



John Craig

THE
McMASTER UNIVERSITY MONTHLY
FEBRUARY, 1893.

JOHN CRAIG.

John Craig was born on June 4th, 1852, at Yorkville, now a part of Toronto, only a few minutes walk from McMaster Hall.

Of his father, the late William Craig, there is no need to speak in a Baptist magazine, as he was known either personally or by reputation to all the Baptists of Canada. John was fortunate in having a father and mother who were both Christians and both true Baptists. In their younger days they were members of the Baptist church at Newcastle-on-Tyne, England, and all through their lives took a deep interest in the cause of Christ.

John was carefully and religiously trained. In his home, family worship was regularly maintained every morning and evening. When he was about a year old his family removed to Port Hope, where he received his early education at the Public School. When he was about six years old, the Rev. Mr. Day, the first missionary to the Telugus, visited Port Hope and stayed at his father's house. At that time John lisped, and Mr. Day cured him of this habit, little thinking that he was helping to prepare a missionary for the people he loved so well.

When about fourteen years of age he became a student of Upper Canada College, and there prepared himself for entering the University of Toronto. He was always a faithful and diligent student with good abilities, and on graduating he

obtained a silver medal in classics. He was now a well educated young man. What was his condition religiously ?

His early training had all been in the right direction, and at the age of about fifteen he made a public profession of his faith in Jesus Christ, and was baptized by the Rev. Dr. Caldwell, of sainted memory in the Bond St. Baptist Church, Toronto.

His religion was not one of fits and starts, but steady and true. He had the courage of his convictions, and was not ashamed to confess his Saviour. He was an acquisition to the church, and some will perhaps remember him as one of the faithful few at the Sunday morning prayer-meeting.

While attending the University he became a member of the Toronto Y. M. C. A., and was one of its active workers. He was fortunate in being associated with a man who will long be remembered in Toronto for his earnest and quiet Christian work, the late Robert Baldwin.

Together they used to visit the sailors on Sunday morning, distributing tracts and talking with the men about the Saviour. John had resolved to devote his life to the service of his Master in preaching the Gospel. This had been the wish of his parents from his childhood, and after graduating at Toronto, he entered on his Theological studies at Rochester Theological Seminary. He afterwards spent some time in London, England, and in Hamburg in study and mission work. While pursuing his studies at Rochester, he employed his vacation by acting as pastor for the church at Beamsville.

Having completed his education, he was ordained at Whitby, Nov. 17th, 1876, and became pastor of the church there, which was recognized the same day. His work here lasted only about a year, but was characteristically thorough. This was his first pastorate, and has always been a pleasant memory to him ; and he has a warm place in his heart for the members of his first flock. But his work was not to be in Canada, his native land. While pursuing his studies at Rochester, he heard a voice calling him to the foreign field. For some time he struggled against the call. The voice would not be silenced, and at last he yielded, and his mind was at rest. Having once decided that God had called him to carry the Gospel to the heathen, he never hesitated nor faltered. The matter was settled between him

and his God, and henceforth all his thoughts turned to the distant East.

While he was a boy attending the Sunday School at Port Hope, Martha Perry, a little girl, attended the same school. Her mother was a member of the Baptist Church there. Subsequently her family removed to Rochester, and while John was there pursuing his studies he visited them. The friendship between Martha and himself deepened into love, and on Sept. 20th, 1877, they were married. She was a gentle, earnest Christian, and for the few years she was permitted to live in India, was her husband's true helpmeet.

Before his marriage he had left Whitby, and was preparing for the long voyage. The time for their departure was now approaching, and on Oct. 10th, 1877, a farewell meeting was held in the Baptist Church at Port Hope. At this meeting in addition to addresses by the ministers of the town, there were addresses by Rev. John Dempsey and Rev. A. V. Timpany.

On Oct. 18th, 1877, the annual meeting of the Baptist Foreign Missionary Society of Ontario and Quebec was held in the Jarvis St. Church, Toronto. Rev. Dr. Fyfe, President of the Society, was chairman. The *Year Book* for 1878 contains the following interesting report:

"The Rev. John Craig, B.A., missionary elect to the Telugus was then set apart for the foreign work. The services which were of an exceedingly impressive and solemn character were conducted as follows:

1. Welcome to the work, by Rev. A. V. Timpany.
2. Prayer of Designation, by Rev. G. Richardson.
3. Hand of fellowship, by Rev. Dr. Davidson.
4. Charge to the missionary, by Rev. Dr. Stewart.
5. Response by Rev. John Craig.
6. Valedictory hymn, 'With you always,' composed for the occasion by Mrs. J. C. Yule.
7. The hand of fellowship and farewell on behalf of Jarvis St. Church, of which Bro. Craig is a member, was tenderly given by the pastor, Dr. Castle.
8. Collection, after which the President pronounced the benediction, and a meeting which will long be remembered, was brought to a close."

Only about fifteen years have passed, and yet in that time four who took part, and one who was the most interested spectator, have passed away, Fyfe, Timpany, Davidson, Castle, and the father of the missionary. The Rev. J. L. Campbell was Secretary at that time, and near the close of his annual report he says:

"It is with devout gratitude to God, and with a solemn consciousness of our increased responsibility that we to-night set apart our beloved young brother, John Craig, B.A., to the great work to which God has called him. The son of one of our honored and esteemed Baptist families, called to go hence among the Gentiles by a voice which he dared not refuse; having fully completed his literary and Theological courses of study, we joyfully received him as God's gift to our Telugu Mission. Bidding farewell to country and kindred, with his consecrated companion, he is going far hence into heathen lands to dwell. They will leave New York on Wednesday next, Oct. 24th, by the Cunard steamer *Abyssinia* for England, from which place they will take steamer direct for Madras.

With the Divine blessing they anticipate arriving at Cocanada about the close of the present year."

Early in January, 1878, they reached Cocanada, and were welcomed by Rev. John McLaurin and Mrs. McLaurin, with whom they resided in the mission house.

Their first work was to learn the language, and Mr. McLaurin, in his report, mentions that Mr. Craig also took an active interest in the general work of the mission, and that he had already rendered valuable aid on the field.

The following extract from Mr. Craig's first report gives an idea as to how his first year in India was occupied:

"In presenting my first report to the Board, I can only repeat what other missionaries have related as to the experience of their first year or two, namely, that most of my time has been devoted to studying the language. I have had the privilege of preaching in English to a small congregation, and also of teaching in the English Sunday school, ever since I reached Cocanada. I have also paid many visits to the Seamen's Hospital, and read the Bible to a great many European and American sailors there. However, I have never forgotten that I came to India to work

for the thousands of Telugus, and not specially for the tens or hundreds of English-speaking people we find here."

The report goes on to tell of a tour he made, and concludes by expressing a wish that he may soon have a station of his own.

His wish was soon gratified, as the Board decided to open a new station at Akidu, and the land for a compound was purchased.

On Jan. 1st, 1880, he took charge of his new field. Before doing so, he and his wife, in company with Mr. Timpany and his family, made a tour over the field, and after going over it he had an almost exact list of the church members under his care.

Now he has his work before him. No time is wasted, for in January he made another tour, taking with him two native preachers, Josiah and Peter. This tour lasted about five weeks, and he visited eighteen villages and saw the homes of nearly all the Christians on his field; and, best of all, eighty were baptized.

On April 2nd, 1881, a great blow fell on him. His loving wife was taken from him. Far from home and friends, in that distant land she closed her eyes in death, and was laid to rest under the Eastern skies. Sustained by Divine help, the bereaved husband labored on. He built a mission house and chapel—no easy task where every part of the work had to be superintended by the missionary, and especially difficult at a place like Akidu, where the brick, lime and sand had to be brought a distance of forty miles.

Early in July, 1883, Mr. Craig was prostrated by fever, and was compelled to go to Samulcotta and Cocanada for a change; but he soon returned to his field and continued his work. He was now in his seventh year in India, and on Feb. 20th, 1884, he left his adopted land and turned his face to Canada. On this long journey he had as his companion his little girl, Mary, then three years of age. After seven years' work in that enervating land, the time had come for a long rest. The report of the Board for the year ending Oct., 1885, written by Rev. J. W. A. Stewart, tells how he rested:

"The report of the Rev. John Craig belongs this year to the Home Department. It covers the period of fourteen months, which elapsed between his return to Canada, May, 1884, and his departure on the 1st of August of this year. Your Board would

embrace this opportunity of referring to Bro. Craig's whole-souled devotion and untiring energy in this cause. He came home, professedly, to rest but there were very few of his waking hours while in Canada which were not in some way directly occupied with the interests of the work to which he has consecrated his life. The intense cold, the frequent storms, the heavy roads of last winter did not prevent him from pressing on in his work of visiting churches in remote districts, and if the same energy and determination which he displayed in Canada characterize his work in India, then we have one reason for the remarkable prosperity of that work."

In his brief report Bro. Craig says: "In June, 1884, I attended the meeting of the Middlesex and Lambton, Brant, Toronto, Ottawa, and Central Canada Associations. During the winter and spring, I visited the principal churches in the Niagara, Grand River, Elgin, Western, and Huron Associations, in all about one hundred and nine churches."

The months fly quickly, and the furlough is nearly over! On July 16th, 1885, he was married to Miss Ada Sumner, of Beamsville, and a few days after they sailed for India. During his absence in Canada, the mission suffered a great loss by the death of A. V. Timpany, and, in consequence of this, Mr. Craig had to remain at Cocanada for some time. He endeavored to look after his own field of Akidu as well, but the work was almost too great. During part of 1887, he was the only missionary able to do full mission work, as Mr. McLaurin was in very poor health, and Mr. Stillwell was just learning the language. On June 1st, 1888, he returned to Akidu. The extra work he had been doing now began to tell on his health. He went to Bangalore for a short rest of two months, and was thus enabled to prolong his stay in India.

However, as he had some touches of fever, he decided to take a trip to Canada in the beginning of 1892, leaving his wife and children in India, as his stay in Canada would be short. He came by way of British Columbia, and spent a few days at Victoria and Vancouver, speaking to the churches about his work. He also called at Winnipeg, and attended the Convention. A great change awaited him on this visit. On May 29th, 1891, his father had died, leaving a great blank. No one else took

so great an interest in John's work. Every week his father's letter started for India with its loving words. John's letters were anxiously looked for, and carefully read and laid away. Only two days before his death, his father was unable to go to his office, but said he must go down the next day to write to John. But no more letters were written. Little thinking it at the time, he had written his last letter. His work was done! and John's mother was the only parent left to give him a welcome.

He spent a pleasant summer at his home. He visited some of the churches, and then, in November, returned to his other home, where his wife and children awaited him.

What has been written gives some idea of his character and ability. His untiring energy, his constant, steady work, his attention to details, his concentration of purpose, all speak louder than words.

