

THE
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SURRENDER.

A traveller in a desert wide,
Lost on the trackless plain:
A sailor without chart or guide,
Upon the stormy main:
A sheep amid the mountain's bleak,
No shelter where to flee,
Was I, till Jesus came to seek,
And found and rescued me:
Now take me, Lord, and make me. Lord,
What Thou wouldst have me be:

From desert drear He led me home,
And made my wand'rings cease:
He was my beacon o'er the foam
Unto the port of peace.
From mountain top He heard my cry,
And drew me to His breast:
For tearfulness he gave me joy,
For weariness sweet rest:
Now take me, Lord, and make me. Lord,
To be what seemeth best:

No lofty place my worth can fill,
No merit hath the clay:
But to be moulded by His will.
With Him my life I lay.
The coming days, if dark or light,
His eye alone can see:

But whatsoe'er He deemeth right
Must be the best for me :
Then take me, Lord, and make me, Lord,
What Thou wouldst have me be !

M. A. Mansland.

STRATFORD, ONT.

HOW AN ADVANTAGE MAY BE TURNED INTO A DIS- ADVANTAGE BY THE YOUNG CANADIAN.

In the issue of this MONTHLY for May of the current year I said something about "One Advantage of Growing up in Canada." In closing that article I wrote, "Right here I could point out two or three ways in which this advantage can possibly be turned into a disadvantage." The advantage referred to is the inheritance, on the part of the young Canadian, of the British traditions. Let me indicate now how this great inheritance may actually, if care is not exercised, work to the detriment of the young Canadian. That the advantages of life may be abused, that what ought to be helps and incentives may actually operate as clogs is no new truth.

An illustration will give a very plain hint of the point of this paper. Perhaps there is no greater blessing for a boy than that he should be born of an illustrious father, a man of wisdom, strength, who has made his mark in the world. Such a boy has a right to be proud of his father, and feel a certain pride in himself as his father's son. Not only so, but those about him are willing to pay him all due respect on this same account. But this is not the end of the matter. The time comes when there ought to be something to be told about the youth besides the mere fact that he is his father's son. He ought to be doing something on his own account, to be making his own mark in life. If he is not doing so, but is still living on his father's reputation and his father's capital, and is without push and ambition of his own, the respect of his fellows is withdrawn from him; nor could a line of illustrious ancestors reaching back to the flood retain it for him. This case is not

wholly imaginary, there are plenty of the sort in real life. There are other cases not so bad as this in which young men of very good parts and of earnest purpose seem actually to be hindered in a way because their fathers were such good and strong men. They are in bondage to the traditions of their fathers; they dare not think outside the lives of their fathers' thinking: they are rather inferior second editions to their fathers: they never seem to strike right out fearlessly for themselves. Now if it is, or should come to be, possible to apply this illustration to Canada, a child of so illustrious a progenitor as Great Britain, then surely an advantage would have been turned into a serious disadvantage.

Whatever may be said about the American Republic, at any rate the foregoing illustration has no application to it. It has struck out for itself, has achieved a national life and character of its own, and has made for itself a large place amongst the nations of the earth.

It will be a disadvantage to the young Canadian as a student if he should think that there is nothing much to learn beside what is British, if he should be at all satisfied to limit himself in this way. History did not begin with Alfred the Great: the interest of European countries is not all summed up in their wars with and relations to Great Britain: there is a world of literature outside the English tongue, and there are places worth visiting and things worth seeing by the traveller from this western world besides what England and Scotland contain. On coming to the United States one soon perceives how ambitious, how cosmopolitan the people are as regards their acquisition of knowledge. The schoolboy may be brought up upon what is exclusively American, but as soon as he enters college his horizon enlarges until in the end he takes in *the earth*. Modern languages are studied very widely here: the best German, French and Italian authors are familiarly known by many; the development of European history is studied in the most scientific fashion. A multitude of American students start for Europe as soon as they graduate here to spend one, two or three years in further study there; and as to the *intelligent* American traveller he ransacks Europe everywhere equally with England and Scotland. The Canadian student will make a mistake if he aims only at being a feeble imitation of an Oxford or Cambridge graduate. Here at any rate Canadian independence

is a good thing. Learn from Great Britain: but learn also, both as to matter and method *from the world*.

It will be a disadvantage to the young Canadian as a member of society if he grows up with the idea that the chief distinctions to be enjoyed are those which come across the sea from England. It will be of advantage to him to regard such distinctions as of exceedingly small account, even if they should be Knighthoods conferred by Her Gracious Majesty. Some of the Canadians who have been thus honored are worthy of very great respect; but we respected them just as much before they were known as *Sir This* and *Sir That*. But again, why should a man strut and swell *in Canada* because he is a half-pay officer of the British army, or because he is the son of a poor curate of an English parish, or because he has an aunt or uncle over there from whom he expects five hundred pounds? Is not Canadian worth, or Canadian blood, or Canadian money just as good as English? Why should there not be a little pride in Canada with respect to what is Canadian? Why should he be thought the distinguished person who can talk only of his English friends, and who tries to keep up rather senseless English customs, and who seems to have very little regard for the country which has given him a home? All honor to old England: but the superciliousness of some Canadians because they are a little more English than other Canadians is, to say the least of it, exceedingly silly, and serves to hinder the growth of a proper feeling in young Canadians regarding the land of their birth.

Once more it will be a disadvantage if the British traditions and the British connection operate to retard the growth of a national spirit in Canada. And may I say it frankly, a national spirit is a thing the existence of which in Canada I have failed to discover. The American Republic is full of it. In passing to and from the Canadian Dominion the difference in this regard is marked indeed. Where is the Canadian who is full of pride for his country? who foresees the political destiny of his country? who is satisfied with the commercial prosperity of his country? who foresees a rapid development of her resources? and who feels that his country's distinction and power are in herself and not in the fact that she is a dependency of the British Crown? And if this latter is Canada's chief distinction, viz., that she is a dependency of the British Crown, is she not beginning to be in the position of the

young man concerning whom it is true that something else should be said than merely that he is the son of his father ?



