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THE
M^cMASTER UNIVERSITY
MONTHLY

VOL. VIII.

OCT., 1898, TO MAY, 1899.

TORONTO
DUDLEY & BURNS, PRINTERS
1899

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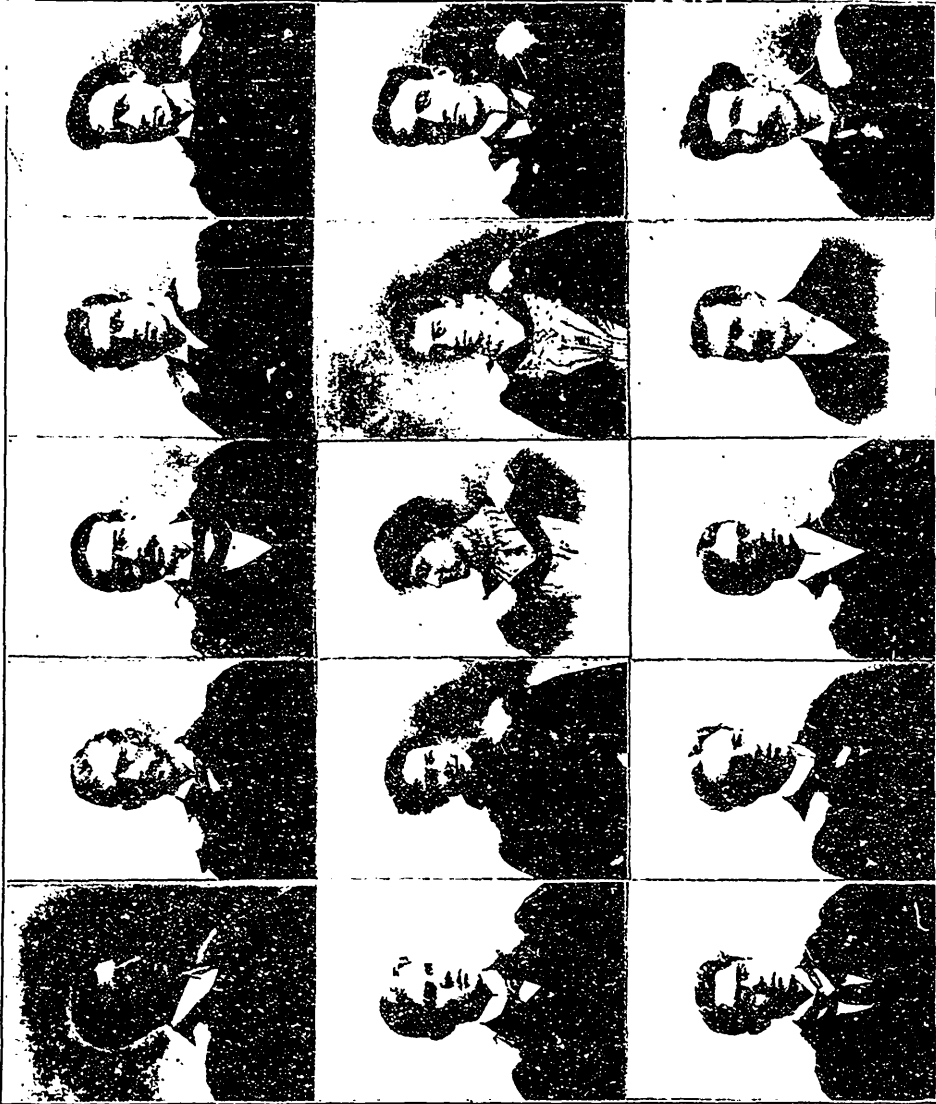
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GRADUATING CLASS IN ARTS, '98.

S. R. STEVENSON,
A. R. COLLEGE,
A. W. VINTAGE.

W. DANIEL,
M. A. BAILEY,
I. A. FERGUSON.

J. P. SCHULTZ,
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M. C. McLEAN,
W. W. CHARLES,
T. W. KROGH.

THE
McMASTER UNIVERSITY MONTHLY

OCTOBER, 1898.

AT CLASS OF '98 RALLY.

Broadens now the flowing river,
Comrades, feather clean your oars,
Sit in order true as ever,
Near we now the tidal shores.

Singing all the winding way,
Through the hills and meadow lands,
In the cloudy, cloudless day,
Past we rapids, shining strands.

Deep voiced now the sea is calling,
Comrades, greet it, hearts elate!
Every fear with hope forestalling,
Onward, onward, Ninety-Eight.

THEODORE H. RAND.

Honorary President.

HISTORY OF CLASS '98, ARTS.

Some things are being continually rejected because they are old, while others for the very same reason are being tenaciously retained. The Chinese lady submits to the practice of foot-bandaging because for ages it has been looked upon as the proper thing to do, but in the painful memory of living men, Canadian belles have varied their tastes all the way and back again from the tiny turban to the hat of the Wife of Bath style, and from the trim figure of the modern bicycle girl to the crinoline of a decade or two ago: and all, simply to avoid the horrid thought of not wearing something entirely new.

Thus we are being continually whipped by our whims round this miserable circle of a changeless change. Day follows night, and night, day, and the events are much the same, but they must not appear so. New bottles must be fashioned to contain the same old wine, new phrases must be racked up to express the same old thoughts until our language has become a veritable jumble of metaphors.

And the writing of class histories is one of these fads. Classes haze and are hazed, break up and re-unite, plug, write and pass on, struggle and graduate: the facts are always the same, but it must not appear so. If in one case the course is compared to the outgoing of a goodly ship, the next must stage it as a drama, or put before our eyes the amphitheatre and heroes struggling for the victory. Thus are we tyrannized over by our hankering after variety. We have read of a learned German scholar who journeyed to Greece to investigate the amount of oil used by Demosthenes while writing his second Phillipic. Now this was doubtless a matter of importance to Demosthenes himself, but surely the important thing for us is the Phillipic—the result of it all.

So, the private history of Class '98 has a peculiar interest to its own members, but surely the important thing is the result of it all, the thing yet to be seen. Yet so incessant is the demand for something new, that these humble facts must be dragged from the past, decked up in some fantastic manner, and thrust into the public gaze.

The Class of '98 McMaster was constituted by powers entirely apart from itself. In the good Providence of God twenty-one students were led to seek higher education in the same course at the same time, and simply accepted the custom of organization. They adopted a constitution whose origin no one knows, and whose present whereabouts is an equal mystery. "A rather innocent crowd," you will say. Very true, sir, very true, we were meek beyond the average, and so intent for a time on our surroundings, that events simply drifted on, guided, who knows how, and yet guided aright. There was not much to bring the class together at first. There was no nucleus of Woodstock boys around which organization might begin, and when at last organization did come, it was happy fortune rather than fore-knowledge of his ability, which selected York Adam King as first President of the Class.

One of the very earliest events which all will remember in our class career was the reception by the old students. This excellent feature has now become a tradition of the school, but what old boy listening to the jokes he has already stood for four years will begrudge the Freshman his exuberant joy, when he recalls the like ecstasy with which he first heard them? Can you imagine how delighted we felt on that occasion, and when our President made the speech of the evening, it dawned upon us that we were more of a unit than we thought, and that there was really more to do in the first year than chewing over those old cuds in Bradley's Arnold and stalking through imaginary forests after the errant knights of King Arthur's Round Table.

Then we began to hold business meetings. Only the faithful know what our business meetings were; but we had no legal cranks to keep our toes constantly up to the constitutional line, and a wink from the chairman was as good as ten votes on a motion. Various subjects came up for discussion. We voted out the wearing of gowns, poor prattlers that we were, yet the gowns came. But there was one tangible result from our deliberations, and that was the class rally. One hundred and ninety-four Roxborough Ave., the home of our class-mate, Lew Thomas, was thrown open to us for the occasion. Perhaps this rally did not differ greatly from scores of others which have

been held before and since. Perhaps it was not so good as many of them, but the fact that it was our own, made it the very best for us. We got still better acquainted with one another, our domestic affairs began to assume quite a progressive appearance, and the representatives of the neighboring classes leaned patronizingly over the back fence to inquire after our welfare. But if our friendship was strengthened by mutual prosperity, it was still more so by mutual adversity. The weather had been beautiful at first, but during our merriment Old Boreas got on one of his ugly fits, and piled the streets high and deep with snow. Every one of us will remember that night till we quit remembering things at all, and doubtless John Thompson will remember it longer still, for he had a five mile walk through the drifts, and did not report till next day at noon.

But these were the unusual events of our first year, and it must not be assumed that they received all the attention. Each day's routine of studies was more or less faithfully prepared, and the final examinations did not distinguish us from any of the other classes, either as remarkably brilliant or remarkably stupid. No person was plucked, and, so far as the faculty were concerned, we might all have gone on together to the end of another chapter.

But the return of autumn shewed this good-will to have been wasted on five of our members. Misses Gile and Klink, Messrs. Marshall, McNeill and Randolph failed to answer to the muster call in October, '96. To make up the loss, however, we were joined by W. W. Charters and A. B. Cohoe, formerly of '96, and H. S. Erb and C. R. Phelan, of Acadia. In the class elections for the year, Mr. W. B. H. Teakles was made President, and Miss Whiteside, Secretary.

Now it has already been protested that our class history was only of private importance, but it must further be said that during our second year there was not much history of any kind. Of course we studied and studied hard, that was the business we were in. We had a class rally, and a good one too, for which we were indebted to the kindness of Mrs. M. S. Clark, in opening her home to us.

Still there was one unusual event that year. We do not like to mention it, for it may not be very pleasant for the other

classes. It was before the days of the trophies, so we have nothing to shew for our victory, but the fact remains that in her second year the Class of '98 cleared out every other class foot-ball team on the campus.

These were a few of the events which came to break the monotony of our second year. But what of that monotony itself? We are accustomed to look carefully for the outstanding events and overlook the details. As a rule, at the end of a day, a person cannot point to a single markedly important thing which he has learned during its hours, and yet it is the days which make years, and it is the acts and thoughts of days which make up character and life.

In that monotony, then, perhaps the most influential feature was the introduction, through psychology, to the mental sciences. Every child is a philosopher, and perhaps for his years, the child is a greater philosopher than the average man, but were it not for such studies, in the great majority of cases, the infantile yearnings would wither and die under the blows and buffetings of an unfriendly world. Whether or not this may be true in our members, it was at least our opportunity to catch from the every day duties of our second year some glimpses of the one increasing purpose that runs through all things.

We will not speak of the examinations. Of course they came in due time, and once more we were free. We had started a class-letter the previous summer, but it proved a very tardy voyageur indeed. But our letter of the second summer was swift and busy as a little bee. It flew from the crowded city to the green countryside, it shared with the lonely tea agent some of the pleasures of the gay camping-ground, it dispensed sweet memories and fresh courage wherever it went, and yet its precious cargo did not lessen in the least. Thus we were kept in sight of each other through the swift passing summer, and when October came, we felt more attached to the old class than if we had never been separated. And great was the need of unity, for eight of the faithful were missing, and only two newcomers, W. P. Reekie and S. R. Stephens, of '97, joined us to offset the loss. Thus we entered the junior year over-shadowed on both sides by classes almost double our number.

The class met for organization on a day already famous in history—the fifth of November. Mr. A. W. Vining was elected President, and Miss M. A. Bailey, Secretary. In many ways this was a year of transition. Two years had passed, yet in them we were always nearer the beginning of the course than the end of it; now the change had come. With two exceptions, those who met as the third year in October, '96, were destined to finish together. Hitherto we had taken but little part in the business of the student body, but now a beginning had to be made toward taking up the cares of state which a few short months would throw entirely upon us. In a word, this year represented the change from youth to manhood in our university career.

As the autumn term drew to a close, preparations were made for the usual class-rally. But they were destined never to be completed. The place of meeting had already been arranged, the committees drafted, and all expectation at its highest, when a vigorous appeal from Dr. Rand for the persecuted Christians in Armenia, changed the whole course of events. Mr. Roy proposed that the rally be dispensed with, and that the levy should be devoted to the Armenian relief fund. After some discussion the proposition was unanimously adopted. However, on the invitation of Mrs. Bailey, the class met at her home on the evening on which the rally was to have been, and though we did not have a class rally in the strictest sense, yet that meeting was made the occasion of most of the pleasantries which make rallies desirable.

