



Success
D. W. Gull.

THE
McMASTER UNIVERSITY MONTHLY

DECEMBER, 1894.

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Clarendon, Orleans Co., New York, was the birth place of Pamela S. Vining, and at Ellicottville, Cattaraugus Co., her early life was spent. To the latter place belong chiefly the influences that first marked her career. There were many things in connection with her early life which were not appreciated perhaps as the best preparation for the work of after years but whose discipline nevertheless must have been needful. Farm life, for example, gave the monotony that was particularly chafing to a high spirited girl, and routine duties which were decidedly among the disagreeables. There were meagre advantages too in the matters of society and education. The district school, it is true, could be attended, but it was closed during a great part of the year. Its teachers were wretchedly incompetent and its appliances, material and mental, were the most primitive and unpromising. If it had any influence at all upon the splendid culture that was afterwards developed, it was in the direction of awakening keener relish for real advantages when these did appear. The farm life at Ellicottville was not without advantages, however, notwithstanding what has been said. The mother influence was there, and for fourteen years the child received all that a well stored mind and passionate love could give. Perhaps the monotony of duties and the absence of other society made the

mother power more precious and helpful. So intense and well directed was it that friendships formed afterwards and the many important features of a busy life developed nothing comparable to the quiet power which gently and firmly held the child during those years of farm life. Other things also were an offset to the many disadvantages of the early home. The farm was situated amidst charming scenery. There were hill and dale and woodland, wild as need be to awaken a love for nature's grander work, and placid enough at times for all her delicate operations. The mighty trees of the grand old forest, and the meadows traced with the silver line of the running brook—these could not lie invitingly to a child upon whom nature had laid her wand, without enkindling an inspiration that must be life-long in its effects. And the happy child, when freed from home duties or the pastime of the district school, would be found out on the hill side, down by the brook, wandering in the meadows or deep in the forest shade, holding converse with bird and flower and insect; listening to the story of the whispering wind, and watching the artist work of the glorious sun upon sky and leaf and water. There were books also to be had in the neighborhood and periodicals of various kinds. Not many perhaps, nor perhaps always of a character that one would choose for a young girl's reading; but there was thought of some kind; and the child's mind was hungry, and she read her way through the entire literature of the community. Poetry especially delighted her. It became her passion. Commonplace or otherwise, it was devoured with never sated appetite. Wonderfully guided the child must have been, and very early indeed must correct taste have been fashioned within her, for of the mass that she read only the good was assimilated, as the writings of her maturity so abundantly show. No mean advantages then did the farm put in her way. And what should be said of her childhood must not end before allusion is made to her early religious life. The Saviour brought her to himself when she was seven years of age. It need not be wondered at that she was so early the subject of serious impressions. Her passion for nature and her seclusion from so many of the temptations to forget God, her mother's tender guidance, and above all God's word, which from her earliest years was to her indeed His very voice, all point in this direction. She loved

the Bible. There was fascination to her in its awful mysteries: and its warnings and searching truths laid their hand upon her life, and became the formative influences of her character. Through these influences God made her His own child thus early. But being reserved and reticent she kept these things in her heart and made no public acknowledgment until her thirteenth year, when she was baptized on profession of her faith. The monotony of a quiet and uneventful home life! The thought of it has of late become intolerable and the restraint of its discipline irksome to a degree; and the children through paternal stupidity or neglect, let the street, or the society, or the religious meeting take its place! Strong character, that is of worth to the world, is a creature of home keeping in childhood, and is fostered by the loving restraint of the home law.

The period of childhood passed, the real business of this work-a-day world faced Miss Vining immediately. She entered upon the duties of her profession at fifteen years of age, teaching in the district schools of Michigan, whither at this time her father had removed. So she took up while still a child a task that generally taxes the powers of maturity. And of that period of her life, if she does not speak with much enthusiasm, it is not to be much wondered at. Another removal, and this time to Canada, introduced Miss Vining to her Canadian work. She resumed her occupation of school teaching, and was abundantly successful and happy. Together with her teaching duties, she was carrying a course of study preparatory to college work, which double employment of course most severely taxed her powers. She taught and studied, worked and read as few young people do, her pupils ever pushing her in advance of them until she found herself able, upon entering Albion College, Michigan, to complete the course in much less than the usual time. She graduated at the end of the fifth term, having made a very flattering record, and was granted the degree of M.S.A. After resting in Canada for one year, she received a call to make one of the faculty of her *Alma Mater*, and for three years she spent herself tirelessly in the interest of those committed to her charge.

Her Albion College experience, however, while bringing to her many advantages that all her life so far she had longed for, and had been denied, was not without its special snare. Intense

zeal in the direction of literary attainment is not always conducive to the best condition of spiritual life. With Miss Vining heart knowledge did not grow apace with head knowledge; there was a manifest sleep of soul power and but little fruitage for Christ, compared with what easily might have been. It was at this time and under these conditions that the great temptation came. Infidelity (not in the college, but among those associated with her in the intervals of college vacations,) in its many forms became her tempter. She had companions who were anxious to relieve her of the old superstitions to which her soul had for many years so fondly clung, and she was pressed by many teachers who were anxious to indoctrinate her into the divers faiths of infidelity. But her God was ever faithful, and drawing her to His own precious word, He revealed to her in its pages the answer to every temptation. At that time, surely, her foot had slipped, had it not been for God's grace and the counsel of His word. During that time she was harrassed as few women are, and because of the victory then given, the word of God has been to her ever since her strong tower and her song.

Now comes the period of Miss Vining's life of particular interest to Canadian Baptists. Upon the organization of the Canadian Literary Institute, she was selected as the teacher in English Art and Literature; and entering upon her charge in 1860, she gave six years of the fulness and maturity of her powers to the great work of denominational education. One reviewing her work during that period is at a loss properly to estimate its value. It has unfolded in so many lines of influence. It has gone quietly and surely into the multitudes of Canadian Baptist homes wherever the daughters received the impress of her gentle spirit, or the sons were led to reverence the strength and power of her quiet personality. Who that sat at her feet during those six years is not to-day the better man or woman for the impetus that she gave to the best that was in the life? It need not be said that she was master of her subjects. Literature had been her study, her pastime, her daily toil, and her joy all her life: and her class-room exercises will be remembered as times of intense interest and profit. Strong as she was, however, in her special department, the strength by which she is particularly remembered and through which was exerted her most potent in-

fluence, lay elsewhere. Her simple trust in God, her knowledge of His word, and her power to make known its precious truths, her earnest spirit that forever sought the soul as well as the brain of all who came to her teaching; her presence in the meetings for prayer, and the hushed pleading of her passion-toned voice—in these lay her strength and, without doubt, it was strength God-given and God-honored. Canadian Baptist pulpits and churches, and churches in the neighboring land and in the countries beyond the sea have been blessed as none of us can say through the strong ministry of her consecrated life at Woodstock. And upon the college itself her influence still abides. The Judson Missionary Society, which has done thirty years of efficient service, which inspired the missionary thought in so many now upon the foreign field, which fanned the missionary flame in the breast of all our missionary pastors, which has been ceaseless in its efforts to keep Christ's great commission the foremost thought during college life, and has succeeded as we all know so grandly, is her very own child. Its inception was hers. Its name and the name of its organ were of her choosing. Its manner of work was of her planning; and its success surely is to be attributed in no small measure to the wise forethought and fostering care of its founder. "The Names of Jesus," that Christ-honored poem, which has become so familiar to the lovers of Christian poetry, was written for and read twice by its author before the Judson Missionary Society.

Leaving Woodstock College after these six years of consecrated service, Miss Vining was united in marriage with the late Prof. J. C. Yule, and there followed ten years of uninterrupted felicity such as they only know whose union is that of kindred spirits envired by God's grace, and devoted to His service. Those who were privileged to enjoy the society of their home during their residence in Brantford, Toronto, and Woodstock, where their lot was successively cast, know of the charm of their wedded life and their devotion to each other in the service of Jesus Christ. But all too soon the cruel separation came. Mr. Yule fell a victim to that dread disease consumption. He had been a hard student. He tried so earnestly to fit himself for the most effective service of Christ. He burdened himself as though he had all the resources of robust health. He was not robust,

however, and he went down under the strain. Many of us remember the sad occurrence, and how we marvelled that God should permit a thing so strange to happen. Mr. Yule, in the face of great odds, had at length won his way to the position he had all his lifetime coveted for Jesus' sake. He was appointed professor of New Testament Greek in Woodstock College, and came to his work splendidly equipped for service. Just then the blow came. He taught at the college as long as his strength would permit. He met his classes in his own home when he could no longer meet them in the class room. But God had spoken and he had to lay down his work. There were sad hearts at the college that day. We had but touched the strength of his royally furnished manhood when it was our sad duty to carry his poor body to the burying. And Mrs. Yule was left desolate. For eighteen years now she has carried the burden of her sorrow, patiently and with trust in God, and with the knowledge that the good Father made no mistake; yet with the sunshine gone out of her life. And thus burdened she has during the sorrowful years faced the world in stern and bitter conflict for her daily bread.

Thus far we have written of Mrs. Yule's personality, her teaching and denominational service. It remains now to add a few words in regard to the work by which she is chiefly known apart from the labors just enumerated. Mrs. Yule's place is secure in the literature of Canada, and stands in the front rank. She has been a devoted pen-worker all her life, and the fruit of her toil has been both abundant and rich. She is known as a prose writer of strong intelligence and force, and has contributed not a little to the periodical press, principally upon moral and religious questions. She is known as a story-teller who has but few equals in the particular line in which she has directed her thought. Her stories are written to combat sin, particularly the sin of intemperance, and to exalt the name of Jesus Christ, and they have unquestionably been most effective. Her fiction, besides possessing skill in arrangement and charm of style, is so dominated with intense purpose that no one can read it and not be constrained towards what is noble and good. "Ada Emory" has done much in the circle where it has gone, to deepen reverence for the divine word and to manifest the power of its truth.

Of "Up Hill," a capital story for boys and young men, one writes: "It was the first thing that brought me to see myself a sinner, and to receive Jesus as my Saviour." "Sowing and Reaping" has been so often commended and has served so useful a purpose that it will be sufficient to say of it here that there are few books more fascinating and certainly none that deal more trenchant blows against the giant evil.