ROCHESTER, N. Y.

STUDENTS' QUARTER.

LIFE IN A GREAT UNIVERSITY.

In the early spring of this year the Rev. J. C. Farthing, Rector of New St. Paul's, Woodstock, delivered a lecture on the subject stated above. In response to a widely expressed request we give the following summary.

"Pride the never failing vice of fools" is indeed despicable, and the most despicable of all pride is the "devil's darling sin, the pride that apes humanity." I would not wish to be guilty of a vice, even the self-pleasing vice of pride. But I trust a due appreciation of a great opportunity will not be construed into a vice. I am proud—proud of the fact that I have the great privilege of being a member of the greatest university in the world. As Pecksniff's bosom swelled with pride at the contemplation of his own righteousness and piety, so I feel my bosom swell with pride when I remember that I am a member of such a historical body as the University of Cambridge. If therefore I seem to be carried away and speak too gloriously of that life, pity if you will but do not condemn me. The mother prates of her child, "never such was born before" (which is often literally true), and in sympathy we smile and love her the more for her loving blindness. So do to me.

Englishmen are often twitted with their self-complacency. Colonists and foreigners often in their self-complacency are blind to the merits of other countries and the customs and learning of other nations. A characteristic story was told me by Professor Clarke. A Frenchman with natural grace said to an Englishman, "If I was not a Frenchman I would like to be an

Englishman." John Bull replied with more bluntness than consideration, "And if I were not an Englishman I should like to be one." I feel thus about my University. If I was not a Cambridge man I would like to be one.

Permit me then without further parley to describe to you the town of Cambridge and the country around it. As you approach the town from Bletchelly you are struck with the flatness of the country, especially if you have travelled from the north through the beautiful hilly country of Derby. The country seems to become flatter, if anything can be flatter than flat, as you leave Bedford county behind and draw near with beating heart for the first time to the place about which one had so often dreamed. A feeling of disappointment comes over you. For England the scene is not picturesque. You enter the large station. You drive along the uninteresting town streets. As you proceed you notice here and there a few fine buildings. You wonder what they are. They come thicker and thicker, until you see the cluster of some of the finest buildings in England, types of the finest architecture perhaps in the empire.

The town is an uninteresting place, very sleepy, a small English town of about 35,000 inhabitants. It has a few industries, which are dependent on the University. The townspeople take great interest in the "Varsity": the Varsity ingratfully returns this emotion with contumely and contempt. The fact is plain, the town exists for and by the University, and like a parasite it delights to drain all it can from that upon which it lives. More of this anon. Anciently Cambridge was known as a Roman camp. Then it was called *Canboritum*. The river was known as the *Granta*, from which the ancient village of *Grantchester*, a few miles from Cambridge, had derived its name. The Romans built a stone bridge across the river, which river's name was changed to the *Cam*, and thence it was called *Cambridge*, the place where the bridge crossed the *Cam*. This camp was in the midst of the fen country. There are most interesting remains of the Roman occupation—North the Castle. The country being so flat, it was necessary to have a place of eminence from which to view the approach of an enemy. So the Romans threw up a high hill and upon this was built a castle. The remains are there still, though the castle is no more. This hill is enclosed in H. M's

Cambridge residence, and her guests daily exercise themselves upon the old Roman hill. Upon this hill the majesty of the law has often been upheld and the degradation of man clearly manifested in the infliction of capital punishment. Bede—that ancient historian—says Cambridge in his days was “desolate.” I can understand it. A fen country is never a cheering sight. But since then it has been drained, and it is one of the most fruitful countries in England. Being remote from “the busy haunts of men,” the studious Monks began to resort there. Then followed various religious foundations, notably the Benedictine Monks. These learned Ecclesiastics naturally attracted scholars eager to learn of them. They took these students into their houses and taught them. In these hostels—as they were called—lived these students and their instructors. The growth to the present state of things was gradual. To trace the history of this would form the subject for an entire lecture. But we can easily understand how popular teachers would attract students; how the rich men who patronized learning would be glad to give aid to poor students to enable them to pursue their studies.

The government of the University, which consists of 21 colleges, is in the hands of a chancellor, vice-chancellor and proctors. Each college has its master, fellows or dons, tutors and deans. Of all these worthies the most formidable to the students is the proctor, who is in reality the policeman of the college, whose reports of misconduct are final. Each college has its own matriculation examination, which varies in requirements according to its respective standards. Students proceed to the degree of Bachelor of Arts by either an ordinary or honor course, each of which covers three years of three terms each.

Another feature of the University is the financial aid by means of scholarships, some of which are given by the University, but the majority by the several Colleges.

One of the most potent factors in a Cambridge education is the social life. Students representing every nationality add to Cambridge the friction of thought so conducive to a true development. Here it is where life-long friendships are formed in the quiet walks by the river, and the seclusion of students' rooms. The literary and debating societies furnish men with a training no less enjoyable in its acquisition than useful in its results.

The athletic life of Cambridge is no less beneficial than the intellectual or social: Cricket and boating form the chief out-door exercises, each man taking a keen interest in the teams and crews of his own college, which amounts to an excitement almost wild as matches and races approach. The annual boat-race between Oxford and Cambridge has been for centuries an event of world-wide interest.

The authorities of Cambridge University consider that the religious life of a man is no more unimportant than the intellectual, accordingly every student is required to attend a certain number of chapels and sermons. In addition to this the "Christian Union," comprised of members of all the colleges, holds prayer meetings, and carries on open-air work, the first speaker in this latter movement being the lecturer.

Mr. Farthing then addressed a few words to the students, in which it was shown that the motto, "Nail your colors to the mast," is as applicable to the students of Woodstock as to those of the great university—the University of Cambridge.

WHAT SHALL WE READ ?