Our Foreign Mission Society is fortunate in having a staff of missionaries not excelled by those of any other Society, in ability, education and devotion. They are willing, nay, anxious to do their work, and only ask in return that the Baptists of Canada sustain them by their prayers and offerings.

T. DIXON CRAIG.

SUMMUM BONUM.

Man's *highest good* is a very important subject. That it cannot be discovered by the careless observer is evident from the different views held respecting it. It is needless to enumerate the various objects which have been fixed upon as affording that good. I intend merely to map out what seems to me the true answer.

To get a true solution we must take into account the kind of being for whom we are seeking this highest good. We find that he is an intelligent, self-conscious, responsible free agent. Farther, from his very position in relation to the world, from his unfulfilled capacities, by reason on every side, he proclaims himself not merely a creature of the present but one giving every promise of future life.

Men choose so many different ends and seem to identify their being with such a variety of pursuits that it would be hopeless to endeavor to find a common good in some particular choice. We must, therefore, search for some common principle under which all these particular ends may be subsumed. For what purpose does this or that man live? We can get no consensus of opinion in present or future pleasure, whether selfish or altruistic. The only principle we can fix upon, it seems to me, is that of *satisfaction*. What seeks the Christian in his devotion to himself, to other men, to God, but the satisfaction of the growth and development in the spiritual life, the satisfaction of aiding others and glorifying his Creator? What seeks the man of science or the litterateur in his pursuits but to satisfy himself in thus obtaining knowledge and rising to greater efficiency in his particular line? And so, the debauchee and the spendthrift, the philanthropist and the moral crusader, all seek satisfaction in worthy or unworthy objects, in selfish or unselfish aims.

Now satisfaction is measured by degree, intensity and duration. That is a greater satisfaction for the present which is the more intense and of a worthy degree. But duration is a factor of prime moment. No one would consider that satisfaction which endures merely for the present instant—no matter how intense it may be—greater than one which endures throughout life. Allowing the immortality of man, that is a still greater satisfaction which assures us for the future life. And if we can find an object in life which gives us not only the greatest satisfaction in the future but also in the present, it must be accepted by all men as pre-eminently the greatest satisfaction. Can we find such a principle of action, such an object in life?

If duration is the important factor, we must look for something that we are sure will exist beyond the present. The only thing upon which we can fix in this world of ours as giving promise of permanency is the soul of man. The external world comes and goes, our physical organism is no exception; our opinions, emotions, concepts are in constant change. The only thing of which we are certain is that we abide while experiencing these changes. "Men may come and men may go but *we* go on forever." Therefore, to give the greatest satisfaction the supreme object in life must bear the closest relation to the soul

—in fact, must be the soul-life. External things, earthly possessions, fame, pleasure—whatever you please—have value only in so far as they affect the soul-life. The external good which we pursue is a good only in so far as it is conducive to the development of man's true character. This is the only theory which gives the devotion of self-sacrifice its proper place. To all hedonistic schemes there must be a loss in some direction or other. But in the one which we present, every true and noble thought, every high and exalted motive, every compassionate throb of emotion brings its reward. It develops the man, it tends to his highest good, no matter how his actions are interpreted. "Talk not of wasted affection, affection never was wasted; if it enrich not the heart of another, its waters, returning back to their springs like the rain, shall fill them full of refreshment."

But it is a significant fact that this highest good of man cannot be obtained by himself alone. The full development of his powers depends upon his environment, upon his association with kindred spirits. The external factor of his development depends upon the society in which he moves, upon the manner in which he affects that society and upon how he responds to the influence of those around him. It is to his advantage to do what he can for mankind—to be as unselfish as possible. It is advantageous to him to sacrifice self for their good because he not only gains by the very act of self-sacrifice but he also reaps his reward in the reaction upon himself.

But does this bring the highest satisfaction? Emphatically it does. There is nothing that can move man so intensely as to feel himself growing better, to realise that day by day his powers are developing. He is growing. He is forming a pure, unselfish, devoted, true and sublime character. To see men around him growing better from his influence, to know that that vast desert of depraved humanity is beginning to blossom with the white flowers of blameless life, to feel the moral thrill and experience the spiritual elevation on beholding such lives, is an impetus unrivalled in its potency and uneclipsed by anything in this world.

The highest present satisfaction then is secured by internal character building. This presupposes the approach to an ideal.

The highest future satisfaction, the ultimate good, would be the attainment of that ideal. Therefore whether realised by man or not, it is essential to the greatest growth in the shortest time that we should have an ideal. The architect lays his plans and makes his specifications before the contractor builds. We have seen the picture of this building, or of that, long before the foundation was laid. It exists in the mind of the architect. It is the ideal towards which he builds. The contractor would scout the idea of going at it otherwise. So we need an ideal in character building. There is so much haphazard building in this line in the world that it is imperative for growth, that we clearly define our ultimate good.

But where are we to find such an ideal? What must be its characteristics? To my mind all that the best philosophy can say is that we can define the ideal only in so far as we have made progress towards it: that we must follow along the lines that has in the past produced true growth; that the present carries with it a halo which gives us a hazy idea for future attainment. Would any builder think that such specifications were sufficiently satisfactory for right construction? How infinitely better it would be if we could place before us the ideal in its complete state; and although we could not comprehend it to the full, yet could have it before us and not wait for the influence of any "power that makes for righteousness," or for the unseen "reproduction of a self-objectifying consciousness which makes the processes of life organic to its progress." There is an element of truth in these, but it is a truth gained not from immanent human reason but from transcendent power. If we had to depend upon man as we know him, we never could tell with any adequacy what his capabilities are. The very limitations of our being render us incompetent to judge of what we might be. There are dawnings of greater light and promises of future greatness, but the delineation of this greatness by this better light is bedimmed by our position, by our felt deterioration from type. There may be much speculation regarding an impersonal spirit, but such never could explain our existence, much less present the means for development. If there is anything in man that may be called great, it is his personality. And to talk of spiritual progress is but a play upon words unless we distinctly hold by our personal character and present to ourselves higher

personal character for attainment. We must insist upon our right to determine our actions and, hence, our growth. No matter where the strength comes from, no matter how better stages of existence are placed before us, there is need of our exercise of will and self-determination. We do not passively grow into ideal shape as the block of marble under the hands of the sculptor. The waves of influence, whether of impersonal spirit or of self-conscious, self-objectifying spirit, may surge around us but they are not of us. We receive no direct benefit or injury until we identify ourselves with such influences—*i. e.*, until we exercise the power of our personality.

But we have seen that the ideal personal character for us cannot be given among men constituted as they are. Therefore we must look beyond mere human means. The very fact that we can draw the line between our finitude and infinitude opens up for us a higher ideal than the finitude we see in this world. Our ideal must be pure, sublime, perfect manhood dwelling in immediate contact with Deity. In fact, owing to the circumstances and position of men it can be given only by the interposition of Deity. It must be a living ideal possessing personality, and, if so, of authority over those for whom he is the ideal, because it is the very essence of his competency to prescribe the conditions upon which he is accepted as an ideal. If he possess such prerogatives and is so related to Deity, the only way in which he can be known to man is by a revelation from God. And a revelation prescribing an ideal having the requisite characteristics must be accepted. The highest type of human character is therefore the Christian character. The ideal for the Christian is Jesus Christ, as revealed in the word of God. By this theory we are relieved from an ascetic moralism or a shallow deism, from an unsanctioned spiritualism, or a stupid necessitarianism. Here we have combined the absolute surrender of individuality and its most intense assertion. It is by its exercise that Christ is chosen; by it we grow in grace and the knowledge of the truth; by it we lose our selfish lives, and, abiding in Christ, we stretch forward unto the perfection of that Spirit in whom we live and move and have our being. Therefore for man the highest good, the supreme object in life, the *summum bonum*, is the Christ life.

A. L. McCRIMMON.

CÉLESTE LUMIÈRE.

I.

Grand Dieu ! conduis moi dans la penombre
 Oh ! conduis-moi,
 Je suis seul et le chemin est sombre
 Oh ! conduis-moi,
 De mon sentier, je ne demande a voir
 Qu'a chaque pas, pour remplir mon devoir.

II.

Je n'ai jamais en toi voulu croire,
 Oh ! conduis-moi,
 Toujours je cherchais la vaine gloire,
 Oh ! conduis-moi,
 Je viens à toi contrit, mais sans frayeur,
 Pardonne mon passé, O mon Sauveur.

III

Tu m'as fait jouir de ta présence,
 Oh ! conduis-moi,
 Je suis heureux, plein de confiance.
 Oh ! conduis-moi,
 Souvent les anges aux regards radieux
 M'appellent, vers les demeures des cieux.

IV.

Cependant, sur l'épineuse route,
 Suivant tes pas,
 Comme un enfant qui jamais ne doute ;
 Prenant ton bras
 J'irai jouir au céleste séjour
 Acquit par toi, mon Sauveur, pour toujours.

S. D. P.

NEWS IN QUEBEC.

For a good number of years Christian people, in Ontario and elsewhere, have been hoping to see a better day dawn on the Province of Quebec. But this new era was a long time coming. Has it come at last? Will the young sprout of the old French nation transplanted on this continent, full of sap and vigor, allow itself to be trampled upon by the proud foot of clerical tyranny for ever? Will it not raise its head toward light and liberty? Powerful agencies have been at work for the last fifty years to bring about this result. The distribution of the Holy Scriptures by thousands of copies, the preaching of the Gospel in hundreds of places where the French are located; last but not least, the Christian education given in the mission schools of four Protestant denominations, these ought to bring forth some visible fruit. We would be careful not to imitate the fly of the fable that buzzed about the horse's ears and attributed to himself the progress the carriage was making on its uphill journey: but we are sure the work of evangelization has been a mighty leaven reaching out with its influences far beyond the little circle of our converts. This could be proved in time and place. Apart from this, there is a class of people to whom we have little access, I mean the wealthy and educated, who have been abroad, who have seen and admire *la France republicaine*, who have lived among those who speak the same language as themselves, have the same habits of thought. Such notions they vainly try to adjust to the present state of things in Canada. All these forces combined could not, it seems, allow the *status quo* to remain very much longer. A last straw has broken the camel's back—a heavy straw it appears to be in this instance.

