



H. Wolverton

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NEWTON WOLVERTON.

To hundreds of young men and women who thronged the halls of Woodstock College during the seventies and eighties, as well as to many of the oldest and best friends of our educational work, the likeness which we present this month will be both familiar and heartily welcome. Canadian Baptists have had a goodly succession of able and devoted leaders in their educational work, and in that list the subject of this sketch should always have an honored place. The death of the imperial Fyfe, and the removal shortly afterward of the Theological Department from Woodstock introduced a grave crisis in the history of the Literary Department. For that crisis, with its peculiar difficulties and pressing financial problems, God gave us in the person of Newton Wolverton a man possessed in a very eminent degree of the qualifications that were then most needed. His was the privilege and the honor of tiding us over that crisis and saving the foundations for the building of the brighter day that was yet to dawn.

Mr. Wolverton has just reached his jubilee year, having been born Feb. 5th, 1846, in the County of Oxford. When he was three years old, the family moved to the village of Wolverton. Seven years later his mother died, and soon after that the lad went into the lumber-woods of Walsingham. In the fall of

1859 he went to Cleveland, Ohio, to attend school; caught the war-fever two years later, enlisted the very day the first battle of Bull's Run was fought, served two years, and then returned to Canada to spend a year at the front with the Canadian Volunteers, watching for the Fenians. The next few years were spent in business, farming and carpentry at Wolverton.

His conversion took place shortly after his return from the army. He first united with the old River Church, but afterwards became one of the thirty-two constituent members of the church at Wolverton. During these years Rev. T. Booker helped him much, and was largely influential in leading him to decide upon studying for the ministry.

In accordance with this decision he entered Woodstock College in January, 1870, and after a course of four years, won the mathematical scholarship at senior matriculation in Toronto University. Graduation followed in regular course with honors in metaphysics and ethics and oriental languages.

During these student days, summer vacations were spent with the churches in Petrelia, Dorchester, Sarnia and Onondaga. In the first he broke ground and organized the church; to the permanent pastorate of the last he was called the summer before graduating, supplied there during that winter, and the following summer was by them ordained.

Mr. Wolverton's connection with our educational work was certainly not of his own choosing. He was looking forward to years of happy usefulness in his Onondaga pastorate, when an urgent invitation came to him from Dr. Fyfe to go to Woodstock to teach mathematics. When he declined, the request became almost a command, and, in deference to the wish of his revered preceptor, he yielded. The following year the great leader lay dying, and, pressed by him, Mr. Wolverton promised that he would stand by that school as long as he believed it needed him. That promise he always held sacred and carried out to the letter.

His history since that time is so well-known to most of us that I need not detail it here. It is enough to say that the quality of his work during the first four years warranted the Board of Trustees in calling him to the Principalship in 1881; that his five years' Principalship was, in many respects, a distinguished success; that his services during the following four

years, as Financial Manager, Teacher and Founder of the Manual Training Department, were simply invaluable; and that his Presidency during the past five years of Bishop's College, Texas, with its four hundred students, has been marked by such progress and efficiency as to have won the warmest approval of the Board of the American Baptist Home Mission Society, under whom he labors.

In 1879 Mr. Wolverton was married to Miss I. Cowie, of Caledonia. Her beautiful life closed in 1890, her memory is a benediction still. The present Mrs. Wolverton is a worthy daughter of our honored brother Mr. Geo. Matthews, of Lindsay.

I cannot close this brief sketch without a few words of a more personal nature. My own acquaintance with Mr. Wolverton goes back into University days. That acquaintance was but casual, and my impressions were not particularly favorable. When, however, four years later, I became associated with him intimately in Woodstock, I found a vastly stronger and better man than I had known in college days. Either my first impressions had done him great injustice, or he had wonderfully improved in the meantime. Indeed, both were true. The influence of a noble woman and the serious responsibilities of a great work had mellowed and toned down a somewhat rugged and, at times, frivolous exterior, and called into fuller play and truer poise the wealth of real strength and goodness that lay within. I have often wished that others of his earlier associates had been conditioned to make the same discovery. His heart was true to Jesus Christ, his conception of Christian education sound; he longed for spiritual blessings on the school and none was more rejoiced than he when they came, as come they often did in gladdening richness.

In the varied duties that devolved upon him he evinced a conscientious devotion, large teaching power, great business capacity with a remarkable mastery of details, and fine administrative ability. His early exuberance of spirits stood him in good stead, and, joined to a strong will, enabled him to be cheerful and hopeful under heavy burdens and in the face of the gravest difficulties. No Principal ever worked more harmoniously with his Faculty, or more fully succeeded in enlisting their sympathy and making the most of their varied gifts.

Of course he had imperfections, as we all have, and imperfections of the kind that run before to judgment. But he was sound at heart, and, wore well. During our eight years of association in Woodstock, I grew to have for him the sincerest respect and strong brotherly affection. And now, after seven years of separation, my heart still beats warm toward him, and I am happy to join with his hosts of friends in wishing him length of days and still increasing usefulness.

J. H. FARMER.

THE MEANING OF PHILOSOPHY AND ITS APPLICATION TO EDUCATION.*

I desire to present some thoughts upon the meaning of philosophy and its application to education.

It is sometimes said that those who study philosophy do not know what they are studying, and at best gain nothing for their pains except useless lumber; that it is still worse with the teacher of philosophy, who talks much about many things, but there are only "two kernels of wheat" in the two bushels of chaff—only two kernels, and these probably would not grow or nourish life.

These words imply more; they imply that philosophy itself is unsatisfactory, that the same ground is traversed again and again without essential progress; that the philosophy of one generation overthrows that of the preceding; and so the contest goes—a fencing with wooden swords, a mock battle in which no one is killed or injured. Indeed, philosophy is only a holiday affair, to be dismissed, like the fool with cap and bells, from the king's presence when the serious business of life is to be undertaken.

But who is this king? Why is he so revered to-day? His name is natural science. He is respected because he is equipped with a so-called *scientific* method; he speaks very wisely concerning laws, atoms, forces; he is armed with the microscope, the crucible, the scalpel. Therefore, exalt science. Accept unquestioningly the teaching as truth.

*An address delivered at the opening exercises of McMaster University, October 18th, 1895.

Is the case so serious, after all, with philosophy? It may be that this old friend and playmate of idle moments can, like the fool in *King Lear*, speak wisdom, which, if the king would heed, might save his life and his happiness.

First of all, the field of philosophy differs from that of the sciences. Theirs remains for the most part fixed and a quiet building up of knowledge is the rule, as soon as they have gained a sure methodical footing. Each investigator starts where his predecessor laid down the work and his advance in the science depends largely on his own patient toil and the keenness of his insight.

In philosophy, it is different. As one says: "There it is the exception that successors gratefully develop what has already been achieved, and each of the great systems of philosophy begins to solve its newly formulated problem *ab 000*, as if the other systems had scarcely existed."* To say that philosophy makes no advance and is simply a harmless war of words is to misconceive its nature. Its problems are constantly recurring; they are tasks which the human mind cannot escape and does not wish to escape. Nor will philosophy cease to ponder these problems with intense interest till the last soul has passed from the earth to the world where the substance of faith and hope is found.

I desire to remove all thought of philosophy as mysterious and unknown, as the peculiar possession of the schools and the lecture-room. Philosophy must be defined in terms of life—life in the highest sense of all we hold most dear and true. Look abroad over human knowledge; what have we? Gratefully do we receive the teachings of the sciences. We reverence those discoverers who have made biology, chemistry and physics what they are to-day. The geologist, the botanist, the astronomer, have each also a marvellous story to tell and we can only listen with profound humility and gratitude. Sweet music awes us into silent aspiration after an as yet unrealized harmony of soul; we look upon art and see more than paint and canvas or marble. A beautiful character arouses hopes too large for earth's possibilities. Think of the comedy, the tragedy, of each life; its hopes and fears, its struggles after ideals, its joys, its sorrows

*Windelband, History of Philosophy, p. 9.

If one little life has such problems, how complex they become for the race!

Have the sciences, then, spoken the last and only word that can give any peace to the questioning mind? Let us not undervalue what they have done and are doing, for all of which we need to be deeply thankful. But the sciences themselves need to be explained; for, while they may speak with implicit confidence, within their proper sphere, of laws, forces, atoms, matter, substance, action and reaction, space, time and motion—what do they after all mean by these terms? Is reason's work finished while these words remain unexplained? And, besides, the special sciences do not even attempt further definition of these terms and give no account whatever of the true, the beautiful, and the good, and the postulates of the Practical Reason, to use Kant's somewhat awkward expression.

More must then be done before the mind can rest satisfied; and what is this additional task? It is to gain some consistent, reason-satisfying view of the general questions concerning the universe and human life. We each strive to accomplish this. We have grown into good or bad terms with the world. In some sense, the earth is our mother, the skies our home; we are not in chaos but cosmos, an orderly, beautiful whole. But what is this way of looking at things? Philosophy; vague, it may be; impossible of exact expression; yet it is there, our philosophy, yours and mine, our understanding of nature, of life, of destiny. It may be as fanciful as the Greek mythology; yet Homer and Hesiod had the germs of philosophical conceptions in their poetry. But shall anyone dictate to you just how you shall think of these things? Instead, must you not work out the problem patiently as you are taught by life's experiences in connection with your own mental development and training? It is thus that philosophy is not limited to the lecture-room. We each have a philosophy of our own because we have minds that must think—a philosophy freely formed and defined in terms of our own life—a necessary part of our rational existence.

It is only necessary to bring the questions which each one attempts to answer, and somehow does answer, into a clearer light and more sharply determine them in order to have before us the problems with which philosophy has for ages been occu-

pied and with which it will continue to wrestle. This is none the less true when it is admitted that philosophy is critically analytic and synthetic in its method, and postulates, as Lotze says, "the existence in the world at large of a truth which affords a sure object for cognition" and also assumes a unitary Ground of all that is, whatever its nature may be. Remember that it is the mind approaching its materials to relate them all, according to its own modes of action, into a consistent whole in relation to some ultimate, unitary Ground of all that is.

At this point, I can only state several great truths. One is that the materials which the mind seeks to bring into a comprehensive, consistent whole are all that is known and experienced with reference to the universe and to life.

Another is that philosophy is final truth only for its particular time. Why? Because philosophy is the formal expression of the collective knowledge of a given age. This knowledge, or material for synthesis, having its origin largely in the continual advance of the sciences, is constantly changing. Therefore, a philosophy which synthesizes the whole cannot be final, but has in it rather premises which another age with its fresh discoveries may have to correct; or, premises whose legitimate conclusions only other and later thinkers will be able to recognize and set forth.*

Descartes did not teach a final philosophy, whatever he himself may have thought of it. It was corrected and improved by Spinoza. The rationalists and empiricists preceding Kant were in conflict. Kant mediated between them. Darwin, in the laboratory, unfolded the laws of development, survival of the fittest and variation. A new philosophy, a new statement of old problems, was demanded, which should do justice to this newly discovered principle. Herbert Spencer attempted to meet the need with his Synthetic Philosophy.

These are only a few illustrations of the fact that a given philosophy is final truth only for its particular time, and the men who seize upon and give formal expression to newly discovered principles become the philosophers of their generation.