No doubt one of the most interesting topics on that occasion was the recent inter-year foot-ball matches. In order to make out a team, '98 had to put every man in the field. The outlook was desperate indeed, but so was our courage. The first game was with the Theologs. They were supported by the famous goal-keeper Imrie, while our defense brought up with the equally illustrious Josh. Marshall. Hostilities began and continued by a vigorous attack on Imrie's goal. But no effort could break through to victory. Suddenly the status belli changed and the tide of war went sweeping down toward the post held by the devoted Marshall. So sudden was the attack that that worthy completely lost his head. Already far too

short for such a crisis, he failed to stop the charge, and the field where our dim prospects had for a time burned bright, was turned into an utter rout.

But again our courage and our scattered forces were collected. There was still the chance of beating the men of '97. This time Marshall, with characteristic gallantry, took the place of Uriah the Hittite, in the very front of the conflict, while McLachlan, "worthy to be a hero," retired with his unhealed wounds, to defend the goal. It is an exciting moment, the wind blows stealthily over the field, the adjacent pine trees sway their high tops and whisper "wait." Cries of exultation are answered by cries of defiance, while ever and anon waves high the green flag of '98. And now the conflict has begun; backward and forward waves the attack; the night is falling on every side, the pine trees toss and shriek in the excited wind. Charters has fallen, his face bathed in blood, Marshall is nowhere to be seen; down comes the '97 reserve in a terrific charge, McLachlan falls with a foot-ball in his bosom, the attack sweeps over him, and the field is lost. Darkness closes down on the remnant of '98, defeated but not dishonored.

Such is the record of our athletic aspirations. As winter came on, however, attention was directed to the arena of the literary society. Under the able management of President Mode, a novel and exciting feature was introduced into the programme in the shape of an oratorical contest between representatives of the different classes in arts and theology. It was left to each class to select its own representative. The class of '98 appointed its President. After several postponements, the contest was brought on at the open meeting of the spring term. Considering the impetus given to each speaker by the novelty of the contest, the importance of the occasion, the humiliation of not representing his class well, it may be imagined that Rev. Charles A. Eaton had no easy task before him when he stepped upon the platform to give judgment on the contest. But the members of '98 at least thought when he finished the task, that he was just the right man in the right place, and that he was a man of very clear judgment.

This event was on the eve of the spring exams, and soon the intense hush of preparation had paralysed every other

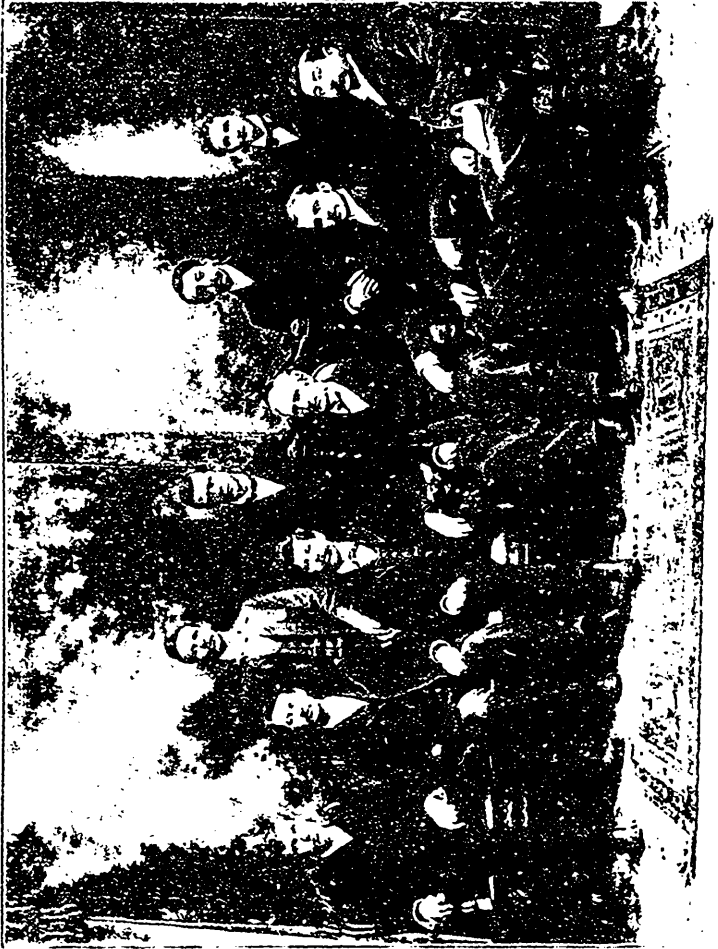
activity. History is wont to stifle the groans of battle in the shout of victory, and her example shall be followed here. The class of '98 emerged from the test with the most creditable record of six third class standings 45 seconds and 81 firsts.

And now the end approaches. With October '97 came our last mustering. All the members of the previous year save McLachlan were present, and in addition there were Farmer, Daniel and McLean. Thus we hoped to graduate sixteen strong, but early in the term Mr. Roy was taken seriously sick and forced to give up the year.

Mr. Charters and Miss Iler were elected President and Secretary of the class to superintend the business of the last and most important year of the course. The class rally was held at the house of Mrs. Whiteside on Spadina Avenue. But perhaps all the ordinary and customary events of the year were so eclipsed by the grand finale that little mention need be made of them here. One event, however, toward the close of the term made a deep impression on the class and seemed to deepen the bond of union among them. The last Fyfe Missionary Meeting of the year was concluded by class prayer-meetings. It was a great joy to the class that every member could heartily and sincerely take part in the prayer-meeting of the senior year.

Finally the last examinations were ushered in and safely passed by every one in the class. Thus we were still to be numbered together, and in order to give direction to the union and friendship of four years fellowship in literary pursuits, it was resolved to draw up a new constitution and elect permanent officers. In accordance with this programme, Mr. Vining was elected President, Miss Iler, Vice-President, and Mr. Teakles, Secretary. Already our members have scattered as far west as Minnesota and as far east as Montreal, but we hope yet to meet again in some of the same old associations in which we spent four happy years.

And now it is the last scene. Walmer Road church is filled to the doors, the choristers are in their places, and the platform is crowded with the culture of Senate and Faculty and honored guests. The air is heavy with the odor of fresh roses, and expectancy is on every face. Then one by one from the ranks of the students pass up the heroes and heroines of the hour. It



GRADUATING CLASS IN THEOLOGY, 1898.

C. H. SQUIBBS, B.A. R. BOYD, B.A. L. BROWN, B.A. G. J. MASON, B.A.
A. R. PARKS A. J. PARSONS, B.A. F. R. WILHELM D. BROWN
H. G. KOSMIDY
Prof. D. M. WELLES, PH.D.
Hon. President

was pleasant then to remember that we had ushered in the other classes kindly for now it is their turn to usher us out. This scene, perhaps so fascinating to them, is to us like walking the plank into the unknown treacherous sea, and it is good to feel the sympathetic presence of friends. Then speeches follow, but they are lost on the weary hearing of the graduates. For now theories must be thrown aside. The gala day of inexperience is past and now the serious days begin in earnest. One goal is past and the next will usher in eternity. So be it; let us approach it forsaking not less false humility than false boasting, for "that which we are, we are."

These are a few of the events in the history of class '98. The rest of their acts and all that they did, are they not written in the book of the chronicles of time. If in the future they should prove worthy of attention—farewell, if not—adieu.

A. W. V.

CLASS '98 THEOLOGY.

Class '98 Theology has said goodbye to McMaster University and to-day her members are separated far! Yet the bonds which bind us together are still unbroken. The fellowships there begun, there strengthened and by years of contact intensified, are still with us as one of the richest heritages of our life.

To sum up reminiscences of "those days of wonder and hope," and to delineate the characters which went to make up the class, is by no means an easy task. There is a something about the life we lived together, about the fellowship we there enjoyed, that words can but inadequately express. The "afterward" which each of us now experiences "yields peaceable fruits" which are beyond the power of the pen to describe.

There has come from it all a heart ministry—a life enrichment, a holy purpose to rise up and bless the world about us—a conviction that—

"To give is to live,
To deny is to die,"

which is ever with us, carrying us where otherwise we would not have gone—causing us to speak what otherwise we would not have spoken, restraining us from actions which otherwise we would have engaged in.

As members of '98 Theology we feel that no higher tribute can be given our noble *Alma Mater* than that she has been the means of inculcating, and making part and parcel of us, this sense of high and holy aspiration. We can truly say that McMaster University has taught us that all the true success in this life lies in,

" The submission of man's nothing perfect
To God's all complete
As by each new obeisance in spirit
We climb to His feet."

To-day relieved from the drudgery and routine of the class-room—breathing as we now do the free fresh air of pastoral life—reflecting upon the days of our glad captivity, we are verily "like unto them that dream." For as we review our days of college life it seems but "as a watch in the night." Difficult is it, indeed, for us to realize that the goal which once seemed so far ahead, and toward which we moved so slowly, is now behind us and a thing of the past.

The associations of '98 Theology were from the beginning of our history as a class very pleasant. With but one or two exceptions we had all known each other either as undergraduates in Woodstock College or McMaster. Two members of Class '98, the writer of this sketch and brother A. J. Darroch, B.A., have had the rare pleasure of being class-mates together for nine years consecutively—a record which is rarely surpassed. Many members of our class came to the study of Theology not unprepared for the work before them. Out of a class of nine, five were graduates in Arts, while all the other members of the class had enjoyed at least some academic training. To-day we are all free to admit that in the study of Systematic Theology, with the wide scope of its teaching, the grandeur of its theme, and the depths of its profound mysteries, we are now but beginners,

" Children gathering pebbles on a boundless strand."

The work in hand afforded ample opportunity for some members of our class, (of a philosophical turn of mind, who enjoy the contemplation of deep themes) to feast to their heart's content.

Brother A. J. Darroch, B.A., who hails from Bruce, tells us that he was raised on porridge, and Systematic Theology is in his blood. He found in the study of the doctrines generally and of the decrees in particular—(to many of us a maze of darkness)—a field for thought and discussion which possessed a charm all its own.

Brother C. H. Schutt, M.A., ever sought to place truths in their logical connection and to gain their true relationship.

Dr. Goodspeed and he have often wandered far in their interesting discussions upon the psychological and philosophical bearing of truth. We shall ever remember him as an accurate student, always ready to recite when called upon, and to question until convinced that the position taken by the author or the professor was satisfactory.

Brother R. Routledge, B.A., was Brother Schutt's true yoke fellow in this respect, and when they joined together in the support of any position taken on a question up for discussion, they brought forth arguments which were always forceful and worthy of consideration.

We feel especially proud of this member of our class. He is representing us well in the far south, and when "we bow our knees unto the Father," and pray for blessing upon us as a class, we shall ever remember in a special sense our noble consecrated and gifted Brother Routledge in Bolivia.

Brother G. T. Menge, B.A., was the metaphysician of '98. He has a genius for the discussion and elaboration of all truths which have about them a philosophical bearing, and could split hairs with mathematical accurateness. In New Testament Greek Prof. Farmer ever fell back upon him when all the rest of us had failed, and very rarely was he disappointed. We congratulate our class-mate upon obtaining the fellowship in Classics, and know that he will honor Class '98 Theology by the character of the work he is certain to perform in that department.

Brother D. Brown, the orator of the year, was by no means the smallest man of '98. He was ever a careful, thoughtful, inquisitive student. To him the study of theology was a sacred task. He had a high conception of the Gospel ministry, and all his classmates will admit he was one of the most consecrated of our number.

Brother J. H. Chapman, while a member of '98 Theology, did not graduate, although he did all the work but the taking of his diploma from the hand of the Chancellor. Fearful lest the charm of a pastorate might detain him from future study, which he wished to pursue, he decided not to graduate, but wait until another year. Brother Chapman was ever a diligent student. He is the Sankey of '98 and was always ready to give a helping hand whenever a demand for aid along the musical line came to him.

