



Yours very Sincerely
B D Thomas

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BENJAMIN D. THOMAS.

The man who occupies the pulpit of the Jarvis Street Baptist Church and ministers to its people has filled in the past, and must, for a time at least fill, a large place in denominational life and influence. Some of its pastors have been the acknowledged leaders in the more important denominational movements, and especially in those educational enterprises that have tended to knit together the various churches in a closer bond of interest, and that have given to the Baptist churches of Canada an assured and honored place in the religious history of the past half century.

In the struggles of its early days, in the years of growing strength and power, and in its maturity of Christian life, it has been singularly fortunate in having for its teachers and guides men of far-seeing intelligence, earnest, faithful, enthusiastic, broad-minded, and of deep spiritual graces,—men providentially fitted to minister to the needs of each particular phase of its history.

In no period has this been more true than in the past ten years under the ministry of Dr. Benjamin D. Thomas. There is, perhaps, no stage in the history of a church in which it needs more discriminating watchcare, more prayerful effort, more untiring devotion, more heart-searching preaching, than those years

in which it has emerged from the hardships and uncertainties of its earlier existence into the deep, calm flow of a wide river of influence. Resting on past achievements, self-satisfied, attracting to its services numbers of men and women, who, by their culture and position, have peculiar temptations to worldliness, what rare qualities of mind and heart, what purity of life, what rich endowments of the higher spiritual powers must he possess, who can maintain in the hearts of individual members, and in the life of the church, that enthusiasm of spirituality that enables it to remain a blessing to the community by which it is surrounded, and to send out from its own fountains of life streams of refreshing to other spots less favored!

That Dr. Thomas has accomplished this result speaks in a word more than could pages of the most generous analysis of his character, personal traits, or oratorical gifts.

That his labors in Toronto have been accompanied by an unusual measure of God's blessing is evinced not merely in the outward prosperity of the church, but in the regular additions to the membership, month by month, of persons converted under his ministry, and in the quality of the manifestation of Christian life and experience in a large number of these converts. His success is not due to striking or sensational methods, but rather to an ever fresh and faithful presentation of the "simple and effective doctrines of the cross," and to the thoroughness and force of his own convictions, which enable him to impart something of the intensity and earnestness of his own nature.

His life began and his childhood was passed in scenes far removed from these of his maturer years.

Dr. Thomas was born near Narberth, Wales, in January, 1843, in a farmhouse, bearing the by no means euphonious name of Blaenffynnonne (the source of the wells). Narberth is a small town, in the western part of Wales, surrounded by a most picturesque and fruitful country. His father, the Rev. Benjamin Thomas, was pastor of the Baptist Church in Narberth for forty years. His childhood was uneventful, except for the sad loss of his mother at the age of eight. He early showed that amiability of disposition and generosity of spirit that have been throughout his life so characteristic, and it is related of him, at this time, that meeting one day a ragged boy about his own age,

prompted by an impulse of generosity, he took off his coat, and gave it to the boy. Surely in this instance "the boy was father to the man."

Very early in life he developed a fondness for preaching, exercising his gifts, when but a child, for the amusement of friends and neighbors, who delighted to encourage him; but his favorite audience, at this time, was a field of cabbages. Their wide open mouths and ears suggesting to him a flattering degree of attention,—a quality in his hearers, which he no doubt still regards with great appreciation.

Four years of his school life were spent at Graig House Academy, Swansea, Wales, and he afterward graduated at Haverford-west.

In his twentieth year, he was called to the pastorate of the English Baptist Church at Neath, Glamorganshire, where he began his duties August, 1862. Six years were spent here, when he was seized by an almost irresistible yearning to emigrate to the United States, an impulse so strong that he could not fail to recognize it as a Divine call.

Soon after his arrival in the United States he was called to the charge of the church at Pittston, Pennsylvania.

There seem to have been at this period of his life many indications that promised the larger measure of success, and the wider influence that came to him in after years.

His pastorate at Pittston continued for two years and nine months and was remarkably successful. He manifested great enthusiasm, and under his preaching the church grew in numbers and prosperity, and received an impetus that was felt for many years after his connection with it had been severed. The building soon became altogether inadequate to the needs of the congregation, and was increasingly so to the last, and it was with the utmost reluctance that his resignation was accepted.

One who had been a member of the church previous to Dr. Thomas's settlement in Pittston, and who was afterward a member of the Fifth Baptist Church of Philadelphia, during a large part of his pastorate there, writes:—"Soon after Dr. Thomas's settlement in Pittston, I had occasion to visit the place, and learned that the Sunday School was having a picnic in a beautiful grove near the town. I sought the grounds, and as I drew

near, the first voice I heard was the merry laugh of Dr. Thomas. He had his coat off and was enjoying himself immensely with the young folks, and was, of course, correspondingly popular with them. I attended the Sunday services and after hearing Dr. Thomas preach I expressed my opinion that the Pittston church could not long retain him as their pastor."

The earnestness and sincerity of his nature, the warm cordiality of his disposition, and his unselfish and unaffected interest in the joys and sorrows of his people endeared him to them, while his ability and eloquence enabled him to reach and influence a large number who had hitherto been irresponsive, and who later became very useful to the church.

His success in Pittston led to his being called to occupy the pulpit of the Fifth Baptist Church of Philadelphia. He took charge in October, 1871, being at that time the youngest pastor in the city. The church had a membership of more than seven hundred, and a Sabbath School of over a thousand.

Here he spent eleven years, marked by rapid and solid growth in all the varied qualifications of his profession, and was eminently successful in his ministrations. As pastor of an influential and constantly growing church, his duties were heavy and exacting, and a large tax on his strength and endurance, but in all his labors he was sustained by a most generous loyalty on the part of the membership.

During his pastorate a mortgage debt upon the land of eight thousand dollars was cleared off, and the church edifice was renovated and beautified. A colony was sent out from the church to rehabilitate the Eleventh Church, accompanied as pastor by one of the deacons, who had special gifts. A mission was also started which has since developed into a flourishing church, now known as Trinity Baptist Church.

Of his pastorate here one has said, "he was beloved by the entire church, and laid broad and deep foundations in establishing the Christian characters of the members. His influence is felt to this day."

Another writes,—*"The influence of Dr. Thomas as pastor and preacher was not evanescent. Men and women, who were led to Christ under his ministry, are manifesting in their lives the transforming power of the cross of Christ."* More imperish-

able than marble are such monuments in the hearts and lives of immortal beings. Surely, "they that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars forever and ever."

The late Dr. Peddie, who was Dr. Thomas's successor as pastor of the Fifth Church, in a letter written shortly before his death, speaks most feelingly and beautifully of the joy which he felt over the spiritual and temporal condition of the church, on entering upon his duties there, and taking up the work which Dr. Thomas relinquished at the call of the Jarvis Street Church of Toronto.

The reality and strength of the love which Dr. Thomas won during his life in Philadelphia can still be seen in the warmth of attachment expressed by those who were associated with him, and in the cordial and hearty reception with which he is always greeted when visiting in that city.

The necessity for hard and continuous labor and social contact in the Ministerial Conference of Philadelphia with a circle of minds varied in gifts and in some instances, of great originality, rendered this a period most fruitful in its influence. He became confirmed in his convictions of religious truth, enriched in experience, ripened in judgment, and deepened and spiritualized in thought.

July 23, 1882, Dr. Thomas received a unanimous call from the Jarvis Street Church, Toronto, Canada. During the fifteen months succeeding the resignation of Dr. Castle, the church had not been able to unite in a call to any except Dr. Peddie, although a number of the ablest preachers of America had filled the pulpit. While Dr. Peddie himself was unable to respond to the call he strongly recommended to the Pulpit Committee Dr. Thomas as one fitted to minister to the needs of the church. This led to a correspondence with Dr. Thomas, who, in consequence, occupied the pulpit July 16 and 23, 1882.

Following the evening service on the twenty-third of July, a church meeting was held in the Sunday School Hall, which was filled to overflowing. The meeting was as enthusiastic as it was large, and extended a unanimous call to Dr. Thomas.

At the evening prayer meeting, two weeks later, a telegram was read, stating that his letter of acceptance was on the way, at which intelligence the gratification felt was fittingly expressed

by the congregation rising and singing, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow." The letter of acceptance was read to the church the following Sabbath, at the communion service.

October 8, 1882, Dr. Thomas entered upon his duties as pastor of the Jarvis Street Church, thus beginning a new era in his own life, which has been richly blessed to the church. His ministry has already extended over a longer period than that of any preceding pastor, and remains unabated in interest, giving promise for the future of increasing usefulness and power. The fruitfulness of his labors may be seen in the fact that about four hundred have professed faith in Christ and have been baptized during his pastorate. Nor is this the only result,—the church has made gratifying progress, not merely in numbers, but financially, as well. The total income for the first year being about seven thousand dollars, while for the past five years it has been between thirteen and fourteen thousand dollars.

That Doctor Thomas's gifts as a preacher and leader of religious thought, are of a very high order, is shown in the fact that they attract large numbers to all the services, notwithstanding the altered conditions of church life in Toronto during the last few years. When his pastorate began, the Jarvis Street Church was the centre of Baptist influence, reaching the furthest limits of the city, and its membership living within easy walking distance.

Most of the other Baptist churches were scarcely more than missions, so that the natural flow of the population was in the direction of Jarvis Street. The currents of city life have been moving northward and westward. Many inducements in these directions have led to the formation of whole neighborhoods, which have developed socially and religiously in such a way as to render inoperative influences which were formerly natural and irresistible. There are now within easy access to all parts of the city a number of Baptist churches, favorably located, with attractive edifices, and richly endowed ministry.

These changes, and the fact that in Toronto, as elsewhere, Baptist sentiments are not of spontaneous growth, must render it a difficult task to keep a large edifice like Jarvis Street well attended. And yet the audiences have been apparently undiminished, that of last Sabbath evening, as an example, being

perhaps as large as on any ordinary occasion during the present pastorate.

Many readers will have present to their minds, as they scan these lines, a memory picture of their subject, dear to their hearts, and to be treasured as a precious possession. As a friend, Dr. Thomas is amiable, sincere, cheerful, warm-hearted, and giving freely of the best in his nature; as a pastor, responsive to affection, faithful, self-sacrificing, most generous, and full of sympathy; as a preacher, earnest in his convictions of spiritual truth, practical in his application of truth to the lives and consciences of men and women, loyal in his adherence to the doctrines of the Word of God, glowing in his apprehension and appreciation of Divine mysteries, and enthusiastic in his devotion to the higher ideals of Christian life and experience.

In the pulpit his presence is commanding. He is animated and impressive in delivery, rich in thought and fancy, fluent, and distinguished for vividness of expression. His style is clear, flowing in easy and graceful periods, adorned by choice imagery, and dignified by language elevated and fitted to the high and holy themes he discusses.