For the past few months a whole series of scandals caused by the Catholic clergy have put in motion minds, tongues and pens. First it is reported that a priest refuses to administer the all-important sacrament of baptism to a new-born babe, because his father is unwilling to pay an extra tax; then an eminent lawyer of Montreal suddenly discovers one hundred and sixty-five letters which a young *abbé* has been writing to his wife—letters in which he does not pose as a spiritual adviser. An

electrical current seems to run through the liberal press of this Province: the educational system shaped by the clergy, the abuses of clerical power, the culpable leniency of bishops towards corrupt priests, all is condemned in the boldest terms. This is allowed to go on for a short time, when crash! comes down upon them a pastoral letter. A pastoral letter in which bishops call the faithful "beloved brethren," does not seem such a terrible thing at first sight. But very soon the brother becomes a *father*, and the father becomes a *master*, and the master becomes a *tyrant*. In this letter the bishops neatly divide the church into two sections, those who *govern* and those who *are governed*; the latter having no right whatsoever to judge or criticise in any way the former. That is to say (and that has been said) a priest may be a confirmed rascal; he may insult your wife and corrupt your children, but you must not say a word.

Le Canada-Revue, a weekly publication, commenting on this, wittily adds—"Paye, Baptiste, et à quatre pattes les Canadiens!"—a slang expression, but brim-full of meaning and quite untranslatable.

Weeks pass, *le Canada-Revue* and *l'Echo des deux Montagnes*, *la Patrie* and other papers continue their campaign, asking reforms. Asking, for instance, that when a priest is found guilty of immorality, he be not sent from one parish to another to continue the same practices, but be placed where he can do no harm. The Archbishop of Montreal issues a letter, to be read from every pulpit, forbidding the people from reading or in any way encouraging *l'Echo des deux Montagnes* and *le Canada-Revue* under the penalty of refusal of the sacraments. *l'Echo*, being a local paper read by very submissive people, received in this a death blow. It issued a last number in mourning, having at the head of its editorial column the picture of a tomb with the inscription—"Here lies *l'Echo des deux Montagnes*, killed by clerical despotism." Dead but yet living: *et honchet bon rat*; the Archbishop may find his match. The church of Rome has taught a game two can play at, a morality that cuts both ways. *l'Echo* has simply changed its name and goes on. The *manifesto* condemning *l'Echo des deux Montagnes* does not say anything concerning a new publication called *La Liberté*, don't you see? The *Canada-Revue* stands erect in the storm.

A short time ago a delegation composed of friends and contributors of the C. R. (prominent among whom was Mr. L. Fréchette, a distinguished *littérateur*, known both in Canada and France,) went to see the Archbishop. In this interview, the old gentleman, who appears to be under the thumb of a clique, could not point to any paragraph where the C. R. taught unsound doctrine, or even where church discipline was openly broken,—it was to the *tone* of the paper he objected to more than anything else, and the liberty of criticising one's superiors. He finally said there could be no understanding unless he could count on *unconditional submission*. He was told frankly that the editors of the C. R. would only make such concessions as are worthy of honorable men. Moreover, if no agreement could be arrived at, they were ready to sue him for damages and appeal if necessary to the Queen's Privy Council. They added, there is a storm rising in the social atmosphere, the people are getting excited and speak freely. Everything is known and indignation is coming on like a tide: be careful lest it overflow. They left him silent and thoughtful.

Meanwhile the fight continues. I have before me a spiey article on the education given by the clergy, in which you find the following sentence savoring of 1789: "We shall have to get rid of them (the masters—the priests) by means of a violent blow!" This, of course, is the saying of one man, but there seems to be a movement in public opinion deep and broad; will there be a skirmish only between these opposite forces, or will there be a regular pitched battle? *Qui vivra verra.*

M. B. PARENT.

Grande Ligne.

Students' Quarter.

DARKNESS AND DAWN.

The Old Year's hours were spent, and in my thought,
 The New, dark-stoled, was coming on apace,
 "Go not, Old Year, I love thy waning grace,
 All thy dear days in patterns fair were wrought,"
 I cried, as boding fears my heart distraught,
 "Perchance this stranger with the veiled face,
 Brings to my portion sorrow-burdened days,
 Whose weight shall crush my cherished hopes to nought."

This, midnight's mood: but dawn saw the young year
 Robe soft the scarred old earth in sparkling white,
 Till pure and fresh it smiled with promise bright.
 Then hope's glad chime rang out the knell of fear,
 And life's fair future hid the past from view.
 "Farewell, Old year, true hearts must greet the New."

E. P. W.

THE TENTH ANNUAL REPORT OF THE FYFE MISSIONARY SOCIETY.*

Eleven years have elapsed since the promptings of a Christian heart were translated into action, and Toronto Baptist College dedicated as a hall of learning in which those whom God had thrust into His harvest field might be trained for the highest of all services, the ministry of the Word. As William Carey heard the divine call and had the burden of the heathen world laid upon his heart, so the young men who formed the first class in McMaster Hall heard the voice of the Son of God peeling through the ages: "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature." They resolved to band themselves together for aggressive work, and with prayer and humble consecration laid the foundations of our Society. Some of them had been students under that grand old man, Dr. Fyfe, who, for a quarter of a century

* Read at the Annual Meeting, Nov. 24th, 1892.

was the recognised leader of the Baptist denomination in Canada ; they remembered the earnestness of purpose, the untiring energy, the childlike faith in God which characterized their old teacher, and resolved that he though dead should yet inspire his boys to do and to dare for Christ. The Fyfe Missionary Society aids in perpetuating his name.

It may not be out of place to note the fact that this year which marks the centennial of foreign missions, marks also the decennial of our Society. To-night we enter upon a new epoch in our history. As we stand upon its threshold we would catch something of the spirit that animated the founders of the Society ; we would, like Carey, see the awful condition of the world that lieth in the wicked one ; like him we would hear the Man of Calvary saying : " As the Father hath sent me into the world so also send I you into the world," and with humble dependence upon God we would go forward.

Glancing at the past, we find that when the Society was first organized, a prayer meeting on the first Tuesday evening of every month was held in the interests of missions ; now one day is set apart as monthly missionary day, in which lectures are suspended and the hours devoted to the consideration of missionary topics. Then the Society worked along independent lines, becoming responsible for the financial support of its missionaries, and, to a certain extent, controlling the fields upon which its agents were placed ; now all this work has passed into the hands of the Home Mission Board, and the Society exists mainly for the purpose of developing and fostering the missionary spirit in the University. Does it realize its aim ? We believe that it does ; the churches testify to its value, and former members now in the pastorate bear witness to the power it has exerted upon their lives.

The success which has crowned our efforts during the past year calls for the deepest thankfulness to Almighty God. We do not forget that we are but beginners, and that the work which we have attempted to perform, must, of necessity, be very imperfect ; but we rejoice that God has " counted us faithful, putting us into the ministry," and through us has gotten to Himself some glory.

That the missionary interest of the former members of this

Society does not diminish with the flight of years is abundantly evident. Since our last annual report H. G. Mellick, one of our earlier members, has been invited to aid in shaping and furthering our mission work in Manitoba and the North-West, and has entered upon his duties as general superintendent; Ernest Grigg, formerly an active member of this Society, who, by his Christian character and Christlike devotion, won for himself a high place on the honor roll of the Fyfe worthies, has sailed for Burmah to labor under the American Board. May God's richest blessing rest upon both of these brethren. Another of our members, E. G. Smith, M. B., is under appointment by our own Board as their first medical missionary to the Telugus. He expects to sail next Autumn for India's shores, and carries with him the sympathy and prayers of every member of the Society.

Early in the year the Foreign Mission Board hung in the College chapel a beautiful portrait of William Carey, which had been presented to them by Mr. Charles Hatch, of Woodstock. The face of the great missionary as it looks down from the wall cannot but influence many a young man to "expect great things from God," and to "attempt great things for God." At the opening of the present College session the Alumni Association, in conjunction with the friends of Jarvis Street church, presented to the Board of Governors a portrait of Dr. Castle, the first Principal of Toronto Baptist College and an ex-President of this Society. With Carey he will speak to us of heroic service for God.

The annual sermon was preached before the Society by Rev. E. W. Dadson, B.A., of Woodstock, in Jarvis Street church on the evening of Sabbath, the 1st of May. All who have heard Mr. Dadson can judge of the character of the discourse.

Since our last annual meeting we have had the pleasure of coming into contact with some of the men who are toiling in the most difficult parts of the great harvest field. La Grande Ligne Mission has been represented on three different occasions, and in turn Brethren Edwards and de St. Dalmas, Ayer and Therrien and Bro. Lebeau have spread before us the needs of the work. So successfully have they pleaded for Quebec, that one of our number, Ernest Norman, B.A., has been led to give himself to French educational work at Feller Institute. Thus the ties that bind

the two institutions together are being increased and strengthened. We have also had a visit from Rev. John Craig, of Akidu, India, and our interest in his work has been deepened by our intercourse with him. Rev. Mr. Anderson representing the Mc-All Mission, and Mr. Frank Keller, the Student Volunteer Movement, have also addressed the students. We feel that we lie under the deepest obligation to Rev. Elmore Harris, pastor of the Walmer Road church, and to the Faculty of this University, for the thoughtfulness that made it possible for so many of our number to hear Dr. A. J. Gordon's lectures on the "Holy Spirit in Missions." These addresses, as well as the words that Dr. Gordon spoke at the morning chapel service will live in our memories, stimulating us to greater earnestness in the Lord's work.

There are in the College at the present time no fewer than ten young men who look to the foreign field as their prospective sphere of labor. It must not be supposed, however, that the spirit which dominates the College is one that is captured by the mere glitter and glamor of foreign mission work as the only field in which true Christian heroism and self-sacrificing devotion may be manifested. The great commission is recognized as embracing also the home land: and much as we rejoice that so many of our members are looking over the sea to the millions in darkness, we thank God that there are found in this Society men who consider it their highest honor and count it their greatest joy to spend their lives on the hard and discouraging home mission fields. The College life of last session gave abundant evidence that the spirit of Him who came as the first missionary to a lost world characterizes our members. Early in the year the Society opened up work at Kew Beach, Little York and New Toronto. These missions were sustained by the voluntary labor of the students and at the closing of the College taken over by the Home Mission Board and supplied with preaching during the summer. In addition, Pape Avenue Mission was regularly supplied by the Society during the winter, and Eastern Avenue Mission and Hillcrest Convalescent Home were provided with occasional services.

Let us glance at the work of the past summer. The first thing that strikes our attention is the immense area of country

over which the labors of the students have been distributed, no fewer than seven states and provinces having shared their ministrations. From the Atlantic almost to the Pacific Coast our present members have been stationed. Some have found their fields of labor amid old home associations down by the sea; some in our benighted sister province, surrounded by error and superstition; many in our own loved Ontario, while yet others can relate thrilling experiences of their summer's work in the wild West. It is almost unnecessary to state that the fields which claim student labor are, for the most part, such as require the experience and wisdom of veteran pastors. The student, in some cases, has to perform pioneer service, but in many others has to lift the church out of the slough of indolence or despondency into which it has fallen. Is it to be wondered at, that as he looks forward to his work at the close of the College session, a sense of his own weakness should take possession of him, that he should tremble in view of the task set before him, and that the throne of grace should be his frequent resort? To sum up the heart-aches, the prayers, the tears, which these churches cost the missionary student would be an impossibility. Into them is poured his very life.

