

THE
MCMMASTER UNIVERSITY MONTHLY

NOVEMBER, 1899.

JOHN A. CAMERON.

During the past half century, the Baptist denomination of Eastern Ontario and Quebec has been favored, not only with several preachers of marked pulpit ability and power, but also from the ranks of the pew, several men have arisen who by the unselfishness of their lives, the singleness of their purpose and the beneficent use of their wealth, have been greatly blessed and used of God in the spread and maintenance of New Testament principles, both at home and abroad. Among such stalwart but now absent fathers, appear the names of Stephen Tucker, W. D. Stroud, Robt. Campbell, E. V. Mosely, and the subject of this sketch, the late John A. Cameron.

Our departed brother was born in Lochiel Township, Glengarry Co., Ont., 1820. He was the youngest son of Adjutant John A. Cameron of the British regular army, who was a personal friend of Gen. Sir Isaac Brock, and a hero of Chateauguay and Queenston Heights. During the first great revival in Clarence, Ont., under the co-labors of Revs. Edwards, Gilmour and Fraser, Brother Cameron was converted to the Saviour in early life, and with many others, was baptized in the Ottawa river by Pastor J. Edwards, Sr. From the time of his conversion to the day of his death, his life appeared to be wholly devoted to the cause of his Saviour whom he loved much.

For a time he studied in the Baptist college of Montreal under the teaching of Drs. Davis and Cramp, after which

he began his business career with the late Stephen Tucker, an active and prosperous lumber merchant of Papineauville. Having finished his term here, he removed to Thurso, Que., and after his marriage to Miss Alexandrina Cameron (who proved an industrious and faithful helpmeet to him), he became a most successful agent in the extensive and well-known lumber firm of Gilmour & Co., and in 1882 he became one of the firm of W. C. Edwards & Co., in which he remained until the time of his death. For many years Mr. Cameron was the most active and leading man in the village of Thurso and surrounding country. He was for several years captain of a company of volunteers. In 1878 he was urged to become the Liberal candidate for the House of Commons, but was defeated by the late Alonzo Wright. But in none of these things was he moved from the faithful and constant service of his Divine Master. The present Baptist church property in Thurso is largely the result of his early Christian gifts.

Some twenty-five years ago he moved with his family to their new and beautiful residence in Ottawa, where they became regular attendants of the First Baptist church, Mr. Cameron being among its chief supporters, while, at the same time, continuing his aid to the church in Thurso, Que. Indeed, the different denominational interests, as Grande Ligne Home and Foreign Missions, also Ministerial Education, have been largely helped by his liberal donations, wise counsels and earnest prayers; while several of our older and younger ministers will gratefully remember his generous aid and cheering advice. His mind was too broad and comprehensive to become a special donor to one object to the exclusion of all others:

“ While in his duty, prompt at every call,
He watched, he wept, he prayed and felt for all.”

If a poor father was out of employment or a poor lad was in need of a situation, they felt their case was not hopeless, so long as they could reach the ear of Mr. Cameron, in whom they always found a sympathizing and helpful friend. To him the words of Job may be truly applied, “When the ear heard me then it blest me, and when the eye saw me it gave witness to

me. Because I delivered the poor that cried, the fatherless and him that had none to help him.

"The blessing of him that was ready to perish, came upon me, and I caused the widow's heart to sing for joy." Shortly before his death, he was found making his customary rounds, among hospital wards, cheering the patients with kind words and noble deeds. In the records of several charitable institutions of Ottawa, his name appears as president, director and regular visitor.

Better than all this, Mr. Cameron was wise in winning souls to Christ. The writer has been intimately acquainted with him for the past forty years, and believes that not a few will praise God eternally for Mr. Cameron's faithful, personal and spiritual direction.

Not free from faults it is true, and none more aware of this than himself, yet even his faults leaned to virtue's side.

His funeral was an occasion for large numbers of rich and poor meeting together to do honor to his memory. A brief and tender address by Rev. A. A. Cameron, prayers offered by Rev. A. N. Frith and the writer, summed up the service, in which the surviving family of six sons and four daughters were earnestly committed to the watch, care and love of Him who is a Father to the fatherless.

Three years ago Mrs. Cameron, their gentle, kind and loving mother, had passed on before them.

The fathers of our denomination are rapidly passing away. May their spirit be perpetuated both in pulpit and pew, so that Canadian Baptists may continue to go on making substantial progress.

Ottawa.

JOHN HIGGINS.

THE NOTE OF NATURE.

Earth's manifold noises break
 Overhead, in the calm,
 In unison full, and wake
 The note of a psalm.

On the sunny hills, in the vales,
 It falls on my ear;
 Down the baffling wind it sails,
 In the night draweth near.

It sounds like great mountains to me,
 A deep monotone—
 Like the veiled æonian sea,
 That girdles Time's zone.

The sun and the stars and the moon
 Keep time with this note,
 The evening and morning and noon,
 Things near and remote.

The tides ebb and flow with its beat,
 'Tis the seasons' rhyme,—
 The harebell and twin-flower sweet
 Its undertone chime.

The night-moth stirs to the reed,
 And the beetle booms;
 The bird and the beast are keyed
 To the flower that blooms.

And man to his high service goes
 Aswing to his goal,
 Like the tides and the stars and the rose,—
 Tone, overtone, whole!

I hear it by day and by night,
 In storm and in calm,—
 A low swelling note from a height,
 With the roll of a psalm.

THEODORE H. RAND.

THE PRESENT OUTLOOK: GLIMPSES OF RELIGIOUS
THOUGHT AND LIFE.*

We gather this evening as Alumni of McMaster University. Some of us have this standing, not by natural descent, but by adoption, so to speak. We are children, not really of this University, but of a much humbler school, once known by the long and not euphonious, yet very fond name, "The Canadian Literary Institute." We are, if I may say so, a part of our mother's first family, and since she got us off her hands she has made a very fortunate union and has moved into more spacious and attractive quarters, and in every way shows signs of prosperity. And yet she does not forget the offspring of her humbler days, but bids us hearty welcome here, and even cordially invites us to be known by her new and more illustrious name. The elder sons of a family, who left home in the earlier days of struggle and of stint, are delighted on returning to find that the family has prospered, that a new dwelling has been built on a more commanding site and that the family life is richer and broader. And yet these elder sons have a loving recollection of the old log house and the simpler ways. I know that my illustrations are faulty and are in danger of a bad breakdown. But I am trying to say that some of us remember Woodstock, and the Institute, and the chapel and class-rooms and halls and dining-room, and the occasional watch through the still hours of night. And such names as Fyfe, and Crawford, and Torrance, and Yule are not forgotten by us. And when, within twelve months, the news came to us that Professor Wells had died, some of us knew that one of the best teachers and purest souls Canada has ever known, and one of our most valued personal friends had gone home to God.

But we are here this evening not to indulge in reminiscence, pleasant and profitable as that might be. I ask you to take, with me, an "Outlook at the Present." And, remember, it is the outlook of Alumni; not of scholars or of specialists, not of those who still linger within college walls and spend their

*Address delivered at Annual Meeting of Alumni Association, May —, 1899.

time over books, and sit at the feet of the learned, but of those who long since went forth and threw themselves into the battle of life, into the practical every day work of the kingdom of God. We have not deserted the world of books and of learning; in every spare hour we turn to a good book, but the majority of the books we study are living, breathing men. We have found that life is a wonderful school. College degrees and honors we do not despise, we rejoice with the young men who win them. But we soon learned that "men of privilege without power are waste material," and that almost the only degree worth having is that which a man wins in the estimation of God and of men because he is true, and earnest, and bears burdens, and renders service, and puts something of faith and courage, something of his own Christlike manhood into those about him. We come back here with a very humble estimate of our learning; we do not know so much as we knew, or thought we knew, the day we received our bachelor's degree; we are willing to be corrected even by an undergraduate. And yet it may be that life's school has taught us something, and that the report we bring may have some true note in it.

We cannot take an outlook upon the present without a glance at the past. The thought and movements of the world are not arbitrary. Life is a constant unfolding. To-day is the child of yesterday and the parent of to-morrow. The years and the decades are like links in a chain, each is joined to those that go before it and to those that come after it. Exactly twenty-five years ago some of us were students in Toronto University. Within that time there have been three important movements of thought which have deeply concerned the Christian Church, and probably not one of us has remained wholly unaffected by them. One of these movements had to do with a specific doctrine of the Church: it soon came to an end and is almost forgotten now, but unquestionably it left its influence. The other two are very wide-sweeping in their reach, and, at first glance, seemed to threaten the very foundations of faith. I refer to the Theory of Evolution in its materialistic form; to the doctrine of Future Punishment; and to the question of the Higher Criticism of the Bible.

Let us recall first the movement concerning the specific doctrine of "Future Punishment." This began about twenty years ago. It was precipitated by a series of sermons preached in Westminster Abbey by Canon, now Dean, Farrar, and afterwards published under the title "Eternal Hope." These sermons were a protest against the crude teaching regarding everlasting punishment which had prevailed, and were a plea for the doctrine of universal restoration. Canon Farrar was not the first to plead for this doctrine. Such men as Samuel Cox, Thomas Erskine, of Linlathen, George Macdonald, and others, had already advocated it most earnestly. The poet Tennyson, called "the poet of the larger hope," had also exerted a strong influence in this regard. Undoubtedly in many minds there was a revolt against the crude and even coarse representations of the old orthodox view which had been all too common, and which were a perversion of the orthodox view. Farrar's sermons at once brought the subject to the attention of the English-speaking Christian world, and for a time there was a very earnest dispute concerning it. Sermons were preached in almost every pulpit. Articles appeared in both the religious and the secular press. Many magazine articles discussed it, and not a few books were published upon it, including another from Canon Farrar, entitled "Mercy and Judgment." Some of us will recall the discourse given upon it in the Jarvis St. Church of this city, by Professor Torrance. We also recall that a leading Presbyterian minister of this city was tried for heresy by the General Assembly with respect to it. All phases of the doctrine had their advocates, the orthodox view, the doctrine of "Conditional Immortality," and the doctrine of "Universal Restoration." You may rest assured that the interest in it was very sincere, and the excitement at times intense. Many souls were sorely burdened, and not a few had to fight out the whole question for themselves. It is singular to think how completely that excitement has died away, and how little is heard now upon the question of "Future Punishment." There can be no doubt, however, that that discussion left its influence behind. For one thing it effectually ended those grosser representations of a material hell in which not a few preachers indulged in earlier days. It led to a fresh

and very careful examination of the scripture teaching. It led to a consideration of the doctrine from the standpoint of the character of God, and especially of God's redemptive love as revealed in Christ. It also led to a serious study of the human will, and the solemn possibilities which arise from our possession of freedom. On the whole it is probably correct to say that the orthodox view of eternal punishment has in some ways been modified, but has not been displaced. At the same time there are a good many in our churches who accept the view of Conditional Immortality, or who comfort their hearts by a belief in Universal Restoration. And there are some, and among them men of deepest piety and broadest scholarship, who remain in an attitude of suspense, feeling that the New Testament does not afford the materials for a settled and final view. But whatever the mental attitude, if I mistake not, the majesty of law is recognized more than ever, the awfulness of sin is recognized. It is plain to all that character makes destiny, that "the wages of sin is death," that God's judgments are not arbitrary. In presence of this solemn question men cast themselves upon God, saying, "God is light, and in him is no darkness at all." "God is love." "Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?"

