



W H Houston

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W. H. HUSTON, M.A.

It is difficult to become accustomed to the thought, that for the last time our brother has counselled and directed in the place and work he loved so well. Those who knew him here, either as student, or as fellow-teacher, often find themselves, in some sense, still working under the influence of his presence. To an exceptional extent his personality was a power in the daily life of the school. Indeed it often seems a matter of wonder, how, in the comparatively short space of two and a-half years' time, his life became so thoroughly a part of our own. But we shall no more hear the quick footstep in corridor or hall, see the eager face, or feel the warm touch of the extended hand.

A fortnight ago the wasted form was laid in its last resting-place. The struggle against disease, though not long continued, had evidently been severe. On Sunday evening, January 10, he lay down on what proved to be his deathbed. Typhoid symptoms rapidly developed, and by the end of the first week the case was considered to be quite serious. On Sunday the 24th Jan., the fourteenth day of his illness, the fever had evidently begun to abate, and the symptoms seemed generally favorable. All were hopeful, but that evening a serious turn or the worse had come. The disease seemed to be now gaining the mastery, every day the patient grew weaker, and on Friday noon, January 29, after a severe struggle, patiently borne, the

spirit of our brother took its flight. Professional skill, and the affectionate attentions of loving hands had been ungrudgingly given—but his work was done, even at the early age of thirty-two years.

Our brother Huston was born at Whitby, Ont., June 15, 1859. His father, a well educated man, a native of county Antrim, Ireland, still lives: his mother, a native of Miramichi, N. B., died when her son Willie had reached his fourteenth year. From his father he seems to have inherited his passion for reading, and his great love of books; from his mother love of order, perseverance, ambition, and seriousness of mind. It is a touching circumstance that just three weeks before his death, in the bosom of his family, he talked most tenderly of his departed mother, enumerating her many virtues and sacrifices for her family, and saying that if ever a boy had a good mother he had. None could long associate with him without knowing that the maternal gift of love was richly transmitted in his case.

His public school and collegiate education were received in his native town. Even as a school-boy he was systematic and orderly, he had his time-table with regular hours for study and for play. Perhaps the most exceptional feature of the time-table idea was the way in which it was carried out, not, as is most commonly done, with the play hours encroaching on the times for study, but rather the reverse. We have no hesitation in accepting the testimony of those who knew this period of his life, that his danger was in allowing his study hours seriously to shorten his hours for recreation. This was characteristic of him till the end of his life.

After due preparation he matriculated into Toronto University at the age of nineteen, and soon afterwards was appointed an assistant master in the Whitby High School. To assume the duties and responsibilities of teacher in the school where one has barely ceased to be a pupil, is a severe test. So it proved with him. But his quiet and dignified demeanor in the class-room, and his heartiness and affability on the play-ground, soon won for him, even among those who at first were disposed to challenge his authority, not only respect but positive love.

While teaching in the High School he read his University work, and, year by year, went up and passed his May examina-

tions. In 1831 he graduated and shortly afterwards accepted the position of house-master in Pickering College, since closed, but at that time in active operation under the control of the Society of Friends. Within a year the principal of the institution died and Mr. Huston was appointed as his successor. This appointment he held until, through division among the Friends, the school was closed. His conduct of the school is said to have been an unqualified success. It was soon after he came to Pickering College that he took a position as a Christian man. The exact time of his acceptance of Jesus Christ as Saviour and Lord, he could not tell, but especially during the latter part of his occupancy of the principalship at Pickering, he let his light shine before his pupils, and we remember to have heard him tell how he was made instrumental in leading one steeped in sin into the liberty of the gospel. It was while teaching here that he received baptism at the hands of Rev. J. F. Barker, then pastor of the Baptist church, Whitby. This was the first step towards the severance of his connection with the Episcopalian church. Here also he married her who, with two little orphaned boys, so deeply mourns her great loss.

About 1834 he was appointed to the English mastership of the Jarvis St. Collegiate Institute, Toronto. There is but one testimony regarding his success as a teacher in Toronto. All who came under his instruction felt that it was a great privilege to do so. After coming to Toronto he worshipped with and soon became a member of the Alexander St. Baptist Church. The ministry of pastor Denovan he always greatly enjoyed. He threw himself heartily into the enterprises of the church, and one of its attractions, especially to young men and women, was the Bible class conducted by Mr. Huston.

He greatly interested himself in the spiritual welfare of the poor and neglected ones of the city, and was the first secretary of the Industrial School at Mimico. In Toronto he formed many ardent friendships, particularly among young men attending the schools. These he invited to his house and often put himself to considerable trouble to do some one a kind turn. He was for a time editor of the English department of the School Journal, and he also contributed freely to the columns of other publications.

In the summer of 1839 Prof. Farmer resigned the principal-

ship of our own college at Woodstock in order to prepare himself still further for the duties of a professorship to which he had been appointed in McMaster University. After consideration the vacant position was offered to Mr. Huston, whose success as a teacher was well known to individual members of the Senate. After some hesitation and upon the strong recommendation of friends whose opinion he highly valued, he signified his acceptance of the principalship. In August of that year he may be said to have entered upon his new duties and upon the period which proved to be the final one in his brief but busy life.

From the first day of his coming, he threw all the energies of his enthusiastic nature into the work he had undertaken. The buildings then undergoing extensive repairs received their finishing touches under his superintendence. As August drew to a close, the opening day was not far off, and it needed the unceasing supervision of his presence to have everything sufficiently advanced at the appointed time, about September 4th. He determined that if it were within human possibility the engagements of the College to the public and to the denomination should be kept to the letter. Then might he be seen, or heard or felt nearly everywhere. The opening day came, and although the workmen were not yet all out of the buildings, the school regularly opened. From that day onward he cheerfully placed himself under the burden of his office, and brought its cares and responsibilities very close to his heart.

What has already been said in this paper regarding his success in other schools can be said with no less truth of his work in Woodstock College. The same qualities of head and heart, elsewhere shown, but now disciplined even to a higher degree, were brought into activity here. His sympathy, enthusiasm, freshness, and strength were contagious. Beloved to an exceptional degree by his pupils, it is certain that the teachers who could obtain better results are few indeed. Scholarship he placed at a high price, but it was possible to pay too much for it, if the soul were neglected. He taught that the probabilities for the attainment of high scholarship were greatly increased by building on the true foundation, Jesus Christ.

The relation of the work at Woodstock to all other denominational work was strongly felt. He cherished large hopes for

the future of all our educational work. He saw something of what it might become especially to Baptist interests, but even to others also. Hence it was with a feeling of disappointment that only a few days before his fatal illness, he felt compelled to forego a trip to Toronto to the meeting of a committee whose object was to plan for University Extension work, some part of which our own institution in Toronto was to share. He seemed to realize more and more the importance of the educational to all other denominational interests.

Of his religious life but little need be said. It was simple, and practical, and earnest. Jesus Christ was all in all to him, and on his death-bed, especially before the delirium of fever had so fully come upon him, he gave many proofs of his abiding trust in the Saviour. He knew no fear of death, but put his trust in God and calmly faced the enemy. The prayer-meetings in the College and the church were his joy. He did not feel as if he could miss them, and it was rare indeed that his voice was not heard in prayer, or exhortation. In these respects he left a bright example to all Christians. He regarded the prayer-meeting as the boy's safeguard against trouble of every kind.

A characteristic that singularly distinguished our brother, was his love of work. He could not be idle. He would always find something useful to do. Everything was done rapidly in a methodical and business-like manner, but yet he worked on. He would say that a man's usefulness was over when he came to think things were about well enough, and could not well be improved. He kept his eyes open to all that went on around, and not much got out of order without his knowing it. His motto ever seemed to be, to seek for work and then to seek to do more than the most exacting could ask. If all would act on that principle, success would be assured. How valuable the teaching and example for young men!

In another respect, too, he seemed to have a genius for dealing with young men. He had a special faculty for turning all his intercourse with them to their advantage. Pleasantry and rebuke from him, alike profited. It is not uncommon to find severe discipline leave a rankling sore that completely destroys its value. Not so with him. Boys subjected to drastic measures would still swear allegiance. Behind all his dealings was

manifest a sympathy and love that turned to their profit. There was in all this, however, a reflex influence that taught him many lessons. He apparently lost no opportunity to learn something from all his surroundings. Stubborn boys, rude men, plain spoken, or politic and wary people, were so many books out of which he read lessons of the greatest value.

His varied experiences had doubtless taught him, among others, the lesson of self-control. He never allowed himself to be provoked into speaking an angry word. He was calm and self-contained. He himself often said it was not always so, but he had long done what he again and again advised the boys to do, he had taken hold of himself. Hence he had himself well in hand and was in the best position to teach others that wholesome lesson. His conduct in the class-room or on the platform was characterized by a noble self-restraint, an unerring truthfulness of good judgment that could always be relied on,—this along with great modesty. He often spoke in a sincere tone of himself very depreciatingly. He thought others were better fitted for his position than he was himself. Yet, withal, there was usually a quiet determination to attain his purposes.

Many will long tenderly cherish the memory of our dear brother. His simplicity, unselfishness, frankness and kindness, will, we trust, be an inspiration to those that remain. How faithful and conscientious was he to the interests intrusted to him!

“For can I doubt, who knew the keen  
In intellect, with force and skill  
To strive, to fashion, to fulfil—  
I doubt not what thou wouldst have been.”

N. S. McKECHNIE

## RUDOLPH KÖENIG, THE ACOUSTICIAN.

The name of Kœnig is not strange to students of Physics and Musical Theory. In full, or as the monogram R.K., it appears on the most accurate acoustical instruments manufactured, and is accepted by all investigators as a guarantee that the accuracy of the apparatus need not be tested beforehand, no matter how delicate the experiment to be performed.

Nor is Rudolph Kœnig a stranger to the people of our province. He has pleasant recollections of a summer spent in Toronto in 1881, when, in conjunction with Professor Loudon of the University of Toronto, he gave a course of six experimental lectures on the 'Physical Basis of Music,' in the Canadian Institute.

We found him last June, at work in his laboratories on the bank of the Seine, apparently occupied in determining the possible modes of vibration of some blocks of wood. It was a pleasure to meet the man—to converse with one who has devoted his whole life of half-a-century to an investigation of the laws of harmony, seeking neither fame nor gain, looking for no other reward than the joy of discovering the truth.

He is an approachable man—his smile of welcome and his hand-shake make one feel quite at ease in his presence. Yet it was with an anxious heart that after business was disposed of, we tried to make good use of our opportunity by turning the conversation towards points in acoustics that were not clear to us. He saw what we wanted and made the hours spent in his *atelier*, full of profit and pleasure.

We think we saw Kœnig in his happiest moods. We dined with him and talked mathematics and poetry. He delighted us with his recitations from Goethe, Schiller and Heine—he astonished us with his broad knowledge of our own literature, for we remembered that a few years ago he could neither read nor speak our language. He talked of his boyhood days, spent in northern Germany—of his father and mother and of his delightful trip to see them every alternate summer. He called his birds at the window, and talked to them lovingly as he fed them from his hand. Everything he did and said came



in such a natural way; his acquaintance with nature seemed so close and extensive, that we felt we were in the presence of a veritable genius.