I would emphasize the fact that philosophy is reason's grasp upon all its materials of knowledge rather than any particular

*Erdmann, *History of Philosophy*, Introduction. Also Windelband.

set of doctrines which may be bequeathed to succeeding generations, except so far as they are to enter into a fresh, formal expression of the sum-total of the knowledge of those later times which shall be, if not an advance upon, yet a re-adjustment of, preceding thought to the changed phases of the problems considered.

Forgetting that every age, and, indeed, every man to some extent, must struggle with this problem of synthesis of all that is then known and experienced concerning the world and life, fears sometimes arise that philosophy is opposed to religion. Far from it. Philosophy must, according to its nature, approach religion analytically and critically; But it does not stop with the analysis and the criticism; they are made simply to ascertain the essential factors in the religious nature of man that, after they are clearly understood, the grand synthesis of these with all the rest that is known and experienced may be made. By religion, I do not mean theology, but the religious nature of man, whether he be in the jungles of Africa or in the midst of European civilization. Indeed, were it possible, as it is not, for the ethical and religious nature of man to withdraw itself from such critical analysis and universal synthesis of its factors, I fear philosophy would grope in darkness and be lost in the confusion of atheism; and yet, these factors of the religious nature are at best often vague and indefinite, easily rising into the fanciful and the mystical, although we may not agree with Matthew Arnold, who said, "take away mystery and you take away our religion."

Nevertheless, as Shadworth Hodgson says: "the passionate religious tendency is not a sentiment fluttering round a fancy, but is a feeling rooted deep in the structure and mechanism of consciousness." In general, it may be said that the sources of religion are in those profound feelings and longings after ideals to which it has been possible to give, thus far, only a partial expression. These philosophy strives with keen, loving insight, to discern, and with tenderness and sympathy to appreciate the significance and value of the heart's insatiable longing after good, its unceasing dissatisfaction with the finite, its pleading cry for an ethical and æsthetical basis or '*Ground*' of all that is.*

*Ladd's Introduction to Philosophy, pp. 331-2; also 288-304.

"In die Welt hinausgestossen,
Steht der Mensch, verlassen da"

until he reaches some heart-satisfying conception of the world, himself and God. Speed rather than hinder his effort! Let him think, let him pray, let him weigh carefully and critically till the light of truth dispels the gloom, hushes the distressful cry, till he rests with unshaken trust and peace in the "Nature" of science, in the "Absolute" of philosophy, in the Supreme God and loving Father of religion.

In the second place and in view of what has been said concerning the nature of philosophy, permit me to add some considerations of the problem, the aim of education.

Here man must be regarded in relation to all that has existence. No view can be accepted which considers him as less than a real personality. He must be real, I might say, immortal, to be worth educating. How can anyone ever forget the reality of himself! And yet Von Hartmann, in his *Philosophy of the Unconscious*, says: "Let the Unconscious change the combination of activities or acts of will which constitute *me* and I have become another. I am a phenomenon like the rainbow in the cloud. Like it, I am born of the coincidence of relations, become other in every second and shall dissolve when these relations are dissolved. The sun alone is always shining which is transiently reflected from yonder cloud; only the Unconscious forever rules which is also mirrored in my brain."*

But such teaching as this repels us. We are so real to ourselves that we can never believe our relation to the Supreme Being is fitly represented by the comparison of ourselves, with Spinoza, to a ripple upon the ocean's wave; with Hartmann, to the rainbow of the cloud, "the transient product of the coincidence of relations." The prospect of sometime losing our self-conscious existence is unbearable. We cannot with any patience face the eternal void. Grave though the responsibility may be, we prefer to have our destiny, in some measure at least, in our own hands. Consequently, we must hold that man is a real personality and his education must be suited to his nature in relation to the great whole.

*Trans., II, 243.

Although Hegel did not sufficiently recognize finite personality, yet in his work entitled, "The Phenomenology of Spirit," he gave expression to an idea of much importance in the philosophy of education, the idea of self-estrangement. It will be readily seen that this idea is the application of his philosophy to the individual. First, there is the undeveloped mind full of possibilities as yet unrealized. In this first stage, the mind has not yet learned to regard itself as set over against the world in which it is. The early Greeks furnish an illustration. At first, the Greek mind dwelt in unquestioning fellowship with the natural world, understanding it in terms of its own life. But this first stage was soon followed by a second in which the mind began to assert itself, to make itself real. The world assumes a new rôle; it appears strange and other than the mind which contemplates it with that feeling of wonder of which Plato wrote. This vivid consciousness of self leads to an effort on the part of mind to remove this estrangement, to bring itself again into perfect harmony with that which for the time being is apparently so different from its own nature. So the third stage is the removal of this self-estrangement, in which the awakened mind seeks to go beneath that which is foreign to it, discover the underlying laws and recognize in that other as in itself reason as the basis of all. Three stages: first, mind, potential, full of possibilities; secondly, mind sharply distinguishing itself from that which is other than itself; thirdly, mind again bringing itself into harmony with this other because in it are recognized rational principles.

What I have said thus far concerns chiefly the intellectual side of education. Expressed very simply, it means that we begin life with almost no reasoning concerning the world about us. We ought to be so educated as to find everywhere manifested those laws which lead us directly to the infinite Reason. So one factor in the problem of education is to bring the human mind to a clear recognition of and intimate communion with the infinite Reason in whom all that exists is grounded.

Again, the mind is in itself free. This freedom, inherent in its nature, sets before it great possibilities which ought to be actualized. Man's true nature is not found in him already realized at birth. His true nature is his ideal, and it lies with

him and those who have influence over him how much or how little of this ideal nature is made actual. We begin at the foot of the ladder with the animal nature dominant. The problem for each is to subordinate the animal, the physical, and give supremacy to the rational and the spiritual. If we are to educate and be educated, it must be done in view of the fact that, not our present but our ideal, our spiritual, nature is in the highest sense our very own.*

One of the factors in this ideal is the æsthetic. There is a great need of deepening appreciation of the beautiful and the sublime into which the beautiful merges. We over-estimate the culture of the present age. Matthew Arnold was not altogether wrong in his criticism of the people of his own country and beyond the seas. It is only an occasional poet or artist who looks upon the beauties of nature with emotions at all adequate. The best music, the noblest plays, cannot be given the public with financial success; and it does not require a Schopenhauer or a Von Hartmann to make it clear that many of those who are apparently so devoted to music and art, and go into ecstasies over a beautiful landscape, are prompted more by the fact that it is the thing to do than by any genuine love of the æsthetic.

On the other hand, there are delicately sensitive spirits for whom a noble painting, grand music, the beauties of nature, occasion emotions too deep for expression, except as the tears that come unbidden bear silent witness to the profoundest appreciation, as they see, like those who look upon Raphael's Madonna aright, beyond the physical,—the spiritual, the divine. And why cannot we all be so? Isn't it, then, one of the purposes of education to make us increasingly appreciative of the beautiful and the sublime?

The other factors in the ideal nature are the ethical and religious. Here I must not pass by that philosophic teacher, Froebel, who, in 1840, gave to his school the name *Kindergarten*. Froebel conceived most clearly the ethical and religious aim of education. His teaching was grounded in his view of the world. He believed that there is one divine unity in nature and in spirit, God within the inner world, God in the outer world, while

*On Hegel and this section, see especially Rosenkranz's *Philosophy of Education*, pp. 1-50. Also *Historics of Philosophy*, *in loco*.

life, human life, unites the natural and the spiritual, and has for its goal the clear recognition of and communion with the fundamental Reality, God Himself.

Froebel said: "It is the special destiny and life work of man to become fully, vividly and clearly conscious of his essence, of the divine effluence in him, and, therefore, of God, to become fully, vividly and clearly conscious of his destiny and life work." With this high conception of what man has to accomplish, Froebel thus speaks of himself as a teacher: "I would educate human beings, who, with their feet, stand rooted in God's earth, in nature, whose heads reach even into heaven and there behold truth, in whose hearts are united both earth and heaven, the varied life of earth and nature, and the glory and peace of heaven, God's earth and God's heaven." Thus Froebel regarded education as leading and guiding man to clearness concerning himself and in himself, to peace with nature, to unity with God, to a faithful, pure, inviolate and, hence, holy life. He would have us believe that each has one thought peculiarly and predominantly his own, the fundamental thought as it were of his whole being, divinely given, the key-note of his life-sympathy, and the purpose of each should be the clear expression of that thought, that note in the universal melody.

Thus it is that the name Froebel gave to his school was highly fitting,—the garden of the children, in which their spirits grew and bore choice fruit, for it was, in very truth, the garden of the Lord.*

And now, in view of these teachings and in view of the truths which we must hold at the present day, how may we understand the problem of education?

First, we must think of man as real personality, in a real world which may be known and which he is fitted to know. In view of what physics teaches, mind appears as possessed of the wonderful power of interpreting the world of motion and change in terms of self-conscious life. Mind in a very real sense completes the universe, and is that for which all else exists.

I like to think of the natural world as grounded in the divine mind, in whom thought and will are so united that what is divinely thought is made actual through the energizing of the

*Education of Man, by Froebel, pp. 1-200.

divine will. What then is this natural world? The divine thought made real through the divine will according to a fixed order of activity. Reality can be known because it finds an expression united to the interpreting mind.

I admit that this is only a belief which prevents me from stopping in the idealism of Berkeley, still less in the absolute idealism of Fichte, and leads me to go beyond the world of consciousness to a world of reality. I admit that I may ultimately have to rest this belief on ethical grounds, nevertheless, it is an abiding belief. If it is well founded, then we should be so educated intellectually that we shall cease to regard the world as so much dead matter, and everywhere look beyond the sensuous to living Reality. Kepler's exclamation as he beheld the heavens, "I read thy thoughts after thee, O God," may well be ours wherever we turn. Whether we are students and teachers in the lecture-room, tracing the delicate shading of colors on the petals of a flower, or woodsmen in the forest, we may see everywhere manifestation of the Supreme Reason.

But he who lives in such constant communion with the divine Mind beyond the sensuous will quickly see that the goal of his life is an ideal which he has not yet realized. He will soon discover that to sin, to be unspiritual in the clear, steady light of Reason shining everywhere, is not his true state, and, as Lyman Abbott says, his redemption will begin when he strives to shake off the animal, the physical, and give supremacy to the spiritual nature. He will become, not only ethical, as Hegel said, but devout.

The life of the poet Whittier illustrates my meaning. He saw more in this world than ordinary men see because he looked beyond the physical, to the spiritual, the divine. Who can read his poem on "The Eternal, Goodness" without feeling that here is a soul almost as spotless as the snow about his New England home, itself the occasion of a lovely poem, a soul that lives in closest communion with the Father of spirits.

Thus it is that philosophy of her own choice goes beyond the Greek intellectualism towards the fervent spiritualism of the Hebrews, who saw God in the whirlwind and the storm, who worshipped Him in the temple, who "lived and moved and had their being in Him." Though unable to walk with the

same confidence in the paths which are peculiarly those of faith, yet philosophy turns her face towards them, offering hope and encouragement to go forward with trust in the eternal verities of religion.

Finally, let me utter an earnest word in behalf of the study of philosophy. It seems to me that a fresh and vigorous treatment of its problems is greatly needed. The need is apparent the moment we ask what system we shall make our own, if we are to adopt one. We do not wish to give our adherence to Herbert Spencer. Hegel's teachings are not satisfactory, however fascinating they may be. Many regard Lotze as in error, while Wundt's system is in some respects a revival of the doctrines of Spinoza. Besides, the material for philosophical treatment furnished by the sciences is rapidly accumulating.