The following is an approximation of the work accomplished by the members of this Society, during the five months ending Oct. 1st, 1892:—Number of preaching stations, 86; number of sermons preached, 2,281. Additions:—By baptism, 137; by letter, 38; by experience, 15; total, 190.

At South Indian a new church edifice has been erected, and a beautiful chapel is approaching completion at Fort William. Six church buildings have been repaired during the summer, and a heavy debt that rested upon another has been removed.

These figures necessarily give but an imperfect record of the summer's work. Much there is which only the recording angel can tabulate. Earnestness and devotion have characterized the labors of our members; they have verified the statement with which he of sainted memory, whose name our Society bears, was accustomed to address his students: "Success in life depends more upon what one can bear than upon what he can do"; they have proved themselves men of true missionary spirit, unceasing in toil and possessed of a heaven-born enthusiasm.

Conscious of many defects in the work of the past year, we would yet lay it at the feet of Him, who, even out of imperfection, can ordain praise. For the measure of success which has attended our efforts we would ascribe all glory "unto Him that loved us and washed us from our sins in His own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and His father: to Him be glory and dominion forever and ever."

EDWARD J. STOBO, JR.,

Rec. Sec.

DUX FEMINA FACTA.

These words are among the most striking lines of Vergil, and are used by him in his account of Dido in the *Æneid*. Her he pictures as a powerful woman, the leader of one of the greatest nations of the ancient world. She was not only their queen, but had guided them to their home on the African coast, and had held the ruling power through all the difficulties that surround the founding of a new national home. Dido stands out prominently among classical women, and whether the stories of her are founded on history or are purely fictitious, we are compelled to look upon her as a true leader of a growing nation.

Later, among historical leaders, we see Maria Theresa, who, in time of peril, both personal and national, rose against all Europe and fought for union and the preservation of liberty.

In many a great political contest a woman has played a leading part. Students of history are familiar with the story of Madame Roland, who, as the wife of a prominent mover in the French Revolution, wielded a strong influence over many famous leaders in that terrible struggle. Possessed of unusual talents for observation, a calm manner and wonderful reasoning powers, she gradually influenced the frequenters of her salon, themselves men of talent and power, to adopt her idea, that the France of 1791 was a France of transition and a republic alone was its destiny. But although the revolution which she had aided in raising was carried to an excess of which she had no idea, and finally reached a point where its promoters no longer had her sympathy, still her work was not lost. To-day her

dying words "O liberty, what crimes are committed in thy name," are remembered and quoted by vast numbers of people. These are but representatives of numbers of historical women who, in government, in politics, and in war have played prominent parts.

During the last few years remarkable advancement has been made in the educational advantages afforded to women. In our universities they now stand on an equal footing with the men. When they were first allowed to enter these halls of learning they were regarded, by both professors and students, as types of an entirely new species, and when the learned student raised his eyeglass to behold these interlopers he wondered what would happen next.

The benefits derived from a thorough course of training, combined with the natural abilities of women for teaching, make them particularly well adapted for holding positions of different degrees of advancement in the educational world. The vast majority of teachers are women. It is to them that the early education of children is entrusted, and when we consider how great an influence these first teachers have upon their pupils, is it not important that they should themselves be both mentally and morally qualified to hold their position of trust. The higher education also induces women to enter upon scientific and literary work, in which they are meeting with wonderful success. No better example of this can be cited than Amelia Edwards, who, at an early age, distinguished herself as a novelist. From writing works of fiction she went on to scientific study, and finally directed her attention almost wholly to Egyptology. In this most difficult science she acquired more definite knowledge than any of her predecessors, and when she died a few weeks ago she left a lasting memorial of herself in her books on the Nile, Pyramids and the Pharaohs, and in the Society for the Study of Egyptology, founded by her, which numbers among its members some of the most learned men of our time.

But the liberal education of to-day not only leads women into what may be called distinctively literary work. It also enlarges their sympathies, trains their minds and broadens their sphere of thought and action. Nothing can so effectually fit a woman for any kind of philanthropic work as associating with

the great minds of both past and present. To fit her for such society an education is required that will draw her out of herself into a larger field of mental activity. It is the influence of these enlarged minds that prompts so many of the women of our day to devote themselves to the cause of brightening the lives of their sisters all the world over. It would be amazing if we knew and considered the number of societies that are in existence formed either for the purpose of self culture or of advancing different projects in the interest of humanity in general. The majority of these societies are led by women, and who can say what their results will be in the coming centuries! Already the great missionary movement, in which women have been so prominent, is beginning to have some effect upon the heathen millions of Eastern lands. At home, also, these noble women are carrying on a great work among the sick and the poor.

But this is by no means all, every woman has in her own home a kingdom where she may lead in the truest sense. The source of power is in the home, and here every true leader may shape ideas and instill principles that will show their results not only in time but also in eternity.

The history of our country is being developed day by day, and when it is read by the sons and daughters of future generations they will be able to point to the influence that these high-minded women have exerted and say, truly they were leaders of these noble deeds.

CLARA TOMLINSON.

Moulton College.

A NIGHT IN CAMP.

Few people really understand the meaning of the expression "roughing it," until they have "roughed it" themselves for a few days. I have had some experience of camping in its different phases during late years, and it occurred to me that a description of an incident in camp life might be of interest to some who have had similar experiences, as well as to others who have, perhaps, never spent a night under canvas. Therefore, I have chosen the following incident on account of its recent occurrence, and its consequent freshness in my memory.

It was late in the day when our party of six, after a hard day's portaging, reached its destination. This was a lake of very fair size, which had been explored by some of us a short time previously, and had proved to be well stocked with game and fish. Slowly we paddled along the eastern side of the lake, and drew up our canoes on the point of a small island, just as the last rays of the setting sun were disappearing behind the tall pines on the opposite shore. Without delay we began to make everything snug for the night. Some of us put up the tents and stored away the provisions, while other cut wood and built a fire on the rocky shore.

Our best cook was Mr. M., and he proved himself exceptionally apt at the art by serving up a supper of fried fish, which would have tempted the appetite of the most dainty of princes.

The fate of some of the fish, which came into our power, was very sad. Not more than an hour after they were first allured by the glittering bait, their only earthly relies, in the shape of a few bones, fins, scales, and such, lay scattered about on the rocks.

After this bountiful repast, which we ate from tin plates, and finished in the darkness, a camp-fire was started. What a delightful thing a great booming, roaring camp-fire is! There was no scarcity of fuel, and we all worked with might and main to get our cheering camp-fire well under way. Here came one man dragging a whole tree, root and all, there another tugging away at a section of log several times his own size, while to and fro went the two boys carrying armfuls of sticks and brush-wood; till, before long, we had a great pile of blazing, spitting timber, large enough to burn, without further replenishing, until the early hours of the morning.

Then came the stories and jokes. Mr. W., our best storyteller, gave us some of his latest and most interesting; we all cracked our share of jokes; there was a little music produced on that classical instrument, the mouth-organ; and then, crouched around the fire at a comfortable distance, we all lingered, meditating and resting our weary bodies, until some sleepy one informed the others that it was bed time. I hate bed time more than anything else, because I have to struggle so hard for

sleep, which I know I need; nevertheless, I always have to "turn in" with the rest.

We divided up, three to each small tent, rolled up in our blankets, and some went to sleep almost immediately: while others lingered on for some time in a wakeful condition. Although I am always one of the latter class when in camp, I did my best, and lay still for a long time trying to think of something else besides sleeping, but this was a dismal failure. I tried to persuade myself that I did not care whether I ever got any sleep or not, but I was not to be taken in that way. Then, after what seemed to me an age, I began to doze, when an owl on the mainland, began his "too-whoo," rendering me as wide awake as ever. In a few minutes his owlship calmed down, and I dozed again, only to be suddenly aroused by the popping of an ember in the fire, which went off like a small cannon. Then I determined to try a third time, which ought to have been lucky, but it didn't work. For, as soon as I became still, an insect in the moss, which I used for a pillow, conceived the idea, which he immediately put into practice, that his special mission in life was to squeak in my ear, and thus to keep me from wasting my precious time in idle sleep. With cruel hand I tried to quiet him by means of heavy pressure on the moss where he had taken up his abode. This composed his nerves for a time, but he soon recovered his self-possession, and began again with renewed vigor. Not being able to appreciate his good intentions, I threw the pillow, and him with it, out of the tent, and thus rid myself of my persecutor, at the price of having to lie with my head on the ground for the remainder of the night.

After a long, long time I fell asleep from sheer exhaustion, and must have slept for about an hour, when I was greatly startled by a loud splashing and spluttering just outside the tent; this ended my night's sleep. The noise which awakened me was occasioned by the swimming exploits of one of the party, who, being sleepless like myself, and thinking that a cold bath would do him good, had taken a dive off the shore into shallow water, which, I suppose, appeared quite deep to him, in the moon-light. I did not envy him his swim in the least.

Soon afterwards I heard whispering close by, and, stepping out of the tent, I saw two shivering figures, standing in the

gloom beside their canoe. In subdued voices, they asked me if I would go fishing, saying that it was after four o'clock and nearly sun-up. As I was tired of sleeping, I readily agreed to the proposal, and off we started for the morning's fishing.

While out on the water, I learnt that Mr. M. had spent the night in a position compared with which mine was unalloyed pleasure. When picking out the place for his tent, he had chosen a beautiful soft spot, especially so towards the middle, where he preferred to sleep. His two companions, who were sound sleepers, placed themselves one on each side of him, and were soon settled down for the night. Although Mr. M.'s bed was quite comfortable for a while, it soon became hard as his weight pressed down the moss, and, as he twisted and turned considerably, what moss was left was soon worn away, leaving bare a branching pine root, four or five inches in diameter, running longitudinally down the middle of his bed. Being a kind-hearted man, and not liking to disturb his sleeping companions by making them move over, he lay carefully balanced on this for the greater part of the night, and I firmly believe that he bore the impress of this root down the middle of his back for some hours afterwards. I really pitied him, and was thankful that I escaped so easily.

After a successful morning's fishing, we returned to camp, breakfasted and cheerfully prepared to spend the day in the most advantageous manner; but I am sure that, while we enjoyed ourselves to the utmost, some of us were heartily dreading the approach of the coming night.

I may just say in closing that the next time we camped, Mr. M.'s tent was pitched on a more level piece of ground, containing fewer roots.

H. H. NEWMAN

AN APOLOGUE.