He invited us to have an evening of experiments with him, extending the invitation to any friends we might choose to bring with us. We consider that evening marks an epoch in our life. For this *servant* having at his hand the finest collection of acoustical apparatus in the world, performed for our benefit experiments that can be seen nowhere else—experiments on which must be based the theories of the timbre and consonance of sounds.

While the majority of students have been trying to grasp and apply Helmholtz's theory of timbre and combinational notes, Koenig has been patiently working on a different line and has arrived at results that show that the generally accepted theories are at best but first approximations to the truth. As an evidence of the patient work of this man, it suffices to mention that he has constructed a tonometer, made up of tuning forks, each adjusted by himself, ranging in pitch with perfect continuity from 20 to 40,000 vibrations per second. From this collection he can select a fork that will give exactly any desired note of pitch between these limits. It is a work of a lifetime, constructed to test his theory of beats throughout the whole range of audibility.

Koenig is not appreciated now in the world of science as he will be after a score of years. A German, living in Paris, he is never allowed to forget that he is not a welcome citizen. French scientists with all their liberality wilfully know little of him. His house, stocked with magnificent apparatus such as delights the hearts of all students, is never visited by them. In their text books on Physics, they are even to-day repeating statements that Koenig long since showed experimentally to be false.

Nor yet does he receive justice at the hands of his own countrymen. The reason is not far to seek. The mighty Helmholtz, worthy of all admiration for his genius and work, is worshipped by the German scientists. Now Helmholtz *says* that a series of experiments give certain results. Koenig *shows* that the results do not follow. Yet, who in Germany, yea in England too, would dare to take his stand by Koenig

A little over a year ago, Professor S. P. Thompson, in an address at the Royal Institution of Great Britain, made a full statement of Kœnig's views and results, and stated his acceptance of them. We expect Lord Rayleigh, the greatest of English acousticians, to follow, when he publishes his long promised third volume.

We put the usual question, 'Why do you not turn your attention to the improvement of musical instruments, and reap some pecuniary reward for your labor?' The answer came, in not exactly the usual form, and as though the idea were new to him, 'When I am older and cannot advance, then I shall make money.' Kœnig is truly too busy to have time to waste in getting rich.

The world needs such men—although it is so very slow in showing its appreciation. Many a man of science passes away, 'unhonored and unsung'; a later generation recognizes the worth and raises the monument. Faraday was honored by his countrymen during his life, for his investigations were making the life of the nation more full of comfort day by day. Yet he did not receive his due. We honor him now for his general investigations, conducted and recorded so carefully: for to them we owe that rapid growth of the science of electricity and magnetism, which, while yet in its infancy, fills our lives with benefits. Such a man often brings untold riches to lucky investors; he sometimes even enriches a nation: but the hope of doing so is not the inspiration of his work. He loves the truth, and because he loves he works: and in the case of a few men, such as Faraday, Helmholtz and Kœnig, the love is undying.

Music will be enriched, human joys increased, as a consequence of Kœnig's life. Some *practical* man will receive the money prize, and Rudolph Kœnig the 'simple laurel wreath.'

A. C. MCKAY.

## X GEORGE ELIOT.\*

1820-1880.

Now and then comes into the world a great soul, combined with a powerful intellect, which has power to make its presence felt as one of the supreme facts of an age—a human being speaking to all other human beings—a man or a woman with a word for all other men and women. These are they who mark eras in history and literature. Such were some of the great minds whom we have already studied. Such preëminently was she whom I do not hesitate to call the novelist of the century, our great woman-writer, George Eliot.

All that George Eliot was, cannot be told. She had many phases. What her influence has been, cannot be estimated. Out of a heart, beating in passionate sympathy with universal humanity, she has spoken in fervent words that can never fall lightly. She appears to us in many lights—as woman, as scholar, as author, and as philosopher. In many lights, too, has she been held before the public—studied, discussed, criticised, condemned, admired.

To present her broad personality completely, would require the scope of volumes, and who would dare to expect success in the effort to do so? To attempt even to outline her life and work within the limits of a single afternoon's talk, produces a singular sense of embarrassment.

So large and important is the subject of George Eliot's work, her influence on literature and on life, that time can be taken for only the briefest sketch of her history, interesting as a more detailed account of it might be. For those who wish to study it further, there is excellent material provided in Miss Blind's "Life of George Eliot" (Famous Women Series), in "George Eliot, her Life, Writings and Philosophy," by George Willis Cooke, and in the only detailed Memoir, in three volumes, based upon the novelist's own journals and letters, and edited by her husband, J. W. Cross. In addition to these, Poole's Index will give references to almost innumerable magazine articles of biographical and critical interest.

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\* Paper read before a ladies' literary club, Toronto.

This marvellous woman began life among the ranks of the people. Her true name, as everyone knows, was Mary Ann Evans. She was born at South Farm, in Colton parish, Warwickshire, England, November 22, 1819. The first twenty years of her life, except what time she was at school, were spent at Griff House, an old-fashioned, commodious and substantial dwelling, pleasantly surrounded by lawns and gardens. Her father, Robt. Evans, was originally a carpenter, afterward became a forester, and still later rose to the position of land agent. He was a man of strong personality, and was so respected and trusted by his employers and all who knew him, that his name became a synonym for trust-worthiness throughout the county. Different sides of his character have been sketched in the delineation of Caleb Garth, Adam Bede, Mr. Hackit, and Stradivarius. His second wife, George Eliot's mother, is said to have been faithfully portrayed in Mrs. Hackit, whose strongly marked character, industrious housewifery, and sharp, ready, epigrammatic speech were drawn from the life. Undoubtedly she also furnished some of the materials used in the creation of the famous character of Mrs. Poyser. Marian Evans inherited some of her strongest traits directly from her parents, drawing her intellectual capacity and painstaking conscientiousness from her father, and her pointed wit, keen sense of humor, and faculty of minute observation from her mother.

The sonnets, "Brother and Sister," are autobiographical and give us some idea of George Eliot's childhood, which is also in many features described in the story of Maggie Tulliver in "The Mill on the Floss." She spent five years in a girl's school at Nuneaton, and three years in the Misses Franklin's boarding-school at Coventry, receiving careful training, for which she always afterwards expressed the highest appreciation. The recollections of school-mates give us the impression that she was a shy, plain, clever girl, with few of the attributes of girlhood, and so cold and reserved that she made few friends. At the age of fifteen she left school and pursued her studies at home. Her mother died the next year, and when, soon after, her brother and her older sister married and left home, Marian became for some years mistress of her father's house, making butter and cheese and attending to many household duties. Nevertheless

she found time for much reading and carried on her studies so systematically as to achieve the best results in widening knowledge and genuine culture, and to become in the truest sense a well-educated person. When she was twenty-one, her father removed to Foleshill, near Coventry. Here she continued to read and study, pursuing Latin and Greek with the head-master of the Grammar school, French, German, and Italian, with another teacher, and learning Hebrew by herself. At the same time she acquired a thorough knowledge of music, for which she had a great natural gift. It was said of her afterward that she was the finest performer on the piano in England, and her friends testified to her wonderful renderings of her favorite composers, Beethoven and Schubert. Genius has been defined as an exceptional capacity for hard work. Hers was certainly developed by slow, laborious culture.

In her early years, Marian Evans showed an uncommon interest in religious subjects, and passed through many stages of religious experience and exaltation, being full of fervent faith and pious enthusiasm. She was brought up in the church of England, but several members of her family were Wesleyans and with them, particularly with her aunt, Elizabeth Evans, she was peculiarly in sympathy. Until she was eighteen or twenty she was an earnest believer in Christianity, and was zealously evangelical in thought and feeling. Her views had a strongly Calvinistic bias and her mode of practising the Christian life was austere. But her nature, made up, like Maggie's, of so many conflicting tendencies and impulses, was unfavorable to steady spiritual growth in traditional lines, and she was slow in reaching stability of conviction. After the removal to Coventry, both her social circle and her reading became more extended, and doubts sprang up in her eager, truth-seeking mind. At this time in her vigorous, impressible youth, when above everything else she craved friendship and sympathy from natures congenial to her own, she gradually became intimate with her neighbors, Mr. and Mrs. Bray, whose broad intellectuality, pure and beautiful lives, and gracious tact, joined to their generous and kindly appreciation of her, made them the very companions for whom her aspiring spirit hungered. In their household she became acquainted with many great minds, famous in the world of phil-

osophy and letters. Emerson met her there and called her "the great, calm soul." But this was a period in her life, not of calm, but fierce unrest. She was associated with a group of interesting and cultured people, who, while not openly rejecting Christianity, were wholly rationalistic in spirit, and it was by them that the foundations were laid of that unbelief which became established in later years, when she became acquainted with the philosophy of Comte, Lewes, and Herbert Spencer. The inward religious struggles, which ended in her abandonment of the old faith, brought bitter experiences, of which no small one was open collision with her father, who could not enter into her difficulties and who was deeply troubled and pained by her alienation from the church and religion to which he was devoted. For a time it seemed that in despite of the tenderly affectionate relations existing between them, the result would be complete estrangement and separation. But by the advice of her friends, Marian agreed to outward conformity, and the breach was at least partially healed. A striking proof of her conscientiousness, and an evidence that she did not forsake her faith from the motive of fancied smartness that leads to so much of our fashionable skepticism, is found in the fact that before allowing herself the longed-for privilege of reading a certain rationalistic book by one of her friends, she once more read the Bible faithfully through from beginning to end as a preparation.

The death of her father in 1849 was an occasion of profound and almost inconsolable grief to her. After a year's residence abroad and a few months spent with her brother, from whom her marvellous intellectual growth and her religious differences had inevitably separated her, she accepted an invitation to make her home with the Brays at Rosehill. She was at that time somewhat engaged in literary work, having already completed the translation of Strauss' "Life of Jesus," begun by Miss Brabant, and being occupied in translating other works of a philosophical character. It is to be understood that she had not embraced the infidel ideas of Strauss; the work was undertaken for the sake of friendship, and not from choice of subject.

For two years succeeding she was engaged in editorial work on the *Westminster Review*, and was afterwards a contributor to the pages of that magazine. Although the essays which

then appeared are of no little interest as revealing the opinions and attainments of our author before she was George Eliot, and while she was free to express herself as an individual, still we shall have to pass them by, as a study of George Eliot, the novelist, will alone furnish us all the material we can deal with.

In 1853 she contracted that union with the brilliant, versatile George Henry Lewes, which has been made the subject of so much unfruitful comment and discussion. That this act, however questionable, was the result of a distinct, conscientious purpose, there can be no doubt, and it is well known that although the marriage had not the social and legal sanction, Marian Evans was in all respects a most faithful wife to Mr. Lewes and a most tender and devoted mother to his children. In her works, George Eliot maintains most explicitly and emphatically and invariably the sanctity of the marriage relation, and her own individual act, which must have required no small amount of courage, inasmuch as it was considered a violation of morality, alienated her friends, and excluded her from society, is not to be interpreted as in any sense sanctioning laxity in regard to legal and social obligations. But a discussion of this subtle question of ethics, to which George Eliot's life offers one solution and her writings offer another, is outside of the field of literary study and not to be entered upon at this time.