To you who are interested in this subject, and we all ought to be, let me say: grapple with the great problems of the universe and of life afresh! Recognize the need of the age in which you are living! It may be your privilege, it is not too high an aim, to lead the human mind one step nearer the Eternal Truth than it has ever gone.

To those of us who occupy the humble office of teacher is granted the priceless privilege of promoting and stimulating the unfolding of the minds entrusted to us in order that they may attain unto their ideal nature, free from error, therefore free from sin, fully consecrated to that heavenly Father who values more highly the willing, loving service of his children than "the music of the spheres which cannot choose but play."

JAMES TEN BROEKE.

A DAY ON THE UPPER OTTAWA.

I.

Morn on the bosom of Allumette Lake!
 The sunbeams are sparkling, the breeze is awake,
 Stirring the ripples that flash in the beams
 That have waked them so early from peacefulest dreams.

Wandering cloudlets that aimlessly stray
 Up from the golden-barred gateway of day,
 Smile, as they watch on the calm waters' breast,
 Their fair-mirrored faces afloat or at rest.

Gently coquetting with innocent guile
 With the bright laughing waters that woo her the while—
 Woo her to glide from the place of her rest
 To sunshine, and freedom, and joy on her breast—
 Still, at her anchorage, lingers our boat,
 Waiting the signal that sets her afloat,—
 Waiting the word to be up and away.
 Like a fetterless bird with the billows at play—
 Waiting, with welcoming curtsey and bow,
 The youths and the maidens that flock to her now,—
 The fathers, the mothers, the sisters, the sons,
 The wondering babies and bright little ones,
 Coming, still coming with laughter and song,
 A motley, a mingling, a joyous throng,
 With baskets and boxes, a deftly-packed store
 From many a generous larder—and more,
 Far more than all else to the little ones dear
 The swing and the boats, with their promise of cheer,
 Such swinging, such rowing, such fun and such glee,
 Such good things to dine on, such marvels to see,

NOTE.—This poem is an attempt to describe fairly and faithfully the sights and scenes of one never-to-be-forgotten day—August 4th, 1882. Lake Allumette is formed by the widening out of the Ottawa river, and covers a large number of square miles. Pembroke is situated on this lake, and enjoys an unobstructed river run of some fifty miles to Des Joachims, a short distance below the famous rapid of the same name. One such day as that, here described, seldom enters into any life, when sky, air, water, and scenery all combine to make "perfection so nearly perfect."

No wonder the young ones are gleesome and gay,
And the older ones hopeful and happy as they—
God grant that no sorrow may darken the light
That gilds the first hour of this holiday bright !

And now we're afloat on the beautiful lake
Whose bright ripples sparkle and flash in our wake,
As the boat cuts her way through the waters that lie
Like a vast shining mirror beneath the blue sky ;
With the sun in the east, and the moon in the west,
And the soft, fleecy cloudlets above us at rest,
Or trailing their garments of dazzling snow
Far behind them as dreamily onward they go ;
The while, with the murmur of voices anear,
The prattle of children, and loud, and more clear
The musical ringing of laughter and jest,
And fresh in our faces the wind of the west,
Past regions still bright in the garlands of spring
We sweep on our way like a bird on the wing.

Behind, in the distance, the town is yet seen,
Faintly outlined against the soft back-ground of green ;
Boldly, to right of us stretching away,
Blue in the light of the new-risen day,
Rank behind rank, rise the forest-clad hills
Craggy and seamed by the spring-swollen rills ;
Calmly, to left of us, hamlet or farm
Lends to the landscape its varying charm ;—
While beyond and around us, on every side,
Like emeralds set in the blue of the tide,
Isle after isle, undisturbed and serene
In its calmness and loveliness reigneth a queen,
And smiles from her throne on the waters that meet
With murmuring music to kiss her fair feet,
And every charm of her beautiful face
Again and again in their mirror to trace.

II.

Noon on the blue-bosomed Ottawa smiles !—
Past are the beautiful summer-crowned isles ;

Left are the joyous, holiday throng
 To their feast and their pastime, their mirth and their
 song—

Whispers of lovers and blushes of maids
 Under the covers of evergreen shades,
 Laughter and gambols of little ones free
 To sport for a while unrestrained in their glee,
 And fathers and mothers released for a day
 From toil and from business as happy as they.

We, thoughtful and silent, our journey pursue,
 Entranced with the beauties that crowd on our view,
 And folding our arms bid our thoughts wander free,
 And revel unchecked in the wonders we see.

The hills that, at sunrise, so distant were seen,
 With many a valley and upland between,
 Ever nearer and nearer have drawn as we passed,
 Till only the river divides them at last;
 And their old granite bases are lapped by the tide
 Of the vast silent river that washes their side.

O, deep-rooted mountains, O, sentinel hills,
 Calm watchers and silent, whose majesty stills
 The voice of ambition, the whispers of pride,
 As here, at your feet, like awed children we glide,
 And look reverently up to your towering forms
 Where, ages on ages, wild tempests and storms
 Have battered and beaten in impotent wrath,
 And their floods down your bosoms plowed many a path—
 O, wood-crested summits, blue, silent and far,
 Where clouds rest serene, and the calm sunbeams are,
 Our thoughts wander past you, ye strong-rooted hills,
 Past the clouds that brood o'er you, the vast sun that fills
 Your hollows and heights with such glory to-day,
 To Him who upreared you our homage to pay!
 We worship the Hand that, long ages ago,
 Sank your sunless foundations the waters below,
 Compacted, and massed you, and lifted you high,
 Till your towering peaks kissed the blue, upper sky,

And your huge, massive columns, firm-planted and
proud,
Loomed up to the regions of sunshine and cloud !

And thou, peaceful river, fair child of the hills
God-bidden to feed thee with numberless rills—
To feed, and protect, and at night's dewy close
Like guardian angels watch o'er thy repose,
Calm river, unswerving, untiring and free,
Bearing ever thy tribute of floods to the sea,
Nor grudging thyself and thy treasures so rife
To the vast, parent ocean whence floweth thy life,—
Our thoughts, at this hour, wander past even thee
To Him who from cavernous gloom set thee free ;—
Who hollowed the channels, deep, darksome and lone,
Fathoms deep in the ancient enduring stone,
And walled thee with granite-ribbed mountains, that so,
"Thus far, and no farther" thy waters might go ;
Who commanded the light on thy mirroring face
His sun, and His clouds, and His mountains to trace,
Till forests and cliffs, and the mosses that cling
To the rocks' craggy feet, and each fair wilding thing,
In picture should smile from the depths in our sight,
Reproduced by the marvellous pencil of light ;
And every fair picture be filled with the praise
Of Him who is wondrous in works and in ways !

III.

Eve on the beautiful Ottawa's breast !
The sunbeams fall slant from the radiant west ;
"Des Joachims" behind us has faded away,
And the "Ovisseau" is seen for the last time to-day ;—
Each mountain and headland, and bold, rocky height,
In the widening distance has faded from sight ;—
But the sun's matchless splendors are coloring yet
The scarce-heaving bosom of Lake Allumette,
As once more, in their setting of soft, changeful green,
Through beautiful vistas her waters are seen.

They of the morning, our holiday-band—

We have welcomed them back from the green island-
strand ;

Little ones tired of the long day's unrest,
Are wearying now for the quiet home-nest ;
All have grown calmer and graver to-night
Than they were in the flush of morn's kindling light,
Yet every face wears a look of content
As if happier grown for the day that's been spent,
And in the soft azure of many an eye
Some sweet hoarded mem'ries seem calmly to lie ;—
But whatever they are that so gladden and bless,
There's no one will tell you, and you may not guess !

How rapidly changes the scene, as the sun
Glides away down the west, and the hills, one by one,
Catch his dazzling splendors on every steep,
And reflect them again in the mirroring deep !
How the Lake laughs in light as the monarch of day
Aslant o'er her breast pours his long, level ray,
While his gorgeous curtains of crimson and gold
Around him he gathereth fold upon fold !—
How each isle seems to lift its strong anchor, and glide
Elate in its freedom away on the tide,
As in haste to escape from the place of its rest
Its homage to pay to the king in the west,
While each tree and each shrub clearly pictured below,
Itself is aflame in the sunset's red glow !

Home again ! Home again ! safe upon shore,
Glad that the day and its pastimes are o'er,
Yet we pause, ere we turn from the waters away,
To watch on their bosom the last sunset ray,—
To trace the long, roseate lines that yet lie
'Neath the tintings far richer that glow in the sky,
To glean them, and gather them up as we may,
With the beautiful things we have looked on to-day,
And hoard them away in the heart and the brain,
In the years that are coming to look on again ;
When memory's pencil shall hap'ly restore
The long-vanished scenes we may see nevermore !

And now, fellow voyagers, each one, adieu !
 The day has been brighter and fairer for you,
 And many a face we have looked on to-day
 Will live on in memory's pictures alway.
 But the long day is ended, the bright sun is set,
 And pale grow the waters of calm Allumette ;
 O'er the slow-fading hills glints the soft evening star,
 And twilight is draping the mountains afar ;
 Earth draws her close curtains and shuts out the light,
 And, whether we will or not, bids us good-night !

MRS. J. C. YULE.

Students' Quarter.

*ROBERT BROWNING,

THE POET OF THE FUTURE.

History proves nothing more clearly than that human nature scorns a golden mean. Impressed by the sense of one evil, men rush to the opposite extreme, where an evil equally great awaits them. Like some vast pendulum, civilization swings to and fro, now influenced by this new thought, now swayed by that, but always unable to rest at the central point and possess the happy medium of truth. Thus, after long ages during which men had contentedly trusted the opinions of their predecessors, and blindly obeyed the dictates of tradition, there came a time of mental and spiritual quickening, when the dogma which had been binding in the past must justify itself if it would remain so for the future. And as a result, we have the nineteenth century truth-seeker, tortured by questionings which no man can answer and filled with longings for the old hopes on which his soul once rested. The foundations of his faith rent away, he has grown pessimistic, but if we may trust history, a reaction will usher in optimism with a new era, the frown of despair to-day will be

*Read before the University at the Annual Commencement, 1896.

replaced by a smile of hope to-morrow. And since men desire most to hear proclaimed the doctrines they themselves believe, Robert Browning will be the loved among poets in that day, for he is the cheerful philosopher who will best express the spirit of the age. Have mechanical theories wrecked our faith in the good, lost for us our hope of immortality? Has the hard struggle for existence induced us to dispense with the sentimentality of ideals, or the weight of evil around us crushed out our belief that there is any God above "who made and loves us all"? Then it is for us that Browning has a special message. He has found the answer to our questionings where the future years will find it, not in reason, but in faith. And we may share his prophetic insight and find it there with him this afternoon.