But it is in the realm of poetry that Mrs. Yule has attained chief excellence. Her numbers reveal immediately the passion that is to the manor born. She sings easily and gracefully and without strain, even in her most exalted utterances. Her choice of subjects is made with excellent taste and one feels that here is something worthy of song, whatever page he turns in reading her poems. She moves easily along the chords of the great passions and touches the hidden springs. She trips in lighter vein among the things that are upon the surface and brightens with her playful fancy the fustian of our commonplaces. She lifts up labor from its serfdom and fixes upon it the stamp of manhood. She puts the laurel crown right gloriously upon the hero's brow, and she sets before us so surely the score of nature's music, that we needs must sing with her and the brooks and birds and flowers and leaves that give their melody to her pages. Mrs. Yule began her poetical writing while yet a child. She did not publish, however, until she reached her twenty-third year. From that time until now, her pen has been busy, and her work has enriched the literature of this and the neighboring country. She has not as yet preserved much of her writings in permanent form, one small volume, "Poems of the Heart and Home," being her only book. The great mass of her labor is still in manuscript awaiting some favorable opportunity for publication, and the greater part, alas! nearly all that she had written during her earlier years until her first residence in Woodstock, was destroyed in the burning of the college building. Her poems have had wider influence than many of us suspect. "Shall be Free" found its way to a Virginian camp when North and South were engaged in that bitter conflict and the battle stained soldier's hearty "Thank you" was her rich reward. "Abraham Lincoln" drew forth grateful acknowledgments "to the accomplished Canadian who has accorded to us the fulness

of her generous sympathy." Of the "Sky Lark and the Violet," Seba Smith, a well-known American author, and, successively, editor of the "U. S. Magazine," "Great Republic Monthly," and "Emerson's Magazine," writes:—"There seems to be a spirit of personality, so to speak, pervading the whole poem, which, too subtle and delicate, perhaps, for full appreciation by the mass of readers, must give it a zest for poetic minds that will stimulate to more than a single reading." So from the United States and also from Canada, from much spontaneous testimony, her poems have gone true to their mark. The poems above indicated are specimens of Mrs. Yule's work which have been accorded the place of highest merit. The following are certainly entitled to rank with them—"Eloise," "Patience," "The Tide," "Memory Bells," "The Earth Voice and its Answer," "God's Witness," and the "Names of Jesus." The last named is but a fragment of what is perhaps Mrs. Yule's most ambitious work. It is true to the great need of humanity; reverent of the Great Being it adores, and satisfying to the life who seeks through it to pay the tribute of love to the Saviour. Upon the whole poem Mrs. Yule has been engaged for the last eighteen years. The comprehensive title of the work when published will be "The Christ of the Old Testament and the New." It begins with the beginning, and will follow Him down through the creation, the Patriarchal period, the Typical period, the period of His manifestation in the flesh, with a glimpse of the great period yet to be, and ending with the fragment already published. It is to be hoped that nothing may hinder the speedy completion of a work which promises so to glorify the gracious name of Him whom we love and worship.

The limit of this article has been already passed and it now of necessity must end, although the writer feels that but scant justice has been done to many features of the noble life it in this poor fashion chronicles. Turning the pages of her book again, now that the last sheet of this writing is reached, and reviewing the work she has done for her country in those songs which breathe a noble patriotism; for the cause of God in all she sings of His Christ and His glory; for the cause of humanity, in that she is set for the defence of purity and freedom; for the cause of the churches in that she has never swerved from her loyalty to

their interests, the query arises, has this noble life been sufficiently known and appreciated by the people she has specially served, and among whom her life has been spent?

Mrs. Yule now lives in Brantford. She has come to grey hairs and feebleness. Her great sorrow is still the companion of her loneliness. She is not unmindful of the obligation of the gift that is within her, however, and in the obscurity of her home the busy pen works on. God send that the comfort and joy which many another has known through her ministry may be given full measured into her own soul.

E. W. DADSON.

THE ANNUNCIATION.

Along Judea's hills the light is beaming—
 The soft, pure light of early risen day;
 Down her green vales the radiance is streaming,
 Kissing the palm-trees and the olives grey,
 And kindling up, with oft-repeated glory,
 Yet wondrous ever, beautiful and new,
 Bright flashing rills, dark rocks, and mountains hoary,
 And lowly flow'rets gemmed with morning dew.

And humble Naz'reth smiles in the calm beauty
 Of this auspicious morn! The winds breathe low
 Along the hills; and now, to toil and duty,
 Man goeth forth as he is wont to go,
 Not dreaming that an angel's feet are pressing
 The dusty paths his own are wont to tread—
 An angel's hand, uplifted high in blessing,
 That moment stretched above his humble shed.

In a poor cottage kneels a Jewish maiden,
 With folded hands, and meek eyes closed in prayer ;
 The wind steals in with balmy flower-scents laden,
 And the slant sunbeams kiss her braided hair,
 And yet she heeds not that the breath of morning
 Is wafting perfume o'er her spotless brow,—
 That Day's fair hands her temples are adorning
 With radiant gems—all are unheeded now.

Pleads she for blessings on her late betrothal
 To one most worthy of her gentle love !
 Or, all forgetful of her glad espousal,
 Breathes she of Him, long promised from above,
 Messiah, Christ, foretold by holy sages,
 By sacrificial types foreshadowed long,
 The prayed-for, longed-for, of all vanished ages,
 Her nation's Saviour from Oppressor's wrong ?

Aye, breathe thy prayer ! e'en now, God's angel stoopeth
 O'er thy calm brow so slumberously fair,
 And toward the earth, his face in reverence droopeth,
 Awed by the solemn sanctity of prayer.
 Aye, breathe thy prayer ! thou needest strength, frail
 woman,
 For the strange blessing soon thine own to be,
 Almost as much as for the anguish human
 Which in the coming years awaiteth thee !

The prayer is done : and lo, those eyes, unclosing,
 Startled, affrighted, meet the Angel's gaze,
 On whose calm face Heaven's radiance reposing
 Bursts on her dazzled sight like noontide blaze ;
 But, as the strange, sweet music of that greeting
 Falls on her timid ear, with doubtful feet,
 She slowly turns from her abrupt retreating,
 To hear the waiting Angel's message sweet :—

"Hail! hail!—
 O highly favored one!
 The Lord is with thee, and
 Among all women of this weary Earth,
 Blessed as thou is none!
 Mary,
 Fear not, for thou
 Favor with God hast found;—
 Lift up thy lowly brow
 So glorified and crowned!
 Soon to thy bosom shall be given
 A SON!
 Son of the Highest called; in Earth and Heaven
 How great His name shall be,
 GOD'S SON!
 And yet He shall be born, Mary, of thee!
 And thou shalt call His name
 JESUS;
 For He
 Shall save His people from their sins
 Eternally!
 And God to Him shall give
 His father David's throne, and o'er
 The House of Jacob He shall reign
 Forevermore!"

The fair young face bent low in chastened beauty
 Awhile, beneath the Angel's questioning eye;
 Then her strange task of patient love and duty
 She meekly took with courage calm and high.
 Back to His native Heaven returned the Angel,
 She to the duties of her earthy home,
 Till the glad Earth should ring with Heaven's evangel—
 "GLORY TO GOD ON HIGH, THE LORD IS COME."

P. S. V. YULE.

PHIL. IV. 11, 19.

Not what I want, but what I need,—
Such is the principle and rule
Of gracious heaven, for all decreed
Who would be students in her school.

My needs are few, exceeding small,
These God unfailingly supplies :
My wants are vast, to grant them all
Would ruin bring, hence God denies.

D. M. WELTON.

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE AS A FACTOR IN
EDUCATION.

The world has awoke to the fact that one of the most desirable things in life is a sound education. Just what education is, however, is not so generally agreed upon, much less the best means of securing it, although some of the generous minds of every age have considered the problem with large success. Of all the definitions of education I have seen, I prefer that which identifies it with the development of all the God-given possibilities of an individual. It is not sufficient to train the intellect alone. The body, the sensibilities and the will must also be developed to gain a complete result. Heretofore our institutions of learning have confined themselves to intellectual training. More recently, efforts have been made in some of them to cultivate the physical man as well. In few, if any of them, has the cultivation of the moral and spiritual nature been formally attempted, although some have done excellent work in an informal way.

In presenting Christian Experience as an important factor in a symmetrical education, I mean, by the term, what we commonly call conversion, the passing from death into the life from above, without which, the Master has taught us, we cannot see the kingdom of God.

The effect of Christian experience upon the physical man is most marked. While it can never replace healthy exercise, as an educator of the body, it becomes an indispensable aid in the choice and direction of healthy exercises. Its most conspicuous effects, however, are in the repression of vitiating tastes and habits and the promotion of virtues that affect physical life most closely. A man who has practised infamous vices, so that his flesh is becoming corrupted, abandons his evil ways and begins to cultivate the contrary virtues, under the stress of a Christian experience. As a result, his flesh is immediately relieved of its propulsion to ruin and its restoration can be most hopefully promoted under the persistent exercise of Christian principles. In ten thousand cases where vice has not yet appeared, though latent, conversion has changed the spring of temptation into a fountain of holiness, with salutary effects upon the flesh.

The intellectual advantages of Christian experience are not at first obvious. To appreciate them, we must distinguish sharply between education and knowledge. The end of a course of education is character and power, not knowledge. True, knowledge is one of the most important means of education: yet a person may have vast knowledge and be in no real sense educated, while one who has but little of the knowledge of the schools, may be truly educated. It is not the kind, or number of facts we learn that develops: but it is the mental exercise received in subjective apprehension and digestion of those facts. The study of the group of facts comprehended under the term classics, mathematics, metaphysics, or grammar, may be most potent factors in educating: but just as a man may be educated without knowing Greek, so may he be truly educated, while ignorant of grammar. Many a saint of God, who has been as ignorant of the Queen's English as the Sahara is destitute of verdure, has nevertheless seized upon and assimilated the ideas presented by his Christian experience and has secured in this way an intellectual development, as broad as he might have gained by traversing the curriculum of a university. Indeed, I am persuaded that such an experience may rouse intellectual possibilities which are deaf to all other awakens.

That sympathetic contact with an author is an immense advantage to the study of his work is too hackneyed to repeat.

It is a dogma of ours that a regenerated soul has come into vital union with Christ. He is therefore in sympathetic contact with the Author of all wisdom and so occupies vantage ground for understanding all things, a fact whose importance cannot be exaggerated. In studying the Bible, therefore, he has the range of a noble literature with whose author he is closely acquainted. He studies history, having an insight into the motives and actions of the great Mover of events. He receives the advantages of the study of psychology in intelligently observing the peculiar processes of men's minds and the motives that caused them as recorded in holy writ. He observes the varying phenomena of nature—his Father's handiwork—with an ennobling perception of the immanence of God. He is led, with scientists, to study the origin and government of the universe and receives like intellectual improvement, which is none the less, because he knows intimately its Creator and Governor. Social science has educated a multitude. He enjoys like privilege and discusses kindred problems, taught by the greatest, yea the only satisfactory exponent of this science. In his Bible, he finds a literature of the noblest sort. History, biography, oratory, romance, epistle and thesis, poetry—lyric, bucolic, dramatic and didactic—yield to him their refining influence. He studies law and that divine, which is none the less developing because it rises into gospel.

Finally, his peculiar relationship with God and the rousing of mental operations by things unseen and often unutterable, in the exercise of faith and hope, the illumination of the Holy Spirit and meditations upon divine perfections—truth, infinity, love—are a never failing source of intellectual power. How truly the fear of the Lord, in this enlarged sense, is the beginning of wisdom!