During the years of her union with Mr. Lewes, George Eliot's genius unfolded most richly. The social and domestic atmosphere by which she was surrounded and the mental stimulus of contact with a mind which was the exact and necessary complement of her own, were most favorable to the fullest growth of her extraordinary powers. She traveled with her husband somewhat extensively, while making studies for some of her more important literary work, but during her latter years lived quietly in one of the suburbs of London, going little into society and receiving few visitors, except at her Sunday afternoon receptions, which were frequented by many of the most learned and distinguished men and women of the age. Among her warm personal friends were Herbert Spencer, Harriet Martineau, Prof. Huxley, and others almost equally renowned. To those who knew her, her genuine, sympathetic womanliness was even a stronger characteristic than her wonderful intellect, though in natural gifts

and learning she stood almost without a rival in the intellectual world.

In manner she was gentle and retiring, even timid. Her voice was low and musical. In conversation she was always readier to listen than to talk, and was altogether free from affectation and pedantry. In appearance she was plain, except to those who knew and admired her. She was of medium size, with an unusually massive head, strikingly like that of Savonarola. Her forehead was broad and intellectual, the lower face square and somewhat heavy. All her features were large; her nose massive and with a peculiar droop, her mouth at once firm and mobile. Her abundant hair was of a light brown color, and her eyes of a blue-gray, capable of a remarkable and transfiguring expression.

In 1878 she experienced a great grief in the death of Mr. Lewes. A year and a half later, to the surprise of her friends and society at large, she married Mr. John Walter Cross, a man who had been a valued friend of herself and Mr. Lewes for several years. He was much younger than she, but their brief married life—it was only seven months—was mutually happy. On December 22, 1880, this most remarkable woman of the century passed away from earth. Her death was the result of a cold caught while attending a concert at St. James' Hall. Her health had never been good, and her frail body soon succumbed to a rapid disease. She was buried by the side of Mr. Lewes in Highgate Cemetery.

George Eliot was thirty-six years old before she even thought of becoming a novelist. It was Mr. Lewes who first led to the discovery of her special gifts for this form of literature. Knowing her habit of quick and minute observation, her retentive memory, her swift appreciation of a dramatic situation even among the commonest circumstances, her ready, trenchant wit and fine humor, and her rare power in conversation, he concluded that she possessed precisely the qualifications required in the construction of the novel. But although it was undoubtedly for this that her genius had been created, she herself was slow to recognize the fact. The natural bias of her mind toward speculative philosophy and the acquisition of learning led her to hope to achieve eminence in another line of work. It was therefor-



with some reluctance and much doubt of her own ability that she turned aside from her chosen course to follow Mr. Lewes' suggestion that she write a story. But even Mr. Lewes was astonished at the abundant fulfilment of his own quasi prediction when the first story, "Amos Barton," was written. George Eliot's true calling was soon revealed to her, and the work was undertaken which has made her name illustrious in English literature.

During the twenty years of her successful authorship George Eliot produced eight great works of fiction—a small *number*, as compared with the volumes written by Scott, Dickens, and Thackeray, yet no small *amount*, after all.

A division of these novels into two groups, known as her "earlier" and "later" works, is generally recognized. This is not solely a chronological division: there are obvious internal reasons why the first four should be classed together and distinguished from the last four. Each group is bound together by strong mutual resemblances in the books belonging to it, and separated from the other by as distinct differences.

To the "earlier" works, which we shall consider first, belong the "Scenes of Clerical Life," "Adam Bede," the "Mill on the Floss," and "Silas Marner."

The "Scenes of Clerical Life," which consist of a series of sketches of village society, were the first efforts of George Eliot in fiction. They were originally printed anonymously in *Blackwood's Magazine*, and from their unique character attracted much attention and caused much conjecture as to their authorship. Some absurdly unlikely writers were suspected of being their author, among them Bulwer. Dickens alone believed from the first that they were the work of a woman.

The first of the sketches composing the "Scenes" was the "Sad Fortunes of the Rev. Amos Barton," a simple and pathetic little tale, founded on an incident which took place in her own village when the author was a girl in her teens. It is only the story of a gentle, delicate, over-burdened woman, the patient wife of a poor country clergyman, whose pure and noble spirit never faltered under its load, though her frail form faded into death under the pressure of poverty and anxiety. It contains some fine character-drawing in Milly Barton, in good, kindly, sharp-tongued Mrs. Hackit, who was George Eliot's own

mother under another name, in the selfish, unscrupulous countess, who scandalized the neighborhood and made Milly's burdens so much heavier, and even in the Rev. Amos himself, who was so very "middling"—of whom the author says, "it was not in his nature to be superlative in anything; unless, indeed, he was superlatively middling, the quintessential extract of mediocrity." It is such people as these that figure in George Eliot's earlier novels—simple, everyday village folk, but drawn with a freshness and vigor and sympathy that make them interesting in the way in which real men and women are interesting.

"Mr. Gilfil's Love-Story," the second of the "Scenes," is the only one of the earlier stories which has its setting mainly in aristocratic life, and is almost the only one of all George Eliot wrote which is not apparently written with a distinct moral purpose. It mingles a bit of Italian romance with the current of prosaic English life, and has more plot and more incident than the other short stories.

The scenes and characters in "Janet's Repentance," the third of the "Clerical" Sketches, are also taken from real life. In this, more than in either of the others, we see George Eliot's tendency to psychological analysis, and in the influence of Mr. Tryan, the devout and simple-hearted evangelical clergyman, over the proud, morally torpid nature of Janet Dempster, by which she is awakened to a new life, we have a study which becomes familiar as one reads further in George Eliot's novels.

The "Scenes of Clerical Life" are in their way as perfect as anything that George Eliot ever wrote. As pictures of certain conditions of society they are distinguishable by an accuracy and realism which could not be produced without large and intimate knowledge as well as shrewd insight. All this was the result of her association in early life with just such people as she portrayed in the "Scenes." It was by such association that she acquired that acquaintance with different types of the clerical character, which led to the suspicion that the author of the "Scenes" was a clergyman, and gave rise to the belief which prevailed so many years that George Eliot was a clergyman's daughter. To her rare power of depicting commonplace character she joined, as is clearly shown in these early sketches, the great faculty of developing the humor and pathos, even the tragedy,

that are to be found in the most absolutely unromantic environment. The depth of pure genuine sentiment, the graceful humor in them, she never surpassed, and their terse condensed language she probably never equalled in her more pretentious works of later years.

"Adam Bede," which followed the "Scenes of Clerical Life," is the most dramatic of the works of George Eliot, whose style is essentially dramatic. It has, perhaps, more admirers than any other of her books, fascinating alike the critic and the ordinary reader by the naturalness and the pathos of the story, and by the depth of human interest which the characters inspire. Like the "Clerical" Scenes, its material and inspiration are drawn from the humble country life familiar to the author in her girlhood. Like them it manifests more than any other of her books her warm, earnest sympathy with all sincere religious life, even when it appears in the most outwardly unattractive guise. It contains some remarkable delineations, among them the irresistible and inimitable Mrs. Poyser, Dinah Morris, the fair and lovely little Methodist preacher, and pretty, soft, dimpled Hetty, with her shallow vanity and cruel, hard little heart. Adam is also a finely portrayed character, but George Eliot's men are never drawn with equal force with her women. There is a pure, religious element in this book, and its moral tone has a strong, decided ring.

"Adam Bede" was followed by the "Mill on the Floss," that one of her books in which George Eliot reveals the most of her inner self. The picture of restless, eager, impetuous, sympathy-craving Maggie Tulliver, with her passionate affections, her ambitions and her ideals, is the picture of George Eliot's own childhood and early life, though Maggie's story is not her story. Maggie, in her warm, vivid, beauty-loving youth, struggling for something higher than the sordid, chilling life around her, is of course the central figure in the book, but there are other finely drawn characters, and the same natural human interest is found in the commonplace men and women in this book that characterizes the "Scenes of Clerical Life" and "Adam Bede." Of all George Eliot's books, there is none that appeals to the heart of the reader as does "The Mill on the Floss."

The next book published by George Eliot was "Silas

Marner." This is considered by the critics to be the most finished of her works. It has more artistic unity and fewer faults of construction than any of the others, but it has not the warmth of interest and passion that we find in "Adam Bede" and "The Mill on the Floss." It is the exquisitely told story of a humble weaver, who, betrayed by friend and loved one, having lost faith in God and man, and becoming absorbed in the miser's greed of gold, is redeemed from the soul-chilling and heart-hardening isolation of such a life by the love of a little child, who is found asleep one stormy night with her golden head in the place of his stolen treasure. The characters are sketched with life-like precision, the language is smooth and terse, the humor is richer and more genial than in any other of the books. This book contains also the most perfect and brilliant dramatic passage in all George Eliot's works, the scene at the Rainbow tavern.

MARY S. DANIELS.

(*To be Continued.*)

## Students' Quarter.

### THE NIGHT-BLOOMING CEREUS.

Like one enchanted, waiting in dark tower  
 The "fated fairy prince" to break the spell,  
 A sheath-hid bud all day did darkly dwell.  
 No morning breeze had kissed it into flower,  
 Nor had it freedom found through sun or shower:  
 World-hidden as a nun in cloistered cell.  
 Vainly the bold bee strove its sweets to tell,—  
 A star in daylight veiled, it bode its hour.  
 At evening's dusk a mist-pearled moonbeam came;  
 By love-light wakened, swift the flower soul thrilled.  
 Slipt its dream robe, shone forth in life fulfilled!  
 Folding snow petals back from heart of flame.  
 In sweet amaze it perfumed all the air,  
 To find itself so blest, the world so fair.

E. P. WELLS.

## A TRIBUTE.

Boys are quick and ready judges of character: they are not usually credited with superabundance of sentiment nor with the delicate instincts of courteous diplomats. Yet they intuitively recognize their friend, whom, having found, they will trust firmly and love ardently, so far as boyish nature goes, and that is a long way.

Many hundreds of boys, in Whitby, in Pickering, in Toronto and in Woodstock, thus learned to love Principal Huston, and while they live his memory will live. Their hearts within will treasure it, and without, their works and lives will show it. For he was the boys' friend, in word and in deed.

How kind a Mentor he was! Unwearying in his care, rejoicing in his opportunities, yearning for the temporal and eternal welfare of his boys. From him the dull boy received inspiration and through him cherished new ambition, the lad of genius found him appreciative and helpful: the idle wondered at themselves after he had come and gone, and the studious bent yet more earnestly to their work, treasured his kindly words of praise: the boy, sad, weary, out-of-sorts, seldom hesitated to confide his troubles to him, for then would discouragement cease, yielding place to encouragement, while the boy brimming over with fun and jollity, soon knew instinctively when to express, when to repress those inclinations. On every boy he constantly urged the necessity of healthful recreation and exercise, himself entering upon these with genuine zest and enjoyment, and they who excelled in athletic sports felt an incentive when he was a spectator of their trials of strength and skill. Thus each of his boys learned wherein lay his weakness and wherein his strength, —a great lesson, hard to teach, hard to learn, but a life lesson, one that must be learned.

What boy who has ever heard them can forget his quiet private talks during the evenings of the school year, as he went on his rounds from room to room? Quiet talks, indeed, yet earnest: calm, yet powerful; good words, longed for, remembered, rooting out the bad, nourishing the good: spoken like a father but with all a mother's gentleness: honest, helpful, hopeful words, showing an honest, helpful, hopeful life.