The second movement of thought of which I shall remind you was first in the order of time. I refer to the theory of Evolution, and especially to the materialistic form of that theory. I have spoken as if this movement belonged within the past quarter of a century. Of course we all know that the real starting-point of the modern theory of Evolution was the publication of the "Origin of Species" by Charles Darwin, and that this epoch-making work was published in 1859. But let me remind you that it was fifteen years later, in 1874, exactly twenty-five years ago, that Professor Tyndall gave his famous address as President of the British Association, at its annual meeting in Belfast. It was in that address that materialistic evolution received its popular and eloquent exposition. Materialism, that year, sat enthroned in the presidential chair of the British Association. Many of us recall how Professor Tyndall said that he discerned in matter "the promise and potency of every form and quality of life." And if he did not assert he

seemed to assume that matter is eternal. Apparently no place was left for God, and none for the spiritual nature of man. So far from there being any hope of immortality, Professor Tyn-dall closed his address by declaring that his theme would be "handled by the loftiest minds ages after you and I, like streaks of morning cloud, shall have melted into the infinite azure of the past." It is almost impossible to realize now the effect of that address. It was a challenge boldly given, in the name of science and philosophy, to the entire religious world. It did not attack any specific doctrine of religion; it simply left no place for religion, it removed every stone of the foundations, it cut through every root. And it came from the President's chair of the most eminent scientific society in the world. No wonder that it created consternation in the minds of religious leaders. There was hardly a really thoughtful mind in the entire English-speaking Christian world, not to refer to other peoples, which was unaffected by this challenge. Even we who were students then were sometimes sorely troubled. Unbelievers were greatly encouraged and were bold and outspoken. Of course the press fairly teemed with the subject. Books, pamphlets, articles in thousands appeared. Many preachers found it almost impossible to preach without reference to it, and there was a short period during which the names of Darwin, and Tyn-dall, and Huxley were almost as commonly spoken in the pulpit as the names of Peter, and John, and Paul.

It is outside the province of this address to enter into any discussion of Materialism, or of any form of the theory of Evolution. But in contrast with the conditions of thought and of feeling twenty-five years ago, it is instructive to recall the present conditions. And for one thing, and to those whose memory can go back a quarter of a century, this is really very wonderful, Christianity and Evolution now dwell side by side in peace. I do not suppose that Isaiah referred to this when he foretold that "the wolf should dwell with the lamb, and the leopard should lie down with the kid," but this is scarcely less remarkable. Just as Christianity learned to live peaceably with the Copernican theory of astronomy, and with the Newtonian theory of gravitation, so it has now learned how to live

with Evolution. Do not misunderstand me. The points of dispute between Christianity and Evolution are not all settled, and there are doubtless a good many who think that they never can be. But, to say the least, a protocol has been signed by both the scientists and the theologians, and a genuine and abiding reconciliation is being most earnestly sought. I have no hesitation in saying that the most important desideratum in the world of thought to-day is a setting forth of a true theory of Evolution and the harmonizing of the same with the truths of spiritual religion and of the Christian revelation. But it looks as if the world may have to wait long for this consummation. Meanwhile every one has seen the very general acceptance of some theory of Evolution on the part of our religious leaders. Many of our foremost theologians frankly avow themselves to be evolutionists, and the doctrine of Evolution now passes as current coin within the church as well as outside of it. On the other hand, men of science in large numbers are also religious men and urge with great earnestness the supremacy of spiritual things. They may not come within the pale of evangelical orthodoxy, but they believe in God, and in the human soul, and in immortality, and they bow the knee at the name of Jesus. Such names as John Fiske and Professor Le Conte occur to us here, and we recall that George John Romanes, who was one of Darwin's foremost disciples and who toiled so much to confirm the doctrine of Evolution, came once more, before his death, into the fold of the Christian church. And as to Henry Drummond, we all know how the scientific evolutionist and the intensely earnest evangelist and life-long friend of Dwight L. Moody were united in him, and how sincerely he strove to discover and unfold the underlying unities of Evolution and Christianity. I mention these things only to remind you what changes have come about since Tyndall's Belfast address twenty-five years ago. It is scarcely necessary to add, in view of these facts, that materialistic Evolution as expounded by Tyndall was short-lived and soon began to give place to theistic Evolution. Instead of a theory which leaves no place for God, all these to whom I have referred regard Evolution as simply God's method. There has been a marked

swing of the pendulum from materialism to an idealistic view, and the immanence of God is the popular doctrine of our day.

Before leaving this subject let me utter one thought more, and that is that despite the marvelous triumph of the theory of Evolution over the world of human thought, that theory itself, in an important sense, is as yet only an hypothesis. That there is a truth of Evolution we all believe. That Evolution has been God's method to a degree of which our fathers did not dream, few of us doubt. But just what the truth is concerning this doctrine, who has told us? who can tell us? In reviewing Professor Drummond's book, "The Ascent of Man," his friend Professor McKendrick says, "As a contribution to the discussion of the great theme of Man's relation to the evolutionary process, the book must be regarded as tentative. The time has not yet come for anything like a final statement. The gaps that science has yet to fill up are far too great to allow us to frame a consistent scheme. The adoption of such a scheme will not ultimately weaken faith, although it will necessitate change of view. We doubt if Professor Drummond himself fully realizes the tremendous consequences that must flow: from a complete acceptance of the theory of evolution as applied to man (body, mind, soul, religion, sin, death, the future), *as we are at present advised*. The last word has not yet been spoken by science as to the evolution of life from dead matter, or the evolution of animal forms, still less as to the evolution of all that is included in psychology and morals. Even physical science is still struggling to the light, and cannot yet explain Energy, Light, Electricity, Gravitation, Matter. More light will come, but it may take years, hundreds of years, before it will pierce the darkness of our present ignorance, and enable us to see things in their just proportions."

The third movement within these twenty-five years which concerns us now is that known as the Higher Criticism of the Bible. Upon this I do not propose to dwell. There is not time to treat of it in this address: and, moreover, the movement is still going on, we are not yet out of the heat of the conflict, and therefore it is too early to attempt a brief summing-up of results. Of course this movement began far more than a quarter of a

century ago. Indeed, foreshadowings of it may be traced back as far as to the Frenchman, Astruc, who died in 1776. But the last quarter of a century has seen the movement attaining to great development right within the ranks of orthodoxy. It was in 1881 that Robertson Smith was removed from his professorship in Scotland, and the heresy trials of Professors Briggs and Henry Preserved Smith in the United States took place only a few years ago. Before passing on this at least may be said, that we all concede the rights of reverent, earnest criticism of the Bible. Let every fact be known. As Christian men we do not hold our convictions on the condition of their being unchallenged. We never wish to imitate the ostrich which, when pursued, hides its head in the sand and then thinks itself safe. "Come and see" is Christ's standing invitation. "Prove all things, hold fast that which is good," is the apostle's exhortation. God wants no man to lie for Him. It is right to ask questions about the Bible, the dates, the authorship, the composition of its books. It is right to put every book, every sentence, every word under the microscope. It is right to examine traditional beliefs. No reverence for the Holy Book, no theory of inspiration has the right to prevent this critical examination. At the same time, as Christian men who have reasons for the faith that is in us, we may refuse to begin or to proceed with such examination on purely naturalistic assumptions. We believe in Christ the divine Saviour and Lord of the human soul, and therefore the work of the unbeliever in this field, be he never so learned, is not worthless to us, but it is heavily discounted, and we ourselves must sit in judgment upon it. This is not a refusal of light; it is letting in light which the unbeliever refuses. Hardly any question is settled by pure intellect: the point of view, the personal equation is always of deep significance. We may also withhold our acceptance of hasty, premature conclusions. Many a critic "knows" a good many things that are not true. The conclusions of critics are themselves subject to criticism. It takes a long time to sift things all out and to get at the very truth. The ordinary every-day man is justified in patient waiting and unshaken faith. At the same time it is doubtless true that this movement is having and will have a very important

influence upon the general view of the Christian church regarding the divine method of the production of the Bible. Many of the most learned and godly men consider that some of the conclusions of criticism have already passed the experimental stage and should now command the assent of the thoughtful and reverent believer. In general it is safe to say that whilst theories of inspiration may undergo alteration, the fact of the inspiration of the Bible will stand out even more clearly than ever. The God of the Bible will no more be displaced by the criticism of the Bible than the God of nature has been displaced by the theory of Evolution. The Bible will still be "the word of God," the sufficient, authoritative guide of faith and practice.

J. W. A. STEWART.

(Concluded in our next.)

PIONEER LIFE IN ZORRA.*

This is a good specimen of a class of Canadian books which are fortunately increasing in number, but of which we have still too few. It is a well-written account of the evolution of a typical Ontario settlement, from the pen of one who, though not a pioneer himself, lived long enough among the early settlers, and sufficiently close to the time of which he writes, to be able to present a graphic and veracious account of how they lived, toiled, and flourished. Such works as this, and the Hon. James Young's history of Dumfries, are the most valuable of our historical productions, and they should be encouraged in every legitimate way. They contain the materials for a history of Ontario, when the time arrives and the historian appears to produce one, and the more of such materials available the better will be our chance of getting some day a good history of the Province as a whole.