Dr. Thomas is yet in the meridian of his life, and it is to be hoped that many years of usefulness lie before him, that life's struggles and aspirations, its disappointments and its fulfilments, may lead to still higher experiences and developments of thought, and still deeper insight into the great purposes of God.

S. R. DAVIS.

HOW I SPENT MY VACATION.

To spend an exceedingly pleasant and enjoyable vacation, is one thing, but to be able to interest one's readers in telling how it was spent, is another. I only began to realize when I sat down to collect my thoughts, how very much of the satisfaction which I experienced in all that I saw and heard, was really a reflection of my own exuberance. The glamour thrown around scenes and persons, and events, by my own ardent enthusiasm, contributed not a little to the pleasure which they afforded me. We carry within us so many of the conditions as well as the inspirations of our delights, that when we come to think calmly of the objects that occasioned them they appear almost too childish to relate. A very ordinary beverage is flavorful when the thirst is keen. I have been out in the woods after vigorous exercise in the open air, when I could eat with marvellous zest what would be anything but relishable with a dulled appetite at home. You can get exquisite enjoyment out of very trivial incidents and associations, when the mind is active, and the cares and responsibilities of life are for the time being forgotten. The youth that goes out for a holiday after having been kept at close tension for weeks together, is so full of buoyancy that he finds pleasure in every object that he beholds. Nature seems to enter into sympathy with him. The trees clap their hands and the flowers smile, and the very air is filled with music, all, as it would seem, for his delectation. There never was such a glorious day. He bounds forth in such a blithesome mood, that everything seems gay. He has a secret alchemy in his young heart that turns gloom into gladness, and discord into melody, and all the world into a paradise. If you were to ask him, when the day was over, to tell you all about it, he would do no credit to his holiday, I am quite sure; for such experiences cannot be reproduced. I am that youth. After a good deal of hard work; after undergoing the strain of continuous mental activity for many weeks, the holiday-time came, and I bounded forth into the free air. The sky seemed curtained with a glory that was unusual: the air appeared to be impregnated with exhilarating qualities that I had not ex-

perceived for many months ; every person I met seemed good-natured ; I was *en rapport* with everything and with everybody. It was a veritable holiday, and I got all out of it that a glowing nature, susceptible and receptive, could. But when I undertake to tell you all about it, I must confess to a sense of the poverty of my resources, which is more than ordinarily painful. I feel now, on calm reflection, that most of the enjoyment which I experienced during those delightful weeks was called into existence by the emotive enthusiasm with which I swathed whatever came within my observation, and which rebounded in wavelets of pleasurable experience upon my own soul.

It is the settled policy of the Jarvis St. Baptist church to give their pastor *carte blanche* at least once in the year. The time is limited only by his own conscience. That this is a mark of wisdom is too evident to need affirmation. The soil that is constantly producing would soon run into worthlessness if not permitted now and then to lie fallow. There is nothing that takes the vitality out of a man like an expenditure of thought. There is no weapon heavier to wield than the pen, when it has to emit nourishment for eager minds. A church never does a more sagacious thing in her own interest, than to insist upon the pastor taking a vacation now and then, for he invariably returns to his work, if his heart is in it, with redoubled energy and enthusiasm.

On the 31st of July, Dr. Fred. Evans, of Philadelphia, and myself, boarded the Teutonic, unquestionably one of the finest of the many ocean palaces that ply the Atlantic waters.

There is not very much in an ocean voyage, ordinarily, to elicit profitable comment, but ours was very far from being monotonous or uneventful. There happened to be four or five ministers on board who were exceedingly sociable and resourceful, and not a few others who were ever ready to contribute whatever of wit or good-nature they had to keep things from stagnating. There was the usual amount of sickness, perhaps a little more, for the sea was sometimes anything but restful. There were some who elicited my sincerest sympathy, for they suffered untold agonies, and would have been heartily glad, I verily believe to have been thrown overboard. I shall not soon forget a teacher of elocution from Chicago, and a Methodist minister from New

York. They seemed to vie with each other for the championship. They were both dramatic and ministerial by turns. They would throw up their arms with every mark of misery depicted on their countenances, as if to implore some unseen demon, who took pleasure in tantalizing them, for mercy, and the next moment they would be writhing on their knees, as if to give added emphasis to their supplications. I ventured to suggest to my brother minister one morning, as I supposed a comforting Scriptural assurance, that "his sickness was not unto death," but I saw from the reproachful expression of his countenance that he did not appreciate my anxiety for his welfare. Incidents both ludicrous and mirth-provoking were occurring daily, but when I recall them, they seem to need just the conditions which called them forth, to make their repetition even tolerable. There was one, however, which I might mention. A gentleman who sat at the same table with us, indelibly stamped himself upon my memory. He was somewhat corpulent, his countenance most clearly indicating that he was what is commonly called a generous liver. He certainly lived generously for the first day or two on board. He did not seem to have a preference for anything in particular, but for everything in general. My friend, in a language which was not understood by anyone at the table but ourselves, suggested that he was laying in store for a terrible retribution. It was only too true. The volume of his agony was only limited by the volume of his avoirdupois. He was shaken from centre to circumference. His efforts to get rid of what a short time before he was so eager to appropriate, was, I must confess, a little amusing. It reminded me of the boy who was always plaguing his mother for batter cakes. It did not matter how great a supply was provided, he always wanted more. She resolved at last to satisfy him at any cost. She made enough batter for the ordinary requirements of half-a-dozen. Johnny ate and ate, while she urged him on. At last he looked up into her face with a half reproachful expression on his countenance. "Well, Johnny," said she, "Don't you want any more batter cakes?" "No," said he, "I don't want no more, and I don't want what I have got."

It is enjoyable, whether on land or ocean, to feel that you are on the winning side. We do not like to take anybody's dust,

nor anybody's backwater. It is most exhilarating to be ahead. I always enjoy crossing the Atlantic in a fast steamer. It is extremely irritating to my finely strung sensibilities to see anything getting ahead of me. The Teutonic left every craft behind her. We would sometimes sight a steamer considerably in advance of us, but a few hours would suffice to change our relative positions. We arrived in Liverpool just a week from the time we left New York, and when you remember that this necessitated a speed of over 21 miles an hour, both night and day, you will have some comprehension of the rapidity with which we sped through the surging waters.

Solid, unromantic Liverpool had little attraction for us. We spent a night at the Grand Hotel, where we had first rate accommodation, at about the same rate it would cost us here. We spent a few hours at a resort near by, called "The Brighton of Liverpool," visited a few friends, and took an express train early the following morning for Wales.

My native land never seemed to me more beautiful. There is no spot beneath the sun, of equal area, that can compare with it. Multitudes go to the continent, and elsewhere, and return with the testimony that for miniature scenes of natural loveliness, Wales is unsurpassed. It will not, of course, compare with Switzerland, or with our own magnificent Rockies, in bold and grand effects, but for narrow mountain gorges, for romantic glens, for small valleys nestling at the foot of wild and rugged steeps, for beautiful streams breaking here and there into cascades and waterfalls, and occasionally flowing through magnificent meadows, Wales will certainly compare favorably with any land, however well and favorably known.

Our present visit, however, was only intended as a breathing spell, for it was our purpose after having been to London and Paris, and seeing some portions of the European continent, to give up the last week or so to the delights of friendship and affection, amid the enchanting scenes and the endeared associations of our motherland.

After a week's rest at the Mineral Springs, which are situated in the romantic bosom of the Welsh mountains, we proceeded to London, passing through Shrewsbury, Stafford, Northampton, Rugby, and other centres of interest on our way. Rural

England! What is there that can compare with it? No portraiture ever could do justice to the charming vistas, grand trees, the enchanting roads and lanes, and well-trimmed hedges, the stately palaces with their spacious parks, the neat cottages in many instances enveloped in a profusion of beauty and fragrance, making even poverty attractive. I could not keep my eyes from feasting hungrily on the ever varied panorama, as the express train glided silently forward at the rate of sixty miles an hour.

London! Who shall ever adequately describe this wonderful microcosmic world? Its sights and its sounds, its wonders and curiosities, its lights and its shades, its glory and its shame, its greatness and its littleness, the innumerable shadings of its many-colored life. London, sitting in queenly stateliness on the turbid Thames, embosoming the wealth, the learning, the enterprise, the industry, the pride, the fashion, the romance and the chivalry of this the greatest empire in the world, it can but tantalize curiosity to touch upon a field so rich and vast, as we shall, in this instance, be constrained to do. London is the focal point of interest to the traveller, and what wonder? It comprises within itself almost everything that is worth seeing beneath the sun. What you cannot find in London is scarcely worth looking for. It is the political, intellectual, artistic, literary, commercial and social centre of the world. Dr. Johnson remarked, with a partiality which may have been a little egotistical, that he who was tired of London was tired of existence, and that was at a time when the city was small and unattractive, as compared with what she is to-day.

I am not going to indulge in any minute descriptions of what we saw and did in this great centre of the world's civilization. We spent the best part of three days on the tops of omnibuses, going as far out in each direction toward the extremities as we possibly could. We gained in this way, an idea of the extent and character of the city, which could scarcely be possible by any other method. We strolled the streets and looked into shop windows like two veritable country cousins; but my friend was too wide-awake looking to induce any of the London sharpers to try their hands upon us. We visited some places of interest, but not with sufficient concentration of thought to justify me in making a parade of my wisdom. We were

boys out of school, and we never put pen to paper, as I know, only when we wrote to our wives, and possibly they must have imagined sometimes that writing materials were very scarce in those parts. One morning we thought we would pay a visit to Spurgeon's Tabernacle. All the buildings happened to be open. We went through that plain but imposing structure from lowest floor to topmost gallery. We had often been there when the mighty congregation filled it to its utmost capacity, and the greatest master of assemblies that God ever gave His church stood upon that platform. We thought of all the scenes that had been witnessed within those walls. How the mighty congregation had sometimes been swayed like a field of grain by the winds of heaven. How they had been lifted into enthusiasm, as the ships in the harbors of the seacoast were lifted by the incoming tide! I thought of some of the wonderful sermons that had been preached in that very spot—sermons that have stirred the lethargy of the centuries, and changed the whole tone of pulpit ministration in England. I thought of the brave words that had rung out upon the eager multitudes that had filled those pews for well-nigh thirty years, and then my mind reverted to Westwood, where at that moment the great preacher lay, as all supposed, at the vestibule of the Eternal City. How desolate that mighty building seemed to us without its central figure, and without prospect of his ever standing there again. We could not shake off the gloom that the thought occasioned. We seemed to be walking under the shadow of the sepulchre, while we magnified the grace of God in this wonderful man's life.