The sensibilities are more obviously affected by a religious experience than is the intellect. Indeed, a certain canting class of critics describe religious principles as an unintelligent motion of the sensibilities, suitable for amiable old ladies, or very small children. The place of the sensibilities in the human economy is most honorable. They are capable of and need large development, and some attention has been paid to this, but not in our educational institutions, whose capacity so far has been limited to training the intellect. Yet in producing a symmetrical char-

acter—that fine effect of true education—the emotions play as large a part as does the intellect. Consider, for instance, such feelings as pity, esteem, love, anger, disgust, hate, and no description will be necessary to indicate their effect upon character and to emphasize their need of regulation. The very fact that they are often the result of impulse rather than of determination, teaches us that our natures must be trained to be rightly affected by every cause. Nothing can accomplish this, but the power of God which operates in a converted soul. Even Christians must have taken a somewhat “extended course” before having their feelings under proper control and susceptible only to right influences. Their cultivation by any other means is unsatisfactory, as lacking a proper standard of government.

The will, like the other elements of our being, is capable of education through Christian experience. The very essence of religious profession is the conscious and voluntary submission of the human to the divine will. In all future activity, there will be a persistent effort after conformity with God’s will. Such intelligent effort will result in a remarkable development of the will, along the only right lines. Other means of educating this important constituent of our being will fall short of perfection, as lacking a proper ideal, and the possession of such an ideal, I have already indicated, affords to the Christian an advantage in effort after the development of every part of our complex nature.

In general a thorough Christian experience yields a dignity of bearing otherwise resultant from only the most refined training. For producing all the moral graces, no better means of education can be found, while the qualities of amiability and graciousness are essentially Christian virtues.

If the positions maintained above are tenable, they ought to prove an incentive to a host of young Christians, who have a holy ambition for self-improvement and yet cannot enjoy the privileges of collegiate training. They may attend the school of Christ, assured that, if they will seek earnestly to make the most of their Christian privileges, by devoting time and energy to their development, they may secure a real education even with no text books other than the Bible and Nature, and no teacher other than the Holy Spirit. As in any other course of

self-education, patience, persistence and enthusiasm will be required. "There is no royal road to learning" for prince or Christian. True culture is the reward of endeavor.

If Christian experience is really a grand factor in education, and if there are results that cannot be effected by any other means, it is incumbent upon educators seriously to consider whether they are not bound to attempt to utilize this method. Can this necessary factor in true education receive a place in the curricula of schools? Can it be formally taught in class-rooms, as languages or mathematics are used to enlarge the powers of youth? The first thought in reply is, "Certainly not." Educators must be content to leave this branch to parents, Sunday school teachers and preachers. Yet it is a pity that the most important means of growth cannot be used by those who, above all others, come into intimate contact with young lives, and I am not at all certain that our thought must be final.

In our public schools, as now constituted, the matter is, of course, impossible. Yet while we inveigh against Romish attempts after a separate school system, are they not right in their criticism of "Godless" schools, and insisting on training their children under their idea of Christian instruction? The Sunday hour is not sufficient for religious instruction, and for a host of children that is all that is possible. It may not be wise to alter the present school system, but it is possible and advisable to establish distinctly Christian schools, of all grades (primary ones in every community, and advanced ones wherever required), in which every person officially connected with their operation, from principal to janitor, shall be active Christians, and in which the Bible shall be regularly studied by every pupil. If any instruction, as a whole, exhibits an aggressive Christianity, even if that Christianity is not formally promoted in class-rooms, it will assuredly be a tremendous success, as an evangelizer, as many of our already existing colleges prove.

In Christian schools, it is not impossible that there should be "conquest" classes, formally conducted for the salvation of the unsaved, rendered so attractive on account of the fervent and unaffected piety of their conductors, as to be irresistible.

Furthermore, it is not impossible to organize, in every Christian school, regular classes for the promotion of growth in

grace, in which, through the proper means, the Christian life of the students shall be effectively developed. Assuredly, if there were no other result, students in our schools of higher learning would be saved from the spiritual decline usually incident to long mental activity.

At the very least, the study of the Bible, to be scientific and devotional, ought to be engaged in by every student in all our schools, under the direction of the most capable and magnetic teacher on the staff.

L. S. HUGHSON.

THE TRANSFIGURATION.

Beneath the Mount, demons of darkness reign,
Exulting in their brief destructive hour.
Loving and loved ones writhe in grief and pain,
Helpless alike against their torturing power.
Upon the Mount, far other scenes befall;
The lowly friend of men outshines the sun:
Hades and death have yielded to His call,
And God from heaven has owned Him as His Son.
O, fore-flash blest! thou bright prophetic gleam,
The King shall yet fulfil earth's longing dream.

W. H. PORTER.

Students' Quarter.

VOLCANOES.

Vulcano is no longer the forge of Hephaestus, nor Ætna the tomb of the rebellious Typhon; but the mysteries that thus sought an answer still remain. Theories there are without number, but in many cases theories only; this too in face of the most careful inquiry from the days when the elder Pliny lost his life, down to the present time.

Scientists are now thoroughly acquainted with the external manifestations of volcanic action, but real facts concerning the deeper seats of turmoil are altogether wanting. Three leading theories respecting the centre of our globe obtain. We will proceed to deal with them as follows:—First—It has been suggested that the earth consists of a fluid or semi-fluid nucleus surrounded and enclosed by a solid shell. Varying thicknesses have been ascribed to this outer crust, some stating it to be altogether insignificant, others placing it as deep as several hundred miles. The known stability of the earth, together with the necessity of a means of exit, are given as refuting this theory.

Secondly—Other physicists have claimed that a globe of liquid matter radiating its heat into space would necessarily solidify at both surface and centre, thus leaving an interposed layer of molten matter. The solidification may have gone on so far as to cause a partial union of these two spheres, leaving reservoirs of liquified rock. A sufficient cause of internal disturbance would thus be formed, while the earth might still retain its stability, because of the preponderance of *terra firma*. This necessitates the formation of the "pools" at no great distance from the surface,—a supposition which we are inclined to question.

Thirdly—It has been maintained that the earth may have become perfectly solid from centre to surface. Those who hold this view say, either, that the earth, though actually solid, is potentially liquid, or that volcanic action has no direct connection with a supposed incandescent condition of our planet, and

that the various phenomena find sufficient explanation in mechanical and chemical agencies at work within the globe.

From this summary of views it is plain that we are not, at present, in a position to give a definite solution of the problem. The conditions of temperature and pressure which must exist within our sphere are so different from anything that we are acquainted with, that the results are altogether beyond us. The latest speculation on the matter tends to the opinion that volcanic action is local, being produced by the action of air and water on the metals of the alkalies and alkaline earths, supposed to exist in a free condition within the earth's crust. This statement is supported in part by known chemical data, together with the fact that most volcanoes are near the sea. Graham and other supporters of this theory have gone far towards answering the various objections brought forward. The vast quantities of steam thrown off during eruption are thus accounted for. However, all volcanoes are not neighbors of the great deep. Those of Tibet are several hundred miles from any large body of water, and one in Mexico is at least one hundred and fifty miles from either the Pacific or the Atlantic. Then indeed we may truly say that no theory, as yet, satisfactorily explains the mystery of internal heat in all of its varied manifestations.

Volcanoes, either past or present, dot almost every continent and island of the sea. The number of active volcanoes at the present day is several hundred. These are unequally distributed over the exposed portions of the earth as follows:—On the continent of Europe there is but one active vent,—that of Vesuvius. In the islands of the Mediterranean, there are no less than six volcanoes: Stromboli and Vulcano, in the Lipari Islands; *Ætna*, in Sicily; Graham's Isle, off the Sicilian coast; and Santorin and Nisyros in the *Ægean* Sea. The African continent is known to contain ten active volcanoes,—four on the west coast, and six on the east; ten others occur on islands adjacent to that continent. Asia has twenty-four active vents, of which no fewer than twelve are in the peninsula of Kamtschatka. Australia is without any volcanoes. North America has twenty; Central America twenty-five; and the Southern continent thirty-seven. In all, one hundred and seventeen volcanoes are situated on the great continents, while twice as many occur upon the islands.

scattered over the various oceans. In almost every case they are situated near the coast. In fact all oceanic islands, not coral reefs, are composed of volcanic rocks. They are found from Heckla in the North to Erebus in the South, from Fusi-yama in the far East, to Fairweather in the West. The Pacific Ocean is completely encircled by a volcanic ridge, and in its submarine depths many active vents are known to exist.

One of the strangest features of volcanoes is their line of action. In straight courses they seem almost to bisect the sphere. From the Aleutian Isles to Cape Horn we have one continuous manifestation of volcanic action. From California to Honolulu; from Kamtschatka to Java; from Terra del Fuego to New Zealand; from Iceland to the Canaries; and from Corea to Gibraltar we have further illustrations of the same strange fact. If there is not one common centre, why should these lines of action be so universal? They could not all fall into order by mere hazard.

In close connection with these ridges are parallel mountain chains. Their proximity at once leads us to suspect a near relationship. There are also a few exceptions to this rule. Some volcanoes are known that have no accompanying mountain axis. The elevations may be caused by contractions of the outer crust and possibly have no connection with volcanic action.

Turning now to the external manifestation, we enter at once the realms of the positive. Volcanoes are not mountains, as no doubt we long regarded them. They are really nothing more than vents in the earth's crust, caused by the attempt of imprisoned gases to escape; neither do they send forth flames and ashes. Dust of rock and steam ruddy with the glow of the incandescent mass within is all that causes the peculiar phenomenon that we popularly call a burning mountain. Year after year the cone is added to by each fresh upheaval, until at last we have a mass as high, if not higher, than the surrounding mountains. Ages again may pass, and by the forces of denudation, the soft material of the cone is swept away and nothing but the great dykes of lava are left, showing us the original structure of the base of the cone. We can read the life history of no one volcano, because the last ejected materials are likely to cover all previously thrown out; but we have volcanoes in every stage of

development and, by putting the various observations into one, we are able to say what has been the nature of such action even during past ages.