Brother A. R. Park, the minstrel of '98, who joined us after a year's absence from college through sickness, was one of the most congenial and spiritual members of our class. There is every prospect that he will be a very successful servant of his Master in the field of the Gospel ministry.

Brother H. G. Kennedy was without doubt the quietest of our number. But the character of the work he did was such as only much thought and painstaking effort could produce. He excelled in homiletics—his plans always being capital and more than once meriting the praise of the professor and the admiration of his fellow-students. Although heavily burdened with pastoral and other duties, he was always a regular attendant at lectures and able to take an intelligent part in the discussions of the class-room. We are certain that time will show that our brother Kennedy is a "workman who needeth not to be ashamed."

Bro. J. R. Webb for two years ably filled the office of secretary of class '98, was one of the most enthusiastic of her number. He came into the ministry after splendid business training and all through his course was an earnest student. He has many qualities which fit him for the life-work he has chosen. We are glad to hear encouraging reports of his work in Montreal. We expect good things from this bright and devoted member of '98 Theology.

In conclusion, let me say that the professors have each given us a distinct message, and in the discharge of our pastoral duties they will ever be with us, and their ministry during the few years of our life at college will be to us a constant benediction. As we think of Chancellor Wallace we will ever find an impulse to be punctual, methodical, and to think high thoughts;

of Dr. Goodspeed, to be reverent lovers of truth; of Prof. Farmer, to be faithful in the discharge of duty and pure in heart; of Dr. Welton, to be critical students of and lovers of God's word; of Dr. Newman, to be friends of the great and good in all Christian history.

After the years of college life we have spent in McMaster, with the hallowed associations of her halls, with the choice fellowships her theological professoriate affords, the words of James Russell Lowell are pregnant with meaning to every graduate of '98 Theology,—

“ Be noble, and the nobleness that lies
In other men sleeping, but never dead,
Will rise in majesty to meet thine own !”

L. BROWN.

Grimsby, October 18th, '98.

[NOTE—The above sketch of Class '98 Theology would be very incomplete without any reference to Brother L. Brown, M. A., who with characteristic modesty passed himself by in writing the history of his Class. Bro. Brown is recognised as one of the strongest men of '97. He has excellent literary ability, which has revealed itself from time to time through the columns of *THE MONTHLY*. In the sphere of religious journalism we expect that this member of '98 will gain distinction.

As a student Bro. Brown is penetrating, faithful and thorough in all the departments of his work. Excelling, as he does, in homiletics, he promises to become a lucid and forcible expositor of the Word. He goes out highly esteemed by all his fellow-students, who always found him to be a Christian gentleman and a typical college-man. In the days that are to come his ministry will throw lustre upon McMaster, where he has received his thorough equipment for life service.

P. G. M.

ADDRESS TO GRADUATING CLASSES.

Members of the Graduating Classes in Arts and Theology:

I consider it a privilege once more to speak to you whom I have known so well. Let me, too, congratulate you upon the consummation of this course of study. We look back with you over the years of effort and aspiration. What self-denial in your beloved home to make your success to-night possible! Some of you have made special efforts to gain this end, and what has been done is largely the result of your own struggles; but, for all of you, this graduation means that you have actually done something in the world, one blow has been struck, one victory gained. Let no one undervalue the good work already done. It signifies much when we look back; it means more when we look forward. I congratulate you upon your accomplishment.

I wish to say a few words concerning your mission as educated men and women. We believe that we are in some sense masters of our lives and can fashion them as we choose. We should, however, choose our life-work with due regard to the qualifications which we possess. Every acquisition means proportionate increase of obligation to serve. Your scholastic training makes it necessary for you to do more and choose differently than would otherwise have been required. "The educated man," says Newman Smythe, "is under special obligations to the community. It has been happily said that the scholar has received the people's oil, and it is his duty to return it in light." So you are of the privileged few and are to fashion life with a due sense of its increased obligation. Of course there may not be much difference between you and those whose advantages have been less, but such as it is, it is of vast importance, for it is by just such small differences that the race is led forward, that you will undoubtedly become leaders of men.

While you are called upon to touch life effectively at every point, there are some phases of life which should be especially dear to you. One of these is that, as you have cultivated the reasoning powers during these years, you should be men and women in whom reason rules, reasonable in the best sense. We

know how near this is to the Greek virtue of wisdom. I think the Apostle James meant something of the sort when he said, "If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God." There is great need of wise men of judgment and clear vision, who are above the passions of the crowd. We trust those who manifest such a character, and they are sometimes the salvation of a nation. We do not believe in the Stoic imperturbability, but we do believe in men and women who invite our confidence by their fair-minded, reasonable conduct. Be reasonable, wise, in all things.

Another expression of your mission is found in this exhortation: 'Be the friend of truth.' Not that you should join the crowd who loudly proclaim their love of truth; truth's devotees are humble and reverent in her glorious temple. Berkeley said: "Truth is the cry of all but the game of few." To love truth means many things, among others, to be the Friend not only of your *Alma Mater*, but of educational institutions, and participate in their direction; to assist those who are anxious for an education with wise counsel and encouragement; to strike the happy mean between a tenacious conservatism and a foolish liberalism, holding fast truth already gained, yet reaching forth towards that still to be understood; to be faithful yet tolerant; and finally, to live out truth in a life of honesty with yourself and justice towards your neighbor. Be the friend of truth in actual life as you have been its earnest student in the lecture-room.

Again, you who are educated, should have an enthusiasm for life, believe in life. We have had enough of Christian pessimism in the home, in society and in the pulpit. Let us remember that Schopenhauer and Hartmann appealed to the apparent pessimism of Christians in proof of their great systems of pessimism. But believe in truth as a good. Believe in the world about you as somehow the expression of the Divine mind, for Spinoza, and Hegel, and Lotze, have not lived in vain, to say nothing of that greatest of Christian writers who said: "In Him we live and move and have our being." God reigns. The world is His, your life is His gift directed by Him to some high purpose. Believe, then, in the friendliness of the universe. All its forces unite with you in your effort to make the most of yourself. Believe in life.

Again, have an ideal to realize. Just what this ideal should be will depend upon you and the position you occupy. But remember that wherever you are, whatever your circumstances, your life may have its ideal. Carlyle said, in effect, that no one ever occupied a position which has not its ideal, its duty; and the degree of vision in the man measures his fitness for the place. That is just in proportion as a man grasps the ideal required then and there and tries to realize it, just so far is he adequate to the task in hand. May we not suggest that the highest ideal is even that of "the perfect man, the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ." That is, be and do as Christ would be and do in your place. Have this ideal to realize.

Again, may we not say that, from this point of view, the daily occupation becomes a worship? *Laborare est orare*. To remember Christ's presence in every act of toil, to do and be "in His name" is to make of life a worship of that which is divine in it. Therefore, seek the divine in the daily occupation, for, remember, *laborare est orare*.

But I have said enough. I congratulate you and bid you Godspeed in behalf of your *Alma Mater*, urging you to remember, for a little time at least, your mission as educated men and women. It calls upon you to be reasonable in the best sense, to be the friends of truth, to have an enthusiasm for life, to live with an ideal to realize, even the ideal of the perfect Man, and to work with the conviction that your work is the expression of your worship of the divine in life.

Thus your *Alma Mater* would bid you go forth with her benediction and prayer that the divine blessing may be with you all the days.

JAMES TEN BROEKE.

May, 1898.

THE CHANCELLOR'S ADDRESS.

The session of 1898-9 of McMaster University has opened under favorable auspices. The teaching staff is larger and the number of students greater than in any previous year. The conditions are favorable for progress in all our work, and for a more complete seizing of our opportunities for service in Ontario, in Canada, and in the world. Encouragement and inspiration come to us from the confidence and hope of those who have been builders in our educational work in the past; from a frank avowal of a change of mind on the part of many who a few years ago were honestly doubtful respecting the need and usefulness of our University, but declare themselves to be genuinely and heartily sympathetic now; from the enthusiasm and painstaking faithfulness of our professors, lecturers and fellows; from the earnestness and manliness of our students; from the success which our graduates are winning in different vocations, and from the increasing call for graduates of McMaster University to fill positions of influence and power in our land and in other lands.

Since convocation one year ago there have been changes in our teaching staff. The Fellowship in Mathematics and Physics held for two years by Mr. William Findlay, M.A., was awarded by the Senate at the last semi-annual meeting to Mr. Arthur Wellesley Vining, B.A. Mr. William Arthur Piersol, B.A., having retired from the Demonstratorship in Natural Science, that he might devote himself exclusively to medical studies, Mr. Ebenezer Ralph Hooper, B.A., M.B., was appointed in his stead. The staff has been strengthened by the appointment of the following additional teachers: in the department of History, Mr. William Houston, M.A., as Lecturer; in the department of Classics, Mr. George John Menge, B.A., B.Th., as Fellow; in the department of Moderns, Mr. Harry Byron Tapscott, B.A., as Fellow; and in the department of Pastoral Theology, Rev. Elmore Harris, B.A., as Honorary Lecturer on Evangelistic Methods.

The gratitude of the University is due to Mr. Harris, who, though occupied with many cares and duties, responded cheerfully and cordially to the request of the Senate to perform, without fee, a service involving considerable labor and responsibility

The gratitude of the University is also due to a friend of our educational work who has endowed a Fellowship in Classics for a term of years, on condition that some other friend shall make contribution of equal amount. We confidently expect this condition to be met.

The enrolment of students is larger this year than ever before. The incoming class in Arts is the largest in the history of the University. We shall register in the first year classes in Theology a larger number of university graduates than in any previous year. Our students come from all parts of Canada, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Quebec, Ontario, Manitoba, Alberta and British Columbia, and from the United States, England Ireland and Burma. The gathering in this University of representatives of all parts of our country is of national as well as denominational interest and importance.

These are formative and prophetic days in Canada. Growth in population and material possessions is assured. The complete appreciation of our national resources : the discovery in various parts of the land of resources the existence of which was not known until lately : the attention of other nations, and especially of our own mother land, an attention which is at once sympathetic and interested : these taken with the momentous changes which are working among the nations of the earth, make it unspeakably important that Canadians should all be one in sympathy and in national ideals from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and that our aspirations for our nation and for the individual should all be as high as those which Jehovah taught His chosen people long ago. Never was there a period in the history of the world when the call for strong and well furnished men was so insistent as now. Never was there need for so many men possessing competency as leaders of thought and life. Men of great moral weight, of trained intellects, of boundless sympathy with mankind, and of simple faith in God, are everywhere urgently needed. In the pulpits of our land they are needed to speak as the fearless, loving prophets of God. In our universities, colleges, and public schools, where national life is being moulded and home life largely affected, they are needed to call upon our sons and daughters to rise from a selfish utilitarianism and to find the summits of life in the sunlight of God's gracious pur-

poses. In our legislative halls they are needed to resist political baseness, to build for a large and holy future, and to keep alive in national councils the memory of the eternal truth that "righteousness exalteth a nation." They are needed in every community, in every profession, in every business, to give direction to the public thought, to establish right customs, and to help men out of the darkness into light, peace, and holiness.

To aid young men to qualify themselves for such responsibilities and opportunities we are in many respects conditioned favorably. The location of this University in Toronto, a city of high educational ideals, whose outstretched arms touch the east and the west: the principles upon which the University was founded, and has been conducted from the beginning; the mental and moral weight of those who have been graduated already, and the manner in which they are serving in their different vocations: and the high ideals of our present student body, whose purposes, hopes and aims have much to do in determining the intellectual and spiritual success or failure of our work, all give strong assurance that McMaster University is making, and is destined to make, a large and worthy contribution to the best life of Canada, and to the cause of righteousness and truth in the world.