I think a tendency of the present age is to devote an undue portion of the time allotted to reading to the perusal of general news, and thus to acquire but a very limited knowledge of a more choice and substantial literature. I do not declaim against an intimate acquaintance with the matters of present moment and of public interest: but I believe that there is more real benefit derived from the careful perusal of a standard work than from the accumulation of a multitude of the floating ideas daily presented in the public prints; and even though a change in this respect should limit to a considerable extent the knowledge of current events I venture to put in a claim for the perusal of eminent authors. I think if we were courageous enough to remain ignorant of many daily occurrences which, though well enough to know, are comparatively unimportant, and to spend the time thus saved in the study of the masterpieces of our literature, we would secure to ourselves more pleasure and profit. It is not for me to say what authors are most worthy of our notice, or what portions of their

works are most deserving of our attention ; yet in view of literary excellency I would venture a claim in favor of Lord Byron's poem, "Childe Harold." I know that, looking upon the character with which Byron invests his hero, and comparing it with that which Bunyan has given to his, the two pilgrims present a very striking contrast. Yet we must not condemn the one because of its dissimilarity to the other, for the pictures, though different in every respect, are both true to life. Each author has unconsciously drawn his own portrait, and as their merits are diverse, so it is with regard to their productions. It is not, however, Lord Byron's design to portray an attractive character, but on the contrary, as he himself says, "to show that the early perversion of mind and morals leads to satiety in past pleasures and disappointment in new ones."

In so far as literary merit is concerned, I think that "Childe Harold" is one of the choicest specimens of English composition, and possesses many of the finest passages in English literature. The author seems to despise the common thorough-fares of mental operation, and regardless of the limits which confine the common throng, goes forth alone "to track conception to its inmost cell," and seizing thought in its secret lurking-places with giant strength and frantic passion he hurls it forth upon expression. The poem does not appear to the reader as a long, labored production, but as the rapid, yet easy, exercise of a mighty mind. We are not pained with the idea of intense application as we read his stanzas, but on the contrary a careless abandon seems to manifest itself which is quite in keeping with the character of his hero ; and we only wonder with what apparent ease such vigorous thought and pleasing diction are combined. The character of Childe Harold, as he is first introduced to view, we think, forms rather a strange subject for poetic fancy—a youth whose reckless habits have been so indulged that his tastes have become vitiated.

"Worse than adversity the Childe befell ;
He felt the fulness of satiety,
Then loathed he in his native land to dwell."

Yet as he takes his departure from the home of his childhood and from the shores of his country to seek enjoyment in new scenes of pleasure, the feeling of loneliness and melancholy which weighs down his spirit excites our sympathy, and we listen while

in the dusk of twilight, to quell the rising sorrows of his soul, he takes his harp and sings his farewell to his native land. Thus he sets out in quest of some untried pleasure wherewith to quicken his flagging sensibilities: traverses hurriedly many of the pleasantest parts of Europe, and failing to find that stimulus to enjoyment, which was the object of his search, his early melancholy settles into sullen hatred of self and cold misanthropy.

Thus the author shews that even the beauties of Nature, the stimulus of travel and all the advantages that wealth can procure are insufficient to give pleasure to a misdirected life. I do not know that all will admit that Lord Byron had this design in view while writing, yet it is certainly a truth taught by the poem, and one which he claims as a reason why he wrote it. The author does not propose to keep his pilgrim continually in view: and having reserved to himself this liberty, frequently delights us with a glowing picture of the scenes of beauty through which his hero travels, together with the events of historic interest associated with the places of visitation. but more especially does he delight us with the sublimity of his conceptions, the freshness of his thought, his power and felicity of expression and the range of his poetic fancy.

H. B.

COLLEGE SPORTS A FACTOR OF EDUCATION.

This question is a very wide one and one which, if thoroughly and logically studied and the results embodied in educational schemes, would in time revolutionize our systems of education.

College sports are generally looked upon as simply a factor of education by their being a sort of hand-maiden to the mental work of our colleges and schools. It is admitted that sports rejuvenate the mind, condition it for further and greater efforts. But is this the only part they play in education? This question can only be answered by defining what we mean by education. To some education simply means the three R's, while to others the mental retainment of Greek stems, algebraical quantities, &c., is the *desideratum*. A very general conception of education and one which we use in common parlance, is that study which directly aids

mental growth, *per se*. The classics, mathematics, English, modern sciences, &c., forming in the general opinion, the best studies to obtain such mental development. College sports are only indirectly a factor of such education by providing recreation at which our mind becomes unburdened and gathers powers for fresh effort. But is this definition of education and the subordinate position which college sports are relegated correct? The mind is to the body what the mainspring is to the watch. But the end of the watch is not in the mainspring, but in the manifestations of the mainspring, *i.e.*, regular and correct time. So the end of education is not simply the cultivation of the mind (that is the strengthening of the mainspring) but in the manifestation of mental power in work of various kinds.

In theory we know how to print a newspaper or bind a book, or make a door, to kick a football, or catch the lacrosse or cricket ball, to weld iron, and so forth. Our knowledge of theory is large, but the application of the theory is not ours: the mainspring works, but the hands are not co-ordinate.

We feel proud that we belong to a college that has grappled with this subject of co-ordinate and symmetrical education and has established a manual training department, in which the body is taught to work in unison with the mind. The manual training department, however excellent in itself, is not sufficient for this symmetrical training. College sports are necessary and therefore ought to receive a fair proportion of attention. I am still hoping to see the day when a professor of gymnastics and general athletics will be found in every college.

It may be asked in what directions sports educate. What potentialities are specially developed? A few only can be specified. They naturally fall into three groups.

I. The Mental Powers Developed. (a) *Judgment*—Many smile at this, but I know of nothing that will develop cold, calculating common sense judgment like college sports. Judgment as to distance and time are especially developed. The flying lacrosse, cricket or baseball so deftly caught, needs hours of training as to distance and time. To watch any of the sports will illustrate my point, *e.g.* Take football. See the judgment displayed in the force of the kick, its direction, the way in which an advantage is followed up, or a disadvantage repaired, requires judgment of no

mean order: judgment which many of us lack, as we have found to our cost when upon the football ground.