On Sunday we went to church, morning, afternoon and evening. All the great preachers known to fame, with the exception probably of one or two, were out of town or sick. We were not to be deterred, however, from the exhilaration of the sanctuary, because there were not men in the pulpit whom we were especially anxious to hear. We believe in preaching much, but we believe in worship more. There is no small danger of our magnifying the sermon unduly, and that to the neglect and depreciation of what in God's sight is immeasurably more important. In the morning we heard an exceedingly helpful discourse in the Welsh language, and in the evening a man of

God who preaches to the largest congregation in London next to that of the Metropolitan Tabernacle, the Rev. Archibald Brown.

In the afternoon, sitting beneath the groined roof of the most famous house of worship, probably in the world, Westminster Abbey, and listening to the most distinguished preacher of whom the Church of England can now boast, Canon Farrar, and surrounded by thousands of Americans and Canadians, some of whose faces were delightfully familiar, you may well conceive that it was one of the memorable occasions of our trip. Canon Farrar is a man of slender build and medium stature. His countenance is pleasing, rather than impressive. He has a voice of more than ordinary quality and compass. He reads his sermons but does it with splendid ease and effectiveness. Probably there is not a preacher in England to-day, who can use language with greater felicity and effectiveness.

Over the North sea to Holland may be enjoyable or otherwise as circumstances may determine. To us it was decidedly otherwise. It is not particularly flattering to one's vanity when he has been boasting of superiority to seasickness, having crossed and recrossed the Atlantic without being under the necessity of absenting himself from the table during a single meal, to find a short strip of water like the North Sea upsetting his equilibrium. I have come to the deliberate conclusion since I made that trip, that "all men are mortal," and that boasting is a vain and foolish thing. I had been disposed to think that it was a nice thing to be "rocked in the cradle of the deep," but I now realize that the rocking may be a little too violent and jaggy to deserve any euphemistic appellation.

Holland is an interesting country. It is full of the charming novelties of age. Everything from the people to the boats looks ancient. The dykes, the windmills and the quaint houses are suggestive of simplicity. The City of Rotterdam was to me a place of more than ordinary fascination. It was so entirely unlike anything I had seen before. The variety was charming. The streets, the shops, the carts with dogs attached underneath, all interested me. Some of the residences, with grounds sloping down into the superabundant waters that intersect the city in every part, were very beautiful. The country seemed to indicate a quality of soil that was excellent. Abundant crops of

grain were being harvested on every hand. The monotony that invariably attaches to a flat country is greatly relieved, if not wholly overcome in Holland by the rows of stately trees that have been planted on either side the dykes. The whole country, as far as I could see in passing hurriedly through, had a quality of picturesqueness peculiarly its own.

The habits of the people, I could not speak of particularly. They are not as alert as some that I have seen. Their general movement would not suit Broadway in New York. The wooden shoes which are commonly worn by the natives are like miniature scows. You might fancy without much idealistic extravagance, that they were designed to walk on the water and not on the land. They are not, however, an indolent people. The country rescued from the insatiable encroachments of the Ocean, below the level of which it lies, kept by artificial means in security from its great enemy and would-be master, and made beautiful and fruitful withal by dint of persistent industry, is a standing refutation of any such idea. They must be industrious, thrifty, and more than ordinarily intelligent to have accomplished such marvellous results.

Amsterdam is the commercial capital of Holland, and contains somewhere about 300,000 inhabitants. The whole city is built on wooden piles. It is about nine miles in circumference, intersected by numerous canals, dividing it into about ninety islands, which are connected by about 300 bridges. The Hague is a fashionable town near the coast, containing many broad and handsome streets, squares and palaces, and has much the appearance of any other fashionable and well-to-do city. Here are the residences of the king and nobles of the land.

There are not a few other towns that it would abundantly repay to visit, because of their historic associations and decidedly interesting features, especially for those whose taste for the antique has been at all developed. There is Dorchester with its fine Gothic church of the fourteenth century in a good state of preservation; Leyden, with its university, founded 300 years ago, Haarlem with its famous cathedral and organ; Utrecht with its tower containing a chime of forty-two bells, and its university with upwards of 300 students. We could have spent a much longer time in Holland with great pleasure and profit, were it within the range of possibility.

Only an imaginary line and the customs officers divide Holland from Belgium. We had come within its borders without realizing it in the least, until we saw the peculiar Belgian characters on the walls as we approached the station nearest to the neighboring country. This is one of the smaller European states, amongst which it ranks sixteenth in point of area, and eighth according to population. The principal cities are Brussels and Antwerp, both of which we visited. Brussels is beautiful for situation. It commands a wide view of the surrounding country. It has a most unique and remarkable picture gallery, all the production of the same artist, whose erratic genius must have actually revelled in weird and fantastic conceptions. We had only just time to glance both here and in the cities of Holland, upon the productions of great masters, such as Rubens, Rembrandt, Vandyke, and others, whose smallest productions would be regarded by the connoisseur in art as a treasure inestimable. The finest building in Brussels, and one of the finest on the European continent, is the Palace of Justice. It is a pile of masonry in which genius has attained to one of its grandest realizations. Antwerp is flat, dull, and were it not for some objects of immortal interest which it contains, it might be pronounced intolerably monotonous. It was the home of Rubens. Here his great masterpiece, "The Descent from the Cross," forms the chief attraction. The cathedral is a fitting shrine for a work so wonderfully realistic. Perhaps the most excellent chime of bells in all the world are hung in the spire of the cathedral at Antwerp.

But we must hurry, else our tale of experiences will become wearisome. We arrived in Paris one day as the shadows of evening were gathering over the great city. We were just in time, however, not to miss our dinner. It consisted of nine courses, little tastes of this and that and the other, I know not what. I ate freely and asked no questions, nor did I desire to, for each little dish was exceedingly nice. Thus refreshed, we went out into the broad streets and came speedily into the brilliant centre of this Mecca of fashion and pleasure. It would seem from the appearance of things that the whole city was in the excitement and enthusiasm of some great fête. The broad avenues brilliantly lighted and lined on either side with little

tables, at which both men and women, in some instances gaily dressed, sat and chatted and sipped their wines. In the more open spaces, such as the Place de la Concorde, there were places of amusement in the open air, only partially concealed by the profuse foliage of shrubbery and trees. The music pealing forth upon the night air from all directions, had a weird and fascinating effect.

Paris is the cleanest city in the world. Many of the more prominent streets actually appeared like sheets of water under the blaze of the night illumination. They are kept scrupulously. They have a method of causing streams of pure water to flow over them I think several times a day. I frequently remarked to my friend that the water seemed fit to drink. Some of the hotels are incredibly magnificent. There are buildings, too, that for splendid architectural proportions and exquisiteness of detail and elaboration, cannot be surpassed. The Madeline is wonderful. The view from its front steps of the Place de la Concorde is such as fairly beggars all description. The Eiffel tower rising amid beautiful grounds almost in the heart of the city, to a height of over nine hundred feet, is prominent from every part, and can be seen for many miles around. The Church of Notre Dame is a massive structure upon which the eyes of a student of harmonies and proportions could gaze with ever growing interest and admiration. The Grand Opera House is the most splendid structure of its kind in Europe or indeed the world. The "Arch of Triumph," through which Napoleon the first was wont to lead his armies after every successful campaign, with its record of the many battles in which that embodiment of genius and of daring came off victorious, is something to look upon with surprise and pity. The glory and the humiliation of France are there memorialized for the generations coming to read and learn, for through that same arch the victorious Germans passed, and then quietly returned to their own land. The Palace of Versailles, the former residence of the French kings, is some 25 miles out of the city. We walked through its apartments that seemed interminable, and gazed upon the pictures which line the walls, with a profound sense of a glory that had forever gone out. The grounds of the Palace at Versailles are amongst the finest I have ever seen. In the days of the mon-

archy what must that palace have been in splendor and magnificence. The Bon Marche is a store which has not been equalled in the greatest cities of either continent.

After all the excitement of travel and sightseeing we were glad to come back to the restful quiet and hallowing associations of Wales. The glare and glitter of the great Parisian city paled into obscurity beside the glow of kindly affection that beamed upon us in that dear old land. We were under promise to attend the Welsh Baptist Union meetings, and thither in due course we directed our way. What a memorable gathering it was! From all parts of the principality there came brethren whom my heart longed to see. My comrades in youth and early manhood, my associates in school and college; the old veterans that I used to look up to when I was a lad: and the young men who were rising into recognition and popularity; all were assembled on this occasion for a three days' meeting. How my heart leaped to see them and how they welcomed me! What a fellowship of soul there was between us after all the years of separation! And then the preaching. I had really thought that the glory of the Welsh pulpit was a thing of the past, but how absolutely I was undeceived. I sat beneath the spell like one enchained, with heart swelling under the tidal flow of emotions and with eyes streaming with tears of spiritual delight. It was a Bethel, a Bethesda and a Beth-Eden combined. I had the honor of preaching the closing sermon of the Union before an audience that crowded a church building not much less in size than Jarvis St., until I had scarcely room myself to stand. They listened with eager sympathy to what I had to say, and before I was half through I felt the tide of their enthusiasm carrying me along as a ship is carried by the buoyant waves when in full sail. This is not egotism, but a sweet reminiscence which it is pleasant to repeat. I spent the last Sunday in my old home, preaching anniversary sermons in the church of which my father was pastor for well-nigh fifty years. The marble tablet erected to his memory is one of the most striking features of the present new and beautiful structure. It was not without very mingled experiences that I stood amid those sacred associations, and saw around me evidences of the changes that had been wrought since I was a boy. Behind that edifice is a neat enclosure where

sleeps the dust of my parents. As I stood over it with tearful eyes, I could not but thank God, that although dead they were speaking still, and that I was able in some small measure to perpetuate the influences which they had thrown around my life.

And now I wish to say with undissembled sincerity that of all the fair sights which I witnessed, that of all the enchanting landscapes which I beheld, that of all the splendor and magnificence that blazed before my interested vision during those weeks of travel, nothing seemed to me so fair as Toronto and the Jarvis St. congregation on my return.

THE PERSPECTIVE OF YEARS.

I.

Midway in the journey of life, 'tis said,
 The traveller pauses to rest :
 He shadows his sight from the noonday sun.
 And turns to the East and the West.
 He turns to the East where life's morning broke,
 And down the long vista of years
 He sees all the joys and the griefs, and notes
 How little each one now appears.
 That loss is diminish'd that filled his life,
 And poison'd his moment of bliss ;
 Until he can say, with a sigh, " That loss
 Was hardly as bitter as this."
 And still they recede, all the joys and the griefs,
 The sins and their sorrow, in truth.
 His eyes wander down the vista of years,
 And the vanishing point is youth.

II.

