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JOHN DEMPSEY.

Forty-two years of service in the regular work of the Canadian Baptist ministry, and ability to preach the gospel every Sunday save twelve, during all this time, and this service performed when for the most part hardships unknown now were the common experience of ministerial life, make a rare record. Such is the achievement of the Rev. John Dempsey. In a career like this there ought to be many things helpful to the younger brethren. Perhaps the brief sketch of it now attempted may so prove.

Mr. Dempsey was born near a small hamlet, called Resharkin, in county Antrim, Ireland, December 28th, 1822. With his parents he came to Canada and settled in the township of Oxford, county of Grenville. There is not much to be said of his boyhood days beyond what might be said of any other lad whose lot was cast in the midst of pioneer life in Canada during the early thirties. His school advantages were very meagre, but what he lacked in this particular, was perhaps more than made up to him, in his apprenticeship to endurance and self-reliance and in the knowledge which he gained of practical things. Nature was his study rather than books, and his acquaintance was with the forests and streams and all that in them were of his boyhood home. His out of door life gave him the sturdy frame which carried him so buoyantly through

all the years of his service. He possessed head and hands also, which yielded themselves readily to all kinds of mechanical work. Tools were his delight, and he could easily design what should be done with them; so that his ability to build a house or file a saw, or do any kind of work that pioneer life demanded stood him in good stead, and oftentimes proved helpful to the people of his ministry. The pioneer farm has given capital training to many who have made their way to the front. It did good service for young Dempsey. Two conditions of youth principally leave their impress upon manhood—the one upon the physical and intellectual, the other upon the moral and spiritual natures. The environment of work and pastime develops the one, and that of the home atmosphere the other. The first condition we have already seen. In regard to the second, a few words will suffice. Mr. Dempsey's parents were rigid Presbyterians of the Cameronian type, very moral and very attentive to religious duties. Their attendance on public worship was constant. Sabbath observance was maintained with grim formality, and stated worship in the family was omitted only on rare occasions. God was feared and revered in the household; but that spiritual insight into His character and that heart appreciation of His word, without which love can scarcely be a constraining power, was conspicuously absent. Conversion, the realization of the Spirit's quickening power and the assurance of personal salvation, were matters that did not enter the home thought. Indeed things so entirely spiritual were looked upon as foolish fanaticism. The religion of the home consisted of the fear of God, obedience to the dictates of stern duty, and rigid integrity of life. In an atmosphere like this young Dempsey easily absorbed the main features of dead formalism. At six years of age he read his Bible and from his earliest recollection attended to the religious duties of his father's house. He was not, however, without deep spiritual impressions during his boyhood, but from the character of his religious instruction nothing peaceful could come of them. To him God was a God of terror rather than a God of love. He was impressed by His greatness and His justice. He was afraid of Him and revered with holy dread anything that pertained to His service. And so the boy continued until seventeen years of age, not a novice

by any means, in the externals of religion, but a stranger to God nevertheless. His home training, though not decidedly spiritual, was not without its religious value upon his after life. The knowledge of God's word which he then gained was a priceless acquisition, and served him well throughout his ministry; and the fear of God then implanted and reverence for holy things preserved him throughout from levity of thought or of manner into which perhaps mother-wit and native light-heartedness might have otherwise betrayed him.

Now came the experience of his life. At seventeen years of age God found him and called him to Himself. The experience of one who has been used of God in bringing many to righteousness ought to be not only interesting, but also helpful to the many who are similarly engaged; for certainly what has taken hold upon personal heart-life, will be the foundation upon which all subsequent teaching is builded. Mr. Dempsey's own conversion colored the preaching of his ministry, and if we speak of it at large we shall do even then, but poor justice to the centre piece of his life and character.

At the time of which we now write Mr. Dempsey had left home and was living in Mountain, boarding with a Presbyterian family. Mr. McPhail had settled in Osgoode and was now upon one of his evangelistic tours preaching and baptizing. As usual when he was so engaged there was no small stir among the people, and his work was the theme of conversation in every household. He was to come one day and take dinner with the family with whom young Dempsey resided; the knowledge of which fact set the heart of the lad a-quaking. The pastoral visit of that day perhaps differed somewhat from present custom, at least it surely did when Mr. McPhail was the pastor. It was a religious visit and it meant the probing of every heart and conscience. There was tender solicitude for the salvation of every soul and there was the gospel preached in love and personally. Young Dempsey, as did many another, dreaded the ordeal. He endeavored to avoid the meeting. He did not go to dinner at the usual hour. But he was not to escape thus, for when he arrived he found Mr. McPhail still there waiting for him, and he had to face the inevitable. Strange to say, however, the deep probing which he expected, and for which he had prepared him-

self, did not come, but only a few common place questions about home and family, and with these he was allowed to retire jubilant and congratulating himself upon his escape. Mr. McPhail was taught of God how best to deal with individual souls, and his method with this one was effective through its very unexpectedness; and the congratulation of the lad who had escaped the minister was soon changed into sober and intense anxiety by reason of the thought pressed upon his mind as with the voice of God, "You have escaped the minister but you shall not escape God, God will bring you to death and judgment and there is no escape." Now came the conflict. The impression made would not away. Day and night it was with him. He betook himself to all that he knew of to allay his trouble of mind. Religious duties were attended to more punctiliously than ever. His prayers were constant. The Testament he carried in his pocket was read at every spare moment. In short, he went to the extreme of all that had been his instruction and really at length began to fancy that he had attained unto righteousness. What could God ask more? he enquired of himself. But his self-satisfaction was short lived. God's voice had evidently reached him and it could not be hushed by any species of Pharisaism. His trouble at first was more in regard to his neglect of religious duties. He was now troubled because he saw himself a sinner. So great a sinner that it seemed impossible to him that God could forgive him. This intense distress of mind lasted for weeks and was constantly with him. His burden had now become more than he could carry. So dreadful was his offending in God's sight that he thought he must surely be destroyed. One day thus heavily laden, being upon a journey on foot, he sought the seclusion of some bushes by the road side and fell upon his face acknowledging God's justice and crying for mercy. But there was no deliverance yet. He did not know the way to God and there was nobody to show him. Shortly afterwards however while upon his bed still wrestling with God, the gracious Father sent him the light, and joy came to him so real and gladsome! and peace so full and sweet! Satan had lost his prey and God had won a servant.

Now came a struggle of another kind. Young Dempsey professing conversion returned to his father's house where any

such notion was repudiated as intolerable presumption. There was no one within six miles who owned to having met with a change of heart; and so the young man had his struggle without sympathy and alone. And a hard battle it was against many allurements to win him away from his fanaticism and back to his former fashion of life. But God held his hand. And then being a Christian and conscientious, and with simple heart having resolved to follow God's word, he began to take on strange notions in regard to the church, its government and ordinances. Baptists he had never heard of till a year before, and heard of them then only as a poor, despised people. Nevertheless he found his New Testament to be a Baptist book, and could find nothing within its pages to justify the teaching in which he had been reared. Here was now a new subject of anxiety. Not only must he differ from his father in his view of salvation, but also now in regard to the church and its ordinances. His father, at some trouble and expense, procured for him three books upon the matter in controversy. The young man hoped his father might be in the right, and was certainly more inclined to adhere to the views and traditions of Presbyterianism. It was no easy thing to leave cherished beliefs, and suffer the ridicule of all who knew him and the anger of a fond though determined father. But he must obey God rather than man; and, after his struggle had continued six months, not knowing that he should be permitted within his father's house again—he sought baptism at the hands of Mr. McPhail. Mr. Dempsey does not speak of the persecutions which fell to his lot during the first year of his Baptist life. His record simply is, "No one knows what I endured."

And now yet another conflict must be recorded before Mr. Dempsey's life was allowed to flow easily along its God-appointed channel. He heard God's call to preach the gospel, but he did not desire to serve in that department of work. He was very willing to occupy any other position. Although forbidden to speak of salvation in his own home, he gladly embraced every other opportunity that presented, and few of his companions escaped his earnest appeals. Yet he had such a poor estimate of his own qualifications, and such an exalted view of the, to him, awful and to be dreaded calling, that he refused to think of the ministry. He

promised God, on his knees, that he would serve in any other way. He would work a lifetime with his hands and give all save a bare living to his cause. And to keep faith with God he actually went to work upon the line of his promises. About ten miles from his home in a straight line, and double that by any passable roadway, there was a settlement without any kind of privileges for children. He saw work which he thought was within his capacity there. He could teach the children in a Sunday-school, and he set about it immediately. Securing at the settlement a deserted lumber shanty, he fitted it up with boards for seats and announced his first service, inviting all the children to be present. Sunday morning came and with it the young Sabbath school teacher, who, to his consternation, came face to face with not only the children, as he expected, but with all the grown people in the neighborhood likewise. He could not run away though that was his inclination; and so he was forced into the service that he was trying to avoid. All summer long he tramped that twenty miles to and from the settlement, fourteen of which could be crossed only by jumping from log to log. He still rebelled against the thought of the ministry, though conviction of duty increased rather than lessened until the conflict grew so severe and painful that his health was affected by the strain. The contest ended while he was busy at his work one day. Driving a load of hay upon a bush road, he stopped his team, fell upon his knees, and gave up to the will of God, and immediately received the assurance of the divine favor and rest of soul. The deep experiences of the three conflicts above alluded to had not a little to do with the forty-two years constant ministry and its tireless fidelity with an allusion to which this sketch began.

These conflicts over Mr. Dempsey now settled himself to preparation for his life work. There were difficulties in his way, many of them, but having settled his life calling with God he faced them with splendid courage. He had early learned the necessity of thorough preparation for the work which lay before him, and entering Montreal College he took the full course of four years of ten months each, and graduated June 1st, 1848, having made a record for earnest, patient and successful work. It may be that present day students and late graduates in our

ministry who have enjoyed the facilities and endowments now at our disposal, do but scant justice to the educational advantages of those who have become gray in the service. Brethren Dempsey, Anderson, Topping, McDonald, and Slaght, who are yet with us, and their companions at the Montreal College who have now passed over the river, reckoned themselves, as far as training for work is concerned, not a whit behind the very chiefest who have succeeded them. And should they boast, they do so not without reason. If buildings and appliances count for anything, the Montreal property stood well in the forefront. If great men at whose feet students may sit, are of importance in the educational idea, then the Montreal College was manned in splendid fashion. Dr. Cramp was there, the man whose influence is felt perhaps more than that of any other man in the provinces by the sea, to-day. Dr. Davies was there, the incomparable Hebraist, who was subsequently called to the work of Bible revision in the Jerusalem Chamber. And Mr. Bosworth was there, the man who breathed from his gentle spirit not only the refinements of Christian life, but also all the graces of classical lore. These were Mr. Dempsey's theological teachers, and it will be acknowledged that his opportunities were not far from being abreast of those which present facilities make possible to the generation of students now under training.