He tells us first, and repeats it again and again in his poetry, that man's soul is in its nature *divine*. It belongs to the Infinite life, takes its rise there, is 'couped up and kept down on earth a space' in the flesh, but is destined at the last to be free. Yet, his spirit being thus tenanted in a house of clay, man is intensely human. A veil of flesh screens his soul from that clear perception of truth which, by its right of divine birth, it ought to possess. So, in spite of all effort, man can never attain perfection here. Life is one long school of discipline. Yet, let him strive for the better, even though he meet constant failure! The fact that he attempts to be and do great things is the one thing that distinguishes him from, and raises him above, the brute creation. The lower creatures never fail because they never try. God never fails because He is omnipotent. But man is neither God nor beast. His nature partakes of both the highest and the lowest, and the consequence is for this life, an ever unsatisfied yearning, an endless struggle for the good, yet a struggle in which he is never quite victor. And in so far as a man strives, in so far he fulfils his destiny, for the soul grows by overcoming barriers, and "why stay we on the earth, unless to grow?" Let failure, therefore, never discourage us. It proves to us at least that we are capable of trying, and that very capability makes us men.

. . . . "Man is not God, but hath God's end to serve,
A master to obey, a course to take,
Somewhat to cast off, somewhat to become !

Grant this, then man must pass from old to new,
 From vain to real, from mistake to fact,
 From what once seemed good to what now proves best.
 How could man have progression otherwise?

.
 And say, by such confession, straight he falls
 Into man's place, a thing nor God nor beast,
 Made to know that he can know and not more;
 Lower than God who knows all and can all,
 Higher than beasts which know and can so far
 As each beast's limit perfect to an end,
 Nor conscious that they know, nor craving more;
 While man knows partly but conceives beside,
 Creeps ever on from fancies to the fact,
 And in this striving, this converting air
 Into a solid he may grasp and use,
 Finds progress, man's distinctive mark alone.
 Not God's and not the beasts'; God is, they are,
 Man partly is and wholly hopes to be."

The aim of life then, being growth, soul-development, ought we to dread old age? Does it not mean more progress, doubts answered by experience, life's lessons learned?

"What's a man's age? He must hurry more, that's all."

Age, for Browning, is "the last of life for which the first was made."

And what is death? Something to be feared? Rather it is the setting free of a soul, the bringing it into full vision of that Absolute Truth, Beauty and Goodness, to which all the relatively good below has been pointing. And as we near the end and look back on life from our death-bed, we see the world and its sorrow in a softened light. Things begin to assume their right relations, for the light from Heaven penetrates the veil of flesh worn thin, and dark places are all brightened for the soul. Death but completes the work which life's long struggle failed to accomplish.

"Freed by the throbbing impulse we call death,
 We burst there as the worm into the fly,
 Who while a worm still, wants his wings."

What then does Browning say comes after death? What could he say but immortality? Why should the soul be freed if not to enjoy its freedom forever? Why should all here be

incomplete, imperfect, a restless yearning, if not to point beyond to a complete, a perfect, and a joy of, satisfaction? Must the soul spend all this life in learning how to live, yet never use the knowledge gained, hereafter? "The world and life's too big to pass for a dream," but how explain it without an after-life? The very fact that the soul longs for such life, and that this life is meaningless else, ought to be sufficient proof to us that immortality is certain. Otherwise, "most progress is most failure," for the soul climbs higher and higher in its search for truth, only to perish at last, only to find the hopes its broader outlook has given it, more and more incapable of realization. Thus it is that simple Christian faith can tell us more than all the learning of a Greek philosopher, for it is the story of Christ revealing God as a God of love, which after all is the sweet proof that He who loves will grant the soul a "future state"

"Unlimited in capability
For joy, as this is in desire for joy."

Pain and sorrow are sent us that we may the better prize the painless life to come.

"What is our failure here but a triumph's evidence
For the fulness of the days? Have we withered or agonized?
Why else was the pause prolonged but that singing might issue thence?
Why rushed the discords in but that harmony should be prized?"

. "a new harmony yet
To be run, and continued and ended,—who knows?—or endure!
The man taught enough by life's dream of the rest to make sure:
By the pain-throb triumphantly winning intensified bliss,
And the next world's reward and repose, by the struggle in this."

But though the after-life will mean to us perfect revelation of the true, the beautiful, the good, yet there are partial revelations in this life and goodness and truth, in whatever degree attained, will last forever. We have our moments of aspiration or of rapture, a noble thought, a lofty purpose, we speak a kind word, we produce something of beauty; do we sigh because music and sweetness die away, when the sound lapses back into silence? Do we fear it has perished forever? "No," says Browning,

"There shall never be one lost good. What was shall live as before;
The evil is null, is nought, is silence implying sound;

What was good, shall be good, with for evil so much good more ;
On the earth the broken arcs ; in the heaven a perfect round.

The high that proved too high, the heroic for earth too hard,
The passion that left the ground to lose itself in the sky,
Are music sent up to God by the lover and the bard ;
Enough that He heard it once : we shall hear it by-and-by."

In view of Browning's thought of immortality, and his interpretation of the meaning of life, we are not surprised that he should lay great stress upon ideals. A high ideal is worth vastly more than its attainment. Only the little soul attains, and attains because its ideal is low.

"That low man seeks a little thing to do,
Sees it and does it :
This high man with a great thing to pursue,
Dies ere he knows it."

Attainment is not what we must look for in this life, but growth by striving, and the higher our ideal here, the grander our success hereafter, when effort shall give place to achievement.

"'Tis not what man does which exalts him, but what man would do."
"A man's reach should exceed his grasp,
Or what's heaven for?"

Browning's philosophy of life, however, holds something for us which is yet more beautiful than his thought of immortality, of ideals, or of the endurance of the good. This is his argument for Christianity, if that may be called an "argument" which is faith rather than reason. Browning believes in God, in a personal God, a God who may indeed be recognized in Nature as a Being of Infinite Power and Intelligence, but who is fully revealed as a *loving* God only in Jesus Christ, and in the testimony of our own hearts. God's power and intelligence are evident to all. Is His love not as evident? The psalmist David asked:

"He that planted the ear, shall He not hear? He that teacheth man knowledge, shall not He know?"

And Browning but adds a line and says:

"He that made man to love, shall not He love?"

Does not the fact that God made us able to love, and with

natures craving love, prove to us that He Himself loved?
Would not the creature surpass the creator else?

“For the loving worm within its clod,
Were diviner than a loveless god,
Amid his worlds, I will dare to say.”

We need no mathematical or metaphysical proof. Enough that human need can find comfort in no other God. Do we “doubt that His power can fill the heart that His power expands?” Man requires just that full revelation of love which is given in Christ. Because he can be satisfied with nothing else, he must believe the story of the cross.

“’Tis the weakness in strength that I cry for! My flesh that I seek
In the Godhead! I seek and I find it—”

“So through the thunder comes a human voice
Saying, ‘O heart I made, a heart beats here!
Face, my hands fashioned, see it in myself!
Thou hast no power, nor may’st conceive of mine,
But love I gave thee, with myself to love,
And thou must love me who have died for thee!’”

Where then is the agnostic who can destroy the faith that reasons thus:—“My own heart can love. Therefore the God who made it loves. A loving God means to me, Christ. It is Christ I need. I believe then that this story of the cross is true, that it is the satisfaction a loving God has provided, so that the heart He made to love might never crave in vain!”

The presence of the spirit of Christ-love, Browning tell us, is the completion of the Universe. Even in Nature it is the transforming power.

“Wanting is—what?
Summer redundant,
Blueness abundant,
— Where is the blot?”

Beamy the world yet a blank all the same,
Framework which waits for a picture to frame:
What of the leafage, what of the flower?
Roses embowering with naught they embower!
Come then, complete incompleteness, O Comer,
Pant thro’ the blueness, perfect the summer!
Breathe but one breath,
Rose-beauty above,
And all that was death
Grows life, grows love,
Grows love!”

And to learn love's lesson is to know God, and to fulfil the end of life.

“ For life with all it yields of joy or woe,
And hope and fear,—believe the aged friend,—
Is just our chance o' the prize of learning love,
How love might be, hath been indeed, and is ;

.
The love that tops the might, the Christ in God.”

What then of the outlook, if Browning's philosophy be true? Shall we still be pessimists? Or shall not firm faith in the immortality of all that is good, and in the power of the love of God, make us optimists with Browning? Shall we look out upon the evil of this world and feel that good is conquered, and that even Christ will not interpose to save, the Christ

“ Whose sad face on the cross sees only this
After the passion of a thousand years?”

Rather let us say with this poet of the future:—

“ My own hope is, a sun will pierce
The thickest cloud earth ever stretched ;
That after Last returns the First,
Though a wide compass round be fetched ;
That what began best, can't end worst,
Nor what God blessed once prove accurst !”

A little song from one of his longer poems gives us in small compass an example of Browning's poetic expression, his appreciation of the beauty of Nature, his optimistic philosophy, with the reasons for it:—

“ The year's at the spring,
And day's at the morn,
Morning's at seven ;
The hillside's dew-pearled,
The lark's on the wing,
The snail's on the thorn ;
God's in His heaven--
All's right with the world !”

M. E. DRYDEN, '96.

THE GALE.

The wind came down on the waves that drew
 A midnight breath,
O the wind came down and as he flew
He laughed within himself and knew
 The end was death.

Out darted his long cruel arms,
 Persuading sore,
He roughly kissed as the snake that charms
And wakened all the wild alarms
 Of sea and shore.

He whispered, hissing: "See delight
 Not far, not far!"
O the sad waves shuddered that midnight
And shrieked and moaned at the sudden might
 Of the hidden bar.

Outshrilled a voice above the lash?
 The bitter mock?
"Woe! for the waves they flee and flash
In the flood of the moon till they die and crash
 On the birth-blind rock!"

G. HERBERT CLARKE, '95.

In Massey's Magazine for May.

ON MILTON'S DESCRIPTION OF EVENING.

(Bk. IV., *Paradise Lost*.)

"That I may assert Eternal Providence" is the impulse which, as Milton declares, prompts him to poetic utterance. He must, in some way, reveal to others the spiritual significance which he, with larger faith and vision, has found in God's universe. In *Paradise Lost*, he has imaged forth, by the creative power of his own mind, truths and beauties, a realization of which might else be unattainable for us. If such be the grand purpose, the controlling life, of the poem, each minor part must have its essential office in the expression of this thought. What, then, in the light of the whole, is the purpose of this description of Evening, and by what artistic devices is it fitly expressed?

How wonderful is God! How perfect His handiwork!—this, in brief, is the controlling emotion of the entire poem. The inspiration of this feeling he finds in the beauty and economy of the creative work—nature and man. If in a description of evening he can make us feel, as *he* feels it, the beauty and the purpose of this one aspect of Divine order in the universe, then has he given adequate expression to a thought which is essential in its bearing upon his soul's purpose. Without doubt, then, in this product of his imagination he has sought to put in definite form, for himself and for others, those principles of economy and beauty—Divine law and love—which have been revealed to him as underlying all the manifestations of Nature.

The most utilitarian purpose that night serves is referred to in the lines which speak of the resting birds and beasts. But, one might ask, would not utter gloom and unbroken silence serve these as well? The poet, however, sees more meaning than this in the aspect of God's universe which he describes. The Beauty of Night becomes his theme, and it is in beauty itself that the Divine purpose and economy are realized. Even though night's glories were forever unobserved by earthly creatures, God's plan would still be all-beneficent.