A district at present giving off sulphurous or other vapors may be the scene of past activity now dying out, or of future activity still in its infancy. In the average volcano, there is a gradual increase to a maximum and then as gradual a decrease. The portion of the crust affected may be shaken by attempted upheavals long before the actual outburst occurs. When the repressed subterranean forces have once found an exit, the violence of the explosion will depend upon the amount of water imprisoned in the lava. Where water is in abundance, the materials will be scattered far and wide and immense volcanic cones will be the result. The force is often so intense that the strongest rocks are shattered into fine dust. In other cases where water is wanting the lavas are very viscid and the mountain never attains any great height. The crater may even be filled completely and subsidiary cones formed at the base. The order of the overflow of gases and lava is much the same in all parts of the world. Cold water at first issues. Then, as the temperature rises, hot springs charged in turn with carbonic acid, sulphuric acid, sulphuretted hydrogen, boracic acid and hydric chloride may be seen. The lavas appear later accompanied by scoriae, pumice, lapelli and dust. These occur everywhere in a fairly regular order. Those lavas of intermediate composition, characterized by the nature of their feldspar and free quartz, appear first. Trachytic lava may either precede or follow the above. Last of all, come the acid and basaltic rocks. As the volcano becomes weaker, the various sulphides and acids again make their appearance in solution; and in some districts immense deposits are formed, which may be purified and fitted for industrial use. These later demonstrations of volcanic activity are often looked upon as of little importance; but such is not the case. A geyser or hot spring may relieve the earth of as much of its superabundant temperature as many of the active volcanoes. It has been clearly shown that the springs of Bath, England, have carried away in solution during the past two thousand years sufficient material to have built up a second Mount Nuovo. They probably take quite as active a part in the economy of nature as any of the

more noisy vents. Deposits from the earth's interior are constantly taking place. The amount of surface built up and removed within historic times is simply stupendous. Thousands of square miles have been destroyed by the action of volcanic dust alone. In 1835, the volcano of Cosequina sent forth such enormous quantities of ashes that there was night for a radius of thirty-five miles; and at a distance of eight leagues the dust fell to a depth of ten feet. A rain of dust and sand fell over an area 270 geographical miles in diameter. Some of the finer materials fell in Jamaica, seven hundred miles distant. In 1783, during an eruption of Hecla, a lava stream from 600 to 1000 feet in depth, 15 miles wide, and reaching almost 100 miles, desolated the country far and near. Cases like the above might be multiplied without number. Destruction seems to be everywhere and widespread. Whole regions have subsided, fair valleys been desolated; and at each fresh demonstration many lives lost. Wherein then is their usefulness? Could we not well dispense with them? The question may be looked at from various standpoints. While Vesuvius in 100 days sent out over 2,100,000 cubic metres of water causing most destructive floods, it also sent out during the same time many tons of useful chlorides, such as iron, copper, sodium, besides numerous acids, all of which form deposits in the crevices of the rock. In fact, if it were not for volcanic action, the economic minerals would be almost wanting. No veins or lodes would be found. All would be buried beneath an impenetrable mass of earth. Then again the most destructive features of volcanic action, viz., earthquakes, are in most cases but unsuccessful attempts of the imprisoned vapors to find an exit. An opening would prove a sufficient safety valve; and if these vents were numerous, the phenomena of earthquakes would almost disappear, the only parts affected being those in the immediate neighborhood of the internal activity.

Volcanoes are not a curse, but in reality a blessing. Without them our globe, in many of its fairest portions, would be desolate and void. The very existence of our race would well-nigh be impossible, and again might return the age of plant possession of our sphere. Vegetation alone would flourish. Man's age would soon be past, and a return to the world's primal state would be but a question of time.

As it now is, we live in happiness and fair security, joyful in the knowledge that these fountains of the central deep may leisurely pour forth their unretarded streams upon the surrounding land. Should these vents prove insufficient, who will say that we will not one day excavate a few fresh holes and thus free the earth from its unwonted trembling and bring security to ourselves.

R. ROUTLEDGE.

FULFILMENT.

By the waters that go softly
 Over golden gravel clear,
 Where the breezes in black ash-buds
 Make May-music by the mere—
 Where the firry woodland stretches
 Slope away in sun-steeped hills—
 In the mossy meadow margin
 Full of life a flower bud thrills;
 In the mosses dank and dewy
 Poured its perfume on the air,
 All unseen in silvery splendor
 Swelled and bloomed and faded there.
 Undisturbed the ripples tinkled,
 While the perfume-laden breeze
 Still in fitful, fragrant flurries
 Lined the mere and tossed the trees.
 Spring's crimson sunset burned to gloom
 Night the sylvan songsters stilled,
 Silently life had come and gone,
 Eternal purpose was fulfilled.

X. E.

REMINISCENCES OF A CANOE VOYAGE.

(Concluded.)

When the jovial old sun once again began to shed his light over our fair lake country, some of the more ambitious of his beams peered in through the half open door of a tent where six sleeping forms lay huddled together under their blankets. As these beams became more inquisitive, one of the forms yawned, rubbed his eyes, and shook an adjacent form. Then the two forms arose and departed out of the midst of the others and proceeded to a place apart, where they lighted a fire. Ben and I had been appointed to prepare breakfast, and we were doing our duty. One by one the other forms emerged from the tent and, assembling round the camp fire, took part in the demolition of breakfast. This done, the canoe was again loaded and launched, and we were again under way. A well manned canoe, as it approaches the spectator, is a peculiar sight. Six arms are raised as one, and six paddles cleave the water in perfect unison, while only the man in the bow is seen, who seems to possess a multitude of arms.

Not more than half a mile had been traversed when the unusual and unexpected sight of several tents on the shore caused all paddling to cease. A united shout by all the members of the company was executed for the purpose of arousing the supposed inmates. After several unsolicited encores, a sleepy-looking mortal rolled out of one of the tents and was evidently on the point of using unsuitable language, when the Doctor soothed his troubled mind by civilly asking for information. The sleepy man's remarks were extremely discouraging. He informed us that the tents belonged to a gang of lumbermen who were damming up the river in several places for the purpose of rafting logs. On account of these dams, all the remainder of the river would be either very rapid or very shallow, making our farther advance impossible. Had we been less energetic and persevering, his statement would have proved correct, for the river from this time forth was execrable. Mile after mile of its extent contained nothing but rapids and shallows. On

account of the steepness of the river banks, it was necessary for us to walk in the water, whenever it was too shallow to float the canoe. Splashing along through the water with our burdens on our backs was a task both ludicrous and melancholy. So inured to wet and mud did we become, that it was no longer a matter of concern to us how much moisture we absorbed. Our only aim was to keep blankets and provisions dry, which effort was to some extent successful.

A log hut is a common, unattractive object at any time, but when we caught a glimpse of the rude chimney and moss-covered roof of one of the roughest of all shanties, our hearts were gladdened at the sight. The proprietors proved to be a family of Dutch settlers, who accorded us the greatest hospitality, generously placing their whole house at our disposal. You may be sure that we made the most of our opportunities. Soon our long delayed dinner was in preparation, while our dripping garments hung behind the stove. The Doctor distributed several small coins among the children and was amply repaid by the result. I never saw children so pleased and gratified as were these little Dutch settlers when they received the coins in their grimy outstretched palms. The mere sight of their recently acquired possessions seemed to be a source of continual delight. Poor little fellows! In all probability they had never owned a cent of money before, and considered their fortunes made. Soon after our arrival the old man came in from the field, bringing with him several of the older boys. He picked up our Winchester, took a sight with it, and pronounced it "*sehr gut*." One by one, he examined each article of our outfit, making appropriate remarks in his own expressive dialect. When the Doctor asked for information with regard to the remainder of our journey, he seemed very reticent, but he was persuaded to hold forth when we produced our map. This he pronounced a delusion and a snare. We assured him that it had proved so to us. Let me just say here that our map was one of that variety of charts which are "got up to sell" unsuspecting tourists. Beware of maps which are thus offered for sale!

Much as we wished to hasten on, we were obliged, out of courtesy, to wait for the old man to make numerous alterations in our map. When this task was completed, we heartily thanked

them all for their hospitality, and again took to the water. Several miles had been traversed at a rapid rate, when the rain, which had been threatening for some time, began to fall in torrents, forcing us to seek shelter. We had arrived at the head of the Mountain Rapids, where a suitable camping ground was found. The tent was pitched. All baggage was soon under shelter. What cared we how long the rain continued? We were perfectly accustomed to wet. Seeing how useless was its attempt to dampen our *spirits*, even though our *clothes* were thoroughly damp, the rain ceased as suddenly as it had commenced, and a beautiful sunset was provided for our entertainment; at least so we said to each other while we enjoyed it. Supper served up by the Doctor and Mac, our clothes stretched on poles before the fire, we all took a good swim in the darkness, after which most of our clothes were dry enough to resume.

We were rather weary that night, and well we might be, after such a day's work. We took a few boxing-lessons from Ben in order to warm ourselves up after the swim. Then we went to bed. Profiting by our experience on the shores of Little Black Lake, several of us preferred to sleep around the camp-fire, rather than trust to the indifferent comfort of the tent. Those of us who thus trusted to nature's couch enjoyed a sound and refreshing sleep. Those in the tent evidently fared not so well. About midnight a voice from within awoke the silence and some of us also. The voice belonged to Aleck, whose plaintive strain was as follows: "Say, is there any room out there?" We assured him that the exterior world was quite extensive enough for the accommodation of a medium-sized boy, so he crawled out and rolled up in his blanket beside us. Soon his snores indicated his perfect contentment.

On arising early the next morning, the task of portaging past the Mountain Rapids confronted us. A hearty breakfast was a good preparation for our task, and soon the canoe was launched in the waters below. A brisk paddle of a mile brought us into Seguin Lake, from whose waters flowed the river which would bring us to the end of our canoe journey. This river was not found without some difficulty, on account of its concealed outlet, but when we at last entered it you may be sure that no time was wasted. Under the influence of six sturdy paddles, the

canoe bounded forward like a thing of life. Suddenly a bridge came into view over which, as we had learned from the Dutchman, a road led to the mines, the immediate objects of our journey. The distance by road was so great that the utility of a horse and buggy naturally occurred to all of us, so Ben and Mac. volunteered to seek a conveyance.

Two more formidable fellows could scarce be found than were they, as they started off down the road. Ben's appearance was characteristically Western. His head was adorned by a broad sombrero which had once been white. Around his waist was a belt full of cartridges, food for a vicious-looking revolver suspended at his side. His trousers were rolled up to his knees, and his back boasted the possession of nothing but a very soiled *négligé* shirt. Mac's costume was that of a typical wood-ranger or hunter of the north. His trousers tucked into his boots, his broad-brimmed felt hat, and his Winchester over his shoulder, all combined to give him the appearance of a rough character.

We did not see either of them again for nearly an hour, but the story which they told on their return amply repaid us for all our impatience. About a mile up the road they came to a house which seemed to be occupied. After a hearty knock, administered on the door by the stock of Mac's rifle, they waited several minutes before any sound was heard from within. At last the latch was lifted and the head of an old man was protruded, which, after a hasty glance around, was hastily withdrawn. The door was then slammed in their faces. At a loss to explain this impolite conduct they opened the door and looked in. The old man was peeping from behind the stove, and was evidently greatly disturbed. When Ben stepped forward he made a dive for the door, but seeing Mac. there, he beat a hasty retreat to his iron stronghold. Seeing that escape was impossible he resorted to stratagem: "Take a seat, sir. Want a horse, eh? I ain't got a horse, but I'll tell ye where ye can git a good un. George Burroughs has two of 'em. His place is about a mile t'other side of the bridge. You'd better go there, hadn't ye?" The boys reluctantly consented to depart, much to the relief of the old man, who evidently mistook them for horse-thieves. When we made a calm, cold, unimpassioned examination of our

companions, we little wondered that such a mistake should have been made.