I had been ill for many days until my weary emaciated body had wasted to a skeleton; my long thin hands were cold and I began to feel a numbness in all my limbs. One evening when the sun was gently sinking beyond the gray old hills in the West, and the song of the birds was hushed for the evening, and all about me was silent as the grave, suddenly I felt a dizzy flutter in my head and heart, and then everything in the room faded from my sight.

I knew no more of that room, that sick bed, or those kind watchers who had ministered to me in my long illness, but I found myself being whirled along through space, seemingly higher and higher, ever brighter and brighter. It was not an unpleasant feeling, a sensation of restful consciousness that all was right, calmed my mind and told me I was nearing heaven, the place of my eternal rest. As soon as I had fully realized my position an unspeakable desire seized me to see my Lord, and in my intense eagerness I spoke. My voice had changed, I did not recognize it. Onward and upward, still upward I took my flight for I only now recognized, that my motion was flight. Two others were with me, though up to this moment no word had been spoken. At last one addressed the other: "He's nearly home." And then I began to understand where I was. All the glory I had anticipated had been far eclipsed already, my heart was fluttering with delight, my mind was clear and calm, rested and peaceful. A gentle song was murmuring from my lips, to a tune entirely new to me, although the words were old,

"Nearer my God to Thee,

 And when on joyful wing,
 Cleaving the sky,
 Sun, moon and stars forgot,
 Upward I fly,
 Still all my song shall be,
 Nearer my God to Thee,
 Nearer to thee.

I cannot tell you the feelings I had when the glory of the

celestial city burst upon my loving gaze—the “Home of my Redeemer.” No feeling of awe or wonder, no strange sensation of anything new or unfamiliar. No feeling of loneliness or even a craving for anything I did not already possess, except the gentle heart-longing to see Him. My guides, who were the King’s messengers, took me into a beautiful mansion near the gate, one of many thousand provided for this purpose, and proceeded to disrobe me and give me new apparel. Their actions, although so far almost silent were so inexpressibly gentle and kind, that I wondered whether they were men or women, so gentle their manner. As I entered the mansion I took one look backward and downward in the direction I had come, and saw many companies of three, making towards the celestial city and I reasoned that they were pairs of messengers, each bringing home a redeemed one. My toilet was soon adjusted nothing I did not expect, for though all was in a sense new to me, I had no feeling of surprise. I had scarcely thought that *He* was gently soothing my mind so that I could bear all this glory without pain. A large mirror reflected my whole person, and for the first time I saw my glorified face. There were traces of the original, just sufficient for me to recognize, but all so changed. Radiant with peaceful happiness and every trace of care lost, a light of inexpressible content shone in every lineament and a very halo of glory lit up the eyes. And were those my eyes? Yes, I was a wonder to myself; and then I remembered that He had said, “This corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality.” I now learned with joy that I was being prepared for His presence and should soon “gaze on the form that redeemed me” Taking out a casket which had long been sealed, my attendants took from it a beautiful studded coronet of gold and pearls, which they told me had been kept prepared for me for some time past. They carefully counted the pearls and looked happily to each other and said, “Nine.” This I did not understand, and I said, “Why nine?” I then learned that nine was the number of souls I had won for my Lord, and that I was to be reminded of this as long as eternity should last. I had won nine souls for the kingdom. A thrill of satisfaction was the joyful result, for

there can "be no sorrow there." I wished it might have been a larger number, but gratitude overcame desire.

Now I was to see the King and I walked out with my two loving attendants to see His face. My heart quivered with delight, a holy eagerness seized every nerve of my frame, it even shook with emotion. I was now to realize the very highest desire of my whole existence. I might now see *Him*. Nor was I disappointed. He was looking for me, and the same eager expression rested on His glorious brow, that I felt possessed my own. I could restrain myself no longer, I fell at His feet and kissed them, weeping tears of joy. I plucked the crown from my brow and placed it at His feet and felt my soul would be eternally satisfied to remain there, so near to the footstool of Him who had died for me. Never was the memory of Calvary so vivid as now; never did my soul feel its own unworthiness more, never had I had such ecstatic joy. And it was *to last for ever*. Lifting me to my feet He kissed me lovingly and wiped away my tears, for I still remembered the words, "God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

Music now, sweet, soft, still as the evening shades, stole over my heart and I sang,—no old-time melody but a new song—"Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power and riches and wisdom and strength and honor and glory and blessing." The angel choir hearing my voice, at first listened with rapt attention, but soon joined in the heavenly harmony. Not loud and harsh and discordant, but sweet as the sough of the summer breeze; at first but a few joined in the anthem, then gradually it swelled in volume, spreading wider and wider and growing deeper and deeper till the grand "Amen," of united heaven blended with the feeble tenor of my own voice.

O. G. L.

LUKE XIII. 9.

Too quickly speeding time has past
 Since we two sat together, love,
 And heard the words on New Year's last
 That turned our hearts to things above.

"Lord, let it stand yet this year more,
 If it bear fruit—well: and if not,
 The tree that now makes thy heart sore,
 Shall be cut down."

And such the lot
 Of men may be, whom God has spared
 This year, but still no fruits can show:
 And should our lives to view be bared,
 Would fruits 'mong leaves be found to grow?
 Thank-offerings have been ours to give
 To God. What blessings he has poured
 Upon our heads! But do we live
 The lives that prove Him our Adored?

LEONARD THERRIEN.

THE PHARISAICAL SPIRIT.

There never was a good work undertaken in this world without drawing to the scene a set of murmurers and cavillers. If something is done for the benefit of humanity and the glory of God there is always some one to object, and very frequently those who are the objectors ought to be the helpers of the cause which they hinder. Let it be no discouragement to any one if somebody doesn't fall into line when that one is persevering in a good work. The Son of Man was upon the earth that he might be the channel of God's grace to men, and yet the Scribes and Pharisees, blind to his claims, blind to his character and

blind to his mission, murmured when he forgave sinners and cavilled because, on the Sabbath day he lifted mens' heavy burdens and undid the wounding chain of disease, thus leading the way to true rest of which the Sabbath was but a type. Right and sincere criticism is always valuable, for it removes the dross and leaves nothing but the pure gold. Difference of opinion on many things is quite natural and consequently quite proper, but the common objectors, disputers and carping critics are, for the most part, only a nuisance. There are a great many people very like the good brother who desired to become an elder in the church. He was asked if he could lead the people in prayer. He replied that he could not. Then he was asked if he could exhort or instruct the people. Again he promptly replied that he couldn't. Well! what can you do? He said, "I can object." To object sometimes is to turn a stone that is better turned, but the action of those, who leave their proper sphere to find fault and criticize, generally proceeds from a supreme love of preëminence and an astounding indifference to the importance of others. The Pharisees were noted for their indolence, hypocrisy and formality. The One they persecuted most was noted for his toil and self-sacrifice for others. That is generally the way. The Pharisaical spirit is not extinct in the world. We have the superfine lady, with culture and polish, priding herself upon her religious attainments, who will draw in her robes from the sinners, scout the idea of their betterment and elevation and disclaim all connection with those who raise the fallen. We have religious teachers whose velvet mouths can't use language that will reach the ignorant and sinful: and so they hinder those whom they ought to help. We have many people in the church and in the world who never do anything but busy themselves picking holes in the coats of those who are diligently employed in service for men.

W. Pocock.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

I SHOULD have stated in my sketch of Susan Moulton McMaster, in the January number of the MONTHLY, that Mrs. McMaster's interest in our educational work has embraced Woodstock College as well as the other departments connected with the University. She assisted me by a subscription of \$500 towards the erection of the New Hall at Woodstock, in 1886. On the 22nd of October, of the same year, she publicly laid the corner stone of that building, saying, as she did so, "We lay this stone to the praise and glory of Jehovah—Father, Son and Holy Ghost. Here may the principles of Christian education be exemplified with ever-increasing completeness. From age to age may there go forth from this College those whose earnest lives shall ennoble every department of human activity, and hasten the triumph of the Kingdom of Christ in all the earth." The silver trowel used was fittingly inscribed, and presented to Mrs. McMaster, by whom it is preserved as a souvenir. When the stone was declared to be well and truly laid, Mrs. McMaster informed all of the workmen employed on the building that while she could not comply with the common custom of "wetting the stone," she wished to present each of them with a "Sunday hat." The announcement was received with much applause, not only by the workmen but by the large assemblage present. I may add, also, by way of correction, that the name of the Homestead in the sketch referred to is properly spelled Rathnelly, rather than Rathnally. T. H. R.

At the end of the Place Verte, Antwerp, amid a crowd of little shops and mean dwellings, rises far into the heavens the beautiful spire of the Cathedral, unharmed to this day, despite all the wars and sieges from which the city has so severely suffered. From this spire of "Me. lin lace" in stone, the carillon of sixty bells chimes out its aerial music, far off and high; while the melodious tones of the great Carolus which throbs so near, sweep these skyey echoes and accompaniments within its overwhelming current, bearing the soul of the rapt listener forward on one volume of inspiring harmony. These bells echoed in our memory as we read the Ode for the Centenary of the Birth of Percy Bysshe Shelley, by Professor C. G. D. Roberts, of the University of Kings College, Nova Scotia, and published in a tasteful volume by the Williamson Bros. Company, Toronto. It is, indeed, sweet and large music falling from the lofty and ancient Campanile of song—as beautiful and joyous to-day as of old, despite all inroads attempted on its

environment,—over the marts and homes of our own men and women, who are, no doubt, for the most, wondering what poetry has to do with this commercial Canadian life of ours. The Ode is of thirty-one stanzas, rich in charming echoes of the *Idyls* of far off Bion and Moschus in its introduction, and of the nearer *Lycidas* and *Adonais* in the body of the Ode, and throbbing with the spacious thought and swelling music peculiar in accent, stress and rounded strength to the Muse of Mr. Roberts,—a flowing tide of the purest Canadian song, uplifting to the spirit of everyone who feels the impulse of its moving flood. Notwithstanding the wide range and variety of the poem, its blending of the old and the new, the familiar and the unknown, its unity is complete, and its art without a flaw. The opening stanzas are descriptive of the marshes of Tantramar and the tides of the Bay of Fundy, and this is the deft use to which the singularly beautiful introduction is put :

IX.

“ And now, O tranquil marshes, in your vast
Serenity of vision and of dream,
Wherethrough by every intricate vein have passed,
With joy impetuous and pain supreme,
The sharp fierce tides that chafe the shores of earth,
In endless and controlless ebb and flow,
Strangely akin you seem, to him whose birth,
One hundred years ago,
With fiery succor to the ranks of song,
Defied the ancient gates of wrath and wrong.

X.

