



Yours very sincerely,
A L Spruley

THE
McMASTER UNIVERSITY MONTHLY

DECEMBER, 1893.

ADELAIDE LANE SMILEY.

Miss Adelaide Lane Smiley was born in Grafton, N.H. The rugged hills and the remarkable scenery of her native State were helpful teachers. Her home was both a typical and a somewhat exceptional New England household. Constant association with her father and grandfather, who were physicians, and whom she often accompanied in their long drives over the country roads of New Hampshire, developed habits of inquiry and accurate observation, fondness for natural scenery and a passionate love for out-of-doors life. Early familiarity with the occasions of disease and the action of remedies furnished impressive, concrete illustrations of the relation of causes to effects.

Miss Smiley was the oldest of several children and the prolonged illness of her mother cast the responsible care of the household upon the oldest daughter when she was a mere child. Yet during those years she read the works of the best living authors and standard English classics. This happy, busy home-life developed self-reliance, executive ability and an exacting demand for realities. The love of reading, of good literature and even of poetry was manifested not so much in fondness for rhetorical beauty of form as for the expression of truth and elevated thought.

Rocks, flowers, trees, birds, clouds and stars introduced to the

study of the natural sciences. It is not strange that under the guidance of parents who never undervalued any phase of truth, the child who studied nature from nature's open book and also learned to know of nature's God from the Psalms, the Gospels, and the best sacred hymns, came to be a teacher whose supreme aim has been the development of Christian character, who declares that, for her, "religious work can in no sense be separated from educational," and who, though for years preparing pupils for college in the Latin classics, has long regarded as her most important work "the effort to teach young men and women how to study the Bible for themselves."

Miss Smiley was born to be a teacher. She has justified and ennobled her calling. Before she was fourteen years of age and when she had herself attended school less than three full years, she taught a country school with marked success. She prolonged her course of study at the New London, N.H., Literary and Scientific Institution, taking two years of Greek and graduating after four years, in 1859. This work was supplemented by study at the "Oread," then a well known school at Worcester, Mass., in charge of Dr. Robert E. Pattison, previously President of Waterville College, and later a Professor in the Theological Schools at Alton, Ill., and Chicago. Under the instruction of Dr. Pattison in psychology and ethics, his pupil was introduced to a higher plane of thought than she had before attained, and entered upon that stage of mental development which was continued by persistent application and favorable personal relations. Formative influences in the development of the reasoning and reflective powers were supplied by Dr. Pattison, and later by Dr. Raymond, with whom Miss Smiley was happily associated as a teacher at Vassar. She was prepared and hungry for a college education at the period just before the special and generous provision for the higher education of women began. When Miss Smiley graduated at New London in 1859, there was no college with a proper collegiate course open to young women. That training by which she was prepared to teach, with almost equal success, in such varied departments as English Literature, Latin, Mental and Moral Science and (by anticipation of present methods) the inductive study of the Bible, could then be secured only by exceptional determination and effort. With a solid founda-

tion of knowledge, acquired habits of study and an inflexible purpose, Miss Smiley learned, while teaching others, by private study and personal contact with educated men, much which young women are now taught while pupils. The very method of her acquisition put the stamp of current coin upon every new treasure of knowledge and thought, and secured that personal conviction and constant command of her resources which are invaluable results of true education.

In 1862 Miss Smiley returned to New London as teacher of English and Latin, where she remained four years, during the last two of which she was Lady Principal. After a year of rest, a year of teaching in Alton, Ill., and another year at the "Oread" in Worcester, she received an appointment as a teacher of Latin in Vassar College, with the oversight of a corridor and charge of a weekly Bible class. The four years at Vassar were years of intense study, large opportunity, independent research, accurate scholarship and growing power in the class-room.

After an enforced period of rest and recuperation, Miss Smiley partially engaged to return to Vassar, where she might possibly have gained for herself a broader culture and a greater reputation than in the work which she resumed at New London, but probably she could not have wielded a more potent influence in the formation of character. She thoroughly understood the New England boys and girls who came under her care during the decade from 1877, when for the second time she was Lady Principal at New London. She was in warm sympathy with her pupils, with their eagerness for an education and with the difficulties with which most of them had to contend. For fourteen years in connection with this school, she poured the best of her life with its high aims, its rare tact, its lofty faith and unflagging patience, its genuine refinement and noble womanhood, into the lives of those entrusted to her care. The pronounced, positive and wholesome character of her moral and religious influence during those laborious years is beyond question. To her, true education and Christian example, the vigorous exercise of intellectual attainments and reverent devotion were inseparable. As a consequence, the moral and spiritual results of her work were no less marked than the intellectual. The impress of those fruitful years upon persons now engaged in foreign missionary

work and in places of high responsibility throughout the land, can never be lost. That work was not done to be seen of men. It can well wait for its full and just estimate until the hidden things shall be unfolded, and in the light men shall see the light.

The long service at New London was followed by a period of tender ministrations to a beloved sister in her last illness, and a greatly needed rest. Then enriched with years of tried and varied usefulness, Miss Smiley was ready to resume that work which is the passion of her life. In these circumstances, Dr. J. H. Castle was addressed by a mutual friend concerning her availability for work at Moulton College. When the letter reached its destination, Dr. Castle's earthly work was done. Mrs. Castle forwarded the letter to the responsible authorities of McMaster University, and as a result Miss Smiley became the second Lady Principal of Moulton College. To that work she brought her large experience, mature judgment, stable, intelligent, Christian faith, and a conscientious fidelity and interest in her work, such as are beyond price to any institution fortunate enough to command such service. Her work at Moulton was not an experiment. There was something about the kind of service which she was accustomed to render as a Christian teacher, which was beyond and above the experimental stage. That work was too serious and too sacred, too directly and constantly under the great task-Master's eye, to be other than, in its highest phases, assured of the Divine favor and blessing. Her devotion to the college was as genuine as her fitness for the place was manifest.

There was something beautiful beyond words in the relations of confidence and esteem which she sustained alike to teachers and pupils. So rich was her experience, so ripe and broad her wisdom, and so generous her sympathy, that alike in the difficult problems and the small perplexities of school life, her teachers habitually turned to her for counsel with the unquestioning assurance that her judgment could supplement whatever lack they felt, and that her cordial support of their earnest endeavors would never be wanting. At the same time her justice, unselfishness, and genuine comprehension of the needs, aims and temptations of girlhood gave her an influence over the students rare in its strength. Many a girl has gone out from Moulton to enter upon a life which can not but be truer and lovelier

for the daily association and occasional quiet talk with this wise and loving friend.

To the loyal co-operation of the teachers, and to the growing appreciation and noble spirit of the pupils she has given generous and repeated testimony. She will never cease to have the deepest interest in the part which Moulton College is called to take in the Christian education of women. The friends of McMaster University may be thankful that in a somewhat critical and transitional period of its history, one was entrusted with the guidance of Moulton College who aimed to hold fast what is good and to attain the best ; one who sought the golden mean of wise conservatism combined with intelligent progress.

A. B.

“THE DOCTRINE OF THE PROPHETS.”*

There is no doubt that the critical question is fairly before us. If so, the head-hiding ostrich has not exhausted his moral-pointing power in helping to shew to sinners the folly of their ways. It is clear that those who are not higher critics must either honestly examine the subject, or else say nothing about it and confine themselves to those aspects of religion of which no Higher Criticism can rob them. But the higher critics themselves have also obvious duties in their work. To no class of men to-day does Paul's exhortation to “speak the truth in love” more fully apply than to these men of so-called advanced views. Cruelly to tear to pieces good, pious people's beliefs about the Bible, merely for the pleasure of seeing something fly to atoms, is ungentlemanly, not to say unchristian. We can, therefore, only rejoice at the advent of such critics as Prof. Kirkpatrick, of Trinity College, Cambridge, who shews that he can combine courtesy and reverence with scholarship.

The book just published by the author of “The Divine Library of the Old Testament,” is, as the title suggests, a contribution to the study of the Old Testament prophets ; and those

* The Doctrine of the Prophets. Warburtonian Lectures for 1886-1890 ; by A. F. Kirkpatrick, D.D. MacMillan & Co. 1892.

who pass through the somewhat sultry air of the first few pages will soon begin to feel that the author has made a valuable addition to the existing helps to the study of a unique and fascinating literature.

For many people the prophets are a company of some sixteen highly respectable gentlemen of undoubted orthodoxy, whose writings are to be found somewhere between the Psalms and Matthew. For others they are, so to speak, a series of doctrinal clothes-presses, each provided with a complete theological wardrobe. For were not all inspired? and do not all speak God's truth? and is not God's truth one? For still others the prophetic books are an unexplored and undeveloped quarry, in which, however, are to be found a few well-known fragments of rock that offer a good foundation upon which to build a New Testament sermon. But sober thought will shew that this cannot be right. The prophets were men with human hearts, whose works were meant to be studied, each for its own message, and to whom an injustice is done in trying to make them say too much, as well as in trying to make them say too little. From this the only escape is to treat each book historically and exegetically. This, of course, is hard. Results come only after long, patient, and sometimes disappointing toil. But for the earnest seeker after truth, the gains are ever greater than the losses. If, in the course of such study, he has to abandon some of his old theories, a good conscience and a clearer sense of reality will always constitute a sufficient reward.

Such a method applied to the Old Testament prophets has many advantages. The mere historical interest of the subject is by no means small. In the books of Samuel and Kings and Chronicles, we see the history of the Jewish nation as a march of outward events; but in the prophets we may watch the inner life of the people, with its good and bad motives, until the letters of the words begin, so to speak, to move to and fro, and reveal a life behind which is remarkably like our own. But further, apart from the historical method, the prophets cannot even be understood. For many of them were intimately connected with the politics of their time, and all of them with the life of their time. To understand these writings, then, we must understand the age from which they sprang—we must have, in

other words, a true historical perspective. It would be just as false to think of Isaiah and Malachi as addressing themselves to the same needs, and speaking and writing at the same time, as it would be to think of Shakespeare and Tennyson as contemporaries. An instructive instance is to be found in the message of Isaiah as compared with that of Jeremiah. Isaiah had stoutly maintained that the temple and city could not fall. But Jeremiah's duty to his age was to preach precisely the opposite as the truth. Obviously, an intelligent student must learn when Isaiah said one thing and Jeremiah another, although both spoke what was true. We need, therefore, to re-discover the prophets: we need to gain an insight into the politics and social conditions of the age for which each wrote. We must learn to think of the Jewish state in which these great men worked, as of a ship in a storm, which to human sight is in momentary danger of going to pieces, but which by Divine guidance reached port, although not the port that men had expected.

But, in addition to this, a historical knowledge adds an inexpressible charm to these writings. To quote but one passage—"In those days shall Judah be saved and Jerusalem shall dwell safely: and this is the name whereby she shall be called, The Lord our righteousness."—Jer. xxxiii. 16. Such a passage is, and always must be, beautiful, even in and for itself. But when, from a knowledge of Jeremiah's times, we realize that it was a flower that grew in the very teeth of the north wind, its beauty becomes infinitely greater.