(b) *Concentration.* One of the banes of men is the lack of this power. Thought flies off here and there, and does not rest at one point even when we will it. Not so in sports generally speaking however. Here concentration is the order of the day, and sports as much as anything develop this habit of concentration. This is the reason why a good student is generally a good man in the field.

(c) *Habitual alertness.* Have you never met men who are always asleep? It requires an earthquake to arouse them. What are these men worth in an emergency? Simply nothing. Take a hundred of these characters, and I venture to state that only a very small percentage ever really learnt to play cricket, football, baseball or lacrosse. The inference is obvious. Another mental quality is the power to command and marshal forces. The antithesis of this is also correct. The mental quality of obedience to those elected to command is learnt, other qualities which are developed will readily come to the mind of the thinker.

2. *Physical potentialities which are developed.* I will not speak of the muscles which become strong, or powers of endurance which we obtain by sports, but will pass on to consider briefly a quality which is partly physical and partly mental. I allude to the co-ordinate action of the body in all its parts.

To do the right thing at the right moment and in the right way is a mark of education and I do not know where this quality is so seen as on the college field. The striker, the catcher, the men at the bases in a game of baseball, the pitcher, all have the almost simultaneous action of the eye and hands. This fact is very patent in cricket. The erratic movements of the ball require the most intense attention of the batsman and a corresponding and simultaneous action of the body to defeat the aims of the bowler. A ball is delivered, it looks wide of the wicket, but suddenly with a sharp and rapid shoot it breaks toward the wicket: now where would the batter be but for the eye and co-ordinate action of the body. The altered course of the ball is detected and a change of play occurs at once. So rapidly is this accomplished that it is not noticeable by a casual observer. Sports develop in a wonderful way quickness of eye and quickness of action.

A child is playing upon the wharf. Suddenly her foot slips and with a scream she falls headlong. A young fellow sees the accident. A sudden spring is made. Two places appear upon the water where the concentric circles are in process of rapid extension. In a moment or two a head emerges and soon a child is handed up to those on the wharf very little the worse for her bath. Where did that fellow's quickness of eye, that immediate action, those powerful breast strokes come from? Natural? Oh, no! The cricket field provided the quickness of eye, the college swimming baths the power to swim.

You can easily see that this subject may be extended indefinitely.

3. *The moral potentialities developed.* A few only can be given.

(a) Good temper and cheerfulness.

(b) Power to bear defeat. No small power this.

(c) Power to bear success modestly. Which all think to be an easy matter.

(d) *Modesty.* College sports destroy pride by the finding of the player's level. "If a man thinks himself to be something when he is nothing," let him go to the football or to the cricket field.

(e) Induces real self-confidence and coolness, gives the power of self-government in exciting times. A very hard matter to learn.

I have been obliged to cut my subject short, but would say in conclusion, that I believe the men whose lives will tell upon the world in the future will be those whose names figure in annals of college sports. *They* are pre-eminently the all-round men, the ready men, the cool men, the common sense men. I am anxiously looking forward to the day when athletics will take a more prominent part than they do at the present in the education at Woodstock. I allude to the college swimming bath of the future. I would like to say boating, but am afraid that so far as Woodstock is concerned it is an impossibility. I long to see the day when Canadian youths and Canadian men will be bolder, braver, more manly, when meanness will be eliminated and a manly courteous self-confidence take its place. When the mind will be able to carry out its purposes and not be handicapped as now. To this end I wish heartily, success to college sports, believing that they are in themselves part of a man's education.

Alfred W. Stone.

EXCHANGE.

The whole course of nature is a great exchange in which one good turn is and ought to be the stated price of another.—South.

In writing of the various relationships of the human family one of the most common similes used is that of some great intricate machine, in which every man performs a certain part and all the parts are each interdependent upon all the others. All known laws of mechanics and physics serve to illustrate more fully this great living complexity, and the greater one's knowledge of machinery and mechanics the more striking the resemblance becomes. The necessary presence of the lubricating oil and the consequent smooth and silent movement of the parts one over another, avoiding heating, chafing, jarring, &c., has been compared to the need of generosity, friendliness, kindness—love, as necessary to the peace and unity of the human family as oil to machinery.

From this it would be readily inferred that in every occupation in life we must necessarily lean upon each other for support even if our own observation did not teach us the same truth. Among ourselves we come to conclusions in all the main points of right and wrong, making laws to define the bounds of each, and then again agree to abide by the laws we have made. Our whole great mercantile system may be defined as a system of exchange, bound only by laws, many of them unwritten, which are understood to be existent for the general good. Whether we be merchants or manufacturers, buyers or sellers, farmers or mechanics, all are dependent upon exchange. The *medium* of exchange is not necessarily of any intrinsic value, only as it is a recognised instrument in equalising and balancing the law of exchange. The manufacturer receives money for his manufactures only because money is needed for the demands of his workmen, they in turn need money because the merchant with the manufacturer have both agreed to recognise it as the legal tender for their goods: anything that can be recognised as a medium of exchange will satisfy all parties concerned. Exchange is necessary and even indispensable to the whole human family, but the medium may vary with every succeeding generation. Ever since the days of Adam Smith men have been learning the lesson of dependence

upon each other. Nation has learned to lean upon nation and to draw upon the others resources until the living chain of fraternity encircles the world. Europe, Asia, Africa and America are as necessary to each others happiness and comfort as head and hands and feet of one body. Long before the days of Adam Smith and William Pitt a medium of exchange had come to be regarded as a necessity, but the exchange itself was until then regarded with suspicion beyond certain limits. Nations feared to exchange each other's products, suspecting the possibility of foul play, fearing the consequence of an exchange between poisoned tea or coffee and shoddy woollen and cotton manufactures, they had not yet learned to trust each other. Now, as a matter of fact, all that passes from nation to nation as a medium of exchange is a few drafts, money orders, cheques or notes, valueless intrinsically yet satisfying all the needs of business men.