The favor shown our work by God has increased our responsibilities. Success has brought the embarrassments which growth brings. The buildings and revenues which were adequate for a small work are inadequate for this larger work which is being thrust upon us. In order that we should seize our opportunities now as they come pressing upon us we need more buildings and increased revenues. These can come only from the gifts of the friends of the University. And we can expect such gifts from those only who, loving their country and their God, believe that this University as it lives out its life and does its work will help to establish right thinking and right doing in the world. Of the things of which there is instant and urgent need I mention three: There is need of the immediate endowment of a Lectureship in Public Reading and Speaking. There is immediate need of a new Chapel and Library, and of a suitable field for athletics. The present library is so overcrowded that we have been compelled to remove some of the books to another room, the inconvenience of which is obvious, and the present Chapel will not

accommodate comfortably more than two-thirds of our students and professors, and is utterly inadequate for the various public or semi-public meetings which are an interesting and valuable part of the life of a university with such aims and purposes as ours. It is to be regretted that students should be turned away from the morning chapel service because the chapel is not large enough to furnish accommodations for them. This has happened on several occasions this year already. A building containing a Chapel and Library should be projected immediately and completed by the date of our autumn convocation, one year hence.

Professor Farmer, speaking on our educational work at the Baptist Convention of Ontario and Quebec last May, said that some friend should give the University ten acres of land for a campus. Every professor on our staff, every student enrolled in the University, and every well informed friend of our work will heartily support this statement. If the value of athletics to the undergraduates of a university were appreciated, if the benefit to health of body and mind and to the development of manliness and self-reliance which come from a proper attention to outdoor sports, were understood, we would not appeal in vain for an athletic field.

Life is moving swiftly in Canada to-day. To the people who are most alert, most courageous, and most completely dominated by a divine altruism, will be given the opportunity to put their stamp upon this young and growing nation, this nation which God is calling to exercise a strong and holy influence in the affairs of the world in the next century. In view of all this, and with some appreciation of our opportunities and responsibilities, we must send henceforth one insistent message constantly to the friends of McMaster University :—" We are strong : we are growing : give us room."

CANADIAN POETRY AND POETS.

Concerning literature, history bears testimony to two facts. The first is, that, in the life of a nation, there are two periods of literary activity, the pristine glory springing out of the spontaneity of a nation's youth; and, after years of gradual growth, the late zenith, the inspiration born of the culmination of refinement and culture. The second fact is, that poetry is the father of literature.

As a first step in the review of our Canadian poetry, it would be well to see, from an historical point of view, just where we stand. That we are anywhere near the second climax of power is quite out of the question. We are a young people. But have we a poet among us, whose works have that glamour of early sunshine, that primitive simplicity, that rude strength, that breath of life, that marks the representative of the first period? Such an one is not to be found, yet we have poets, and many of them. Their work is marked more by the widespread realism of the day, than by idealism; it is too often artificial and forced, rather than heroic and natural, complex instead of simple. Then we must be beyond that first zenith without having ever experienced it. How have we slipped over it? Where does it lie? Ah! the primitive glory from which Canada is to rise to the majestic second pre-eminence, lies in the literary triumphs of Ireland, of Scotland, of France, and of England.

What is this cry we hear from all sides for a distinctively Canadian literature? Are we a new race? Are we sprung from the rivers, the rocks, the lakes, the forests, which we are forever expected to commemorate? Writing in the 'Acta Victoriana' of '94. Mr. Sargent says:—"We are still one people with those across the sea. We speak the same language as they; are practically governed by the same laws; have the same institutions and draw our intellectual nutriment from the same sources. Hence, it is but natural that the literature of our land, instead of being a distinct and separate growth, should be but a continuation of the primitive current, which has its well-spring in the Motherland." Then how futile for us to ask for distinctively Canadian literature! All literature, and especially

poetry, instead of being something separate and apart, to be produced according to pattern, and at the author's will, is part of the nation's life. The history of literature and the history of the human race run side by side: one is the outgrowth of the other. The literature of any age is the monumental stone upon which the nation traces its life, handing the record down through time. Man makes the book. The book in turn makes the man. The testimony of history, that poetry is the father of literature, is only another reminder of the fact that we are not a nation, when we look over our literature. Then, let us not demand that which cannot be given.

As a dependency of the Motherland, Canada has barely accomplished complete internal union. Our brief literary history divides itself into three epochs. There is first, the heroic and picturesque period of French possession; second, the time of political and constitutional struggle for a larger measure of political liberty, ending in responsible government; and third, the plan of confederation. From the first two periods it is vain to seek for poetry. We have some valuable origins left by the Roman Catholic clergy in the first period. The genius of the second was almost entirely given up to statesmanship. With the confederation, however, and the first feeling of stability, there was marked intellectual, as well as material activity. New energy and enterprise arose with the development of political liberty. Newspapers multiplied; railways and telegraph systems were constructed: there was an increase of wealth, a progress of population, and a diffusion of education. So it is from 1867 to the present, that we are to direct our considerations in regard to Canadian literature and Canadian poetry in particular.

What stupenduous achievements do we expect from thirty years? Let us consider the number of prominent men of letters in other countries, in proportion to the population. Let us recollect the meagreness of our own numbers and then count the outstanding figures. We depreciate ourselves too much. Let us be exalted to find that we have such an instinct of growth within us. Environment is not all; but environment is a mighty factor in deciding what a man is to attain to. In the Elizabethan period, men became poets almost "by position."

In ours, half of his original energy, necessary self-confidence and divine inspiration, is used up in the struggle to make himself heard. A singer needs an appreciative audience. Canada has not been appreciative. A Canadian poet depends for success in the sale of his book, mainly, outside of his own country. Of course, the public is not entirely at fault. A good deal of careless work has been given out. Much has been put in circulation that is poor in ideas, faulty in versification and rough in finish. And, unless our writers are conscientious, they cannot expect to obtain an attentive public.

The greatest barrier in the way of, first, general literary, and then poetic, advancement, is, that apparently the one aim of our Canadian people is to get rich, and to get rich fast. Everything must be fast. The chief literary ailment of most of our people is the daily newspaper. It consists of from four to twelve pages of new matter, gotten out every day. Under such pressure, it is surprising that the papers possess the literary excellence they do. Everything, also, must bear directly on material advancement.

In 1858 the late Sir Daniel Wilson, writing in the old Canadian "Journal of Industry, Science and Art," referred to the benumbing effect of this materialistic predominance. He treats the matter so squarely and genially, that I quote from him at some length.

"We cannot yet respond, amid the charred stumps and straggling snake fences of our rough clearings, to Hiawatha's appeal to those :—

' Who love the haunts of nature,
Love the sunshine of the meadows,
Love the shadow of the forest,
Love the wind among the branches,
And the rain-shower, and the snow-storm,
And the rushings of great rivers
Through their palisades of pine trees.'

We want our pine trees for lumber, and so long as they spare us a surplus for kindling wood we ask no kindling inspiration from them. The rushings of our great rivers we estimate rejoicingly for their water privileges. The poetry of the snow-storm is full of the music of sleigh-bells. As to our love

for the shadow of the forest, that pertains to the romantic simplicity of our squatter stage of infancy, from which we emerge as fast as possible into the clearing we have hewn out of it."

We have made greater strides from the squatter stage of our infancy than could have been dreamed of at the time this extract was written, but if our lack of love for the forest, and the poetic beauties of nature generally, were to be deplored then, by how much the more is it now? For, with added wealth has there come greater desire for, and striving after, such higher things?

Our educational system shares the general utilitarian tendency. The nemesis of a solid, roundly-developing education, the terminating examination, appears to be permanently established. The attempt is made to crowd too many matters into too short a time. And the mechanical system, together with the general materialistic tendency, cannot but check the originality and imaginative qualities in the pupils.

This introduction may seem to be somewhat general for the subject of Canadian poetry and poets, but every factor in the life of the people appears through all its activities. We must first know the soil, we must have clearly before us the conditions of national life, before we are fully prepared to understand the flower of its literature, its poetry.

In taking up Canadian poetry with regard to its individual representatives, it would seem fitting to commence with the name of first renown. By common consent, Charles G. Douglas Roberts is held to be our chief singer. This reputation is sustained both by the high quality and the extent of his work. He has published four books of poetry, "Orion and Other Poems," "In Divers Tones," "Songs of the Common Day," and "The Book of the Native": and, as he is still a young man, a brilliant future seems to lie before him.

Mr. Roberts was until recently a professor of literature in King's College, Nova Scotia. He is the son of an English Church clergyman, and was born and spent his youth in the seashore county of Westmoreland. The scenery of his early life made a deep impression on the poet's mind; and the cool, green plains of Tantramar constantly recur throughout his verse.

The chief part of Mr. Robert's poetry is founded on his love

of nature. He is a worshipper of Nature and Nature's God. All her moods are alike beautiful to him. To the dun waste of a bare potato field, he can impart that dim splendor we find hovering over the peasant figures in a Millet's painting. The mood changes, and,—

“ A shimmer of sunshine, woven in pink and white,
A smell of home and honey on the breeze,”

is the glimpse of a buckwheat field lying in the sun. It is no longer a common buckwheat field, but a thing of loveliness and charm. It has been invested with a poet's power of idealization. The fine accuracy of description in “ Pumpkins in the Corn,” makes that poem another good illustration,—

“ Purple, the narrowing alleys stretched between
The spectral shocks, the purple harsh and cold,
But spotted where the gadding pumpkins run
With bursts of blaze, that startle the serene,
Like sudden voices,—globes of orange bold,
Elate to mimic the unrisen sun.”

This charm of idealization seems to be Roberts' poetic mission. That the making of ‘dull, familiar things divine,’ was one of the great needs of his generation, and that he was one to supply that need, he seems to have early realized. In a poem written while yet at college, there occurs this passage,—

“ And were this path made for my following,
Then would I work and sing, and work and sing,
And though the songs were cryings, now and then,
Of one thus singing in the midst of men,—
Where some are weary, some are weeping, some
Are hung'ring for the joys that never come :

* * * * *

Yet would I deem that it were ever best
To sing them out of weariness to rest ;
Yet would I cheer them, sharing in their ills,
Weaving them dreams of waves, and skies, and hills ;
Yet would I sing of Peace, and Hope, and Truth,
Till softly o'er my soul should beam the youth,
The Morning of the World.”

From this conception, we will expect no masterpieces of original thought, or mystical dreams of imagination, but rather, simple, unassuming songs, bearing upon them the stamp of a poet's mis-

sion. Such songs we find. They are not strong perhaps: lacking in freedom and spontaneity sometimes, but always calm, hopeful and true, breathing out, to those who read, a gentle fragrance of beauty and quiet restfulness.

The second quality in Roberts' poetry, is its patriotism. He has a love for his country, pure and deep and strong, a love full of hope for a glorious future. Roberts believes in Canada's destiny as an independent nation.

" O Child of Nations, giant limbed,
Who standeth among the nation: now
Unheeded, unadored, unhymned,
With unanointed brow.
How long this ignoble sloth,
This trust in greatness not thine own?
Surely the lion's brood is strong
To front the world alone....."

He is impatient to rouse us to action,—

" Awake, my country, the hour is great with change,
Awake, my country, the hour of dreams is done.
O strong hearts of the North,
Let flame your loyalty forth,
Till earth shall know the Child of Nations by her name."

Whether or not we agree with Mr. Roberts' particular view regarding the future of Canada, is not so much the question here, as it is that we rejoice to hear a voice so manly, so fearless, and so enthusiastic, devoted to our country's interests. The tendency to sink into apathetic selfishness, and indifference to the great problems of the day, is only too universal and powerful. It is the duty of our poets to rouse us to life and action. Then, welcome always to the poet whose genius is in this way directed to the national good.

This patriotic note is strongest in "In Divers Tones," and taking it from all sides, this is his strongest book. It stands but second on the list, yet it possesses a higher degree of freshness, spontaneity and depth of feeling, than the others. The poems are the outpouring of a true poetic impulse. There is the joy of poetic mastery. Many chords of the lyre are touched. The Greek influence so strong in 'Orion and other Poems,' is still to be found, in 'Actæon.' The carefully polished sonnets

begin to appear, while here and there is a tender love song, such as 'Love if you love me, love with heart and soul,' or a dainty lyric, as 'Wind of a summer afternoon, hush, for my heart is out of tune.'