It is somewhat surprising that no attempt has yet been made in this direction. The history of this Province has never been written except as part of some history of "Canada." This is

* *Pioneer Life in Zorra.* By Rev. W. A. MacKay, B.A., D.D. Toronto: William Briggs, 1899.

equivalent to saying that it has never been presented except in a fragmentary form, while the desideratum is an account of the evolution of Ontario as a self-contained unit. Our older people seem to have forgotten, and our younger people never to have learned, that its provincial identity has never been broken or lost since it was created by the British Parliament in 1791. It was, both in name and in fact, a separate, self-governing province for half a century. Its continuity was obscured, but by no means obliterated, during the period of union from 1840 to 1867. The obscurity has been removed and the continuity revealed by the Confederation of a generation ago. Much has been done to preserve the conceptions of some of the "American Commonwealths;" very little has yet been done to render the same service to Ontario, which is quite as unique, though not so old, as Virginia or Massachusetts. Meanwhile let us welcome such workers as Dr. MacKay, and thus pave the way for the larger treatment of the whole subject of which each of them deals with a part.

It is no discredit to Dr. MacKay to say that while the historical material and local coloring are entirely his own, there are obvious indications of the influence of "Ian Maclaren" in the point of view and mode of treatment. Not that our author is either consciously or unconsciously a copyist, but the exquisite blending of humor with pathos, the whole mass fused in the crucible of a fine literary style, has made us so well acquainted with the people of "Drumtochtie," that it would be difficult to attempt such a work as this without profiting by hints derived from their unique annals, and as foolish as difficult. Dr. MacKay has, fortunately for both the "Pioneers" and his readers, chosen to avoid a mere prosaic and statistical account of a little community, and to give us instead a very readable story written from the standpoint of hearty sympathy by one who is at once a keen observer, an accurate collector, a ready writer, and a genuine humorist. The last qualification is absolutely indispensable, for one cannot help feeling as he reads that a sense of humor—of the grim sort, be it admitted—was one of the characteristics of the Keltic people whom he is portraying.

The prominence given in this narrative to the religious, and

more particularly the Presbyterian, side of pioneer life may by some readers be objected to, and attributed to the author's personal bias; but there is good reason to believe that, whether unconscious selection or artistic purpose was the determining motive, this feature of the work is an excellence, not a defect. The early pioneers were almost exclusively Presbyterian, and, as they were largely Keltic, it goes without saying, that they were intense in their religion as in everything else. Dr. Mackay proves by numerous touches to those of his readers who have lived much among the Highland Presbyterians of Ontario, that he understands thoroughly their peculiarities. If other writers of sketches like this one will only do as he has done in this respect, their collective work will be all the more valuable. The tendency of our civilization is to rub off angles, obliterate idiosyncrasies, and reduce the whole community to one dead level of uniformity. While this tendency may not be greatly counteracted by writers of history, it is at least a boon to have preserved for future generations the colors and forms of the old mosaic when it has itself receded completely into the past.

The biographical sketches of pioneer preachers are more than entertaining. They belong to a class of men to whom Ontario owes much. They were to be found in the early days in all the denominations. Following the example of the French pioneer missionaries they were always to be found on the crest of the advancing wave of settlement, encouraging the living, cheering the dying, laboring with their own hands like Paul and like him, bearing the burdens of the whole community as well as their own. Let us be glad that Dr. Mackay has done some measure of justice to a band of social workers, religious enthusiasts, and often martyrs to duty, whose part in the evolution of Ontario has not yet been sufficiently appreciated by secular writers.

WM. HOUSTON.

Students' Quarter.

(Graduates and Undergraduates.)

G. R. WELCH, '00, G. L. SPRAGUE, '00, Editors.

THE ENGLISH LAKE DISTRICT.

A writer has said that the thoughtful and circumspect tourist does not venture abroad without having, like Hamlet, his "tables," where he can "set down" anything of peculiar interest which strikes him. Many will rejoice that the author did not go farther by saying that it was necessary for the tourist to use these "tables" in order that he might be classed with the thoughtful and circumspect. There are few who do not bravely resolve to "just jot down notes" about the sights they witness, but when their travels are over the vast majority have blank note-books and unsharpened pencils. At any rate this was the writer's experience after a short wheeling tour through Lakeland, where scenes of rare natural beauty are viewed in such quick succession, that the thought of writing one's impressions only occurs after darkness veils the picturesque surroundings, and then weariness has banished all inclination for any such effort. But yet this neglect may not be unprofitable, for the note-book can easily become a bore and cause him who uses it to lose much enjoyment and profit from his trip. It is a pitiful yet not uncommon sight for a tourist to be seen clinging tenaciously to his note-book at all times and in all places. Such an one is almost invariably found eagerly jotting down names, distances, heights and facts of all kinds, while his companions leave their minds free to receive impressions from some marvelous beauty in nature or some great triumph of human effort.

That mountainous and picturesque portion of England known as the Lake District is comprised of the largest part of Cumberland and Westmoreland, together with a small portion of northern Lancashire. This district has comparatively few permanent residents, and its beauty has been but little marred by unnecessary railways, or other works which would tend to

diminish its natural attractions. Though only four of the mountains attain a height of three thousand feet and the largest of the lakes is less than eleven miles in length, the picturesqueness, the variety, and even the wild grandeur of the scenery they afford, are much greater than their size would lead one to expect.

Having but a few days to spend in this region, we were at a loss to know how most profitably to arrange our program. However, approaching from the east we decided to first visit Windermere, a pretty little town situated about three quarters of a mile from the lake which bears the same name. After leaving the town by the road which leads northward we soon came in sight of the tranquil waters of Lake Windermere. Almost unconsciously we dismount. Before us lies a part of the largest lake in England, with this its northern end enclosed by a huge amphitheatre of hills, while the shore opposite the lower hills is covered with trees of luxuriant foliage which, with the more sombre background of distant elevations, is almost perfectly reflected in the calm water. As we gaze, the sun suddenly breaks through the clouds and sheds its most brilliant light on the more distant peaks, while our immediate surroundings are still protected from the brightest rays by a small fleecy cloud. The effect is beautiful. The guide books advise tourists to visit Lake Windermere first, that they may commence with the tamer scenery. If this view of Windermere is classed with the less attractive, what may we not expect as we proceed farther north? The road now skirts the margin of the water although at times the thick foliage of the intervening trees obstructs the view. At length we leave the lake in the rear and reach Ambleside, a town of insignificant size which owes its existence largely to the many tourists who are ceaselessly passing through this vicinity. Shortly after leaving Ambleside, Rydal is reached, and near by is Rydal Mount, the home of Wordsworth for so many years. Rydal Water is now in view and we follow along its shores. Small indeed in size compared to Windermere, but as to beauty,—well, it is doubtful if it is excelled in all Lakeland. Jealously protected by an almost complete circle of hills, it is truly a gem of beauty which

shows to advantage in a harmonious setting. Almost immediately after leaving Rydal Water we obtain a view of Grasmere, a small but very pretty lake which can boast of a beautifully wooded islet. The road soon leads us down close to the water. We are before long confronted with the sign,—“To Wordsworth Cottage,” and turning up to the right we reach the old-fashioned house which was the home of the poet for eight years, and where on different occasions he entertained Scott, Coleridge and Southey. Unlike Rydal Mount, the Grasmere cottage is open to visitors, and contains many exceedingly interesting relics of the poet.

We once more mount our wheels and push up a rather steep grade for several miles, watching the clouds as they almost playfully rush around the mountain-peaks and seemingly slide down the hillsides until they meet with uncongenial atmosphere, from which they beat a hurried retreat and speed on their way. On reaching the top of the pass, we obtain a view of Threlmere, with Helvellyn, the highest of Lakeland's mountains, on the right, and Skiddow, another lofty peak, in the distance. We now commence the easier task of the descent. The road lies along the base of Helvellyn on the east side of the lake, the far shore of which is bordered with picturesque woods and crags. About a mile farther on, the road turns away from the lake, and for the next couple of miles lies in the midst of a portion of country which is noted for its charmingly diversified scenery. Then for three miles the picturesqueness of the country is less striking, but when we reach the summit of the ridge called Castle Rigg a glorious view of the vale of Keswick unfolds itself before us. Skiddow and several other peaks are seen in all their stately grandeur, while the beautiful lakes Derwentwater and Bassenthwaite lie cosily in the hollows between the mountains. We have still a descent of about a mile to reach Keswick, which town we make our headquarters for a couple of days.

We find there are numerous side trips which would occupy more than two days, but we choose only the more attractive. A spin along the shore of Bassenthwaite we enjoy immensely, and we dismount many times that we may gaze upon the

beautiful pictures more leisurely. We also take a stroll through the town to the interesting little Crossthwaite Church, which contains a monument to Southey with an inscription by Wordsworth. We sally forth to meander through the grounds of Greta Hall, the home of Southey from 1803-1843, and, if possible, obtain admission to the house. Like many others however, we are haughtily told that the grounds are "strictly private." We profitably devote half a day to make the circuit of Derwentwater. The distance by road is only ten miles, but we so often wish to gaze and wonder, that the time is quickly consumed. Going along the east side of the lake first we are able to view several pretty waterfalls, and about three miles from Keswick we dismount to walk along a footpath to the Lodore Falls, which are picturesquely enframed by wooded crags, but as there is generally more bare rock than water to be seen, Southey's enthusiastic lines may be held responsible for much disappointment. The story is commonly told of an American tourist, who, on a sultry day, set out to see the famous Lodore Falls. Being unsuccessful in his search he sat down on a rock to rest and, seeing a native of this district, asked for the whereabouts of the mountain cataract which he was seeking. The farmer quickly replied that the American was sitting in the falls, there being no water flowing at that time. Continuing our journey around we at length reach Keswick, well pleased with this short excursion.

The pencil factories, too, attract our attention, and an hour or two is most enjoyably spent in having explained to us the many stages through which the raw materials pass before they form our common lead pencil. This is an example of the products of man's genius, but how paltry does this his work seem when compared, if we dare draw a comparison, to the handiwork of the One who fashioned these mountains and valleys, and caused the hollows to be filled with the clear water and the hillside to be clothed with such beautiful verdure!