As Virtue is its own reward, so Harmony is its own economy, and Beauty its own purpose. To bring more clearly to the minds of others this essential truth, the poet endows the elements of his picture with varying degrees of personality. By making each of these participate actively and consciously in this heavenly panorama, he gives forceful expression to the great principle that the universe is not a dull insensate mechanism, but a God-inspired Cosmos, throbbing with divine life and energy. Like Wordsworth, Milton could be "a pagan" and

"Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathèd horn,"

rather than look upon Nature as meaningless and lifeless. We may imagine that, in the present day (while his intense devotional spirit would avoid the extreme of Pantheism), he would identify himself with the school of Idealistic Monists, whose philosophy thinks of all that is material as being an *aspect* of the one abiding spiritual force.

Let us examine this beautiful scene, as described by the poet, in some detail. The approach of evening, following in the path of twilight, and accompanied by Silence, contains for the poet nothing of the inanimate—there is activity and personality. And, now, bird and beast have slunk to their sylvan retreats. But, hark!—"the wakeful nightingale." 'And, here (exclaims some soulless one), there is beauty wasted.' "Silence is pleased," answers the poet, sublimely. In order that the resultant beauty of night might be made more harmonious than it otherwise would be, self-abnegating Silence yields up her exclusive sway. The poet does not view the stars as mere lamps in the heavens. They are "*living sapphires*," each riding in conscious glory amid heavenly splendours. Now they are led by bright Hesperus, but she, faithful lieutenant, soon yields her authority upon the appearance of the peerless light of heaven's queen—the moon. She, sovereign of the night, rever's her calm power, and spreads over the darkened earth her silver ægis.

THE EDITOR'S RETALIATION.

Cicero Perkins was a very nice young man—not nice in the sense of fastidious, but nice in the sense of pleasant. His cheerful demeanor, however, was chiefly due, no doubt, to his excellent regard for him who is generally every man's most cherished friend, and is therefore known in calm and dispassionate grammar as the first person singular.

But a steady breeze may blow against a sturdy structure till it falls; a contemptible obstacle sometimes derails a huge and mighty train. Alas! The disturbance of self-esteem brings about a sea of fury, which, whether it afterwards subsides or not into the low, still tide of repentant humiliation, has waves that beat and spray to sting.

Cicero Perkins did not hope to win for him self a resounding fame in literature. He philanthropically *intended* to accomplish this enterprise for the lasting benefit of an eager world. A few weeks only need they wait. He abode his majestic time. Meanwhile, with a keen eye to self-improvement, and a discernment that now proves triumphantly the absence of conceit, he determined to read at least one page of the *New Continental Dictionary* every day before breakfast. He had heard of this plan before. He knew it would add zest to his resolution, and well up within him as a seething earnest of future glorification.

The plan worked admirably, and Cicero was really painstaking and conscientious.

"Hum," growled the editor, "this idiot says nothing, but he's stocked himself with words of a feather, and he's flocked them together with a vengeance. Lesse:

"Accurate acknowledgments of acumen are adduced as the antipodes of amateur amenities. The *Æneid* is an allegory achieved by an a priori architect. Apropos of analogy, ancestry is advertised in æsthetic alternatives by alienating the amiable affections of antiquity, who aid aspiration with an arduous accent on the antepenult."

"Balder ——!" was the enigmatic verdict rendered by the critical registering apparatus of the editor's weather hemisphere. The proof-reader would have heaved a hollow laugh.

Scratching hastily on a pad before him, he tore the resulting note from its position, seized a printed slip from a pile on the right, thrust these with the manuscript into a long official envelope, and cast the lot aside to await the coming of the first instrument of Nemesis' reacting force, the office-boy.

Curiously we glance over Cicero's shoulder as he reads:

"Cicero Perkins, Esq.:

Dear Sir: We regret that we do not find it possible at present to accept your article so kindly submitted for publication in the *Mammoth Monthly Magazine*. The rejection of a manuscript does not necessarily imply that it lacks merit. Thanking you for your courtesies, etc.,

We are very truly yours,

Tryem A. Gane, Editor."

Cicero madly tears open the accompanying slip, which, we perceive, reads as follows:

Cut up your stuff into feet and lines. It'll make a great hit as alliterative verse.

T. A. G.

Our hero Perkins howls vindictively, scatters fragments to the ceiling, pounds the wall, and bursts into a series of prolonged and awful objurgations, mostly beginning with the first letter of the alphabet, although as yet he had not mastered the first forty pages of the *New Continental Dictionary*.

Having become rather calmer and more bitter in a week or two, he one day seized the pen, broke it, seized another, grasped the ink-bottle, spilt it, laughed ironically, and reached for the red ink as better adapted for his purpose, anyway, and, thus bestirred himself to write. This is the letter he sent:

"T. A. Gane, Animal:—I defy you and assert your abominable absence of appreciation. Ardent ambition I have, nor is it blighted by the asinine ailing with which you are afflicted. Ah, arrogant anomaly, shudder! for the day will dawn ere long when ample acclamation and applause shall drown your anxious cries, and anger destroy your apparatus. Avaunt, I say!

Anonymous."

This was perhaps rather mild after such treatment, yet restricted somewhat noticeably by a certain peculiar tendency.

But psychology can never analyze the emotions of Cicero two days after. For this is the letter he received—only a printed slip, yet a model of appropriateness and a masterpiece of retort:

“Dear Sir:—We regret that we do not find it possible at present to accept your article so kindly submitted for publication in the *Mammoth Monthly Magazine*. The rejection of a manuscript does not necessarily imply that it lacks merit. Thanking you for your courtesy, etc.,

We are very truly yours,

Tryem A. Gane, Editor,

Per Tryem Nomore.”

Cicero Perkins, Esq.

PLASNET.

In Toronto Saturday Night.

THE JERUSALEM CROSS.

It was, I think, in reading General Gordon's "Letters to his Sister," or some other work on Palestine, that the fact that the interior of Jerusalem is divided by a cross was stated or suggested to my father's* mind, and it has occurred to me that perhaps the readers of the *McMASTER UNIVERSITY MONTHLY* might like to get the benefit of his thoughts on the subject.

Every writer says, and every visitor sees indubitably, that the city is divided by a deep valley or ravine, much deeper in ancient times, from north to south—from the Damascus gate to the pool and village of Siloam, which Josephus designates the Tyropeon or Valley of the Cheesemakers. Everybody also knows that from the Jaffa Gate, facing west, down to the Haram, or Temple Area, on the east, is another valley, even more filled up than the former with the debris of the successive destructions of the city. The question is, did it continue until it reached the Kidron, or Valley of Jehoshaphat, beyond the city? There are indications, outside the walls, that it did; my father firmly maintains that it did, and that it is the valley separating Moriah from Zion and the Akra, which Simon the Maccabee cut down to a lower level than Moriah, filling up the valley with the debris. Josephus xiii. vi. 7.

*Resident Missionary in Jerusalem.

I am well aware that this is encroaching on debatable ground. At present it is the south-west part of the western range that is commonly called Zion. Naturally enough, the Episcopalians with their chapel and the Armenians with their large convent and church, both situated on that part of the range, love to believe that it is indeed Mount Zion; just as the Roman Catholics, the Greek Church, and many others, love to believe that their Church of the Holy Sepulchre contains Golgotha and the tomb where the Lord's body lay; as also the spot whence God took the earth for the formation of Adam's body, the tomb of Melchizedek, the centre of the world and what not! Whereas the mound outside the Damascus Gate is continually crying out with dumb pathos: "Golgotha! a skull!" and is, as I could abundantly prove, the true site of the crucifixion.

Psalm *xlvi*: 2, says Mount Zion was "on the sides of the north"—north of what? Clearly, of "the mountain of His holiness"—Moriah. However, it is not deemed fitting to argue this question here.

Once my father had grasped the fact that Jerusalem had been divided by a cross of valleys, he began to consider that there was surely some meaning in it. It soon dawned on him that there was; and he told me that as the facts flashed through his mind he felt a thrill of inexpressible delight, I might almost say of ecstasy, and the communication of his thought had much the same effect on me.

We find, then, upon examination: Siloam, south; Golgotha, north; Bethlehem, west; Olivet, east. Siloam from the same root as Shiloh, the first name given to the Messiah, Gen. *xlix*: 10, "One to be sent." Siloam, south, had a pool of healing waters (John *ix*: 7); and He who came to save man from the consequence of sin was sent for what? To ascend the cross on Golgotha, north, to expiate sin. That is the main upright beam of the cross.

The shorter beam points to Bethlehem on the west and the Mount of Olives on the east, the rising-sun. Bethlehem, "house of bread." In it was born He who said, "I am the bread of life." The olive-branch is the emblem of conquest and triumph; and He, "the Sun of Righteousness," who conquered death and

the grave, ascended triumphant from the Mount of Olives to heaven to sit at God's right hand, as was predicted (Ps. xc.); and thence He shall come again, "in like manner," as He was seen ascending; and "His feet shall stand in that day upon the Mount of Olives" (Zec. xiv: 4) as they stood at His ascension day.

Jerusalem, the city of "Peace," saw "The Prince of Peace" traverse the cross from Siloam to Golgotha, and from Bethlehem to Olivet—for what? To obtain, secure, and bestow peace on man. "Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you." (John xiv: 27.) Peace with God, peace of conscience, peace with all men; "the peace of God that passeth all understanding."

"Pray for the peace of Jerusalem, they shall prosper that love thee."

HERBERT A. BEN-OLIEL, '98.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

WITH the present issue we complete Volume V. of the MCMMASTER UNIVERSITY MONTHLY, which will be found in every respect to have maintained the high standard of excellence of its predecessors. The Managing Committee are grateful to all readers and friends of the MONTHLY, not only for their many and hearty expressions of appreciation, but also for their generous financial support, which has enabled the business managers to meet promptly and fully all their obligations during the year. We trust the experiences of the next and following years may continue to be at least equally gratifying.

FROM a cabinet photograph kindly placed at our disposal by Mr. Carson Cameron, B.A., we have obtained an excellent photogravure portrait of the late Rev. John King, which will be substituted in all our bound copies of Volume V., for the inferior picture which accompanied the biographical sketch by Bro. Higgins, of Ottawa, published a few months ago. Readers of the MONTHLY who desire it, may have one of these bound copies in exchange for their old numbers and the price of binding. Send to Mr. G. H. Clarke, M.A., Librarian, McMaster University.

THE five volumes of the *McMASTER MONTHLY*, handsomely bound in half morocco, and standing side by side on the shelf, will be among the most attractive and highly valued books in the library. With their forty portraits and biographies of distinguished Canadian Baptists, and hundreds of bright, instructive and entertaining articles by friends and acquaintances whose names are linked with their happiest memories of college life. They will mean more to Canadian Baptist students for many years to come than any other volume in their possession. So let every student of McMaster University see that they are all on his shelves, and so placed too that his eyes may frequently and fondly rest on their familiar bindings. We predict that these volumes at least will never, even under the most trying circumstances, be sent off to the dust and ignominy of the second-hand book stalls.

NEWTON WOLVERTON has long been absent from Canada in consequence of his educational work in the South, but his name has by no means ceased to be held in high esteem by his large circle of friends in his native province. There can be no doubt that Woodstock College would hardly have weathered the difficulties and discouragements that gathered about her at a certain period in her history, had it not been for Mr. Wolverton's unflagging energy and unusual administrative ability, and the confidence which his wise and practical educational policy inspired in the minds of friends and patrons of the college throughout the province. The brief but appreciative sketch by Prof. Farmer of his life and work in Ontario, as pastor and teacher, will be read with interest by all Mr. Wolverton's friends, and will remind them how high his eminent services entitle him to rank in the long line of ardent workers to whom the prosperity and happiness of to-day are due.