Midway in the journey of life, 'tis said,
 The traveller pauses to rest :
 He shadows his sight from the noonday sun,
 Then wearily turns to the West.
 He looks thro' the vista of future years,
 And riches and honor grow small,
 Ambition recedes, only love is left,
 And hate is not found there at all.
 And still they recede, and he shadows his sight
 To centre the vision thus giv'n.
 His eyes wander down the vista of years,
 And the vanishing point is heav'n.

EVA ROSE YORK.

* GEORGE ELIOT.*

1820-1880.

In these four novels, which constitute the earlier works of George Eliot, common life is mainly treated, and that with a directness, freshness and vigor, that have never been surpassed by any writer. Many critics consider them the best of her books. They differ from her later and more elaborate works, largely in their more powerful realism, their clearer insight, their richer humor and deeper pathos, and their greater simplicity and conciseness of expression. They are written out of the author's own heart: materials are drawn from her own early surroundings and associations. The characters are sometimes sketched from among the people she knew and loved, and incidents which had actually taken place and were stored up in her wonderful memory are woven into the stories. Hence the remarkable vividness and skill in delineation, and the spontaneity and sympathy which characterize them. There is a vitality about them that fails to impress us in the later books, a more dramatic individuality in the characters. In these, too, the spiritual atmosphere, the religious and ethical spirit, has a spontaneous vigor which is exceptional.

When George Eliot began to write "Romola," she went to altogether new sources for her inspiration and material. The scene of the story is laid in Florence, in the fifteenth century, and the great Florentine reformer, Savonarola, is introduced as one of the leading characters. Its central idea is a great moral thesis, that found in all of George Eliot's books, based on the doctrine of retribution. Looked at from one point of view it is a study of impulse, and we have a powerful presentation of a spiritual truth in the delineation of the character of Tito Melema, the handsome Greek, with his gracious, winning manner, his rare intellect, and his affectionate disposition, who is brought, not by actual vice, but by his selfish love of ease and aversion to whatever is painful or disagreeable, to the most complete and terrible moral ruin. The character of Romola, from

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

whom the book takes its name, is less powerful. Miss Blind's comparison of her to a statue, splendidly beautiful and imposingly cold, is, I think, exaggerated; but the proud, self-sacrificing, lovely and loving Florentine maiden, whose life is so intertwined with that of Tito, has something statue-like in her white and gold purity and beauty. As a picture of fifteenth century life in Italy, "Romola" is of scarcely debatable value. The accuracy of its descriptions is the result of wide and laborious research and cannot be questioned, while it is scarcely inferior to Scott's best productions in the richness of its historical coloring. It is a book full of thought, containing some of the author's finest and most original character-drawing, and in its emphatic presentation of moral laws and spiritual influence shows its moral aim to be the highest and noblest.

"Felix Holt" is a political novel. In it the author returns to English provincial life and endeavors to inculcate the true method of social reform. It has more plot than most of her books, is full of noble sentiment, and contains much genuine enthusiasm and passion, yet it is generally considered the least interesting of her works.

"Middlemarch" George Eliot herself considered her greatest novel, and there are many ready to agree with her. It aims to show the narrowing, hampering effect of the modern social system (or rather social life) upon the individual soul. In it she reveals more than she has hitherto done her skepticism. The lives of all the characters are full of mistakes, and, in a sense, are failures. It is so with Dorothea; so also with Lydgate, Ladislaw, and Rosamond. The book is undoubtedly, as Miss Blind suggests, "an expression of the author's own attitude towards the aspirations and formulated demands of the women of the nineteenth century." Its method is speculative, its plot clumsy and desultory. Almost every type of English character is presented in it and that with great life-likeness. So many are the characters in the community which it represents, that any attempt to characterize them within our present limits would be vain and unsatisfactory.

The three books last mentioned show the results of the greatest care and deliberation in their production, while the next and last, "Daniel Deronda," indicates more of the sympathy and

spontaneity of the earlier works. It has more action, wider scope, and larger aim than the others, and it, too, has its admirers, who consider it the best book George Eliot wrote. Its three most distinct purposes, as analyzed by Cooke, appear to be to emphasize the influence of heredity, to portray the religious sentiment interpreted by positivism, and to present a contrast between the form of social life which is based on tradition, with that which is based on individualism. This book is even more than the others lacking in unity, consisting really of two entirely distinct elements: the English, in which the interest centres in the wonderfully constructed character of Gwendolen Harleth, and the Jewish, with its treatment of the Hebrew nation and character. These two elements are apparently but loosely held together by the personality of Deronda. To the ordinary reader, that part of the novel which has to do with English life, and in which the beautiful, brilliant, egotistic and fascinating Gwendolen figures will undoubtedly always be the most interesting. That which has to do with the Jews is heavy reading—too heavy to be popular. Deronda himself is pronounced by that clever essayist, E. P. Whipple, to be "one of the noblest and most original characters among the heroes imagined by poets, dramatists, and novelists." But, notwithstanding the dictum of such an authority, Deronda seems to have too much of the bandbox hero in his composition to create much genuine interest. In his unvarying correctness of conduct and speech, in his complacent goodness, he appears to be always attitudinizing for his portrait, and is far less human than poor Gwendolen.

"Daniel Deronda," like all of George Eliot's later works, gives evidence of her vast learning. Indeed, to such an extent is this brought in, that it detracts much from their artistic merit and savors of pedantry. Greek quotations and illustrations drawn from the latest scientific investigations, are occasional blemishes in the earlier books, but in the later, large stores of information, which are quite unnecessary in the development of the novel, are brought incongruously into the volumes. But the learning is generally sound, and, save from an æsthetic standpoint, takes nothing from the real value of the books. The later novels are far more elaborately wrought out than the earlier, but they are less spontaneous and are almost entirely

wanting in the rich humor of the first group. In "Daniel Deronda," this last element is wholly lacking. But neither the pedantry, the over-carefulness of execution, nor even the obvious lack of unity—the manner in which the stories sometimes halt and even seem to lose their way, are great faults as compared with their far greater merits.

No novelist of this, or any other century, has so large a scope and aim as George Eliot. None can compare with her in range of knowledge, observation, and sympathy, and in no other single personality are so strikingly combined breadth and soundness of reason, depth of speculative power, fertility of thought, keenness of insight, depth and genuineness of sentiment, and richness of humor. She has at her command all the resources, and uses nearly all the methods known to the novelist, employing with success, description, narration, dramatic presentation, and analysis.

So broad is her grasp that she is at home in the most various scenes and periods, and paints with equal truth, strength and fairness, the humblest and loftiest types of character.

George Eliot opened a new department in fiction. She followed the lead of Dickens, and the spirit of the age as introduced by Wordsworth, in so far as she drew her materials from common life. But here she parted company with all other writers, and set to work in a new line. She may be said to have created the modern psychological novel, although Charlotte Bronte had taken a step in that direction, and Thackeray had in some sort opened the way for her.

Of necessity her work was influenced by the forces that had been at work in literature. Fielding, Miss Austen and Thackeray had gone before her in naturalism, Hawthorne in psychological method, Charlotte Bronte in intensity, but she enlarged upon all, combining history, poetry and philosophy with naturalism. We find in her something both of the breadth of the society novelists, Miss Austen, Thackeray and Trollope, and of the depth of Hawthorne and Miss Bronte; but she is more earnest than Miss Austen, more genuine and poetic than Thackeray, more sincere than Trollope, wider in range than Hawthorne, and has more calm and breadth of treatment than Miss Bronte.

Hers is, in the main, the analytic method. In her novels, plot is always made subordinate to the development of character, and the character is then subjected to the most minute and merciless analysis. Here again she differs from Charlotte Brontë. The latter is her equal in the depth and force of her delineations, but George Eliot analyzes motives, and talks about her characters with a disinterestedness and composure impossible to Miss Brontë. In her deep thought, and her fidelity to actual life, she far surpasses both Scott and Dickens, though she has not Scott's power of entering into the spirit of remote times, nor Dickens' rapid imaginative faculty. They both dealt with acts, while she dealt with the underlying motives. Her method was always to interpret man from within, and she constantly treated the overwhelming force of heredity and environment in determining character. And thus she has, one might say, founded a new school in fiction, and many of the novelists of to-day are her imitators.

George Eliot's humor is rich and abundant. Caricature, which is Dickens' strong point, she is, of course, too wise ever to attempt, and we have already alluded to the fact that she is no satirist. Her art is too direct and deep to be capable of light banter, but her shrewdness of observation and natural wit are turned to good account, and though her ironical comment is heavy, slow, and painful, her Mrs. Poysers, Mrs. Halkits, and Mrs. Cadwalladers, are among the most delicious humorous creations in our literature, while her dramatic humor, as illustrated in the scene at the Rainbow, cannot be surpassed.

One of the strongest characteristics of George Eliot's novels, as has already been intimated, is their moral aim. George Eliot was primarily a teacher in her literary work, and in these times, when moral, philosophical, and religious problems are so absorbing, it would be unfitting to leave the study of one so great without some honest consideration of what her moral teachings really are, for no novelist of the century has so powerful an influence on his readers as she.

She never wrote for art's sake only, nor merely to amuse the multitude of novel-readers. With her deep, clear insight into the passions and motives of men and women, came the inevitable craving for the higher knowledge of the real springs

of all that is human or divine, and in her novels we read her solution of the great moral and social problems that naturally presented themselves to such a mind. And first let us consider briefly the teachings in some of the earlier works.

Who that has once read the "Scenes of Clerical Life," can forget the impression made by the pathetic narrative of Milly Barton, whose life to its sad end breathed out an influence of patient sweetness, which reaches us with the same delicate power as if it came from a living presence, instead of from the printed page. Notice, too, for a moment, the lesson of simple, earnest piety, which we find in the homely history of Mr. Tryan, the persecuted evangelical parson. Follow the account of his humiliations and sorrows, his faithfulness under trial, his unflinching courage, and the forgiving spirit in which he came to Janet Dempster, bringing words of help and assurance, repeating to her with saintly fervor the old, sweet story of Christ's compassion, and power to save from sin. Such lives as these are plain, practical object lessons on the modest virtues enjoined by our Christian faith—unselfishness, true-heartedness, fidelity to duty.

George Eliot inculcates many a worthy precept regarding the relationships of life. She teaches a vigorous morality and a pure system of ethics. In respect of family relations her teachings are rigidly correct. Her pictures of true home life are full of sweetness, while the wretchedness resulting from licentiousness, she holds to view in a light which shows forth the sin as utterly loathsome. The duties and obligations of wedded life, she dwells upon with reiterant earnestness. Recall the fervid words of Savonarola to Romola, in bitter desperation forsaking her home and Florence: "And now, when the sword has pierced your soul, you say, 'I will go away; I cannot bear my sorrow.' And you think nothing of the sorrow and the wrong that are within the walls of the city where you dwell: you will leave your place empty, when it ought to be filled with your pity and your labor. * * * * My daughter, if the cross comes to you as a wife, you must carry it as a wife. You may say, 'I will leave my husband,' but you cannot cease to be a wife." Again, "Marriage is not carnal only—it is a sacramental vow, from which none but God can release you."