The ascent of Skiddow is another of our self-imposed tasks. The walk—for we walked all the way—is a long one, but without difficult climbing. After going about three miles, we reach the steepest part of the ascent, and soon come to a refreshment

hut, and after a half mile more of climbing, we arrive at a second booth. The prices of the refreshments are regulated by some mysterious sliding scale, which seems to depend upon the elevation of the huts above the sea level. We find the most effective refreshment in the fine retrospects which we feast upon. Behind and below us is the beautiful Derwentwater, which many declare to be the loveliest of English lakes. There it lies almost unconscious of the winds which are relentlessly dashing the thick clouds against the ever firm peaks and crags surrounding the hills that guard its waters from every furious blast. A more gradual ascent of several miles brings us to the summit of the mountain which was before covered with a heavy cloud. On our approach the mist retreats, and we have an unobstructed view of the surrounding country. To the south lie many mountains of a rugged character, while in the foreground is Derwentwater, with its little islands dotted about the surface of its waters; to the east for many miles extends a more level country, and the Skiddow Forest is plainly visible; to the north-west we see the glittering waters of the Solway Firth, and beyond are the bare hills of Scotland; more to the west we see the Isle of Man, and still farther westward over the tops of Ireland's green hills, we behold in imagination our Canada, with its endless stretches of forest and plain, its mighty waters and majestic mountains. Descending, we take a short spin on our wheels along one of the prettiest roads in existence.

Having thus spent two days in and around Keswick, we commence our southward journey, passing along the same roads as before. And now each scene seems to possess new charms, and becomes even more fascinating than at first sight. After a delightful day's ride, we reach Bonness, a small town on the shore of Lake Windermere, about six miles south of Ambleside. The next day we continue to follow the road that leads along the shore of the lake, and obtain a splendid view of this long sheet of water by climbing one of the many hills which rise upon the eastern side. We leave the glittering water in the rear, regretting to think that this is the last of the lakes which we shall see.

After a ride of something like fifteen miles, we reach

Furness Abbey, and decide to inspect these ruins for a couple of hours before going to Barrow to board the steamer for the Isle of Man.

Ruined! Ah! But still revered—
Roofless! Yet with altar reared—
Where past and present, awed, combine,
And bow before a priestless shrine.

Thus speaks the poet of these, perhaps the most extensive and picturesque ruins in England. The Abbey as we now see it is so impressively beautiful that one hesitates even to attempt to imagine what it must have been in the early years. It was founded in the twelfth century and was for a long time enormously wealthy, the Abbot holding almost a regal sway over the surrounding country. It is built of red sandstone, but the ruined masonry is more than half concealed by a luxuriant growth of ivy. One naturally shrinks from any attempt at description.

Our time having passed, we regretfully mount our wheels and push on to Barrow-in-Furness, and embark for Mona's Isle. As the fastenings of the steamer are loosened, and our distance from the shore gradually increases, a strange feeling of mingled sorrow and joy is predominant in our minds. Just as when parting from a dear friend whose acquaintance we have had but a short time, we are sad at the separation, but overjoyed that we have been permitted to form the friendship and come under the uplifting influence of an ennobling and inspiring character.

EDGAR J. TARR.

Bangor, N. W.

THE GREAT DIVIDE.*

With noisy clamor down the rugged gorge
 In dreadful leaps the streamlet makes its way ;
 A sheeny splendor glistens from the spray
 As 'twixt the rounded boulders it doth forge.

In mirth it tumbles o'er the mighty steeps,
 Till cleft by mossy granite wedge in twain ;
 Then with divided flow, through vale or plain
 Rolls to Pacific or Atlantic deeps.

Th' impetuous years of youth thus onward go
 With careless glee and joyous confidence ;
 But soon with sudden shock and backward throw
 The stream of life sweeps to its crisis, whence
 It turns to pour its flood where tempests blow,
 Or into calm of God and innocence.

G. R. W.

 A STUDY IN BROWNING.

COMPARISON OF "FRA LIPPO LIPPI" AND "ANDREA DEL SARTO."

These two monologues cannot be said to differ greatly in quality of style. They differ in subject matter, but the poetic qualities are very similar. What difference there is, is due more to the respective incidents presented than to a distinctive manner of treatment. It may be said that Fra Lippo Lippi is the more vigorous and energetic of the two; but, when we bear in mind the sterner character of the circumstances outlined, this is a lesser distinction than at first appears. A somewhat tender and guarded expression is thoroughly in accord with the pathetic regret of Andrea Del Sarto, which frequently comes to the surface. The lack of response on the part of Lucrezia, as thought

* "The Great Divide" is the name given to a phenomenon found in the Rocky Mountains. A mountain stream divided upon the summit of the watershed flows eastward and westward, one part to the Atlantic and the other to the Pacific.

of by her affectionate life-partner, could be fittingly expressed only in gentle language.

In the character and actions of these two men—Fra Lippo Lippi and Andrea Del Sarto—there are valuable suggestions for the wise ordering of life, but these suggestions are opposite in nature. The impression is conveyed that Fra Lippo Lippi, especially in his younger days, did not enjoy many social advantages. At an early age he had to look around for his own living, and was thrown upon the charity of the world. But his being thus forced to make his way in life, practically alone, cultivated in him the habit of sharply observing life and things in general, a power which perhaps would have remained latent had his lot been cast in more congenial surroundings. When introduced to the monastery, his previously formed habit of keen and accurate observation enabled him with his chalk so faithfully to represent life on the cloister-wall that he immediately won the unbounded admiration of the monks. And his conviction that life ought to be faithfully portrayed was so strong that when the Prior discountenanced his picturing of the physical, he would in no way swerve from his conviction. He recognised that God had made the beautiful in life, and that was for him sufficient justification for its faithful portrayal. The point to be observed is that having formulated and adopted this as his ideal, he persistently held to it.

Andrea Del Sarto was a man who probably had greater opportunities for the highest cultivation of his powers, and it is altogether probable that he possessed larger mental capacities for great achievements. He had possibilities of greatness, and even the possibility of being justly ranked with the very greatest artists, such as Michael Angelo. He was certainly conscious of this, but yielded to his passionate affection for Lucrezia, and in this way he allowed himself to be lured from the path of duty and honor. He had high ambitions, but in a moment of short-sightedness and impatience he forsook his ideal, and by an act of dishonesty he took the step which blighted and withered the whole of the remaining part of his life.

Now placing these men side by side, and speaking of their artistic gifts and ideals, we might say that the one was a dia-

mond in the rough, whilst the other was a diamond polished and beautified by culture, and made fit for the costliest and most worthy setting. The one fulfilled his highest possibilities in life; the other, though fitted for the highest attainments, filled only a mean position, and this was due to his unfaithfulness to what he knew to be the path of integrity and virtue. This view of the two men is borne out by the fact that we know Fra Lippo Lippi—to use Browning's term—to have been a "half-man." It is a fact that Fra Lippo Lippi's gifts placed him among the artists who ranked about half-way between Giotto and Michael Angelo. It may be replied, Andrea Del Sarto was also a "half-man." That is true, but there is this difference, that whilst Fra Lippo Lippi was so by necessity, not having been so richly endowed by nature, Andrea Del Sarto was a "half-man" by choice. The opposite suggestions, then, are these: Fra Lippo Lippi's spirit and habits are to be emulated; but the life of Andrea Del Sarto suggests itself as a beacon and a warning, a course of life to be shunned.

In reference to the theory of art as depicted in the two poems there is a very decided difference. It is not a difference of contradiction, but a different standpoint is taken in the two cases. The Renaissance spirit is very strongly stamped upon the view set forth in Fra Lippo Lippi. One feature of that period was that men were just then beginning to awaken to a recognition of the beauties of nature. Immediately preceding this time, men were blind to natural beauty, simply because they would not look out and see it. The general tendency was to a morbid introspection rather than a generous appreciation of the world. Since no exactly definite time can be named when men aroused from this lethargic slumber, it is easy to understand that whilst some had awakened and were open-minded, being ready to receive the beauties in the world around them, others were still clinging to the circumscribed limitations of the old ways of thinking. Of these two classes of men, we have striking examples in the case of the monks and the Prior. As the monks looked at the picture of the boy patting the dog, and then at the Prior's niece, they were filled with admiration for the faithful representation of life. The Prior was one of

those who were still slumbering in the pessimistic attitude of the past; and he rebukingly questioned, "How? what's here?" He condemned the painting of bodies and recommended the painting of the soul, but when he endeavored to state the way in which the soul should be painted he got into difficulty with his definition of what the soul was.

Fra Lippo Lippi's confession of faith as to the theory of art follows — that the best thing to do is to paint beauty as God has made it. He further adds that in the contemplation of beauty we arrive at the clearest recognition of the soul. The soul is not to be excluded from the sensible, but the physical is to be heightened by the inner flashing, yet indefinable, character of the soul. As far as it is possible Fra Lippo Lippi believes in making both soul and body beautiful.

In Andrea Del Sarto the thought is advanced that the greatest achievements of art are to be reached only when there is a noble whole-souled endeavor prompting to the attainment. This is negatively indicated by the expression, "If ever I wish so deep," meaning, "If ever I wish so fully as to wish with my whole heart," an attitude unpractised in the case of the speaker.

Browning frequently presents the thought that the attainment of a comparatively low ideal is a less noble matter than the partial, yet perhaps approximate, attainment of a very lofty ideal, as for example:

" That low man seeks a little thing to do,
Sees it and does it:
This high man, with a great thing to pursue,
Dies ere he knows it.
That low man goes on adding one to one,
His hundreds' soon hit:
This high man, aiming at a million,
Misses an unit.
That, has the world here - should he need! the next,
Let the world mind him!
This throws himself on God, and unperplexed
Seeking shall find him."

But here Browning reverses the statement, and at the same time preserves harmony between the two statements. When speaking to Lucrezia, Andrea Del Sarto says, "Well, less is more." The meaning is that Andrea Del Sarto recognises that the lesser attainments of men possessing smaller powers than

himself, and even when fully using these powers they do not produce works equal to his own partial attainment. But even granting this to be the fact, the expression, "less is more," would not mean that their lesser attainments are greater than his greater attainments, that is, it would not have this meaning apart from the fact that Andrea Del Sarto, though excelling the others, still possessed unfulfilled capabilities. But because of this, the "less is more," the less of others is more than his more.

It is also affirmed that "a man's reach should exceed his grasp," and the alternative is asked, "Or what's a heaven for?" In itself, this is a true and noble thought, but it is probable that Andrea Del Sarto is here making use of it to shield his own shortcomings. The motive, however, does not affect the fact that it is stated that a man's standard should exceed his attainment. It is true that Andrea Del Sarto's loosely-held ideal is higher than his attainment, but there need not have been so wide a discrepancy between them.