On our arrival, we found that George Burroughs had two good horses, but one of them was very much indisposed, so much so that its life was despaired of. Since the only vehicles on the farm were a hay-wagon and a seeder, only one of us could utilize a horse to advantage. The Doctor was the one most interested in the mines, and we expressed ourselves quite willing to remain in that region for the remainder of the day, awaiting his return. He promised to be with us again within about six or seven hours, and you may well believe that we found no difficulty in spending pleasantly the intervening time. Ben, whose experience with horses during his cow-boy days was quite extensive, made use of his veterinary lore in the treatment of George's horse. So successful was he as a doctor that the steed was nearly as well as ever before we left. Our occupations during this afternoon were too numerous to mention. We picked and ate blackberries, did some shooting at various animals, and helped George at his work. The time passed very quickly, and the sun was down almost before we knew it. Where could the Doctor be? We were beginning to become uneasy about him. The evening was spent with George's family until about ten o'clock, when we determined to retire and keep no longer vigil for the Doctor. Our bed was in George's hay-loft. The boys and I climbed up and levelled the hay while Ben and Mac went down to the river to make canoe and baggage safe for the night. While they were absent, the wanderer returned and lay down beside Artie, who was already asleep. We decided not to tell Ben and Mac of the Doctor's arrival, but to await the outcome of the scheme in the morning. They came up shortly, remarking that they supposed the Doctor had either decided to camp out or had lost the road. Then we all settled down in the soft, sweet, hay and slept the sleep of the just until we were awakened by a great commotion. Mac had opened his eyes upon the light and the first thing he saw was the Doctor's face about two feet away from his own. He thought he had made a wonderful discovery and had given vent to a few shouts in order to awaken us and to impart his good news. Mac's jubilant behavior received a quietus when we informed him that we knew all about it the night before.

Then Ben and Mac. demanded an explanation, and the Doctor was not loth to satisfy their wishes. This journey had been a greater one than was anticipated, and more time had been consumed than was expected. His mineralogical researches were unsatisfactory. The best of the mines were already being marked out for working, while the remainder were not sufficiently valuable to repay the labor of mining. A council of ways and means was then held and the following decision was arrived at:—"Whereas, provisions are at a low ebb, and whereas it would be almost impossible to return by the same route over which we had passed, and whereas there is a shorter and easier road to Lake Joseph, via Parry Sound and the Georgian Bay; this council favors the latter course, and proposes an immediate start." George was profuse in his thanks to Ben for his successful treatment of the horse, and showed his gratitude in tangible form by loading us down with choice vegetables on our departure.

Not much difficulty was experienced in reaching Parry Sound. By noon the tall smoke-stacks of the saw-mills loomed up before our sight, and in a very short period of time we were once again in civilized territory. Ben and Mac. took the canoe down the river which runs through the town, while the Doctor and I escorted the boys through the streets. We attracted much attention, but what did we care? Were we not to be envied? Several stores were visited and many parcels of groceries were purchased and conveyed to the dock, where Ben and Mac. met us with the canoe. While enjoying a hearty dinner on the dock, we discussed future prospects. The Doctor had made the journey from Parry Sound to Lake Joseph before, and thus we knew just what to expect. Our return journey was not so eventful as the previous part had been, therefore I shall not weary you with a detailed account.

Our final entrance into Lake Joseph was celebrated by a good hearty cheer. During our absence, we had traversed the waters of twenty-seven lakes and fifteen rivers, and none seemed so beautiful as our own Lake Joseph. The ten miles which lay between us and home were paddled in darkness, but no difficulty was experienced in finding our way. When near home we began a series of songs which lasted until our arrival at our own island, where we were met by many friends who welcomed us back in a hearty homelike way.

H. H. NEWMAN.

A FUNERAL IN THE NORTH COUNTRY.

A TRUE INCIDENT.

Early one Saturday morning, a rough-looking farmer about thirty years of age was ushered into my sitting-room, who said, with neither "good morning" nor any other preliminaries: "Will you tell the parson the funeral is this afternoon at 2 o'clock?"

Having heard nothing previously of an approaching funeral, and knowing of no death among our parishioners, I immediately concluded that he had been shown into the wrong sitting-room, as the Church of England clergyman lived in the same house. I told him that I thought he had made a mistake and that I presumed it was the Church of England minister he wished to see. He looked puzzled, said he did not know, eyed his boots steadily and nervously, and uneasily thrust his hands into his pockets, immediately withdrawing them again. At last we heard a step, and on looking up, saw Mr. G. approaching. The farmer's face became radiant as he exclaimed, "That thar's him!"

On entering, Mr. G. was greeted with the same information: that "the funeral is this afternoon at 2 o'clock," to which he replied: "Oh, is the old man dead? and when did he die?"

The "old man" referred to had been one of the pioneers of that rough country, a terrible drunkard and a notable fighter. During his last illness, which extended over a period of two years, all of which time he was confined to bed, he had ample time to repent his folly, which I think he sincerely did, and sought the only forgiveness.

But there was no time for further comment, we had to start at once, as the distance to be covered was some ten or eleven miles, and the roads anything but good. Away we went in our cart, up-hill and down-hill, over bogs, through marshes, the fox often starting from just beneath the horses' feet, and the cry of the wild cat continually resounding in our ears.

Arriving at the place where so shortly before the Angel of

Death had entered, we found the corpse laid out in a rough coffin, rougher indeed than any we had been accustomed to see, for the lumber had never so much as felt a plane. They had done their best, however, to make things look well. By daubing the rough exterior with black paint or pitch or some other mixture, which stood here and there in patches, it served to take away the brightness of the new wood.

The "old man" was laid out in his "best," which I afterwards learned was not only his wedding suit, but the only one which he had ever possessed. A bit of blue ribbon, symbolic of the "True Blues," an order of which he had once been a member, was tied under his chin; his hair had been straightened and smoothed as well as could be expected without the aid of a comb. The neighbors for miles around had gathered to pay their last tribute to the departed, and as the house comprised but one small room, we held a service outside the door. We commenced our meeting by that accordant hymn of Cowper's—

"The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day."

I saw tears start and course down the cheeks of some whose hearts, we are so often wont to think, are as hard as the rocks among which they live.

After reading of the Scriptures, we started on the sorrowful procession to the cemetery, a mile-and-a-half distant from what had been the "old man's home." Our pony seemed rather proud to head the cortége, while six of the natives carried the coffin. Following close on these, limped the dog on his three legs; the others in twos and fours, walked behind in solemn silence.

The trees seemed to clasp hands and form an arch above our heads, while the woods re-echoed the sound of our tramp on the rock pavement beneath, as we wended our way with the body to its last resting-place. And a rough resting-place it was indeed. The grave had been roughly dug out of the rocks, and four boards nailed together in the shape of an oblong, formed the rougher coffin. Evidently, however, the undertaker (?) had made a mistake, for the boards were too short to admit the coffin—so it had to be raised while one of the natives descended

and kicked one end out, it was then lowered again and I felt unutterably sad as these words came to mind: "If in this life only we have hope we are of all men the most miserable."

At this moment, however, the sun, which had been hiding itself all day, burst its dark bands, and our hearts became radiant with expectation and hope as we sang:

"There is a happy land,
Far, far away."

JULIA MARSHALL.

UNVEILED.

A cohort of angels left the skies,
And came down to earth one day;
With rapturous flight they sped them back,
For a treasure they bore away,—
A soul they bore to its Father's home,
And in Heaven a great joy spread;
But shadows fell on the earthly home,
For the fair sweet child was dead.

II.

The cohort to earth again came down,
But sad were their hearts and sore;
For they bore a soul from its Father's home,
To leave on earth's lonely shore:
With tardy wing to the skies they went,
And in Heaven was many a tear;
But our hearts were light and we were glad,
For Thou, whom we love, wert here.

JNO. F. VICHERT.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

WE are very happy to be able to present in this number of the MONTHLY the portrait and sketch of Mrs. Yule. The sketch, by our good friend Mr. Dadson, whose contributions have not unfrequently enriched our pages, has been written *con amore*, but in terms, we think, not a whit too strong. We share with him, and a large circle of others, very warm admiration for the subject of the sketch, and a high estimate of the value of her contributions to Canadian literature. We should like to do our students and others the service of introducing them to Mrs. Yule's books; and, with this in view, we have made particular enquiries as to the availability of the several volumes. We find that of the last edition of "Records of a Vanished Life," there are perhaps at hundred copies unsold. Of the "Poems of the Heart and Home" there are about the same number. It is not likely that Mrs. Yule will issue new editions of these works. "Sowing and Reaping" has had a large and continuous sale, and is still handled by the publishers, making it available to any extent. Every volume remaining of the "Records" ought to come into the hands of our own students; for the "Life" that has "Vanished" was consecrated to study, and to the service of Baptist students, and was, in the loftiness of its ideals, the depth of its devotion, and the strenuousness of its labors, an inspiring model for our young men. The "Poems" are real poems, covering a wide range of subjects, and will be prized by those who make their acquaintance. "Sowing and Reaping" is an exceedingly interesting work of fiction, designed to inculcate temperance principles, and to illustrate, from the Christian standpoint, the folly of bringing up children in luxurious self-indulgence. It is calculated to make a very strong impression in these directions.

SELECT Poems of Tennyson, with Introduction and Notes, by Frederick Henry Sykes, M.A., Ph.D. Toronto: The W. J. Gage Co. In this handsome little volume will be found the text of the poems of Lord Tennyson, to be critically studied by students preparing for the departmental examinations of Ontario in 1895. The introduction gives a brief sketch of the poet's life, followed by several paragraphs discussing some characteristics of his poetry. In the two hundred pages of carefully prepared notes, the student has access to a large and varied store of helpful information, such as only an eminent scholar and a practical teacher, with the best of libraries at his command, could furnish him. Readers of the MCMMASTER MONTHLY will be pleased to.

find, as part of these notes, the full text of the well-known article by Chancellor Rand in the June number of Vol. I, entitled *Time Labor*, together with the fac-simile reproductions of the autograph copies of the songs from *The Princess* in his possession. The article is introduced with remarks referring to the special interest of the subject treated, and expressing hearty thanks to the Chancellor for permission to reproduce it. The letter from Lord Tennyson to Dr. Rand, acknowledging the receipt of a copy of this article, beautifully reproduced, forms a fitting frontispiece to this excellent students' hand-book.