Now what do we learn from this? Interdependence, national equality, the brotherhood of man, the fatherhood of God. How generous the fruits of this modern improvement! How dark the past ages were! How hopeful the future!

What is true in the mercantile world is more true in the social world. A law of exchange governs our relations with one another to a degree scarcely perceived because it has grown up steadily, slowly. Yet, who is there that has not learned the truth of the ancient maxim, "He that would have friends must show himself friendly." How many times have we heard it said the world is a mirror, smile at it and it will smile in return, frown at it and it will frown back at you. Here we discover the law of exchange. Kindness being the medium. Almost everything in our social customs, from the friendly "Good day," in passing an acquaintance, to the gushing embrace of ardent friends, only serves to illustrate and emphasize this principle governing our lives. The royal law which bids men do to others as they would have them do to themselves, has found its way into our social life, because it has been found to be necessary for selfish as well as for philanthropic ends. Men cannot afford to disregard each other's feelings. No one is so rich as not to be often in need of things which it may rest with the very poorest to supply, and, again the poor is as much—perhaps more dependent upon the rich. What was written as a maxim and urged as expedient, has come to be

regarded as a necessity and practised as such. The analogy may be made almost complete. As in the commercial world staple and fancy goods take their relative places on the market, so in the social realm the exchanged items are greatly diversified. There are the staple lines of common decency, there are the fancy goods belonging to the higher demands of finished etiquette. As the staples are indispensable to life in the one realm, so the other realm would become unbearable and our social life must decay without its common necessities.

For a business man to be successful he must know the market and be prepared to take advantage of its fluctuations, for "There is a tide in the affairs of man which taken at the flood leads on to fortune." Similarly, for a man to be successful and consequently happy in the social sphere he must know something of the laws of social life and learn to obey them. In a word, it is necessary to be kind if you desire to be treated kindly, and it is only necessary to be cross and crotchety and sour to set everyone against you. In the business realm a man pays out in proportion to his income, he exchanges with others just as much as he receives from others. So in society a man's friends are numerous in proportion as he becomes a friend to others. The exchange is always at par. His share of friendships as an income corresponds to his manufactured output. Yet nothing is more common than to hear men in both spheres sadly complaining of their non-success when the reason may be invariably traced back to themselves. They only are blameworthy.

Education follows the same law. If you would become a scholar something must be exchanged for scholarship. As we are rising in our thought from the commercial to the social and from the social to the educated circles of life it will be seen that the presence of a definable medium of exchange is becoming less distinct. There is no medium that can be regarded as as a legal tender for true scholarship but labor—the most valuable of all mediums. This is the only medium of exchange that has intrinsic value. Labor is the only true wealth producer and the value of an education lies in the amount of labor it costs to obtain it. "Knowledge is power," but it needs power of intellect, power of will, power of body to acquire knowledge. Labor brings capital in the mercantile realm, labor only brings true wealth of mind to the

scholar. If it be true that happiness springs from within and not from without, then the educated man is the happy man: and he is also the wealthy man, for his possessions cost him in the recognised medium of exchange large expenditure. A broad mind disciplined by culture, balanced by knowledge is full of rich thought which, like a permanent spring, gladdens and brightens all who come under its influence. Good thoughts, more precious than gold dust, pour forth like water from the mind of him who has learned to think well, and to learn to think well is, or ought to be, the aim of every student.

Then comes the necessity of exchange again. Have the mercantile and social worlds no need for the products of the scholar? Yes, indeed. While one has been absorbed in its own sphere in preparing the necessities or the luxuries of life the other has been weaving a fabric of beautiful thought to gladden, brighten, beautify, ennoble, enrich. The exchange is made, the merchant and scholar meet and find themselves necessary to each other's happiness. And yet the merchant and the scholar and the man of society may all be combined in the same person. Everyone may live in all these spheres, and should aim to enjoy every phase of life which is open to him.

Manufactured goods are not to be piled up and allowed to mold and decay, but to be put upon the market and exchanged for other necessities. Deeds of kindness are not to be sown in our hearts to produce no lasting results upon others, but to be again sown broadcast upon our acquaintances. Good thoughts are not to be allowed to run through our minds and die away, but to be eagerly given in words spoken or written.

O. N. E.

ON THE INSIGNIFICANCE OF MAN.

I stood alone amid a crumbling pile
Of earth's decaying grandeur, where once reared
A mighty mass 'neath Heaven's approving smile
Upon a spot long honored—long revered.

The crumbling hand of time
Had made its claim, and slowly, stone by stone,
The walls had fallen 'till there stood alone

Two mighty arches looking o'er the heap
 As guardian spirits who midnight vigils keep
 O'er their own graves. Sublime
 This weird and awful silence where man feels
 His finite powers—where thought to him appeals.
 The moon her pale, sad smile shed o'er the spot
 And clad the grave-stones in unnatural light
 Until they seemed like spirits long forgot
 Now wandering forth in robes of chiseled white—
 Moving beneath the trees,
 For each one seemed to move. Then came a whisper
 As rustling leaves—a vague impressive stir :—
 “ Look thou upon this pile and then around
 Upon the stars—their multitudes confound
 Thee—and yet all of these
 Art greater worlds than thine. What canst thou be
 In such a world of immortality ?”
 I fell asleep—and yet it was not sleep.
 It seemed as though my body and my soul
 Had parted and chasms of space lay wide and deep
 Between the two. I saw around me roll
 A hundred million worlds.
 The spirit said, “ In this immensity
 Of space etherial what canst thou see
 But sphere on sphere that help to make a throng
 Of myriads untold, whose endless song
 Shall never cease tho' whirrs
 Thy little earth no more ? And now return,
 Knowing thy littleness, no longer mourn.”