Many of the younger men of the present time have no doubt felt that their knowledge of the Bible has not been as good as that of their fathers. The reason seems to be that there had been, just before their time, a sort of collapse. The old theories have since then been only timidly held, while the new ones have rested under a very heavy cloud of suspicion. Those who have felt the limitations resulting from this state of things will be overjoyed to see in Prof. Kirkpatrick's book what looks like the promise of a new building that is to rise out of the old ruins. It is the duty of a Christian optimist to believe that the new building will be better than the old.

The present author's method is, as we have said, historical.

He deals with each book in its chronological place and gives in each case an outline of the history of the nation at the time when the prophet in question lived. The prophet himself, together with his book and his theological teaching, are next treated; and, last of all, is indicated the manner in which the prophecy has been fulfilled. The analyses of the books will be found useful.

Of course, a work which treats a subject so wide cannot enter into details; all that is possible is to give a general survey of Old Testament prophetic literature. But there are hundreds—perhaps thousands—of Bible students who need just such a book as this—a book which does for Hebrew literature a kind of work which classical scholars have done for that of Greece and Rome.

The chronological table will be a great boon to diligent students. It is based on the revised chronology and indicates the chief events of interest in the history of the Jews from 848 B.C. to 425 B.C.

It is possible that some readers will be pained at what they see here. Not only is Isaiah xl-lxvi put unhesitatingly in the time of the exile, but Isaiah xxiv-xxvii is assigned to a still later period, and Zechariah ix-xiv is separated from the book of Zechariah. To some this will seem perverse ingenuity, if not inexcusable irreverence. But such readers need not deprive themselves of the benefit they may derive from the author's treatment of the undisputed books. On the other hand, the orthodox will find much in the book to reassure them. For instance, the author rejects the theory that the prophecies of Amos mark an entirely new departure in the history of Israel. He holds that Amos, in common with the other prophets of the eighth century, was a reformer and not a founder. Of the prophecy of the exile he says: "Such a prophecy was not mere human aspiration or bold guess work, but the voice of the Spirit of God revealing beforehand, as men could receive it, the purpose of the ages."

There will be few who will not recognize truth as well as beauty in such sentences as these: "He saw the divine purposes from afar, yet they seemed to be close at hand, like the distant peak which the Alpine traveller sees towering majestically into

the sky, apparently close beyond the grassy slope upon which he stands." "It was given to those ancient prophets to soar above the earth-born mists which becloud human vision, and to see God's purposes rising majestically against the clear firmament of His righteous sovereignty, like sunlit Alpine peaks against the azure sky ; but it was not given them to see at once how many an obstacle must be surmounted, how many a disappointment endured, ere the longed-for goal could be attained."

While one misses in this book some of the freshness and vigor of, say, Robertson Smith's "Prophets of Israel," it will not be hazardous to predict for it a fruitful mission. If any one, after reading it through, does not feel burning in his heart a greater enthusiasm for the Hebrew prophets, and a more fervent desire to know more about them, it will be either because his enthusiasm and knowledge are already at the highest possible point, or because he is incapable of enthusiasm, and has no desire for knowledge.

J. L. GILMOUR.

Berlin, February, 1893.

BUNYAN.

Colossal one, whose rugged features glow
As some far peak above the cloud that lowers,
The gates of Hell, like Dante, thou didst know ;
God did not play with thee, nor thou with men,
Beloved seer of life's advancing hours,
Divinest soul denied the poet's pen !

R.

THE ERL KING.*

Who rides so late through night so wild !
 It is a father with his child ;
 He holds the lad well in his arm,
 He holds him safe and keeps him warm.

" My son, why hidest thou thy head ?"
 " Seest thou not, father, the Erl King dread ?
 The Fairy King with crown and with train ?"
 " My son, it is naught but the misty rain."

" Come, dearest child, come, go with me,
 Many beautiful games I will play with thee :
 Where lovely flowers bloom on the shore,
 My mother has golden robes in store."

" My father, my father, and dost thou not hear
 What the Erl King is whispering now in my ear ?"
 " Be quiet, my son, stay quiet, I say !
 'Tis the wind among the dead leaves at play."

" Art thou willing, dear child, to go with me ?
 My daughters will gladly wait upon thee ;
 For thee will they nightly their festival keep,
 And rock thee and sing thee and dance thee to sleep."

" My father, my father, and seest thou not,
 The Erl King's daughter in yonder dark spot ?"
 " My son, my son, I see it full well,
 'Tis but the old willows so gray in the dell."

" I love thee, I'm charmed by thy beautiful face ;
 And if thou'rt not willing, I must take without grace."
 " My father, my father, now he seizes me fast,
 The Erl King has done me to death at last."

The father shuddering, rides on through the wild ;
 He holds to his breast his moaning child,
 He comes to the courtyard with toil and dread ;
 He looks—the boy in his arms is dead.

P. K. DAYFOOT.

[From the German of Goethe. *The Erl King was a malicious spirit in German legend.]

ENGLAND AS SEEN BY A GERMAN.

A young German professor of Erlangen, who spent several weeks of his last summer's vacation in England, has given us in a letter recently received some of his impressions of the social conditions of the island kingdom. Referring to the absolute dependence of so large a proportion of the population upon their daily earnings for their living, and to the awful chasm that separates the masses from the upper ten thousand, who alone have time and means to look with enjoyment upon whatever greatness England may have to show, he declares it to be his opinion, that Germany is in many respects a freer country, and in spite of many peculiar social dangers, has really less cause for alarm from that source than England. English Sunday regulations, shutting out the laborer and the artizan from many places of amusement on the only day when they are free to enjoy them, are of course severely criticised. That day in England was always as gloomy to our German friend as a funeral. "Why should not people rather enjoy themselves on the Lord's day? In Germany it is a festive day. There the laboring man, housed in during the week, can on Sunday participate in all that helps to make life beautiful and enjoyable. Even if there are so many social democrats (who are not so very bad after all), still there is no danger of revolution so long as the people can find amusement."

One of the worst features of the condition of things in England, our friend says, is the fact that almost the whole population are congregated in cities, and that the healthy conditions of rural life scarcely exist. While a few noble families hold possession of whole counties, there are now scarcely any small landowners. The old proverb says *latifundia perdidere Roman*.

Another circumstance threatens serious consequences to England's social fabric. Other European countries, too, are now becoming industrial states, and are not only growing more and more independent of English manufactories, but they are sending out their products to compete with English goods in the great markets of the world. Never perhaps has any country existed under more artificial conditions than England.

"And yet," he writes, "I hope England may continue to prosper; for, in spite of all I have written, I love that land, a land in so many respects worthy of the highest admiration. What a lofty conception of Great Britain's greatness a foreigner obtains as he stands in the presence of those glorious marble monuments in Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's! Truly, those are fitting honors done to great and noble men, and here Germany is still very far behind. How magnificent are England's libraries, her museums and her railway systems! How beautiful and lovely are English landscapes! When I can afford it, I shall again cross the channel to

"This royal throne of kings, this scepter'd isle,
This other Eden, demi-paradise;"

M. S. C.

AN EXEGESIS.

Were all the wild animals of the earth, as well as the domestic, represented among those which were preserved with Noah in the ark? We think not. How then, the question arises, are we to understand Gen. vii: 15?—"And they went in unto Noah into the ark, two and two of all flesh wherein is the breath of life." We reply: the "all flesh" of this passage is one of those universals of scripture which must be limited by the connection in which they stand, or by the nature of the subjects to which they apply. They are common to all the sacred writers. For example, when it is said of the famine in Egypt in the days of Joseph, that "it was over all the face of the earth," the meaning is that it was *wide-spread*, affecting possibly the whole of Egypt. Again, when Luke tells us that a decree went out from Cæsar Augustus, "that all the world should be enrolled," his reference must be restricted to the part of the world that was under Cæsar's rule. Again, when Matthew says of John, that "there went out to him Jerusalem, and all Judea, and all the region round about Jordan," we are not to understand that not an individual remained in the great city or in all the populous towns of Judea, but simply that a great number flocked to hear John in the wilderness. So we may suppose that when Moses affirms

that the waters of the flood covered "all the high mountains that were under the whole heaven," he meant merely that so far as the flood extended it covered the mountain tops. Aside from the many proofs going to show that the flood was not universal—which proofs need not here be recited—a universal flood was manifestly not necessary to accomplish its main and distinctly expressed purpose, namely, the sweeping away of the wicked race of men. It is not likely that the flood extended much if any beyond the district inhabited by men at the time, which, from its centre might probably be swept with a radius of five hundred miles, or embraced in a circle of one thousand miles diameter. It is not improbable that, at the time of the flood, many wild animals were inhabiting regions of the earth not yet penetrated by man; and if all these animals were not represented by those in the ark—which is our contention,—if the flood was universal, they must have all been destroyed, and the present animal kingdom in these countries must have resulted from new creations—an inadmissible supposition. But if these animals were not represented among those in the ark, and the flood was not universal, then these same animals that were not reached by the flood would be the proper progenitors of their kind to-day.

The notion is somewhat prevalent that man and the inferior animals were created in the same place, and from one centre spread themselves over the earth. But as they were not created in the same way, neither were they in the same place. Unlike the august proceeding when man was created—when the different persons of the Trinity seem to have mutually deliberated, and a creature was made in the image of God, with a soul gotten through the inbreathing of the divine Spirit—unlike this, when the inferior animals came upon the scene, under the divine command, and as marking their lower nature, they sprang, as it were, from the bosom of the earth: "Let the earth bring forth the living creature after its kind, cattle, and creeping thing, and beast of the earth after its kind." And we may suppose that the different genera of lower animals were severally produced in those regions of the earth best suited to their natures and habits, the white bear, for example, in the arctic regions, and the lion in the equatorial,—regions, moreover, not reached at all, many of them, by the flood. The animals which Noah took into the ark

were merely species—could not have been more than species—which belonged to the tract that was to be destroyed. All other animals were safe in their own regions.

But all conjecture on this subject is set aside by the definite statement contained in Gen. ix : 10, when rightly interpreted; and it is to this statement we wish particularly to refer. The passage refers to the covenant which God established with Noah after the flood, to the effect that in this way neither man nor the lower creatures should again be destroyed. The authors of the Revised Version render the last part of the verse thus: "of all that go out of the ark, even every beast of the earth." They evidently supposed that every beast of the earth was represented among those in the ark, and so tried to make the original Hebrew support the idea. And Dr. Conant does the same thing, probably for the same reason. He renders the words thus: "Of all that go forth from the ark of every beast of the earth." The following is the literal and more correct rendering: "*From* all that came out of the ark *to* every beast of the earth." The "beast of the earth" is here the *wild beast* (*chaiya*), and the obvious implication of the statement is that the wild beasts were not among those that came out of the ark; and if they did not come out, they could not have gone in.