After his graduation, St. Andrews, a village forty-five miles from Montreal, was his first field of labor. Here, in 1836, Rev. S. Tapscott, a brother widely known and beloved for his work's sake, formed an open-union Baptist church. A Congregational church was also formed, and a union chapel erected. Discord arose as a matter of course, and the Baptist church became defunct. For six years this was the state of affairs, and Mr. Dempsey, urged by the Montreal brethren, recognized his duty to the lost cause, and entered upon his work June 1st, 1848. He found the door of the church locked against him, and contention bitterly raging. He refused to take part in the quarrel, but obtaining another place in which to worship, he preached the gospel so effectively that contention had to give place to the power of a revival which followed. He now set about the formation of a church on scriptural principles, and found it no easy task, so many being wedded to open-commu-

nionism. At length, however, sixteen believers came together, over whom Mr. Dempsey was ordained as pastor in September 18, 1848. The little band secured the chapel over which had been the protracted dispute on satisfying the conditions of an arbitration, and our brother went at his work with faith in God, and burning zeal for the salvation of souls. For sixteen years he continued in St. Andrews, being instant in season and out of season, preaching the word of life. He baptized there over 400 people into the likeness of the Saviour's death. During all these years he did the work of an evangelist throughout the neighboring country. He spared himself no labor and no sacred joy. His memory is still fragrant in all that region. He left St. Andrews in 1864, having received a call from the church in Port Hope.

For six years Mr. Dempsey labored in his second charge. Happy and uneventful years, or eventful only in their ceaseless tranquillity and the abundant mercy of God! Many were brought to the knowledge of the truth during that pastorate, and the present building was erected. Mr. Dempsey always looks back upon his Port Hope residence with peculiar satisfaction. He was then in his mature strength and the fulness of his powers. He found ready helpers in the church, and in the town many spheres of congenial labor. He took a deep interest in all that made in any way for the prosperity of the people among whom his lot was cast. When he left Port Hope in 1870, he was honored as few Baptist ministers are. All the pastors of the town, including the late Dr. O'Meara, of St. John's Episcopal church, met at the residence of his warm friend, the late Wm. Craig, and presented him with an address expressing the high esteem in which he was held.

From Port Hope Mr. Dempsey was called to Ingersoll, where he served God and the church with his accustomed zeal and integrity for ten years. At the beginning of his pastorate the outlook was somewhat discouraging. The membership was scattered, and many whose names were upon the roll could not be found, but God came to the help of the faithful few who mourned the desolation of Zion, and the church was revived and much strengthened.

After his Ingersoll pastorate three months were employed among weak churches in barren localities, preaching daily and

evangelizing. Then came a pastorate in Kincardine, for about eighteen months. And this was followed by the pastorate at Port Rowan, which was held during fourteen months. He went there chiefly to do the office of peace-maker, for which the wisdom of his long experience amply qualified him, and left after the difficulty had been composed, to accept the call of the Denfield and Ailsa Craig churches. Here Mr. Dempsey labored with relentless zeal for over six years, beloved by his people, happy in his work, and having the assurance of God's favor. In April, 1889, he retired from responsible service to his home in Ingersoll, where he still lives honored and beloved by all who can appreciate long service well done, and the solid worth that has carried a stainless name through three-score years and ten.

No sketch of Mr. Dempsey's life would be complete without some allusion to the work he accomplished, apart from his regular pastoral duties. As hinted at elsewhere, these duties were often interfered with by protracted evangelistic tours. Special work used to be carried on almost universally in our churches by one pastor helping another, and the churches were content to give their pastors freedom to do this ministry, at their pleasure. Mr. Dempsey, while pastor at St. Andrews, travelled on foot or on horseback, alone or in company with brethren King, Edwards, McPhail or Anderson, throughout the entire region of the old Ottawa Association. Breadalbane, Notfield, Osnabruck, South Gower, Augmentation, Priceville, Lanark, Kemptville, Osgoode, Kenmore, Ormond, Clarence, Thurso, Papi-neauville, and many other places from Quebec to Kingston, have listened to his earnest preaching of Christ. Many will yet recall the revival season at Thurso, where God used him so effectively for the advancement of His truth, and where sixty were brought into the fold. These preaching tours involved much hard work and hardship. Speaking night after night, and visiting day after day, demand much of body and mind, yet this work was through the years gladly engaged in and God abundantly honored it.

Mr. Dempsey, besides being pastor and evangelist, was intensely interested in all denominational matters. Dr. Fyfe found in him a steady friend to the work in Woodstock. Mr. McMaster ever relied upon his counsel in matters pertaining to

the work in Toronto. He was Secretary of the Ottawa Association; Secretary of the Eastern Convention from 1858 to 1864; Secretary of the Superannuated Society from the beginning. He has been officially connected with our missionary organizations from their inception, and perhaps to no man among us, has been given a larger share of responsibility and work in connection with the planning and advocacy of the united work of the churches.

Mr. Dempsey married Mary Louisa Wales, who has been his companion all the years of his service; a wise woman, spiritual and kindly, who has bravely shared his hardships and rejoiced in his successes, to whom he owes much of the power and effectiveness of his life, and whom may God spare these many years to be the stay and brightness of his declining strength.

All honor to the generation of men gone to their rest, or now passing away, who when the name we bear was little known, and when known was despised, were not ashamed to espouse it; who, when hardships were abundant and reward for service meagre, worked on with a zeal that knew no quenching; who amid toil and self-sacrifice laid the foundation upon which have been erected the progress and facilities for service we enjoy to-day; upon whose sowing we have entered and reap glory. All honor to Canadian Baptist pioneer workmen! And among them all, who have gone, or still remain, John Dempsey holds no inconspicuous place.

E. W. DADSON.

A WAYSIDE RUIN.

A ruin quaint with purple lichens stained
 And open wide to salt winds rough with rain,
 O'er whose uncindered hearth have waxed and waned
 A thousand moons yoked to the crested main;
 Whose leaning walls are propt with clinging vines,
 Whose o'ergrown garden walks e'en yet disclose
 Stalks of sweetbriar and soft-winged columbines,—
 A scene to stir the calmest mind's repose!
 Ah, this was once a Home of trustful hearts,
 Mother- and father-love were here unsealed,
 Children's bright laughter blent with passing tears,
 And the sweet ministries that love imparts
 Found here alone their blessed balms which healed.
 Alas, what stroke fell here in long dead years?

R.

IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY, LONDON.

NOTES OF PICTURES AND PAINTERS.

IV.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIEND,—Let us enter the large room over the door of which is written *UMBRIAN SCHOOL*. Here are many beautiful paintings, nearly all of them of a sacred character, for the religious enthusiasm of the middle ages lingered in this school long after it had, in a measure, disappeared elsewhere. Ruskin says the artists of this school “impress on their landscapes perfect symmetry and order, such as may seem consistent with the spiritual nature they would represent. The trees grow straight, equally branched on each side and of slight and feathery frame. The mountains stand up unscathed, the waters are always waveless, the skies always calm.” How soft and rich the colors are! There are five of Raphael’s paintings here, representing the three different stages or styles of his work.

When Leonardi da Vinci was a young man of thirty-one and Michael Angelo a boy of eight, Raphael Santi, or Sanzio, first saw the light on the borders of Umbria and Tuscany, in the ducal city of Urbino amid the Apennines—1483. Doubtless he inherited something of his genius from his father who was a painter of some note. From him he received his first instruction, and it is recorded that he actually took part in many of his father’s paintings, though he was but eleven years old when his father died. His mother had died three years before. For a time his young life was shadowed and there seemed little prospect of his continuing the studies his father had planned for him. Fortunately a kind uncle took pity on the orphan boy, and a year after his father’s death sent him to the studio of Perugino, chief of the Umbrian artists and then at the height of his popularity. The master looking over some of the lad’s drawings, at once recognized his genius and exclaimed: “Let him be my pupil, he will soon become my master.” Raphael remained with him till he was twenty-one, and this picture, *The Vision of a Knight*, is one painted by him during this first or Perugian period. It is one of his earliest known works, done when he

was about seventeen. It is on wood, and is, I should say, about seven inches square. The subject is one that seems naturally to embody the forecast of an ardent young soul eagerly peering into the future to see what life holds for him,—suggesting perhaps a turning point in his own young life. The youthful knight sleeps upon his shield under a laurel tree,—the leaves of which are emblematical of honor and renown. Dreaming of his future he sees two figures before him between whom he must make his choice. The one on his left, draped in crimson, offers him a book and a sword, significant of a life of study and conflict. The other, younger, with a fairer countenance, gaily decked with ribbons and coral wreaths, offers him a spray of blooming myrtle,—“myrtle dear to Venus.”

Florence was at this time the art centre of the world, and thither hasted young Raphael eager to improve himself by studying the great masters of his day. He studied with patience and enthusiasm the works of Leonardi and Michael Angelo, particularly the rival cartoons to which I referred in my last letter, and the works of other famous artists. During this period he produced the *Ansidei Madonna*, considered one of the greatest treasures of the National Gallery and one of the noblest pictures in the world. It was painted for the *Ansidei* family at Perugia, from whom it takes its name. I would characterize the picture as somewhat rigid and conventional in design. The Mother is seated on a canopied throne over the head of which are the words *Salve Mater Christi*. She holds the young Child in her right arm, and on her left knee is an open book to which she is directing His attention. Behind the throne is an arch through which appears the clear blue sky, and on each side of the throne stands a saint,—one with upturned face of holy joy, the other devoutly reading. The colors are soft, rich and harmonious, but there is lacking in the face of the Mother the heavenly sweetness of Leonardi's *Lady of the Rocks*. The influence of the Umbrian school is clearly seen in this picture, though it belongs to his second or Florentine period. It is obviously a connecting link between the styles of the Umbrian and Florentine schools. Were it not rash in me I should frankly say that apart from the melody of colors there is little in this world-renowned painting, for which the British Government paid the

sum of seventy thousand pounds, that stirred me or in any way satisfied me. As often as I sat before it studying its composition and real expressiveness, I turned from it with a feeling of relief to admire another of Raphael's that hangs near by.

This latter picture, St Catharine of Alexandria, belongs to the same Florentine period, but of later date, and one can detect the influence of Leonardi in the expressive face, and of Michael Angelo in the full rounded figure that stands out so life-like against the landscape background. Catherine of Alexandria was one of the favorite saints with the Italian artists. She is always pictured with a book, sword and wheel. The legend of her which the crusaders brought from the east was of a princess great in learning and wisdom, and a devout Christian. She shut herself up in her palace and gave herself to the study of Christian philosophy. Her people wished her to marry a prince who should lead them forth to battle, but she declined to conform to their wishes. The heathen tyrant Maxentius, about 311, ordered her to be crushed with a wheel. The legend runs that fire came down from heaven and broke the wheel in pieces, but the tyrant scourged her with rods and beheaded her with a sword. There is another legend of her which says that in revenge for the discomfiture of a company of heathen philosophers, with whom she had been compelled to dispute, she was bound to a wheel in such a way that every turn of the wheel caused the spikes to pierce her body. The wheel was miraculously broken, though she died a martyr. Raphael has given her a most beautiful face with an expression of quiet resignation and strong faith. With lips parted in the surcease of pain, she looks up to heaven, whence rays of light stream down upon her. With her left arm she leans upon the cruel wheel, and her right hand is pressed upon her bosom as if to say, "I am ready to be offered, O Lord." The picture is noble every way, and one of the most impressive in the Gallery.