Of the power and depth of meaning in social relations also, George Eliot never allows us to lose sight. She teaches honesty and veracity in all things, laying particular stress upon what she calls "the simplest law that lies at the foundation of trust, which binds man to man—faithfulness to the spoken word." With remarkable force she sets forth the duty of regarding the good of others. In the history of Gwendolen Harleth, and the sad experience of Maggie Tulliver, she portrays the sin and consequent misery of making one's gain out of another's loss. Polonius said to Læertes, "This, above all, to thine own self be true." George Eliot, speaking from a larger, nobler heart, says to each of us, "Not to self alone, but to thy neighbor, be thou true."

In carrying out this idea, she emphasizes the power of "the blessed influence of one true, loving, human soul upon another," teaching the brotherhood of man and the duty of helping one another. This doctrine she exemplifies in the lives of Mr. Tryan, Daniel Deronda and Savonarola. Each one of these brings new life to some weak one, through the force of his own strong nature; Mr. Tryan, showing the way of deliverance to poor, sin-burdened Janet Dempster; Deronda, responding to the piteous appeals of Gwendolen, for some power strong enough to lift her beyond herself; the Florentine reformer, coming with his burning messages of consolation and direction to Romola, in the emptiness and despair of her disappointed wifehood. In all she exhibits distinctly and forcibly the duty of the strong towards the weak, and the ties that bind together all human souls in a close, indissoluble relation.

Prominent in all George Eliot's writings is her recognition of the supreme nature of the inner life, the terrible reality and earnestness of existence. And so, at the foundation of all she has written, is the soul's need of that which shall prove to be the highest good—the satisfying portion. In no one of the noble characters she has given us do we find a mind content with what is petty and superficial. Everywhere is recognized the heart's craving for the best, the highest, and in the striving of one and another for the attainment of this good that satisfies, centres the interest of this author's novels. To each the struggle comes in a different form; in all the aspiration is the same.

Little Maggie Tulliver, with her sensitive soul so keenly alive to all beauty and harmony, dreaming in her poor, narrow home, and longing for a taste of the wondrous life in the great outer world: Dorothea Brooke, in Tipton Manor, pondering grand schemes of philanthropy and benevolence; Dinah Morris, preaching her simple Gospel to the rude men of Snowfield; Romola, the Florentine maiden, toiling with her blind old father over the volumes of ancient poetry and learning; even poor Gwendolen, with all her selfish ignorance and narrowness; all are yearning with something of the same eagerness for the hidden, higher life of which they vaguely feel the existence. We are moved with sympathy for each one as she reaches out after the great secret of human life. Our hearts beat with tenderness for poor, misguided Maggie, searching in books for truth, seeking peace in renunciation, struggling against self and love, and faltering in her weakness, yet holding on in her effort to grasp the good that still must be. We follow with pitiful interest the disappointed, incomplete life of Dorothea, who sees her ideals vanish, and becomes conscious of her girlhood's delusions, yet never quite loses her faith and aspiration. We bow our heads in loving reverence before Romola, who, failing of the bliss of which she had dreamed, when the joy had gone out of her own life, gathers up her energy and finds her greatest blessing in the work of strengthening the weak about her. None ever more clearly realized or taught with greater force than George Eliot has done this universal demand for something beyond a merely human existence. The development of good or evil in character she depicts with dramatic vigor, and through her works runs the doctrine of re-tribution, casting a sombre shadow upon even what is great and good. Nowhere is the danger of self-indulgence and wrong choice more clearly taught than in her novels. The terrible career of Tito Milema, and the unhappy life of Gwendolen Harleth, two radiant, highly endowed beings, are a stronger warning and admonition than any abstract appeal could ever be. With the boldness of firm conviction, George Eliot teaches the inevitable consequence of violated law, the relentless force that unites cause and effect, bringing ruthless punishment for all sin. One shudders at the grim power that, holding Tito in its unyielding grasp, hurries him down to the

final tragedy of his base selfish life. Gwendolen's tone of despair pierces the heart, as she cries out in the misery that has come upon her, "I have been cruel: I am forsaken."

This stern doctrine, unrelieved by any recognition of divine intervention, gives a gloomy tone to George Eliot's works, and makes them in no small degree depressing. She teaches truth, grand truth, and the purest Christian ethics, but she does not teach the whole truth. This lack springs from what one has called "the vacuum at the centre of her faith." She had not the heavenly vision. With no hope in a future life, no belief in the strength given by God to help mankind in its struggles toward the highest, her books fail in one of the noblest ends of literature, that of quickening and inspiring the reader. The endings of almost all of them are sorrowful; instead of conquering the adverse forces of heredity and environment, her heroes and heroines are almost always conquered. Her gospel of altruism, of self-renunciation, is not sufficient to redeem the hopelessness of her philosophy. Incomparably great as her work is, it would have been greater if her faith had been truer.

George Eliot, though herself an agnostic, had the power of portraying religious life with an intensely sympathetic touch, here again differing from all the other novelists of her time, and never does she oppose Christianity, but it is only one side that she gives us—the side of unselfishness and human compassion, not the side of the spiritual connection with the all-embracing God. It may be that her love of humanity was so intense and passionate just because it was all she had, being without the knowledge of the love of God.

Her work in literature will be immortal. It is the grand work of a great genius, honestly devoted to noble ends. Splendid beyond what we can conceive, would it have been, if, when she so bravely faced the doubts of a questioning age, she had seen Him who came to solve all the dark problems of humanity—the Man of Nazareth, who took upon Himself the sin and sorrow of the world, thus bearing "the true Cross of the Redeemer."

MARY S. DANIELS.

CHARLES HADDON SPURGEON.

It is eminently fitting that our MONTHLY should refer to the life and work of C. H. Spurgeon, and lay its tribute of love and respect upon his new-made grave. He was the most distinguished and honored member of the Baptist denomination; his character was of the noblest quality, and his life is richly freighted with lessons and inspirations for all earnest souls, but especially for ministers.

Many are familiar with the *outline of his life*. His indebtedness to a God-fearing ancestry; his early struggle for an education; his victorious conflict with doubt, his sudden conversion; the small beginning of his work at the early age of sixteen as a lay preacher; his first pastorate of the little Baptist church at Waterbeach: his call to the New Park Street church, London, shepherded in the past by a Benj. Keach, a Dr. Gill, and a Dr. Rippon, but then small and weak; the sensation caused by the strong, fearless preaching of the youth of nineteen: the sneering criticism of the press, and the general expectation that his career would be meteoric; his increasing popularity and power with the masses; the growth of his congregation until it overflowed the enlarged Park Street chapel and flooded Exeter and Surrey Halls to the full; the erection of the Metropolitan Tabernacle as the permanent centre of his life's work: the rapt throngs of 6,000 souls that have crowded its spacious accommodations for thirty long years, as the pure, rich streams of Gospel truth continued to pour from his lips with undiminished flow; his growing weakness under the pressure of overwork and disease, and the last long struggle, until the sad news was flashed to the ends of the earth that the prince of preachers was dead:—all this can be but mentioned. And now, perhaps, there could be no finer tribute to his work and worth than the grief of all creeds and classes of evangelical Christendom, that his ringing voice is still, his pen of power laid aside, and his grand living personality lost to the world.

Mr. Spurgeon was so pre-eminent as a preacher, that comparatively few are aware how *many sided were his genius and work*. As an author he has just claim to the grateful remem-

brance of posterity. His "Treasury of David" is unique, and will remain as a standard commentary on the Psalms, to all who care more for their deep spiritual meaning than for microscopic criticism, and who wish to use them as a help and guide to their devoutest thought. His "John Ploughman's Talks and Pictures," his "Salt Cellars," and works of kindred character, are unsurpassed for aphoristic and practical wisdom, and overflow with a homely vigor which has given them the strongest hold upon the common people for whom they were written. His "Morning by Morning," and "Evening by Evening," have gone into thousands of quiet homes, with highest inspiration for the inner life in its daily worries and temptations. Other productions of his pen still further attest to the breadth and fertility of his mind, which could give them forth while pressed by the claims of the largest church in Christendom, and of a pulpit which sent its utterances to the ends of the earth.

The world has reason also to remember him as one of the truest and greatest philanthropists. The Stockwell Orphanage, in which five hundred waifs are under training; the Alms houses, where aged mothers, who have been left in loneliness and want, are given a quiet and pleasant resting place as they wait for the rest that remains; the Pastor's College, which has already sent forth about one thousand preachers; the Book Fund which has distributed over one hundred thousand volumes of sacred literature to replenish poor ministers' libraries; his Colportage and Evangelists' Associations, and the thirty missions in London sustained by his church,—all these might well serve as one of the grandest memorials of any single life. In conceiving all these forms of religious and philanthropic work, in shaping their organization, and in carrying them forward to their present efficiency, with their promise of permanence, he has shown the most splendid executive ability. Summing up all his work as a preacher, an author and a philanthropist, we have a result which shows the tremendous energy with which he worked, and explains why he died at an age when most of distinguished Englishmen are in their prime. With all his other work, Mr. Spurgeon was *preeminently a preacher*. It was in his pulpit he felt he was fulfilling his chief mission. It was there he felt God nearest and had his greatest gladness. It was there he was grandest

and wielded his supreme power. It is doubtful whether the man has ever lived, who preached so much and so long, and maintained his freshness and his full hold on men to the last. Other preachers have been more profound: others have occasionally surpassed his best efforts, perhaps: but no other man has maintained so high an average level of the truest excellence for well-nigh forty years. The preaching of a Liddon or a Farrar may be more relished by the cultured classes, who desire rhetorical brilliancy and finish, but the common people heard no man so gladly as C. H. Spurgeon. The man has yet to live whose utterances shall reach so many ears as did his. The thousands that crowded the Tabernacle for thirty years were but a small portion of his audience. His sermons, published week by week, are said to have had a quarter of a million readers. They must have been full of power to win so many readers in all lands. Their truest greatness has been shown, however, in bringing multitudes to Christ, and in helping so many on the way to heaven. It is said that about ten thousand were converted under his preaching. It was the mainspring of all the multiplied activity which is centred around the Metropolitan Tabernacle. His sermons as read were the means of salvation to very many, and brought instruction, quickening, and comfort to hundreds of thousands. The quality and compass of the power which kept going forth as he proclaimed his messages week after week, may well awaken grateful wonder. While thousands mourn that his voice is stilled, all must rejoice that the echoing and re-echoing will never cease.