D. M. WELTON.

GOD'S PAINTING.

As if all human art to shame,
The forest banners far and wide,
God decorates with gold and flame
And waves them on the mountain side.

D. M. W.

MARBOD'S

ORATIO AD DOMINUM.

(From the Latin.)

O Son of God incarnate,
High Heaven's eternal King,
Around our burdening sorrows
Thine arms of mercy fling.

To sin our nature leads us,
And dust to dust returns ;
Stay Thou, O Christ, the ruin
That all our efforts spurns.

For man, the seed of Adam,
What is he but a worm
Deserving death, defenceless
Against the coming storm ?

Deal not with him in anger
Whose nature is unclean,
Do not, O God, condemn him
Who cannot keep from sin.

It were not meet, nor like Thee,
Strict justice to demand,
For who, of hapless mortals,
Could 'gainst Thy thunder stand ?

As shadows or as vapors
Or driven chaff are we,
Pity, O King of Heaven,
Pity our misery.

J. H. FARMER.

Students' Quarter.

THE METHOD OF PROGRESS.

Nightingale ! thy lyre is old,
 Framed in past æons yet untold
 The songs that float thy liquid gold.

This fierce beaked bird limned in the stone,
 Who heard its dying guttural moan ?
 Who missed the giant undertone ?

God hushed that grating cry of thine—
 Unready yet with lyric wine—
 Imperfect yet to ears divine.

Lulled solemnly his lordly loom :
 "Some sweeter voice, some brighter plume
 Shall fill my house and light earth's dome."

Then re-began, with art divine,
 Rich tints and tones to intertwine,
 Till nightingales sang on the vine.

Daniel is a type of "low living and high thinking." The splendor of his life and genius show what may be accomplished by self-renunciation. This quality is always an element in the ideal character. The Turk is a high liver and a low thinker. The decay of the once splendid Empire is a testimony to the destroying power of self-indulgence.

Progress for individual men and nations, then, demands renunciation. Progress is ever by sacrifice. The foundation of the glory of this age is martyrdom. The numerous joys of life which are our heritage are the fruit of the pains of countless "living sacrifices." Martyrs many and noble there have been, on many crimsoned altars. They have died for you and me in vast numbers on the altars of Science, Literature, Art, Invention, Discovery, Philosophy or Religion. The blood of all has been the seed from which has sprung 19th century civilization.

Human society—progressive—is pictured in the strange submarine labors of colonies of corals. These creatures build on a substratum of rock which is made of the bodies of previous generations of their race. Year by year they rise on this once living foundation, upward and ever upward, until they reach the wash of the waves, and the breath of heaven, and the sight of sun and star. Some glimpses millennial have we: our debt is to the men of self-sacrificing thought and action in past ages—to the Galileos, Columbuses, Savonarolas of all ages; to all who have forgotten themselves for the world's sake, and have, on humble or conspicuous altars, given their lives a ransom for the race. There are no universal gains without individual losses: no general progress without individual renunciation. Napoleon's dreadful road from Moscow was not more thickly bestrewn with the bodies of his loyal soldiery, than has been, with noble victims, the pathway of humanity towards a higher life. What grim tribute human life pays for its advances through this hostile country!

Life marches to her perfect goal,
To perfect music all her spheres attuning;
Man rises to his perfect soul
With God in Jacob-prayers i'the dark communing.

In sea billows the water does not move, only the motion moves: so Society's thought and consciousness move steadily onward like a growing and invincible wave of the sea—while matter dies. This motion intellectual and spiritual moves ever eternity-wards, gathering impetus from heaven-controlled and directed storm and gale, rising at each onset of hostile wind into ever higher crests of thought, until at last it shall meet the waters of the sea of glass mingled with fire, and break in melodious murmurs about the feet of God.

The race has often made retrogressive rather than forward movement. For the time life appeared to degrade: a great library was lost; a great civilization was overrun; a revealed religion displaced by paganism; but in the long run, the circle was developed though the arc was irregular. It may be that some of those dreadfully formed birds whose repulsive outlines are scored in the rocks of some remote period, had sweet voices.

They perished, and some less musical singer replaced them, whose outline was more perfect, and now a consonant beauty of form, color and music develop together. There have been, indeed, times of lapse—middle age twilights, loss of classic outline, loss of the purer forms of Christianity, yet ultimate progress toward the establishment of the kingdom of God in all provinces of human endeavor. Preceding centuries have often been observed to outshine their successors;—for instance, the Greek Phidias excelled the sculptors of ten centuries later: religion was less defiled in the first century than in the thirteenth: poetry was a more nearly consummate art sixty years before Christ than five centuries later. There has been such decadence, yet man is two milleniums nearer ideal attainment now than in the days of the Christian apostles. A tourist in the Alps will often descend a great declivity in order thence to reach more quickly some very high altitude. So the lapses of the race have only served to secure to them footholds on the higher levels. A little while and the white flag of universal peace shall be planted upon the very snow-crests of human attainment, and the race's pitiable degradation shall be but a memory. God's archangels may hide their pure faces now from the shame of our sins, but His praise shall yet arise as incense from the lips of men, and His "new names" be graven on their foreheads.

But how vast is the work yet to be overtaken! Much is said of the intensity of the life of our time. This intensity is a sign of incompleteness; literature, art and science are in process of growth. The savant, the painter, the sculptor, the author are still creatures of spiritual and intellectual hunger. The noblest attempts to untangle the Gordian knot of the mystery of life or the secret of complete living, have been as yet, they confess, but approximations—hopes and fears. We are just now only in the morning twilight of the history of humanity. A student of history reading the records of the past is like a watchman upon the tower of some walled city of the Orient. For hour after hour he has seen no light, save that of the stars faintly glimmering through the dark. Even their faint silver-gleaming he has often seen quenched by passing cloud and storm, and his heart has sunk in sadness and dread. But now for some time faint throbbings of pale light have been observ-

able near the eastern horizon; anon tints of a multitude of dyes will struggle in the early sky, and at last give place to the sun, leaping up and filling the whole concave of heaven with his golden glory. To the Christian student of history, Christ is this Sun, who in an hour or two will fill the universe with the pure splendor of that immaculate Righteousness that will blaze from His eastern throne.

On roll, and on, ye planet balls,
 By seraph forms attended !
 Line chaos into forms divine
 With orbits interblended !
 Replete with Life and Destiny
 Through the deep dark space far-swinging,
 Eternal silence banish
 With your chimes divine a-ringing.

B. W. N. GRIGG.

A MIDNIGHT ADVENTURE.

The bell had rung "lights out." In room number eleven, half a dozen of us had gathered for a chat. The talk had turned on vacation happenings. We had heard from one and another of wonderful sights and people seen and met at the World's Fair, of tramps along the grassy lanes of England, and of bicycle trips through lovely Ontario. All this time our genial friend Tom had said nothing, but now he broke in with, "Well, I had some fun myself. You see I am not so well fixed as some of you fellows, and so I couldn't take in any of your fancy trips. But I worked very hard this summer, and about July I felt very grateful when one day my friend Thompson came over to my boarding-house and said, 'Tom, o'd fellow, lets go to Muskoka for a rest. Bring your gun and fishing tackle along and we'll go away back into the woods where nobody lives.' The cost was trifling, so I said, it's a go."

"When we arrived at our destination, we found ourselves on the shores of a small lake, forty miles from any town, and a mile and a half from the nearest settlement. We pitched our tent near the lake, and spent the first day getting ready for fun.

"It was on the second night after our arrival that the fun began. We had gone over to our nearest neighbor's to see about supplies. We found the man of the house, a big weather-beaten fellow, who met us cautiously but warmly, and offered us each a stool. He became more communicative, however, when he had learned who we were, and what our mission was in Muskoka. After making our arrangements satisfactorily, our host said, 'What luck have you had fishing?' and on my replying that we had caught a good many more than we could eat, and were already tired of fish diet, he gave me a keen glance, and looking up at his Winchester which hung upon the wall, said, 'Pity you hadn't a bit of *fresh* meat.' I took the hint at once and said I would not mind a five dollar bill to get a good shot at a deer. This was enough, the settler had been transformed into a hunter in an instant. He arose, opened the door, stepped outside and beckoned us to follow, which we immediately did. 'You see,' he said, 'we fellows back here don't see much money, and a bit of fresh meat don't go amiss once in a while. Now, I'd like no better fun than a puttin' you gents onto a red skin, providin' you'll give us a hind cut when you get him.'

"Name your time," said both of us in the same breath, and our nerves began to tingle with expectation. "Well," said he, looking up at the black clouds over head, "you'd never get a better night in ten years."

"What, not to-night?" said we. "Yes, right now. I'll go call Joe, he's a good hand at this game," and he strode off toward the stable where, by the light of a very smoky lantern, Joe was feeding his horses for the night. Joe turned out to be a neighbor who was helping our host with his hay. They whispered together for a minute, then Jack, as Joe called our host, led the way into the cabin. Looking at our guns closely, he said, "Well boys, what kind of lead do you carry?" We informed him that our guns, both ten bore Greeners, were loaded with four drams of powder and 9 s.s.g. buckshot. "That's heavy enough for elephants," said he with a laugh. "All right Joe, let's be off," and swinging their guns over their shoulders, they led the way with us in the rear.

We walked the mile and a half to the lake in silence. When we had reached our camp, Jack said, "Joe, you stay here with

the gents and I'll go bring her round." With this he disappeared into the woods hard by, and we entered the tent to await his return. We hadn't long to wait, for within ten minutes we saw the glare of a head light coming towards us through the rushes. Then for the first time we saw the play. There our hero sat in a boat; in the bow was a pole about four or five feet high, on the top of which was a box holding a lamp with a bright reflector behind it.

Then he explained to us that the deer come into the water at night, in the month of July, to escape the flies and to feed upon the lily roots. This light, said he, works on the principle of a dark lantern. Sitting in the boat behind it, you can see the deer at a distance of fifty or sixty yards, while nothing is seen by the deer, but the glare of the lamp. They seem to become dazed by it, and will stand looking at it while you shoot them from the boat. We began to chuckle at the thought of bagging big game, and in such a novel way. "Now," said he, "everything depends on silence; no matter what you see or what you hear, don't speak."

I soon found myself seated on the front seat—with my friend Thompson on the seat behind me. You see we had the seats of honor. We were given to understand that we were the guests of the night, and were expected to do the shooting and keep quiet. Our two companions occupied the back seat and did the paddling, and such paddling! They never so much as touched the gunwale of the boat with their paddles; so perfectly did they handle them that you could not hear them put their paddles in and out of the water.

I can think of nothing more weird than this night-floating for deer. Our paddlers keep the boat at such an angle that the light falls on the gray streak of shrubbery that lines the shore. The silence is oppressive, you hear your heart beat, the sharp drop of a frog from some rock into the water sounds heavy enough for a deer, and you seize the hammers of your gun and tremble all over with excitement. The crash of some old monarch of the forest, that the dull axe of the ages has felled, or the scream of the loon like the wail of a lost spirit, comes over the water with wonderful significance, making the supernatural seem terribly real.