In his twenty-fifth year Raphael was called to Rome by Julius II, where he spent twelve years or the remainder of his life, doing mostly fresco-work in the Vatican. Michael Angelo at this time was painting the ceiling of the Sistine chapel, and his works were then exciting intense enthusiasm throughout Italy. Raphael felt strongly the influence of his personality, so

much so indeed that it seemed almost to check for a time the free play of his own genius. Fortunately his power of assimilating the best of what he saw enabled him to preserve a style distinctively his own. The first room he painted in the Vatican is called Theology, or The Dispute on the Sacrament. The Pope was so delighted with it that he issued an order for all the old decorations to be removed that Raphael might paint the walls anew. Raphael, however, felt so much reverence for his predecessors' work, some of which had been done by his old teacher Perugino, that he remonstrated against such wholesale destruction, and was able to retain at least a part, adapting his own to what was already there. This is the last work done in his Florentine style.

Here is a small Madonna picture some fifteen inches high and thirteen wide, called the Garvagh Madonna, from Lord Garvagh its former owner. It is a gem, so perfect in drawing, rich and beautiful in color, light and shade! There is nothing of the stilted, conventional manner of the Ansidei. The mother is just a beautiful human mother, and the children like other beautiful children, and they are playing with a pink. The only hint of the supernatural are very thin circles of light, or halos, above the heads. This picture is an example of his later style, the third or Roman period. One of the many portraits which he painted during this period was the far-famed one of Julius II, the replica of which is in the Gallery. The original is in the Pitti Palace, Florence. This third style of Raphael's is now known as that of the Roman school of painting.

Raphael did many more easel pictures than either Michael Angelo or Leonardi, and the number and extent of his frescoes are marvellous. One of the most famous of his frescoes is The School of Athens in one of the rooms of the Vatican. It represents an assembly of fifty-two ancient philosophers, surrounded by their disciples in a lofty arched hall, the architecture of which is counted one of the most skillful perspective paintings in existence. This great work portrays the historical development of Greek philosophy—by the choice and arrangement of the figures. The Pope expressed much satisfaction with it, and an art-critic says of it: "With us art-indigents of later times satisfaction is intensified to almost boundless admiration." The Madonnas of

Raphael are numerous and renowned, but his *di San Sisto*, the glory of the Dresden Gallery, is generally acknowledged to be the most perfect picture in the world.

I saw those wonderful cartoons of Raphael's at South Kensington. The Pope wishing to substitute woven tapestries for paintings around the lower walls of the Sistine Chapel, commanded him to furnish drawings to the Flemish weavers. You will remember that the subjects of Michael Angelo's frescoes on the ceiling are the Creation, Fall and Redemption of Man. In his cartoons for the wall-tapestries, Raphael continued the history of God's dealings with man, taking his subjects from the lives of the apostles Peter and Paul, and from Stephen the first Christian martyr,—The miraculous Draught of Fishes, Christ's charge to Peter, Peter and John healing the Lame Man, The Death of Ananias, Elymas the Sorcerer struck Blind, Paul and Barnabas at Lystra, and Paul Preaching at Athens. These are the seven large cartoons. There were ten in all, but three are lost,—The Martyrdom of Stephen, The Conversion of Paul, and Paul in Prison. The tapestries woven after these designs and exhibited in Rome two years before Raphael's death have had a singular history. Once they were carried off as spoils of war by French soldiers, but after a few years were restored. Over two hundred years after, they were stolen by some Jews, and one was burned for the gold in it; but in 1808 they were redeemed by Pius VII and are now in the Vatican. The cartoons have an eventful history too. In 1630 Rubens, the great Flemish painter, discovered them in the manufactory at Arras, where the tapestries were woven, cut into strips for the weaver's use. He gave a glowing description of them to Charles I, and induced him to purchase them for his Whitehall Palace. After Charles' death Cromwell bought them for the nation, for the sum of three hundred pounds. Louis XIV tried in vain to procure them. They remained neglected and almost forgotten till the time of William III, when the strips were pasted together upon linen and placed in a room in Hampton Court Palace, built purposely for them by Sir Christopher Wren. A few years ago the Queen had them placed in the South Kensington Museum. One viewing the cartoons would never suppose that they had once been cut into strips, so skilfully have the parts been joined together.

In his short life Raphael produced two hundred and eighty-six pictures and five hundred and seventy-six drawings and studies, besides the frescoes in the Vatican and elsewhere. He also excelled in sculpture and architecture, succeeding Bramante as architect for St. Peter's, though he did not live long enough to carry out his design. The last and greatest of his oil paintings, *The Transfiguration*, was unfinished when he was prostrated by fever and died on the thirty-seventh anniversary of his birth. This painting, with the colors still wet, was carried in the funeral procession, and it is now one of the most valued possessions of the Vatican. All Europe mourned his death, for he was known not only as the Prince of Painters, but his amiable and unselfish nature had made him every man's friend. His works, says Kugler, were regarded with veneration as if God had revealed himself through Raphael as of old through the prophets. Like *Leonardi* and *Michael Angelo* he wrote many short poems, which unhappily are lost. You may perhaps recall *Browning's* lines :

Rafael made a century of sonnets,
 Made and wrote them in a certain volume
 Dinted with the silver pointed pencil
 Else he only used to draw Madonnas. . . .
 You and I will never read that volume.
Guido Reni, like his own eye's apple,
 Guarded long the treasure-book and loved it.
Guido Reni dying, all Bologna
 Cried, and the world cried too, 'Ours the treasure' !
 Suddenly, as rare things will, it vanished.

I have left all too little time for a visit to Room VII where are five paintings by *Titian*, who stands at the head of the Venetian school. One thing is specially noticeable here, the predominance of mythological subjects over sacred ones, though three of *Titian's* are of a religious character. The subjects of these three are, *The Holy Family*; *The Repose*, which is intended for another *Holy Family*,—in the distance is seen the Angel appearing to the shepherds, the picture being signed "*Tician*"; and *Noli Me Tangere*, Christ appearing to *Mary Magdalene* after His resurrection. This latter picture is by far the most interesting of the three. The rosy hues of morning are flushing the distant hills, but the shadows still lie on the middle slopes. In the foreground is *Mary* weeping; hearing her name called she has fallen for-

ward with outstretched hand as if to touch the risen Christ. He is represented as a gardener, having a hoe in His hand and seems gently to repel her attempt to touch Him. The mythological subjects are Venus and Adonis, and Bacchus and Ariadne. This last, in addition to its poetical beauty, is a splendid example of Titian's coloring. As a colorist he surpasses, in the judgment of critics, each of the three Masters of whom I have written, and one has little difficulty in accepting this dictum. Titian was but two years younger than Michael Angelo, having been born at Capo del Cadore in 1477. Tradition has it that when very young he made attempts at painting, using the juice of flowers. He was only nine when sent by his parents to Venice to study art. For a time he was with Gentile Bellini, but left him to study with the more eminent brother Gian. On the death of his master, being then thirty-five years old, he was commissioned by the Venetians to continue the works in the great Council Hall, which Gian Bellini had left unfinished.* He also held the office of la Sanseria which obliged him to paint the portraits of the

*The following, discovered by Rawdon Brown in the archives of Venice, is the petition of Titian when he offered his services to the Venetian Senate:

"Most Illustrious Council of Ten; Most Serene Prince and Most Excellent Lords: I, Tician of Serviete de Cadore, having from my boyhood upwards set myself to learn the art of painting, not so much from cupidity of gain as for the sake of endeavoring to acquire some little fame, and of being ranked among those who now profess the same art. And although heretofore, and likewise at this present, I have been earnestly requested by the Pope and other Potentates to go and serve them, nevertheless being anxious as your Serenity's most faithful subject, for such I am, to leave some memorial in this famous city: my determination is, should the Signory approve, *to undertake, so long as I live, to come and paint in the Grand Council with my whole soul and ability*: commencing, provided your Serenity think of it, with the battle-piece on the side towards the 'Piazza,' that being the most difficult; nor down to this time has any one chosen to assume so hard a task. I, Most Excellent Lords, should be better pleased to receive as recompense for the work to be done by me, such acknowledgments as may be deemed sufficient, and much less; but because, as already stated by me I care solely for my honor, and mere livelihood, should your Serenity approve, you will vouchsafe to grant me for my life, the next broker's patent in the German factory, by whatever means it may become vacant; notwithstanding other expectancies; with the terms, conditions, obligations, and exemptions, as in the case of Messer Juan Bellini; besides two youths whom I purpose bringing with me as assistants; they to be paid by the Salt office; as likewise the colors and all other requisites, as conceded a few months ago by the aforesaid most Illustrious Council to the said Messer Juan; for I promise to do such work and with so much speed and excellency as shall satisfy your Lordships to whom I humbly recommend myself."

And this is the acceptance by the Senate:

"We, Chiefs of the most Illustrious Council of Ten, tell and inform you Lords Providitors for the State; *vizelicit* the one who is cashier of the Great Chest, and his successors, that for the execution of what has been decreed above

Doges, of which he painted five. He died at the age of ninety-nine, working at his art to the very last, declaring at the close of his life that he was only beginning to understand what painting is. His many works enrich the great cities of Europe. Christ and the Tribute Money in the Dresden Gallery is accounted especially beautiful. The Gallery at Madrid contains forty of his easel pictures, that at Vienna thirty-four, and the Louvre at Paris eighteen, but his masterpieces are in the Churches and Galleries of Venice. I am not aware that Titian wrote sonnets, like his three great compeers, but I can assure you there was poetry in his brush.

In my second letter I referred to Venetian art as distinguished for exquisite open air effects. One can readily imagine how a sensitive spirit would become suffused with the beauty of the flame, orange, rose, gold and azure which the skies and lagoons of Venice present almost daily to the eye. The mistress of the sea, of whom poets love to sing, lent the tints of the rainbow to the palette of her gifted sons. To one susceptible to the beautiful effects of color these Venetian rooms have an unspeakable charm. The Bellini brothers, of whom I wrote in my second letter, were the first to give a special character to this school, and their pupils readily caught their spirit and soared even far beyond them in their search after the beautiful. There are many artists besides Titian whom I should like to mention, who are represented in this room. Giorgione, who was a fellow-pupil of Titian in the school of Bellini, was the first to break the trammels of the early Venetian school. His pictures have a luminous glow and depth of coloring. Among the contemporaries of Titian, some being his pupils, were Paris Bordone, Il Moretto da Brescia, Correggio—though he was really of the school of Parma—and Giovanni Moroni. The portrait of A Tailor by the latter must arrest the attention of all who pass through these rooms, so life-like is the man standing at his table

in the most Illustrious Council aforesaid, you do have prepared all necessaries for the above written Tician according to his petition and demand, and as observed with regard to Juan Bellini, that he may paint *ut supra*: paying from month to month the two youths whom said Tician shall present to you at the rate of four ducats each per month, as urged by him, because of their skill and sufficiency in said art of painting, though we do not mean the payment of their salary to commence until they begin work: and thus will you do. Given on the 5th of June, 1513.²⁷

with shears in hand about to cut a piece of cloth. But the best known in the world of art, who stand the nearest to Titian, are Tintoretto — whom Ruskin in his extravagance places even beyond Titian,—and Paul Veronese. All of these are well represented in the Gallery.