“ Like yours, O marshes, his compassionate breast,
Wherein abode all dreams of love and peace,
Was tortured with perpetual unrest.
Now loud with flood, now languid with release,
Now poignant with the lonely ebb, the strife
Of tides from the salt sea of human pain,
That hiss along the perilous coasts of life,
Beat in his eager brain ;
But all about the tumult of his heart,
Stretched the great calm of his celestial art.”

The heart of Shelley beats in this splendid Ode, and his wild philosophy is turned to fine poetic use. His strange, yet explicable, life is touched upon from childhood to its whelming in Spezzia's Bay, and the burning of his body ; while the references to his poems are numerous and of surpassing beauty. The monody, which will take its place in English literature, closes with a returning reference to the “sovereign vasts of Tantramar,” and the “wizard flood” of Fundy's

tides. We trust Mr. Roberts will give to the public a new and complete edition of his poems. His first volume is out of print.

THOSE who were fortunate enough to hear Dr. Gordon's lectures and sermons and addresses, a few weeks ago, can not but feel deeply grateful to Pastor Harris, of the Walmer Road Baptist Church, for making it possible for them to have this great privilege.

It will be admitted by all who have listened to Dr. Gordon's sermons, lectures, and addresses, that he is a man of extraordinary power. Many Christians in Toronto are frank enough to admit that their spiritual life has been quickened and deepened by his recent utterances. It is but natural, therefore, for one to inquire to what source can be traced this marvellous influence. Is it to any extraordinary richness and copiousness of diction? No, for many speakers there are who, although possessing, to a large degree, the divine gift of ready utterance, fail, nevertheless, in leaving a permanent impression upon the minds of their hearers.

Again, it is not to sparkling wit, not to brilliant illustrations, not to skillfully arranged and elaborately finished periods, not to any of these sources must be attributed the secret of his power.

What then is the secret? The answer will occur to all. Dr. A. J. Gordon makes you feel that he depends solely for inspiration and power on the living presence and power of the Holy Ghost. You are made to feel that here is a man whose thoughts and utterances are swayed by the Divine Spirit. The Holy Ghost is to him not an abstraction, not an idea, but a living personality.

His prayers, his sermons, his addresses, all serve to remind you that he is a man full of faith and the Holy Ghost.

An apostle once wrote to the Corinthian Christians "Covet earnestly the best gifts." Could there be any gift for which all Christians in all the walks of life should more earnestly strive than to be filled with the Holy Ghost—for the purpose of unselfish service in the Master's vineyard?

It was when Peter received this pentecostal blessing that he was given the privilege of preaching a sermon that melted the hearts and changed the lives of 3000 hardened and stiff-necked Israelites.

God is no respecter of persons, nor of vocations. What He bestowed upon Peter, and Paul, He is waiting to bestow upon every soul who is absolutely willing and ready to let the Holy Ghost have His way with him. This is the secret of power. That it may be possessed by all who read these lines is the prayer of the writer.

P. S. C.

PROFESSOR DR. PHILIP SCHAFF is probably the most distinguished living theologian. His services to the cause of Christian literature have been, during the past fifty years, vastly greater than those of any other man. He is to be congratulated on the completion of fifty years of theological teaching. His work in teaching had its beginning in the University of Berlin. He soon removed to the United States to accept a position in the Seminary at Mercersburg, Pa. For many years he has been professor in Union Theological Seminary, New York. Last summer, for the first time, this prodigious worker was warned by a paralytic stroke that his literary and educational activity was approaching its close. He has recovered in a measure, we are happy to know, and is still able to do some work. It is earnestly to be desired that he may be spared to complete at least one more volume of his Church History. He has just issued Vol. VII. which covers the Swiss Reformation and is devoted largely to Calvin, his associates and his opponents. It is, in the writer's opinion, the most interesting and the most valuable of the series. It may be said almost to supersede all earlier works on the great Genavian Reformer and everything pertaining to the Swiss Reformation. Vol. V. covering the later Middle Ages (1073-1517) is in an advanced state of preparation, and will no doubt be published within a year or two.

The completion of his fifty years of teaching, and the affliction he has suffered, have been the occasion of a multitude of public encomiums. The University of Berlin has sent him a highly appreciative address. The governing body of Union Theological Seminary has shown its high esteem in an emphatic way. The American Society of Church History, of which he was the founder, and of which from the beginning he has been president, has giving fitting expression to its appreciation and esteem of the chief Church Historian of the English-speaking world. Long may he live to enjoy the honors that have been thrust upon him, and to carry forward the work in which he is *facile princeps*.

CHANCELLOR RAND has received an invitation from Hon. W. T. Harris, U. S. Commissioner of Education, to attend the Educational Congress in connection with the World's Columbian Exposition and to accept a place on the list of Honorary Vice-Presidents.

WE hope to have another of Mrs. Rand's articles on the National Gallery for our next number. The numbers already published have been highly appreciated.

MR. MCKAY'S Founder's Day address will appear in our next issue.

EXCHANGES.

B. W. N. GRIGG, ED.

JOHNS HOPKINS' GYM.—We learn through an exchange that a condition of graduation at the above university is the successful passing of an examination in gymnastics.

A WORLD'S FAIR BOAT RACE.—A great many colleges so situated as to be able to indulge in aquatic sports, are moving for a grand international boat race at the Columbian Exhibition.

JONAH WILL SURVIVE.—The *Athenaeum* shows, in an editorial, that in spite of the upgrowth of the Chicago and the Leland Stanford Universities, the smaller colleges are enjoying a more liberal patronage than ever.

BIBLE STUDIES.—REV. CHANCELLOR BURWASH, LL.D., is writing a very helpful series of articles for the *Canadian Methodist Quarterly* on Bible Study. The January issue contains a masterly analysis of the Books of Ezra, Nehemiah, Esther, Haggai and Zachariah.

AGNOSTIC TENDENCIES AGAIN!

“The professors are wrong,” said the student at college,
 “In giving me marks that are low ;
 For, with Huxley, I think the height of all knowledge
 Is in the three words, ‘I don't know.’”—*Trinity Tablet.*

THE yell of the theologues of DePauw University is novel, to say the least. It runs as follows :

Hurrah ! hurrah ! hurrah !
 The gospel does away with the law,
 We're the boys of old DePauw,
 A greater school none ever saw ! Amen.

—*Ex.*

HIAWATHA UP TO DATE :

Thus departed Hiawatha
 To the land of the Dacotahs,
 To the land of handsome women ;
 And in ninety days returning,
 A divorcelet he brought with him.
 To his wife he gave the ha-ha,
 Sent her back unto her mama,
 In the outskirts of Chicago.—*Echo Exchanges.*

PATHETIC REFLECTIONS ON THE MENU.—In a touching ode contained in the *Queen's College Journal*, an Ottawa boarding school student commiserates his meagre diet in the following among other lines as harrowing :

Backward, turn backward, for weary I am,
 Give me a whack at my grandmother's jam ;
 Let me drink milk that has never been skimmed,
 Let me eat butter whose hair has been trimmed ;
 Let me but once have an old-fashioned pie,
 Then I'd be willing to curl up and die.
 I have been eating iron-filings for years,
 Is it a wonder I'm melting in tears ?

OVERLORD.

Lord of the grass and hill,
Lord of the rain,
While overlord of will,
Master of pain,

I, who am dust and air,
Blown through the halls of death
Like a pale ghost of prayer,
I am thy breath.

Lord of the blade and leaf,
Lord of the gloom,
Sheer overload of grief,
Master of doom.,

Lonely as winds or snow,
Through the vague world and dim,
Vagrant and glad I go :
I am thy whim.

Lord of the storm and lull,
Lord of the sea,
I am thy broken gull
Blown out alee.

Lord of the harvest due,
Lord of the dawn,
Star of the paling blue
Darkling and gone,

Lost on the mountain height
Where the first winds are stirred,
Out of the wells of night
I am thy word.

Lord of the haunted bush
Where raptures throng,
I am thy hermit thrush
Ending no song.

Lord of the frost and cold.
Lord of the North,
When the red sun grows old
And the day goes forth,

I shall put off this girth
Go glad and free,
Earth to my mother earth,
Spirit to thee.

BLISS CARMAN.

HERE AND THERE.

J. B. WARNICKER, ED.

LAST month street car horses were sold in Montreal for \$15 each.

A Presbyterian College with an endowment of \$200,000, is to be established in Salt Lake City.

The Freshman class at Yale numbers 507; at Harvard, 409; at Princeton, 302.

Harvard is 225 years old, and has graduated 18,000 students. She has at present 82 professors, 28 assistant professors, and 100 instructors.—*Ex.*

"YOUNG man," said a professor, as he stepped into the hall and caught a frisky Fresh by the shoulder, "I believe Satan has got hold of you." "I believe so, too," was the quick reply.—*Ex.*

ONE of the pleasant sights in Montreal during vacation was Mr. Bengough, ex-editor of *Grip*. His perennial stream of wit and geniality cannot be frozen even by Montreal's "40 below." He is fast gaining the reputation there which he deserves.

DON'T be a sponger. If you want to get the College news, do not borrow the MONTHLY from some other fellow, but manfully support the magazine of your College, and thus show your interest in student enterprise.

WALMER Road Church continues in its prosperity. The large building is already well filled, and the quiet revival is unabated. What an energetic church it is! Mr. Harris has the rare faculty of enlisting every one in his purposes. He makes everything he does tell for Christ and Walmer Road Church.

WE are exceedingly sorry to hear of the affliction which has lately fallen upon the Rev. Messrs. Grant and Parker. Mr. Grant's boy has had the misfortune to injure a leg; while Mrs. Parker's illness has necessitated a temporary removal from home. We bespeak the sympathy in their behalf which they need in this trying time.

Dr. Newman's article on Luther, in our January number, has interested many readers, from all sides we have heard kind remarks expressed about it. We do not like to call attention to our own articles, but we feel assured that it will repay the time spent upon it. This view of the Reformation and Luther is a view that Baptists ought to know something about.

DEMOCRATIC GOVERNMENT IN THE COLLEGES.—The recent

discussion in this university in reference to democratic government makes it appropriate to direct the attention of the undergraduates to a recent "open letter" in the *Century*, in which the method is championed. We cull the following from the letter, as quoted in the university monthly: "Several years ago Amherst College introduced a similar system into the government of its students. It is based upon the principle that a man admitted to the college 'is received as a gentleman, and, as such, is trusted to conduct himself in truthfulness and uprightness, in kindness and respect, in diligence and sobriety, in obedience to law and maintenance of order, and regard for Christian institutions as becomes a member of a Christian college. The privileges of a college are granted only to those who are believed to be worthy of this trust, and are forfeited whenever this trust is falsified.' This principle, so admirably conceived, resulted in granting to the students greater liberties than they had before enjoyed, and also allowed them to elect a representative body who should consult about such matters as the president might bring before it."