He carefully taught and trained the mind and was a most successful teacher. He often spoke to the boys concerning the attributes of the gentleman, setting before them, the while, a daily example of one. He believed in manual training, often he advised and aided with his helpful words many an embryo carpenter. He talked with the boys, he walked with the boys, he believed in the boys, their powers and possibilities: and to satisfy their most important needs, to best equip them for life and its beyond, he taught the mind to believe in the higher life, the soul's life, and taught the soul where to find its Life.

He has done a great work, and has done it well. He did not set up his ideal (which was a great one) of Christian education, afar off, and gaze upon it with an indefinite longing. He had a high ideal, but he resolved to reach it. Each day brought him nearer, and we think he was very close to it when he was summoned home. For the messenger he was ever ready. Once he wrote—

“ Life passes quick and every day  
   Its joy is bringing,  
 Yet in our boyish hearts the thought  
   Of death is ringing.”

Death, the servant of Life, has at last brought him his greatest joy, though to us there is a blank and a deep sorrow. A joy to the home, a true educator, a Christian gentleman,—he has gone. We shall see him no more until that day when “ Christ, who is our Life, shall appear.”

ONE OF THE BOYS.

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SECRET SIN.

Within the secret temple of my heart  
 A little idol bides:  
 No eye can see, and no one knows but He  
           In whom my soul confides.  
 For Jesus knows the windows of my soul,  
           And often looks within:  
 He knows, but, pitying, keeps the secret well,  
           My darling sin.

He sees my idol, gently chides, and sighs :  
 That I should dare to keep  
 A treasure there that is not mine, but his ;  
 I only mourn and weep.  
 I told him I would give my heart to him :  
 But then I did not know  
 How dear this idol might become to me,  
 I loved him so.

And he was gentleness itself to me.  
 I scarcely ever dreamed  
 He could be jealous of my faltering love,  
 So dear to me he seemed ;  
 And now I grieve him every day ; for oft  
 In secret, silent hours  
 I steal within, before my goddess fall,  
 And offer flowers.

Lord Jesus, help me ! Take away my god,  
 I give it up to thee ;  
 It may be beautiful, my Lord, it is,  
 But it is not for me.  
 So take it from me, Lord. I cannot say  
 I willing let it go,  
 But make me willing e'er to do thy will :  
 'Tis better so.

And I will learn to say 'mid silent tears,  
 Teach me, O Lord, thy will ;  
 Fill thou the vacant space, my Saviour dear,  
 With thy sweet presence fill.  
 " Deal gently " with my little idol, Lord.  
 I own it is not mine ;  
 But take it to thyself, and for thy sake  
 I own it thine.

*Beachville, Ontario, Can.*

O. G. LANGFORD, in *S. S. Times*.

## A VISIT TO WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

“ Here, where the end of earthly things,  
Lays heroes, patriots, bards and kings ;  
Where stiff the hand and still the tongue  
Of those who fought and spoke and sung ;  
Here, where the fretted aisles prolong  
The distant notes of holy song,  
As if some angel spoke again  
All peace on earth, good will to men !  
If ever from an English heart,  
O here let prejudice depart.”

—SIR WALTER SCOTT.

On one of those oppressively hot afternoons in July when the sight-seer in London wearies with the din and babble of the crowded street and longs for meditation and rest, we spent several hours wandering among the tombs and monuments of Westminster Abbey.

Six hundred years have passed since Henry III. raised the fretted roof and lancet arches of the present structure. Rudely has it been profaned by sacrilege and plunder in the early days of its existence, but its clustered shafts and lofty <sup>s</sup> wers springing lightly above surrounding houses still point high to heaven in beauty, grandeur, and strength.

As it is impossible in this short description to do justice to the endless attractions of the Abbey, we will content ourselves with merely glancing into the Poet's Corner and the Tomb of the Kings.

At the end of one of the transepts is a spot where visitors linger longest: the corner consecrated to poets. The first bust that meets our sight is that of a Scotchman whom every Irishman loves. Not that he has inspired the heart of prince and knight, with his stirring war-songs, but because he has stooped down to the low estate of a “ Poor Exile from Erin ” and touched a tenderer yet mightier chord than love of country—love of home. Below the figure is engraved the name, “ Thomas Campbell,” together with an epitaph of his own composition:—

“ The Spirit shall return to Him  
Who gave its heavenly spark,  
Yet think not, Sun, it shall be dim  
When thou thyself art dark !  
No, it shall live again and shine  
In bliss unknown to beams of thine  
By Him recalled to breath,  
Who captive led captivity  
Who robb'd the grave of victory  
And took the sting from death.”



Next comes "John Gay," author of the "Beggar's Satire." Even in his inscription there is a sarcastic ring:—

"Life is a jest and all things show it,  
I thought so once, but now I know it"

High on the wall we see "(! rare Ben Jonson," and near him the thoughtful face of the myriad-minded Shakespeare. Below them, in his stone tomb on the floor, sleeps Geoffrey Chaucer, who was the first poet entered here, and from whom this Corner has derived its name.

Just as we are leaving this sacred nook of the Abbey, that is hallowed by the presence, in "breathless beauty," of England's noblest poets, our eye catches a familiar face, which has been endeared to us by his beautiful portraiture of that devoted character—"Evangeline." How did Longfellow edge his way into this most seclusive abbey among English poets? The explanation is found below:—

"This bust was placed among the memorials of the poets of England by the English admirers of an American poet."

That afternoon some patriotic Yankee, "whose heart within him burned while wandering on a foreign strand," had thoughtfully placed a beautiful moss rose on the poet's breast. The deep set flower, set on a back ground of snowy marble, gave the bust a most charming appearance, and shed forth a delightful fragrance surpassed only by the sweeter incense of the poet's own celestial fire.

On entering the chapels the first figure to greet us is a life-size statue of General Wolfe. He is being supported in his dying moments by a soldier, and is receiving from the hand of Victory a laurel crown. This is one of the most elaborate pieces of statuary in the Abbey, and, as far as we could see, the only memorial of Canada. In the chapel of Edward the Confessor is a rare relic: an old-fashioned chair with straight, upright back and box-in sides—rough looking and most uncomfortable it is, unadorned by either varnish, gilt or trimming; but a halo of interest surrounds this clumsy-looking seat. It was in this chair Queen Victoria and all the sovereigns of Great Britain for the last six hundred years, have been crowned. Under the seat and attached beneath, is the remarkable stone upon which the ancient monarchs of Scotland were crowned in the palace of Scone.

Tradition says it is the identical stone upon which Jacob pillowed his head at Bethel.

Of the nine chapels the most attractive is Henry VII's, and in it the chief wonder is the fan-tracery roof formed of stone. Speaking of this, a modern writer says: "By the cunning labor of the chisel, stone seems to have been robb'd of its weight, suspended aloft, as if by magic, and the fretted roof achieved with the wonderful minuteness and airiness of a cobweb." In the aisles of this chapel are the monuments of three famous queens—the lovely and unfortunate Mary, Queen of Scots, the cruel but misguided Queen Mary of England, the haughty and ambitious Queen Bess. Beneath, in their granite tombs, they blend in common dust.

At the end of this chapel is a marble coffin containing the bones of the young princes who were murdered in the Tower. Here, also, is a rough wooden box, shaped like an immense hour-glass, ticketed "The pulpit from which Crammer preached his sermon at the funeral of Edward VI."

In other chapels are many interesting statues, but we shall notice only two in St. John's. The first is a plain marble bust under which in bas-relief is an ice-bound ship with the inscription by Temnyson:—

"O! ye frost and cold: O! ye ice and snow! not here: the white North has thy bones; and thou, heroic sailor-soul art passing on thy happier voyage towards no earthly pole."

—This is a memorial to Sir John Franklin.

Turning from this we see directly opposite a group of figures that is perhaps the most renowned piece of modern statuary—Lady Nightingale dying in her husband's arms. He is represented as defending his wife from the shaft of death—a sheeted-skeleton that starts from the tomb below. The dazed expression of the dying wife, the husband's look of despair, the gaunt and hungry figure of death, move us in turns to pity, pain, and wonder. This group of life-like figures which for more than a century has touched the hearts of thousands, who, like us, have been held spell-bound by its awe-inspiring beauty, is to-day so deeply etched on memory's tablet that time cannot efface its form.

After wandering that long summer afternoon through the

chapels, aisles, and transepts of this wondrous abbey till the faint streams of twilight that come softly stealing through the painted windows remind us of declining day, and after realizing most vividly through the medium of statuary the personality of England's poets, warriors, and statesmen, we pause ere withdrawing, to cast a lingering look down the dimly-lighted vista of figures that seem now no longer dull cold marble, but Galatea-like glow with life and action, then, in a reverie of thought turning from these shades of former ages, we leave the solemn stillness of the sacred temple and step out into the more cheerful light of the Nineteenth Century.

C. J. CAMERON.

### NOVELS AND NOVEL READING.\*

A distinction is commonly drawn in literature between those writings which appeal directly to the emotions, and those whose object is simply to convey knowledge. The difference is noted by calling the former, perhaps loosely, "works of imagination." Works so designated are of three kinds: the epic poem, the drama, and the novel, difficult to distinguish because exciting similar interest, yet separate and pertaining to the different ages to which each is appropriate. Each is intended to be in some sort a reflex of human life in action. Each represents man, not at rest, but in collision with his fellows, while all three are distinct enough to be different in more than outward form.

The term "novel" is a purely conventional one. The word is derived through the Provençal dialect, from a late Latin diminutive form of the adjective meaning "new." In the French the word meant originally some new drollery or jest, anything in fact that pleased by its freshness, and could have been applied with equal correctness to the Parable of the Prodigal Son, or to John Inglesant. It has then no historical or etymological claim to be given as a name to the latest development of prose fiction, but for want of any better expression is now used of works of imagination in general.

When we look for the beginning of fiction we must go back to very early times, for the origin of the novel is inseparably

\*Paper read at a public meeting of the Literary Society, Knox College.

bound up with that of all literature. It traces back to the ballad-dance of ancient Greece. That consisted of speech, music, and a kind of imitative gesture generally called dancing, and has by some been described as the supreme act of an age remarkable for physical culture. Charles Kingsley speaks of it as "a dance in which every motion was a word, and rest as eloquent as motion: in which every attitude was a fresh motive for a sculptor of the purest school, and the highest physical activity was shown in the perpetual delicate modulations of a stately and sustaining grace."

Relics of such a custom are found in other nations. When Moses sang his song of deliverance on account of his wonderful success in fleeing from the Egyptians, Miriam and the Hebrew women danced and sang. This action would be merely an adaptation of the Greek custom; applying to religion what among the Greeks developed into culture, and in the act combining speech with music, and the gentle swaying of beautiful forms, all tending to render their adoration perfect before God.

As the nation advanced the old custom assumed new forms. When speech was predominant, producing continuous song, the epic poem was the result. When snatches of lyric song became interspersed, the drama took its rise. The epic poem spoke of men as living in another age, and surrounded with a halo of glory from a bygone time. The drama took its characters from another time, but made them live in the present.

The tendency everywhere, however, is from the simple and the general to that which is more complex and particular. The characters of Æschylus wore a mask, and spoke in the open air, where no fine modulation of voice could be heard. In the next great period of the drama, that which reached its culmination in Shakespeare, which was the direct outcome of the Greek through the revival of classic learning in the Renaissance period, characters when acting had greater freedom, and the actor's work became an art.