In closing, I wish to say a word respecting the decadence of Art in the later Italian schools, examples of which are to be seen in Room XII, for unfortunately the high position which painting had so gloriously won was not maintained. There sprang up a school of Eclectics, the height of whose ambition was to select salient features of existing styles and combine them into one. This proved fatal to true art since it was thus deprived of originality and consequently left without creative motive and inspiration. Then came the Mannerists, those who aimed to copy the peculiarities of the great Masters. These were followed by the Naturalists, as opposed to both the former, but they degraded Art till it became a medium for the representation of the follies and vulgarities of human life rather than a divine speech of souls moved by moral earnestness and uplifted by the noblest aspirations.

EMELINE A. KAND.

MY AIN LAND.

O, for a sicht o' my ain land,
 Wi' its forests sae gran' an' fair,
 For a smell o' the fields in hay-time,
 My heart is unco sair.

O, for the soonds o' my ain laud,
 Its speech sae familiar and plain,
 That's prattled wi' rosy cheeked children,
 I'm list'ning for't fu' fain.

O, for the blue lakes glistening
 Under skies sae flashing and bricht,
 That coyly return the shy glances,
 O the bashful moon by nicht.

Fair Canada may look desolate
 In winter sae rugged and cauld,
 But, oh, for a whiff o' her fresh air,
 As in the days o' auld.

Tuni, India.

R. GARSIDE.

SAMUEL ELDER AND HIS POETRY.

Samuel Elder, who graduated from Acadia College in 1844, was one of the most gifted spirits that ever studied in that Institution. He bade fair to rank high as a poet as well as a preacher, but the expectations of his friends in this respect were disappointed by his early death which occurred in 1852. The following poem, kindly furnished us by Dr. Welton, was composed by Mr. Elder on the occasion of his visiting Wolfville in June, 1847.

THE SCENES OF MY STUDENT LIFE.

O beautiful! thou glorious Light,
Pouring thy golden tide
From yon blue mountain's flaming height
O'er hill and valley wide ;
O beautiful! ye glittering steeps
That shining point to heaven,
From out whose pine and azure deeps
The stars will soon be given.

O beautiful! ye purple isles
That burn amid the wave,
Kindling the billows with your smiles,
As they your bright feet lave ;
And beautiful the sapphire Bay
Which those fair i-lets stud,
And violet shores that stretch away
Beyond the gleaming flood.

O beautiful! ye swelling hills
Where I rejoicing stand,
And the light goldenly distils,
And breezes wander bland ;
And beautiful the vale that spreads
So green beneath the eye,
And woods that wave their glorious heads
In the fair summer sky.

Scenes of my student-life, ye meet
My gaze with welcome bright,
And I with love and gladness greet
Your aspect clothed with light.
Ye were the home of happy years,
The birth-place of sweet thought,
To you I breathed my hopes and fears,
My solace from you sought.

Here Poetry her magic threw
Around my musing hours,
And steeped my spirit in the hue
Of sunshine and of flowers ;
And though no lavish boon of song
Her spell on me bestowed,
The visions still my spirit throng
That then around me glowed.

Fair scenes ! a thousand memories bloom
Before me as I gaze.
Of many a kindred heart, with whom
We passed those happier days,—
Of friendships whose memorials live
In many a hallowed spot,
And to the charms of nature give
A grace that withers not.

SAMUEL ELDER.

*STUDENT LIFE IN EDINBURGH AND BERLIN.

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At present, as you will notice, I am in Berlin. After spending three months in Marburg, which I most diligently applied to the study of German, I came here about the beginning of October, about two weeks before the term began. It was an immense relief when the lectures opened to find that I could understand them. This is a great reward for hard work. I am hearing Harnack and Dillmann, and Von Soden. As the latter lectures at the same hour as Harnack in his course on the 3rd period of Church History, I hear Harnack only on Symbolics, and in his Seminar.

Symbolics he treats historically, dealing first with the Greek Church, then with the Roman Catholic Church, and he is now at the Protestant bodies. In this way he takes for granted whatever either of the latter two have in common with the Greek Church, or the Protestant Churches with Roman Catholicism, and what he has already treated. It is, of course, very comprehensive. His Seminar consists of sixteen regular members, who all prepare essays, and are to be ready to answer questions on the work done in the Seminar. This term they have been reading the 5th book of Eusebius, and the "Arbeits" have so far been concerned with Irenæus and Tertullian. Harnack is a most wonderful man, and makes his Seminar very interesting. Besides getting one's bearings on the period in question, one finds a little of what Harnack's own historical method is. I am, of course, not a regular member, but take advantage of the liberty to attend the sessions and to listen. I have grown to have a great respect for Harnack. With all his views I do not coincide, but there is a real earnestness and spirituality about his lectures that cannot fail to awake a response in any religious heart. I have often thought that he has much in common with Baptists, although, perhaps, both he and the Baptists would repudiate the kinship. Von Soden lectures this term on N. T. Theology. He is quite free in his tendency, but I think he has done a great deal of work. I sometimes imagine that in his

*From a private letter to the Managing Editor.

attention to details he misses the essence of the whole, but he may devote the last lectures to remedying this defect. The course is, however, suggestive. Dillmann is reading his course on O. T. Introduction. He has no love for the school represented by Wellhausen and Kuenen, and persists in maintaining that the "Priest Codex" is not of post-exilic origin, but earlier than Deut. On these and other points he sometimes grows quite emphatic, and assures us "dabei bleibe ich noch, trotz der neuern Schule."

From Prof. A. B. Davidson, of Edinburgh, I imbibed a species of enthusiasm to become more familiar with the Hebrew Bible, for the power which he exerts in his quiet way is almost unique; his spirituality and reverence and scholarship make such a rare combination. With him we read parts of Jeremiah and the Psalms, as well as of the first part of Isaiah, and almost all of Isaiah 40-66. We also had a course of two hours a week on O. T. Theology. These latter make me look forward anxiously to his book in the Inter. Theo. Lib. Under Prof. Driver I read Hosea, and part of Amos. He is not the same kind of man as Prof. Davidson, but I have a very great respect for him. Privately I have gone through the Hebrew grammar again, exercises and all, and have done a little at translating English back into Hebrew. I have also read Joshua, Judges, Haggai and Zephaniah. Since the New Year a "Union Theo. Sem." man and myself have been working at Chronicles and comparing it with the other historical books where parallels occur. The results are rather interesting. But all this work seems to bring on a sort of despair, in revealing how much there is to do. The amount of work is also enlarged when one remembers the LXX. I used the latter in reading Joshua and Judges in Hebrew, and saw enough to make me recognize the importance of the LXX. from a great many points of view. I have read the 1st and 2nd and half of the 3rd volume of Harnack's "Dogmengeschichte," but I shall have to go through it all again. The immense importance of History of Doctrines is just beginning to dawn upon me. With a Yale man I am working on the synoptic question. We use an admirable Harmony prepared by a certain Huck, under Holtzmann's supervision, I should judge. It is made for such work as we are doing, and is infinitely better for these purposes than Tischendorf; in that the arrangement is better and that it

omits John. I have four different inks for the four combinations. The work needs a great deal of patience and perseverance, but I hope to be through the marking by the end of this week. On the minute comparison, however, there remains very much to be done. I am so far satisfied with the expenditure of the labor. To see these facts stated in a book is one thing, to see them before you in red and green and blue and black marks which you have made yourself, is quite another. I have been astonished to find how fair a narrative may be made in some sections by putting together words common to all three and and adding another here or there where it may be necessary.

In view of my expected visit to Italy, I have been reading Dante's *Divina Comedia* and Sellar's (late of Edinburgh) three volumes on the Roman poets. In reading these latter, and working, of course, at the same time on Biblical questions, it occurred to me that a rich field is open to some one. If some one could be found with classical tastes and scholarship, combined with Hebrew scholarship and an enthusiasm for the Old Testament, together with the necessary industry and patience to carry the scheme through, he might work with classical literature (especially Greek) and Hebrew literature at the same time, and by the light that comparison would throw, do an immense service to the students of the Old Testament. I am inclined to think that the habit of looking at the Bible, and especially the Old Testament, as *oracles* exclusively, and ignoring its character as a literature, has prevented it from adding another fascinating influence to those which it already possesses.

I have grown to be quite fond of Berlin, and enjoy very much the music which can be heard here so easily. The Germans strike one as being decidedly inferior in point of "culture" and *bon hommie*, but their love of music is certainly a redeeming feature on the aesthetic side. In the picture gallery here there are a few good pictures, but the Dresden gallery is vastly superior. The Sistine Madonna in the latter is something that one never forgets. I hope to make these pictures useful in History of Doctrines.

I have made a visit to the Greek Church here, which is at the Russian Embassy. The ritual is very elaborate; the service

is so instructive that I think I shall go again. I have also gone several times to a Jewish Synagogue. I had been at a Synagogue in London, and I found the service the same in both places.

Pfleiderer lectures at an inconvenient hour, or I think I should hear him. I have, of course, gone in to hear what he is like. I have also heard Weiss once, but he does not inspire me with enthusiasm to hear him often. At a meeting of the Royal Academy of Science a few weeks ago, I saw Mommsen and Zeller. Both are now very old, but they seem to be vigorous. I do not know if you have heard of Kiepert, the Geographer, and Weber the Sanskrit scholar. They are friends of the Fraulein in whose house I live, and I have met them here. It is amusing to notice the difference in pronounciation. If Dillmann (as I said unguardedly once to a friend) had been an Englishman he would have been an Irishman; Weiss, under the same circumstances, would have been a Scotchman.

I am reaping many advantages from being here. There is time to think quietly, in a way that our more restless and active life in Canada does not permit. It is also abundantly suggestive to see things from another point of view, and to see a different method. The events of history become much more real and much more easy to understand from looking at the life of the direct heirs of these events. The study of the language is also very interesting and instructive. I am often struck with the light and help which thus comes for the study of the ancient languages. Altogether, I am glad to have come to Europe.

My plan is to go to Italy for March and April, and I am expecting a good deal from my visit there. I hope to spend next term in Berlin. Harnack will be lecturing on the First Period of Church History, and either History of Doctrines or N. T. Introduction; and there will be courses in Biblical Theology, which I shall want to take, besides going on with my own private work. At the close of the term I think I shall try to see a little of Switzerland and France, and then leave for home, where I hope to arrive about the beginning or middle of September. I am looking forward with great pleasure to resuming the work of the pastorate. I suppose you know that my sister is to keep house for me.

Through the *Canadian Baptist* I watch the progress of of events in Canada, and am delighted to see how steady the advance seems to be. I think there is a great future for the Baptists of Canada.