It might be presumption to attempt to analyze the *sources of his power*, yet reference may well be made to some of its elements.

He had great natural gifts. God chooses suitable agents for His grandest work. His natural powers were cultured. It is said that he was prepared for Cambridge when he began to preach. Ever after his mind was kept on the intensest strain. He was an omnivorous reader, and had the faculty of mastering a volume of the hardest reading at a sitting. He was familiar with his Hebrew and his Greek Bible. Let no one quote Mr. Spurgeon's case to excuse himself in an indolent indifference to the best preparation for his work. His voice was like a silver

trumpet, but his sermons depended for their power less upon the externals of oratory than the most, witness the avidity with which they are read by hundreds of thousands. He had a wonderful command of terse, strong Anglo-Saxon, which he could use with sledge-hammer force. His thought was as clear as crystal. It is almost impossible to find an obscure sentence in all his published works. His heart was large and his sympathies broad and quick. Not only his thought, but its appropriate feeling is mirrored in his speech, giving it life and fire. In his most impassioned utterances there was no semblance of cant or pretence. He spoke burning words because his soul was aflame. His hearers always felt that all he said was but the honest expression of what was terribly or gloriously real to him. In all this, however, we are but touching upon the outskirts of his power.

He had an unshaken confidence in the Scriptures as the Word of God. The laboratory of the Higher Criticism brought forth for him no troubling doubt. He could stake upon their truth all the unspeakable issues of the everlasting with no tremor of fear. No rationalizing New Theology could lead him to wrest the Scriptures from their general and plain meaning, in order to conform them to the doubtful interpretation of a few obscure passages. He believed the Bible was a revelation of truth, not a book of puzzles. He thought he could know what it taught, even when its teachings are too profound for comprehension. He felt so sure that he had found out its general meaning that he did not need to revise his creed at the uprising of each new theory or cavil. In proclaiming its truth he was sublimely sure he was giving men God's own message. While his soul revelled in the contemplation of the love of God, he also adored his righteousness and holiness. He never felt called upon to ignore the sterner truths lest he should arouse opposition, or to dull their keen edge lest he should wound tender sensibilities. He was the ambassador of God. It was not for him to attempt to justify or excuse, or speculate about the messages his Master gave him. It was for him to proclaim them as divine verities; it was for men to heed them.

Not only did the truths of the Scriptures satisfy his mind, but they also satisfied his heart, and filled him with wondering

and adoring gratitude. The great doctrines of grace gripped his soul. He did not bind them to himself with fine spun reasoning; they had grown into the very fibre of his being. It was like taking his life to seek to rend them away. They were of unspeakable preciousness and worth to himself and for others. The man who sought to undermine the Scriptures or prove recreant to their great doctrines, should not be left to pursue his course without his most stern and earnest protest. The Down Grade controversy was illustrative of this. It was his rule never to speak from a text, unless it had laid hold upon his own soul with special power. In preaching, he not only proclaimed the truth, he poured into it streams from the very springs of his spiritual life and experience. This gave it a perennial freshness—a divine magnetism, and helped to adapt it to the deepest needs of men.

He had unbounded confidence in the simple preaching of the Gospel, as that which the Spirit would make His own power to the salvation of souls. While he believed the messages from the Bible to be God's; while the messages stirred his own spirit profoundly, and never lost their freshness to him; while his sermons throbbed with the pulsing of his own inner life, he felt that only God's Spirit could help him to the right message and make it effective. One who heard it from one of his deacons, told me that often as he opened the door upon his platform and saw the great sea of expectant faces, he would rush back into his study again to plead with God for help, and his deacons found it hard to get him away from the mercy-seat to face the tremendous responsibility of speaking for God to the assembled thousands. He did not rob God of any glory by taking credit to himself. He had rather glorify his Lord than himself. He believed the success of his preaching was God-given. His modest humility and self-forgetfulness constituted a higher greatness than all that, because of which men tempted him to be proud.

Deeper than all else, in the search for the hidings of his power, was the nearness of his life and heart to God. No man could pray as did he, who had not made fellowship with God a habit; who had not, through it, been filled with the highest impulses from the heart of God, and surcharged with His spirit and power.

A few *lessons* in conclusion :—C. H. Spurgeon preached a strong and rugged but moderate Calvinism, an interpretation of Scripture which some deem repulsive. It was, however, this preaching of total depravity, substitutionary atonement, election, salvation by grace alone, final perseverance and the eternal punishment of unrepentant sinners, which continued to draw the greatest multitudes of most eager listeners, and won the greatest multitudes of most eager readers of that, of this, or any age. Does not this fact smite dead the cavil that the world is outgrowing the Calvinistic theology? Does it not show that doctrines like these are endorsed by the soul's deepest consciousness, and best meet its deepest needs and cravings? It is also suggestive that it has been this kind of preaching that God has honored as he has no other in making it the medium of His saving power. Mr. Spurgeon preached the Gospel in all simplicity, in humble dependence upon the Holy Spirit. The plain Gospel of Christ has greater and more permanent attractions than sensationalism. Men's souls crave truth more than rhetoric. To be plain is better than to be brilliant. God honors those who honor His truth and His Spirit, and give Him back all the glory of results.

May the life of this prince of preachers be an inspiration to us all.

CALVIN GOODSPEED.

Students' Quarter.

A GLIMPSE OF THE RUSSIAN PERSECUTION.

The eyes of the Christian world are turned in sympathy and interest toward Russia. There, in state tyranny blindly controlled by ecclesiastical plot and bigotry on the one hand, and heroic uncompromise with error and wickedness on the other, history is repeating itself. Accounts of the Russian persecution, not only of the evangelical Christians, but of their Jewish subjects and political exiles, are full of tragical interest. In Russia it is the *Church* and State that rule. They have united, and seem determined upon "Russia for the Russians at any cost," as their motto: and those whose language is not Slavonian, and religion orthodox, must join the fast swelling army of the persecuted and worse than homeless.

We may better understand the attitude of the Russian authorities towards their Stundist subjects, when we remember that the body now stands a formidable power against the security of the National Church: the priesthood are alarmed at its rapid inroads: also that it had its origin in Germany,—a country very near, but not very dear to the Czar and his court. This Emperor lately chose a journey of ten hours by sea, rather than one of three hours, in order not to pass through Berlin.

Concerning the character of the Russians, considerable has been written. They are represented as among the most gifted, generous and chivalrous people in the world.

The Russian Stundists are the salt of the empire. Their lives are simple, pure, earnest, industrious. Their harvests are good in spite of frost or blight. In this they are the exception, They pay their taxes and manage to keep free from debt and mortgage. "They are the only body of men whose word is bond." "The lofty morality of the Stundists," exclaims an Orthodox journal, "is truly marvellous." Another such paper remarks that "they eschew every kind of pleasure, even the most *innocent* of all, viz., the squandering of their time away in idleness." Their manner of worship is most simple and thoroughly evangelical. They shape their lives according to the great Commandment of Love.

Contrast with this the moral deadness of the Russians yet untouched by the religion of the Stundists, "sunk in an abyss of foulness . . . and unrestrained by any of the moderating instincts of the brutes." Another writer adds: "I must say, with all due respect to them, that they are of all the nations the most addicted to drunkenness." "But many a noble heart lies hidden under an unpromising exterior . . . and if the government aided but a little to make him a man instead of a beast, as he is now, Russia would soon become one of the richest nations in the world." Not only to an insatiable thirst for vodka (raw alcohol), but to idleness he is a regular slave. This is fostered by the large number of holidays in his church. Including Sundays, there are about a hundred and twenty days of rest. This gives him only eight months for work: and as he cannot be induced to go to church, he spends the other part of the year drunk.

Peter the Great and his three successors, painfully conscious of the awful state of their people, made a strong effort, by penal laws and edicts, to force them into the church and the observance of its sacraments, but all in vain. On the other hand, the all-transforming power of heavenly grace made men of the Stundists, —Christians, the image of the Son of Man. They, for their humanizing zeal in uplifting the fallen and ministering to the needy, became objects of admiration, wonder, and then fear. New converts flocked into their communion, and those who might have been the salvation of the degraded peasantry, became the victims of cruel and relentless persecution. No sooner did the clergy discover in the Stundists a foe to their sacramental fees, than they sought the sword of the State for protection. The Stundists were ranked as incendiaries and murderers; were flogged, ruined, condemned, banished from their homes.

The clergy seem to have utterly forgotten the sacred character of their office, in their shameful devices to ruin the people. The crime of drinking milk on Wednesdays and Fridays, and of chanting hymns and reading the Bible, was laid against the Stundists in '65. Another serious charge was preferred by the government investigator, viz., that "a very close bond of service and love unites in one body all the members of this sect." This was sufficient. Many of the Stundists were arrested, questioned,

mocked, bullied, and after some considerable time in gaol they were acquitted and released. The clergy protested, and wrote to the Government to re-arrest and punish them without trial or formal accusation. They complained that this release "only increased the people's respect and admiration for the sectarians." The people might also think that the governor himself was won over to the Stundist belief.

After a decided failure in a mission for the conversion of this people, the civil authorities were strongly recommended to quarter soldiers as spies in the private homes of all who were suspected of reading the Bible or engaging in secret worship. They also advised that without trial or accusation all Stundist preachers be relegated to the Siberian mines. These suggestions were backed up by most cunning charges. The government could not afford to overlook them.

Numerous arrests were made; but the law courts frequently acquitted the accused, and after some painful disclosures of priestly "ways that are dark," the church fathers fell back on an old law against heretics. The Stundists were then sent to monasteries for the purpose of "doing penance." The least painful features of this winning mode were the pangs of hunger, intensified by the endless harangues of monks delegated to convert them. Did they succeed? We need not ask.

The Sectarians meanwhile were as zealous in humanizing the fallen of their communities, as their brethren "doing penance" were unswerving in loyalty and faith. The many miraculous conversions, their zeal in good works only served to stimulate and double the efforts of the clergy to root out the "infection." The Stundists petitioned the civil authorities for the right to think, read, and worship in their own quiet way. They were met with a deaf ear and a cruel hand.

The Russian laws are most arbitrary. For swindlers and murderers trial by jury exists, but not so for such questionable characters as those who love the hour of prayer and Bible reading. A stroke of the pen by the Minister of the Interior is sufficient to secure in solitary "preliminary detention" for years their religious or political victims. There is no *habeas corpus*. Frequently an order to exile is issued without the least investigation.