In the passage referring to the "struggle" of "half-men," it is pointed out that the conditions necessary for the highest achievement are power and will. The lack of either one detracts from the real value of the other. Power and will are like the two oars of a boat when rightly used, which make headway possible, but the absence of either oar really means that the boat will simply move in a circle without making progress. And the facts of experience inform us that most men lack one of these essential conditions to distinguished greatness. Andrea Del Sarto seems to think, and probably justly so, that he would not have been lacking in either respect, had he only received the loving sympathy and encouragement of Lucrezia, for he says:

" Had I been two, another and myself,
Our head would have o'erlooked the world."

And he also says :

" If you would thus sit by me every night
I should work better."

The effect produced in reading the two poems is that the one, Fra Lippo Lippi, kindles a sturdy admiration for the strong and independent firmness of character persistently manifested. The interest is stirred by the meagre opportunities he enjoyed

in childhood, and the frank faithfulness of character developed. The interest in reading Andrea Del Sarto is no less readily enlisted. It is probably the more quickly secured because of the dampening influence that the unappreciative indifference of Lucrezia must have had upon his loftiest aspirations. It is on the principle that,

" My heart will beat, while it beats at all,
With the under-dog in the fight."

It is an interest of sympathy rather than admiration, seeing, as we do, that the failure of Andrea Del Sarto to reach his ideal, is because of his constancy to one who was unworthy of his love.

J. H. HANNAH.

A VISIT TO COLOMBO.

After a long voyage without sighting land, we came to the tropical island of Ceylon, famous for its tea and spices. Our stopping place was Colombo, a thriving centre of population in the south-west corner of the island. It is the capital city of Ceylon, and is known also as an important military post of Her Majesty's great Indian Empire.

It was early on a beautiful morning when our great vessel drew up off the town. As her anchor chains rattled over the side, a merry breeze was blowing and the spray flew high over the stone breakwater that shelters the harbour. The scene was most picturesque. In the offing we could see a brig rapidly approaching us with all her snowy canvas spread. She made a pleasing picture as she rounded the breakwater, with the men on her yards smartly shortening sail. The harbour was alive with boats, and some of them had the strangest appearance. Besides the ordinary steamers and sailing-craft, there were the bum-boats of the traders, the log-boats of the diving-boys, and those curious looking catamarans, which in the stiff breeze seemed to skim the water like wild sea-birds. Beyond the white beach the shore appeared closely wooded with palm, banana, cocoanut and other trees. In addition to the native huts, our eyes could detect square flat-roofed buildings, some of

considerable size, and in not a few cases highly colored. These, with here and there a dome or a spire lifting itself above the dark green of the palms, marked the position of the town. Far away in the distance could be seen the blue outlines of the great mountains of the interior towering above the thick forest of the intervening country.

Scarcely had our engines stopped before a rope was thrown from below over the starboard rail and a native came clambering up the ship's side like a monkey. He leaped on board, and immediately pulling the rope up after him, brought on deck a big delicious-looking bunch of bananas, and without a moment's loss of time began to bid vigorously for customers among the passengers. Another native followed, and another, and another, in rapid succession, until in an incredibly short space of time the whole deck was crowded with these pedlars making ridiculously excited efforts to sell their miscellaneous merchandise. Some had fruit and cocoanuts to offer; others had fancy boxes, some of which were pretty little toys, deftly made with porcupine quills; others sought to tempt us with curiosities and ornaments in the shape of shells and ivory and different woods of the island; some strewn the deck with shawls, handkerchiefs, hats, silk shirts, and white duck suits, while still others had walking sticks, steamer-chairs and other miscellaneous articles. All these fellows were talking at once in broken English, with much gesticulation, and each of them seemed to be as eager to sell his wares as if his very life depended on his getting rid of them. The prices they asked were rather fanciful, for they expected to be beaten down, as they generally were, to about a third of the original figure. I overheard one of them demand fifteen shillings for a chair, but he finally took five shillings, with a satisfied grin.

At first the novelty of all this was very attractive to a stranger, but after an hour or two of such "Babel" one began to think of how he might escape. At last, when everybody had become thoroughly tired of this "much ado about nothing," the ship's mate unceremoniously cleared the deck with a thick banana stalk, bringing it down with much emphasis on their black backs. It seemed a shame, but it was the only treatment

these people appeared to understand. On shore, a little later, we were only freed from a pestering fellow by a native policeman knocking him down with his club. In spite of our refusals and protestations, and even in spite of our threats, this man had followed us for miles in the hope that we would employ him as a guide, for he saw that we were strangers.

Not the least interesting sight was the diving-boys, who paddled alongside the steamer on logs, and would dive for pennies thrown into the water. One of these little urchins went right under our ship and up again on the other side for anyone generous enough to throw in a shilling. To advertise themselves they sang snatches of popular songs in very bad English, beating time by flapping their elbows against their bare ribs as they balanced themselves by standing on their bobbing logs.

I got into a boat, and a few minutes later set foot on East Indian soil. Passing by the tempting tea-house at the end of the pier we were surrounded by eager natives, who wished to take us in carts of various styles to "see the sights." Some of these conveyances were drawn by little oxen and others by coolies. I engaged a "jinrickshaw," and was soon gaily riding along in a little two-wheeled cart behind a man running like a horse in the shafts. Though the day was sweltering he kept up his pace mile after mile, and didn't seem to be at all fatigued. Every now and then he would turn half round as he ran, and call to me the name of some building or something else of interest to a stranger like myself. He took me through the famous Cinnamon Gardens, and once we stopped that I might gather some specimens of the fragrant spice.

It was about five o'clock in the afternoon when we reached the town again. I dismounted, and paid off my "horse." Walking a short distance I was in time to see the officers of the British regiment stationed in Colombo, and others of the well-to-do "whites" (and only "whites" seemed well-to-do) taking their fashionable afternoon drive. They circled about on a splendid broad white pebble drive-way between the sea and the southern part of the town. There were plenty of red-coats to enliven the scene; the ladies and children were dressed in beautiful white summer attire; the carriages were drawn by

fine horses, and attended by gorgeously arrayed Indian coachmen and footmen.

That evening I visited the Colombo market, which is a street lined on each side with huts, where one may buy very cheaply all kinds of tropical fruits and nuts and other good things. It was a strangely fascinating scene—almost weird in its effect on the mind of a Westerner. I can see it and feel it all again—the still, humid atmosphere, the air scarcely cooler than in the daytime; the dark, dense, novel foliage overhanging the road on either side and casting its black shadows in the uncertain moonlight; the flickering glare of the torches as they shone on the ripe, rich fruit in the stalls, and threw into bold relief the forms of the dusky merchants and buyers, the strange language of the people; the constant murmur of tropical insect life; a mysterious cry coming now and then from the forest,—it seemed almost unreal to me and I stole away alone to a spot near the beach, and throwing myself down on a slope within sound of the splash of the sea, spent the last hour in reverie before seeking my lodging for the night.

F. S. BEDDON.

Woodstock.

Editorial Notes.

FROM time to time in this part of THE MONTHLY we draw attention to the successes of our graduates, and sometimes we do this in a manner that may seem to indicate a tendency to self-glorification. Had we no legitimate reason for so doing, we might perhaps be fairly open to the charge, but we submit that circumstances make it advisable not only to state the facts but also to emphasise them by comment. We are frequently met by the expressed or implied insinuation that, inasmuch as McMaster is a small denominational college, the training given here cannot be as good as that to be obtained at a larger institution, and that therefore our graduates will not be able to compare favorably (to put the insinuation mildly) with those of other and larger colleges. To combat this, it is not enough to express our opinion to the contrary: we must reply with facts that will disprove the proposition. Our purpose, then, is self-defence, not self-glorification. Just as soon as our amiable critics and lukewarm friends cease holding and expressing such an opinion, just so soon shall we cease pointing out the significance of certain facts. That condition of affairs not existing, it is necessary to mention certain achievements of our graduates during the past six months.

At the Normal College last term only *two* students out of considerably over one hundred received honor standing. One of these was a graduate of McMaster, Miss A. Grace Iler of the Class of '98, a specialist in Classics and English, and the other a graduate of Queen's, both, it will be noted, students from what may be called small denominational colleges. To be sure, this does not prove that small denominational colleges produce better students than large undenominational institutions, but it does tend to show, among other things, that the trained product of McMaster University can compete with that of larger institutions. Further, all our graduates at the Normal College last term, four altogether if we remember rightly, not only passed, but also received Specialist standing. This latter fact is worth noting. As we have said on other occasions, we do not pretend

to give as much special training along certain lines as some colleges, but we do endeavor, in conjunction with a broad general course, to give sufficient special training to enable our students to qualify as Specialists with the Education Department of Ontario. That we are doing this is shown by the fact that not a single graduate of McMaster has failed at the Normal College. But we do not have to confine ourselves to Canada. For several years we have had to record the successes of our graduates at the University of Chicago, and we are now able to do the same with respect to Harvard University, the oldest and largest institution of learning in America. After spending a year in post-graduate study at Harvard, Mr. Wallace P. Cohoe, of the Class of '96, received his degree of Master of Arts, and was chosen as Assistant in Chemistry, a position of considerable responsibility and one carrying with it a remuneration large enough to meet all the ordinary expenses of a year at Harvard. Moreover, he was elected to the Carbon Club, a working scientific society electing only *one* member a year, which member this year proves to be a graduate of McMaster University. We congratulate Mr. Cohoe on the honor conferred upon him, and we confidently rely upon him to discharge the duties of his position in a manner satisfactory to his Professor and creditable to himself and to his Alma Mater.

THE election of Professor Hadley to the Presidency of Yale marks a striking departure in the traditions of that venerable university and is doubtless indicative of a change in the dominant purpose of modern higher education. There have been twelve presidents of Yale since its foundation in 1701, and every one has been a clergyman. President Hadley enjoys the distinction of being the first layman to be elected to that high office. Yale was established to train young men for the Congregational ministry, but to-day out of some three hundred graduates in Arts a year not more than a dozen on an average, it is said, intend to enter the ministry. Up to within the last fifty years, one may almost say the last twenty-five, the vast majority of her graduates, like those of all other American colleges, were intended for the learned professions, the ministry

law, and medicine. To-day an increasingly large number leave the university as graduates to enter active business life as bankers, merchants, mining and civil engineers, etc. The aim of the university of to-day is not to produce doctors, lawyers, ministers, but good citizens, men with high characters and democratic principles. To be a successful president of a modern university a man must be more than a minister. He must, of course, always be a man of lofty and inspiring character, but in addition thereto he must be a man of large administrative ability. Frequently these qualities will best be found in a minister, as for example in President Faunce of Brown, not to mention cases nearer home, but frequently they will be found in a layman. Those who know President Hadley are confident that he combines the requisite qualities of high character and executive ability in large measure, and after a careful perusal of his inaugural address we are inclined to agree with them. Some of the points in that address are worth being noted by all friends of higher education.