The recent death of James Anthony Froude, Regius Professor of History at Oxford, presents a fitting occasion for a remark on the living and recently deceased English historical scholars. Froude's predecessor in the chair was E. A. Freeman, whose untimely death was universally lamented. Freeman was pre-empted by William Stubbs, who resigned the Professorship to accept a Bishopric. Stubbs is probably the foremost authority on mediæval English history, a department which Freeman also had made pre-eminently his own. It must be admitted that Froude occupied a distinctly lower plane than either of these great historical scholars. In fact, it is doubtful whether he deserves the name historian in any high sense. He was a rhetorician of a highly popular type, who treated rhetorically historical subjects. Historical truth was with him subordinated to rhetorical effect. His use of historical materials was severely but justly criticized by Freeman, and that he should have attained to the Regius Professorship after Freeman's exposure of his unscientific methods is one of the mysteries of the age. After such a break it would be idle to attempt to forecast the appointment of the next incumbent. There can be little doubt that the most eminent man available is Samuel R. Gardiner, whose special field of research has been the age of the Puritan Revolution and of the Restoration (1640-1688). But merit has so little to do with the filling of such positions that some less eminent man is as likely to receive the appointment. After all, the position is largely honorary, the amount of work required being insignificant. It is as a man of letters rather than as a scientific historical scholar that Froude will be remembered. In literature he attained to eminence; but it is questionable whether even in this sphere his reputation will endure.

THE rumor that Dr. Strong, of Rochester Theol. Seminary, had adopted Monism and was adapting his theology to this new view has been confirmed by three articles from his pen in the *Examiner* on Ethical Monism.

Dr. Strong declares that "there is but one substance—God." At the same time, he believes in the doctrine of creation and free will, thus distinguishing his Ethical from Deterministic Monism. "All persons as well as all things are," therefore, "but forms or modifications of the divine." Just as "in the one substance of God there are three infinite personalities . . . in that same substance there are multitudinous finite personalities." "In the one all-including divine consciousness there are finite consciousnesses quite unaware of their relation to the whole, and even antagonistic to it." As "finite spirits are circumscriptions of the divine substance, and have in them the divine life," Christ limited Himself when by creation He manifested His life under finite conditions. Because of this same fact, Christ's atoning sufferings began with the first sin which introduced disorder and evil into a part of His own body. Still further, "It is impossible that He who is the natural life of humanity should *not* be responsible for the sin committed by His own members. It is impossible that He should *not* suffer, that He should *not* make reparation, that He should *not* atone."

Because all the fullness of humanity as well as of the Godhead was in Christ, "when He atoned, humanity atoned. He could pay man's penalty because He constituted the essence of man's nature." We can but add a word. We cannot understand how all things are of the substance of God, and have not existed eternally, in substance, in Him. Either the substance of God has been capable of increase, and so not infinite, or the *creation* which Dr. Strong deems consistent with his Monism is but an *evolution*. How, also, all things can be of the substance of God, and God's transcendence over the universe be held seems very difficult to conceive: for it means that God exists, in some sense, above and independent of His substance. It is also far from clear how Christ's sufferings can be either atoning or vicarious, if Dr. Strong's statements adequately express his view. We cannot share the belief of the editor of the *Examiner* that Dr. Strong's articles will introduce a new epoch in the study of theology. Both philosophic and theological mists hang over his view, and these must be cleared away by much careful thinking, before many will be inclined to adopt it. It is also to be remarked that the view is not new in German thought.

HERE AND THERE.

O. G. LANGFORD, ED.

NOVEMBER.

The river's face grew hard last night.
The last leaf from its swaying throne
Has fluttered, brown and small, and lies
Upon the ice—alone.

The sun, wrapped in his misty skirts,
The West with purple glory dyes;
And, clearly as a cameo cut,
The mallard Southward flies.

The crescent moon gleams on her bed
Of argent cloud; by slow degrees
Drooping on unseen wings beyond
The lattice-work of trees.

Northward gleams one bright star, that says:
I guard the seas that lie below!
And from the East the wind runs out,
And comes—and brings the snow.

In *The Owl*.

CHARLES GORDON ROGERS.

THE *North-West Baptist* has a timely article on "The Church and Church Societies," by J. P. McIntyre, M.D., of the Class of '94. The position taken is that there are too many organizations within the church in these days, e.g.:—B. Y. P. U., Y. P. S. C. E., Ladies Aid and Mission Circles, etc. That the organization of the Christian Church is the only Scriptural organization, is a sound principle. The Christian Church should do all the Christian work, appointing its own officers and committees for different and distinct duties. Sunday School officers and teachers should be appointed by the church, young people and the women should have their special duties assigned them by vote of the church and report periodically upon the work overtaken. The end would be unity and harmony in the body which Christ instituted, instead of rivalry and division. No doubt the lack of general interest on the part of many members is a result of half-a-dozen different sets of workers, each more or less ignorant of the others' work.

ASPIRATION.

Alone I'll go from clime to clime,
From earth's fair walks, on spirit stairs.
Alone I'll mount to Heaven's height—
Softly I'll go the course of time,

No human voice shall calm my fear,
No human hand shall mine rest on;
Alone I'll walk on spirit feet—
No mortal sound shall reach my ear.

The constant sighing of the wind
Shall come to me with nearer power;
The gentle dipping of an oar
Shall bear me to a greater mind.

LOUISE MOULTON.

In *Tabor College Monthly*.

Some angels must have been at play
 Upon the earth one summer day,
 And, 'ere they took their homeward flight
 To realms on realms of whirling light,
 Let fall upon the emerald sod
 These sprays of yellow golden-rod.
 Or else, perhaps, their garments, wrought
 With fine celestial gold, had caught
 Upon the tall, thick stems of grass
 As they essayed the fields to pass,
 And lo! the weeds of earth became
 With bright resplendent gold aflame.
 Or else, while trooping through the gate,
 One playful spirit, being late,
 Threw down upon the smiling land
 A handful of the heavenly sand.

W. REED DUNROY.

In October *Midland Monthly*.

IN our list of exchanges, the *Brunonian* stands among the first. It excels in two lines, verse, and that difficult department of literature, the short story. Every number produces one or two stories, many of which are of high excellence. . . . *Tabor College Monthly* is a new arrival, well printed, neat, ably edited. Its ideal is well stated: "devoted to the interests of colleges in general and Tabor College in particular." . . . *Knox College Monthly* is as full of good matter as it is free from nonsense; a sound, sensible hour's reading every month. Knox jubilee has been duly celebrated, and it too has become a matter of history, a proud history indeed!

THE *O. A. C.* has improved in appearance, being printed better and upon better paper, but the old fault is still conspicuous. We counted sixteen typographical errors in one column. . . . The *Varsity* still publishes letters abusing the professors. We congratulate ourselves that our professors are men that the students have no need to criticize, either in point of scholarship or teaching ability. . . . The *Sibyl* of Elmira College is the daintiest piece of journalism that comes to our table. The fair inmates of Elmira know how to produce a periodical that is a credit to the institution.

OF BEAUTY.

The convoluted wave, God's first sea-shell,
 Upgathers now the deep's great harmonies;
 From the far blue an Alp-like cloud doth well,
 Baring its azure peaks to the heavenlies:

My spirit's outward bound, hath liberty!
 Earnest as rising flame its young love burns
 To catch the awesome gladness flowing free
 O'er earth and sky as Beauty's face upturns.

O, naught is great without thy effluence!
 In curving billow's culminating sweep,
 In mountain heights, the strength of grace is seen:
 Essence divine, of God-like competence,—
 Reposeful in the heart of things as sleep!
 Robed in the purple, sceptered, throned a queen!

THEODORE H. RAND.
 In *The Week*.

Minas Basin.

COLLEGE NEWS.

H. H. NEWMAN,)
 W. J. THOROLD,) *Editors.*
 MISS M. E. DRYDEN,)

THE UNIVERSITY.

Around the festive board they sat,
 Conundrums followed bread.
 "Why is this tart," said one, "so like
 A Sophomore's big head?"

The Freshie gave it up at once,
 The Junior thought a minute,
 In haughty triumph then exclaimed,
 "So little filling in it!"

PROFESSOR:—(Erasing philosophic hieroglyphics from the black-board, to make room for New Testament notes).... "Gentlemen, in this case philosophy must give wa to religion."

FOOTBALL:—(Triumphantly to pair of old shoes in the same closet).... "Say; you can't kick me any more until next Spring. See!"

VICTORIA UNIVERSITY has asked for a public intercollegiate debate with McMaster. We have accepted the challenge, and hope to be ready to give the Victoria men a lively time in January.

STUDENT:—(Drawing a diagram of Herod's temple on the black-board).... "And at this corner there was a bridge, professor. I couldn't find out why it was needed there." Professor:—"Couldn't you? Why.... to get over something, I suppose, sir. What other reason would you give?"

On Friday evening, Dec. 7th, the Literary and Scientific Society is to hold its first open meeting of this season.

MESSRS. J. B. Paterson, J. J. Reeves, and Y. A. King were our representatives at the Canadian Intercollegiate Missionary Convention held in Belleville from Nov. 23rd to 25th.

GRATITUDE would fill the hearts of the day students, if some means were provided, a filter or anything else, whereby they might allay their thirst with a cup of cold water.

THE Classical Society recently spent a most profitable hour in the study of Cicero. Three papers were read: "Cicero's Life and Writings," "Cicero as an Orator and Statesman," "Cicero, the Author and Philosopher."

THE great evangelist Moody has just completed a visit of three weeks in Toronto. His labors have met with the highest success. Many McMaster students worked nobly in the good cause.

DR. NEWMAN was absent from us for ten days in November, having accepted an invitation from the Faculty of Crozier College to deliver a course of lectures on Mediæval Church History in that institution. We learn that the Pennsylvania Seminary is anxious to have our gifted professor visit them again.

WE were glad to have recently had a visit from one of our former students, the jovial A. P. Kennedy. He was always most popular, and when asked to speak before the Literary and Scientific Society, his words of reminiscence and greeting were very heartily received. We are always pleased to see the McMaster boys of by-gone days.

ON Oct. 14th the members of Class '95, met for the election of officers. The result was as follows: President, Fred. Eby; Vice-President, O. G. Langford; Secretary and Treasurer, C. H. Schutt; Historian, G. R. McFaul; Poet, G. H. Clarke; Orator, D. Nimmo; Prophet, B. Routledge. Executive Committee: McDonald, Tarr, Russell, Eby, Langford, Schutt, McAlpine, Thorold. '95 is called the unique class of the University. All its members have won distinction in some department of activity and service. It may also be remarked that in their class organization they are all officers.

THE Class of '96, with its usual energy and gusto, met at a very early date to re-organize for the collegiate year '94-'95. Hearty goodwill prevailed, and spirited addresses were delivered by several members. The election of officers resulted as follows. We were all very glad to welcome into our class Miss Timpany, who formerly was known as 95's lady, and we showed our feeling, by electing her Honorary President. The responsible and honorable position of President was given to Mr. C. E. Scott, who is sure to be a credit to us as a chairman. Mr. Lewis Brown was elected to the position of Vice President, and although his duties are not likely to be arduous, his presence will be an aid to the Executive Committee. Miss M. E. Dryden enters this year upon active duty for her class as Secretary-Treasurer, with the additional office of class poet. Items of historical interest are to be recorded by Mr. H. H. Newman, the class Historian. The Orator is Mr. A. Imrie. The Minstrel and sweet singer is Mr. J. B. Pater-son. All correspondence in connection with the class, and the reporting of news to the daily papers, and to the MCMMASTER MONTHLY, constitute the duties of Mr. S. T. Foster. Entire satisfaction was expressed at the elections, and the meeting was adjourned with all the members feeling that '96 is the class *par excellence*.