The Baptists here are doing a little work in an earnest, quiet way, but, of course, the Established Church overshadows everything else. At the church which I have generally attended there are two pastors, both of whom I have met. I was rash enough, about five weeks ago, to address the prayer-meeting on work in Canada. The people were very attentive and polite, although I am quite sure (on *a priori* grounds) that they were shocked by many mistakes. However, the Sunday before last at the morning service, a man assured me that he and his wife had understood me "*ganz schoen*."

This letter has already reached its limit, and, therefore, I must close.

JOSEPH L. GILMOUR.

Berlin, Feb., 1893.

Students' Quarter.

THE BIRTHPLACE OF BURNS.

Auld Ayr, of which the Scottish poet sings,

" Ne'er a toon surpasses
For honest men and bonnie lassies,"

owes its world-wide fame to Robert Burns, whose birthplace is near this town. But apart from this, it is noted for being one of the prettiest spots in Scotland, since it is free from the din and fog of London, the pride and pomp of Edinburgh, and the clatter of Glasgow factories. Though it has no mighty dome like St. Paul's, nor royal palace as Holyrood, yet it has beauties of which no other city can boast: its suburban walks along the winding Ayr, whose grassy banks and shadowy dells invite repose, and its Low Green by the sea, where, in the usual promenade on a summer evening, amid hundreds of lads and lasses, may be seen the typical Duncan Grey or Highland Mary.

Leaving Tam O'Shanter Inn, let us go to Burns' Cottage,

three miles from the town. This is the tavern from which Tam set out the night he galloped himself and his steed into immortality. Here also Tam's "ancient, trusty, droustry crony," the Souter, wiled away that night telling his queerest stories, and Burns himself made this place his rendezvous. After a short drive along a most beautiful roadway, flanked with gardens of gay flowers, we pull up at a stone cottage, with low, thatched roof, that the uninterested observer would pass by as not worthy of a moment's notice: but the heart of every lover of the poet warms to this humble dwelling, which, with its sacred associations, has made Ayr one of the best known places to the English-speaking people of the world. Here, on the 25th of January, 1759, within this lowly roadside cottage, was ushered into the world a poor peasant boy, destined one day to become the greatest song-writer our literature has ever known. The bard of Coila, referring to this event, says of himself:

"There was a lad was born in Kyle,
But whatna day or whatna style,
I doubt its hardly worth the while
To be so nice wi' Robin."

We cannot describe our feelings while standing under this cottage roof. Here his father lived, from whom Burns inherited all the elements of an honest man, "the noblest work of God." From the loving example of this father the poet drew his masterpiece, "The Cotter's Saturday Night"—the heartfelt rendering of a good week's close in a God-fearing home. The cottage presents the identical appearance that it did in the infancy of Burns, who remained here with his parents till he was seven years old, when the family removed to Mt. Oliphant. The stone flags on the floor are unchanged, and the table scrupulously whitened day by day all these years is that which did duty a hundred years ago. Among interesting relics here are seen, the spinning-wheel of Highland Mary, the same plain dresser and plate-rack, a leaf from his exercise book, and the original manuscript of 'Tam O' Shanter. On the wall is the following stanza:

"Though Scotland boasts a thousand names,
Of patriot, king and peer,
The noblest, grandest of them all
Was loved and cradled here.

'Tis but a cottage roofed with straw,
 A hovel made of clay,
 One door shuts out the storm and wind,
 One window greets the day."

Farther along the road, and about a quarter of a mile from the cottage, on a gentle eminence, stands "Alloway's Auld Haunted Kirk," a small roofless ruin, which dates from the sixteenth century. This edifice is made famous by the scene of demon revelry so powerfully described by Burns. Through the iron grate closing the doorway, we peer into the interior, where Tam's excited imagination pictured "warlocks and witches in a dance," while "mirth and fun grew fast and furious." As already said, the roof and rafters are all gone, and no wonder if even half the snuff-boxes and other *bric-a-brac*, sold as portions of the roof, had really been genuine. The old rusty bell still stands in the gable, though long since out of use. Surrounding the auld kirk is the ancient churchyard, which contains the tomb of Burns' father and mother, with an inscription composed by their illustrious son. Not far from the doorway is the humble tomb of John Lauchlin, immortalized as "Souter Johnny." Close by still grows the aged thorn, though sorely disfigured by the profane hands of the relic-monger.

Leaving the small enclosure of Kirk Alloway, we come in a minute's walk to Burns' monument—an open, circular temple of classic beauty, rising some sixty feet above the level of the ground. The structure is situated on a lofty bank ascending from the Doon. It is placed in a garden finely stocked with flowers and shrubs, and, unlike the poet's monument in Edinburgh, it is unbedimmed by city smoke, and looks down upon the bonnie river Doon, of whose "banks and braes" Burns has sung in soul-subduing strains. In the apartment under the monument is kept the Bible which he presented to Highland Mary, with an inscription in his own handwriting. This was on the occasion of their last meeting, of which he himself sings:

"Where by the winding Ayr we met,
 To live one day of parting love."

Descending from the monument we walk through the tastefully adorned garden to the little grotto in the rear, where an interesting sight greets us. There, seated side by side in brea

less beauty, each in his familiar chair, are Tam O' Shanter and Souter Johnny. In face and feature they are the very men described by Burns. These statues, so real, so life-like, are the work of Thorn, a self-taught artist. From the monument we pursue the road leading to the Auld Brig o' Doon—the closing scene of Tam's romantic adventure. To those familiar with the tale—and who is not?—it is almost unnecessary to repeat the tradition referring to witches, “a running stream they durna cross.” In this belief Tam urged on his “grey mare Meg” to gain the “keystone” of the arch before he should be overtaken by his ghostly pursuers. Reluctantly leaving the monument and the scenes made sacred by the grandest master of universal song, we return to Ayr, having paid our homage at the birthplace of him at whose name every Scottish heart beats high.

Burns has had his detractors, we must admit, but the uncharitable shafts of malice so fiercely launched at first against this great interpreter of human feeling, are weaker and fewer as each decade rolls round. Sprung from the ranks of independent peasantry, possessing all their virtues, and many of their vices, he burst like a meteor on the sight of his astonished and jealous contemporaries. Some there were who sought to emphasize his failings and obscure his excellences, but to-day his golden genius has given him a place among literary stars, growing brighter year by year, and undimmed by any cloud of calumny raised by unjust critics.

“ Then gently scan your brither man,
Still gentler sister woman;
Though they may gang a kemmin' wrang,
To step aside is human.
Then at the balance let's be mute,
We never can adjust it;
What's done we partly may compute,
We know not what's resisted.”

C. J. CAMERON

I.

SUNSET.

The shadows of the evening are stretched out.

An Adria of clouds yon sunset world !
 There azure breakers fall on silvery isles,
 There crimson lightnings shoot up from the piles
 Of wind-rocked filmy mountains Titan-hurled.
 Revels at sunset on Lake Huron's breast !
 There tumbling billows gambol with the mist,
 The gold-crowned waves up-leaping to be kissed
 By flaunting clouds low-sweeping to the west.

Through vaporous arches decked with misty flowers
 Flushed slaves obey the Zephyrs' whispered call,
 And vanish mid heaven's myriad cloudy towers ;
 'Till Phoebus' mute and hoary seneschal
 In paradisaal vistas him embowers,
 And sable tapestries across the heavens fall.

II.

TWILIGHT.

The light shall not be clear nor dark.

Now drowsy fall the eyelids of the day,
 Now nodding to sweet reverie he yields,
 Now aimless Fancy wends her tortuous way,
 Mid thoughts and dreams o'er Amaranthine fields.
 Now sighing zephyrs fan Day's paling cheek ;
 Now sleepy insects drone him slumber songs ;
 Now darkling shadows of the night do speak,
 And humid dew-mists to his brow belongs.

Now Gnome and Sylph, and all the fairy throng
 In mystic incantation dance around
 The twilight field, with merry tinkling song :
 Wizard—and baleful witch-fires from the ground
 Fright the belated peasant with pale gleams,
 And haste his feet across the saving streams.

III.

NIGHT.

My locks are wet with the drops of the night.

Sweet sleep she wafteth from her waving hems
 From all her vesture dipped in cooling dews,
 Bejewelled thick with starry diadems
 By sighing Zephyr held and pensive muse.
 Sad-visaged yet benignant, o'er each heart
 Impartial she her sable mantle throws,
 O'er Sin's gloom-loving wanton treacherous dart,
 The while o'ershadowing Virtue's snowy brows.

Oh kindly nurse of heaven, me rest I pray!
 Shade with thy "trailing garments" through the hours!
 Soothe with soft dews the fever of the day.
 Lock maenad cares in heaven's secretest towers,
 Grant sweet Nepenthe for all heart distresses!
 Give dream prophetic, the worn soul that blesses!

IV.

MORNING.

Until the Day-break.

Aurora rouses with maternal song
 The nurselings of the night; and, laughing, bends
 Fair Promise with sweet flowers: close cloaked, along
 With her a veiled Fate our couch attends.
 Morning by morning we are born anew—
 New from the womb of sleep—we thrill and wake—
 Mazed—in an infant world, with natal dew
 Upon the brow; Morn's incensed-breath partake.

Who kens the burden of the Day, the hour—
 Mystic as space the moment next to come—
 Who kens the reading of the fateful flower
 Divines one omen for the feet that roam.
 Make, oh my God, this fragment of the way
 A spotless shadowing of the perfect Day.

THE "QUEEN OF SHEBA."

The Queen of Sheba sat on one of the faded old velvet seats in the third-class car. She was looking steadily out of the window regardless of the hot summer sun which streamed in on her dark head. Indeed she was regardless of everything around her. The gentle dips and swells of the pasture-land before her hurried by all unobserved. Her eyes did not see the ripples and dimples in the little brook that ran a mad race with the train. There was a strange mist before her eyes which shut out all the beauties of the land around. Her thoughts had strayed far, far away and were now in the dear home which she had not seen for ten long years, and which she was now nearing. Let our thoughts bear her's company.

At the end of a lane of whispering elm-trees, stood a little cottage. One could hardly see it, it was so smothered in lilacs and roses. Roses climbed over the diminutive porch and waved an airy welcome as one stepped over the threshold. Lilacs bordered the winding paths and the whole place was redolent with old-fashioned perfumes. It was a very bower of loveliness and one could imagine it the abode of angels.

Let us glance at its present inmates. And so we see how it was that Marguerita, known on the circus bills and among the circus company as the Queen of Sheba, came to be sitting that hot summer afternoon in that dusty car. She was part of the great circus that was going to Elmwood, her old native town. She was wondering if she would see her father and mother. Had they forgotten? Oh! surely they would forgive if they only had seen and heard all the blows and insu's their child had received during those ten long dreary years—if they only knew how she had longed to be safe back again at her mother's side! While the men were putting up the tents and scaffoldings she would steal out in the dark and take a peep into the little home she loved so dearly. Just one look—one. She only wanted to know if her mother's eyes were as bright, or her father's handsome head as sunny as when she was there. She only wanted to see if the little cuckoo-clock hung in its old place beside the Sistine Madonna, and whether the first water-color painting still occupied the place of honor on the mantel.