The inclination of the age is to conventionality. A courtier might slap the queen in the reign of Elizabeth and not give great offence; now, an odd gesture, even in ordinary society, is considered wonderfully out of place.

In ancient Greece, owing to the social change in the nature

of the hearers, which even the realism of Euripides failed to satisfy, the pure form of tragedy gave place to the dullness of Athenian comedy. In England, under the change of society, the drama has given place to the *modern novel*. As to how far the change has been successful in suiting the wants of readers, the success of the analytic novels of W. D. Howells may testify, when compared with any of Jane Austen's social tales.

The production of a great drama would be an impossibility in the present. It is only when men stand on the edge of some half known period that the dramatic element prevails. Æschylus lived on the verge of the mythical period. Shakespeare wrote when the feudal age was passing away. Men were acquainted with what had gone before. The modern novelist writes when men are very well satisfied with the present, and very skeptical of all the future.

While such satisfaction has produced an outward formality, the actions of the mind are ever becoming more varied. The dramatist brings up the body and makes it act, the novelist reveals the mind of man and makes it tell its tale. His work lies in an analysis of the minds of men. He is forced to have a system of philosophy, gotten unconsciously, however, it may be. From the conceptions he forms of the motives of life, he presents his characters as ideals and guides for readers. Accordingly, the novel may be said to be but the old ballad-dance developed in two of its particulars, speech and acting, only developed from within. It is in this respect unlike the drama which gives "life in movement," as when Macbeth is shown in the heat of passion, or Romeo and Juliet intensely in love, preferring to show anger, as Kingsley has done, when he describes the persecutions in Hypatia,—or love such as that of Richard and Barbara in George Macdonald's latest work, "There and Back."

Again, we may speak of the novel as a work of art. The artist does not work by mere imitation, but by creation. He gives a picture of a finer scene than we could know otherwise, by presenting his conception. One thing is necessary, the landscape must reveal some thought that to him is very good, before it will specially interest beholders. The object of art is to educate men to the perception of beauty. Beauty lies around us everywhere, but it requires the artist to perceive and present it.

The old eternal facts met in so many forms have been the ever fresh source of inspiration for the painters of modern pictures. The "you and me" of our own homes when properly conceived are the greatest themes for novelist and painter alike. Charles Reade in the beginning of one of his stories, remarks that heroes are to be found about us everywhere.

The skilful novelist is the one who can make the commonplace characters on our own streets, furnish examples of heroic action and noble attainment of end amidst daily difficulties. In "John Halifax, Gentleman," Miss Mulock has come very near to such an artistic ideal. John, when a boy was only a ragged urchin, very poor but honest. When the little girl from the rich man's house handed him something to eat, no one would have dreamed of their becoming equals. He falls in with Philip, who is a cripple, the son of a tanner and mill owner. Philip goes to school, while John gets employment in the tan-yard, and begins to study by himself. After a few pardonable boyish freaks the two find themselves men.

Philip is visiting in the country, while John is really the manager of the property, and visits him only occasionally. An old man and his daughter come to the same rural spot for rest. The father falls sick, John is drawn to pity the tall, pale woman in her devotion to her father, and very modestly offers his aid. The father dies. Nothing is more natural than that the two should be drawn together. But John is but a common man while Ursula was high born, and a feeling of propriety represses him. Then follows the courtship, an ideal one may it not be called?

They are married, and what is brightest of all, the married life, apparently so difficult a theme for novelists, owing to its supposed dullness, is pictured very vividly as securing for them considerable happiness. The family grows up amid joys and sorrows, and the ordinary trials to parents, until at last the two follow each other to the quiet grave, conscious that their efforts after goodness would be continued in their posterity, ever widening toward the great consummation.

There is little wonder that the town of Tewkesbury to which the author belonged, and where the above scene was laid, has honored her with a costly memorial tablet, expressive of

its appreciation of her worth in making men love human life. In more recent times "Marius the Epicurean" furnishes an excellent example of high attainment in the novelistic art. The purist of Oxford, Water Pater, has produced in that work a very fascinating exposition of the Epicurean creed. One involuntarily feels drawn to the noble Marius in his struggle after happiness, and as he comes to the doubtful hours of death, and along with the Christians is looking for the *lux sedentibus in tenebris*, the reader is forced to conclude that, as a result of right living, all will not be utter ruin.

The lack of such artistic conception may account for the ephemeral existence of so much present-day fiction. The writers have no true philosophy of life, and hence fail to satisfy the reader's craving for a story. Even realism, with its hideous deifications of vice, and its grossly sensual effusions, fails in the very purpose for which it was intended.

In these considerations, the romance must not be overlooked. Writers of the romantic school have always endeavored merely to give the story. They would satisfy the old craving for a story, heard first from the child in the nursery, but continuing on with increasing demands in the individual lives, until grown surfeited the reader seeks release in the three volume novel attempting to prove marriage a failure.

Beyond Scott, few have excelled in mere story telling. Ainsworth's "Lancashire Witches" had a fascination for a time. Marryat's tales of the sea, and Cooper's western stories have won some renown, but even their heroes have failed to satisfy. Jane Porter's startling pictures in the Scottish Chiefs will always stir up the patriotism in a lover of his country. "Cleopatra," by Rider Haggard, is considered by many as the best pure story of late, but even it would lose its greatness if the Egyptian coloring were removed.

It is in reference to the pure story that Wilkie Collins writes, when, after finishing his first novel, "The Woman in White," he tells the world how he accomplished it. His first work was to get the central idea, the point on which the story turned. Then he sought for characters, and kept the story advancing until he succeeded in producing a very readable tale. At the opposite extreme from such, is George Eliot the novelist of positivism

and evolution. Her philosophy was thoroughly her own. After a careful analysis of character and life, she wrote her novels always with some strong ethical purpose in view; and while to some her style may be tedious, still all must agree that for artistic development she is unsurpassed. And with the editor of *Blackwood's*, who, in reading the manuscript of her first work, "Scenes from Clerical Life," spoke very highly of her, we will acknowledge that we have to do with a master mind.

In a survey of the English novel, it may be said to have assumed its present form in Richardson and Smollet. Those early works were, for the most part, pictures of the times, interspersed with humor and sarcasm. Many stories were exposures of the gross corruptions in social circles; some dealing with the Fleet Street marriages, others having a boorish country parson as a second-rate hero, whose highest aspirations could never rise above marrying his master's cast-off cook. After such scenes, the stories of Scott form a pleasing change. By pictures drawn from the feudal world, in which are lords and ladies who valued honor and integrity, he has shown that in skillful hands a conservative exposition of a bygone age may reveal that there was still some good in the land in the midst of existing corruptions. All are acquainted with Dickens. Many will say of Thackeray that he is the greatest of novelists; after they have read one or two of his stinging satires which show such keen insight into the ways of men.

Even religious experiences have not been passed over by writers of fiction. And why should they be? Although giving rise to the much abused term, "religious novel," yet phases of religious faith afford ample scope for the artistic development of ideal characters. In the hands of Edna Lyall, true faith has lost nothing by the negative side of belief which is given in "Donovan" and "We Two." The doubts and fears, even the open disavowal of the true God, all are made to prove more clearly that there is a Power above who ruleth all. What is more to be noted is that the constant demand for hers and such like works shows that the forms of truth presented are what supply a felt need in the reading public at the present time.

The positive side of truth is presented by George Macdonald—who writes with a strong ethical and religious purpose.



Being accurate and possessed of a high conception of life, he has succeeded admirably in presenting religion in an understandable form. To him worship is no dull thing and Christ no far off person to be learned only from books, while original sin and kindred theories caused him no dread for, as Donald in Donald Grant, says to Aretura, "To say that we inherit sin from Adam horrifies nobody, the source is too far back from us: but to say that we inherit it from closer ancestors causes the fact to assume another form." Hence all his teachings went to prove that "he that doeth righteousness, is righteous." Nothing need be said here of E. P. Roe, or of E. S. Phelps-Ward, whose *Idylls of the Heavenly Land*, it is to be hoped, all have read, not to mention the host of underlings whose Sunday-school productions are yearly flooding the market.

We may now turn to the latest development in prose fiction. Four years ago many were perplexed over a work which seemed to shake men's faith in creeds and sects. Robert Ellsmere was strongly denounced, and read so much the more eagerly because of such denunciation. Only a few days ago, Mrs. Humphrey has produced her latest work, "*The History of David Grieve*," which bids fair to excite equally great interest. It is the story of a Derbyshire lad, of Scotch descent, stolid and poor, who, in the midst of many discouragements rose to a position of moral and industrial force in the community. After many fearful trials, such as a sister in difficulty leading a low life, and afterwards committing suicide before his very eyes, and a wife who was an utter weakling, he became the exponent and perhaps ideal, of modern conditions and theories. His life was the result of the teachings of Bradlaugh, Ruskin and Huxley, being influenced by the Brotherhood of Christ societies much like the fictitious ones in Robert Ellsmere. After all his calamities he tells his wife Lucy that "he finds in them a purification, which shaped itself into a belief in God and in immortality, which could not be proved by argument, but only by living and by every victory over his evil self." Her work goes far to show that novels are no longer mere fiction, but a representation of the inward life of communities and individuals. Moreover, because the age is one of religious change, of ethical and educational advancement, a new novel will have a chance of success

only in so far as it mirrors correctly the drift of thought in the communities of the world.

Shall novels be read at all and to what extent? are questions that are sometimes asked. They must be decided for each one by himself. The judicious reading of selected novels surely could not injure the most fastidious. They help the abstract thinker to gain a concrete conception of things. They help those who are continually theorising to understand man as no other branch of literature has an opportunity of doing. Dr. Stalker recommended to the students of Yale the reading of finely written novels as a means of securing a better literary style: and perhaps some would suggest that for adding to the "aggregate mass of manhood" in each student in the absence of any professor on humanity, a wise reading of the best fiction might assist very materially.

While knowledge is to be gained from the novel, however, there is a danger to the one who devours everything. At the best they are only suggestive of truths, but when too closely followed there will be the unwelcome sight of the young novel-fed coxcomb displaying his smattering of knowledge before the aged men whose experiences have been gained from many sources.

Fiction serves also as a great leveller. Its reading exalts the lower classes in much the same way that anything better than their present state helps them to new regions of thought. It brings down the more intellectual, when too closely followed, to the level of the other. In the one case the finer feelings are enervated, and high ambitions removed; in the other the coarser tendencies are turned so as to serve a noble purpose.

On the whole we may regard the schools of fiction, begun in Richardson and Fielding, and continued in Scott and James, in Lytton and Nathaniel Hawthorne, in Blackmore and Reade, and ending at present in George Macdonald, as having been an ever increasing influence for good in moulding the secular and religious thought, in directing the social and national life among the many powerful forces at work as benefactors of mankind.

JOHN R. SINCLAIR.