COLLEGE NEWS.

THE UNIVERSITY.

THE Quartette and Mr. Grigg gave an entertainment at Toronto Junction on the 13th inst.

THE Rev. Mr. Millard again is seen in our halls; he expects to graduate in '94.

A VERY neat and useful "McMaster Calendar," containing a timetable for lectures, etc., has been presented to every student.

WE are glad to see attending lectures again Miss Bertha Johnson, who has returned with restored health to complete her final year at Moulton.

MR. THOROLD canvassed for the MONTHLY in Montreal during the Christmas vacation, and met with great success. Our Montreal list is now a large one.

MR. ERNEST NORMAN has captured the hearts of the brethren at Grande Ligne, by the interest he has exhibited in the work of the college, and by his ability as a classical teacher. He looks hearty and strong, notwithstanding his forty classes per week.

MR. EDWIN SELDON arrived safely in Denver, Col., and was heartily greeted by those to whom he had letters of introduction. Under the exhilarating air of the South he is steadily improving in general health, and expects shortly to take up a charge.

PROF.—“ Now, do you not see that when I look through a stereoscope, at a slide, one-half of which is blue and the other half yellow, I see only green? Can you tell me where the green is?”

STUDENT (Timidly)—“ Is it in the eye, Professor?”

THE Ladies Modern Language Club has been holding frequent and enthusiastic meetings of late. Some of the members are developing latent talent in the art of *impromptu* debating, which should completely convert the sceptics who claim that a woman cannot argue in a calm and logical manner.

We were called upon this month to bid good-bye to another student. This time it was Mr. Hatt, one of the most promising students of our Second Year Arts. Mr. Hatt has won the love and esteem of all the students, and we shall miss his genial presence from our midst. He has gone home for a few months rest on account of ill health. We wish him every blessing and hope to see him back at McMaster next Fall hale and hearty.

ON January 9th, a special meeting of the Second Year Arts was called to discuss the advisability of class organization. Mr. Langford was elected chairman. After several students had stated their views on the subject it was evident that the class was unanimously in favor of immediate organization. McMaster '95 was then organized under the following officers:—Mr. D. Nimmo, President; Mr. F. Eby, Vice-President; Mr. G. H. Clarke, Secretary-Treasurer. Throughout the entire meeting a spirit of class feeling was manifested. There is no doubt but that under the direction of these officers it will be fostered.

IN consideration of the late unavoidable waste of cold weather (speaking from a dog-day standpoint), we are led to suggest that it might be a new and noble field of research for some of our rising young scientists to devote their energies to the problem of discovering some simple domestic method by which fridity may be sealed up for future use. Think only, how it would add to the comfort of perspiring humanity on a torrid summer day, to be able to step down cellar and bring up a bottle of “below zero weather,” which on being cautiously uncorked would spread its delicious coolness on the parched air. The annual demand for ice-cream, sea-side trips, etc., would thus be largely diminished.

The Literary and Theological Society held its first meeting of the new year in the chapel on the evening of Jan. 6th. With president Grigg at the head, the society had a very prosperous and successful course last term. The programmes were always interesting, the meetings always lively, the debates keen, the literary work of high character, and the whole society work of such a nature as could not fail to foster and develop the literary tastes and abilities of all who attended the meetings. The excellence of last term's work probably cannot be sur-

passed, but with the newly elected management the society cannot be otherwise than eminently successful and popular. The society's success depends in large measure upon the president, and for president we have genial, energetic, enthusiastic J. B. Warnicker. With J. B.'s popularity, ability, and energy the society must prosper. Then for vice-president we have Mr. H. P. Whidden, B.A. Mr. Whidden is a worthy supporter of our noble president. To the position of secretary Mr. H. S. Stillwell was appointed. He will inscribe the proceedings of our society for the edification and delectation, etc. of posterity, and will do it well. Messrs. H. H. Newman and S. R. Tarr were elected editors of the "*Student*." Their journalistic abilities ensure a paper both profitable and brilliant. For councillors Messrs. J. B. Paterson and G. H. Clarke were chosen. Wise heads have they, and we doubt not they will counsel wisely and well. With such a president and vice-president, with such supporters as they have, with the hearty and enthusiastic co-operation of the students, the society of this term will be pre-eminently pleasing, beneficial and instructive.

As our University progresses year by year we have to note with gladness the recurrence of our annual exercises. These exercises have, for many years, constituted a most pleasing feature in connection with McMaster Hall. Only twice, however, as yet, have we had the pleasure of holding these exercises as a University proper. Somewhat over a year ago a special time was set apart for the annual holding of these exercises, and was termed Founder's Day in honor of him whose name we bear as McMaster University. On December 20th of the year just past, were held the second annual exercises of Founder's Day. Again the Baptist public were welcomed to spend an evening in their own institution and receive entertainment from their own students. We are glad to see that so many esteem it a privilege. After a few words of welcome by Chancellor Rand, and a practical and instructive address on "Education" by W. J. McKay, the friends, in mutual agreement, descended to our dining hall where they were bountifully provided with the good things of this life. Summoned up again in due time by the clamorous tones of a loud sounding bell, all returned to the main room which was plainly but tastefully decorated. Here they listened to an interesting and varied programme rendered by students from the various departments of the University, Mr. Grigg, President of the Literary Society, presiding. The most noticeable and interesting feature of the evening was the excellent social and friendly feeling manifested by all towards all. This, of itself, would be ample reason that all friends of the institution should spend the evening of each Founder's Day in visiting the University and forming acquaintances.

OUR CHRISTMAS DINNER.—Our Christmas dinner this year, as usual, was in every way a grand success. The speakers were spicy and entertaining, and the excellent banquet was enjoyed by all. Mr. A. W. Stone, our worthy High Kakiac, as chairman, fulfilled his duties in a most efficient manner, and in a very happy way introduced the speakers of the evening. The first toast was proposed by A. W. Stone "To our

Queen." His usual powerful imagery was not wanting on this auspicious occasion. His words of loyalty to our "Queen and Country" found a warm response in the heart of each one present. After drinking to "Her Majesty's health," we sang a verse of "God save our Noble Queen." The toast "To our Chancellor," was proposed by B. W. N. Grigg. He referred to his life sketch recently given in the MONTHLY. Bearing as he did the burdens of Antonio, he hoped he would do it with the grace of Gratiano. He has already gathered in from the harvest with his sickle many sheaves that have been useful in our denomination; and although the balmy breezes of summer have changed into the more sensuous winds of autumn, yet he hoped that they would bring to him many rich argosies of blessing, both for himself and the denomination at large. Chancellor Rand in reply spoke very enthusiastically of McMaster University and its possibilities, and his words found a warm reception in the hearts of all present. "To McMaster University," proposed by Professor M. S. Clark, seconded by Wm. McMaster. Prof. Clark spoke of McMaster's advantages for a good, liberal education. The seconder stated that McMaster University gloried not in her name but in her principles of education. "To our new Professors," proposed by C. J. Cameron, responded to by Professors Foster and Keys. Mr. Cameron gave them a hearty welcome. He eulogized in fitting terms their abilities as professors and their characters as gentlemen and Christian brethren. In response, they both spoke of the warm reception and Christian sympathy they had experienced both from the boys and professors since they had come to McMaster University. The toast to "Other Universities," was proposed by Dr. Welton, responded to by Messrs. Whidden, formerly of Acadia, N.S., McFaul, of Grande Ligne, and Geo. Porter, of Toronto University. "To our Literary Society," proposed by R. Trotter, responded to by T. Doolittle. The proposer spoke in very complimentary terms of "Dakota Ben" and his marked success as President of the Society. Mr. Doolittle, as a member of the Executive Committee, expressed his gratification at the success of the society's work, and thanked the boys for their hearty co-operation and sympathy. "To the Freshmen," proposed by Mr. Thorold, in which he welcomed the new students and spoke of their enlivening influence about the university. Messrs. Porter and Sycamore responded heartily. It was then the pleasing duty of A. Kennedy to propose a toast to our Steward and Matron, Mr. and Mrs. Pritchard, seconded by J. R. Creswell. It was praise in full measure, and they are both worthy of it, which was apparent from the prolonged applause given by the boys. After joining hands and singing "Auld Lang Syne" we separated, hoping to meet again next year with still further success. We have every confidence in our faculty and we feel that with such a staff as McMaster University has her success is assured.

MOULTON COLLEGE.

Who is Major's vocal teacher? That is the question of the day. His trills, shakes and runs are truly enough to make us envious. But though we duly admire his voice, yet we can't help wishing that his teacher will soon give him "a *fugue*."

On returning after the Christmas holidays, the members of the class of '93 learned with much regret that, because of illness, two of their number, Miss Bertram and Miss Jones, would be unable to finish their course. They have the sincere sympathy of the class in their disappointment, and it is hoped that they will have fully recovered by next September, so as to join the class of '94.

On the evening of the 20th of January we Moultonites had one of our old-fashioned sleigh-rides. Tightly packed in two large sleighs and snugly wrapt in buffalo robes, we made the tour of the city, pausing once or twice at the homes of various old school-fellows, and passing the classic halls of our western ally. Despite the cold and tight packing, we enjoyed the fun. An oyster supper was provided after our ride; the girls who do not like oysters feasted sumptuously on crackers and cold water, and every one pronounced it a great success.

THE opening meeting of the Heliconian was held a week ago last Friday evening. The first duty which confronted it was the appointment of a new president. Miss Mabel Jones, who was our president last term and had been re-elected for this year also, has been unable to resume her college course on account of ill-health. The society took much pleasure in appointing Miss Harris to the office, which we feel she will fill most acceptably. Miss G. Huston was elected secretary. The programme for the evening consisted of two very interesting essays on musical subjects, readings, and instrumental music. We feel that our society is growing, and, with its new staff of officers, will advance rapidly in interest and efficiency.

TO-DAY I was peacefully meditating on things real and unreal, when suddenly a voice, sweet and persuasive, aroused me from my reverie—and looking up I beheld one of the MCMMASTER MONTHLY Editorial staff. With the first word my heart sank and to my mind came the unspoken thought,—

“Oh why did I from that dream awake?”

To hear, “Will you write something for the MCMMASTER MONTHLY?” Now anyone who has been a student at Moulton knows that every day is almost the same, and to hear about one day is to hear about them all. But now there is a slight diversion in the shape of a rink. At

present we can skate on only a part of it—but what a variety of grace has been exhibited even there. The contortions and fancy figures are truly works of art. I believe there are serious thoughts of removing that “sign-board” in the front of the College and putting in its place,—

SCHOOL FOR SKATERS.

PLAIN AND FANCY SKATING TAUGHT.

Graceful Tumbles a Specialty.

TERMS MODERATE.