We had paddled and watched, I should think, about half an hour; I had more than once raised my gun to shoot at a stump or a stone which my imagination had converted into a deer, when the boat suddenly stopped and our friend Jack leaning forward whispered to me, "put out the light, put out the light," which I immediately did. "What's up?" I asked. "There's a boat. Listen!" said he, pointing in the opposite direction from which we had been looking for deer. There to our right, fully one hundred yards from shore, was what looked like a little boat; we could hear the dip! dip! dip! of the oars quite distinctly. "Keep quiet," said Jack, "somebody is watching us."

By this time our boat had drifted on some muskrat holes and was stuck fast. We could see the boat slowly nearing the bushes, and then heard the occupants get out and go ashore. We all lay quite still for about twenty minutes, when we thought we heard the strange boat pushing off again from the shore. The next minute we saw it and heard again the dip! dip! of the oars. Now I don't know why, but just then I was seized with a belief that the object we had seen was no boat, but an animal of immense proportions. As it moved out my belief grew into a firm conviction. I turned round and said in a loud whisper, "That's no boat, that's a deer, and I'm going to light the lamp and shoot it." I was so sure I was not mistaken that I said, "I'll pay all damages if we get into trouble." Upon this I lit the lamp and whispered, "Shove me on him, I won't shoot till I see what it is."

The light streamed out across the rushes. I dropped on one knee and peered through the mist. We were now within fifty yards of what looked like an immense horse, or bull, or boat, or anything big. Suddenly its eyes flashed like two green lights; then they disappeared. In the uncertain light I thought I could see a patch of old hair on its side. I could wait no longer; taking dead aim about a foot to the right and six inches above the patch of hair, I pulled both barrels at once, and splash fell the great brute into the water. I had just unlocked the breech of my gun to re-load, when, with a sound between a snort and a roar, the huge creature sprang up and made a rush at the boat. I had no time to re-load, but snatching Thompson's gun from his hands, I emptied both barrels into

the chest of the oncoming brute, and again he fell splashing and floundering and snorting in the water. Meanwhile, Thompson had slipped two cartridges into my gun, which he handed to me just in time to arrest the third charge from our mammoth midnight foe. He was just rising when catching his eyes; like a flash, I gave him both loads between the eyes, and he fell dead, not fifteen yards from our bows.

Our paddlers had been backing water since the first charge, and going at such a pace, we soon found ourselves in open water, probably a hundred yards from our dead game. We felt the boat stop. "You've killed somebody's horse," said Thompson. "I reckon you've 'done up' Gibson's bull," said our friend Joe. You never saw four worse scared men; we sat there, afraid to go and see what we had shot, until the situation began to appear ludicrous even to ourselves. At last I said, "Well, boys, there's no use sitting here. If I've shot somebody's property—why, I'll pay for it like a man, that's all." When we came alongside, we could see nothing but the patch of old hair. Joe was up to his chest in the water in a moment. "I say, Mister, I'm blessed if you haven't shot the tail offen it." "It's a moose! It's a moose!" I shouted, and sure enough, when we felt for its head, there was the carcass of a huge bull moose. We slipped a rope round his neck and began towing him down towards camp. Then we all breathed freely again, and simultaneously broke out into a long loud laugh at ourselves.

"Quick work that, young man! good shot that! I thought he had the drop on us when your second gun was emptied. Shoots mighty wicked that gun o' yours," observed our friend Jack, who, like a true hunter, had been very quiet all through the shooting.

Half-an-hour's strong paddling brought us to camp, where we lighted a roaring fire and by the light of it drew our prize up on a flat rock and skinned and dressed him. That deer dressed 608 pounds. The first thing we did was to get a piece into the pot. It was while we were eating this meal of our own shooting, and afterwards, while our friends were enjoying their pipes, that we got acquainted with them. Why, our adventure was only one more added to their list.

And now, boys, what do you think of *my* vacation? I

have only one regret, and that is, that you weren't all there to help eat that first haunch of moose, and enjoy with us the inimitable hunting stories of our genial friends, Jack and Joe.

RALPH W. TROTTER.

THE BELLS' GLORIA.

A CHRISTMAS FANCY.

Bim, bim, bom, bell! Clang, clash, clash, clang! Ding, dong, ding, dong!—Every steeple, every belfry, sends out its lusty music. Big bells, small bells, silvery bells, brazen bells—all sizes, all tones, all ages—ring out their message of Christmas love and good-will. How joyously their eager reverberations mingle and rebound as they meet in the frosty morning air. The night has covered everything with a robe of snow, and its crystals seem now fairly to dance in the golden sunshine to the music of the happy bells. Fast fly the merry sounds—bounding from roof-tops, pealing through streets and commons, dodging in and out blind alleys, entering every house, whether mansion or hovel they care not, till every lane and every waste place of the great city and its outskirts, is melodious with the joyous happy ringing.

Hush! More softly they sound here. Through closed doors and drawn blinds the joyous music makes its way. A feeble infant cry now mingles sometimes with the softened melody; and with each puny sob a mother-heart, responding to the bells' sweet tones, lifts up with them a song of praise above. In the early hours of this bright Christmas morning, another spark of life has been entrusted to human clay. An infant soul, falling asleep, perhaps, amid the glorias of the angel host, has been awakened by the music of earth pealing forth the same glad praises. It is the first-born son, and some such joy the suffering mother feels as felt the blessed Virgin on this same holy day, centuries ago. Then a heavenly chorus chanted the glory-strain to men, and now the same glad song is, to her, the

message of the pealing chimes. The rhythm of their distant bim, bim, bom, bell, falls softly upon her ear—Glory to God!—Peace upon earth!—Good-will to men!

At each Christmas season of his boyhood, the message of that natal hour comes back to her. Even in babyhood she teaches the childish voice to lisp the syllables of that birthday song, hoping that *his* heart too may early throb in sympathetic concordance with the bells' clear measures.

Year after year the bells have rung out their season's message. Now it is the midnight of a Christmas eve. Upon the frozen waters of the Upper Ottawa a solitary lumberman is tramping from his camp to the nearest hamlet. The night is clear and still. The bright star-lit sky, the sparkling snow-crust of the stream, the dark bending shores clad with forest pines—all these varied beauties of night must find, even in this rough and hardened son of toil, a joyous response.

A slight breeze springs up, and a single snow-flake is blown against the traveller's face. Still he tramps cheerily on, keeping time with whistle or with song to the brisk crunch, crunch of his snow shoes. But now the sky becomes darkened, and the flakes come more and more quickly. It is not long before the crunching sounds grow fainter, as the fresh fall thickens upon the old and frozen snow. Soon his singing ceases, for a feeling of solemnity, hardly of fear, has fastened upon him. Never did man experience such an impenetrable snow-fall. And the stillness! The breeze has died away completely—his footsteps are scarcely audible. As long as possible he skirts the margin of the river, but soon arrives at the point where he must cross to the opposite shore. There is a winter road here, which he attempts to follow. No trace whatever of sleigh-tracks remains, but resolutely he starts over the frozen plain. Listen! What is that strange moaning, coming from over the farther shore? Before his mind can seek an answer, there sweeps across the river with tornado suddenness, a terrific wind-storm. The snow, whirling and drifting before it with cutting fury, completely blinds the bewildered man, as he stumbles under the sudden shock. In

such confusion it is almost impossible to form any idea of direction. Off the track, and fully aware of the danger of his position, he stumbles blindly this way or that. Wildly he combats the gale—now tripping and falling as his snow-shoes catch together, now breaking through a drift on hands and knees, now up again and struggling in an opposite direction. In his fear he shouts and screams to heaven for aid. An agony of terror seizes him and he relinquishes the unequal conflict,—but only for an instant. Reanimated by a sudden outburst of despair, he renews the struggle. Now he is possessed of the awful conviction that comes under such circumstances—he is going mad. The thought, maddening in itself, hastens the crisis. Filled with a fevered, demoniacal strength, he dashes through the heaviest drifts, and with crazed ferocity faces the most terrific gusts. From his parched throat there come thick inarticulate cries, with nothing of human in them. He is beyond all thoughts of God, or self or man—a maniac, conscious of nothing but the awful agony of despair and terror. At last, the body, benumbed and exhausted by exposure and almost super-human exertion, falls into a bank of drifted snow, never to rise of itself. Still, within, the maddened spirit continues the conflict.

Day is breaking, and the storm has passed. Christmas morning dawns cold and clear. With the growing calm a numbness seems to have fastened upon the crazed brain of the fated man, and now his frenzies are overcome by a partial stupor. In this state there is consciousness of neither pain nor fear. Quiet dreams of the past succeed the awful realization of present despair. The happy childhood home in that fair city by the great lake, the innocent boyish days with their pleasures and their pains, a mother's teachings and a father's death,—such peaceful scenes, some joyous and some sad, pass dimly before the "inner eye." There is a softened calm upon the set features, marred though they be by the struggling and sin of years. But dreams are ever changing. Now there comes the memory of affection quenched, of forgotten vows, of a deserted mother's breaking heart. A conscience-stricken remorse chases the calm from the sleeper's pallid features, and a tremor of soul-agony passes through the stiffening frame.

Hark! From the village close by (for he had almost reached it in his wanderings), the little chapel bell is sending out its joyous Christmas ringing. Through the glad morning air, along the forest-covered bank, over the river with its frozen billows of drifted snow, the music flies toward the dying man. Surely all sounds of earth are nothing now to his deafened ear. But look! What magic is there in *this* sound? Has it caused those cold features suddenly to revive? Why!—his stiffened lips move gently to the bells' clear tones. Slowly, indeed, but with a tone almost of joy, come the faintly-articulated syllables: The bells!—Mother!—*Mother!*—Glo-ry to God! Peace on—yes, mother,—Peace.—The words die softly away and the frozen lips are almost motionless. The light of childhood innocence shines from the blanched face, and in a last faint whisper there comes,—O mother!—Peace.

And over all the world the Christmas bells keep ringing. How hard the lot of him who "though he hear, hears not"; in whose heart no chords, attuned by love, thrill with responsive vibrations to the bells' gloria of good-will and peace!

S. R. TARR.

EVENING.

All day the lake has plained upon the sand,
 Flashing with whitening wings adown the beach,
 And, like a yearning soul that lacketh speech
 Finding itself cast on a foreign strand,
 Has beckoned from the blue with snow white hand
 That ever seemed for treasure new to reach,
 Or, all unheeded, some lost joy beseech
 From the still summer sky and dreaming land.

But now the day departs, and all the West
 Ablush like some deep-hearted vermeil rose
 Whereon a single lustrous dew-drop glows,
 Breathes on the tossing wave and brings it rest,
 Till like a weary child with tear-flushed cheek
 And gentle sigh, the waters sink to sleep.

E.