## EDITORIAL NOTES.

The late Rev. Dr. Silas T. Rand, of Hantsport, Nova Scotia, the distinguished Micmac and Algonkin scholar, was the first to suggest the proper meaning of the word "Quebec." The following letter from him to Dr. Theodore H. Rand contains additional information respecting the word which has never before been published :

"I answered your letter asking for the meaning of Quebec. I ought to have added, what I have never supposed to have been of so much importance as I perceive it is, on reading the article on Quebec in my *Gazetteer*. I had no idea that the tide ever flowed as far up as Quebec, 320 miles from the sea. Kweebec, in Micmac, means "the head of the tide," or rather (for it is in the case locative in this form), "at the head of the tide,"—Kweebaoo being the case positive. Now the question is, did the French, when they built the city, call it Kweebec or Kebbec? and does the tide flow no farther up? That the river contracts to a narrow place there is certain, and the Micmacs (and, as I suppose other Algonkins) call such a contraction Kebbek. You have now the whole case, as far as I am capable of presenting it, before you. I suppose, the name Quebec to be in spelling and pronunciation French, and therefore to be pronounced Kebbek. Had they pronounced it Kweebek they would have written it Quibec. Did they do so?

The Narrows, above Halifax, is Kebbec. Bedford, the "head of the tide," is Kweebek."

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The Carey Centennial meetings held in Jarvis St. Church on the 16th and 17th inst., were a gratifying success. The programme had been carefully framed with a view to presenting the Biblical ground of missions, a sketch of missionary effort from the apostolic age to the present, with special attention to the movement inaugurated by Carey, and discussion of some of the leading problems that arise at home and abroad in the prosecution of mission work. When it is said that this programme was carried out with marked ability, it can be readily understood that the occasion was one of exceptional interest and profit. The expositions of the Scriptures by brethren Prosser and Dadson, and the paper on "Apostolic Missions," by Bro. J. J. Baker, were full of instruction and inspiration, while Bro. Macdonald's paper on "Bed-Rocks in Missions" was heart-searching and soul-stirring. The history of missions was outlined in most interesting and suggestive addresses by W. J. McKay, on "Mediæval Missions," and A. H. Newman on "Antecedents of the English Baptist Missionary Movement," as well as by Bro. J. W. A. Stewart's noble lecture on Carey and his admirable paper on "The Beginnings of American Baptist Missions." This

feature of the programme reached a magnificent climax in the thrilling story of our "Canadian Baptist Mission," by Bro. J. L. Campbell. Then the real nature of the work and the way to do it were dealt with in a valuable series of papers and addresses. Mrs. Booker spoke beautifully and helpfully on "Woman's Work in India;" Bro. J. L. Campbell's words on "Foundation Work in the Field" were wise and right; while Bro. A. T. Sowerby, in "Money and Missions," emphasized the need of self-denial. The promotion of the mission spirit in the local Church was treated in bright, brief talks by brethren Mihell, Spencer, Freeman and Wallace, and by Mrs. Newman, whose paper threw much light on the growth of the women's organizations for mission work. The programme was fittingly closed by a fervent address by Bro. T. Trotter, in which our immediate duty in respect to the 3,000,000 Telugus who depend on us for the Gospel was made impressively clear.

In keeping with this is the resolution of the Foreign Mission Board, heartily endorsed by the meeting, to raise \$10,000 extra this year for the permanent extension of our work. The large numbers who enjoyed the benefit of these gatherings are not likely to fail in doing their share of this. In order to extend as widely as possible the influence of the meetings, the Board has adopted, we understand, a two-fold plan. The one is to publish, at an early date, a full report of the proceedings, giving most of the papers in full, and scatter it broadcast among our people; the other is to arrange for other meetings in important centres throughout Ontario and Quebec. We trust that both plans may meet with the same unqualified success as these inaugural meetings.—J. H. F.

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Carey anecdotes are now in order. In a letter written by Dr. John Thomas, Carey's companion and co-laborer, during the outward voyage, October 26, 1793, we find the following striking illustration of Carey's faith and equanimity: "Brother Carey, while very sea-sick, and leaning over the ship to relieve his stomach from that very oppressive complaint, said his mind was even then filled with consolation in contemplating the wonderful goodness of God."

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\* Little by little the ancient monastic libraries are yielding up their treasures to modern research. It has not been many years since Tischendorf discovered on Mount Sinai and brought to light the Codex Sinaiticus, containing one of the three most ancient and most valuable copies of the Greek New Testament, a complete copy of the "Epistle

*important.*

of Barnabas," etc. In 1875 Bryennios discovered, and in 1883 published to the world, the "Teaching of the Twelve Apostles." The latest important find is that of the "Apology of Aristides," made by Professor J. Rendal Harris in the Convent of St. Catharine on Mount Sinai in 1889, and recently made available to the world in a scholarly edition. Eusebius speaks of Aristides as "a man faithfully devoted to the religion we profess," who "has left behind him a defence of the faith addressed to Adrian." "This work," he adds, "is also preserved by a great number, even to the present day." He is said by Jerome to have been an Athenian philosopher, who after his conversion continued to wear his philosopher's robe, and Justin Martyr is said to have been his imitator. Since the time of Jerome (about 400) the work seems to have been completely lost sight of; and now after 1400 years of rest it rises from the dust to go on with its work. The following extracts will give some idea of the tone of the Apology and of the Christian ideals of the time (about 135):

"Now the Christians, O king, by going about and seeking have found the truth, and as we have comprehended from their writings they are nearer to the truth and to exact knowledge than the rest of the peoples. For they know and believe in God, the maker of heaven and earth, in whom are all things and from whom are all things: He who has no other god as his fellow: from whom they have received those commandments which they have engraved on their minds, which they keep in the hope and expectation of the world to come; so that on this account they do not commit adultery nor fornication, they do not bear false witness, they do not deny a deposit, nor covet what is not theirs: they honor father and mother: they do good to those who are their neighbors, and when they are judges, they judge uprightly; and they do not worship idols in the form of man; and whatever they do not wish that others should do to them, they do not practise towards any one: and they do not eat of the meats of idol sacrifices, for they are undefiled: and those who grieve them they comfort, and make them their friends: and they do good to their enemies, and their wives, O king, are pure as virgins, and their daughters modest, and their men abstain from all unlawful wedlock and from all impurity, in the hope of the recompense that is to come in another world; but as to their servants or handmaids, or their children, if any of them have any, they persuade them to become Christians for the love that they have toward them; and when they become so, they call them without distinction, brethren: they do not worship strange gods: and they walk in all humility and kindness, and falsehood is not found among them, and they love one another; and from the widows they do not turn away their countenance, and they rescue the orphan from him who does him violence: and he who has gives to him who has not, without grudging; and when they see a stranger they bring him to their dwellings, and rejoice over him as over a true brother: for they do not call brothers those who are after the

flesh, but those who are in the spirit and in God : but when one of their poor passes away from the world, and any of them sees him, then he provides for his burial according to his ability : and if they hear that any of their number is imprisoned or oppressed for the name of their Messiah, all of them provide for his needs, and if it is possible that he may be delivered, they deliver him."

No writing of the post-apostolic period exhibits Christianity in a more favorable light than does this apology of Aristides.

Few are aware of the importance of the Stundist movement in Russia. Although it has had no great leader—if one had arisen, he could scarcely have survived the intolerance of Czar and prelates : the movement has spread with wonderful rapidity, until its numbers are variously estimated at from 400,000 to 2,000,000. It represents a popular reaction against the dead formalism of the state church, and it owes its origin to the influence of colonies of pious Germans (Württembergers) who settled in Russia during the eighteenth century. The name "Stundist" is itself derived from the German *Stunden*, or hours of prayer, a term applied by the German colonists to their religious meeting. The Stundists resemble, in many of their features, the Waldenses and related mediæval parties. They are thoroughly evangelical in spirit and in doctrine. Since 1860, under the influence of the Hamburg Baptists, large numbers of them have adopted Baptist views. It goes without saying that these evangelical Christians, Baptist and non-Baptist alike, are constantly compelled to bear the cross. They should have our warmest sympathy in their struggles against civil and religious despotism.

Dr. Jesse B. Thomas, of Newton Centre, Mass., to whom the Senate and Board of Governors offered, in June last, the Chancellorship of McMaster University, has not seen his way clear to accept the position. At the special meeting of the Senate, held on the 15th ult., the following letter from Dr. Thomas was read :

NEWTON CENTRE, Feb. 13th, 1892.

*T. F. Webb, Esq. :*

MY DEAR SIR, — In response to yours of the 17th inst., I beg to say that after patient and anxious deliberation upon the subject I feel compelled to decline the very courteous invitation of your Board to accept the Chancellorship of McMaster University.

The questions that have arisen in my own mind have been many and complex, and I need not assure you that with strong prepossessions and sympathy toward the work I have with much hesitation given up the hope that I might undertake it. The difficulties in my way, however, have not been removed and are not likely to be, and I cannot therefore, in justice to your Board, longer delay a negative response.

Deeply sensible of the honor bestowed upon me, and grateful for the many expressions of kindness given and the patience exercised..

I am, faithfully yours,

J. B. THOMAS.

The meeting of the Educational Association of the Dominion of Canada, at Montreal, July 5th-8th, 1892, should be an occasion of unusual interest to the educators of this country. The association was organized in July of last year, at the close of the meeting of the National Educational Association of the United States. Local committees have been organized in Montreal, to make due preparation for the first meeting of the Dominion Association, and arrangements have been made with all the railways of Canada to give return tickets for single fare. There will be a membership fee of one dollar, payable at the point of departure, as part of the price of the reduced railroad ticket. The Association will organize in five sections: Kindergarten, Public School, High School, Normal School, Training and Inspection, and University. Rev. Elson J. Rexford, Montreal, is the secretary. The work of preparation could not be in better hands.

Many years ago Fanny Kemble wrote in a copy (1842) of Tennyson's *Locksley Hall*, owned by Dr. Furness, the following lines, which she stated appeared in the original draft, after line 38 of the poem, but which Tennyson did not include in the published lyric:

In the hall there is a picture—Amy's  
arms are round my neck—  
Happy children in a sunbeam sitting,  
on the ribs of wreck.

In my life there is a picture, she  
who clasp'd my neck is flown ;  
I am left within the shadow,  
sitting on the wreck alone.

It is of singular interest to observe that in his poem *Locksley Hall*, sixty years after, published in 1886, these lines, in a slightly altered form, appear after line 12 :

In the hall there hangs a painting—Amy's  
arms about my neck—  
Happy children in a sunbeam sitting  
on the ribs of wreck.

In my life there was a picture, she  
that clasped my neck had flown ;  
I was left within the shadow sitting  
on the wreck alone.

We have italicized all the changes.

We were glad to see the promptness with which the *Globe* disclaimed the sentiments expressed by Rev. W. W. Campbell in one of

his paragraphs in the "Mermaids' Inn," and when, with such perfect *sang froid*, a young man relegates the cross of Christ to the realms of pretty myths, it is high time to enter a disclaimer.

One of the most remarkable things in connection with Higher Criticism to-day is the bland manner in which many of the critics assume as proved, positions which the majority of careful, earnest Christian scholars emphatically reject. The advanced critics make a deal of noise for their numbers, and young men are very apt to follow them, lest haply they should fail to be up to what so loudly proclaims itself to be the light of a new age. One would naturally expect that the merciless way in which the spade of the antiquarian is uprooting the theories of the critics, would teach these persons a little modesty and caution.

We are very sorry that Mr. Campbell, whose poetic genius we all rejoice in, should allow his fancy to rule him, where he should be guided only by sober historic fact.

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#### HERE AND THERE.