WE have heard it said, on all sides, that the commencement exercises of 1896, of which a detailed account is given elsewhere, were the most successful and enjoyable in the history of the University. It was a happy inspiration on the part of the Committee of Management to give to Dr. Lorimer, of Boston, Mass., so prominent a part in the exercises on several occasions. Nothing could have added more to the enjoyment of all the various exercises, or contributed more largely to make '96 so memorable in the Annals of McMaster University, than Dr. Lorimer's baccalaureate sermon and his stirring addresses at the collation and the conferring of degrees. We believe Dr. Lorimer has learned to love Toronto and the brethren whom he met during his brief visit; he certainly has won a large and permanent place in our hearts, and we shall give him the heartiest of welcomes and the largest

congregations when he comes over again to see us. Will ye' no' come back again? Dr. Lorimer was born in Edinburgh, Scotland, in 1838, where he spent the early part of his life and attended school. He came to the United States when about 18 years of age, and while on a professional visit to Louisville, Ky., he came under the spiritual influence of Rev. W. W. Evarts, D.D., and family, through whom, by God's blessing, he was led to Christ and communion with His people. After his baptism, he entered upon a course of study at Georgetown College, Ky., was ordained in 1856 at the Baptist Church in Harrodsburgh, Ky. Since that time he has had a number of important and successful pastorates in different American cities. At present he is in charge of the Tremont Temple in Boston, Mass.

HERE AND THERE.

O. G. LANGFORD, ED.

GLADSTONE.

England, what is thy greatest glory now?
 Is it thy fleet, thy cannon, or thy gold?
 Thine empire millioned over lands untold?
 Thy commerce world-wide on old Ocean's brow?

The current of a hundred years, whose flow
 O'er dynasties and empires darkly rolled,
 Draws to the deep; but mighty as of old
 Thy nerves of conquest thrill at battle's blow!

And yet bethink thee, England; many a throne
 Has ruled the world and fallen, and a time
 Shall come in Earth's far ages, when alone,
 The fabric of thy glory passed away,
 Above thy wreck one name shall rest sublime,—
 His who now stands upon the brink of day!

—JAMES T. SHOTWELL, in *The 'Varsity*.

THE University of Missouri has abolished compulsory attendance at prayers and has inaugurated a plan of inviting prominent ministers of the State to take in turn the duty of chaplain.

"YOU seem sad, my red-skinned brother," said the missionary. "Red-skinned brother's heart heap sad," said the noble son of the prairie, "white man shoot better, fight better, and now Injun hear college yell, he know Injun can't war-whoop any more. Waugh?"

AN exchange says: "Chaucer describes men and things as they are; Shakespeare, as they would be under the circumstances proposed;

Spenser, as he would wish them to be ; Milton, as they ought to be ; Byron, as they ought not to be ; Shelley, as they never can be."

"What a beautiful thing is thought," said she ;
 "A boon it is to myself and Jim.
 I sit and think he is thinking of me,
 And he sits and thinks I am thinking of him."

—*Cornell Era.*

Knox College Monthly, enlarged to 60 pp., keeps up a very high standard of literary excellence. Its articles are stately and dignified. . . . *Acta Victoriana* has taken a long step in advance this year in form, typography and size. . . . *Queen's College Journal*, always good, has made substantial progress.

In college journalism this year one feature has been particularly noticeable,—illustration. Many of our esteemed contemporaries have given us engravings of their Editorial Staff, Glee Club, College Quartette, Football, Baseball, Hockey and Lacrosse teams. Some have printed excellent portraits of their prominent lecturers, their professors and presidents, of specially clever students that have won prizes, etc. This has added largely to the interest of the Exchange department, and we think to the value of the College paper generally.

The Madisonian is a new publication, the first number that reaches our office has a very pretty photogravure of the seven ladies of the Editorial staff. The number is a good one and we shall look with pleasure for subsequent issues. A poem entitled "Night," by Eugenia Parkham, has some good verses ; we have only space for three :—

The wonder world of Thought
 Unbends beneath thy power ;
 Her grandest dreams are wrought
 Within thy deepest hour.

Thy silence and thy dark,
 Lonely companions twain,
 The bounds of ages mark
 In Heaven's divinest strain.

And yet in Heaven, they say,
 Thou shalt not ever be ;
 No night shall break the day
 Of that eternity.

THE following composition, according to a writer in the *Homiletical Review*, came from a teachers' institute in Pennsylvania. He asserts that not one in fifty will read it correctly at sight. Submitted to bishops, editors, professors, authors, etc., it has never been read, in his hearing, with less than five errors, while he has known ministers of considerable prominence to miss twenty-eight of these common words :—

A sacrilegious son of Belial, who suffered from bronchitis, having exhausted his finances, in order to make good the deficit, resolved to

ally himself to a comely, lenient and docile young lady of the Malay or Caucasian race. He accordingly purchased a calliope, and a necklace of a chameleon hue, and having secured a suite of rooms at a leading hotel near the depôt, he engaged the head waiter as his coadjutor. He then dispatched a letter of the most unexceptional calligraphy extant, inviting the young lady to a matinee. She revolted at the idea, refused to consider herself sacrificeable to his designs, and sent a polite note of refusal; on receiving which he said he would now forge fetters hymeneal with the Queen. He then procured a carbine and a bowie-knife, went to an isolated spot behind an abode of squalor, severed his jugular vein, and discharged the contents of the carbine into his abdomen. The debris was removed by the coroner, who, from leading a life in the culture of belles-lettres and literature, has become a sergeant-at-arms in the Legislature of Arkansas

NATURE AND LOVE.

This I learned from the birds,
 Dear heart,
 And they told me in woodland words,
 Apart,
 And they told me true—
 That all their singing the summer through
 Was of you, of you.

This I learned from the flowers,
 Dear heart,
 In the dewy morning hours
 Apart—
 And they swore it, too,
 That all their sweetness the summer through
 Was for you, for you.

This I learned from the leaves,
 Dear heart,
 On s'illy, starry eves
 Apart—
 Though their words were few—
 That all their sighing the summer through
 Was for you, for you.

—*Nassau Lit. Magazine.*

A SONG.—We had gone fishing, the boys and I, and blue-eyed seven-year-old—called "Judge," because of his seriousness—was the proud possessor of a string of sunfish and perch. The sun was hidden behind the thick wood across the stream, leaving us with the mystic charm of a midsummer twilight. Turning our faces homewards, we saw before us a group of boys playing La Crosse upon the common; and seven-year-old, who had never seen the game, took his position to witness it, one hand grasping firmly the rod and line and little tin pail of earth-worms, and the other holding the string of sunfish and perch.

As the design of the performance began to present itself to his mind, I heard his low rippling laugh, checked now and then by suspended breathing as arms, legs and cross-sticks were hopelessly inter

laced. This disconnected music was the prelude of the song which soon burst forth full and free. Up and down the laughing scale ran the voice, clear as a high-keyed bell, and sweet as the singing of a bird at daybreak. Ripple on ripple, wave on wave, came the music, now rising ecstatically to the highest note, lingering and swelling, and now running the downward scale in a soft tremulous cadenza. The climax was reached as the game ended, then the song rolled across the stream in silver rings that chased one another in and out among the trees and sped on to lull, in their decline, the sinking sun.

That was before the day of the phonograph, or I should have enlisted its good offices to preserve, for the solace of my lonely hours, the sweetest song I have ever heard.

EVA ROSE YORK.

COLLEGE NEWS.

W. P. COHOE, '96, R. D. GEORGE, '97,
J. F. VICHERT, '97, MISS E. WHITESIDE, '98,
Editors.

THE UNIVERSITY.

LACK of space prevents a full report of the student meeting for the election of new officers and the farewell dinner given to '96 by their hopeful successors, the new seniors. Both meetings were entirely successful. Mr. J. F. Vichert, '97, was elected High Kakiac for 1896-'97 and was installed at the dinner in the evening. Mr. H. N. McKechnie, '97, presided. Many excellent speeches were made laudatory of the departing classes and were graciously responded to by the representatives of the recent graduates. The retiring High Kakiac, Mr. C. J. Cameron, B. A., was presented with a handsome miniature gavel, in memory of his well-wielded authority. The enjoyment of the evening was greatly enhanced by the presence of Chancellor and Mrs. Wallace, and the ladies of the University. '97 deserves congratulations. That dinner will not readily be forgotten.

DURING vacation our professors are by no means idle or

"Free to sit with folded hands
And gaze upon the meadow-lands."

Chancellor Wallace, after the Convention, will attend the Woodstock closing during the first week in June, and the Moulton closing during the following week. At the same time he will visit various Associations. In the last week of July and the first week of August, he will deliver a course of ten lectures at Pine Lake, Indiana, U. S. A., and then the same number at Luray, Virginia, on "The Life and Teachings of Christ." He will return to Toronto by the first of September to make preparations for the opening of the University in October.

Dr. Rand delivered an eloquent and masterly address upon "The Educational Ideal, how it is Realizing itself, and Whither it Tends," at the Encoenia of the University of New Brunswick on May 28th. He will visit in Fredericton and Wolfville and proceed to Partridge Island, Parrsboro', N. S. Dr. Newman is hard at work as usual among his books and MSS. He will sojourn at Hamill's Point, Muskoka. Dr. Welton is in the city revising old work and planning new. Prof. Campbell is studying at the University of Chicago. Prof. Farmer is visiting Manitoba and the North West, and doing work that tells on behalf of the University and denomination.

Prof. McKay will leave shortly for Cambridge University, England, where he will remain for a year engaged in mathematical work. Dr. Goodspeed will recuperate at Stanley Park and take charge of the Bellfountain church. Prof. Clark has just concluded his arduous labours in connection with the examinations of various institutions and will take a brief holiday at Long Point. Prof. Willmott and Mr. Piersol are still at work in town. The former has been appointed by the Ontario Government to visit the Rainy Lake region in company with Prof. Coleman. Dr. Ten Broeke preached the Educational sermon before the Convention at Montreal. He returns home to Panton, on the shores of Lake Champlain. Mr. McLay is in Woodstock, and will return for his duties with regard to departmental examinations. Mr. Russell is taking graduate work in mathematics at Harvard University, Cambridge, Mass.

THE THIRD ANNUAL COMMENCEMENT.

Commencement week with all its glories is now past and gone. '96 has been hooded, has been admitted "*ad gradum Baccalauri in Artibus*" with long Latin names and "the rights and dignities pertaining thereunto." Everything was a perfect success. Nature and the Senate smiled favorably upon '96 and granted them a successful graduation. The new Chancellor is certainly well versed in the lore of commencements and makes ours not only second to none but superior to all. McMaster's commencement week is peculiar, in that nearly all her students remain to it, and in that way by their loyalty to *alma mater* make it a week always to be remembered by the graduate and looked forward to by the freshman.

The University is to be congratulated upon its good fortune in securing Rev. Dr. Lorimer, the distinguished pastor of Tremont Temple, Boston, Mass., to preach the Baccalaureate sermon. His presence at the various academic functions added much to the enjoyment of those who were fortunate enough to be present.