CAMPING IN THE ROCKIES.*

We reached the Park next morning at eleven. Beautiful and grand is the view which the descent into the Park gives one. Imagine, if you can, an amphitheatre of majestic hills, with all their grotesque forms and varied hues and unequal heights, enclosing on all sides 100 square miles of gracefully-sloping land, carpeted with a beautiful and restful green, upon which many cattle are here and there grazing, and from the distance appearing so smooth as to make it hard to believe that the hand of man has never tended it. Summer cottages and the glistening tents of campers add variety to the scene, while the numerous pines and spruce, together with the willows on the banks of the streams, show many inviting spots for the camper. To describe the surrounding mountains is simply an impossibility, so I will not attempt it further than to say that Long's Peak rose in one corner of the valley, and a part of the snow-clad range, rocky and entirely bare of all vegetation, caught the sinking sun in its rugged arms each evening and hid him from our sight.

Such was our camping place at an elevation of 8,000 feet above sea level. Here, on the bank of a madly rushing crystal stream, under the shade of a venerable pine, and at the edge of a little strip of tender aspens, we pitched our tent and rested in the arms of nature for ten days. How delightful it was, thus to leave the world, with its rush and fret and fever, to forget for a season the burning questions agitating the breast of every American, and to abandon one's self to the pleasures of the moment! No man in our party knew how to enjoy it more thoroughly than did Cassidy. He wanted, he said, none of your bally pleasure resorts, where it was dress, dress all the time. The World's Fair, in his opinion, was nothing to this. And we thought him a sensible fellow, since none of us could visit the Fair.

The first afternoon Davis and I spent in making our camping quarters comfortable, while the rest went fishing, and in the evening returned to camp with a nice mess of fish, which we did ample justice to. Indeed, we never failed to do justice to our

*Continued from last number.

victuals. Sometimes it was hard to do justice to our appetites. "Pet" became quite anxious over me, or else over his hot biscuits, I am not quite sure which.

Next day all our party, with some others near us, went fishing. By and by all, except Cassidy, Davis and me, struck the stream and commenced fishing, but we three went on exploring for a lake which Davis had once seen from the top of Long's Peak. Scrambling over half-burnt and fallen trees, floundering in marshes and stumbling over rocks, on we went until each thought himself a Livingstone, Baker and Stanley all combined. Close together we kept, for none of us wished to be alone; much of the way we walked in silence, for the awful solitude of the mighty hills was upon us, and we thought of the great God above the blue sky that bends over us, and in our hearts we worshipped Him.

Before ten o'clock we discovered our lake with joy, and skirting it, struck for the stream supplying it. In reaching this stream it was my pleasure to see and cross, for the first time in my life, a beaver dam. The architectural skill as well as the strength and industry of the beaver must ever be a source of wonder and inspiration to man. Nearly fifty feet long this one must have been, and from six to eight feet high, holding firmly back many tons of water. We also saw numerous stumps of young trees, two and three inches in diameter, cut through as neatly as the woodsman's axe could do it.

Here we slaked our thirst at a little stream, almost hidden by over-hanging willows, whose water was the most delicious I have ever tasted. It was ice-cold in spite of the heat of the day, and so refreshing we soon longed for it again. This is the nature of all the mountain streams—cool and pure. Being so high and close to their source—the melting snow—and running over beds of rock, they find little to pollute their sweetness until they reach a much lower altitude and approach the plains, where they supply the irrigation ditches and are diffused over the soil in all directions. In doing this they gather so abundantly of the alkali in the soil that the water is no longer fit to drink. Yet many a farmer must content himself with it or nothing.

That day our fishing was not of the best. For three hours I waded down the stream after my companions (it is impossible

to be a successful trout without wading, and these streams are so convenient for it that one has rarely to get out of the water), making wonderful manœuvres with my line, but evidently not to the admiration, but rather to the contempt, of the trout, for they would not even bite. Most dexterously, however, did I catch the branches and twigs of the trees on the bank. They seemed to be laboring under the impression that I had come all that way to angle for them, and were very anxious not to disappoint me. It was amazing with what eagerness they snapped at my fly and how affectionately they clung to it. I began to think there must be some mistake, and this was not quite as funny as it had appeared to me down on the broiling plains. But by and by the happy thought occurred to me to change my fly. Immediately I took off the "Royal Coachman," which I had used until then, and put on a "Gray Hackle." That was such a happy change that I used nothing but "Gray Hackles" afterwards. Soon I had a bite, and presently to my surprise I saw a trout about six inches long wriggling in mid-air at the end of my line. After my astonishment was sufficiently over for speech, I shouted with delight. Cassidy, half a mile down stream, wondered what was the matter, and Davis, who was beside me, began to think I needed a doctor, while even the hills raised their brows a little to see what the disturbance was. But I was happy, and fished at that one spot for half an hour and caught several others. Things now became interesting. Fishing was not so bad after all; it began to assume those opalescent hues that it had displayed to my imagination beforehand; I concluded that I was a great deal smarter than I thought I was, and a profound sense of satisfaction with myself stole refreshingly over me. I no longer felt weary and hot, but as fresh as though I had just started. That evening I proudly walked into camp with six little trout. After that my basket saw larger numbers, which to my great satisfaction sometimes exceeded Davis's. At such times, however, he had always thrown back all the small fish he had caught, or claimed that he had fished less time than I, etc. Of course these explanations were received with all due respect to the reverend source whence they came, but they never diminished my self-congratulation.

It is remarkable how intensely interesting such sport

becomes. Everything in the world is forgotten except that fly floating innocently down stream at the end of your line. The mountains might settle down into a plain and you wouldn't know it; home, friends and business are as though they were not; you even forget to eat: we always had our breakfast early when we fished, and carefully put a lunch in our pockets, but it was forgotten until we took our rods apart and left the stream, then that lunch was devoured and we longed for more. So consuming is the pleasure at pulling out these speckled beauties.

So passed the days. Soon we had so many fish, we gave them away to be rid of them; yet we fished only every other day. The alternate days we devoted to reading, rest, and checkers at camp.

I might write much more—of our visit on Sunday to one of the three hotels which do a thriving business during the summer months, and of the services held in the little church afterwards, at which Davis preached; of the pretty little flowers blooming everywhere; of the camp fires at night, and then of our farewell to camp and the twenty-five mile descent over another and even grander road than that by which we came, until at last we reluctantly passed out on to the hot sultry plains once more, and eventually returned to civilization, sunburned and disreputable in appearance, but really much the better for our experience—but I forbear trying your patience further.

Suffice it to say, that, should the opportunity for another such experience present itself, I shall be only too eager to seize it, and should be glad to have you and the other dear fellows I remember so well, join me.

E. SELDON.

RESENTMENT.

The ocean bursts in very wrath,
The waters rush and whirl.
As the hardy diver cleaves a path
Down to the treasur'd pearl.

G. H. C.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE portrait and biographical sketch of Miss Smiley, which we present to our readers this month, have been prevented by the pressure of other articles from appearing at an earlier, and perhaps more favorable time; we believe, however, they will not be less welcome on that account. We hope shortly to be able to publish a similar sketch of the present Principal of Moulton College, Miss Alice M. D. Fitch, M.A., who has already won the confidence of Canadian Baptists, and proved in many ways the wisdom of the Senate in calling her to assume duties and responsibilities on which so much of the success of our University depends.

IN an editorial note in the MONTHLY of April, 1892, it was stated that the correct pronunciation of the name of the poet Coleridge may be learned from one of his couplets, in which "whole ridge" rhymes with "Coleridge." Here is another of his couplets, equally clear and emphatic:—

" Parry seeks the Polar ridge,
Rhymes seek S. T. Coleridge."

Here is yet another, written ten years later and but four years before his death, equally emphatic, but not so clear:—

" Elsewhere in college, knowledge, wit and scholarage,
To friends and public known as S. T. Coleridge."

Perhaps the poet means to say that his friends and the public persist in mispronouncing his name in spite of his laborious efforts to set them right!—T. H. R.

IN view of the importance of the approaching plebiscite, we would like to call attention to the editorial entitled "The Real Question," which appeared in the *Canadian Baptist* of Nov. 30. There is no phase of the temperance question on which light is more needed than the one discussed in this article. Many well-meaning people will vote 'nay' because of mistaken views here; many are in doubt as to their duty because they are not clear on this point; and many more, ardent prohibitionists themselves, are quite unable to meet in debate the sophistries that are urged against the principle of prohibition. To all such permit us to commend the above as a clear, concise and satisfactory statement of the matter. That article and such utterances as those

of Rev. O. C. S. Wallace at the Young People's meeting on the 8th inst., are worth columns and columns of ordinary temperance talk at this important juncture.

WE should be glad to see our English and French Canadian poets fully represented in all our public libraries, for there is no doubt that most people are unacquainted with the works of our own writers simply because they cannot readily procure them at times when their interest is awakened, or when they have leisure and inclination to read them.

PATRIOTIC RECITATIONS AND ARBOR DAY EXERCISES, by George W. Ross, LL.D., Minister of Education, is an admirable selection of verse and prose for use by the Teachers of Canada. Our country is worthy of the love of its people, especially of its youth. Here is a helpful volume in this behalf.

WE feel sure that all who were present in the College chapel on Saturday afternoon, 9th inst., must have enjoyed the selections from Canadian poets and biographical sketches read by the ladies of the Modern Language Society. The essays were highly creditable, it being no easy task to collect materials for such exercises, while the critical remarks gave evidence of careful and intelligent study.

THERE are not many good books to be had on the subject of Canadian Literature. Edmond Lareau's work, probably one of the best, is in French, and on that account not accessible to all. Mercer Adam's short sketch, appended to Dr. Withrow's "School History of Canada," is necessarily brief, but very helpful as far as it goes. Dr. Bender's "Literary Sheaves" will give a good idea of French Canadian literature. Dr. J. G. Bourinot's little volume on "The Intellectual Development of Canada," so highly spoken of by Mercer Adam, is out of print, but the papers may be found in the volumes of the *Canadian Monthly*, in which they originally appeared. The author informs us that there will shortly be published in Montreal a similar volume, with bibliographical notes: "Our Intellectual Strength and Weakness," which he hopes will be of use to art and literature.

"THE MARSHLANDS" is a small volume of verse by J. F. Herbin, Wolfville, N. S. The volume contains forty-five short poems, thirty-five of which are sonnets. These latter are especially beautiful, many

of them being delicately carved cameos, whose color and form body forth some of the most charming and poetic aspects of historic Grand Pré, and so simple and beautiful in workmanship as to entitle them to a permanent place among the products of Canadian literary art. All of the poems are highly finished. Mr. Herbin is a graduate of Acadia University. The following sonnet embodies the accent and tone of his muse :

MINAS BASIN.

“ Into thy cup an ocean pours, and fills
 Thy great marsh-rivers where the ruddy stains
 Mix with the waters of a hundred hills ;
 And then with eager quaffing lip he drains.
 Where sea-grass under every air-flow thrills,
 And stirs the level watch-ground of the cranes,
 As on an altar, the sea's offering spills,
 Once to the day, once to the night that reigns.
 On thy broad rim the great Designer's hand
 Has wrought the fairest things of earth and sky,
 And made a wonder of thy mighty tides ;
 And a Romance is thine not writ with hand,
 Alive in every curve, and ne'er to die
 While o'er thy surface a winged vessel rides.