The *McMaster University Monthly* is to hand, and a vigorous young journal it is. From the standpoint of workmanship, its thick heavy paper and good letterpress give it a good position, while the editorial work is well done. Prof. Trotter contributes a sketch of the late Dr. John Harvard Castle, whose portrait adorns the first page. The address of Dr. Castle, delivered in 1881, at the opening of Toronto Baptist College, is reproduced. Chancellor Boyd, of Bloor Street Baptist Church, contributes an article on the Diaconate, outlining briefly its history and position. The "Students' Quarter" is well kept up, several articles being of a practical character, notably, "Methods of City Mission Work," by John B. Warnicker. The editorial and college news departments are very readable. This denominational monthly, under the editorship of Prof. A. H. Newman, promises to be at once instructive and useful.—*Toronto World*, Feb. 22, 1892.

THE 19th of February, 1892, was a memorable date in the annals of Toronto University. For some time previously the city had anxiously looked forward to the annual "Conversat," when announcement was made that instead the Glee Club would give a concert in the Pavilion on the above date. At 7.30 p.m. the capacious building began to fill. Undergrads, be capped and begowned, flitted hither and thither as ushers, ticket-receivers, and door-keepers. Toronto, in appreciation of the "Varsity," sent its fairest sons and daughters. There was a free air about the concert found at few, perhaps on account of the student element present, as all Colleges of the city had turned out to honor "Old Varsity." There were whisperings and undertoned conversations carried on. Smiles were exchanged and nods returned, while "soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again." Shortly after eight o'clock,



Prof. Schuch mounted the instructor's stool, waved his musician's wand, and the Glee Club responded with "The Man of Thessaly." Miss Mary Howe and Mr. Wm. Lavin are so well known that it would be superfluous to pay any well merited tribute to them here. Suffice it—they took the house by storm: every piece they gave was cheered to the echo. Miss Gaylord added to her good reputation also, in "Hie the Shallop." The University has reason to be proud of its Glee Club. No concert this season has been better attended, or more genuinely appreciated. The prevalent feeling is that these concerts may become a permanent institution.

THE KNOX College Literary Society held its sixty-ninth public meeting on the evening of Feb. 11th. Prof. J. G. Hume, M.A., occupied the chair, and the large audience present fully appreciated the programme presented. The musical part was efficiently rendered by the College Glee Club and quartette. Mr. J. H. Barnett gave a reading. A carefully prepared essay was read by Mr. J. R. Sinclair, B.A., on Novels and Novel Reading, in which the development of the novel was traced from the old ballad dances down to the modern novel, which the writer showed to be a work of art. The chief interest of the meeting was centered in the debate, whose subject was: "*Resolved*, that the instruction in our schools and universities should be purely secular." The affirmative was sustained by Messrs. J. G. Stinson, and E. L. Hunt, B.A., who found worthy opponents in Messrs. W. H. Grant, B.A., and H. R. Horne, B.A. After a well-fought contest, the chairman decided that the affirmative was victorious.

SINCE the last issue of the monthly, a unique personality has dropped out of the world. Mr. Spurgeon will have to be spoken of as "has been." The world felt his magnetism, and, when he died, hastened to lay at his feet tributes of its love and appreciation.

The memorial service held at Jarvis Street Church was a testimony of his cosmopolitan influence. Authorized delegates from all the evangelical bodies of Toronto vied with each other in placing upon his brow the costliest wreath, yet it was evident that while no man was eulogised, God was glorified.

Mr. Spurgeon was a Baptist, and he nailed the Baptist colors to the mast. All men honored him for this consistency, and loved him for his courtesy, and now all men mourn him.

Among all the specially endowed men, who have been raised up by God from the time of the Apostles, none seemed to have caught so fully and reflected so effulgently, as Spurgeon did, the whole truth of the Lord Jesus Christ. We do not wish to undervalue the marked aggregation of gifts that he possessed, but the power was not in his gifts, it was, rather, in that full-orbed consecration of body, soul, and spirit to Jesus, his master. Great love begets great deeds, his great deeds evidence the greatness of his love, "He loved much because he had been forgiven much."

We were not displeased in the least when it was announced that all

lectures, except the first hour, would be suspended during the Carey Centennial Conference. To us it was one of the great treats of the session. The noble, Christ-like spirit of William Carey, of revered memory, pervaded all the meeting, and inspired us with some measure of his consuming zeal for foreign missions. It would be invidious for us to make distinctions, but we felt that Bro. McDonald struck the key note in his "Bed-rocks in Foreign Missions," which was a four-square presentation of earnest endeavor in the sphere of labor. Bro. Dadson, who is held in tender regard as a former pastor by many of the students, gave us a lucid and masterly exposition of the Word as to church organization. We were pleased to see and hear some stray children from across the border. Why they praise and apologize to their mother so much, and yet deliberately stay away from her, we can't understand. However, Bro. Stewart, of Rochester, who was most intimately connected with our foreign work, gave us every reason to be proud of him in his famous lecture on Wm. Carey. The prodigious labors of this pioneer of modern missions, were graphically and comprehensively portrayed in his own skillful way, and we shall not soon forget the speaker or his lecture. Bro. J. L. Campbell, of New York, a cousin of our classical professor, was a perfect encyclopædia of facts, figures and names, in his lecture on the "History of our Canadian Baptist Mission." The greatness of the work to-day did not alarm us when we heard of its secret beginnings, amid prayer and consecration, when we learned who were the "worthy ones," some now in glory, and the rest with their faces Zionward, in whose hearts God had put the sublime thought of forming a mission society. At the close, we felt that our brother had kept his best wine till the last, and we trust that he may favor us again on similar occasions.

The sonnet "Under the Beeches," by Dr. Rand, in the November number of the MONTHLY has been widely copied. The *Messenger and Visitor* calls it the "gem of the number," and reproduces it in full. The *Educational Review* of St. John's, and the *Acadian Athenæum*, in their February numbers, also copy it with favorable criticism. Nothing can be more gratifying to us than to know our contributions are appreciated by our readers and contemporaries.

GRIP would lay a wreath of affectionate remembrance upon the grave of William Henry Huston, late principal of the Woodstock College. A nobler young citizen, or a more promising career, Canada has never known and lost. Never did man more intensely take to heart the injunction, "whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." And William Huston's hand was put to the grand work of instructing the young—their hearts as well as their heads. His life was brief, but it was a glorious success. His name is enshrined in the generous souls of schoolboys all over the land. What nobler Westminster could man ask?—*Grip, Feb. 6th, 1892.*

## COLLEGE NEWS.

## THE UNIVERSITY.

We have to apologize to Moulton College this month for the misplacement of their article on Petroleum, by the Rev. A. E. de St. Dalmas, in our last issue. This item should have been included in the Moulton Notes.

Miss McKay is at present teaching the senior classes in mathematics at Moulton College, during the illness of Miss Stork. It is needless to say that Miss McKay is in her element.

On the 5th inst., Rev. A. E. de St. Dalmas (of the class of '83), lectured on petroleum before the Literary and Theological Society. In addition to a strong student contingent, a number of friends from the city were present, and manifested the deepest interest. From the very commencement of his address it was evident that the lecturer was thoroughly acquainted with his subject. The method of boring, the discovery and care of the oil, and the different stages in the refining process were fully described, each being illustrated by beautiful models of the machinery used at both the well and the refinery, and by specimens of crude petroleum and its products. Mr. de St. Dalmas possesses the rare gift of entertaining, and at the same time instructing his audience; and, notwithstanding the fact that students are noted for the severity of their criticisms upon public speakers, all mention his lecture in terms of the highest praise.

The executive committee of the Literary and Theological Society are striving to make it a success. Programmes are so varied that every student is interested, from the morose and solemn pluggler to the genial and happy-hearted coaster. These bracing Friday evenings are apt to develop the latter in super-abundance, if the committee is not on the alert to counteract their *bewitching* influences. Rev. A. E. de St. Dalmas gave us an interesting lecture on petroleum, an account of which is given elsewhere. The following was a subject of debate, "Resolved, that circumstances make the man." The affirmative was supported by Messrs. McNeill and J. Russell; the negative by Messrs. Creswell and Nimmo. The subject was well discussed. Decision was given in favor of the affirmative. The Glee Club never fails to enliven our society with choruses. Quartettes, duets, and solos are frequent, and the strains of the guitar, mandolin and flute are often heard. Stump speeches, essays, and orations are in the near future, as also debates. Annexation has a charm - touch not, taste not, handle not. Single Tax will have its day, despite the furor of its opponents.

We are glad to announce that our fellow-student, Mr. E. J. Stobo, Jr., has returned convalescent. We trust the coming summer may entirely restore him to vigor. Mr. Stobo is one of our best men. We pray that he may long be spared to labor in his chosen work.

THE Rev. J. J. Baker, M.A., and Rev. E. D. Sherman, visited the college a few days ago. It is always gratifying to the students to meet those who are in the actual work of the ministry. We have also been gladdened by the sight of the Rev. J. H. Doolittle, B.A., of North-West renown, who is spending a few days with Prof. Trotter, preparatory to going south for recuperating purposes. We wish him God-speed, and the complete restoration of his health.

THE added attractions of our reading room, and consequently the increased interest taken in it by the boys, have made it necessary to expand our borders into "the regions beyond." We have thus equipped another room at the side of the old one, with the necessary files and table which add much to its convenience. The contents of the dailies are each morning rapidly scanned by a few of our earliest risers, and are made the spicy comments of the breakfast "table-talks."

DE LA TABLE FRANÇAISE.--To this column, in the January number, a "spectator" communicates some remarks which are intended to represent la table Française as having become a source of ennui to the octette sitting around it. We beg to decline the proffered sympathy gratefully. A spring of a meadow hue is readily to be perceived bubbling up in the deep *still well* of this writer's wit. We believe that the eight who are fortunate enough to have seats there are particularly happy. Our rules are not hard and fast. The morning news is discussed at breakfast wholly in English; at noon and evening French is preferred. We cannot, of course, use the language sufficiently well to admit of themes theological being discussed. Religious discussions and politics are relegated to class-room, hall and dormitory. Digestion is consequently unimpaired, and good health and good feeling always prevail in our company. Monsieur spectator, a scholar requires this language as well as the soups and theologies to which you English are so *gi.en.* Yes, "comment ça va" is venerable, but certainly not as much the worse of long wear as is your "how d'ye do," and is much more meaningful and elegant. You would be richer for its importation, and "passez le sucre s'il vous plait," is a vast improvement on your English (?) pantomimic method of securing the viand, where the mandible being too much preoccupied for articulation, the index finger of the right hand is extended towards the required victual, while a "low German" guttural commands the services of the by-sitter. This *mode Anglaise* which we see prevails at some of your English tables, is of course, thoroughly characteristic of the strict economy of time observed by your nation of shop-keepers. "Il fait froid" has been in the extremely high temperature of the dining-room, a term unnecessary, but it will be a cold day when the eight members constituting the French table shall be induced to abandon the pleasing and successful institution.