There is one sonnet from this book I should like to quote in full. It is,—

RECKONING.

“What matter that the sad city sleeps,
 Sodden with dull dreams, ill at ease, and snow
 Still falling, chokes the swollen drains! I know
 That even with sun and summer, not less creeps
 My spirit through gloom, nor ever gains the steeps
 Where Peace sits, inaccessible, yearned for so.
 Well have I learned that from my heart my woe
 Starts. That as my own hand hath sown it reaps.

I have had my measure of achievement, won
 Most I have striven for, and at last remains
 This one thing certain only, that who gains
 Success, hath gained it at too sore a cost,
 If in his triumph hour, his heart have lost
 Youth, and found the sorrow of age begun.”

Such a poem as this is rare and to be treasured. It gives us a glimpse into the soul of one who has striven for honor, and when he has attained it, has realized its emptiness. It is infinitely grave and sorrowful. In the fresh, full, pulsing strength of the book, this is the first touch of world's woe, that lays a hand on all of us, sooner or later.

This feeling becomes more marked in 'Songs of the Common Day.' Life, which in youth opens up full of infinite possibilities, begins to sorrow about him. That the commonplace is the lot of most of us, presses itself upon him. With a noble purpose he seeks to draw out 'the soul of unregarded things.' In this book occur his forty superb nature sonnets.

In 'The Book of the Native,' the fourth, those unfathomable problems, that have ever vexed the mind of man,—problems of life, and death, and that hereafter,—dwell with the poet's soul. In 'Origins,' with a blind, mechanical sort of rhythm, he cons over old facts, questioned, and re-questioned,—

“ Out of the dreams that heap,
 The hollow hand of sleep,
 Out of the dark sublime,
 We journey, one by one.
 The puppets of our sires,
 We work out blind desires.
 In ignorance we stand
 With fate on either hand ;
 And question stars and earth
 With wonder in our eyes.”

But, though he may not understand, he has unshaken faith,—

“ Little Brothers of the clod,
 Soul of fire, and seed of sod,
 We must fare into the silence
 At the knees of God.”

This latest book, to me, marks a transition in Roberts' inner life. His soul is combatting great thoughts. His horizon widens. The world becomes richer and fuller about him. Through this period of change, of restless seeking, and struggling with the mysterious unknowable, his faith shines clear, and will presently lead him up to a future, incomparably fuller than the past.

In closing this review of Roberts' poetry, I mention one last poem, one of the sweetest, kindest, simplest lyrics, and one so characteristic of the poet's style,—‘The Heal-All,’ and from this, quote one verse, which seems to me to express the creed of Roberts' life,—

“ Thy simple wisdom I would gain
 To heal the hurt Life brings,
 With kindly cheer, and faith in pain,
 And joy in common things.”

ERNESTINE R. WHITESIDE, '98.

SOME ASPECTS OF THE ART OF SHAKESPEARE
AND OF ÆSCHYLUS.

There are those to-day who with a fearless confidence, yet one surely not begotten of much serious consideration, make the sweeping assertion that we have long since outgrown the classical literatures of Greece and Rome, and who would have us believe that modern literatures supply something far better and something which is quite sufficient. For such Shakespeare and Milton would completely supersede Æschylus and Homer. That in many of our conceptions we have outgrown the ancient world no one will deny who has made even the most cursory study of comparative history. It is true that we are no longer obliged to grope in the darkness for a solution of the riddle of existence, dependent alone on the vagaries of human philosophy, or have recourse to Aristotle for a decalogue of moral action, or live in bondage to the belief in an external Fate against which we are miserably impotent. In the clear light of Christian revelation and nineteenth century progress it is ours to feel our freedom, ground our ethics in the teachings of Deity itself, and rejoice in the consciousness that we are the inheritors of the legacy left by every age which has preceded.

The divergence of our conceptions is noticeable not only in fundamental issues, but also in matters of more or less trivial import, which, however, go far in giving a typical, determinate color to a national spirit or even to a period. The modern, for example, can with difficulty suppress a smile of amusement when one of Homer's heroes relieves a poignant grief by bursting into a flood of tears. The act tends only to a subversion of our enjoyment of the truly heroic or tragic element, for throughout our own experience and by the tradition of preceding generations we have been schooled to regard weeping as an expression of emotion legitimate only for women or children, while among a certain fraternity, it is to be feared, a modernized Stoicism has been idealized. A return, then, from the Victorian era to a pagan one such as that of Pericles, an era of refinement though it was, would mean on the one hand the replacement of our

national spirit by one fundamentally different, or the other a retrogression truly immeasurable.

But this divergence of conception, so far from being a disadvantage to the classical student, as many would regard it, is rather quite the contrary, affording as it does abundant material for fruitful comparative study. It seems to be a universal law of mind that a conception gains a full and rounded content only by comparison with other conceptions with which its similarity or contrast may be observed. So a clear comprehension of the age in which we live and of the true significance of existent conditions and principles of life is impossible save by comparison with other ages of different ideals. Perhaps no other nations can afford such abundant and such authentic materials for such a study as do Greece and Rome, especially through the records left us of their golden days.

But many an assertion of the opponent of classical study is broad enough to be fairly taken as a voicing the view that the art of the nineteenth century need know no obligation to the art of the ancient world. Any elaborate scheme of argument to prove the falsity of such a position is superfluous. The very ruins of Grecian art productions show that the art of to-day not seldom lags haltingly behind. The delicately fluted columns of the Parthenon and the works of sculpture which adorned it unmistakably bear the impress of genius, even in their present state of sad delapidation, and proclaim an immortality upon the name of Pheidias, while through him they bear a mute but unqualified tribute to the unerring Hellenic taste for ideal beauty.

In intrinsic poetical qualities, both of form and substance, the verdict of superiority is not one to be hastily rendered. However it may go, the fact is indisputable that many whose ears are not dulled to the music of the modern choir find an inexpressible and lasting charm in Æschylus or Homer. To illustrate the Greek beauty of imagery I give a free translation from *Agamemnon* of a portion of the description of the tempest which destroyed a large part of the Greek fleet, aiming only to reproduce, if possible, some of the spirit of the original,—

Twixt fire and sea, aforesaid utter foes, active conspiracy was formed,
For pledge and proof the hapless men of Argos they destroyed.

'Twas black night when 'twas done, and terrors thickened round,
 The impact of the ships resounded as the crash of doom ;
 The surge's beating rain like dumb brutes lashed them on,
 Till driven round and round in pain they fled away.
 The white dawn broke, the Ægean main we saw
 All corpse-bellowered, and strewn with wreckage far and near.

In the use of a large, pregnant, picturesque phraseology Æschylus was abundantly masterful. Prometheus from his post of observation beholds the 'countless dimpling of ocean'; in *Agamemnon* the Chorus speak of Helen as the 'bride of the spear,' the course of the fateful expedition to Troy 'along the vanishing track of oars.' The whole description of Helen, in fact, is a wonderful example of poetical *multum in parvo*, every epithet being instinct with suggestion. A study of the great Father of Tragedy cannot fail to reveal those qualities which proved his accepted passports to that revered assemblage which Mrs. Browning saw in her imaginative *Vision of Poets*.

In making a comparative study of the art of Shakespeare and of Æschylus it is inevitable that we should be impressed first with the points of contrast, both in respect to the externalities of form and the representation of action and character. We must remember many things in this connection; that the audiences which listened to the *Agamemnon* or the *Persæ* consisted not of a few hundreds, but frequently of several thousands, composed of every class in Athens; that consequently the distance of most of the spectators from the actors was such as to require only the greatest simplicity and a certain largeness of effect; that the performances were seen in the open day, not under the glare of footlights; that the nature of the subjects from which the Greek dramatist could draw his material was closely circumscribed, and more than all else that the purposes of the Greek and the English drama are essentially distinct — Æschylus, deeply imbued with religious convictions, seeking to portray their realization in life, Shakespeare seeking 'to hold the mirror up to Nature.'

The religious element in Æschylus is an outgrowth of his belief in Nemesis, or retributive justice, an idea which is plainly discoverable in all Greek literature from Homer, whose tale of Troy hinges upon the sin of Paris and the necessary consequent

reparation. It seemed to the Greek mind that righteousness and vindictiveness were inseparably linked together. Of the three great Athenian tragic poets Æschylus is most deeply impressed with this conviction, presenting it as a great moral law in the *Prometheus*, the *Persæ* and the *Oresteia*, and in the last giving it a complete elaboration. Across its dark background is a line of light, fitful it may be at first, but with the promise in it of a fuller brightness. Man, to him, is not the sport of a perfectly blind, unalterable force, the object of untiring pursuit by relentless Eumenides. He was the rather profoundly convinced that a satisfaction for crime might be rendered, and a reconciliation effected, when righteousness, which was synonymous with justice, would prove its supremacy and victory.

Shakespeare's fatalism, where such a term may be applied, is presented in varying degree. In *Leur*, the most Titanic of his productions and the very sublimity of tragedy, it is of the most extreme character, exceeding anything in Æschylus. In his other tragedies it is of a much milder type. A distinction, however, must be made in the case of the term 'fatalism.' With Æschylus Fate is an external agency. Inspiration to crime comes from Até: punishment is exacted by the dire ministry of the Furies. With Shakespeare Fate is internal. Macbeth is hurried along to his doom not by the sweep of an external necessity in which he is powerless, but by the proclivities and affinities of his own nature. The teleological Fate of the poet of a pagan nation becomes the psychological Fate of the poet of a Christian nation. But that Shakespeare was consciously ethical seems to be an inference scarcely warrantable. His doctrines rather are inherent; for the seeing eye they are readily visible, springing spontaneously from his correct delineation of human thought, passion and activity.

Were these conceptions national ones, or merely born of the poets themselves? Did the age of Elizabeth produce Shakespeare, and the age of Pericles, Æschylus? The question is frequently propounded, but is one which admits of no unqualified answer, either affirmative or negative. The growth of an intellect presents a striking parallelism to growth in the vegetable world. A rose is a rose by virtue of its own nature, but within its peculiar possibilities its beauty and vigor are

determined by the formative elements of the soil, of the air and all else which contributes to its environment. That Shakespeare owed much to the world in which he lived is beyond any controversion. His age was a notable and glorious one for England, one in many respects quite antipodal to the preceding mediæval period. Men had thrown off their subservience to authority, had broken the fetters of tradition and ecclesiastical dogma and thought for themselves. They began to open their eyes and immediately their vision widened immeasurably. New fields, apparently limitless, which opened up before them they penetrated, one after another, with fearless energy and a romantic, almost grotesque, enthusiasm. The pulse of England never beat higher. Loyalty to the Queen grew to a passionate intensity, and national pride reached its climax when Protestant and Catholic stood side by side and directed their fire against the towering galleons of the haughty Philip. When the victory was won England felt that nothing was too difficult for her achievement. Sir Francis Drake had previously carried his country's flag around the world, and now more than ever *non sufficit orbis* was the cry and new worlds to conquer were eagerly looked for. Consequently a vigor of style, a grandeur, richness and variety of subject-matter, a prodigality of imagination were what the people of Elizabeth's England delighted in. In Shakespeare's plays they found these qualities in what was well-nigh perfection.

Æschylus, too, if he be rightly understood, will be regarded as in many ways the exponent of his time. There is no little similarity between the ages of Elizabeth and Pericles. Athens up to the time of the Persian invasion had not been specially distinguished among the cities of Greece, but after the splendid repulse of the hosts of the barbarians and the consequent deliverance of the Greeks from subjection to an Eastern yoke she reached a position of marked prominence, gained a full possession and realization of strength, resulting in an unprecedented fruition in the fields of literature and art.

How far these ages prescribed for their poets methods of character treatment is a question of great interest. Though Shakespeare's introspection is opposed to the empiricism of Æschylus, yet each was unschooled in scientific investigations

with their exactness of method, and bared the characters of the men and women who peopled his stage, not as a chemist separates a substance into its component elements, but with the infallible precision and discernment of genius.