HERE AND THERE.

O. G. LANGFORD, ED.

THE WISE MEN.

(A CHRISTMAS REVERIE.)

A thought which each Christmas I love to let play
 Thro' my mind is of three who rode far away,
 Star-guided by night, faith-guided by day,
 In quest of the place where the Christ-child lay.
 Ten thousand sages have lived since then,
 Great monarchs have ruled, great teachers have taught,
 Great painters have painted, great sculptors have wrought,
 Great poets have chanted divine truths to men ;
 Yet the three whom the world calls “ the wise men ” are they
 Who journeyed afar by a devious way,
 Star-guided by night, faith-guided by day,
 Till they knelt in the place where the Christ-child lay.

VERNON P. SQUIRES, *in the Brunonian.*

There are 430 colleges in the United States, with 123,523 students.

Vigorous measures were taken by the faculty of Princeton recently to blot out all hazing for ever from Princeton.

"Now," said the Professor, "suppose I had fifteen feet——" The class roared as they thought how impossible it would be in that small room.

P. G. Mode, of the class of '96, has been doing good work at Hartney, Man. A note in the *North-West Baptist* tells of a certain "purse and testimonial" which have been presented to him on the occasion of his leaving.

The first woman in the world to receive the Degree of Electrical Engineer is Miss Bertha Lamme, of Springfield, Ohio. She is a graduate of the Ohio State University, where she led her class throughout the entire course; and she now holds a position in the Westinghouse Electric Company at Pittsburg.

Victoria students feel the need of more of the mission spirit, and *Acta* calls attention to our monthly missionary day. McMaster men lose nothing and gain much by devoting six days in the year solely to the consideration of Christ's work at home and abroad.

THOSE to whom the world is above all a church, a place of worship, and not a mere picture gallery or orchestra, will always find fresh beauty in its pictures and depth in its songs.

RESIST the devil and he will flee from you, resist the deacon and he will fly at you.—*C. H. Spurgeon.*

LITTLE sins eat away the white enamel of the conscience and it is not long before decay sets in.

THE unifying element in education is common sense, the unifying element in character is faith.

The river is green and runneth slow
We cannot tell what it saith,
It keepeth it secrets down below
And so doth Death.—*Faber.*

A bright little article on the character of Hamlet in the *Acadia Athenaeum* for November will be suggestive to the Juniors. The *Free Lance*, of Pennsylvania State College, is a well-gotten up journal; attractive and well printed—one of our best exchanges. The *Kenyon Collegian* for September has an article of absorbing interest on the Tower of London. It is both descriptive and historical. *Acta Victoriana* has donned a new dress, and is much improved in appearance. *Queen's College Journal* also comes to us in new form. The workmanship is unsurpassed by any Canadian College paper.

The second number of a neat little monthly comes to us from Bishop College, Texas. We welcome very gladly this journal to our list of exchanges. All the more interest is enkindled when we read the note on page 38, that "The students set the type, cut the paper, did the press work, folded, gathered, stapled, covered, trimmed, wrapped and mailed the paper, without even a suggestion from outside the College." Very little fault can be found with the workmanship. They have done well!

Knox College Monthly leads off with a vigorous article on "The Plebiscite: How Shall I Vote?" by Rev. W. A. McKay. It is vigorous and enthusiastic, and we heartily say "Amen." The *Methodist Magazine* also has a very able article on the same subject, by Rev. J. S. Ross. Before the next number of the MONTHLY reaches our subscribers, the result of the Ontario Prohibition Campaign will be known. Every Baptist that is worth the name will not only record his own vote, but will use every available means to swell the majority in favor of prohibition. For the sake of the down-trodden victims of a vicious habit; for the sake of the men engaged in the unholy traffic, who have sold themselves to work iniquity; for the moral and economic prosperity of our fair Dominion, let every man vote as he prays, that the forces of evil may give way before the army of God. The *Albert College Times* for November opens with a ringing article on the Plebiscite; it gives no uncertain sound. Reader! this is the most important hour Ontario has ever seen!

THE WATER LILY.

In the slimy bed of a sluggish mire
 Its root had humble birth,
 And the slender stem that upward grew
 Was coarse of fibre and dull of hue,
 With nought of grace or worth.

The gelid fish that floated near,
 Saw only the vulgar stem;
 The clumsy turtle paddling by,
 The water-snake with its lidless eye,
 It was only a weed to them.

But the butterfly and the honey bee,
 The sun and the sky and the air,
 They marked its heart of virgin gold,
 In the satin leaves of spotless fold,
 And its odor rich and rare.

So the fragrant soul in its purity,
 To sordid life tied down,
 May bloom to heaven and no man know,
 Seeing the coarse, vile stem below,
 How God hath seen the crown.

—Selected.

A right and perfect man would be felt to the centre of the Copernican system.—*Emerson.*

The Christmas number of the *Canadian Magazine* has come to hand. It is full of interest. The frontispiece is a well-executed photographure picture of Lord Aberdeen. Inspector Hughes contributes a delightful article, "An Hour with Oliver Wendell Holmes," accompanied by an excellent portrait and fac simile copy of a poem. One is disposed to regard Mr. Hughes as a most favored individual, for in following his racy article he leads us into the very company of the great author. "A Christmas Tragedy" will fascinate the boys, young and old. Bliss Carman's "Ships of St. John," and T. H. Rand's "Willow at Grand Pré," carry us down to the sea and bring us within sound of the waves. "Salmon Fishing on the Fraser" and "Down the Yukon" will delight the lovers of the great West. A wordy war is going on between John S. Ewart, Q C., and Rev. Dr. Bryce on the "Manitoba School Question." It is the best number of the *Magazine* that has yet appeared.

"From the Examiner's Point of View," an article in the *Trinity University Review*, draws aside the veil and shews what may be sometimes encountered in reading examination papers. We clip the following: "We get, occasionally, the most piteous appeals to the examiner to let them through, on the ground that they have been hard at work on so and so, and have had no time to prepare this subject, and the like, against which the examiner is compelled to harden his heart. It reminds one of the old story at Oxford, that a piece of paper was picked up off the floor of the schools with this despairing appeal from some unfortunate man to his neighbor, *e.g.*, 'I have a wife and four children, for God's sake what is the meaning of etiam?' Sometimes they will invent curious excuses, which, however, the official eye sees through rather; for instance, 'Time is too limited for me to construe any more, being a slow writer.' Slow, truly, for he had taken two hours and a half to write one short piece of translation. Here is a man who, not recognizing the portion of the Latin author before him, fancies that he is the innocent victim of a swindle and remarks: 'N.B.—I have been accustomed to Henderson's edition of Cæsar, which appears to me quite different from this.' Then, again, there is the man who, finding nothing on the paper which he can answer, invents a question for himself and answers it; this is occasionally the accidental result of carelessness, but often it is because he has got up some particular likely piece of information, and is bound to get it off somehow. Such was the gentleman who, having to pass a divinity examination—not in this University—had got by heart, with some trouble, a list of the kings of Israel and Judah; when he saw the paper, he felt that he had been defrauded, for that was the only question he could answer, and it was not asked. However, not to be beaten, he choose one which asked for a life of John the Baptist, and wrote: 'I trust there will be none found to cast a slur upon the character of this excellent man; here it may not be altogether out of place to put down the kings of Israel and Judah in their chronological order,' which he accordingly did."

COLLEGE NEWS.

G. H. CLARKE, }
S. R. TARR, } *Editors.*

THE UNIVERSITY.

Merry Christmas, Fellows!

DARKNESS AND DAWN:

'Twas darkness,—
The freshmen 'rallied,'
The sophomores sneered,
The juniors jeered,
And the seniors sallied up the stairs to 'plug'
Till dawn!

IN FIRST YEAR ENGLISH—"What is the figure of speech in this line, 'Enid shrank into herself?' Freshie—"Contraction."

PROF.—"What is it that you really see when you look into the mirror?" Smooth lipped Soph. (sadly)—"Nothing, Sir!"

"Small have continual *pluggers* ever won
Save base authority from others' books."

Shakespeare employed the word *pladders*, but that was only because he was unacquainted with the technicalities of a college vocabulary. It means the same, anyhow.

THE ever-enterprising class of '95 has decided to hold its annual class-dinner on the evening of February 14th, 1894. Without doubt, the affair is to be truly *gorgeous*. Messrs. Schutt, Tarr, and Clarke constitute the Committee of Arrangements.

MATHEMATICUS—"Philosophers assert that the whole question of weight has relation to the attraction of the earth,—yet no grocer when weighing out a pound of tea thinks of the earth at all." Cynicus—"But he wouldn't forget, supposing it were sugar!"

PROFESSOR (to English class)—"While I would bestow unstinted praise upon the 'finish' of your essays, that is, in the technical sense of the word, yet, as regards the '*finish*,' the conclusion, a fair inference would be that the authors had suddenly grown weary and died."

S. F.,—after spending an evening with Miss ——— returned to the College at 2 a.m. Had he enjoyed himself? Well, you wouldn't ask if you had heard him next morning singing, "Glory! Glory, Hallelujah."

HIGHER EDUCATION FOR WOMEN: (What we may expect before long). Miss Sophie More—"Professor, why is a donkey continually feeding, like a man with a solemn conviction?" Professor—"Er—really, Miss, I couldn't say." Miss S. M.—"Why, it's easy, Professor—a case of 'ass-ever-ate,' you know."

OUR roll of visitors has of late amassed the names of many friends with remarkable rapidity. The following have come, made their presence felt, and departed: Mrs. Wm. McMaster, Mrs. Rand, Miss Fitch, Dr. Justin D. Fulton, Revs. Elmore Harris, B.A., E. Bosworth, O. C. S. Wallace, M.A., James Grant, David Hutchinson, and J. D. Freeman.

THE Library has had added to it recently several hundred valuable volumes. These have been selected with reference particularly to the needs of the various courses laid down in the curriculum. The equipment of the English Literature section is still meagre, and many are the grumblings of the aspiring specialists in that department.

WHEN a mathematical genius forsakes the paths of Minerva, and looks for inspiration to the Muse, Erato, the poetry evolved usually makes only an asymptotic approach toward any perceptible meaning. A poem of this kind written (or rather *formulated*) recently, reads somewhat as follows:

"Tho' indifference we may simulate
And ecstasy eliminate,
When hearts to hearts in love equate,
Still, joys in us do stimulate
More than we can estimate."

WE were a little surprised to hear that on Sept. 7th there took place the wedding of a former student of McMaster, Rev. G. H. Brock, to Miss Beatrice Slade, of Nellore, India. At 4.30 p.m., the chapel at Nellore, beautifully decorated, was crowded. A procession met the bridegroom and the officiating minister, Dr. McLaurin, who was assisted by the Rev. A. Subbiah. The ceremony was most impressive throughout. After it was over the company departed to the adjacent bungalow, where the wedding breakfast was served. The couple left in the evening for Kanjui.