C. E. Dedrick.

Woodsfork.

LECTURE ON PETROLEUM.

BY REV. A. E. DE ST. DALMAS.

Our lecture this month was upon Petroleum. Rev. A. E. de St. Dalmas, of Petrolea, undertook to trace for us the history of coal oil from its discovery to the present day, and from the crude state in which it is found two thousand feet below the surface of the

earth, through all the various processes of rectification and distillation, to the highly clarified and purified spirit with which we are familiar. It could hardly be expected that such a subject, necessarily limited to historic and scientific description, could be made very interesting. Every student probably expected to be instructed, but very few to be entertained. All were agreeably surprised. As the lecturer passed from one racy description to another, interspersing his narrative with wit and humor, the frequent rounds of applause told that all were enjoying the story of coal oil. Mr. St. Dalmas has earned the thanks of the students and teachers for the kind interest taken in them in preparing himself for the discourse. Samples of the oil in all its various stages, models of tools and machinery used in the manufacture, specimens of oil rock, photographs of oil pumps, distilleries, &c., &c., all added greatly to the interest of his words.

In the crude state as it exudes from the oil rock, four hundred to two thousand feet below the level of the earth, coal oil is black and thick. Tar is extracted, which is used for a variety of purposes: coke, which makes excellent fuel: naphtha or benzine, an indispensable commodity in the laboratory: hard white wax, and petroleum for lighting purposes. We learned that much of the gas consumed in the towns and cities west of Toronto is made from coal oil, that the wax used in the manufacture of chewing gum is coal oil wax and that tar in immense quantities is deposited by the crude oil as it passes through the various stages of manufacture.

The story of the tedious task of boring, drilling and finally blasting the rock in order that the oil may be pumped out: the minute and accurate account of the chemical treatment to which the substance is subjected: the witty references to the many uses of the numerous products, all helped to make this one of the most enjoyable and popular lectures we have heard. Instruction and pleasure were combined to a remarkable degree and all were loud in their expressions of satisfaction.

O. N. E.

VILLANELLE.

Life passes quick, and every day its light is bringing :
 We study, trifle, sport, regard our life as joyous,
 Yet in our boyish hearts the thought of death is ringing.
 We wist not that our careless, easeful days are springing
 Into a future that must save us or destroy us ;
 Life passes quick and every day its joy is bringing.
 We meet in friendship's dearest circle proudly singing,
 Forget the value of the tasks that now employ us,
 Yet in our boyish hearts the thought of death is ringing.
 To all we are the " maybe " 's ever clinging,
 To destined ports life's fatal ship does sure convoy us :
 Life passes quick and every day its joy is bringing.
 We think of joy, and cheer, and gladsome labor, flinging
 From hopeful hearts the " obstinate questionings " that annoy us
 Yet in our boyish hearts the thought of death is ringing.
 O school days sweet, we ask for good up-bringing,
 From pent-up selfishness to plains of good deploy us :
 Life passes quick and every day its joy is bringing,
 Yet in our boyish hearts the thought of death is ringing.

N. O. T.

GRANDE LIGNE MISSION.

The following welcome notes from Grande Ligne have been sent to THE MONTHLY by Mr. Geo. R. McFaul :

I was agreeably surprised on my return to the Mission to see what a beautiful building had been erected for the accommodation of the teachers and scholars. Our friends remember well how, on the 31st of January last, the boys' department was destroyed by fire. At first we felt inclined to think it was a serious disaster, but those who helped us to-day to dedicate the new building for the Master's work thought quite differently. Like the fable of the bird which, after living 500 years, prepared its tomb and permitted itself to be burned to death, yet from its ashes there arose

a more beautiful bird than ever, so from the ashes of our old building, which has stood for over fifty years, there has arisen a beautiful and commodious one, with all the modern improvements and conveniences. The services to-day were solemn and impressive, especially as there was so much to recall to our minds the remembrance of past workers, who have now gone home to that better land chief among these being, Madame Feller and Mr. Roussy. Our Institute opens the 15th: up to date 173 applications have been received, only 132 have been admitted, 41 refused for lack of room. Another wing is needed. We believe the Lord will give it to us, and before very long. We ask the prayers of our brethren for the work here. While we thank God for what He has done for McMaster Hall and Woodstock College, etc., we ask our friends to join heartily with us in praising God for what He has done for Grande Ligne. There is a great work before us, let us do it in the Spirit of the Master.

EDITORIAL.

OUR ARTICLES.

It is a pleasure to present for perusal the outspoken article, "How an Advantage May be Turned Into a Disadvantage." We trust that all our readers, especially the students, will learn to look with pride and hope upon Canadian resources and possibilities. The *Students' Quarter* with its "Life in a Great University," "What Shall We Read?" "College Sports a Factor of Education," "Exchange," is fairly representative. The opening poem by Mrs. Maitland possesses that chief merit of a hymn, "a simplicity touched with pure emotion."

THE BAPTIST CONVENTION.

The Baptist Convention has come and gone, and we feel both happy in having had the brethren with us and unhappy in losing them so soon. It was felt to be quite a hardship to keep up the regular class work of the school when meetings so interesting and

important were going on so near us. Teachers and boys were however able to remain at their post and were to some extent consoled by the opportunity of attending the meetings Monday evening and on Saturday and Sunday. It was delightful to have so many of the "old boys" around again. To tell the truth, it seemed that every person had either attended Woodstock College or that he wished he had. The kind and inspiring words spoken and the friendly interest taken in the school have done much to make us prouder than ever of our *Alma Mater*.

A MINISTERIAL FUND.

It was a peculiar thing that at the Educational Meeting of the Convention the speakers, Principal Huston, Dr. Newman, and Dr. Ranc, all urged upon the churches the necessity of the establishment of a fund to help on needy and deserving students looking toward the ministry. The speakers represented the various branches of the University, the Academic, the Theological and the Arts Department, and their opinions are worthy of consideration. Another peculiar thing is that they seemed to agree that the time when aid should be given is in the earlier stages of preparation seeing it is then that the student is least able to help himself.