Such individual genius as is displayed by Shakespeare and *Æschylus* is of no particular age and often rises untrammelled by time and place restrictions. Numerous as are the incidents and crowded as are the characters on the stage of the one, everything is brought into relation with the main trend of events no less than on the narrower and simpler stage of the other. By this unifying power each is proclaimed a master and the work of each is lifted above its national and individual nature into the realm of the universal art of the world.

Despite the contrasts, too, which have been mentioned, salient and important as they are, there is a great ground of similarity which is all too frequently disregarded—the continuity of all literature dependent upon that of human nature. As a great river like the Mississippi maintains its identity amid the utmost diversity of conditions, climatic and geographical, so the stuff of humanity is persistent through all ages and all changes, and no external conditions of life, whether they be those of barbarism or the man of culture, can completely, or even essentially, alter it from the mould in which it was originally cast. This continuity of literature, while universally observable, is perhaps best so in the domain of tragedy. Here we have to deal with the primal emotions of man, with those passions, sorrows and calamities which touch the heart's very core. The springs of life are disclosed as we enter into its atmosphere of cloud from which the saving sunlight is partially or totally excluded.

Space forbids dwelling on further aspects of these two poets; on the Greek statuesqueness, concentration and idealism, or the English picturesqueness, complexity and individualism. Yet the beauties of *Æschylus*, like the pure radiance of the sun, and the beauties of Shakespeare, like the shifting lights of the Aurora, but with these lights intensified to a solar brilliance, are alike consummate and will command the admiration of all to whom true poetry appeals.

W. B. H. TEAKLES, '98.

Editorial Notes.

With this issue *THE MONTHLY* enters upon the eighth year of its existence as the journalistic representative of McMaster University. During the past seven years the editors have endeavored to make it not only an exponent of the ideals of McMaster and a mirror of the life of her students, but also a magazine that would engage the interest of all its readers, however slight might be the bond that united them to the University. In this endeavor they may not have succeeded so well as either they or the readers hoped, but in any case they have not spared effort to accomplish their purpose. The present editors propose to follow the line laid down by their predecessors, and promise to bring to the task of editing *THE MONTHLY* the same energy and devotion as have been characteristic of those who have gone before them. It shall be their aim to sustain in every way the standard of excellence set up in the past, and to make *THE MONTHLY* a worthy representative of their Alma Mater.

The University has opened, and in all its various departments, Arts, Theology, and Academic, everything is already in full swing. We are glad to announce that, judging by present prospects, the year upon which we have just entered is likely to be the most successful in our history. In another place in this number of *THE MONTHLY* we publish Chancellor Wallace's annual address, and we take this opportunity of commending it to all those who desire a clear statement of the present position and prospects of McMaster University. We wish that all the members of our denomination had been present to hear it, for had they been they must have been impressed by the tone of strong and confident hope that characterized the Chancellor's delivery on that occasion. Indeed, we do not remember a Convocation when this note of hope was struck with clearer tones than this year, nor do we think it was ever more justified by the facts. Of these facts some are so significant as to warrant us in drawing particular attention to them. In the first place our teaching staff has been increased, and therefore strengthened, by the addition of two Lecturers and two Fellows. Our students in Arts are increasing year by year: the incoming Freshman class is the largest we have ever had. In Theology there is a larger proportion of graduates in Arts than ever before. Our chapel, our lecture-rooms, our dormitories are overcrowded. These facts spell progress and success.

But perhaps the most significant statement in the Chancellor's

address was that in which he announced that a friend of our University had endowed a fellowship in Classics for a term of years, the only condition being that some other friend should do likewise. This means that our friends are coming up to our help now that our expanding and successful work requires their aid. Heretofore it has been assumed that the handsome endowment from our large-hearted founder was sufficient for all our needs, and consequently donations to our funds have been few and slight. But now it is apparent that our revenues are insufficient for the requirements of our growing activities, and one generous friend has answered the call. To that friend, whoever it be, THE MONTHLY desires to express the sincere thanks of the students and Faculty. We trust, nay, we are confident, that others will follow the example thus set. We need additional buildings and an athletic field: they are, in fact, an imperative necessity in the near future. Who will give them to us and our denomination and the cause we uphold? Let our friends remember the Chancellor's striking words: "We are strong: we are growing: give us room."

THE death of James Edward Wells, M.A., LL.D., editor of the *Canadian Baptist*, removes from Canadian educational and journalistic life a man of great worth and commanding intellectual resources. Dr. Rand, who was his class-mate at Acadia University and his life-long friend, pays a worthy tribute to Dr. Wells in the *Baptist* of October 6th. The traditions of Woodstock College are interwoven with his name, for it was there that he spent seventeen years of most earnest and effective service—the trusted associate of Dr. Fyfe. No one can look on his tense and earnest face, preserved in the large photograph at Woodstock College, and not believe that his work at Woodstock must have told grandly upon the young spirits that were gathered there in those years. We know from the testimony of grateful men and women that it did. The later years of his life were, in many respects, given to an even larger sphere of influence, and were even more laborious and fruitful. Questions of the largest moment, not only to the Christian body with which his life was identified, but to society and the world, were familiar to his thought. Their solution often appealed very powerfully to his rare endowments of mind and heart, and the journalism of Canada is notably the richer and stronger for the untiring labors of his pen. Dr. Wells was, as he has been aptly characterized by Dr. Rand, a publicist, rather than a Canadian journalist. His views were the outcome of wide inductions and careful thinking. His old friend—seized of the amplest knowledge—bears grateful testimony

in the *Baptist* to the loyal service rendered by Dr. Wells in the struggle for the establishment of McMaster as an independent and Christian university. The address delivered on one of the anniversaries of Founders' Day, and printed in Vol. IV., p. 198 of *THE MONTHLY*, attests the quality of the man, and affords some insight into the secret of Dr. Wells' mental and moral vigor. It seems almost unaccountable that the Convention of Ontario and Quebec should have never availed itself of his experience by appointing him a governor of the University, but it is a pleasing reflection that the University honored itself by conferring on him the degree of LL.D. Another noble life from our midst has been numbered with the past,—a memory and a name.

THE present number of *THE MONTHLY* is in a large measure devoted to the Graduating Classes of 1898, and is almost entirely the production of members of those classes. Our readers will agree with us in saying that the articles they have written are highly creditable to themselves and to the classes they represent. To make this issue more fully a Graduation Number and souvenir of the Classes of '98, we print the wise and inspiring address delivered by Dr. Ten Broeke on Commencement Day. We had wished to make some remarks on the gentlemen who have been added to our staff, and upon Woodstock and Moulton. We are obliged to hold these over for another month, and to omit our book reviews and "Here and There."

College News.

F. J. SCOTT, '99, A. C. WATSON, '01, EDITORS.

FIRST EDITOR to SECOND, after a long and fruitless silence,—“I'd give a dollar for a joke.”

SOCIETY is said to be an organism. We quarrel with the term; McMaster University at least is an “organization,” as will appear in the college news this month.

WE were pleased to welcome as visitors this term some of the “old” boys: S. R. Tarr, M.A., Revs. Chas. Schutt, M.A., C. E. Scott, B.A., A. Imrie, B.A., and Mr. Chas. Emerson. As speech making by former students in the dining-room is an established custom now, we have been favored with floods of eloquence.

A VERY pleasant event took place in the Baptist Church, Fitzroy, on Sept. 20th, when Mr. T. J. Wright, Theology, was united in marriage to Miss Davidena T. McGinley, of Fitzroy. We congratulate Tommy, who looks "as happy as the day is long."

WE are specially grateful to be able to report no death in the ranks of last year's students, and also very few cases of sickness. We are sorry, however, that Mr. D. W. Gunn, '00, has been seriously ill with rheumatism. He is convalescing, we are glad to report, and expects to soon be back with us. The many friends of Mr. James Tiller, B.A., will be pleased to learn that his condition is now more hopeful than it has been.

REPRESENTATIVE government is found in an almost ideal state of perfection in the Society of McMaster Hall. The organization of the "Student Body" this year was an important event in the history of our political economy. The members elected for the various offices in the State were the following: High Kakiak, F. J. Scott; 1st Vice-Kakiak, J. H. Cameron; 2nd Vice-Kakiak, R. Simpson; Secretary-Treasurer, J. Nicole; Councillors, 2nd Flat, A. W. Vining, S. E. Grigg, W. B. Tighe; 3rd Flat, E. E. Wood, P. C. McGregor, E. J. Reid.

CLASS OF '99.—On the afternoon of the 13th inst., Class '99 met for the purpose of organization and election of officers. The minutes of the last meeting were read and approved, and the business was promptly transacted. The following officers were elected: Hon. President, Chancellor Wallace; President, Mr. P. C. McGregor; Vice-President, Miss E. N. Newman; Secretary-Treasurer, A. J. Thomson; Corresponding Secretary, J. H. Hannah; Counsellors, Messrs. Reid and Proctor; Poet, J. T. Jones; Orator, L. H. Thomas; Minstrel, H. Newman; Historian, W. B. Tighe.

FRESHMAN CLASS.—A meeting of Class '02 was held on Oct. 14th, when the constitution and by-laws proposed by the committee were adopted, and the following officers were elected: Hon. President, Professor McKay; President, J. R. Coutts; Vice-President, Miss Grace Wallace; Secretary-Treasurer, E. J. Tarr; Corresponding Secretary, A. J. Welch; Bard, Miss Mary Blackadar; Historian, W. H. Walker; Orator, J. J. Stapleton; Minstrel, L. B. Riggs; Councillors, Miss Blackadar, E. J. Zavitz; Captain of Foot Ball Team, E. J. Zavitz.

THE enthusiasm for Foot Ball among the students seems to be growing this year. All were pleased to learn that Mr. Ed. Reid, the popular captain of last year's team, was re-appointed by the A. A. A., and rest assured that the boys will exert themselves, under his guidance, to bring honors to McMaster. We have lost a few of our men from last year, but among the new ones are not only promising material for future players, but also not a few players who have won renown in their academic course.

OF the four open events at 'Varsity's Field Sports, Thursday, the 20th October, one came to McMaster—a very creditable proportion. The event was the mile race, and the winner was Mr. Ed. Reid, '99. It didn't seem very hard, either; for the second man was a good half lap behind, and Reid was evidently fresher when he touched the tape than when he started.

CLASS OF '01.—The Class of '01 met for organization on Wednesday, Oct. 12th. and elected the following staff of officers for the year: Hon. President, J. TenBroeke, M.A., Ph.D.; President, R. D. Echlin; Vice-President, Miss Armstrong; Secretary-Treasurer, P. C. McLaurin; Corresponding Secretary, Miss E. Z. M. Lick; Bard, Miss O. M. Clemens; Historian, A. B. Mann; Orator, H. B. Coumans; Foot Ball Captain, J. E. Pengelly. The faces of the former President, F. H. Phipps, and the Captain of last winter's Hockey Team, T. D. White, were missed at the re-gathering of the class. However, several new members compensate for these losses. "*Et nomine et consilio una*" is as heartily supported as in the days that were.

IN response to a call from Secretary F. N. Goble, the Tennysonian Society met in the chapel on October 18th, to re-organize for the coming year. As the Sophomores of last year have become Juniors, the year '01 bade good-bye to their former comrades, and welcomed their "freshy" friends into the union, which lasts but for a year. Both classes were well represented, and the Tennysonian maintained its reputation for spirit and vigor. The officers elected were:—Pres., A. T. McNeill; Vice-Pres., E. J. Tarr; Sec.-Treas., A. McKerricher; Councillors, R. E. Sayles, A. J. Welch; Editors of the *Argosy*, A. B. Mann, J. R. Coutts.

CENTURY CLASS.—On Friday, Oct. 14th, following the enthusiastic meeting of the Literary Society, the Century Class held their meeting for the election of officers. Miss O. Gaylord, Vice-President, occupied the chair. The voting resulted as follows: Honorary President, Dr. Rand, by acclamation; President, A. C. Newcombe; Vice-President, Miss N. Cohoon; Secretary-Treasurer, H. E. Jordan; Corresponding Secretary, Frank N. Goble; Bard, Miss J. E. Dryden; Orator, T. H. Cornish; Historian, J. A. Faulkner; Captain of the Foot Ball Team, P. E. Baker. The class is unfortunate in the loss of some who were members last year, but the loss is compensated for by the acquisition of the new members of the year. The class hopes soon to have its Gunn again.