ON the twelfth day of October the class of '97 assembled to elect its officers for the year. The following were the appointments: Honorary President, Dr. A. H. Newman; President, W. J. Pady; Vice-President, Miss Woolverton; Secretary, Miss McDermid; Correspondent, P. G.

Mode : Orator, G. H. Sneyd ; Bard, J. F. Vichert ; Historian, A. M. Overholt. Contrary to the usual custom of electing an Honorary President from the lady members of the class, we elected Dr. Newman to this position to show our appreciation of his hospitality for the past year.

THE class of '98 assembled on Oct. 11th for the purpose of organizing for the ensuing year. The officers elected are as follows : Honorary President, Miss Baily ; President, Mr. Y. A. King ; Vice-President, Mr. C. S. F. Randolph ; Secretary-Treasurer, Miss Gile ; Orator, Mr. L. H. Thomas ; Reporter, Mr. W. B. H. Teakles. Although not so large as the former class, we of '98, under the leadership of our energetic President, Mr. Y. A. King, hope to uphold the honor which has been established by former Freshmen.

OUR next graduating class in arts is remarkable in more ways than a dozen. No two of them have pursued the same line of studies throughout their university course. Some of them take first class honors in every subject at the annual examinations. Some are spoken of as the coming preachers. Some have already won laurels as writers in several of the prominent newspapers and magazines.

MR. WAYBACK, after waiting for about an hour outside the door of the room for Experimental Optics, has decided not to give his daughter any of this "higher eddication" . . . "Them gals in there," he says, "stood fer a hull hour starin' at theirselves in a couple o' lookin' glasses, and turnin' first this way and then that so's to git a look at all sides. My gal's took up enough with herself to hum without comin' up here to git giddier 'n ever."

A SCENE of unusual festivity was enacted upon the occasion of the recent birthday of a certain young Sophomore. The appearance of the room after the banquet showed how liberally the parents of the youth had provided for his anniversary. The ghastly, hollow skeletons of two turkeys, surrounded by a conglomerate mass of plates, knives and forks, adorned the table, hitherto devoted to purposes of study. All the boys who partook of the feast were glad that the Sophomore had completed another year of his earthly sojourn.

THE Ladies' Literary League (formerly the Modern Language Club) held a regular meeting in the University chapel, on Friday, Nov. 9th. Almost all the members were present, and a very pleasant afternoon was spent with Mrs. Browning. Miss Burnette gave a very interesting account of the poet's life, and Miss Whiteside pointed out in an essay the chief characteristics of her works. Selections from these were then read by Misses Gile and Iler. To the musical part of the programme, Misses Rose, Holmes, and Taylor ably contributed and the singing of "The Maple Leaf Forever" brought the meeting to its close. As the notice of the appointment of new officers was omitted last month, it may be well to insert it here. The following are the names of the officers for '94-'95. President, Miss Timpany ; Vice-Pres., Mrs. Marshall ; Sec.-Treas., Miss Iler ; Pianist, Miss Gile ; Critic, Miss Eby.

ON the evening of Tuesday, Nov. 27th, the young people of Jarvis Street Baptist church gave a reception to students. Many of the latter, both from McMaster and Moulton, availed themselves of this kindness and enjoyed a very pleasant evening. A programme of exceptional quality was rendered in two parts, leaving plenty of opportunity for social intercourse. During the evening Mr. J. Russell spoke on behalf of the gentlemen students present, while Miss Newman voiced the sentiments of the ladies from the various institutions of learning. Both expressed the hearty thanks of those whom they represented for the pleasant evening which they were being permitted to enjoy. We are always sure of a good time when we go to Jarvis Street.

CAMELOT CLUB.—At last the studious specialists in English language and literature have found time to organize upon a solid and satisfactory basis. That they intend earnest and careful work is evident from the Article of the Constitution entitled, "Purpose." The membership is large, and enthusiastic regarding the future welfare of the promising young society, which now enters upon a life of usefulness under the pretty and suggestive name of Camelot Club. Mr. W. S. W. McLay, B.A., is *ex officio* Honorary President; G. H. Clarke, '95, was elected President; L. A. Brown, '96, Vice-President; Miss M. E. Burnette, '97, Secretary-Treasurer. The following representatives on the Executive Committee were also chosen: O. G. Langford, '95; W. P. Cohoe, '96; Miss Eby, '97. Full arrangements are being made for a thoroughly instructive and enjoyable series of meetings. The motto of the Club is taken from In Memoriam:—

"Where once we held debate, a band
Of youthful friends, on mind and art."

ONE fine morning, a short time ago, a number of students ran down the college steps and boarded a westward-bound car. The other passengers wondered at the number of bags, valises, picks and hammers which accompanied the party. If they had listened they would soon have learnt that the class in Geology was making a tour for the purpose of observing phenomena and collecting specimens. Under the direction of the professor they proceeded to regions beyond the Humber, where extensive limestone, shale, and sandstone deposits afford excellent material for study. At High Park two ladies joined the party, and all took the Mimico car. After a pleasant ride along the lake shore, they alighted near the cliffs which are so conspicuous from the Island. Preliminary instructions were given by the professor, and then all set out to unearth fossils from their ancient resting-places, and to investigate the structural features of the rock. When the class met again preparatory to departure, all were laden with various material. Some ambitious geologists were groaning under the weight of slabs of rock many pounds in weight, while the bulging pockets of others attested the fact of an already over-loaded valise. The excursion was a great success. Fossils and rocks of many species were collected, and all have a clearer and more practical knowledge of this most interesting subject.

A NEW feature has been added to the meetings of the Literary and Scientific Society. After mature consideration and spirited discussion, it was decided to make a bold endeavor to secure the presence of the lady students at our meetings. A formal invitation was sent to them, and the result may be described by an extract from the minutes of the Society. . . . "At this juncture Mr. McAlpine was hastily appointed to usher in the ladies, who appeared in full force. Hearty applause showed the feelings of the gentleman of the audience toward this new feature in our meetings. The presence of the ladies must truly have been inspiring, for, under their benign influence, the President made several brilliant sallies. Briefly and to the point, the ladies were welcomed to our meetings, and regret was expressed that the favor of their presence was to be bestowed so sparingly. After the excitement caused by the visitors had subsided, the literary programme was commenced, two of our new members taking part." The subject of the evening, "The New England School of Poets," was suggested by the recent death of Oliver Wendell Holmes. An able essay on this subject was read by Mr. J. B. Paterson; selections from the various authors of the school were presented by both ladies and gentlemen, and Mr. McAlpine rendered Longfellow's "Bridge," excellently sung to the accompaniment of the guitar. In every respect this meeting was a success.

LADIES are again to the front, and the class of '97 has the honor of holding the first of the season. As was anticipated, the event was a great success. The number of guests was very large. Dr. and Mrs. Newman, who have frequently extended favors to the class, were present, together with many other friends of '97. A programme, rendered for the most part by members of the class, was presented, Dr. Newman, the Honorary President, presiding. Music, instrumental and vocal, was rendered by Misses Holmes, Wolverton, and Timpany. Words of welcome were extended to the representatives of the various classes of the University, by the popular President, Mr. W. J. Pady. After this inspiring address, an offering of flowers was presented to the hostess of the evening, in recognition of her kindness to the class. Mr. C. H. Schutt, with the gravity and dignity of a Senior replied, on behalf of the representatives. A most excellent chronicler's report was presented by Miss Woolverton, after which Mr. Jno. F. Vichert, in a masterly oratorical style, recited his melodious eulogy of class '97. Now we know that the Muses exist, and above all that they view this class very propitiously. The climax of the evening was reached in the glowing oration of Mr. G. H. Sneyd. He ably justified his election to the honor of class orator. Social intercourse and refreshments were not over-shadowed by these proceedings, but all took leave of the hostess feeling that such an evening's profitable enjoyment was one of the bright lights of student life.

HAD anyone been wandering through our halls on the morning of Saturday, Nov. 3rd, he must have come to a sudden halt on reaching a door, almost hidden behind a poster bearing in large type the words, "Natural Science Club." Having once made a halt before this door,

his fate would have been that of all other passers-by; he could not have resisted the temptation to go in. Once in, he could never for a moment question the success of the first regular meeting of the Club. Not only were the special students of science in full attendance, but there were also present representatives from the Classical and Mathematical Societies, and a goodly number of others who are interested in our subject. The programme was opened by an inspiring address from our President, Mr. Routledge, who himself feels the importance of his chosen subject, and means to impress others with the same. Two very interesting reviews of scientific journals were then read by Mr. Cohoe and Miss Eby. Mr. McAlpine followed with an essay, entitled, "The Effects of Water upon Land." This paper was written in a very pleasing style, and enabled us to gather much useful information. We were also encouraged by the presence of our Hon. President, Prof. Willmott, who in a short address gave us some idea of the magnitude of our subject, the enormous amount of literature written upon it, and the best methods of keeping abreast with these times of scientific research. After congratulatory remarks from representatives of other societies, the Club adjourned to meet again next month, when it hopes to see still larger numbers in attendance.

MANY of us have watched with great interest the progress of the Rugby football season of 1894. Great hope was fostered at the beginning of the season that our friends, the Toronto University men, would win the championship. As we watched their practice matches at the beginning of the season, they seemed to us to be almost invincible, but, as bad luck would have it, they were defeated in the first round of the struggle by the doughty warriors from Osgoode Hall. Then our hopes centered upon Osgoode to bring the championship to our fair Queen City. However, we were again doomed to disappointment, for the Tigers from the slopes of Hamilton's mountain overthrew them in a fair and well-fought battle. Then came the final struggle. Hamilton had overcome all the warriors of the West, while Queen's College was master of all whose home is in the East. Which of these clubs deserved the allegiance was not a question of much doubt. It was a contest of College men against civilians. Of course, we wished to see the College men carry off victory, and we were not disappointed. Queen's overcame the Tigers and earned for themselves the title of Champions of Ontario. One more struggle was to take place to decide the championship of the Dominion. The Ottawa College team was the best in the Quebec League, and were pitted against the men of Queen's. Many of us saw the fierce struggle between these two magnificent teams. Thousands of people watched them as they strove for victory on the Rosedale grounds. We had faith in Queen's, but Queen's was not the Queen's of a few weeks ago, and we were doomed to see the overthrow of the Protestant University by the Catholic College. The latter deserve their victory, however narrow the margin by which it was won. The results, on the whole, were disappointing to us, but we wish the Varsity boys better success next year.