Yale, as we have said, was primarily a college for training men for the ministry. It has largely ceased to be that, but it has not ceased to be a Christian college, nor is its President ashamed to avow its distinctively Christian character. Dealing with the necessity of preserving and developing common student interests outside of the class-room, Prof. Hadley says:

"Of all these interests, the most fundamental are those connected with religious observances and religious feeling. Yale is, and has been from the first, a Christian college. All her institutions show this throughout their structure. This was the dominant purpose in Yale's foundation; and the work and thought of the children have conformed to the wish of the fathers. . . . Whatever change in outward observance may be made, none will be made unless it shall surely and clearly appear to those in authority that we are but modifying the letter of a tradition for the sake of preserving its spirit."

Closely connected with this frank faith in the importance of the Christian character of Yale, and, indeed, inherent therein, is his recognition of the fact that Yale "must meet the demands for progress on the intellectual side without endangering the

growth of that which has proved most valuable on the moral side." This is the great educational problem of to-day, and according to President Hadley it is the latter part that must "engage the most immediate attention from a college president, and to which the action of the University as a whole and the intelligent thought of the University administration must be devoted in order to prevent the sacrifice of the moral interest of the whole commonwealth." One way in which President Hadley proposes to deal with the problem is by preserving the Christian character of Yale. Another is by "endeavoring to limit the occasion for the use of money on the part of the student." The democratic spirit has always prevailed at Yale much more than at its great rival, Harvard, and President Hadley seems determined that it shall be fostered. This spirit is, we believe, one of the direct results of the Christian character of Yale, and we cannot but rejoice that so great an institution as Yale should make it her aim to preserve her Christian character and her democratic spirit. It is along these lines that true progress lies.

THE MONTHLY gladly takes occasion to applaud the action of the present students of old Varsity on the precedent they have set for coming generations. The full importance of this precedent can only be realized by remembering how rapidly generation follows generation in the life of a university.

Heretofore it has been the custom to give intoxicants a place in the social functions of the University, making the use or non-use a matter of personal choice with the students and others. This year, however, a majority of the students have decided against this practice, with the result that a most desirable innovation is to be made by the banishment of wines.

This prohibitory measure, enacted in the very heart of Ontario's higher thought, must be especially welcome as a testimony to the reasonableness and righteousness of such a step. It is to be hoped that all possible support may be given by the social leaders of Toronto to the students in their departure from the trammels of established custom.

It must be a source of profound gratification and thankfulness to all the friends of missions to hear of the remarkably auspicious opening of our new mission in Bolivia. We were convinced before he went there that Bro. Reekie was divinely led in his thought of devoting himself to Bolivian work. It was because of the like conviction that the Convention authorized the Foreign Mission Board to begin the work. All that has happened since has but justified our faith. Bro. Reekie in Oruro, and Bro. Routledge in La Paz, are meeting with open doors on every hand. The latter is prepared to assume the responsibility of self-support as soon as another man comes to his help. We are glad that so good and true a man as Rev. C. N. Mitchell, M.A., is forthcoming for that important service. All McMaster students of to-day and of earlier days will still bespeak God's blessings on these brethren. Our hope is that many others of our number may yet join them there.

THE death of Sir William Dawson, LL.D., F.R.S., etc., at Montreal, removes the most widely celebrated man of science that Canada has ever produced. He was born in Pictou, Nova Scotia, in 1820. He was educated in that town and in Edinburgh University. In 1850 he was appointed Superintendent of Education of his native Province, and in 1855 he accepted the Principalship of McGill University. His educational abilities and his administrative genius placed McGill in the first position of Canadian Universities. By establishing a Normal School in connection with the University, he rendered an untold service to Protestant education in Quebec. For thirteen years he personally presided over its work, and lectured to its pupils. His erection of the splendid School of Practical and Applied Science has rendered a like service to Quebec, and indeed to Canada at large. His *Acadian Geology*, which is the standard work on the geology of the Maritime Provinces, first brought Sir William into world-wide fame. During his intensely active and laborious life he published a number of learned volumes, both in science and on the bearings of science on the Bible. He was one of the formidable opponents of the doctrine of scientific

evolution as propounded by Darwin and Herbert Spencer. That a man of great natural powers of mind, whose original researches were second to no investigator of his time, should reject the doctrine of evolution, is proof enough that the doctrine is not a demonstrable proposition. Sir William's original discoveries were numerous and important,—the most unique being that of the *Eozoon Canadense*, the oldest known form of animal life.

Book Reviews.

JOHN KING'S QUESTION CLASS.*

John King is the popular pastor of a church in Chicago. He takes a special interest in the young people of his congregation and in slum work. By invitation young people of many sorts meet with him in company weekly, when a question box is opened and the pastor gives his answers to their questions. These, the author states, are verbatim copies of written enquiries presented to him by his own young people the week preceding the writing and public reading of the chapter that contains them. They cover a wide range and present no orderly arrangement, but relate principally to matters of conduct. The questions and answers will be very interesting to many readers, though they are mostly common-place and the pastor's replies rarely evince a thorough apprehension of the spiritual realities underlying all conduct.

Rather loosely connected with the account of the question class is a story of two musicians, twin brother and sister, he a magnificent tenor and she a great violinist. His career, built on self-conceit, is one of ever-deepening ruin. She, not yet a Christian, firm but self-forgetful, meets ever-growing success, is finally converted and marries a Christian author.

Apart from the desire to add another book to his series, Mr. Shel-

* John King's Question Class. By Charles M. Sheldon, pastor of Central Church, Topeka, Kansas. Published by the W. J. Gage Co., Toronto. Pp. 283. Price, paper 30 cts., cloth 75 cts.

don's probable aim is to assist young people to meet the grave moral issues of life. There are some serious errors of moral judgment, as where King, the model pastor, whose aim is to make the Sunday services worshipful above all things, is represented as urging the gambling Stanwood, after knowing of his dissipation, to continue singing church solos with increased pay. However, I think the book is on the whole helpful. But what a pity that preaching should turn to story telling!

The author lacks humor; he is natural and simple; sometimes graphic and even powerful in description. Though he does not live in his characters, his interest in them is fairly well sustained. The publisher's work has been very creditably performed indeed.

GEORGE CROSS.

Aylmer, Ont.

ROMANCE AND REALISM.

"The Lunatic at Large"* is pleasant reading. The hero is confined in a private asylum for financial and other reasons, but escapes in an ingenious way. Suffering a complete loss of memory as to his name and position, he is otherwise exceedingly acute. He realizes that as a certified lunatic he is largely irresponsible for any of his actions. Acting on this he has many adventures; he falls in with a German baron just arrived in London, and whose letters of introduction are all to people out of town. The lunatic at large makes friends with the baron and puts him through a course of introductions to English society and customs that profoundly impresses his German lordship. Eventually the hero recovers his memory and his position as a wealthy Englishman. The style of the book is clear and easy, the situations delightfully absurd, the dialogue bright, and, for a pleasant evening's reading, "The Lunatic at Large" may be safely recommended.

In "Ragged Lady," † Howells traverses ground with which he is very familiar. New England, New York, and Italy are home to him, and the local coloring of the work is hardly open to question. The story is thoroughly readable, and the Ragged Lady will not soon fade from the reader's memory. Her beauty and her winsomeness endear her to the reader as they did to Mrs. Lander, to Miss Milray, and to her many lovers. The other characters are skillfully drawn; we sympathize with Mrs. Lander and Mr. Milray; we pity Dr. Welwright and

* "The Lunatic at Large." J. Storer Clouston. Toronto: the W. J. Gage Co.
 † "Ragged Lady." W. Dean Howells. Toronto: The W. J. Gage Co.

Baron Belsky ; we undergo moral perplexity with Frank Gregory ; we esteem Mr. Richling and Miss Milray ; we laugh with and at the Shoeman and Mr. Hinckle.

Ragged Lady is a New England study. The lady, Clementine Claxton, is the daughter of a machinist, "up from down Po'tland way, some'res," who for his health has retired to the woods near Middlemount, a mountain summer resort. They are as poor as they are intellectual, and Clementina possesses graces that a princess might envy. After serving at the summer hotel in Middlemount, Clementina is adopted by a wealthy Bostonian lady of no social standing and very common tastes, with an incurable propensity for "doctoring." They live for a time at expensive American hotels, and subsequently at Florence. In this beautiful Italian city, Clementina wins many social and personal triumphs through the influence of Miss Milray, a resident American lady, who is charmed with her beauty and grace.

In Florence her patroness dies, and Clementina finds herself poor in place of being an heiress. She is distressed, at this juncture, by the apparent faithlessness of her accepted lover. Returning to America, she meets her lover, who has been in a railway wreck and whose life is shattered. They are married, and after a brief period of happiness, she is left a widow. She returns to Middlemount as also does her first lover, and the question of a second marriage is raised for her to solve, and is left unsolved at the close of the story, or rather, like the Lady or the Tiger, is left to the reader to solve.

The plot is thus comparatively simple and quite probable. The Puritan blood of the New Englander came from the finest stock in old England, and present poverty may be in direct descent from former high family. So Clementina's beauty and grace and her adaptability to environment are all easily possible. Nor is her sudden elevation from hotel-girl to heiress, followed by her descent to poverty, at all impossible. In short, hardly any fact or incident in the story can be challenged, and yet the truth of the general picture is open to question. Why? It is not easy to say.

For one thing, the evident effort with the dialect and the author's references to it seem to develop an unreal atmosphere. The conversations are suggestive of exercises in phonetics or philology. Isn't all English dialectic? Is a New Englander's pronunciation his most characteristic feature? That one might think so, from reading this book, shows how undue has been the emphasis given to the dialect.

A more serious consideration lies in the delineation of the charac-

ter of Clementina and of Frank Gregory. She is beautiful, exceedingly graceful and winsome, ultra-conscientious, devoid of emotion in her manner, but acting very emotionally at times, uneducated but with perfect sense of delicacy and propriety, innocent as daylight and impervious to flattery or anything that would spoil her, with calm stoicism accepting poverty and wealth with equal indifference, and with a profound belief that the ultimate outcome of everything would be all right. He is a study in over-conscientiousness. To say that Howells has failed in these two characters would be unfair; but it can scarcely be said that he has succeeded. The minor characters are better, Mr. Lander, the vice-consul, and Rev. Mr. Orson being effectively portrayed with a few life-like strokes.