The case of M. Lassotskey, an energetic Baptist Stundist, is of interest, and illustrates the fate of hundreds under exile law. This man, arrested as a "ringleader," suffered three different terms of imprisonment—confinement in the ill-kept prisons of Russia to the prisoner means no mere killing of time, but loss of health at once, of sight, hearing, and to many of reason itself.* After a most trying ordeal, Lassotskey, in 1889, was suddenly ordered by the Governor of Kieff to leave the district within a week and move to Khrson. He was obliged to sell his estate, and at the meridian of life, with a large family, to begin anew in a strange place. Hearing of his good fortune in securing a lucrative situation, the police at once pounced down and ordered him to quit his new home and proceed at once to Eessaraba. This ruined him financially. He and his family were compelled to undertake a march of 130 miles over a dreary steppe, and under a tropical sun. At the end of his journey all but fifty cents, a cow and cart was gone. Two of his children had succumbed to the hardships. Undaunted he sought and found enough work to keep himself and family alive. But Lassotskey, ruined in health, was at once ordered to the Crimea. His family this time were obliged to follow on foot, reduced to beggary. Ten days after his arrival the authorities ordered him to leave the Crimea at once, and spend the rest of his life at Geroosi, a dreary, cheerless town of fanatical Tartars on the Persian frontier.

In July last the struggle between the State Church and the Stundists, or Protestant Dissenters, took a new form. A council of clergy met at Moscow to devise measures against these people. The project of law drawn up and presented to the Government can be presented here only in brief.

The Stundists are to be deprived of the right to purchase or rent lands, of all labor, of liberty of conscience and family association. All Stundist families are to be ruthlessly broken up; their children torn from their parents and placed in the hands of Orthodox priests. Their passports, by the very mention of their religion, place them among the fugitives and vagabonds of the realm.

*Felix Volkovskoy, known to some of our readers, avoided this calamity by composing, without writing materials, an historical poem of 278 lines.

The enforcement of this infamous law is a weekly occurrence in Russia. By a system of ruinous fines, arbitrary imprisonments and banishments, "they are beggering the only thrifty and prosperous peasantry in the empire." Not only this, but their prison and exile system is an open door for unmentionable crimes upon the innocent and helpless, and the cause of many an untimely death. Yet a venerable bishop bitterly complains that "the civil authorities, dazzled by the glamour of 'all-forgiving love,' are sadly lacking in wholesome severity."

C. W. KING.

WOODSTOCK REMINISCENCES.

To the great majority of the McMaster boys, "Woodstock" is the sweetest name on earth. How many pleasant memories of chivalrous deeds are recalled, as we look back over two, three, or perhaps four years spent in its halls. As we think of the dormitory, the class-room, the dining-room, and the football field, fond recollections crowd upon us. What a motley crowd gathered there for instruction. They came from rural home and city palace. There were representatives of many different nationalities. There the beardless boy and the bald-headed man strove for honors in Kirkland and Scott.

A visitor to the college to-day will find it heated with steam, lighted with gas, and the woodwork vastly improved. He will find that "Quality Avenue" and "Ghost Alley" have been removed, and a hall now extends the full length of the main building. He will find the chapel room beautified, a reading room that is replete with the best magazines, quarterlies, etc., of the day, a library that is patronized by the boys more than ever before, and he will take a meal in one of the finest looking dining rooms in the Dominion of Canada. But our remarks henceforth will have reference to the time when the college was not so finely fitted as it is at present.

As space will not allow us to ramble, let us come to something definite. Let us see what there was about old "Woodstock" that endears her to us so much. In the first place it was

a boarding school. A hundred or more boys make it their home for the time being. Although they come from different parts of the world and have been following different occupations, there is one thing that students for the most part are endowed with, and that is a superabundance of energy. The student who goes about with his eyes gazing on the floor and a movement like a freight train, will soon be told about it. This superabundance of energy must expend itself in some way, and as hard study does not fulfil the necessary conditions, in the good old days we used to organize pillow fights. About nine o'clock in the evening the boys of the main building would sally from their rooms on tip-toe with pillow in hand. They congregate somewhere below and the Riot Act is read; they form a procession; in martial array and with measured tread they wend their way down the corridor, and unimpeded take possession of the east building. Immediately the enemy are upon them with pillows, and some of the more timid appear on the upper flats with buckets of water. A hand to hand fight ensues. The opposing forces are locked in deadly struggle. Above the dull thud of the pillows can be heard the groans of the wounded, and feathers are flying in the air. They fight their way up the first flight of stairs and there the conflict ceases. With pillows torn, coats ripped, and hair dishevelled, the attacking party return home and sleep soundly. Can we ever forget such glorious scenes!

And then there was the midnight "howl," generally held in one of the larger rooms. The good folks at home, taking pity on their boy in college, send him a box of comestibles. Conforming to the general principle then in vogue, viz., "What is the property of one is the property of all," he invites his friends to a feast. At 10:30 about thirty hungry-looking students pile in on the old "bunks," trunks, or anything they can find. Two fine turkeys soon leave their skeletons behind them, amid the brandishing of knives and the muffled groans of the feasters. They then make a successful raid on the fruit cake and nuts, followed by nothing stronger than raspberry wine. After singing college glees and spinning yarns, the "howl" is brought to a close, and the box ordered to be sent back for another supply. The rest of the evening is spent in troubled dreams.

A word about athletics. The student who does not take proper exercise must suffer for it. The demand for pale-faced, lily-fingered preachers is decreasing every year. The large campus and the beautiful hills extending to the south and west of the College afford excellent opportunities for developing a good physique. Association foot-ball has always been the popular game. Many a glorious victory has been won by the College "Eleven," not only on their own campus, but elsewhere. Let us see them play a game, and take a few notes. The field has been marked off, the goals repaired: the sun shines brightly and a gentle breeze is blowing from the south-west. The visiting team has arrived, and have been shown the principal points of interest about the institution. At the noon hour they tackle the College fare, and are anxious to know if this is what the College boys get every day. "Every day except Sunday," responds our captain. The visitors expect to have a tough team to tackle that afternoon. About 2.30 in the afternoon the players line up: a large number of townspeople are present. The ladies, led on by the Lady Principal, storm the old Commercial Building, and make their appearance at the windows of the top story. The game commences, and for a time the College boys seem to get the worst of it. Their superior training, however, is soon shown. They have more endurance. The forwards combine, and after a number of fierce rushes on the enemy's goal, by neat dodging and a swift shot, the first and only goal scored that day gives "Woodstock" the victory amid deafening cheers and the waving of handkerchiefs by the vestal virgins in the Commercial Building.

But the pillow fight, the howl and the football match did not occur every day. They were divergencies which served to break the monotony of a regular routine of duty. Our work was well systematized, as it is here, but in "McMaster" we miss the head-cracking sounds of the old "gong" that broke in upon our slumbers at half-past six in the morning. We miss the many rules and regulations which it was sometimes a pleasure and sometimes a grievance to break. We remember with pleasure the Excelsior and Philomathic Societies, where we learned to conduct business meetings and debate, and where, at public meetings, our silver-toned orators, wits and musicians entertained

large and fashionable audiences from the town. But in our reflections we experience a peculiar pleasure and gratitude when we recall the Thursday night prayer meeting, where we received fresh inspirations and felt the power of the Spirit that moved us to nobler deeds and made us strong for life's battle.

Woodstock College is an institution that has a grand history. The boy who enters there feels there is a sacredness of association about the place. Her halls have witnessed the early struggles of a MacArthur, a Stewart and a Dadson, and the holy ardor and burning piety of a McLaurin, a Timpany and a Yule. This same feeling clings to us: so is there any surprise if we never tire in recalling the grand times we had at our *Alma Mater*.

WALTER DANIEL.

CHANGE.

A shadow passing o'er the grass
That flits and stays with wind and sun,
And darkens into blackest night
When all the summer day is done,—
Oh God, if this be all, then might
Thy earth be glad through all its days
Of tempered sunshine, cloudful skies,
And thank thee for these gracious ways
That keep the world forever new.

How like a rose the opening dawn
Blows from the night where it hath lain!
How long to wait through all the hours
For day's sweet miracle again!
For change is such a blessed word
I would the world might never rest,
But living, dying, hour by hour,
Give birth in turn to forms as blest,
And keep the world forever new.

S. P.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Professor McKay's experimental lecture on Acoustics was listened to with great interest by a large audience. The apparatus employed in the experiments were manufactured by Dr. Rudolf Koenig, of whose personality and work Professor McKay gave an account in our last issue. Prof. Dr. Welton's scholarly and eloquent lecture on, "Moses and the Critics," delivered in December, should have been noticed in an earlier issue, but was overlooked. It is needless to say that Moses passed through the Red Sea of criticism dry-footed, while the arguments of the modern Pharaohs were simply overwhelmed. We hope hereafter to publish in full or in part this vigorous lecture.

Referring to our note of last month, Principal Massé, of Grande Ligne, states that French Canadians say, "Kébec" (rather than Kèbbec). This is confirmatory of Dr. S. T. Rand's suggestion as to the derivation of the word, for Kébec is clearly but a slight modification of Kèbbec, and not of Quibec.

We notice with pleasure the enlargement and improved character of the *Acadian Atheneum*. From one of its series of "Echoes of the Past," we notice that one of the learned Professors of McMaster University issued a paper from his college room, when a student at Acadia, in which it was declared, over thirty years ago, that the institution greatly needed "A Chair of Common Sense." Those present at the Baptist Convention in Toronto last October will see by this reference where one of the speakers on education may have obtained his most sensational utterance!

The date fixed by the Committee of the Senate for the closing of the Arts and Theological Departments of McMaster is the 3rd of May. Doubtless, an outline programme of the closing exercises will be published in time to ensure a general attendance of the friends of the University.

The Supplement to the Annual Report of the Minister of Education contains verbatim reports of the discussions at the recent conferences held at the Education Department on University Extension. The circular to be issued by Provost Body, Dr. Rand and Secretary Houston, in behalf of the Canadian Association for the Extension of University Teaching, will be awaited with interest.

HERE AND THERE.

WYCLIFFE COLLEGE ANNUAL MISSIONARY MEETING.—The annual missionary meeting of Wycliffe College was an excellent one this year. The program contained the names of Canon DuMoulin and the Right Rev. the Bishop of Algoma. A good practical paper was also read by the President, Mr. J. O. Stringer, B. A.

A PARABLE. —“Now, Chickie,” said old mother Hen, “you must scratch for yourself: you are too old for me to do it for you. Worms are fine diet, but, Chickie, the worm won’t crawl on to your plate, you must hunt him up. I have taught you the grades in quality, and worm gathering is a noble vocation. Now, don’t be like many of your trifling relatives, content with the poor worms found near the surface of the earth. You were given claws to scratch with, so use them. In action alone there is life, and persistent scratching always finds the worm. What if you don’t get the coveted worm at once? The hen whose scratching is soon rewarded, becomes fat and lazy, and therefore unfit for hard work. The scratching will do your muscles good, and for a big fat worm, you will need the appetite which action alone can give. By *search*, not by possession, your faculties will become enlarged, and the worm living deep down in the soil, always has the most delicate flavor. *Scratch*, don’t simply cackle. *Scratch*, or you will never have an egg of your own to cackle over. *Scratch*, don’t fight; and if ever you are *forced* to fight, you will do it the better for having scratched. Moral — *Scratch*.