Apply within.

TO A COMRADE IN MISERY.

I am fresh and you are green,
Both of which can well be seen.
Those H_2O 's and CO_2 's
Are Greek to us and give us blues,
While chlorophylls and protoplasm
Drive us to the verge of spasms.
I really think, if I should faint,
I'd rather go and be a saint,
Than be revived by H_2O —
That hated, loathed, despised foe.

WOODSTOCK COLLEGE.

THE rink on the east lawn proved to be a pleasant place upon which to while away spare hours during the winter of 1891-92, and the question is now heard, “Are we to have a rink this winter?” A little more enthusiasm will have the desired result. May it be so soon.

THE Excelsior Society has also renewed its old-time vigor, and with its new and efficient staff of officers will doubtless do good work. This is the Society of the junior year, and furnishes adequate preparation for the Philomathic, the senior society. The officers of the Excelsior for this term are:—President, E. S. Grigg; Vice-President, J. T. Thompson; Secretary-Treasurer, J. Petherbridge; Marshal, D. Shaver; Editors *Maple Leaf*, W. Spidle and J. T. Jones; Critic, Mr. McKechnie.

THE Philomathic Society has again been "gotten under way," and with the addition of a number of new members, promises to be successful. We are pleased to see the boys who are interested in higher literary attainments, joining its ranks. Visitors are always welcome and are promised an interesting and instructive evening's entertainment by the members. The officers for the ensuing term are:—President, J. W. Hoyt; Vice-President, T. Scarlett; Secretary, H. Lobb; Critic, Mr. McCrimmon; Marshal, C. P. Collins; Editors of the *Oracle*: H. Grant and G. Williams.

PUNCTUALLY, on Jan. 3rd, school opened. One feature connected with this term's opening was the presence of every master and his cheery words of welcome to each boy as he arrived. The number of new boys already here, with the report that more are coming, assures us of a successful term. Our number now equals that of last term, and there are still some of the old boys to return. Doubtless they are having pleasant times at home and wish to make as much as possible of the holiday season. If all have enjoyed themselves as well as those who, on account of their great distance from home, spent their vacation in Woodstock, we don't wonder at their desire.

AT our annual games in Sept., 1892, it was decided not to give small prizes to the winner of each event, but badges, while a record would also be kept in the College library of each successful competition. It was also agreed that the one who made the greatest number of points should be considered the champion athlete of the school and should hold the championship cup. This is a beautiful article of solid silver, gold lined, and is said by the jewellers in town to be one of the handsomest they have seen. The cup is to be retained in the school and held by the champion of the school for the year. It is now held by G. Allan, who is justly proud of his well-earned trophy.

It has been the custom in past years to have an orchestra in Woodstock College. In past years they have proved a credit to the school, and in every way successful. During the last few weeks the question has been asked by the students, teachers, and townspeople: "Are you going to have an orchestra this year?" We can now answer "Yes," for one of twelve instruments has been organized—one which, we are certain, will prove in no way inferior to any of its predecessors. A great advantage which it possesses over all those of the past is that its members all play by note. The officers are: President, W. J. Pady; Leader, A. M. Overholt; Secretary, J. Chapman; and under these it is sure to give a good account of itself. One thing alone is to be guarded against, and that is accepting too many invitations to outside entertainments, which, we learn, are rapidly pouring in.

THE annual "Open Meeting" of the literary societies was held Friday evening 16th Jan., and was pronounced by all a decided success. The only thing regretted by all was that there was no orchestra. The

meeting was well attended by prominent townsmen. The following was the program rendered :

1. CHORUS : Glee Club.
2. SCENE FROM "TOM SAWYER" : Messrs. Bovington, Scott, Wolverton,
McBride, Cameron, Grant and others.
3. CLUB SWINGING : G. L. Allan.
4. RECITATION : F. B. Matthews.
5. "THE ORACLE," AND "MAPLE LEAF" : Editors—Messrs. H. Lobb, A. J.
Saunders, L. Thomas.

INTERMISSION.

6. CHORUS : Glee Club.
7. RECITATION : J. Jones.
8. TRIAL SCENE FROM "MERCHANT OF VENICE" : Duke—W. R. Telford.
Antonio—T. Searlett. Shylock—G. H. Sneyd. Portia—A. M. Overholt.
Bassanio—P. Packard. Gratiano—E. S. Grigg and others.
9. QUARTETTE : Messrs. Topping, Hoyt, Spidle and Pady.
10. INSTRUMENTAL SOLO : Mrs. McCrimmon.
11. TABLEAU : Prince Charlie after the Battle of Culloden.

JANUARY 12th, 1893, is a day that will long be remembered by the people of Woodstock, and also by the students of Woodstock College. The Governor-General of Canada, Lord Stanley of Preston, visited the town that day. When he arrived at the G. T. R. station on the 1.03 train he was met by the most prominent citizens, and conducted to the new Court House, where a vast concourse awaited him. Here an address was read him by Mayor Douglass, to which the distinguished visitor replied in a few well-chosen words. He spoke of having twice made arrangements to visit Woodstock before, but unforeseen circumstances had at each time intervened. He was pleased with the loyalty expressed by all, and invited his hearers to come and shake hands with him, an invitation which was very generally accepted. From the Court House Lord Stanley went to inspect the various manufacturing establishments of the town, and some of the educational institutions. Among these latter was the College, which was the last place visited before he left the town. Although his stay was limited to but very few minutes, yet, he favored the students with some interesting remarks. He spoke of the past work of the College, and of the place it thus gave her in America. He praised the good system maintained here, and its consequent good effects on all thoroughly earnest students. Some words, especially, which will doubtless be remembered by all, had reference to studying. "To learn how to learn is the great problem of education." This was the maxim he gave us : Self-application was the key to success in every sphere of life. Each one present, he said, held his future in his own hands to make or to mar. Every career was open in Canada, and success depended largely upon personal efforts. In college the foundation was laid upon which everything else would be built, and so he charged the students to be sure of a firm foundation. He wished all success while they bade farewell, and took his departure. Students all joined in singing "God Save the Queen" In accordance with what he said was his usual custom, he asked for a half-holiday to be given in memory of this visit of the representative

of Her Majesty the Queen to the College. It was five o'clock when he took his leave, consequently the half-holiday must come some time in the future. One thing was regretted by all, namely, that he had not time to go through the buildings, but his visit was enjoyed, and his words appreciated by all. We trust, with him, that his next visit may be longer.

GRANDE LIGNE.

MR. ALFRED WALFORD, photographer, of the former firm of Summerhayes & Walford, Montreal, has just presented the Institute with a fine India ink portrait of Mr. Roussy, framed in oak, silver-trimmed. It is the first time that his picture has been enlarged and it gives us solid pleasure to see it in the chapel, beside that of Madame Feller. Many sincere thanks, Mr. Walford, for this expression of interest in our work.

A FEW faces are missing from our numbers as school once more moves forward after the halt of ten days for rest and refreshment. New ones have come to fill their places, however, among whom we find Mr. Beaulieu, one of the Maskinongé converts, and Mr. Marcotte, of Quebec, converted from Catholicism through the agency of the Salvation Army, and recently become a Baptist through careful study of God's word.

DURING the last few weeks we have been without gas, and so have had to resort again to lamps. Our once brightly flickering gas burns only with a pale light, unless coaxed by the tin end of a pencil or gun-cap punched on all sides. The class-room is ornamented with chimneys and shining shades. Every evening is relieved by the bursting of a few chimneys, which breaks the silence of study, and everybody longs for gas minus gun-caps and pencil ends.

OUR monthly temperance meeting, which took place on the 20th inst., was one of extraordinary interest. Every selection betokened careful preparation, while the programme was marked with life and ability throughout. Perhaps the most interesting item, to judge from the rapt attention of the students, were the tableaux vivants. Miss Piché, who had charge of the programme, is to be congratulated upon her very successful entertainment.

ANOTHER permanent scholarship, entitling the beneficiary to a full year's schooling at the Feller Institute, has been founded by George B. Muir, Esq., of Montreal. It is to bear the name of Francis Cramp Muir, the donor's late beloved and gifted wife. This is only one more proof of Mr. Muir's life-long interest in the Grande Ligne Mission work. It might not be out of place to mention here that the G. L. M. Society has just received an instalment of sixty dollars on a legacy of one thousand dollars left by a friend in Ontario.

WE regret to state that Miss Elise Duval, who came to our school a few years ago as a day scholar, died on Sunday, Jan. 15th, aged 20 years. Two or three months ago she left her home and went to the United States, but came back on account of illness. She died a few weeks after her arrival. We are glad to be able to say that she was a child of the King. She is much regretted by all her family and those who knew her. Her brother, Mr. J. Duval, who is at present one of our students, has the sympathy of us all.

VACATION is generally supposed to be a time when everybody goes home and college halls are deserted. Such was not the case at Grande Ligne. Upwards of thirty-five students, with several of the teachers, remained here. Of course no one pretended to work. Games, taffy parties and impromptu concerts were the order of the day. Nobody was lonesome, for each seemed to feel it his duty to make the others happy. The extreme cold kept us indoors most of the time, though for a day or two the Richelieu river provided the boys with most excellent skating. School re-opened on Jan. 3rd, when we welcomed back our friends and our books for another term's hard work.

We were pleased during the past month to welcome as visitors Messrs. Ayer, Tester and Richards of Montreal; Mr. Busfield, of Bangor, Me., and Rev. Dr. Gordon, of Chicago. Coming, as they did, all together and in the midst of examinations, their visit was a pleasing diversion. They seemed to realize the burden that was upon our shoulders, and at once set to work to lighten it. At noon they assembled us in the chapel to see what a good looking lot of boys and girls we were, and to give us some kindly counsel. The supper hour again they turned into one of ceaseless jollity. Each seemed to vie with the other in telling stories or proposing conundrums. We could have enjoyed it for hours, but we were brought back to earth with a thud, and cold chills seized us as we thought of unprepared work and the morrow's examinations.

THE ICE HARVEST.—On Saturday morning, Jan. 7th, just before leaving the breakfast table, Professor Massé selected some of the old students for this work. No time was lost in gathering up the tools and hurrying down to the Richelieu river, where this great harvest was to be made. We were not there long before we had quite a few pieces of ice cut ready to draw out of the water, and when the men who were appointed for this purpose began their work, one of them fell in, as soon as they had a hole cleared large enough for him, and consequently was obliged to leave us. A short time afterwards another, while helping to load a team, let a piece of ice fall on his foot and bruised it quite badly, so that he also was obliged to leave. We still tarried at the work until it was finished. Then we gathered up the tools and started for Feller Institute, which seems to have been the most severe part of the day's work, for nearly all wore the marks of a frozen ear or chin for several days afterwards.