MOULTON COLLEGE.

MEMBER of chemistry class, reflectively: "Bismuth—bismuth; isn't that the man that's trying to run Germany?"

WHY is mischief at Moulton like mathematics? It demands the concentration of the Faculty.

WHY do we prefer the system of marking used by our teacher in mathematics to any other? Because she lets x equal what we don't know and others let zero do the same thing.

TEACHER (reading):

"And over the hills and far away
Beyond their utmost purple rim,
Across the night, beyond the day,
Thro' all the world, she followed him."

"A beautiful picture, beautifully expressed. 'And over the hills and far away.' Can any one give a parallel passage?"

Pupil (thoughtfully):

"Over the hills to the poor house."

THE short interval of our thanksgiving vacation has been highly appreciated. The majority left the College and enjoyed a return to the gaieties of the outside world. Those who remained in Moulton report a general good time also. Now study is once more the order of the day, but "Girls, it's *barely* three weeks to Christmas."

THE LATIN EXAM.

I gave full many a careful thought,
An anxious hour I spent,
And on the rules of Bradley's Prose
My every power was bent.

Yet o'er that sentence, penned with care,
I've wasted many a groan,
Forms, rules and words were clear and fair.
But I wrote "dixit non."

Oh, hear my groan;
One fault alone;
I alway write it
Dixit non.

We are glad to have Miss Ham with us again after her long seclusion in the sick-room. We hear Miss Harper proclaiming her the most patient patient that ever entered it. Such a recommendation from such an authority certainly speaks well for Miss Ham, and we venture to say that, if she puts the same amount of quiet patience and perseverance on her course, Moulton will be proud of her in the days to come.

THE regular meeting of the Heliconian was held and the programme much enjoyed. The reading of the Heliconian paper was the chief feature of the evening. The paper was a bright and spicy compound of local sayings and doings. The whole programme was as follows :

Critic's Report,	Miss Rosser.
Piano Solo,	Miss I. Matthews.
Essay, " The Southern Question."	Miss Dubensky.
Vocal Duet,	Misses Johnson and Taylor.
Heliconian Paper,	Miss Taylor.
Bellamy Drill, Misses Woolverton, Cowan, Hill, McLean, VanCamp and Dunlop.	
Maple Leaf.	

WE were all delighted to hear Mr. and Mrs. Garside, who were present at the last meeting of the Mission Circle. Both addresses were very interesting and we gained a new and clearer insight into the Indian customs and characters. Five of our students were dressed in native costume, representing different Hindu women. Mrs. Garside gently hinted to the bride, that she looked altogether too delighted with her position. We also enjoyed a quartette from former members of the lamented Glee Club.

WOODSTOCK COLLEGE.

TEACHER : " Mr. — will please give the synopsis of *οἶδα*.

MR.— : *οἶδα—εἶδω—εἶ—εἶ—εἶ—δυνω*.

MONTHLY exams. are just completed and there are many wry faces among the boys.

THANKSGIVING Day passed quietly away. The customary turkey was served and then—devoured.

THE day of sports, September 28th, was one of the most enjoyable in the history of the College. Mr. J. W. Pengelly was the winner of the highest aggregate of points and therefore holds the championship. To Mr. Emmet Scarlett belongs the honor of being next to the champion in athletic attainments. Mr. W. Walker stands third.

The Literary Societies are doing excellent work this year. It is many years since they were so well attended and never was greater interest shown than at present. Mr. T. R. Welsh is the able and talented president of the Philomathic. Mr. Phipps has the leadership of the Excelsior.

ON the morning of November 13th, the students and faculty all assembled at the station to bid farewell to Misses Hatch and McLeod, on their departure for India. As the cars moved out of the station, the boys all sang "Blest be the tie," and "God be with you." We wish them God-speed.

MR. BAGHDASARIAN is considerably troubled about the recent disastrous times in Armenia. He has our sympathy and earnest wishes that soon some happier arrangement shall be arrived at, whereby these atrocities shall become less possible.

ON November 10th, Mr. Robertson, our science teacher, kindly gave as many as wished it, the opportunity of observing the transit of Mercury. A large number went out to the College observatory to gaze upon this beautiful phenomenon, but many came away very little wiser than before, as they evidently confounded the sun-spots with Mercury.

REV. O. C. S. WALLACE lectured to us on October 16th, on "The tribute of Chisel and Brush to Jesus Christ." The lecture was largely attended and proved to be both interesting and instructive. A number of views were exhibited by Mr. Wilson of Woodstock. These greatly added to the already interesting lecture.

A VISIT from Mr. Stillwell, the missionary, proved of interest and help to our Judson meeting. Mr. Stillwell spoke words of sage counsel, words which we shall do well to heed. We trust that we may have the good fortune to hear him again.

WE have had the pleasure of hearing two lectures during this month, one on November 20th, by Rev. Mr. Spencer, the pastor of the Baptist church of St. Thomas. His subject was "Buried Cities, Temples and Tombs." The other was delivered on November 23rd, by Mr. McDairmid, Foreign Mission Secretary, the subject being "William Carey." Both lectures were largely attended and much appreciated by both visitors and students.

WE are glad to say the school has entered upon another year of its work. The opening day, Sept. 4th, witnessed a good attendance and from that date classes commenced, and have gone on right merrily. The majority of the old boys have returned, and we are glad to welcome many new faces. The utmost harmony prevails in the school, and we think ourselves fortunate in having such a promising addition of fine fellows.

WE are glad to have back with us Mr. George, who has been for some time in New York. Mr. George holds a very high place in the esteem of all, and was accorded a warm greeting on his return. During his absence, his place as teacher was very ably filled by Miss Jennie McLaurin, whose position as a member of the Faculty is—we hope—an augury of happy times yet to come for Woodstock College.

WE heartily accord a welcome to the new Steward and Stewardess, Mr. and Mrs. Gray, and trust that their connection with the College may be happy both for them and us. We also wish to place on record our appreciation of the services of Mr. and Mrs. Peters. With pleasure we look back to the days—now past—when they were among us, and trust that in their new home they may find peace and comfort for many long years.

THE football team is fully organized under the captainships of Mr. J. E. Pengelly, of the Seniors, and Mr. Roy Simpson, of the Juniors. On Oct. 27th the Seniors played a match on the College grounds with the Plattsville team for the International cup, but neither side scored a goal, though the College seemed to have rather the better of the game. At the return match the Plattsville men were victorious, the game standing at four to two. The Juniors also played a match on Nov. 2nd, with the Junior team from the Collegiate. They succeeded in defeating their opponents by a score of two goals to *nil*.

Two noteworthy events have recently taken place within and without the College. Both happened on Nov. 15th. Rev. Mr. Shields, of Vittoria, came to the College for the purpose of delivering an address before the Judson Missionary Society. The address was much enjoyed. It was full of beauty, imagination and earnest teaching. The other event was a general school march. The boys assembled promptly, formed four deep, and marched in orderly array through the town. They were headed by Mr. A. K. Scott, with highly ornamented head-dress, seated upon a bay charger. Next came Mr. Pinkham, the drum major. The band followed, consisting of two harmonicas, two cornets, three kettle-drums, and one bass-drum. After these marched the rank and file under the charge of Captain W. J. Spidell, and Lieutenants Scarlet and Bovington. The march was quite orderly and gave the people of Woodstock some cause for amusement and admiration.

THE Philomathic Society held an open meeting on November 2nd. A goodly number were present from the town. The feature of the evening was a "Mock Parliament." Mr. McKechnie was Speaker, Principal Bates made a worthy Lieutenant-Governor, Mr. J. C. McFarlane represented Sir Oliver Mowat, Mr. A. K. Scott impersonated the Patron Leader, and Mr. Bovington the Tory Leader. The meeting was manifestly a success. Many excellent speeches were made. The Lieutenant-Governor held the floor for some time with bills for the "facilitating of the renting of unoccupied houses," "the utilization of the surplus energy of the small boy," etc. Mr. A. K. Scott's eloquence was heightened by his algebraical-arithmetical-geometrical solution of the problem "the abolition of the Lieutenant-Governor's house." Mr. Tighe, with a dress coat of fifty years ago, a battered white hat, dishevelled hair, grip, great-coat and stick, verily impersonated a "Mr. Turniptop, from Stick-in-the-mud in Slogo Township." Hon. Hezekiah Spidell was a success. His position as Patron supporter was strengthened by his reference to his conversation with "Mary Jane," relative to sending his "son Abraham" to school in these hard times, "when butter is only ten cents per dozen and eggs five cents per pound." Every member played his part excellently. All, visitors and students alike, agreed in voting the meeting a grand success.

GRANDE LIGNE.

MRS. G. N. MASSÉ has the heartfelt sympathy of all the teachers and students in the loss of her mother, Mrs. Kinsman, of Brandon, Vt.

THE task of critic in our Literary Society is by no means an easy one. A thorough knowledge of both French and English is required, because debates are carried on in both languages. The first speaker begins in English and his opponent follows in French. Thus the critic must of necessity be able to carry in his mind arguments in two languages. However puzzling and perplexing this may be, a knowledge of French is imbibed by the English boys and that is what is needed.

AMONG our visitors of the past few weeks have been Mr. King, Q.C., of Halifax, Mr. Craig, of Abbotsford, an old friend of Mr. G. N. Massé, Rev. C. E. Amaron, editor of *L'Aurore*, and Rev. Father Chiniquy, D.D., of Montreal. From nearly all of these we had instructive and encouraging words. Father Chiniquy remained with us a few days and lectured on "The Church of Rome, the Enemy of the Virgin Mary." His kindly words were highly instructive and were well received by the numerous Catholics as well as Protestants, who heard them. May Father Chiniquy long be spared to his work, and may he come to visit us again.

THE boys at Feller Institute are by no means deficient in football, as their recent exploits clearly show. On the 10th of November they collected their army and bore down upon the forces assembled at the St. John's High School. They went with the intention of winning the day and they won it. After a closely-contested match the Fellers sent in such a swift liner that nothing could stay its flight, and one goal was recorded in favor of the boys from Grande Ligne. Great rejoicing prevailed throughout the whole College. The young ladies smiled benignly on the victors, while both masters and principal heartily congratulated them on their success. This is their first victory, but we hope that many more shall follow.

THANKSGIVING Day will be long remembered by all of us. In the morning the boys played a lively football match which gave them an excellent appetite for the dainties prepared for their Thanksgiving dinner. The afternoon was spent pleasantly by all, but the anticipation of the pleasures of the evening so preoccupied the minds of many, that they were content to sit still and give thought free scope. A grand *soirée* had been arranged and no labor was spared to make it a success. As a means of social stimulus a promenade was begun and partners were soon chosen. We need not say the students were not slow to avail themselves of this privilege of enjoying one another's company. Pleasant thoughts accompanied all to their rooms, and let us hope that pleasant dreams followed. We are all looking forward to the time when another *soirée* shall be given, for we consider this one to have been a surpassing success.