TORONTO 'VARSITY.—The second of May draweth nigh, and with it the dread hour when all superfluous mirth and gaiety is swallowed up in the horrible gloom of examinations. *Dies Irae! Dies Irae!* Meanwhile the work of “cramming” and “plugging” goes merrily on, as the poor student with a determination inspired, as it were, by Jove, tries, during the last six weeks, to soak into his bewildered brain the work that should have been absorbed during the hours when he was beguiling the fleeting moments in “taking a hurl” at football, as Daniel Webster was wont to say in days of yore. And yet, in spite of the near approach of that dread hour, the thought that seems uppermost in the minds of the average student at the present moment is not examinations but elections. *Elections!* What a world of meaning is conveyed in that one word to those who are fortunate enough to be initiated into the mysteries of that occasion. What a picture of torn coats, of rough and tumble fights, of scrambling, and pushing, and shoving, and yelling, of ice cream, cocoa, coffee, etc., etc., comes up before the imagination when the sound of that electric word falls upon the enchanted ear; but words fail to express the full meaning of the term, and only those who have literally “been through the mill” can appreciate the feelings that actuate the undergraduate body at this eventful period of the year. The ambitious students who are seeking honor as officers of the Literary Society for 1892-3, do so under the auspices not of the “Federal” or

the "Progress" parties respectively, but of the "Union" or the "Alma Mater." The contest promises to be all the more closely and warmly contested, on account of the fact that no elections were held last year, owing to the great disparity between the relative strength of the two opposing parties. Whatever be the result, we are sure that the Literary Society next year will prove a grand success under the able management of a body of efficient and enthusiastic officers.

COLLEGE NEWS.

THE UNIVERSITY.

THE COLLEGE QUARTETTE sang at the opening services of the Parliament St. Church.

ON the evening of Friday, the 4th inst., Mrs. Newman held an "At Home," to which all the "Theologs" were invited. An exceedingly enjoyable and profitable evening was spent by all.

WE are sorry to mention the departure of our fellow-student, Mr. Chas. Matthews, through ill-health. During his stay in College he endeared himself to all. His genial nature, coupled with his ability, made him a power in our midst.

THE evils of pulpit advertising are multifarious. One of our most eloquent and worthy students, being subjected to the necessity of reading a score or so of notices the other Sunday, did so in rapid succession and with marked success, until he had completed the first half; here he took a few moments' breathing space, and then valiantly made a dash for the latter half. Alas! These were his words: "The members of this church are requested to assemble here on Tuesday morning at 8 p.m." Tableau,—earthquakes, convulsions and chaos.

McMaster University reminds us of that extraordinary triangle possessing more than its proper allowance of sides. It has an inside, wherein the majority of its students decide to reside, beside its imposing outside. However, this is aside from our subject. What we wish to indelibly impress upon the reader is this: That whereas all triangles have their exterior angles greater than the interior angle, so has the McMaster triangle. Now, in numbers the outside students acknowledge their inferiority, therefore, by our argument, they must be greater in intellect and soul than the residents. That's logic. Seventeen aspiring students, of whom seven—the perfect number—are ladies! Small wonder that our less-favored fellows are madly envious! And that's not all; nobody makes us be in by eleven o'clock, p.m. If we are, it's simply because *wæ* wish it. Even the professors follow our example, for all are outsiders but one, who is a martyr to duty's dictates. There! What's the matter with the outside students? We have spoken.

We shall not soon forget the pleasing, earnest, helpful address, by Rev. J. W. A. Stewart, of Rochester, N. Y. Although crowded with engagements during his short stay after the conference, he, like all loyal Woodstock boys of "ye olden time," did not forget McMaster. Mr. Stewart kindly consented to address the classes in Homiletics. The students in the Arts department were also invited. He impressed his hearers with the thought of the preacher's unique position as a leader in public worship. The service should be most helpful to every one. "Let it be done decently, earnestly, reverently." The preacher should be precise, but not prim; not stilted but dignified. His voice should be under complete control. "Loud enough to be heard is loud enough." As to the sermon, Mr. Stewart spoke with no uncertain sound. "It is a downright outrage and insult to appear before a congregation unprepared." The hour passed away all too soon. We promise him a hearty welcome to our Hall whenever in the city again.

McMASTER is not behind the times in regard to popular University lectures. In former months we have been entertained by our Theological Professors, on subjects, no doubt, dear to their hearts. On the evening of the 22nd of February, however, the lecture took a decidedly different turn. The subject of the lecture was "The Physical Basis of Music." In a few appropriate sentences, Professor McKay, the lecturer of the evening, was introduced by Dr. Rand. After a few introductory words concerning the subject in hand, the lecturer dealt with the production of sound, showing that it was caused by vibrations transmitted from a sounding body through any elastic medium to the drum of the ear. By means of a revolving siren, he showed how the well known ratios of the Major scale were determined. The earlier mathematicians, thinking that they discovered these same ratios in the relative distances of the celestial bodies, invented the phrase "Harmony of the Spheres." Illustrating by experiments, he showed the three points of difference in sounds—Intensity, Pitch and Quality. The lecturer then dealt with harmonics, showing that on their presence depended a note's richness of quality. These harmonics consisted of several overtones sounding in unison with one fundamental. On the basis of the compound character of these sounds, he made two divisions—simple notes and compound notes. By means of a silver chord vibrated in sections by electricity, he made audible at the same time both the fundamental and the harmonics, thus analyzing the compound note. The lecturer then explained the phenomenon of beats. By means of two tuning forks, vibrating at slightly different rates, he made the beats quite audible. This undulating or waving sound, called beats, he explained by showing that the weakest sound was produced when two waves of rarification reach the drum of the ear at the same time, while the climax was reached when two waves of condensation affect the drum at the same time. Beats, he said, are the cause of dissonance, and by means of them he explained the structure and harmonics of the Major Scale. In the octave, third, and fifth, the ratios are so determined because no beats are produced and thus there is concord. The discord found in the Major Second is not due to the presence of beats,

but to the presence of the seventh harmonic, which, it is supposed, is naturally offensive to the ear. This, then, forms the explanation of the ratios found in the Major Scale. The speaker concluded by stating that tone music did not by any means consist in harmonic chords alone, but rather in the skilful blending of pleasing chords and harsh discords, and closed his admirable lecture by sounding the notes of the octave, by dropping upon the table bits of wood *chord* wood, perhaps they might appropriately be called. The next in the series of the regular lectures will be given by Professor Farmer, on the evening of March 15th, upon the Epistle to the Colossians. We hope that the interest in these popular lectures of McMaster will be not only sustained, but increased. We can assure to all a most hearty welcome.

MOULTON COLLEGE.

THE craze for photos comes in again with the opening season. "Park's Panels" are the latest. Moved and seconded that we apply for help from outside to assist in accompanying students down to Park's every Saturday morning.

"WHEN is Miss Stork coming back?" is a daily question, which shows how she is missed. She went to her home several weeks ago, to rest and recover from illness contracted by overwork. Her physician thinks she will be able to return in a week or two.

WE are pleased to see among us again the beaming countenance of one of our recent graduates, Miss Emma Dryden, who has assumed the dignified position of Mathematical Instructor during Miss Stork's absence. The senior class in mathematics is indebted to Miss McKay, of McMaster Hall, for her able guidance in their favorite science.

A FEW weeks ago the members of Bloor Street Baptist church had the pleasure of attending the first annual roll-call. The members of the church from Moulton were present, and spent a pleasant evening. Needless to say that the refreshments offered were highly acceptable. A large number responded to the roll-call, and those who were unable to attend in person sent letters. Several reports were read by the officers of the church, showing progress in different departments of the work.

THOSE who were present at dinner the evening of 29th of February, will not soon forget the scene of waving kerchiefs and smiling faces. Both were caused by the arrival in our midst of one of Moulton's former teachers, Mrs. William B. Hale, of Rochester, N. Y. As Miss Clara L. Andrews, she occupied the chair of Science during the first two years of the existence of the College, devoting every energy to the building up of her department, and the advancement of the entire school. The students who were here during that time remember gratefully, and will carry with them through life, the inspiring memory of her high thinking and noble acting.

WOODSTOCK COLLEGE.

ON Friday, March 4, the College orchestra and quartette went to Tavistock, and there enjoyed the abundant hospitality of the good people of the German Baptist church. A tempting feast was placed before the boys after the concert, and then, two by two, they were marched off to the various homes to which they had been billeted.

THE boys of the third year spent a very happy evening at the home of Mr. McKechnie on Friday night. If he and his good lady enjoyed our presence as much as we did their company, there lingers no regrets that we were invited. Nearly all the Masters and their wives were present. It is a blessing for which we feel grateful that we have an opportunity of spending a few hours in social intercourse with such noble men and women.

OUR Classical Master, Mr. Bates, is profoundly impressed with the poetical beauties of Vergil, and it is the desire of his heart that the third year men preserve these in their translations. As a result, some highly imaginative translations are rendered. One by way of example: "Clara in luce refulsit os humerosque deo similis"—"He shines forth in the clear light, his shoulder-bones like a god's."

"IL n'est plus repos sur cette triste monde!" So exclaims De Maistre. It is the natural exclamation of a thoughtful mind after a quiet survey of the world. The mind comes out from its peaceful corner and takes a peep at men and their labors; through the world it wanders under sunny skies and under cold, but everywhere it finds the same. It returns always with the same burden—"Il n'est plus de repos sur cette triste monde."

THE old Philomathic Society is as hale and hearty as ever. How many contests have been fought and won from its platform! Nearly every subject of interest has been debated, and with parched tongues the victors are thirsting for some fresh spring to moisten their larynx. Mr. Frost, the worthy President, under the warming spring influence of Old Sol, melts into streams of eloquence, that, rippling over the pebbly part of his hearers' brain, fills the room with harmonious laughter. To W. J. Pady, V.P., we trust there shall come a pay-day some day for his untiring zeal in the interests of the Society. Mr. Keating, the Secretary, is a man of order and neatness, and well qualified to keep the books. Mr. S. Grimwood, the Marshall, is neither *grim* nor *woody*, but a heap of good nature and geniality. Yet I doubt not that he could and would be grim enough if disorder in the Society roused his righteous indignation. Our Editor, Mr. Kennedy, though young, is a boy of such distinguished originality and fertility of brain, that he possesses all the qualities necessary for that office. The Executive Committee is working faithfully, and is cheered to know that its work is appreciated.