THE Reading Room, which ought to be the brightest spot in the University, commences to assume a much more promising aspect of respectability and comfort than hitherto. There is now a neat butter-nut stand for the centre room, and matting has been placed on the floor, to soften the footfalls of the numerous McMasterites who congregate there. The walls are hung with divers ornamentations, which do considerable to break the monotony of wallpaper figures. Some of the best newspapers and periodicals procurable, have been added to the list of subscriptions. For these new blessings we owe much to the enterprise of the present committee. It is composed this year of Messrs. J. B. Paterson, J. J. Reeve, J. C. Sycamore, R. Routledge and J. R. Cresswell.

APROPPOS of our gown-debate, what says Spenser on the subject?
Faerie Queene, Book 8, Canto 4, Stanza 27.

Recoure the gowne ! Relive the auncient gowne,
 Now vanisht all, alas ! with evill speed.
 Recoure the gowne ! jollie bespredd attone,
 Certes, we shall have blis, rehref outweed.
 Recoure the gowne ! Darrayne the ioyous deed,
 As undismayed its coming we awate ;
 All blist with belaccoyle shall be your meed ;
 So by this change our being we dilate.
 Recoure the gowne ! to weete, the only lappie state.

ANOTHER College Society has been added to the ever-growing list. Some time ago the Mathematical Specialists organized, under a full-fledged constitution and the following officers: Honorary President, (*ex-officio*) Prof. A. C. McKay, B.A.; President, S. R. Tarr '95; Vice-President, J. W. Russell, '95; Secretary-Treasurer, W. Findlay, '96. The following creditable and instructive programme was presented at the first monthly meeting: An account of Euclid and his contemporaries, B. Wallace, '96; A paper on Euclid's twelfth axiom, Miss Newman, '97; The nine-point circle, J. W. Russell, '95. The several items were followed by interesting discussions, in which nearly all present took part.

HURRAH for classics! Ho! Ye Grecian youths! Come, ye worshippers of the Roman Muse! Such was the call to arms which assembled the enthusiastic band of classical specialists, who recently met and formed the latest and one of the most energetic societies of the University. No more are they unacquainted or disunited, but now as one body they move forward to foster an earnest zeal for the study of Greek and Roman art, life and literature. The following leaders officer the Society: Honorary-President, Prof. P. S. Campbell, B.A.; President, H. A. Porter, '94; Vice-President, Frederick Eby, '95; Secretary-treasurer, H. H. Newman, '96. Your officers are good, your field is broad, your purpose noble—we hopefully await your future career. Once more, Hurrah for classics!

ONE of the members of the famous class of '96, Mr. A. N. Marshall, met with an accident lately, while working in the chemical laboratory. In arranging for an experiment, too much of a certain acid was employed. The result being an immediate explosion. A quantity of the burning compound was scattered over the back of his right hand. Professor Willmott did much by his thoughtfulness to make the effect less serious, and now, the wounded hand is wielded once again. What a trial to the sophomores' president to be denied the pleasure of writing essays and working mathematical problems. Despite his mishap he has maintained throughout a calm equilibrium. The terrible fumes and explosions proceeding from the laboratory suggest to one's imagination what the boy Shelley sought after, as he made with his burning fagot "a little hell of his own."

"YELLER AND GREEN."

A story I'm about to tell ;
 The hero into error fell--
 Studied not wisely, but too well,
 And thus knew nought about "the yell."

In my study I was sitting,
 Gazing with an absent stare
 At the massive tome before me,
 With a heavy heart of care,
 Sitting there, I heard, a-lack !
 "Boom ou Mac!"

Starting up in sudden horror,
 (For 'twas then the midnight hour)
 Distaught and musing in the silence
 With ruffled mien and visage sour,
 I lock the door and turn--afar :--
 "Boom ou Star!"

Then rushed I to the inner chamber,
 With fearful fancies, trembling, scared,
 Wond'ring what this might betoken,
 Hoping that I should be spared--
 All unprepared came thro' the gloom :
 "Boom Fitz Boom!"

Another instant I was covered,
 Covered by the blankets thick,
 Dreading, gasping, spluttering, quaking,
 Feeling very, very sick--
 Sharp and quick that voice afar :
 "Ou Mac Mastar!"

No more I heard until the morning,
 Tho' all the night awake I lay,
 And then, my loss of slumber mourning,
 Arose, and did my tale essay
 Unto the boys, who smile and say :--
 "We made the noise, you're wiser, eh?"

THE FIVE MISSIONARY SOCIETY, Prof. Farmer presiding, held its annual public meeting in the University Chapel, on Thursday, Dec. 7th, at 8 p.m. After the hymn, "Jesus, wondrous Saviour," had been sung, Dr. Welton read from the Scriptures and offered the invocation. The quartette, Messrs. Whidden, Wallace, McAlpine, and Therrien, then rendered a selection. The indefatigable Secretary, E. J. Stobo, Jr., followed with his Annual Report, the eleventh since the organization of the society. Our readers, far and wide, must have the benefit of this report; it will appear in the MONTHLY for January. Dr. Hooper moved its adoption, seconded by Rev. S. A. Dyke; carried unanimously. Following the second hymn came the address of T. Dixon Craig, Esq., which was a masterpiece of genial common-sense. After the collection, the meeting sang heartily, "Onward, Christian Soldiers," and dispersed. Next morning the society held its monthly

session. Prof. Clark on work in Dakota, and Supt. Mellick, of the North-West, were the chief speakers. The undergraduates' contribution to the cause of North-West missions was presented and gratefully received.

THE L. and T. S.—Never have the Literary Society's programmes been of more sustained interest than during the present term. The enthusiasm engendered in those members who were at the World's Fair, had to be worked off in some way. Hence the nature of the programmes presented at two of the meetings. On one evening the society resolved into a veritable 'Parliament of Religions.' Every one was interested and given a wider knowledge of the varied beliefs of his brother men. At a subsequent meeting, the programme consisted of a series of interesting descriptions of the 'big show,' illustrated by Prof. McKay's stereopticon. On Friday, the 1st inst., an evening was spent with Shakespeare, and here again the lantern was brought into service. An excellent series of Shakespearian scenes, (kindly loaned by Mr. Whittemore,) was shown, explanation being given throughout in carefully-prepared synopses of the different plays. Several excellent dramatic recitations were also given, the climax of interest being reached in the realistic costume-rendering of the Grave-diggers' scene from Hamlet.

THE annual open meeting of the Ladies' Modern Language Club was held in the University Chapel on Saturday the 9th inst., at 3 p.m. The following programme was presented :

Address	Some Essentials of Poetry . . .	Chancellor Rand.
"Fidelis"	Essay and Reading	Miss McDermid.
William Wilfred Campbell		" Newman.
Instrumental Solo		" Welton.
Fr�chette	Essay and Reading	" Valiquet.
Lampman	Essay and Reading	" Burnett.
Instrumental Solo		" Woolverton.
Isabella Valancey Crawford		" Dryden.
Bliss Carman		" McLaurin.
Roberts	Essay and Reading	" McKay.
	"The Maple Leaf."	

A programme of this nature, explaining and exemplifying a most important phase in the development of our national intellectual life, could not be otherwise than interesting to any Canadian audience. The Chancellor's address was on a subject 'after his own heart,' and proved most instructive. The essays showed deep and sympathetic appreciation of the beauties, in thought and form, of our national verse; while the poems read were so selected as to give admirably, an idea of the characteristics of the different poets. The musical numbers contributed greatly to the pleasing variety of the programme. Certainly congratulation and thanks, from all who were present, are due to the ladies of the Modern Language Club.

CLASS '97 is not backward in helping to form some of the traditions of McMaster University. At the call of the president, the class assembled one afternoon and unanimously decided to hold an

"Annual Rally." Following on this decision, a committee was appointed to arrange for the Rally of 1893-'94. Professor and Mrs. Newman extended a very kind invitation to the class, to meet at their home. All showed their appreciation of this kindness by voting that the invitation be accepted. On Nov. 17th, accordingly, '97 put on its best garments and smiles, and shortly after 8, p.m., gathered together with a number of invited guests. All were warmly greeted by the host and hostess, and after a short time spent in social chat, the following programme was rendered :—

PART I.

Instrumental Pianoforte . . . Miss Woolverton.
 Class Address Mr. P. C. MacGregor.
 Instrumental Messrs. A. M. Overholt, and W. J. Pady.

PART II.

Instrumental Pianoforte Solo . . . Miss Welton.
 Reading Selected Miss Whiteside.
 Vocal Solo Mr. J. W. Hoyt.

FOLLOWING refreshments, an hour was spent in games, etc. After votes of thanks had been tendered Prof. and Mrs. Newman, and the friends who assisted on the programme, the guests all joined hands and sang "Auld Lang Syne." The common topic for conversation during the next few days was "*The Rally*"

Nov. 11th was the occasion of our annual football match with Woodstock College. The game was played on the grounds to the south-west of the University. During the first half McMaster scored 3 goals, and in the second half, 2 more. The Woodstock forwards were not at first very dangerous, but played a better game in the second half, when they scored 2 goals. If Woodstock had played the brisk game during the first half that they did near the close of the contest, they might have been credited with more goals. For Woodstock, Huggart and Therrien are worthy of praise, while Robertson, Torrey, and McCrimmon played a strong, heavy game throughout. Our fellows played a better combination game than did the Woodstock boys. This won the game for them. At the close, the score stood 5 to 2 in favor of McMaster. Mr. Roberts, of Knox College, refereed to the entire satisfaction of both teams.

The following are the teams :

McMASTER.			WOODSTOCK.
McNeill.		Goal.	Morrison.
Therrien.	{		{ McCrimmon.
MacKechnie.	/	Backs.	{ Finkle.
Schutt.	{		{ McDonald.
Stillwell.	/	Half Backs.	{ Pengelly.
Imrie.	}		{ Torrey.
Hoyt.		Centre.	Robertson.
Brown.	}		{ Thomas.
Kilborn.	/	Right Wing.	{ Welch.
Baker.	}		{ Therrien.
Daniel.	/	Left Wing.	{ Huggart.

MOULTON COLLEGE.

THE skating rink is already in process of preparation for the season's use, and we hope, with the assistance of Jack Frost, to have it completed before long. Exercise on skates will be a pleasant change from the routine of walking in Rosedale.

OVERHEARD in the corridor, the day after Frank Stockton's famous story had been read in the Heliconian :

"We have a name for our room at last. We're going to call it 'The King's Arms.'"

"Why?"

"Because you never know which is coming out—the Lady or the Tiger."