The annual meeting of the Associated Alumni was the first meeting of the series, and was attended by a goodly number of the graduates and friends. The President, Rev. A. P. McDiarmid, delivered an excellent address on "The Aim of Education." This he considered to be service, service for humanity and God, rather than self-aggrandize-

ment. Rev. J. B. Kennedy's address on "The Relation of Education to Missions" dealt with the importance of Education in the evangelization of the world. Miss Behmer, of Moulton College, sang Gounod's "The King of Love" in a charming manner, and the University Glee Club gave an admirable rendering of the grand old hymn *Te Deum*.

The following officers were elected for the ensuing term:—President, Rev. W. M. Walker, B.A., London; First Vice President, Prof. Clark, M.A., Toronto; Second Vice-President, Rev. E. Hooper, M.D.; Third Vice President, Linus Woolverton, M.A., Grimsby; Fourth Vice-President, Miss Eliza P. Wells, B.A., Toronto; Secretary-Treasurer, W. S. W. McLay, B.A.; Corresponding Secretary, W.S.S. McAlpine, B.A. Mr A. K. Blackadar, M.A., Ottawa, and Mr. A. P. McDonald, B.A., B.Th., were appointed representatives on the Senate of the graduates in Arts and Theology respectively.

The Committee appointed to report *re* Memorials in McMaster Hall to Dr. Fyfe and Principal McGregor, was continued. A committee was appointed to draft a plan whereby all graduates, whether present at the annual meeting of the association or not, may be enabled to vote for representatives to the Senate.

DELIVERY OF ESSAYS.—On Tuesday afternoon members of the graduating classes read essays to the public. The attendance was good for an afternoon. All those present felt themselves more than repaid for going. The essays were five: "Ideals: Their Nature and Value," Geo. John Menge, (Arts); "The Greatest Frenchman," Horatio Hackett Newman, (Arts); "Browning, the Poet of the Future," Mary Elizabeth Dryden, (Arts); "Christianity in the Nineteenth Century," William Wardley McMaster, B.A., (Theology); "Christian Missions in Relation to Civilization," Bert Ward Merrill, B.A., (Theology.) The Glee Club sang "The Hunter's Call," and Mr. W. S. S. McAlpine, B.A., sang "The Ivy Green," in his usual acceptable style.

THE BACCALAUREATE SERMON will long be remembered by those who were privileged to hear it. The large audience room of Walmer Road church was filled with an intensely interested audience of students and friends of McMaster. On the platform were Chancellor Wallace presiding; Rev. Dr. Lorimer, the University professoriate, Pastor W. W. Weeks, Rev. E. J. Stobo, Senr., and others.

We are indebted to the *Globe* for the following excellent digest of the sermon. No apology is needed for its length:—

After a few words of welcome by the Chancellor short musical selections were rendered, and Rev. Dr. Lorimer was called upon to deliver the Baccalaureate Sermon. Dr. Lorimer spoke for over an hour, but the magnificent manner in which he dealt with his subject, combined with his eloquent delivery, made the time pass far too rapidly. He is an orator of exceptional ability, and his address of last night will long be remembered by the graduates and friends of McMaster University. From beginning to end his remarks were most impressive and inspiring, and delivered with a charm and grace of language possessed only by the most gifted speakers.

DR. LORIMER'S SERMON.—The words on which he spoke were taken from the Gospel of St. Matthew, chap. vi., verse 23. "If, therefore, the light that is in thee be darkness, how great is the darkness." Speaking on this text he

said:—"This language forms part of a most striking analogy. Some commentators fancy that it was suggested by the relationship existing between the sun and our planet. Were a calamity to quench the fires of the chief splendor of the solar system earth would be hopelessly enswathed in endless night. As is the sun to our globe, so is the eye to the body, and were it to suffer an eclipse the entire body would be veiled in darkness. But with due respect to the expositors, the Saviour's comparison is less pretentious than this. He simply likens vision to a lamp, a lamp which may be the hope of some wanderer through a dangerous mountain defile, or the flickering beacon on the shore to guide the wet sailor on stormy Galilee, and which if it goes out leaves the pilgrim and mariner in despair. The terms he employs, however, in contemplating so sad a contingency do not describe actual blindness so much as prove perversion of vision. If the eye is single, if it sees straight, has in view one object and keeps it in view, then the path will be clear and bright, but if it is divergent, looks two ways at once, confusion, indistinctness and obscurity must prevail. Swiftly the application comes that throws light on the figure, "No man can serve two masters." "Ye cannot serve God and mammon."

The careful reader ought to note that the analogy in this passage is double. First, it is between the lamp and the eye; and secondly, between the eye and something corresponding to it within described as "light." To what does Christ refer? It has been held by several writers that the eye of the soul is manifestly reason, which has to see for the whole body. But others insist that as He was discussing ethical principles He must necessarily have meant the conscience. As we are disposed to read our psychologies and metaphysics into the terminology of our Lord, and as there are conflicting schools on these high subjects, naturally enough we fail of agreement. Personally I hold that He did not intend to designate constitutional functions of the intellectual or moral nature of man, but primarily and exclusively the illumination, original or acquired, native or attained, of the soul. If we must find an exact analogy to the eye it exists in the soul itself taken as a whole. That is the seat of all intelligence, knowledge, radiance, brightness. Goethe says, "The eye receives the sun because it is sunny," and so the mind is in a similar manner capable of receiving light because it is light. The Master discloses a most solemn contingency, paradoxical in form, and yet thoroughly philosophical in character. He affirms that the light may be darkness, and hints at the awful and pitiful immeasurableness of such darkness. It is to the force and significance of this teaching that we must look.

AN ENLIGHTENED PEOPLE.—The Great Teacher is thinking of those who prize reason, culture, knowledge and all that goes to make an enlightened people. In addition He is proceeding on the supposition that the inner light governs and determines a man's outward life. What are schools, public libraries, churches and newspapers to us if they are not appropriated and used? The public library only benefits as it is utilized by the mind, nor are books a radiance on our pathway until they have been read. Two sad sights—a blind man stumbling along in the radiance of meridian splendor and a mind confronting the volumes in the library without the least conception of what they mean. Remember, we are governed directly from within, only indirectly from without. As the Deity gazing on this potential planet enveloped in darkness called on light to penetrate the thick blackness, so should every human being, realizing that without it there can be neither grass nor flowers nor beauty, make a way for his soul to be flooded with light. But what if the light be darkness? How is such a thing possible? It is always possible when reason is misdirected. When we stop to consider the part played by the mind of man in civilization and Christianity we are filled with amazement, and while we condemn the worship of reason impersonated in a frail woman at Notre Dame, we admit, if anything human is entitled to such homage, it is reason. And yet when we find it crowning a sinful woman, the sign of folly, viciousness and indecency, we have furnished to hand an illustration of light being darkness. Signs also have we of this grave miscarriage of the highest faculty in the religious mystic who interprets shadowy impressions into revelations from God; in the technologist who devotes himself to the arrangement of impossible or superfluous inventions, in the astronomer who runs into astrology; in the chemist who is secretly hoping to discover the elixir of life, and in the social reformer, who believes that the

hope of society lies in building it on a foundation that is contrary to every law of human nature. So likewise is this faculty darkness, when individuals use it to find excuses for idleness, restlessness and disdain for the ordinary obligations of life.

When men like Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Balfour, though immersed in political affairs, devote their trained intellects to the cause of religion, we all seem to feel the light of their thought. But, on the other hand, when we note writers of a different type, well read, ever brilliant, setting forth doctrines which undermine man's trust in God and in faith, who are the very torquemadas of infidelity, we do not impugn their motives, but we see how strong reasoning powers may propagate darkness.

MISCONCEPTION OF RELIGION.—But again, the light within us is darkness when religion is misconceived and misrepresented. We are to remember that religion is a larger term than Christianity. Nicodemus was religious, as was the devout centurion, before they became Christians. So we have no right to say that Mohammedans, Buddhists and multitudes of reverent rationalists are not religious. Of course we hold that the follower of Jesus is pre-eminently so. However kindled, whether by the working of a necessary law of our being, or by tradition and early education, a light springs up in the soul that points to God, to the duty of worship and to the possibility of a future life. This light has been increased by reflection, as in eastern lands, and by revelation and reflection, as in the west. Moreover, it ought still to grow through experience and study. But, alas! it may be perverted, it may be misapprehended and misapplied. When such is the case it becomes darkness, and the more there is of it the greater the darkness. To illustrate: We are specially interested to-day in the attitude of Mohammedanism towards Christianity. From the beginning that creed has sought the extermination of our faith and has never restrained its barbarous cruelties. Now the streets of Constantinople run red with blood. A Turk stands with a dripping spear over a murdered woman. The world looks on and exclaims, "That is religion! No, I prefer none of it." I answer, yes, but the light has become darkness. So, too, with the exception of a few Protestants here and there, the church stands aloof, more afraid to do something impolitic than to be guilty of inhuman apathy, and the great mass of unbelievers exclaim, "and this is religion!" It is another case of the traveller fallen among thieves. The Levite and the Priest, State and Church, pass that way and no good Samaritan has yet paused and poured in oil and wine. This sad tragedy does not prove the unreality of religion, only the conversion of its light into darkness.

And how great is the darkness? Who can estimate it? Our Lord uses a form of speech that at once suggests superlativeness, incomparableness, excessiveness. It is as though He said it is greater than any other kind of darkness and more impregnable. When men have never learned and are seeking the day, though their state is sad, it is hopeful. They are in a fair way to a better condition. But when men are wrong, believing themselves right, irrational, believing themselves rational, wise when unwise, and thinking themselves truly religious, when they are falsely religious, the difficulty of saving them is immense. It is harder to overcome miseducation than no education, and more difficult to counteract the errors of religion than to overcome the evils of no religion. When dogmatism, when vanity, pride and self-confidence are allied on behalf of a position, it becomes next to impossible to storm it, and capture it by assault. These are entrenchments not readily taken. Consider how traditions, habit, associations, intellectual pride and love of consistency keep you from changing ground, and then think if you are in darkness how great, how hopeless, how impregnable that darkness must be.

THE COLLATION.—When are students so happy as when they are seated before a table loaded—not with books? This fact was demonstrated at the annual collation held on Wednesday afternoon.

Shortly after 4 o'clock nearly 300 guests, including many ladies, sat down to an elaborate repast, which had been prepared for the occasion. The tables, which were arranged in six rows, with a long head table, were tastefully decorated with flowers and ornamental dishes.

At the head table were the following invited guests:—President and Mrs. Loudon (Toronto), Chancellor and Mrs. Burwash (Victoria), Dr. Lorimer, Mrs. Holman, Principal Sheraton (Wycliffe), ex-Chancellor and Mrs. Rand, Prof. and Mrs. Bell, and Mrs. Wallace. Rev. Chancellor Wallace presided. Among others present were Messrs. J. Short McMaster, Rev. Jesse Gibson, Rev. D. E. Hutchinson (Brantford), Principal Bates (Woodstock), Hon. John Dryden and Mr. Holman. Shortly after 5 o'clock the toast list was entered upon with a toast to the Queen, which was honored by the national anthem. Next came the "Sister Universities," which was proposed by the Chancellor and responded to by Dr. Loudon, Chancellor Burwash, Principal Sheraton and Prof. Bell. All these gentlemen delivered excellent addresses, in all of which they emphasized especially the good feeling which exists between the different colleges, and the mutual advantages which are to be derived from their close connection. "The Graduating Class in Arts" was proposed by Mr. Linus Wolverton, M. A., representing the Senate of McMaster University, and replied to by Mr. J. C. Sycamore of the graduating class in an able and eloquent manner. "The Graduating Class in Theology" was proposed by Dr. Calvin Goodspeed and responded to by Mr. J. J. Reeve, '96, who made many well-pointed and humorous remarks. The other toasts were: "The Governors," proposed by Prof. McKay, responded to by Mr. Dryden, "The Alumni," proposed by Prof. Willmott, replied to by Rev. W. M. Walker, President of the Alumni Association; "Our Pastors," proposed by Mr. D. E. Thomson, Q. C., and responded to by Revs. D. B. Cohee and A. C. Baker, and a toast to "The Preacher of the Baccalaureate Sermon," proposed by Rev. C. A. Eaton, and replied to by Rev. Dr. Lorimer in an address which was marked with humor and eloquence from beginning to end. During the afternoon many excellent college songs were rendered by the Glee Club and members of the graduating class of '96. "McMaster men" was an especial success.