HONORED BY HONORING.

The friends who presented to the College the magnificent portrait of Dr. Fyfe in honoring the great master did honor to themselves. There was nothing of the spectacular or intentionally dramatic about the unveiling and reception of the painting but there *were* a solemnity and a dignity in perfect harmony with the occasion. Mr. A. S. McMaster, an intimate friend of Dr. Fyfe's, in appropriate words made the presentation. Principal Huston accepted the portrait on behalf of the college, and Rev. John McLaurin delivered a magnificent oration, which we hope to present in our next number. Taken all in all the affair was, in our opinion, the event of the Convention, being heightened by the spontaneous sympathy that begot the idea, the selection of Mr. C. Hatch, one of Dr. Fyfe's boys, as artist, and the presence of scores of friends and students of our first College Principal.

COLLEGE NOTES.

A PANTOUM IN PRAISE OF FOOTBALL.

Three cheers for the jolly round rubber.

Kick hard the good natured football :

Its heart's well protected with lace and with cover,

Dribble close, pass across one and all.

Kick hard the good natured football,

Watch the backs as they raise it on high

Dribble close, kick across one and all,

Now let centre on goal make a try.

Watch the backs as they raise it on high,

Breast it on sturdy half-back, I pray ;

Now let centre on goal make a try,

Kick it on, push it on, that's the way.

Breast it on sturdy half-back, I pray,

Ever meet such a friend with great joy :

Kick it on, push it on, that's the way,

Follow close such a friend, O my boy.

Ever meet such a friend with great joy,

Pet the sphere, pass it sure, to a friend ;

Follow close such a friend, O my boy,

Head her through, our's the game, that's the end.

Pet the sphere, pass it sure, to a friend :

It's the game full of fun, full of fame ;

Head her through, our's the game, that's the end :

Practise hard, keep "onside," watch the game.

N. O. T

The "cup" is ours.

"Thoughtlessness is a crime."—*Hutton*.

What is to be done with the new students yet to come ? is the question of the day.

Our motto for this year, "Be sure you're right and then go ahead."

How it breaks the monotony of college life to have our friends call on us. Most of the boys enjoyed this pleasure during convention week.

We are sorry to state that our goal-keeper, A. S. Glasgow, has again been injured on the football field, and Mr. Wolverton has advised him to make sure of his bodily safety in the future and take up manual training.

Let us not make mountains out of "mole-holes."—*Nimmo.*

Amongst our visitors at the Convention might be mentioned the names of Mrs. Metcalf, Miss McLean, Miss Carey (former students), whose presence brought back to mind the happy days of yore.

While Miller of the "East" fought long and hard for the honor of the college at football, Miller of the "West" just as successfully upheld the college chivalry and looked well after the fair sex.

We are heartily glad to welcome our old friend and school mate McDonald back to the college, and now think the football team complete.

Of late "the voice of one crying in" a certain room in the Main Building has been heard uttering in mournful tones at the dismal hour of midnight: "Laboring for WHAT? PEACE, PEACE, peace?" and there is no piece, and hardly likely to be for some time.

A terrible epidemic has broken out in our midst lately in the form of a "menagerie fever," including such specimen's as "white mice," squirrels, cats, kittens, snakes, etc. We would advise that the college authorities take steps at once to suppress it or we fear sad havoc will be wrought amongst the affections of the boys.

The long-talked-of football match for the "Hough" cup between the Aylmer High School and our boys came off on the 11th inst. at Aylmer. After a pleasant and lively ride of about two hours we arrived at Aylmer. The game was billed for 2 o'clock, but not until 2:30 did the referee call "play." At once the ball was rushed to the Aylmer goal, but their backs returned it up the field, where our old reliables, Rice and DeCew, were waiting to give it a warm reception, which they did, sending it back toward the Aylmer goal, where after some fine team play by Doran, Torrance, Piper and Robertson, Doran kicked it through, winning the first goal for the college. The next goal was taken after a short struggle, Doran again scoring for the college. Towards the close of the first half-time some excellent play was shewn by both teams. Ultimately

the ball was passed through the Aylmer goal by Robertson, scoring the third goal for Woodstock. During the second half neither team scored. The Aylmer men pulled themselves together and made desperate attempts to gain lost ground, but to no avail. Every attack on the college goal was easily repelled by Rice and DeCew. The playing of Bewell, Cameron and Goble was very fine, Bewell particularly making some excellent runs, going right round his opponents and passing the ball right in front of the Aylmer goal. Hoigh, one of the Aylmer backs, was equal to all emergencies, and saved his goal again and again, and when time was called at the end of the second half the game stood 3 to 0 in favor of Woodstock. Although the Aylmer team was defeated they played an excellent game, and were gentlemen in every sense of the term. Every boy on our team played well, in fact so well that only seven shots on the college goal were made, all of which Glasgow speedily took in charge, or we should say discharged. Coming home the boys felt so large that the one passenger car at our disposal was not enough to hold them, so they took possession of a flat car part of the way. The cup is now here: where is the team that will take it away again?

The change in the color of the trees and fields and the absence of some of the summer songsters, together with the chatter of the sparrow, only too plainly tell us that our pleasant summer days are nearly over and ere long we will again find it necessary to face the cold northwest winds and the drifting snow.

It is a recognised fact that fruit is a mental invigorator, and the abundant product of fruit this year far surpasses that of last: so is the apparent increase of the eating capacities of our fellows, who in all respects cannot exist without the apple and the pear. Last year fruit was scarce and sickness among the boys frequent: this year sickness is scarce and fruit plentiful. In this case we find ourselves doubly blessed.

Of the many opportunities for improvement that present themselves to us in our college life, none is of more importance and is likely to have more effect on our after life than the work done in our literary societies. In this light we hold up the "Excelsior," the junior society of our school, because in it our fine manly young fellows are gaining a power which as they grow up will no doubt effect the future of the Dominion.

