ult. Candidates were plentiful, and excitement ran high. The following were elected for the term :

PHILOMATHIC.

<i>President</i>	F. Elliott.
<i>Vice-President</i>	L. Thomas.
<i>Secretary-Treasurer</i>	D. E. Welch.
<i>Marshall</i>	O. Kendall.

EXCELSIOR.

<i>President</i>	J. P. McLennan.
<i>Vice-President</i>	T. J. Wright.
<i>Secretary-Treasurer</i>	G. Campbell.
<i>Marshall</i>	C. Stone.

We doubt not the societies will give good account of themselves this term.

WE were glad to welcome about fourteen new boys into our school at the beginning of the present term. The College gave its customary welcome to them on the evening of the 10th ult. Messrs. Spidle and Thomas, on behalf of the old boys, conferred upon them the freedom of the school. Messrs. Tighe and Blair responded for the new boys, and convinced all that we have, in this new accession, fellows who will be loyal to the College. These are happy occasions for us. It is the installation into the places left vacant by the departing students.

THE phonograph man visited the school a few days ago. His introduction, spoken amidst the breathless silence of the boys, was a demand to know why the lady students had not been permitted to attend also. Alas! alas! we could not tell. When he had regained his equanimity, he proceeded to unfold the mysteries of the phonograph. The subject was not new to some, but those who had never seen a phonograph were well pleased to learn something of its construction and operation.

WOODSTOCK is being greatly blessed by the presence of our brethren, Moore and Whyte, who are labouring in the First Baptist Church. The College has not been overlooked, but has received showers of refreshing from the presence of the Lord. Although tired in the work, these brethren felt they must pay a visit to their old College home, and they did so, and we have been edified and quickened by the sweet songs of Brother Whyte, and the earnest talks from Brother Moore on the subject of soul-saving; one being on "What not to do," and the other on "The right methods of doing what should be done." One gladdening feature is that some other homes have been made happy as well as our College home over some of the boys having found the Saviour. The meetings have been largely attended, the Gospel faithfully preached and sweetly sung, and many precious souls have been brought to a saving knowledge of the truth, while the spiritual life of

the Christians of all denominations has been quickened. We wish our brethren every needed blessing, and pray God to crown their efforts with success.

THERE are but few games in which there are not to be found some expert players at Woodstock College. Past history supports this statement, and the present speaks with no uncertain sound. Now it is hockey. The College boasts of a hockey team that knows of no defeat. On the 20th, a match between the bank-clerks and students was played on the mill-pond. The bank-clerks were strong, heavy, men, sure of victory, but were sadly disappointed. They chased the puck as a boy, with stick in hand, would chase a butterfly, who, on arriving at the spot to make a blow, would have the satisfaction of seeing it take its flight elsewhere. When time was called, three cheers for the bank-clerks followed the announcement of 6 to 0 in favour of the College. On the 27th, a return match was played in the rink, and the representative men of the town were chosen to win back the laurel. A strongly contested game was played, witnessed by several hundreds, who joined heartily in cheering the victors, the game being 6 to 2 in favour of the College:

<i>Hon. President,</i>	D. K. Clarke, B. A.
<i>President,</i>	J. A. McDonald.
<i>Captain,</i>	H. Finkle.
<i>Sec.-Treas.,</i>	G. D. Edwards.
<i>Goal,</i>	H. A. Smith.
<i>Point,</i>	H. Finkle.
<i>C. Point,</i>	G. D. Edwards.
<i>Forwards,</i>	{ J. A. McDonald, W. H. Stroud, L. C. Huggart, F. B. Matthews.

GRANDE LIGNE.

As we have now plenty of room within the College, buildings our outside students have moved in, and "Hotel de Windsor" will be without College guests for the rest of the year.

MRS. A. E. MASSÉ'S *Musicale*, which was postponed from last December, took place on January 12th. The evening was entirely devoted to selections from the compositions of Schubert. These, along with the *Essay on the Life of Schubert*, by Mrs. Massé, were highly appreciated by all.

OUR pastor, Rev. M. B. Parent, has the sincere sympathy of us all in the loss of his little daughter from the fever.

WE are pleased to report that Miss Lily Rossier, who has been suffering from the fever, is rapidly recovering, and that no new cases have appeared.

OUR Hockey Club, which was organized under such favourable circumstances, has come to sudden grief. On account of the fever nearly all of its experts have gone home.

SOME of the boys are now busily practising music for the Public Debate. Judging from the sounds that come from the music room, and from other stray notes that we hear now and then, we would agree that Shakespeare truly said, "Music hath charms to soothe a savage" We forget the rest of the quotation, but nevertheless, as Solomon says, "We ought to grin and bear it," for as is said in yet another place again, "Faint heart ne'er won fair lady."

WHEN so many of the students left us, some of us naturally thought that our work would be lightened somewhat. The teachers, however, evidently do not think that fewer students should mean less work, for the pressure seems rather to increase upon those of us who are left here.

EARLY last Tuesday morning, Mr. A. Massé picked out ten of his best men to take part in an ice expedition down to the river. In the forenoon, work was very slow, in fact so slow that the boys let their saws freeze to the ice. At two o'clock dinner was ready, the boys took their seats, and did justice to the baked beans and pork, which was washed down with a drink of *tea*, something new for them. After dinner, however, the boys commenced work with renewed zeal and soon finished their tasks. They then had the liberty of walking home. The next day, however, the result was felt in general, even Mr. Massé, who did nothing but the planning, complained of a sore back. We are, however, happy to say that there were no accidents as in previous years, excepting that the baked beans caused somewhat of a bad feeling among the boys.

Two very prosperous Literary Societies have been organized in the school since Christmas, one English, the other French. In spite of the friendship between the members of both societies, there still arises a spirit of rivalry, which tends to our improvement. We are all very well pleased with our progress. So much so that we intend to give a public debate in English next Friday, having for its subject, "Resolved, that the pen wields a greater influence than the public platform."

Affirmative.

Mr. Alb. Rossier,
" J. Schutt,

Negative.

Mr. J. Thompson,
" F. W. Therrien.

The officers for both societies are as follows :

FRENCH.—Mr. L. Fredette, *President* ; Mr. P. Nicol, *Vice-Pres.* ; Mr. A. Lavigne, *Secretary* ; Mr. W. Gilmette, *Treasurer* ; Prof. G. N. Massé, *Critic* ; Mr. H. Auclair, *Marshal*. ENGLISH.—Mr. J. Thompson, *President* ; Mr. F. Therrien, *Vice-Pres.* ; Mr. J. Schutt, *Sec.-Treas.* ; E. Norman, B.A., *Critic* ; Mr. Alb. Rossier, *Marshal*.