"Oh!" she sobbed, and the landscape became dimmer than ever outside the car window—"Oh for my home again, for mother's dear arms around my neck and father's hand on my head! Shall I ever be home again?"

It was very dark at Elmwood that night. The moon and her stars drew a thick veil over their faces and refused to lend their light. The wind was abroad and whispered strange secrets to the swaying old elms in the lane.

In the circus grounds all was confusion. "Where's that Queen of Sheba?" roared the manager, "Such a strange creature I never saw—always in the tantrums!" Here it's long past the time for the rehearsal of her part and she isn't here!" If this scaffolding falls, and it's mighty risky, it will be her own fault!" and he closed his insulting speech with an oath.

The Queen was his most paying character. Her sad beauty appealed to all, and her dark eyes haunted one's dreams for a long time. The manager could not find her but the wind knew where she was. Her anxious heart had drawn her down into a certain well-remembered street, through the whispering lane, until at last she stood—oh be still—breathe not!—outside the little window of that room. She waits long, she dares not look in. One chair might be empty. But at last she looks and sees—ah! the dear ones!

The dark eyes are bent on the page of the Holy Book. The curls silver and gold are pressed by a thin nervous band. The clock, the sweet-faced holy madonna, her little water-color, all in their old places and a bowl of margueritas standing before her little picture speaks of loving remembrance and adoration. The poor Queen outside the window looks at the dear ones inside for many moments. At last a movement on the part of her mother startles her and she darts quickly away—the heart-ache still there—the lump in her throat just as large as before.

At the circus that evening all is light and gay. The hearts on the stage seem as bright as the flames of the candles that light up King Solomon's throne. One would never dream that sorrow or suffering ever found its way there. King Solomon was never so glorious as on this especial evening. The Queen of Sheba captivated all hearts by her loveliness and grace. The court scene was in full progress when through the open door of

the tent a man and woman entered and took their seats. Hardly had the people turned from looking at the late comers when the woman sprang to her feet and cried :

“ Marguerita !”

The Queen of Sheba started, stepped on an insecure board and the magnificent palace buried the court in its ruins.

Half an hour later Marguerita was lying in her own little bed. Her eyes looked into loving faces bent over her. Her ears heard Howard Lawrence, landscape painter, and his dark-eyed Italian wife lived there. It was strange that such an intense Englishman as Lawrence should choose “ a little heathen vagabond,” as the villagers amiably styled her,—for his wife. When he brought her home to Elmwood the old gossips looked askance at the little clinging figure, and whispered,—“ no good will come of it,—the gypsy blood,—” here the sentence ended with sundry shakings of heads. It was many years now since Lawrence had slipped the golden band of all her hopes on Nicolette’s finger. Happy years some of them had been, some had been full of sorrow and heart-ache. Their little English blossom, Marguerita, had grown up into a fearless light-hearted girl. She was their pride, their “ exceeding joy” but oh ! what anxiety did she bring to the patient father’s heart, and how often had her loving little mother begged of her “ to remain still in the house like the other young girls.” “ Oh mother dear,” Marguerita would say, “ I cannot sit still and sew all day like these quiet English girls,—there is something here,” touching her breast, “ that makes me want to run over the fields and I must shout and sing.”

Then the poor mother would gaze tearfully on her restless child, while the ominous words of the villagers would whisper themselves in her ear,—“ The gypsy blood.”

One day the calm flow of their life was broken by the advent of a circus. For one whole day the red and gold chariots and the amazing convolutions of the trapeze-swingers had dazzled their vision. Such a thing had never been seen before at Elmwood, and there was not a man, woman or child who did not see at least the procession. During the night it took its departure with a great deal of clamor and confusion.

In the morning Marguerita was missing. The village was in a great tumult. The old gossips were in a state of triumphant

excitement. "The gypsy blood" had come out at last to prove their malicious prophesying true. In the little flower-embowered cottage the father and mother sat dazed,—stunned. "She is gone,—Marguerita—my little daisy-flower has left me," murmured the poor mother, and her little brown hand stole into her husband's as her anxious look met his—so stony.

"Why did she go, Howard? Did we not love her enough? Were we not kind to her? Perhaps, oh perhaps she will come again to us, our Marguerita!" Strange sweet tones, strange because she was so unaccustomed to the kindness in them. Sweet because they were so full of love. "Ah," said her happy mother one hand on her husband's shoulder, the other gently patting the poor bandaged head,—“She has come back to us Howard, our love was too strong, it drew her back from her wild, perilous circus life. It brought us back our little daisy-flower, our Marguerita.”

The old gossips were sadly disconcerted. "The gypsy blood" had given way to human love. Marguerita found in that little cottage more loving hearts and more satisfying service than she did in all her sojourn in King Solomon's court. The Queen of Sheba's new kingdom was one of Love.

O. A. G.

Moulton College.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

WE note with pleasure that the Board of Governors at its recent meeting appointed an able committee, with a view of making all needful enquiries respecting land for University use.

THE graduates of Acadia University, resident in New England, are organizing a Branch Alumni Association. The first Annual Reunion took place on May 15th, at the United States Hotel, Boston.

THE publication in English of Dr. A. Harnack's smaller work on the History of Dogmas will be highly appreciated by students of Doctrine History who do not read German. It is by far the best work on the subject, and every scholarly minister should read it. In saying this, we do not wish to be understood as endorsing all the views of the author, but as expressing our opinion as to the usefulness of the book.

THE University of Chicago has in no respect presented a more favorable aspect to the public than in the publication of the *Journal of Political Economy*. Two numbers of this periodical have already been issued, under the editorial direction of Professor J. L. Laughlin, with the co-operation of the leading economists of America and Europe. One who wishes to keep abreast of economic thought could not do better than to subscribe for this able quarterly. It must be heavily subsidized, or it could not publish so much first-class matter at so low a price.

AT the present session of the Legislative Assembly of Ontario, the charter of McMaster University has been amended in accordance with the application of the Board of Governors and the Senate. The amendments confirm the action taken in having one University faculty in lieu of separate faculties in Arts and Theology, provide that two representatives of the teachers of Moulton College shall have seats in the Senate, and that instead of an alumni association in Theology and another in Arts, it shall be competent to organize a University Alumni Association, the representation on the Senate of graduates in Theology and in Arts being duly preserved.

WITH the present number the second volume of the MONTHLY is

completed. That we have fallen far short of what we should have been pleased to attain as regards the quality of the magazine, and as regards its circulation, we may freely admit ; but that our success has been all that could have been expected under existing circumstances, none, we believe, would question. As a means of developing literary power among the students, of keeping the various departments of the University in sympathetic touch with each other, and of keeping the more intelligent members of our churches in cordial relations with our University life, the MONTHLY is an invaluable agency, and will no doubt become more and more effective. To put the publication on a sound financial footing *our subscription list needs to be doubled.* Will not every subscriber in arrears pay up and endeavor to send us an additional subscriber ?

STUDENTS of Anabaptist history are greatly indebted to Dr. J. Loserth, one of the foremost historical scholars in Bohemia, for his two brochures (together 378 pages) on "Anabaptism in the Tirol," separately printed papers from the Archives for Austrian History, and for article on "German-Bohemian Anabaptists," which appeared in a recent number of the papers of the Union for the History of the Germans in Bohemia. Dr. Loserth has the full use of the rich collection of documents made by the late Dr. J. von Beck, and of Dr. Beck's own unpublished writings on the subject. He promises in about two years to publish a history of the Anabaptists of Austria, which cannot fail to be a most valuable work. The activity of German scholars in bringing to light the materials of Anabaptist history and their disposition to do full justice to the character of the evangelical Christians of the sixteenth century, is highly gratifying to Baptists.

We welcome very heartily the recent appointments to the University staff. Mr. A. B. Willmott, M.A., B.Sc., has discharged with much success the duties of Lecturer in Natural Science during the past year, and his appointment as Professor brings to the Faculty a man of fine Christian character, a teacher of fine enthusiasm, and a specialist in the department of study to which he is called. The continuance for the ensuing year of Mr. D. R. Keys, M.A., as Lecturer in English, will meet with the sympathy of all who have had knowledge of the earnest and faithful work in his department, and of the fine spirit in which Mr. Keys has enriched his classes with the results of long study and experience. The appointment of Mr. Walter S. McLay, B.A., as Lecturer in English Language and Literature, from October 1st, 1894, brings one of our more recent Woodstock men into the work in McMaster. Mr.

McLay's special preparation of two years abroad indicates the spirit in which he will come to his duties. Mr. H. N. Shaw's appointment as Lecturer in Elocution, is a guarantee that this subject will not be cared for less efficiently than during the past two years.

EXCHANGE NOTES.

ITS VERA WEEL.

It's vera weel, throuhoo't the day
When ta'en up wi' wark or play,
To think a man can live alway
Wi'oot a wifey.

It's vera weel when claes are new,
To think they'll always last just so,
And look as well as they do noo,
Wi'oot a wifey.

But when the holes begin to show,
The stitches rip, the buttons go,
What in the warl's a man to do
Wi'oot a wifey?

It's vera weel when skies are clear,
When frien's are true and lassies dear,
To think ye'll gang through life, nae fear,
Wi'oot a wifey.

But clouds will come the skies athwart,
Lassies will marry, frien's maun part;
What then can cheer your saddened heart
A dear wee wifey.

It's vera weel when young and hale,
But when ye're auld and crazed and frail,
And your blithe spirits 'gin to fail,
Ye'll want a wifey.

But mayhap, then, the lassies dear,
Will treat your offers wi' a sneer;
Because ye're cranky, gray and sere,
Ye'll get nae wifey.

Then haste ye, haste, ye silly loon,
Rise up an' seek about the toon,
And get heaven's greatest earthly boon,
A wee bit wifey.

—WALLACE DUNBAR.

THE following excerpts are from "Egypt's Influence upon History," by "C," in the "Bema" of Union Baptist Seminary:

For many centuries Egypt was regarded as the most renowned school for wisdom and learning in existence. To it resorted the men who, having learned of the wisdom of the Egyptians, returned to their own countries and became the philosophers of the world. Homer, Plato, Pythagoras, Euclid, studied in Egypt, and through knowledge gained there were able to produce works which have seldom, if ever, been surpassed. When the Greek legislators, Lycurgus, Solon, etc., were contemplating the formation of new regimes, they travelled in

Egypt studying the laws, customs and administration of justice. Then returning to Greece they formed laws that have been the basis of the laws of modern nations.

The influence of Egypt over the Hebrew nation cannot be estimated. When God was about to form His people into an independent nation, He first led them down into the land of Egypt. There they became skilled in the arts, and learned something of the managing of public affairs. And Moses, who was "learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians," was, by his acquaintance with the laws and government of Egypt, fitted for the task of leading the Israelites to the promised land. Thus we may see the wisdom of God in placing Moses in the Egyptian court. Egypt has fallen. The once mighty nation has crumbled into dust, and her days of greatness have passed and gone forever. But she has fulfilled her mission. Her part was to make beginnings; to form the germ of civilization; to lay the foundation of the mighty structure that is to stand to the end of time.

COLLEGE NEWS.

THE UNIVERSITY.