THE Athletic Association this fall promises to be productive of even better fruits than heretofore. Among the new comers in the Freshman and other years are a goodly number of promising athletes, who will make a valuable acquisition to Foot Ball, Hockey and other sports. Some fear was at first entertained as to the securing of a campus, but through the efforts of an energetic and business-like committee, suitable grounds have been obtained. But besides good

material, good grounds, the Association has a third and very essential requisite for a successful year in athletics, namely, an efficient and wide-awake Executive. The officers elected for the present year are: President, R. C. Matthews; Vice-President, J. E. Pengelly; Secretary-Treasurer, P. Baker; Representatives, '02, E. Zavitz; '00, W. E. Robertson; '99, R. Simpson.

THEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.—An enthusiastic meeting of the Theological Society was held in the Chapel, on Oct. 13th, for the purpose of nominating and electing office-bearers for the ensuing year. The President, Mr. W. J. Pady, gave a cordial invitation to the new members to assist heartily in the work of the society and to increase its usefulness. The election of officers was then entered upon, and resulted as follows: Honorary President, Dr. Goodspeed (re-elected); President, W. J. Pady (re-elected); Vice-President, G. N. Simmons, B.A.; Secretary Treasurer, J. Pollock (re-elected); Councillors, J. H. Cameron, B.A., A. G. Campbell, B.A. The Society enters upon the year with bright prospects for a vigorous and helpful season's work.

LADIES' LITERARY LEAGUE.—At a meeting of the Ladies' Literary League, held the 21st inst., for the purpose of re-organizing, the following officers were elected: President, Miss Newman, '99; Vice-President, Miss Gaylord, '00; Secretary-Treasurer, Miss Wallace, '02; Pianist, Miss Blackadar, '02; Critic, Miss Cohoon, '00. The first regular meeting was held the 21st inst., when the following programme was presented: Address by the President; piano solo, "The Recessional," by Miss Eckhardt; reading, "The Recessional," by Miss Dryden, '00; a paper on the works of Rudyard Kipling, by Miss Saunders, '01; a piano duet, by Misses Bailey and Cohoon; reading of "The Gift of the Sea," and "Tommy," by Miss Nesbitt; and a piano solo, by Miss Blackadar. Miss Newman in her address expressed the regret of the League at the loss of the women graduates of '98. But while the inspiration of Miss Iler's presence and Miss Whiteside's ready pen are sorely missed, yet all are glad to have Miss Bailey with them occasionally, and turn expectantly to the new members of the Freshman year.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY.—The organization of the Literary and Scientific Society this fall was attended by unusual interest, and is even said by some of the oldest boys to be the most exciting event of its kind in the history of the Society. As was natural, the chief electoral interests centered in the office of President. There were five nominations for this important office, but three of the candidates dropped out, leaving the lists clear for the ensuing contest between the other two knights, both of whom were indeed valiant warriors and remarkably well matched. The supporters of both parties worked hard; the interest deepened as the crisis drew near. After supper, on several evenings immediately preceding the elections, the old Hall resounded with wild applause, as the different candidates took their place, willingly or unwillingly, upon the stairs, and stated their

platform on the issues of the day. When election-day at length arrived, enthusiasm indeed ran high, but only reached its climax when the result of the first vote was announced, "Mr. Reid, 46; Mr. McDonald, 46." The chairman's deciding vote made Mr. A. M. McDonald, President. The other officers elected for the present term were: 1st Vice-President, S. E. Grigg; 2nd Vice-President, Miss Gile; Secretary-Treasurer, E. E. Wood; Corresponding Secretary, A. C. Watson; Editor of "The Student," G. R. Welch; Assistant Editors, G. Campbell, P. C. McGregor; Councillors, Miss Dryden, Miss McLay, C. L. Brown; Reading Room Committee, J. M. Cornwall, G. H. Grant, W. J. Pady, W. E. Robertson, and J. H. Cameron.

FRESHMEN RECEPTION.—The Freshmen entering the University life this year could not well expect to be exempt from the usual "hazing." Intimidated by exaggerated reports of McMaster boys' cruelty and physical prowess, they looked forward with terror to Monday night, Oct. 10th, the day fixed upon for the awful ordeal. At 6 o'clock the gong sounded, and the students all descended to the dining-room, where a bountiful and "tasty" supper was provided by our popular matron, to allay the anxious fears of the Freshmen. After the supper, a toast was proposed to the Queen by the Chairman, Mr. F. J. Scott, and was responded to by the singing of the National Anthem. Mr. G. R. Welch proposed a toast to the Freshmen in Arts, in his own witty and inimitable manner. This speech was responded to by an Epicurean of a younger generation, Mr. A. J. Welch. Mr. James Pollock, representing Theology, spoke words of welcome to the incoming class in Theology, and impressed upon them the value of a spirit of "domesticity." Mr. Jones, of the new class in Theology, spoke *at some length*, in expression of the Freshmen's gratitude. Then silence reigned. The hush was impressive. The gates swung open, and our worthy matron entered escorted by Mr. Imrie amid rounds of applause. Mr. P. C. MacGregor, of Chilliwack, British Columbia, a specialist in the dining room department, then spoke in warm and earnest words of Mrs. Pritchard's kindness and ability. The applause his words provoked showed the esteem in which Mrs. Pritchard is held. The "hazing" was then declared to be over, the Freshmen departing with a sense of *relief*. (?)

FYFE MISSIONARY SOCIETY.—On Wednesday, Oct. 19th, the first regular meeting of the Fyfe Missionary Society was held in the University Chapel, Chancellor Wallace, as Honorary President, presiding at the morning session. After devotional exercises, the following officers were elected for the coming year: President, Dr. Rand; Vice-President, P. G. Mode, B.A.; Recording Secretary, Mr. S. E. Grigg; Corresponding Secretary, Mr. W. B. Tighe; Treasurer, Dr. Welton; members of the Executive Committee, Professor Farmer, Miss K. W. Armstrong, and Messrs. J. H. Cameron B.A., A. G. Campbell, B.A., G. N. Simmons, B.A., and Mr. A. McNeil. The Treasurer's report, presented by Dr. Welton, showed a small surplus in the treasury. Reports were then received from students concerning their summer's

work on the various mission fields. Mr. W. B. Tighe, Mr. J. E. Pengelly, and Mr. H. B. Coumans spoke of the work done on their respective fields, viz., Avoca, Quebec, Howick, Ont., and Maxville. The afternoon session began at 2 o'clock, Mr. P. G. Mode, B.A., conducting the devotional exercises. Dr. Rand then took the chair, and the students' reports were continued. Mr. C. C. Anderson told of his hardships and encouragements at Lake Temiscaming, and Mr. G. R. Welch told of his experience in Nelson, B.C., Mr. T. H. Cornish also gave a report of his work at Indian River. The last two reports were especially encouraging, as Nelson and Indian River are new places in Baptist geography. The meeting was brought to a close by Dr. Goodspeed pronouncing the benediction.

AMONG the multiplicity of societies — which is a very striking feature of McMaster life—there is one society which promises to be of unusual interest this year and which holds a very important place in the sisterhood of similar organizations. The Philosophical Society, inasmuch as it will this year supply a much felt want in our course of lectures, will prove of great value to all those who may attend its meetings. The Honorary President, Professor Ten Broeke, proposes to deliver a series of lectures, this winter, based upon "McKenzie's Introduction to Social Philosophy." The first of these was given at the last meeting of the Society. Thursday, Oct. 20th, and was highly interesting and instructive. The members and friends of the Society are looking forward with pleasure to Dr. Ten Broeke's course of instruction in this very important branch of Philosophy. The officers elected for the present year are the following:—Honorary President, Dr. Ten Broeke; President, A. G. Campbell, B.A.; Secretary, W. J. Wright, M.A.; Councillors from the years, E. W. Parsons, '99, E. B. Brownlee, '00, W. E. Hindson, '01, A. J. Welch, '02.

ANNUAL CONVOCATION.—The Annual Convocation of McMaster University was held on Friday evening, October 14th, in Bloor St. Baptist Church. The students turned out *en masse* and filled the centre of the large auditorium, while the side seats and galleries were reserved for visitors. The University Faculty occupied seats upon the platform. The Chancellor in his opening address made reference to the favorable conditions under which the University begins work this fall. The teaching staff is larger than ever before and has been strengthened by the addition of William Houston, M.A., who will act as lecturer in History, and Rev. Elmore Harris, B.A., who has accepted the position of honorary lecturer on Evangelistic Methods. Two new fellowships, one in Moderns and one in Classics, have also been created. The number of students is also increasing from year to year, the present attendance being in excess of any previous year. There is great need of increased accommodation. Especially is this felt in the Chapel-room, which will not accommodate more than two-thirds of the students. The three most pressing needs are:—the endowment of a lectureship in public reading and speaking, a new chapel and library, and a suitable field for athletics.

Dr. Newman was then introduced and delivered a lecture on "The Græco-Roman Civilization as a Preparation for Christianity." In a brief, comprehensive manner, the lecturer traced the development of philosophic thought from 600 B.C. to the dawn of the Christian Era. The Greeks, in their various systems of philosophy, had directed the thought of the world to an enquiry into the origin of the universe and the nature of God. Their religion was, for the most part, pantheistic. Sin was not regarded by them with any degree of abhorrence, it was merely a failure to understand one's true relations to the universe. In science and art, the Greeks had far surpassed all other nations. Their language, also, was "the most perfect instrument ever known for the conveyance of thought."

The influence of Roman civilization was of another kind. The Roman conquest of the world broke down the barriers between the different tribes and nations, giving the missionary of the Cross free access to travel from one country to another. The roadways built by the Romans also greatly facilitated travel for the early apostles. The extension of Roman citizenship was another important factor in preparing the way for Christianity, for those who possessed this right were privileged to preach anywhere throughout the empire. And, finally, the almost universal prevalence of the Greek language obviated the difficulty of learning new languages and thus greatly hastened the evangelization of the world.

MOULTON COLLEGE.

MISS PUTNAM, MISS DUNCAN, EDITORS.

WE were glad to have Mr. Eaton with us in our weekly prayer-meeting on the eleventh of October.

ONE of the pleasing features of this year is our new games. They have been a source of delight to most of our girls, and have occupied many of our leisure moments.

ONCE more our college life has begun, and after our long vacation we are hard at work again. We are glad to see so many new girls with us, and we extend to all a cordial welcome to Moulton, hoping that this will be not only a happy year, but a very prosperous one.

CHANCELLOR WALLACE visited Moulton College and conducted chapel exercises on the 17th of October. We were pleased to hear his words of advice and encouragement, and hope to have him with us frequently in our morning exercises.

THE "Old Girls' At Home" has been the social event of the term. Varied amusements were provided, and the evening passed very pleasantly. Dainty refreshments were served, and after enjoying music and recitations furnished by Miss Carey and Miss Logan, we bade good-night to our kind hostesses.

ON the 29th of September a business meeting of the Young Women's Christian Association was held, and the following officers were elected for the term:—President, Miss Carey; Secretary-Treasurer, Miss Elsie Dryden; Programme Committee, Miss Throop, Miss Stewart, Miss G. Jefferson.

A BUSINESS meeting of the "Heliconian" was called on the 29th of September, to appoint officers for the term. The following were elected:—President, Miss Edwards; Vice-President, Miss G. Jefferson; Secretary, Miss Bennett; Treasurer, Miss Nicholas; Editors, Miss G. MacGregor and Miss Edwards; Programme Committee, Miss E. MacGregor, Miss Elsie Dryden, and Miss Routley; Committee for McMMASTER MONTHLY, Miss Putnam and Miss Duncan.