SEVENTEEN new and valuable books have been added to our Missionary Library this fall. Among them are D. J. Deam's *Life of Robert Moffat*. "In Southern India," by Mrs. Murray Mitchell; "A Girl's Winter in India," by Mary Thorne Carpenter; "Henry M. Stanley, the African Explorer," and "David Livingstone," "His Labors and His Legacy," by Arthur Montefiore; "By Canoe and Dog Train," by E. R. Young.

ON the afternoon of November 13th, the teachers and pupils of Moulton College had the pleasure of attending a lecture kindly given us by Prof. McKay. We are proud to claim Prof. McKay as one of our old teachers, and are also glad that he keeps up his interest in us. Though the subject of the lecture was "Light," it proved an instructive one; the experiments were interesting to us all, and the lecture was frequently illuminated by flashes of the genial professor's ready wit. We all hope that the future has in store for us another lecture by Prof. McKay.

NOR long since we were all delighted to see on the bulletin board a notice of Prof. Trotter's expected presence at the evening prayer-meeting. We have had Prof. Trotter with us before, and his helpful words are long remembered, therefore we were all disappointed and concerned, later on, to learn of his enforced absence on account of sickness. We hope his recovery will be speedy and complete, and his postponed visit paid in the near future. Miss Bishop took his place, giving us a few practical words on "Gifts, what shall we give, and to whom?" The subject was felt to be very appropriate to the season. In connection with this meeting the students decided to take up the annual collection for Grande Ligne.

MOULTON is a College which always keeps up with the times. No one ever finds us behind in the march of progress. New departures are always welcome here, and we never do things by halves. A little while ago we had "la grippe," and we did that thoroughly too. Every

victim was sick enough for an invalid's diet. What would be the use of being sick at all otherwise? Surely everybody knows that hot lemonade, toast and jelly are indispensable adjuncts to "la grippe." The sick-room is a very nice room, with a cheerful prospect; and books are shut out very carefully. If it were not for doctors, black doses, and mustard poultices, some of us would have been resigned to an indefinite stay, but even "la grippe" has its drawbacks, and these have cured most of us by this time.

THE OPEN MEETING OF THE HELICONIAN took place on the evening of December 1st. Our worthy President, Miss Edith Johnson, occupied the chair.

PROGRAMME.

Invocation,		Chancellor Rand.
Piano Solo,	Mazarka.	Godart.
	Miss Fisher.	
Recitation,	Money Musk.	Bayard Taylor.
	Miss Scarfe.	
Vocal Duet,	The Land of the Swallows.	Masini.
	Misses Millichamp and Holmes.	
Paper,		Distinctive Education for Women.
	Miss McLaurin.	
Piano Solo,	La Morena.	Chaminade.
	Miss Helmer.	
Paper,		University Education for Women.
	Miss Botteri!!.	
Recitation,		Spinning-Wheel Song.
	Miss Edith Taylor.	
Vocal Solo,	"Come Unto Me."	From the Messiah.
	Miss Millichamp.	
Recitation,	Monologue from	Schiller's "Maid of Orleans."
	Miss Holmes.	
The Heliconian Paper,		Editors: Misses McLaurin & Webb.
	Read by Miss Scarfe.	
Chorus,		Ave Maria.
	"God Save the Queen."	

THE Heliconian was well pleased with its representatives, and was noticed to contribute largely to the applause, no doubt appreciating highly the kindness of the members in so cheerfully doing their share to make the evening a pleasant one. It may be interesting to note here that the Society has lately allied itself with the Local Council of Women, thinking that a close connection with outside interests may broaden the Heliconians in a desirable manner.

ON Friday evening, the 17th of November, the Mission Circle had a most enjoyable meeting. We were addressed by Miss Buchan, Secretary of the Women's Baptist Foreign Missionary Society of Ontario. Miss Buchan has been most intimately connected with the Society, and is thoroughly acquainted with its history and workings. She gave us a most interesting and instructive account of the work undertaken by the women of Ontario. After dwelling for some time on the connection between the Circles and the Society, and its relation to the General Society, she gave us a general idea of the workings of the various schools

on the Foreign Field, especially those for girls, and then closed with an appeal for especial effort this year, to meet especial needs. We feel that we are much better acquainted with the work than we were before Miss Buchan addressed us, and we feel sure that increased interest and increased contributions will be the results of her talk. The rest of the time was taken up with our Delegates' Reports of the Hamilton meetings. These were much enjoyed, and altogether the meeting was one of more than ordinary interest.

WOODSTOCK COLLEGE.

THE hilarity of our students in the upper flat was excited to its bounds the other evening. "Our Pat.," after puzzling his brains for some time to solve a problem in Algebra, was heard to vociferate:—"Kin inyone tell me whar I kin git a crib fer Algebra?"

WE have an organized singing class in operation this term, under the supervision of Prof. Brown, late of England. The class meets on Saturday morning, and the monotonous strains of the introductory exercises of vocal music stir the hearts of the boys that are non-lovers of music, till they heartily wish it would take a bad cold and require a holiday.

MANUAL Training continues to afford much pleasure to a large number of our students. The boys in the senior class in forging have made four dozen turning tools, for use in wood work in the first and second years. They are now completing the sets of lathe tools that each will require in the iron machine work that they are about to begin.

WE have been favored with a call from Dr. DeBlois, the enterprising principal of St. Martin's Academy, N.S. Although youthful in appearance, he impressed us, in the few words he addressed to us, as a man of sterling qualities and an ornament to his profession, as both a Christian man and teacher. May the good people down by the sea long continue to send forth such examples of their production.

THE trip to Toronto to play the annual match between McMaster and Woodstock was much enjoyed by all who were in attendance from Woodstock. Although the victory rested with McMaster, the boys came home delighted at the hospitable treatment they had received from their entertainers. The trip was one that will be held in kind remembrance by the boys. Look out! McMaster, we shall certainly make a bold attempt next year to bring back the laurels to Woodstock.

EVENTS in football have been interesting for the College club this year, but all the glory of victory has been earned by the junior team. We are happy to announce that the boys have ably conducted themselves. They engaged with the junior team of the Collegiate and scored 5-0. We hope that from this team there may develop a sturdy senior team, to uphold the honor of the school in years to come. The seniors visited Ingersoll last month and were badly worsted, but in the return game, a week later, the College boys evened matters up to a great extent.

THERE has been an earnest looking forward all this month for the arrival of the MONTHLY. The reading room received the exchanges some time ago. "What's the matter with the McMASTER MONTHLY?" has greeted the ears of your correspondents till they have almost been afraid to renew the promises: "It will soon be here, only a few more days." We are glad to see the evident interest taken in it by every boy in the school. All seem to realize that it is *our* monthly, and its appearance is always anticipated with a great degree of pleasure.

THE students for some weeks back have been on the *qui vive* and many anxious glances are cast; the questions are asked with abated breath:—"Will it live?" "Is it thriving?" "Has it passed the critical point?" Oh, yes, it has. It will certainly live, and, judging from the sounds coming through the building, we believe it has come to stay. The College orchestra has been re-organized and it bids fair to develop into a strong healthy infant. In fact, it has been whispered (in confidence, of course) that its prospects are superior to those of similar enterprises of previous years.

THE members of the Judson Missionary Society were treated to a rare lecture on mission work by the Rev. W. Tapscott, at the regular meeting of the society last month. He urged the students to let their lives flow out freely to others, and, as an argument, proved that our lives would be like the flowing fountain, increasing in volume and strength as it neared the sea. He also dwelt on the reflex action of mission work, how we were benefited individually and collectively, and in no other respect more than financially. We are sorry to lose Mr. Tapscott from Woodstock; may his labors be even more blessed on his new field at Niagara.

THANKSGIVING day was one full of delights to us. In the morning, thanksgiving exercises were held in place of the regular chapel service, into which the students entered with much earnestness. Rev. Mr. Spencer, of St. Thomas, in response to an invitation from the Judson Missionary Society, delivered an instructive lecture to the students and the congregation of the First Baptist Church. He outlined his subject, "Duty and Privilege in relation to the world about us," in a very clear manner. He showed the necessity of a clear Christian testimony on the part of God's children, and gave examples of its power over those with whom we come into contact.

ON Thanksgiving evening, through the admirable forethought of our worthy Principal and wife, the students were invited to meet them in the College reception rooms. They were agreeably surprised to find that an equal number of ladies had also been invited for the occasion. The host and hostess soon had all engaged in various amusements, and the two hours passed away only too quickly. The guests were then ushered into the spacious dining-hall, where good viands were well discussed for half-an-hour. A short programme was then rendered in the chapel-hall, to the appreciation of all. The boys settled down to work again next morning, feeling that their very prosaic system of life had been turned into pleasant channels indeed.

GRANDE LIGNE.

A VISITOR looking west from our verandah would probably ask, "Why don't you have that ugly pile of stones removed from beside the lawn?" We answer: "Those stones please us very much just where they are. They mean that a Principal's residence is to be built there next spring."

The order one Saturday morning for every one to turn out to help remove the shutters and replace them with the storm windows reminded us of the approach of winter. The boys are also preparing their skates and trying them on the small patches of ice that appear here and there in the fields. What fine skating we ought to have this winter on our beautiful new rink!

We have lately been favored with visits from Rev. D. Hutchinson, of Brantford, Rev. Prof. Higgins, of Acadia University, and Dr. Parker, of Halifax. All gave us some refreshing words of counsel and encouragement. Still our friends continue to find us, even though we are considered to live in an out-of-the-way corner of the world.

NOVEMBER 27th, at 11.45 a.m., classes quietly proceeding as usual. A low rumbling sound is heard. Louder! The building shakes, evidently from cellar to garret. Faces turn pale. Students and teachers start to their feet. Some rush out of doors, others to the furnace. What is it? An *earthquake!* But it is gone. Of course no one was frightened. Not at all, only a little nervous.

NOT long since a large heavy iron-bound box was set down at the front door. It bore the address of an Express Company in Paris, France. What did it contain? Books, French books, two hundred dollars' worth of beautifully bound volumes, specially chosen for our library by Rev. M. Lafleur, from the proceeds of the insurance on our old library that was destroyed by the fire in 1891. We have been pleased also to receive small contributions of books through Mr. S. Usher, one of our last year's students, and from Rev. W. W. Weeks, now of Moncton, N. B.

MURDER.—A terrible slaughter took place at Grande Ligne on Wednesday, and to crown the horrors, four pretty ladies with dainty white hands and tapering fingers, plucked and dressed the thirteen innocent victims. Alas! for poor humanity, a hundred and twenty-six persons enjoyed eating them. (Not the ladies, but the geese.) Yes, Feller Institute can boast of being able to give a Thanksgiving dinner. If we judge from some of the flying remarks, such as, "Well, boys, all those that have any strength left, please gather in class-room No. 4." "I guess I'll be light this afternoon with my white wing." "Say, boys, we had two meals in one." "And they cried out, 'quack, quack,'" we can see that all seemed to appreciate it. Wish-bones are to be seen on several doors, and the "oil" is precious kept to anoint the manly chests and swan-like necks of our strong and fair sexes.