MR. J. C. SYCAMORE, one of the most genial and generous fellows in the class of '96, has had a very severe sickness. Three weeks of very careful nursing by Mr. Stone, and the unremitting kindness of Mrs. Fritchard, have resulted favorably, and he is improving rapidly. He sails in a few days for England, and we hope a good snuff of the salt breeze will fully restore him to his wonted vigor. *Au revoir, J. C.!*

A TALK on the Holy Land is always enjoyed by McMaster students. On Friday evening, April 7th, a large number of the students, professors and other friends assembled in the chapel-room to hear Dr. Withrow give an account of his recent visit to the sacred land. The Doctor was accompanied by Mr. Whittemore, who illustrated the address by means of stereopticon views. The views were especially fine, and showed excellent taste in arrangement. The evening was enjoyed by all who had the opportunity to be present.

ON Tuesday evening, the 18th inst., Mr. Bone, missionary among the sailors at the Welland Canal, gave an address at our regular weekly prayer-meeting. He was warmly welcomed by the students, and his talk to us was indeed helpful and inspiring. As he told of his work among the sailors and his manner of approaching them concerning the needs of their souls, we could not but feel that he possesses wonderful tact in dealing personally with men. Our hearts were warmed and our faith in the "old, old story" of the Gospel as the only means of uplifting men was strengthened.

THE YEAR'S WORK.—And so another College year has closed. We confess we are glad of this. Not because such pleasant days—for

they were truly pleasant—have ceased to be, but because of the new strength we trust we have won—intellectual strength and moral strength. Since October last, we have been earnestly studying the works of men whose genius has left its impress upon the world's thought and life; we have been under the influence of strong men who have mastered these works and who have also mastered the art of moulding youthful character; surely then it is no vain hope if we think that we as students have succeeded in gaining some new strength, surely then it is no cause for wonder if we are already looking forward with a very real and expectant joy to the coming of October once again. But what are we going to do with this new strength? That is the question. Well, as the small boy said when he spilled the ink on the table cloth, that remains to be seen!

THE beginning of the end of our College Year is the annual sermon of the Fyfe Missionary Society. This year it was preached by an old graduate of McMaster, Rev. R. G. Boville, of James St. Baptist Church, Hamilton. After a clear and forcible exegesis of the text (Matt. xxviii: 29), the speaker treated the subject as follows: I. The Scope of the Field. II. Bindingness of the Duty. III. Reason or Ground of the Duty. IV. Outcome that flows from the discharge of this Duty. No outline, however, can do justice to this stimulating discourse. The members of the Society are under deep obligation to Mr. Boville for his services. He presented the Missionary Problem with characteristic fervor and originality.

THE Literary and Theological Society held its closing public meeting for the year on the afternoon of May 1st. There was a large attendance of visitors from Toronto and outlying districts. A quiet but deeply interesting time was spent as the following programme was rendered:

- | | | |
|-----|-------------------------------------|-------------------|
| 1. | Piano Solo | <i>Selected</i> |
| | Miss Johnson. | |
| 2. | Essay | _____ |
| | Influence of Poetry | |
| | Miss McLaurin. | |
| 3. | McMaster Muse | _____ |
| | Ralph Trotter. | |
| 4. | Oration | _____ |
| | The Twentieth Century | |
| | Jno. F. Vichert. | |
| 5. | Reading | <i>Tennyson.</i> |
| | Rizpah | |
| | B. W. N. Grigg. | |
| 6. | Solo | <i>Rutenber</i> |
| | Crossing the Bar | |
| | Howard P. Whidden. | |
| 7. | Readings—Selections from Wordsworth | <i>Wordsworth</i> |
| | Miss Dryden. | |
| 8. | Reading | <i>Hugo</i> |
| | In the Quick-Sands | |
| | L. A. Therrien. | |
| 9. | Oration | _____ |
| | Ideal College Life | |
| | B. W. Merrill. | |
| 10. | Music | <i>Selected</i> |
| | University Quartette. | |

ON Monday evening the annual meeting of the Alumni was held. In spite of the unfavorable weather a large number of visitors assembled in the College Chapel. After devotional exercises the chairman, Rev. Wm. Walker, introduced the first speaker, Rev. A. T. Sowerby, of Aylmer. The subject of his address was the "Baptist Ministry, its Place and Obligation." The address was full of that earnest enthusiasm which has always characterized our brother and given such efficiency to his public ministry. The second address was given by Rev. J. D. Freeman, of Guelph, on "The Value of Conviction in Preaching." In form this paper was a literary gem. The thought was practical and presented so tersely and pointedly that all who heard it appreciated it most highly. We hope to publish this address in a future issue of the MONTHLY.

ABOUT two hundred friends of McMaster University sat down to the Annual Collation on Tuesday, May 2nd, in the spacious dining apartments of the Hall. This occasion is always looked forward to with lively interest. Here all corroding care is laid aside and heart meets heart in joyful renewal of life-long friendships. The racy speeches of humor and wit, not to mention the other good things of a less spiritual but more tangible nature, caused a good-natured glow of delight to appear upon many countenances. The happy manner of the chairman, Hon. John Dryden, added not a little to the pleasant effect of the many excellent after-dinner speeches. Chancellor Rand's response to the toast proposed to McMaster University produced a profound impression. Referring to the honored name of our benefactor, and the work accomplished and still to be accomplished through his generosity, the speaker dwelt at some length upon the importance of university work in general, and closed by pointing out the important relations existing between our University and the Baptist Denomination of Canada. Many other good speeches were listened to with close attention. Suffice it to say the whole affair was enjoyed by all who were fortunate enough to be present. The large number of visiting ministers and friends, and the many kind remarks expressed by the visitors, showed how warm a place our educational institution holds in the hearts of Canadian Baptists. The hearty thanks of the friends are due to Mrs. Arnton and Miss McMaster for their efficient services in supervising the preparation of the collation.

Tuesday evening, May 2nd, found the chapel again thronged, this time for the graduation exercises of the Theological Department. Many of those present came from the two hours' "feast of reason and flow of soul" afforded by the after-dinner speaking on occasion of the collation, their appetite seemingly but whetted. The evening's exercises proved a worthy *finale*. After devotional exercises and a selection by the quartette, the members of the graduating class held the unabating interest of the audience. Concerning these addresses, comparisons are out of place, and any brief, yet duly appreciative, comments are difficult. Warnicker—our pen had well-nigh inscribed "J. B" alone—gave earnest and practical words concerning "The City Mission Church."

The conceptions voiced *re* the evangelization of our city masses, augur well for the work in Montreal, to which the speaker goes. T. C. Robinson, in handling "The Ethical Element in Preaching," pleaded warmly and keenly for the presentation of the all-round Gospel which fell from the lips of Christ and flowed from the tongues and pens of His Apostles. Stone—here, too, even initials would but make a stranger of a fellow-student—did not disappoint those who looked for something practical and glowing. Discussing "Defective Types of Preaching," he showed, as did also the other speakers, a keen appreciation of the sphere and functions of the Christian ministry. After presenting the diplomas, Chancellor Rand called upon Dr. Welton, who addressed parting words of counsel and exhortation to the new graduates. Even at the late hour, none who had ever heard Dr. Caven of Knox College speak, was sorry to see him rise in response to the invitation of the Chancellor. His few words of characteristic simplicity and soberness did not disappoint us. The doxology brought to a fitting end the last exercise of our College year.

ON Thursday morning, April 27th, a pleasant event occurred after chapel service. Our matron, Mrs. Pritchard has charge of that indispensable and most important department of the University, in which a local orator has told us McMaster men are made—the dining room. During past year she has endeared herself to us all by her kind attentions, and especially in cases of sickness have her services been so generously given that the students decided to show their appreciation in tangible form. Our College Chairman and representative, Mr. Stone, was in his best trim. He beautifully expressed our esteem and gratitude in a neat three minute speech, and on behalf of the fellows, presented Mrs. Pritchard with a handsome silver water pitcher. The matron in a few pleasant words acknowledged the gift and expressed her interest in the students, and her pleasure in serving them.

THE L. AND T. SOCIETY.—On Monday, May 1st, our Society closed a series of most interesting meetings. Its history during the past term would be a worthy subject for the pen of an historian. The closing one was a fitting climax. McMaster has some splendid debaters, but she has also some literary talent which is equally good. No finer display of literary ability and elocutionary power has taken place within our halls than that on Monday. The McMaster muse has come to stay, and we hope to feel the inspiration of her presence more and more in years to come. We have poets of no mean order among our students, and elocutionists also, that are not easily excelled. All honor is due to our worthy President, Mr. Warnicker, and to his able staff of helpers for the success of our gatherings. They worked hard and did their duty well. We take leave of them now with regret, but are confident that their talents will shine in other spheres of life and bring honor to their beloved *Alma Mater*.

It was a pleasure and a profit to attend the second annual meeting of the Young People's Societies of the Baptist Churches of Ontario and

Quebec. That is putting it very mildly. We can truly say that it was an inspiration to be there. The programme was full of interesting subjects, which were dealt with in a most enthusiastic and able way by the speakers. Mr. Chapman, of Chicago, not a minister, but a young business man, rejoiced all our hearts by his earnest words and profound consecration. Mr. Butrick set before the Convention such an ideal of Christian living as appealed most strongly to every one to live more nobly. It is certain that these Conventions have a most broadening effect upon the sympathies of our young people, giving them an opportunity of seeing Christian life beyond their own little societies. McMaster was well represented, there being over twenty students present, five of whom were on the programme—Miss McLaurin, and Messrs. Therrien, Warnicker and Langford. Prof. Trotter also represented us, giving an excellent address on the "Comprehensive and Historic Method of Bible Study." Chancellor Rand was present to help Principal Bates give a royal reception at the College to all delegates, which was no mean feature of the Convention.

EXAMS.—"Well, Jack, how did you come out?" "Oh, I didn't do well at all; I guess I'm plucked in mathematics."

"First in biology?" "No—guess I got third class."

"Hello there, Harry! how did you like that paper?" "Liked it slick. Guess I took first class. That second translation was from the only chapter I reviewed in the first book, and I got it down pat."

Conversation of some such character as the above is now what is most prevalent in the halls of our stately University pile. Three weeks of earnest toil and ceaseless worry have ended the strife. The exams. are over. Looking from the outset, some were such eager contestants that they deemed it wise to arrange beforehand for a general jollification. But in most cases, for those anticipated scenes of jollification have been substituted altogether different experiences of mind and spirit. With some have been feelings of grief, rather than of joy, at the result. Others, whose plodding, persevering efforts throughout the year have been crowned with success, are now prepared to enjoy their well-earned summer's rest.

Note.

May 20

J.B.P.

A MELANCHOLY MISSIONARY.

Last night I heard the sorrowful wail
Of the Muse of Exams., in an agony sore;
I started and stared, and grew somewhat pale
For I had been studying—"Nevermore."

The ghost floated in with a woebegone sob,
And straightway complained: "I'm a lone banshee,
And for ages have shrieked to the ignorant mob
That Latin and Greek are dead. Ah, me,—
For the wake is too merry, the corpses *won't* bury
Now sure it is very unfair, you'll agree"?