GOSPEL work among the French has been well *represented* to us during this college year. But the last speaker in the interests of this work, Mr. Anderson, of the McAll Mission, came not from Quebec,

but from France. The address was most interesting and instructive. It increased our interest in this work among the French; hitherto that interest centred most in Quebec, now we have learned to grasp in our sympathy and prayers France as well as Quebec. The speaker gave us to understand that France is in a condition that calls for speedy evangelization. The tyranny of priesthood, the superstition of Romanism, the burdens of tradition, have all become so irksome that the people are beginning to throw off the shackles of their long cherished religion. Scepticism and infidelity are becoming alarmingly prevalent. For the whole system of Popery tends to make thinking men either skeptics or infidels. The true servants of Jesus find a great hindrance in their work of preaching, because that name, that holy name, has been so much associated with Jesuits in their frauds, deceptions and crimes, that they presume that every one bearing the name is a Jesuit, and consequently merits contempt and hatred. The McAll Mission, which Mr. Anderson was representing, and for which he was seeking help in the way of money, prayers, and sympathy, has done and is doing a great work in France. In Paris itself, the headquarters of the mission, there are a large number of preaching halls, which are thronged with people to hear the gospel. The majority of these were or are Catholics. There are conversions continually. Many who are converted still call themselves Catholics, only they abandon the superstitions and errors of their church. Many preaching stations have been established throughout other cities and towns. Dr. Pierson, who has visited France and examined carefully its methods and work, says that it is the "miracle of modern missions." Very little money is expended compared with the work done. The missionaries work hard, some of them preaching as often as seventeen times a week. The blessing of God is upon the mission and we should give it our support.

**PAPE AVENUE MISSION.**—The work here was taken up at the invitation of the First Avenue Baptist Church. Eight students were appointed, to go two by two, to conduct preaching services every Sunday evening. On Sunday afternoons a vigorous Sunday School is carried on by some excellent workers from First Avenue. The attendance at the evening services usually utilizes all our accommodation. There is a good opening here, and we believe good work is being done.

THE members of the College Octette went to the Insane Asylum on the evening of the 12th inst., to give an entertainment. Before leaving the Hall, some of their friends bade them farewell, in case, as one student said, "they might not be able to finish their University Course." On arriving at their destination, they were cordially welcomed by Dr. Buchan, who gave them a short but very interesting account of the different phases of asylum life. The programme, consisting of songs, recitations and instrumental music, was greatly appreciated by the audience, as was shown by their loud applause and repeated encores. The entertainment closed with the singing of the National Anthem, in which all joined, and after a short time spent in agreeable conversation with the inmates and their attendants, the boys

left, feeling that not only had they helped to break the monotony of asylum life, but had themselves spent a most enjoyable evening.

Mr. Edward Phillips has generously presented to the University an interesting collection of curious fossil formations gathered in the region of Cape Rich.

MR. CHAS. HATCH'S GIFT.--The parents of a family of boys, living far inland, were surprised and grieved that as each of them grew up he "took to the sea." As far as they knew, there had been nothing in their children's surroundings to inspire this passion. The mother asked a friend who happened in one day, what he supposed could be the reason. He mutely pointed to a splendid marine painting that hung upon the wall. Unconsciously to themselves, perhaps, and wholly unsuspected by the parents, the boys had conceived their passion for a sailor's life from this picture. Mr. Chas. Hatch has very generously presented the Foreign Mission Board with a magnificent painting of the pioneer East Indian missionary, William Carey. The Board has kindly, and, we believe, of course, very wisely, hung it upon the wall of our chapel room. May it, too, make as eloquent an appeal to us, as the portraiture of wind and wave above noted.

Carey's figure, dressed in the quaint fashion of a century ago, is seated in a decidedly comfortable old *fauveuil*, and leans over upon a table, the left hand resting upon a manuscript; the right, holding a pen, reposes on the knee. The head, though prematurely bald, is fringed with thick, white, curling locks; the brow, broad and placid: the eyebrows, heavy and very regularly curved, over-arch large, dark and kindly eyes; a peculiarly sweet, and yet a very strong expression, is given to the beardless face, by the fine, determined mouth.

To look up at that face, with the facts of Carey's life in mind, is most stimulating. We associate with it the record of the varied scholarship to which Carey, unaided, attained, the tremendous difficulties he overcame, and the prodigious amount of work he accomplished. We are led to lay less store by possibilities of inherited wealth, social position, mere genius or talent, and are taught to look for life successes rather in enthusiastic patience, ingenuous goodness, and a Christ-like love of humanity. The students are deeply grateful to Mr. Hatch, and to the members of the Mission Board, for this most handsome and inspiring work of art.

WE are glad to hear of Mr. H. Stillwell's temporary promotion. He is now acting mathematical teacher in Woodstock during the illness of Mr. Robertson. The Baptist institutions of learning in Canada, are no more dependent on other universities to supply them with teachers. McMaster will henceforward supply all demands. This is as it should be.

THE prevalent sickness has not forgotten McMaster Hall. Messrs. Gunton and Steinhoff have been laid aside for some time. The former, we are glad to say, is convalescent; we hope the latter will be so soon.

MR. R. TROTTER recently gave the closing address of the Sunday School Convention held at Markham. Dr. Thomas should have

made the address, but, owing to other business, he was prevented. He procured Mr. Trotter, however, who made such a mark that he was put down as one of the speakers on the convention program for next year.

REV. E. W. DADSON did not want to speak to us at the chapel service, but round after round of applause testified the fellows' love to him. At last he spoke, and his few words were pregnant with truth. He pleaded that we not only preach Christ, but Christ crucified; the character of Christ will not save, his death was necessary.

BYE-ELECTIONS are the order of the day. Messrs. Kennedy and Cain, zealous for the prosperity of their country, felt duty-bound to drop their studies, and poll their votes in the Victoria County elections. On their way to the polls they were buoyant with hope, confident their man would be returned with a snug majority. They drove about 45 miles through bitterly cold weather: they participated fully in the excitement of the occasion. But alas! though they did not lose their votes, they lost their man. They returned from the field of battle with physical frames shattered, and their fondest hopes dashed to the cold earth. They are slowly recovering.

THE monthly programme meeting of the Modern Language Club, was held on Saturday, 13th. All the members were present, and after the transaction of business and the usual opening exercises, the following programme was rendered:—German Essay on the life and works of Goethe, Miss Smith; French dialogue, Messrs. McKay and Wells; German recitation, Miss Timpany; reading from Faust, Miss Harris. Time was given between the exercises for discussion and comment. Miss Rogers was formally admitted to membership, and was elected to the office of American correspondent.

THIS is the time of year when delightful temptations, in the shape of parties, concerts, and At Homes, assail the society-loving student. Flattering himself that, on the whole, he has been working pretty well this year, he yields for just one (more) evening, closing his eyes to that (alas! no longer dim and distant) hydra-headed monster, Examination. With bright smile and best attire, he goes forth and mingles in some festive scene, where brilliant lights, dainty colors and sweet music, render him blissfully unconscious of time or space, till the arrival of the witching hour, and midnight brings him back to earth as, with a cold shudder, he realizes that he has forgotten his latch-key, and that lectures will proceed as usual on the morrow.

#### MOULTON COLLEGE.

Quite a stir was aroused when the announcement was made that the girls might be excused from classes to go to any of the Carey Centennial Meetings. Many of us took advantage of this, and enjoyed them to the fullest extent. We are sure that the benefit derived therefrom will strengthen our enthusiasm for missionary work, and we hope that Moulton will not be behind in its zeal for missions.

## WOODSTOCK COLLEGE.

Of happy memory for many a day, will be the night of Feb. 19th, to the boys of Woodstock College, the night of the skating party on the College grounds. Long and laborious was the work of fitting the ice for the occasion, but when the night came it was all that could be desired. A large number of the ladies of the town were invited, and graciously accepted the invitation. After an hour's skating all repaired to the dining hall, where the sharpened appetites were fully satisfied by the bounteous spread for which our College is noted on these festive occasions. Then the strangers to our College corridors were conducted by those who knew them better, to the chapel room, where the Philomathic Society gave an open meeting. We cannot in this note give an account of the very full programme of recitations, music, speeches and debates, suffice it to say that the visitors appeared to heartily enjoy themselves. As pair by pair left the College halls, those who remained behind generously wished their more favored fellows a pleasant walk, and happy dreams on their return, by a musical salute of "Good night, ladies."

Mr. Clark read a very amusing and instructive paper in the Philomathic Society on "What's in a Name?" He accounted for the origin of many proper names in a way that was entirely original. Though the theory was in many respects stranger than fiction, yet we are fully assured it is built on a solid foundation and is not likely to be exploded by any future speculator. Those who are conversant with the Gaelic will understand the significance of the fact that, after the meeting was over, the Camerons and Campbells of the school took the first opportunity of examining, the former their noses, the latter their mouths.

OUR new teachers impress us as men of no mean powers. Mr. Stillwell from McMaster Hall, who is temporarily supplying Mr. Robertson's place, has completely won the good-will of the students by his spirit and manner both in and out of the class-room. We regret that his stay among us is to be so short. *Still* wherever he goes we wish him *well*. Mr. McCrimmon has just come amongst us as a permanent teacher; we think we shall like him. More will be said when we know him better. Mr. McFadyen was born in "the land of brown heath and shaggy wood," but before he was old enough to express his opinion, *pro* or *con*, as to the wisdom of coming to America, he found himself comfortably settled with his parents near Montreal. Ill-health soon compelled his father to move to Western Ontario, where he filled the pastorate of several Baptist churches. Our teacher, after pursuing his studies at Elora and Walkerton High Schools, passed the required examinations and was duly raised to the rank of "Knight of the Birch." By six years' experience, three of which he was Principal of Londesborough Public School, he has proved himself a successful teacher. In the summer of 1891, he took a trip to his native land and spent a most delightful time in visiting places of historical interest, not the least pleasing of which was the home and neighborhood in which Burns lived. We wish him all the happiness he can possibly get out of hard work and "college fare."



## IN MEMORIAM.

The Notus weeping in the woodland sear,  
 The flaming hue of Indian summer gone,  
 The golden autumn o'er, November near,  
 The flowers departed, fragrance mourns alone.

Glad summer flung profuse within the glade  
 Her gorgeous gifts, a thousand wilding flowers  
 Breathed a frail fragrance on the quivering shade,  
 And lit with varied tints the leafy bowers.

Merry the children wandered in the vale,  
 The brooklet to the peaceful angler sung,  
 And feathered warblers filled the woody dale,  
 Whose netted naves with trilling echoes rung.

But now the sky hangs low and chill and grey,  
 The wizened leaves wind slowly to the ground,  
 Bleak autumn sunbeams' flickering feeble ray  
 Betoken winter gathering gloomy round.

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Our tiny world a peaceful orbit swung,  
 With him to counsel and command the helm ;  
 With merry shouts the college arches rung,  
 And busy peace controlled our little realm.

As o'er the dismal woods fell Borcas' breath  
 Enshrouds the violet beds with soulless snow,  
 So sweeps wild sorrow at his early death,  
 And weep our stricken hearts with cheerless woe.

Deep swollen stream, thy onward rolling tide,  
 Ere on the ocean bosom thou art tossed,  
 Tell us of hope! Do not thy secret hide!  
 The cruel waters gurgie :—Lost—Lost.

We sorrow not that he is here no more,  
 Our hope upon a steadfast rock is built,  
 We'll see him yonder on that pearly shore,  
 With those for whom "His precious blood was spilt."

My heart impelling me, my puny powers  
 Would lay a student's tribute on his bier ;  
 And tell to all what bitter grief is ours,  
 And drop upon his grave a scalding tear.

Woodstock College,  
 Feb., 1892.

C. A. SEAGER.