CONFERRING OF DEGREES AND DIPLOMAS.—But the culmination of all things was on commencement night—Wednesday. Every McMaster man and woman turned out to the procession. The solemn, slow and majestic progress having been made, permission was asked of the Chancellor that the graduates might be admitted to their degrees. This given, each graduate mounted the platform, bowed profoundly and profusely, heard the mystic words pronounced, had the hood placed over his head, received his "sheep-skin" and marched down feeling himself not educated but a B. A. The one break in this programme was when '96's lady, Miss Dryden, received her degree. The applause testified to Miss Dryden's popularity, as the large number of bouquets she received testified to the esteem of her many friends.

The degrees and diplomas were awarded as follows :

Ad eundem—Master of Arts Degree—Rev. Charles Aubrey Eaton, Professor James Ten Broeke.

Bachelor of Arts Degree—Arthur Baker, William Hunter Piersol, Alexander Robertson McDonald.

In Course—Master of Arts Degree—George Herbert Clarke, Geo. Cross, Philo Kilborn Dayfoot.

In Course—Bachelor of Arts Degree—Archibald Gillies Baker, Sawyerville, Que. ; Llewellyn Brown, Belmont ; Wallace Patten Cohoe, Scotland ; Archibald Darroch, Arkwright ; Mary Elizabeth Dryden, Brooklin ; William Findlay, Toronto ; Samuel Thomas Foster, Pembroke ; Andrew Imrie, Brockville ; Albourn Newcomb Marshall, Bridgetown, N. S. ; George John Menge, Toronto ; John James McNeill, Paisley ; Horatio Hackett Newman, Toronto ; James Baxter Paterson, Montreal ; Canby Edwin Scott, New Sarun ; George Nowell Simmons, Ronson ; John Charles Sycamore, Brockville.

Bachelor of Divinity—Lyman Stanley Hughson.

Bachelor of Theology—Carson John Cameron, Tiverton ; William Wardley McMaster, Toronto ; Bert Ward Merrill, Hartford ; James Josiah Reeve, Guelph ; Edward John Stobo, Quebec ; Alexander Robertson McDonald (T. B. C., 1885), Lakefield.

Diplomas, English Theological Course—William Thomas Bunt, Hampton ; Andrew Fuller Hammett, Mount Albert ; James William Kirkpatrick, Brownsville.

ADDRESSES.—The address to the Graduates was delivered by Professor Daniel Morse Welton, Ph.D., D.D. He briefly reviewed the work of the successful students in the different branches of study—mathematics, classics, natural and physical science, philosophy and theology. Four years ago, he said, the University course lay before them ; now it was behind them, an accomplished fact. With it they had grappled in a manly way. In one particular this was not a correct statement, for, to be more literally accurate, in one instance the grappling had been rather in a womanly way. He tendered some valuable counsel to those who were about to enter the larger school of life and contend with its problems and perplexities. Dr. Welton warmly commended the judgment of those who would return to take up the theological course. In answer to the criticism that the influence of the pulpit is not what it once was, he said that the pulpit could never decline ; those who entered it might. To those about to enter upon the ministry he appealed not to resort to mountebankism in order to draw the crowd.

Chancellor Wallace followed with an admirable address, of the high quality of which the following digest can give but an imperfect conception :—

The present is the age of the crucible. Beliefs of all kinds are subjected to the fires of relentless criticism, and there is a demand that doctrines shall be shaped anew. Because of this there is exigent need of leaders who are constructive in purpose and masterful by reason of intelligence and spiritual force. The advanced thinkers of to-day, with few exceptions, are men of conjectures rather than convictions. There is a field for men who are competent to build on the ruins which destructive critics have made. Self-control is the first qualification in a

leader. If morally strong and mentally capable and equipped, he may hope to be ready and puissant in the field of opportunity. A man will be controlled for great purposes only when he is subject to a great thought. Such subjection may involve infinite sacrifice, as it has often done in past days of crisis and extraordinary service. No one can rise to the highest service who does not receive the great thought and inspiration of his life from conscious communion with God. As from Him came forth the Logos, so from Him must always come the thought-message which shall bring illumination and work redemption among men. He who does not worship God is incompetent to lead men to the highest things. The existence of the University shows progress from that state of society in which the leader of men carries a club or sword to that in which convictions and spiritual force are his weapons. With few exceptions, the universities of the world have been founded in response to a call for trained leaders, and a University is realizing its true aim only when it is sending forth graduates who are strong in self-control, filled with a great and holy purpose, and willing servants of the most high God. The University must not covet for her graduates places of worldly distinction, but must desire earnestly that they may find positions in which their qualifications will enable them to give help and guidance to those who have need.

Provost Welch, of Trinity University, followed with a short, practical address, in which he quoted the advice given to himself and fellow-graduates at Cambridge, advice which he tendered to the graduates of McMaster. This was to "study liberally, think seriously, work honestly, *epekteinomenoi*—pressing forward towards (the goal).

Dr. Lorimer was the last speaker. He took as the keynote for his speech the idea of "Progress," enunciated by Provost Welch, and reinforced the latter by a quotation from Robert Browning. He spoke of the many social injustices that are prevalent, and was cheered to the echo when he declared that society needs more justice and less charity, for more justice would mean that less charity would be required.

The Third Annual Commencement was then declared by the Chancellor at an end.

MOULTON COLLEGE.

MRS. DIGNAM has finished her year's work, and has gone to spend the holidays in a Paris studio. We wish her a very pleasant and successful summer, and a safe return to Moulton in the fall.

PER ARDUA is the watchword at Moulton at all times, but just now the girls are living up to it even more earnestly than usual. Early rising is the order of the day for the diligent ones who hope to distinguish themselves in the closing examinations, and if the proverbial saying about "early birds" is to be relied upon, there are some Moulton girls who will not stand low on the class-lists.

THE annual gathering of the Moulton Alumnæ is being anticipated with great interest. Every effort is being made to secure the attendance of all the members who can possibly come, and the programme for their entertainment contains several novel and interesting features.

THE final meeting of the Heliconian was held on May 22nd, when the following programme was presented; Song, Miss Bochmer; Recitation, Miss Cornell; Story, Miss Rosser; Observation Contest, members of the society; Piano Solo, Miss McKay; Heliconian Paper, Misses Cornell and Dyer.

THE final meeting of our Mission Circle took place on May 15th, when the following exercises, interspersed with music, were rendered: Paper on "The Condition of the Indians," by Miss Wallace; Reading, "A General Presentation of Scandinavian Work," by Miss Rosser; Paper on "Our Missionary Among the Indians," by Miss Cornell; Reading, "A Foreign Missionary at Home," by Miss Mayberry. The meeting was both interesting and helpful, and the Treasurer's Report for the year, which was read during the evening, was very encouraging.

THE following letter, issued on May 20th, by Rev. Donald Grant, of Montreal, to his church and congregation, will possess much interest for our readers: "Your pastor takes pleasure in announcing to you and your friends that on the 17th of June next, he will, D.V., be united in marriage to Miss Alice Maud Dunning Fitch, of Wolfville, Nova Scotia, at the residence of the bride's parents. He sincerely hopes that the contemplated union may be for the glory of our Common Lord and the welfare of the Church, as well as for the happiness of those entering upon it."

WOODSTOCK COLLEGE.

"Kith and Kin Across the Sea" was the theme of a delightfully entertaining lecture on Friday evening, May 1st, by Rev. Chas. A. Eaton, pastor of the Bloor St. Baptist church, Toronto. In rapid sketches the speaker took his hearers across the green fields of old England, into her famous halls of learning, north into the land of Burns, to Glasgow, Edinburgh and back to London, the world's emporium. Conditions social, political and religious were outlined and commented on; and the lecturer closed with an earnestly eloquent and patriotic appeal, especially to young men, as an aim worthy of their highest ambition, to lend a hand in consolidating the peace and good-will of the great English-speaking peoples. The lecture was listened to throughout with the most intense interest and delight by the large audience present. Mr. Eaton made many friends during his short stay in Woodstock.

GRANDE LIGNE

NEXT year, if all is well, four of our students, E. Rossier, J. J. Nicol, P. Baker, and F. Therrien will begin the struggle with the Arts Course of McMaster University. Philip Nicol will study Medicine at Laval, Goodhue, Arts at McGill, and H. Sené will enter Theology at Newton. We wish them all success.

WE regret to say that Miss Laporte, who came in such good spirits to help us last October, was compelled, by failing health, to relinquish her work here at the end of the winter term. Since then she has been under treatment in a hospital in Montreal. We hope that her health may be speedily and completely restored to her.

Now that the warm weather and dry roads have come, the bicycle is becoming a very common sight. Almost every recreation the "oval" in front of the school would present the appearance of a regular race course. An increasing number of our students become devotees of the wheel every year. We fear, though, that lessons very often suffer from this devotedness. In fact, some students can hardly leave the bicycle long enough to come to their meals, much less to study.

WITH us "Arbor Day" was this year celebrated a little more extensively than usual. Not content with planting trees merely on our own grounds, we, this year, set out maples and elms along the whole front of the farm. Quite a number of apple trees, grape vines and currant bushes were also set out in our orchard and garden. The mission will reap the benefit of these trees in future years, and will thank a past generation for their generous forethought. If only some more of our neighbors would follow our example in setting trees along the front of their farms, Grande Ligne would soon present a very beautiful appearance.

ON April 10th it was our sad duty to lay to rest the remains of Mrs. Brouillet, the wife of our Missionary Brouillet, at Roxton Pond, and sister of our pastor, M. B. Parent. Five days later also we were called to follow the remains of our school-mate Aaron Pelletier to the same little cemetery behind the College. Both had been suffering for some months previous to their death, and both had a strong hope in Jesus Christ. Mrs. Brouillet leaves to mourn a husband and one daughter, while Aaron was the only son of a widowed mother. The bereaved ones have our sincerest sympathy in their loneliness.

ACCORDING to his usual custom in the spring time, Mr. A. E. Massé had on hand this year a large pile of cord-wood to be sawn and split. Every fine holiday some boys would tremble lest they should be called upon to work at the wood-pile. Nearly all of us have had our share of this work to do. Sometimes, when all could not work at once at the wood, different boys would be told off to rake or mow the lawn, pick up bits of paper, trim the apple trees and dig about them, or do various other jobs. While, however, these tasks were being performed, the bicycles enjoyed a much needed rest.