MOULTON COLLEGE.

MISS NEEDLER, Miss Karn, Miss Van Etten, and a few others of our school friends did not return this term. For the information of those who think it was on account of the scarlet fever, we may say that these young ladies did not intend coming back when they left.

SCHOOL opened Saturday, April 22nd, after our extended Easter vacation. Monday morning found most of us in our accustomed places, and in a comparatively short time things were going on as usual. Those who had spent the three weeks at home had the ordinary amount of "good times" to tell about, whilst those who had remained in the College have been able to make the others envious by recounting their experiences. The latter could be expressed only in volumes—of sulphur dioxide.

WE have had in the past few weeks a proof that the higher education of women is not opposed to domestic habits. No sooner was the extension of the Easter vacation announced, than the majority of the members of our family remaining here formed themselves into a sewing-bee. Discussions as to fit and fashion were the order of the day. The results of the work will be on exhibition as soon as the warm weather will permit. Paradoxical as it may seem, the members one and all agreed that although it was an economical proceeding, it was at the same time quite *wasteful*.

HARMONY HALL SENSATIONS.—Only a murder is necessary to complete the list. Thieves, fires, asphyxiation, we have been threatened by all in turn, and naturally wonder what will come next. It is scarcely a year since we were awakened at dead of night by an unearthly scream and the startling announcement, "Burglars were looking in at the window." It proved to be the man in the moon and his dog, but our terror was none the less for that. And now the mild form of danger attendant upon being looked at, is developing into a vindictive following of fate which threatens our very lives. The other night a member of Harmony Hall smelt smoke, and instantly gave the alarm. The corridor speedily became the scene of numerous psychological experiments. A row of heads hung over the balustrade excitedly sniffing the air from the lower regions. Others nosed along the cracks of the floor like hounds after their prey. At intervals the cry "There! I smelt it there!" redoubled the excitement, and all noses were laid to the scent with fresh assiduity. Two or three descended to the furnace room, but everything there was as usual. We went to bed baffled and mystified, not to say disappointed. What's the use of a fire-escape if we're never going to have a fire?

WOODSTOCK COLLEGE.

SCHOOL this term was to have opened on the 7th April, but as this came on Friday, but few students returned, the majority preferring to remain away till Monday. On this and the following few days the school filled up rapidly, until we have nearly the same number as last term. A few new boys have put in an appearance.

AT the football match on Saturday, the 22nd, between the Collegiates of Woodstock and Ingersoll, Mr. Fletcher, one of the teachers of the Collegiate, had the misfortune to have one of his legs broken. We tender our sincere sympathy, and hope for his speedy recovery. The game was a tight one, resulting in a score 1 to 0 for Ingersoll.

WE are pleased to see that lawn tennis has been started. The club has been organized, and, with Mr. Robertson as President, will doubtless give a good account of itself. In the past, the one thing to be regretted was the lack of matches with outside clubs. We hope this year to see an improvement.

ANOTHER departure in Woodstock will owe its origin to the students of 1892-93, besides the College yell, of which we are all justly proud. This is a College cap with a monogram. Each boy wearing one of these, with the monogram W. B. C. in front, presents a pleasing appearance. Thus we shall in future have something better to distinguish us than a little piece of ribbon stuck in the hat-band or fastened to the lapel of the coat.

THIS is to be a term of hard work. There must be no shamming, no skimming of lessons in a slipshod or careless manner, but downright earnest work. To aid in this the Faculty have decided that the old custom of granting excuses at a moment's notice shall be discontinued. Now, if one of the students wishes to accept an invitation to go out to spend the evening, he must submit his request to the Faculty at least one day beforehand. This will be a decided gain; a few of the boys seem to find more attraction down town than in the College.

THE Convention of the Y. P. B. U. held in the First Baptist church proved to be a success in every way. The meetings held were interesting and instructive. The speakers handled their subjects in a manner that showed great research. An exceedingly interesting part of the entertainment of the delegates was the supper given at the College on Thursday evening, at which fully four hundred sat down. After supper, those who wished to see the buildings were shown through them by the masters and students. The same privilege was extended on Friday, and was quite as largely enjoyed.

WE have one new feature in the school this term which is watched with interest. The three societies are now holding their regular weekly meetings, something, we believe, that never happened before.

The Philomathic has more members this term than last, although those who were chiefly instrumental in having it "run" this term seem to take no interest in it whatever. The Excelsior is in a flourishing condition, as well as the "College Debating Society," a club or society of the juniors organized both for mental culture and fun. It has a full quota of the latter.

ALTHOUGH cricket is a favorite game with a few in the school, there are not enough to start a club. A baseball club, however, has been organized, and some of the players are exceptionally good. They have a genuine Yankee pitcher, who, throwing in his curves, soon puts his opponents to rout; and they also have plenty of those noisy disputings without which it would be useless to attempt to play baseball. Some hard-fought matches have been played already among themselves, and they soon will be in condition to challenge some outside club. From the way in which they play now we know they will not disappoint us.

THE last meeting of the Judson Missionary Society was exceptionally good. All our meetings are interesting, but this one, we think, in some respects surpassed all others. After a beautiful solo by Mr. Hollingshead, and a song by the Quartette, we listened to a delightful talk on Japan, by Miss Lund, of the town, who has lately returned from foreign work for the purpose of recuperating her health. She described the schools and colleges of Japan, having been a teacher in the College in Tokio. That the work is progressing very favorably was clearly seen from the figures she gave. Thirty years ago they had but one missionary, they now have nearly forty. Thirty years ago there was only one native Christian in Japan, now 40,000. One drawback to missionary work in Japan is that all foreigners are required to live in the Treaty ports, of which there are five. They can live nowhere else unless they establish a school. The people are being enlightened both in knowledge of this world and of Christ's Gospel. Another noticeable feature is the wretched state of the poor. But the work is advancing, and we trust it will receive the support of every earnest Christian.

GRANDE LIGNE.

THE hockey match played between the Grande Ligne and Montreal boys last month happily resulted in a victory of 3 to 2 for Grande Ligne.

THE last of our monthly temperance meetings for the session was held on the 17th March. The programme, arranged by Mr. Therrien and Miss Bullock, was much enjoyed, especially a vocal solo by Miss Larose, and a reading, entitled "Profit on Cider," by Mr. Therrien.

WE were pleased lately to receive visits from Mr. Burke and Mr. W. McMaster, of Toronto. Mr. Burke's visit seemed to prophesy a

principal's residence in the near future, while the few words that Mr. McMaster spoke to us have given us a new interest in McMaster Hall and its work.

JUST at the closing of the winter term, we were brightened up by a splendid programme on Wednesday afternoon, consisting of dialogues, recitations, music, etc. Every individual who took part in this entertainment may well be praised for doing his part so creditably. Quite a number of visitors were present, and all left feeling that it had been well worth their while trudging through mud and water to get here.

SUCH is the ambition of the life of our beloved Principal. But the constant strain on both mental and physical powers have reduced him to such a condition as to compel him to give up his work for a few weeks. We pray that rest, change of diet, air, and surroundings, may have the desired effect, and that he may return with his natural forces restored. Meanwhile, we praise the Lord for the adaptation displayed by his dear wife to hold the reins, and trusting God we go forward.

THE much-dreaded ghost of examinations has come and gone. As to the results, they have left, as usual, sad hearts; but, however, we are all glad that they are past. The winter term being over, half of the students have gone home, thus diminishing our number to about forty, who are to remain for summer school. It began April 18th, and will last until May 24th. Although the halls seem to be deserted, we can still hear the echo of merry voices. A very pleasant time and plenty of hard work is anticipated for this term.

ON Wednesday evening, April 19th, we were visited by eight of our missionaries, who met here for the purpose of seeking divine guidance in the plans to follow in this year's work. It was decided to recommend our Board of Directors to send out six of our young men as colporteurs and evangelists, for the summer vacation, and that two of our workers exchange fields. All left on Thursday noon, feeling glad of this opportunity for interchange of thought and feeling in this great work of the Master, each being helped by the experience of the others and made stronger, perhaps, for personal work in the future.

SUCH a thing as a genuine sugar party in the woods is an event rarely enjoyed by a body of students. Such, however, was the privilege of the select few who remained over for summer session. It was a pleasant sight to see all tripping off to the woods together; still more pleasant and amusing, however, was it to see each with a wooden spoon(?) in his hand vying with the others in causing the concentrated extract of the maple to disappear. Our farmer no doubt thought that for such delicate persons we had by no means delicate appetites. We didn't think so either.

It is very pleasing to us that we are able to report a gracious spiritual work among the students here. Of late the Saturday evening prayer-meetings have been specially marked by the Spirit's presence.

Many careless ones have been awakened, and slothful ones revived. On March 5th, ten of the students were baptized by the pastor. This, however, represents only a small part of the work done here this winter, as many are held back by the untoward influences brought to bear upon them from their homes. The leaven is still quietly working, and almost daily we see some signs of its presence.

OUR yearly Alumni Society meeting held last month was quite a success. This meeting is here looked upon as one of the important events of the year. A large number of former students were present, and some important business was transacted. What pleased the students most was the fact that the Society voted fifty dollars toward putting a much-needed floor in our gymnasium. The evening entertainment was instructive and delightful to all.

"Wherever in this world I am,
In whatsoever estate,
I have a fellowship with hearts
To keep and cultivate;
A work of lowly love to do
For the Lord on whom I wait."

A rare treat was enjoyed by our school not long since, in the shape of one of our poet laureate Frechette's most beautiful poems recited in the musical French language by our English professor, Mr. E. Norman. A breathless silence pervaded the room during the entire recital and at its close the applause was almost deafening, while bouquets were thrown at his feet and strewn in his pathway to his seat. Calls were then heard for a French speech and, without hesitation or a momentary consultation of the Lexicon, Mr. Norman rose to his feet with glowing countenance and voice eloquent with emotion and suppressed feeling, said simply and unaffectedly, "Je vous remercie."

OUR hitherto quiet, decorous school seems to have been struck with a "craze" quite unlike that which swept over McMaster, as related in the last MONTHLY. This was indeed a *growth*. Some of the largest and handsomest fellows, anxious to distinguish themselves in some way, and not particular how, came down to breakfast one Sunday morning with their faces looking as if they had been plentifully sprinkled with pepper. We pitied them for having forgotten so important a part of their toilet. But as the days lengthened into weeks, and these into months, our pity turned to disgust, as we slowly began to comprehend that these valiant youths must have entered into a solemn compact never again to shave. Soft entreaties, threats, bribes and sarcasm were alike resisted with heroic obstinacy, until long after, when, as by chance, the vulnerable point in *one's* armor was found—an appeal that the school should wear it's most pleasing aspect on the day of the Alumni Meeting. Presto! the charmed circle is broken, and as one sheep follows another e'en into the jaws of death, so one after another, e'en though bouncing was the penalty, followed suit, until all had resumed their former simplicity of countenance, of beauty unadorned. Such was the "rise and fall off" of the whiskers, or perhaps we had better say of the downs, at Grande Ligne.