The title is not very satisfactory from a literary point of view, but may be successful enough from a financial standpoint, for titles go a long way in selling books. Howell's linguistic peculiarities are occasionally in evidence as, *e.g.*, "her reyankeefied English," p. 279; "Mrs. Lander's reluctance from a maid," p. 173.

Making due allowance for any faults, it must be said the book is well worth reading and is a contribution to the study of New England character. It presents a type different in many ways from the characters portrayed by Mary E. Wilkins and Marie Louise Pool, and yet the kinship is easily discernable.

The publishers have done their work well. The paper, type and presswork are decidedly above the average, and the illustrations by A. I. Keller are worthy of that illustrator. They really illustrate and the last one is especially good.

E. A. HARDY.

College News.

EDITORS { MISS McLAY, '00, A. C. WATSON, '01.
C. C. SINCLAIR, '02.

OFFICIOUS SOPHOMORE :—" Say, its your turn to go down and get the biscuits to-night."

WEARY FRESHMAN :—" Oh, is it? And its your turn to eat them, I suppose?"

SOPH. :—" Yes, that's what it is."

FRESHIE :—" Well, I guess we'll miss our turns to-night."

PROFESSOR OF PHILOSOPHY :—" Now, Mr. —, will you tell us something of Socrates' philosophy?"

BEWILDERED JUNIOR :—" He—he—said that—that all we know is that we don't know anything."

PROFESSOR :—" Well, please don't let us have too much evidence of that kind of knowledge this morning."

AND still they come! Messrs. McLay and Sprague are back from the "Old Sod," and think Canada not a half bad place after all.

PROFESSOR IN THEISM (gesticulating with his forefinger) :—" In illustration of my point take a bell. Now you hear that bell——" Stage whisper from the second row :—" I wish I did!"

THE regular monthly meeting of the Ladies' Literary League was held Friday, November 13th, in the University Chapel. The programme of this meeting assumed the nature of a debate in which eight members of the Society took part. The subject was as follows: Resolved that the Boers are justified in the position they have taken in regard to the Transvaal question. The affirmative was supported by Misses Clemens', McLaurin, Blackadar and Norton, while the following upheld the negative side of the argument: Misses Gile, Annable, Cameron and Delmage. We were glad to have with us some of the former members of the Society. Miss Bailey, '98, gave an instrumental solo which we all enjoyed, and Miss Whiteside, also of Class '98, kindly consented to act as judge of the debate. After a careful consideration of the arguments on both sides, the judge declared her decision in favor of the affirmative. The meeting was then closed with the singing of the National Anthem.

THE annual public meeting of the Ladies' Literary League was held Friday, November 24th. The chapel was very tastefully decorated and the Society was very glad to welcome the friends who never fail us on such occasions. The entertainment was furnished almost

entirely by the members of the Society, with the exception, however, of two or three numbers of the programme. Miss Hobson, of the Jarvis Street Choir, delighted the audience with her rendition of "Carita" and "At Parting," and all heartily enjoyed Miss Ivy Kerr's two violin solos. A special feature of the evening was a short speech from a representative of each year, which presented the characters of four women chosen from the life and literature of the Moderns and Classics. Miss Parlin, '03, presented "The Life and Character of Andromache;" Miss Grace Wallace, '02, "The Story of Jeanne d'Arc;" Miss Sanders, '01, gave a vivid picture of Goethe's "Iphigenia," and Miss McLay, '00, told the story of "The Life and Character of Antigone, as portrayed by Sophocles." Miss Wallace, '03, pleased all by a delightful reading entitled, "The Origin of Man." The programme was closed with "The Maple Leaf."

THE second regular meeting of the Literary and Scientific Society, held on the evening of November 10th, was well attended. After some business was transacted, an interesting programme was rendered, the most important part of which was an eloquent and instructive lecture on "Poetry," by Professor Alexander, of Toronto University. A violin selection, by Mr. Farmer, '03, and a vocal solo, by Mr. A. C. Newcombe, '00, completed the programme of the evening.

At a regular meeting of the Tennysonian Society, held in the University Chapel, Friday evening, November 19th, the following programme was given:—Instrumental Solo, Mr. J. L. Harton; Debate, "Resolved that a University training fits a man for business life." Affirmative, Messrs. Riggs and Parker; negative, Messrs. C. J. McLean and Fraser; reading, Miss McLaurin. Professor Campbell, who acted as critic, briefly summed up the arguments and gave his decision in favor of the affirmative.

FYFE MISSIONARY SOCIETY.—The second monthly meeting of the Fyfe Missionary Society was held on Thursday, November 16th. After a half hour of devotional service, reports were received from the various city missions. Mr. Ralph E. Smith then gave a resume of the year's work in Foreign Missions. This was a carefully prepared paper and full of interesting and inspiring matter. Dr. Welton's address on "Spirituality in College Life," was a rare treat to all present. The college which gives little room to cultivating the spiritual life turns out men generally less spiritually-minded than when they entered. The ideal college life recognizes the necessity of a three-fold discipline, physical, mental and spiritual. The last of these must have three essential aids: First, Devotional Study of God's Word; second, Habitual Communion with God; third, Active Service for God.

The most important item of the afternoon session was Mr. G. R. Welch's report of the World's Y. M. C. A. Convention, held at Oberlin, Ohio. This convention was unique in the earnestness of the Christian workers gathered together, the thorough-going business-like way in which the

sessions were conducted, and the marvellous condensation of the addresses. Discussion of religious problems and planning for a far-reaching work of evangelization were the objects of the Convention. Mr. Welch's report was a digest of the best things he heard at Oberlin, and was very helpful to his hearers. Some of the students then gave some of their lessons learned in their summer's work; and a day of real spiritual uplifting was closed by prayer, offered by Dr. Newman.

HIS numerous friends rejoice that Mr. Brownlee has got the better of it in his fight against typhoid, and is now in a fair way to recovery.

FIELD DAY.—McMaster's Annual Field Sports were held on the Bloor Street grounds, Tuesday afternoon, October 31st. Although postponed from the previous Friday, the delay did not at all dampen the enthusiasm of the games, nor cause the general interest to wane. The Field Day of 1899 was a decided success in attendance, interest and records; for a large number of McMaster professors, students and friends, among whom the ladies of Moulton College were quite in evidence, thronged the grand stand; the rivalry between the years reached an exciting but healthful pitch, and worthy feats were enthusiastically applauded by all; while no less than seven College records were broken, and one Inter-collegiate record easily passed. G. L. Lamont, who won the McNaught Cup and also the Chancellor's Medal, with 23 points, showed up especially well in his running events; A. B. Cohoe won the First Association Medal, with 18 points, and C. C. Sinclair the Second Association Medal, with 17 points. A. E. Haydon smashed the Inter-collegiate record made at Montreal lately, by clearing 9 ft. 1 in. in the Pole Vault. R. E. Sayles came close for third place with 15 points. Among the new records established this year are: Putting the Shot, by Lamont, at 31 ft. 6 in.; High Jump, Cohoe, 5 ft. ½ in.; Pole Vault, Haydon, 9 ft. 1 in.; Quarter Mile, Lamont, 56 2-5 seconds; Running Broad Jump, Cohoe, 19 ft. 4 in.; Kicking the Foot Ball, "Bob" McLaurin, 174 ft. 10 in.; Running Hop Step and Jump, Sinclair, 41 ft. 2 in. Other events were all made in good form; in this respect especially the athletics of this fall far surpass last year's sports.

TENNYSONIAN.—The necessity for a new and larger chapel was again demonstrated at the first meeting of the Tennysonian on Nov. 3rd. A very interesting programme had been arranged and there were present a large number of visitors from the 3rd and 4th years. The president in his address was received with applause as he foretold the brilliant prospects of the Society. For the first number on the programme Mr. Farmer rendered a piano solo. Dr. Rand was then called upon, and in the course of his remarks he read one of his latest poems. A recitation by Mr. Miles completed the programme proper, and after the remarks of the critic, Dr. Smith, the meeting adjourned.

LITERARY SOCIETY.—In spite of the threatening weather there was a large attendance at the first meeting of the Lit. for the term. President Cornish, in his inaugural address, briefly outlined the objects of the Society and predicted for it a brilliant future. Rev. J. Harry King then rendered a patriot song of his own composition, which was heartily applauded. The debate of the evening was upon the subject now occupying the attention of the entire Anglo-Saxon nation, "Resolved, that Britain is justified in declaring war on the Boers." Messrs. Gunn and Fox upheld the affirmative, while Messrs. Hotson and Nicole supported the negative. While Dr. Smith, who acted as judge, was summing up the arguments, Mr. Triggerson gave a solo. The decision was then given in favor of the affirmative, and the meeting adjourned.

FOOTBALL.—McMaster has every reason to be proud of her football team this season. The only defeat sustained was at the hands of the Dental College. Victoria and the Toronto Meds. were defeated in well fought battles, but the game of the year was played with Osgoode Hall. Neither team was able to score, but the play from the first was fast and abounded in brilliant work. The second team entered in the Intermediate Series did not meet with such success, but showed that McMaster boys could play a losing game in the same sportsman-like way as when more successful. Rugby is now being taken up and it seems there is good material here for a team. We are fortunate in the possession of two good coaches, Messrs. McDonald and Haydon, and under their able guidance the embryo Rugby players will soon be developed.

INTER-YEAR MATCHES.—Great interest always centres around the inter-year matches and this year was no exception. The first game was played between '03 and '02, and resulted in an easy victory for the latter. Theology could not withstand the team work of '01, and succumbed to superior prowess. The next game between '01 and "Century" was well contested, but "Century" finally won. Two games were necessary to decide the supremacy between "Century" and the "Sophomores." The first was very exciting and resulted in a tie. In the second the "Sophs." had decidedly the better of the game and won by 1 goal to 0, thus obtaining the handsome pins donated by Ryrie Bros.

MOULTON COLLEGE.

EDITORS { MISS LILLIAN BAIRD.
 { MISS SARAH HOWARD.

OUR "Hallowe'en Tea," which has come to be one of the most delightful events of our College life, passed off this year even more successfully than usual. The decorations were, if possible, more

beautiful; the speeches were more brilliant, and were given with an ease that would have done justice to members of the Legislature; the refreshments were of the best, while the large number of students present was, of itself, sufficient to give added zest to the general enjoyment. The happiest part of the celebration, however, was the opportunity afforded of welcoming our beloved Principal who, on this occasion, after an illness of several weeks, was able to receive the girls on their return from the dining hall. This left nothing lacking to make the evening quite the most pleasant of the term.