Mr. Bewell and the gymnasium are combined in working wonders with the muscular development of the boys, and the gymnasium will prove in the near future no mean addition to our pleasant college life.

THE ANNUAL SERMON.—By one of those unexplainable oversights that will sometimes happen we omitted in our last issue to make fitting mention of the sermon preached to the students by Rev. J. F. Barker of Ingersoll. The students marched to the church in a body and took the seats reserved for them. Mr. Barker chose for his text: "This is life eternal, to know God and Jesus Christ whom He has sent." The subject was handled in a masterly fashion worthy of the reputation that the reverend gentleman is winning for himself as one of our ablest exponents of God's Word.

We are indebted to the "Philomathic Society," which still holds sway in our midst, for the settling of many of the great and important questions which are continually troubling the public mind. At a recent meeting it was decided after a lengthy debate among our silver-tongued orators that statesmanship has done more for the civilization of the world than poetry and art. This decision is no doubt interesting and pleasing to many of our readers throughout the Dominion.

It is pleasant to report that the College Library has been enriched to the extent of nearly two hundred vols. Generous gifts, not previously reported, have been made by Professor M. S. Clark, Herb. E. Kemp, Mr. T. P. Hall and Mr. Thos. Lailey. Mr. Lailey, in addition to former kindnesses, recently remembered us with the splendid donation of one hundred and forty vols., purchased by himself for our use in England this summer. Principal Huston's addition (out of the library fund) of a complete set, eight vols., of the Irving Shakespeare is one of the handsomest and most expensive received for many a day. Our shelf-room is now pretty well filled again, but new cases will soon be placed and ready to receive whatever the generosity of friends or the ability of the College fund may provide. The following is a partial list of books received: Universal Library, Morley, 10 vols.; English Men of Letter Series, 10 vols.; India Under Victoria, Trotter, 2 vols.; The Euphrates Expedition, Ainsworth, 2 vols.; Reconnoitring Central Asia, Marvin, 1 vol.; The Highlands of Cantabria, Ross

& Cooper, 1 vol.: The Eton Portrait Gallery, 1 vol.: Through the Zulu Country, Milford, 1 vol.: On the Track of the Crescent, Johnson, 1 vol.: Travels on the Amazon, Wallace, 1 vol.: The Modern Egyptians, Lane, 1 vol.: Enterprise and Adventure, Temple, 1 vol.: Invention and Discovery, Temple, 1 vol.: Scenes and characters from English Life, Sandys, 1 vol.: Journal to the Niger, Lauder, 3 vols.: Naval History of Great Britain, 4 vols.: Cabinet of Poetry, 4 vols.: The Ingoldsby Legends, Barham, 1 vol. Emerson's Prose Works, 1 vol.: Life of Dr. Arorld, Stanley, 1 vol.: Episodes of French History, Masson, 5 vols.: Christian Evidence Society's Series, 10 vols.: Energy in Nature, Carpenter, 1 vols.: Physical Science, Bowman, 1 vol.: Objects for the Microscope, Clarke, 1 vol.: Low's Domestic Animals, 1 vol.: Hooper's Gardening Guide, 1 vol.: Dual Arithmetic, Byrne, 1 vol.: Animal Mechanics, 1 vol.: Animal Physiology, 1 vol.: London Quarterly, 1 vol.: North British Review, 3 vols.: Sarah De Berenger, 2 vols.: Smyth's Lecture on Modern History, 2 vols.: The Higher Ministry of Nature, 1 vol.: English Synonyms, Taylor, 1 vol.: Epochs of the Papacy, 1 vol.: Christian Heroes in the Army and Navy, 1 vol.: Hymnology, Kennedy, 1 vol.: Oxford Essays, 4 vols.: Reminiscences of many years, Lord Teignmouth, 2 vols.: Mrs. Heman's Poetical Works, 1 vol.

GONE TO REST.

In our last issue we recorded the illness of Mrs. Wolverton. It is now our sorrowful duty to tell of her death.

" 'Tis done, the conflict o'er, the spirit fled,
 Borne on seraphic pinions to the skie",
 Where bliss beyond conception is prepared,
 And pleasures, everlasting pleasures rise."

The long and weary suspense, at times mingled with hopes which again were to be shattered by the return of the fever, has ended. Death has done its work. The body has been reverently laid away until the day of resurrection: the spirit has returned to God who gave it. Her life has been tenderly folded up and placed in memory's casket. Kind deeds fragrant with the sweet spirit of her Master—how could it be forgotten? A thing of beauty is a joy for ever. The funeral was very impressive. All nature wept as we buried one whom we all loved. Beautiful white wreaths

told of the general affection of many friends. A large and graceful lyre, the gift of the boys, was among the tender expressions. The students all love Mr. Wolverton and deeply sympathise with him in his sorrow. He has the secret of true consolation—trust in God—is able to say, “Thy will be done,” and is willing to follow in the footsteps of Him who was made “perfect through suffering.”

THE WOES OF THE READING ROOM CURATOR.

Now listen to these mournful lines
Of my daily, hourly woes:
You'll wonder not my heart repines,
And longs to seek repose.

There is a college reading-room,
And a reading-room curator:
The latter has to meet his doom
Within his Alma Mater.

His doom is this, to go with sighs
Full oft, and often full
Of dread at what shall meet his eyes,
And cause him then to pull

His hair with anguish and with grief,
For a chaos meets his gaze;
“The Globe” is torn and many a leaf
Is scattered 'mongst the maze.

“The Freeman” changes place with “Grip,”
The “Mail” with “The Advertiser”;
“St. Nicholas,” as a carpet strip,
Seems lonely as a miser.

It is “ever thus,” and such is life
That we can't be happy ever.
But oh! not long will be the strife,
Unless the boys endeavor
To keep “The Freeman” on its hook,
And “The Globe” upon its file,
Then it might be our friends would look
Less astonished at our style.