THE sermon to the students of Moulton College was preached on the 25th of September, in Bloor St. Baptist Church, by the Rev. C. A. Eaton. Mr. Eaton's sermon was based on the opening verses of the twelfth chapter of John's gospel, and the thoughts he left with us were both helpful and inspiring. He dwelt on the mission of woman in our modern life and society, and regretted that state of affairs which makes it necessary for women to compete with men in the commercial world. In the beginning the masculine side of God's nature was expressed in Adam, in his strength and dominion; while the feminine side of the Creator was displayed in the grace and purity and love of Eve. In Jesus Christ the two phases were united. It is man's place to struggle and to exercise dominion in the world, while it is woman's to put the ideal element into life and to elevate and beautify the commonplace. The woman to do this is the educated Christian woman.

THE first of our series of public lectures was given in the chapel on Friday evening, the 14th of October. Dr. Tracy, of the University of Toronto, presided, and introduced the lecturer of the evening, the Hon. G. W. Ross, LL.D., Minister of Education. The subject of the lecture was "Books and How to Read Them," and it was dealt with in a very definite manner. It was suggested that science should have a prominent place in our reading, and that every true Canadian should have some knowledge of the botany and geology of his own country. The benefit of historical reading, both ancient and modern, was extolled, while poetry and the best fiction were not forgotten. It was strongly urged that we should supplement our other reading by biographical reading. Perhaps the most helpful hint of the evening was, that in order to reap the greatest benefit and enjoyment, all reading should be systematic, and accompanied by the frequent use of dictionary, map and pen. At the close of the lecture a vote of thanks to the Hon. Mr. Ross was moved by Mr. McMaster, seconded by Mr. Britnell. We were gratified at the good attendance of our friends, and hope that many will avail themselves of the opportunity of attending this course of lectures, which promises to be especially interesting. The next lecture will be held on the 11th of November, when Prof. Jones H. Farmer, B.A., of McMaster University, will speak on the "Advantages of Classical Study."

WOODSTOCK COLLEGE.

S. R. TARR, M.A., J. N. McLEAN, EDITORS.

THE College welcomes Mr. W. B. H. Teakles, B.A., the new classical master.

THE Principal has begun a Saturday morning class in the study of Systematic Theology, which is largely and enthusiastically attended.

MESSRS. H. D. Riggs, D. E. Bagshaw, and E. J. Tarr have called at the College lately. We are always glad to see the old boys.

THE annual sermon to the College was preached on the evening of Sept. 18th, in the First Church, by Pastor R. R. McKay. The discourse was marked by inspiration and practical thoughtfulness, and must prove a blessing to the school.

THE formalities incidental to the beginning of a new term have now been worn off; the new boys have been duly initiated and the elders and deacons appointed to fill up vacancies, so that the boys feel once more that College is home.

THE Judson Missionary Society held its first regular meeting for the term in the chapel on Thursday, October 20th. After the usual business routine, the members listened to a very able and instructive address on "The Stewardship of Property," by the Rev. Mr. Woodsworth, of Dundas St. Meth. Church.

THE October exams. proved to be a great surprise to many; all, however, survived the shock except one, who has since taken to himself a partner to share his joys and woes. We all join in wishing Mr Reid a happy and prosperous future. It is rumored that Mr. A. F. Cobb, a former student, has also taken the fateful step.

THE society meetings are now in full swing. In the Excelsior Society the election resulted in the appointment of the following officers: Pres., H. Woolverton; Vice-Pres., C. E. Jones; Sec., J. B. McArthur; Marshall, George Taylor; Editor of the "Maple Leaf," R. Edwards; Critic, Mr. McKechnie.

The affairs of the Philomathic will be conducted by Pres., Fred. F. McEwen; Vice-Pres., J. Janes; Sec., M. Duncan; Marshall, Jno. Carkner; Critic, Mr. Teakles; W. E. Matthews and J. N. McLean are editors of the "Oracle."

ON the second Friday evening of the term there was held the annual supper and reception to new members of the school, both of the Faculty and of the student-body. An interesting programme of speeches was interspersed by music from the College string band. The

new boys and Mr. W. B. H. Teakles, B.A., were heartily greeted by masters and students. Mr. Russell was overwhelmingly congratulated upon his having entered the state of matrimony, and Mrs. Russell received a cordial welcome to the school.

FIELD DAY.—“Are you going in for the pole vault?” “I say, Mac., enter me for the obstacle race, do you hear?” “Who do you think will get the cup?” Such expressions were heard through the corridors and around the College campus for several preceding days. “It is sure to rain to-morrow,” prophesied the old students; but contrary to its Sports’ Day custom the sun shone brightly on the morning of Friday, Sept. 30th. At 9.30 a.m. the events were begun. Jumping, throwing the base-ball, putting the shot, kicking and dribbling the foot-ball—all were enthusiastically entered into. Before going into dinner to get ready for the events of the afternoon (more important because of fair spectators), the first contests took place in the tug-of-war. In spite of the fact that Weese was anchor for the First Year, the Fourth Year team had little difficulty in pulling them over the line. The hurdle race began the afternoon’s events. “Montana” surprised everybody (including himself) by coming in first. The relay race was one in which all were interested, and was won by the Fourth Year team. The Sack race caused unbounded amusement, as the boys bobbed, rolled and tumbled along. The Masters’ race was an exciting one to onlookers and participants. Mr. Weir stretched his legs to the utmost; Mr. Russell screwed up his face to an alarming degree; Mr. Teakles carried himself with classic grace; but Mr. Tarr managed to shove mechanically ahead, and reached the tape first. At four o’clock only the final tug-of-war remained. It was grand to see those modern Samsons tugging and straining at the great rope. But at last the game was lost and won—the Fourth Year being victorious—and all adjourned to the chapel where badges and prizes were distributed.

Seldom has the old chapel beheld a more festive occasion. The victors were called forward one by one, and adorned with badges by Mrs. Wallace and Mrs. Russell. It was noticed that some who were bold enough in the sports were painfully shy when made so prominent before the assembled fair ones. After the last badge had been pinned on, the prizes were presented under the oversight of Chancellor Wallace. Harold Menzie was awarded the Championship cup and medal, while J. B. McArthur as Junior Champion, received a medal also. “Raf” MacDonald received a silver pair of curling-tongs, and James MacArthur (who came next to champion place), was awarded a very handsome rocking-chair. Visitors and boys alike proclaimed the Field Day of '98 a prime success. The following is a list of events and winners. Tennis tournament—M. S. McArthur, J. B. McArthur. Tennis tournament (junior)—J. B. McArthur, W. O’Grady. Bicycle races, half mile (junior)—J. B. McArthur, E. Hunter; one mile, H. H. Menzie, C. Hersee. Standing broad jump—H. Popplewell, M. Duncan. Standing broad jump (junior)—M. Owen, J. B. McArthur. Standing hop step and jump—H. Popplewell, H. H. Menzie. Standing hop step and jump (junior)—J. B. McArthur, M. Owen. Running.

broad jump—M. Duncan, H. H. Menzie. Running broad jump (junior)—W. A. Damen, J. B. McArthur. Running hop step and jump—H. H. Menzie, M. Duncan. Running hop step and jump (junior)—W. A. Damen, M. Owen. Throwing the baseball—H. H. Menzie, Jas. McArthur. Throwing the baseball (junior)—H. Linfield, J. B. McArthur. Kicking the football—Jas. McArthur, W. W. Lailey. Kicking the football (junior)—J. B. McArthur, A. J. A. Gatter. Dribbling the football—W. W. Lailey, H. A. Norman. Dribbling the football (junior)—W. A. Damen, G. O'Grady. Putting the shot—W. C. Wickett, C. B. Fraser. Hurdle race—N. A. Sinclair, R. A. F. McDonald. Hurdle race (junior)—J. B. McArthur, M. Owen. Pole vault—H. H. Menzie, H. A. Reid. 100 yard dash—E. H. Mihell, Jas. McArthur. 100 yard dash (junior)—J. B. McArthur, A. J. A. Gatter. Obstacle race—Jas. McArthur, H. H. Menzie. Running high jump—E. A. Davis, H. H. Menzie. Half-mile race, re-lay—4th year, W. W. Lailey, E. H. Mihell, J. B. Challies, R. A. F. McDonald. Running high jump (junior)—W. A. Damen, J. B. McArthur. 440 yard race—E. H. Mihell, Jas. McArthur. One eighth mile ex-pupil's race—G. N. Huggart, G. H. Clarke, M.A. Sack race—H. H. Menzie, T. N. Dexter. 440 yard race (junior)—H. Linfield, E. Hunter. Three legged race—W. W. Lailey and R. A. F. McDonald, D. J. Bagshaw and N. Sinclair. Three legged race (junior)—C. W. Hymmen and T. N. Dexter, H. Linfield and W. A. Damen. 100 yard race (teachers and ex-teachers)—S. R. Tarr, Jas. Weir. 220 yard race (junior)—J. A. McArthur, H. Linfield. 220 yard race (open to all schools)—G. N. Huggart, C. Fleet. Tug-of-war (final tugs—4th year, W. W. Lailey, McLean, Barrowman, H. A. Reid.

GRANDE LIGNE.

E. S. ROY, EDITOR.

THE Feller Institute opened on October the 4th, and began the work of the year promptly. The majority of the students were present on the opening day, and the remainder have been coming in until the present time, when there are only seven or eight wanting to complete our number. We miss a few of our old scholars this year. While this is true, their places do not remain vacant. Others have come to fill them. To those who have gone, we wish success. Those who are here for the first time, we welcome.

In reading about the opening of Woodstock and Moulton Colleges and the University, we often see how pleased they are to report any increase in the number of students in attendance. Such a state of affairs is said to be highly encouraging to the friends of these institutions. This is certainly true, and Feller Institute would be very much pleased if she were able to offer to her many friends this same encouraging feature of her work. At present she is unable to do so, not because of the lack of applications, but because of the need of a

larger building in which to be able to accommodate those who are at present refused. May the time not be far distant when we shall be able to enrol as students all those who will apply for a place in the Institute. When this is possible, our many friends will be surprised at the large number of students who desire to attend.

WHEELING, although a very pleasant pastime, has its perils, and we often see its effects. Boys who persist in showing off before the ladies are apt to get light in the head, and losing their equilibrium are sure to come to disgrace; while teachers are sometimes compelled to lay aside their responsibilities for indulging in this supposed harmless sport. Thus the musical part of the school misses Mrs. Massé very much, and hope that she will soon be able to take up her responsibilities and be with us as of old.

In the staff of teachers there have been several changes this year. The place of Miss L. Watson, of Hamilton, Ont., for the past two years our assistant teacher of music, has been taken by Miss Rusteadt, of Richford, Vt. Dr. Rainville, also, who has been with so long as resident physician and teacher, has gone to New York for further study and practice. His place as teacher has been taken by Mr. E. S. Roy, one of our old students, and a fourth year undergraduate of McMaster University. The medical oversight of the school will be shared by the neighboring physicians. Mr. Fred Therrien, another old student, has also been engaged this year to give additional help in the teaching and management of the school. Though we regret to lose our old teachers, we heartily welcome the new ones, and wish them a prosperous and happy sojourn with us.

It is always a pleasure to know that others are interested in our work. May we not consider the large number of visitors that we have had since school opened, as a proof that the Grande Ligne Mission holds a warm place in many hearts. The Institute gates are always open, and a cordial welcome awaits all comers, for we feel that a visit must increase the interest in the school and all the work connected with it. The visit usually includes an inspection of the sleeping-rooms, class-rooms, library, pantry and linen-room; a stroll through the grounds, and a visit to the little cemetery where the graves of Madame Feller and others recall to mind the noble sacrifices of the founders of the Mission.

The Women's Convention in Montreal was not without meaning to us, for eight ladies, several from Ontario, took advantage of being in Montreal, to come and to see Feller Institute. They expressed themselves as pleased with what they saw, and as feeling better able to lay the needs of the mission before the various societies in their own cities. Mrs. Lillie, who attended the Convention in the interest of Moulton College, made many special inquiries about such students, as might, after graduating here, enter the University to continue their studies. We were also favored with a visit from Mr. and Mrs. Davies, who, for many years, have contributed very generously to the support of the Grande Ligne Mission.