To the music-loving students, of whom Moulton possesses not a few, the last month has offered many attractions. Among the "musical treats" have been "The Redemption," the "Friedheim" Concert, and the Recital at Jarvis St. Church; each proving most enjoyable, and offering fresh inspiration to those who sometimes feel that there is, indeed, no "Royal Road to Learning"—especially in music.

REV. MR. EATON is still unrivalled in the interest which he takes in Moulton and in Moulton students. While we do not see him as frequently as we might wish, this perhaps adds more pleasure to his rare and welcome visits. On Monday, 20th inst., he favored us by conducting the chapel exercises, to which special interest was given by his earnest words.

ONCE more the event which brought "Peace on earth, good will to men" is to be celebrated; a celebration into the joyousness of which no one can enter more heartily than the college student; for does it not mean a reunion with loved ones at home? Many a homesick student now joyfully scans the much-used calendar, which tells of fast approaching freedom and rest. All hail to the coming holiday season; may it, indeed, be to all a season of joy and gladness!

THE FLOWER SHOW.—How delightful it was one day not long ago, to leave school-rooms and books, and to enter, for a time at least, a realm where all was beautiful. Such was the experience of those who attended the "Flower Show." To many the beauty and variety of the flowers was a reason for wonder, and adjectives failed, in the attempt to express the admiration which was so worthily lavished upon the beautiful exhibit of chrysanthemums, roses, carnations, violets and orchids.

ON Friday evening, Nov. 10th, the students, with a large number of friends, listened to a very delightful lecture on "Rome," given by Rev. H. W. Cody, rector of St. Paul's. The interesting scenes and events of this famous city were described with realistic power, while the beautiful limelight views, under the direction of Mr. Whittemore, made it almost possible to imagine oneself as seeing in reality, the world-famed St. Peter's, the Parthenon, the Amphitheatre, or the Appian Way. It will not be the fault of the lecturer if every one who heard him fails to grasp the first opportunity to visit this city around which such great interest centres.

WOODSTOCK COLLEGE.

EDITORS { S. R. TARR, M.A.
FRANK BEDDOW.

ON Thanksgiving day the College enjoyed a visit and a defeat from McMaster football team. Just when we were beginning to feel how sweet a morsel was victory, the ball went through between our posts twice without asking permission. But for this we should certainly have won, as we had a goal to the good. However, as it was, the battle was a hard one for McMaster as well as for our boys. Both teams played grandly. Of course we know there is a little luck about getting goals, as our captain suggested in his after-dinner speech; and perhaps there may be some science, too, as we were promptly reminded by the popular Ed. Zavitz. It depends which side scores them!

The McMaster men looked a very "green" lot going on to the field, but our fellows looked "blue" coming off.

The night before the game the two teams sat down together to feast. The Woodstock boys did not get left behind in this any more than did the turkeys who were unlucky enough to have to provide the entertainment.

SINCE our last report Woodstock has been delighted by a special lecture given in the school chapel, by Rev. Chas. Eaton, of Toronto. The subject was "Success." If we were allowed a pun we would say the lecture was in every sense a "successful" one. For just one hour and four minutes the audience was not its own master, being led at the will of the speaker. The man who gives much of good to his fellows is the successful man, and only he; was Mr. Eaton's doctrine. We were told that to reach success three things were necessary: aspiration, inspiration, and perspiration, and a good deal of the latter generally.

HALLOWE'EN will be a night long remembered by some of our boys, for several will have scars to remind them of it for the remainder of their days. With blackened faces and with torches and tin-trumpets, and wearing various and indescribable costumes, the boys marched, singing and shouting, through the streets, celebrating the time-honoured custom of Hallowe'en. While thus moving in harmless procession, they were fiercely set upon by roughs of the town, who threw volley after volley of brickbats and other missiles into the ranks. Nearly all were hit and some badly hurt. Striking back in self-defence, one of the boys of the College was arrested and handcuffed, but finally released, by a very valiant policeman, who declared at the top of his voice his determination to "*do his duty*" at all costs, in the name of the Queen! Another member of the College band was charged with riding the horse on which he was mounted, on to the sidewalk. The one student was fined \$6 at the police court on the following day, but since the facts have become widely known, feeling among the towns-

people has been so in favour of the school, that the fine is to be refunded and the other charge withdrawn. The expressions of regret from the towns-people and newspapers of the unwarranted attack upon the boys have been numerous and sincere, and a number of the most prominent business men formed a Citizens' Committee, to which thanks is due for interest in our behalf. Feeling that we did nothing to originate the trouble, and acted only in self defence, we have nothing with which to reproach ourselves.

THE Judson Missionary Society this month were privileged to have Dr. McLaurin as their speaker. He gave, in a most interesting and graphic way, an account of the methods which a missionary uses in dealing with different classes in India. We all hope that Dr. McLaurin will favour us again.

ON Friday, Nov. 10th, the College met a team from the town of Woodstock in a game of Rugby, on the campus. The school completely outplayed their opponents, and gained an overwhelming triumph with a score of 24 points to 0. The town men were the heavier, but lacked practice and combination work. For the victors Vail, Stephens and J. McArthur were remarkably fast as half backs. As a quarter back, J. B. McArthur also distinguished himself.

GRANDE LIGNE.

E. S. ROY, EDITOR.

THE Institute opened on the 4th of October this year, the same as usual. The majority of the students were prompt in their attendance at the opening, thus enabling us to enter upon the work of the year without the necessary delay. A few of our old familiar faces are missed, but their places are filled by others whom we welcome in our midst.

VERY little change has taken place this year in our staff of teachers. We are sorry, however, to have lost Miss Parmelia Bullock from among our number. But we heartily welcome in her place another of our old students who has been engaged in teaching elsewhere for several years. Last year she taught in the city of Hamilton, Ont., but our fellow-worker, Mr. Roy, thought Hamilton was too far away, and to annihilate the distance he brought her here. Consequently, on Sept. 6th last, Miss Elisa Gendreau became Mrs. E. S. Roy, and on Oct. 4th we welcomed her among the staff of teachers. Both Mr. and Mrs. Roy have our best wishes, and may their stay with us be a pleasant one.

It is always a pleasure to welcome visitors in our midst. Up to the present time we have not been deprived of this pleasure. Among

the many entertained thus far we might mention the names of Rev. Geo. R. MacFaul, who has lately become one of our Grande Ligne workers, Drs. Lafleur and Dadson, the Revs. L. A. Therrien, A. L. Therrien, W. T. Craham, J. R. Webb. Perhaps the visit of the three latter was especially interesting because of their being here as a committee to discuss the advisability of making special efforts to obtain necessary funds to enable the erection of a new wing to our Institute. The time has come when this long felt need ought to be done away with. The only way to do this is to build. It has been decided to do so if possible.

At the Annual Students' Meeting last February it was suggested by Rev. L. A. Therrien that an appeal be made to all old and new students for help in this work. The suggestion was put in the form of a motion and a committee appointed to carry it out. On Nov. 1st, 1899, this committee sent out blanks, of which the following is a copy, to all ex-students who could, in any way, be reached:—

"I, the undersigned, hereby pledge myself to give on or before the 1st of February, each year, for five consecutive years, 1900-1905, the sum of..... to help in building a new wing at Feller Institute, Grande Ligne, Que.

Name.....

Correct Address.....

Date.....

NOTE.—Send all Guarantee Slips and Remittances to A. E. Masse, Feller Institute, Grande Ligne, Que. Make all Money Orders payable at St. Johns, Que.

THE SECRETARY."

As a result of this effort pledges have been received, thus far, to one amount of one thousand dollars.

NEVER does a young fellow feel more "sporty" than when he knows the girls are looking at him, and never I suppose, do young girls feel more "sporty" than when they can get such a look. Our campus is a great impetus in this line, it being so situated that the young ladies looking out their windows behold the fine young athletes performing their "distinguishing acts." As the fall has been dry and the campus in good shape, base-ball has been the game of the season. We have several expert players, among them two might well be mentioned:—Our "corkscrew pitcher" and our "invincible catcher." A fine bicycle track has been made around the campus this fall by the boys. This, together with the bicycle house built this last summer, ought to induce the boys to bring their wheels with them at the Institute.

Here and There.

A. B. COHOE, B.A., ED.

THE first college paper was published at Dartmouth and was edited by Daniel Webster.—*Ex.*

TEACHER—"How dare you laugh at me, you young rascals?"
Chorus of Pupils—"But we're not laughing at you, sir." Teacher—
"Well, then, I don't know what else there is to laugh at."—*Tit-Bits.*

MEYER BROS. & Co, New York, announce a novel, "Near the Throne," by W. J. Thorold, for the illustration of which certain "artists of distinction and renown" have posed in forty pictures.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

THE YEARS.

"Time in advance behind him hides his wings."—*Young.*

As comes amain the glossy flying raven,
That with unwavering wing, breast on the view,
Cleaves slow the lucid air beneath the blue,
And seems scarce other than a figure graven—
Ha! now the sweeping pinions flash as levin,
And all their silken cordage whistles loud :—
Lo, the departing flight, like flock of cloud,
Is swallowed quick by the awaiting heaven !

So lag and tarry, to the youth, the years
In their oncoming from the brooding sky,
Till bursts at middle life their rushing speed
All breathless with the world of hopes and fears ;
And, lo, departing, the Eternal Eye
Winks them to moments in His endless brede !

—*Theodore H. Rand, in Acta Victoriana.*

THE "Trinity University Review," in the midst of a great deal of bright and interesting college news, publishes a somewhat severe criticism of Hall Caine's book, "The Christian." All readers of this work have found in Glory Quayle an exceedingly interesting character, and few have failed in discovering the many and great defects in the character of John Storm ; but very few would venture to find in the character of Drake, the real hero. The following sentence would hardly express the sentiments of an age in which the elevation of moral standards is not the most unmarked feature :—"It may be remarked in passing, that Drake is depicted in the book as an English gentleman, standing high in social and political life, who was a little wild at times, but, on the whole, manly and honourable, and who, after attempting once or twice to trifle with Glory, finally recognized her intrinsic worth and offered her marriage." Rather, we might change the latter part of the sentence to read thus :—"who, after attempting once or twice to trifle with Glory, revealed *his* intrinsic worth or *worthlessness*, and was refused marriage."