

THE
MCMMASTER UNIVERSITY MONTHLY

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JOHN BURNS.

THE MCMMASTER UNIVERSITY MONTHLY has from its inception been printed by the firm of Dudley & Burns; it is therefore fitting that a sketch of Mr. Burns' life should appear in its pages. The conductors of THE MONTHLY felt that in him they had not only a man who carefully performed his part of the business, but they learned to esteem him as a friend. The firm of Dudley & Burns has been intimately identified with Baptist literature; at one time they printed the *Canadian Baptist* and for years have printed the *Link*, the organ of the Women's Foreign Mission Society.

Mr. Burns was a modest, unassuming man. He lived an ordinary life, such as most of us live; but he faithfully performed his every day duties. He was born July 30th 1832, at Newcastle-on-Tyne, England. His father was a soldier and his regiment happened to be stationed there at the time. In 1838 he came with his parents to Toronto, where the rest of his life was spent. He received his education at the Central School, which was on the corner of Adelaide and Nelson streets, the latter of which is now called Jarvis street.

At the age of fifteen he left school and was apprenticed to learn the trade of printer. He served his five years' term in the office of the *Patriot* newspaper. This paper was afterwards united with *The Colonist*. Mr. Burns continued on the staff and there formed the acquaintance of Mr. James Dudley, who afterwards became his partner.

He worked in this office for several years, and during this

time, two of the most important events of his life occurred ; on June 3rd, 1857, he was married to Miss Mary Ann Dudley, sister of his friend, Mr. James Dudley. Mr. Burns had been brought up in the Church of England, and in his youth attended St. George's church. At that time the Baptists in the city of Toronto, were few, but many of them were earnest Christian workers. One of the most earnest and zealous was Mrs. James Girvin, who had herself been brought up in the Church of England, but had joined the little Baptist church, while Rev. R. A. Fyfe was pastor. Through her influence, Mr. and Mrs. Burns first, and afterwards the father and mother of Mrs. Burns, together with her brothers, were led to become members of the Bond St. Baptist Church. In the year 1861, on December 22nd, Mr. and Mrs. Burns were baptized together by Rev. Thos. F. Caldicott. They at once entered heartily into the work of the church, and became valued members of the choir, where they served for many years.

In 1865 the firm of Dudley & Burns was formed, and continued till the death of Mr. Burns. By knowledge of their business, by strict honesty, by unfailing courtesy, the firm established a large business, and won the confidence and esteem of their patrons. Mr. Burns was a striking example of the text, "Not slothful in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord." If you wished to find him during business hours, you had only to go to his office, and there he was at work. If you wished to find him on Sunday during the hours of church service, you had to go to his pew ; and in the afternoon to his Sunday school class. If you wanted to see him on Wednesday night between eight and nine o'clock, it was safe to look for him at the prayer-meeting.

About the year 1871, the Bond St. Baptist church commenced a Mission Sunday School in the Berkeley St. Fire Hall. This mission developed into the Parliament St. Baptist Church. Mr. Burns was one of the teachers in the school, and continued this work for several years. He afterwards became a teacher in the Jarvis St. school, and there did a most important work. He taught in one of the class rooms a young women's Bible class. As a teacher he was punctual, regular in attendance, and painstaking.

ing in his preparation. He seemed to realize the greatness of the work. For some years he was a deacon and trustee but resigned these offices some time before his death.

His life was a singularly even and steady one, but he had his troubles. In 1880, on July 24th, he suffered a heavy loss: his loving and devoted wife was taken from him, and he was left alone with his grief. He had no children to console him, but he experienced at this time that the Holy Spirit was a real comforter. He had besides another source of comfort, the pleasant memories of a happy married life with one who had loved him with an unchanging affection. After the lapse of two years he was united in marriage on May 24th, 1882, to Miss Sarah Summers. Miss Summers was a member of his Bible class, and their union was a happy one. Their married life lasted nearly seventeen years. Four children were given to them, two daughters and two sons.

Mr. Burns was one of my intimate friends, and it was a great shock to me, when I read in one of the city papers that he had passed out of this world. I was in the habit of calling at his office once a week, and was there on Tuesday, Feb. 14th; we had a short talk, but neither of us would have believed that it was our last in this world. On the following Wednesday evening, he left the office at 5.30, apparently in his usual health. He spent the evening with his family; at 10 o'clock he had family worship. He read a chapter of the Bible and then knelt down to pray; but soon stood up and told his wife that one side of his body was numb. Shortly after he lost consciousness, and on Friday, Feb. 17th, about 11 o'clock at night, he entered into rest.

His funeral took place on the following Monday, when a service was held in Jarvis St. church. The pastor, Rev. B.D. Thomas, was, to his great regret, prevented by illness from being present. His place was taken by Rev. Chancellor Wallace, of McMaster University, and Rev. Elmore Harris. The service was a most impressive one and was largely attended, not only by members of Baptist churches, but by many belonging to the printing and publishing business, who came to testify their esteem and deep regret. His body was laid away in Mount Pleasant Cemetery.

He being dead yet speaketh. For fifty years he did his daily work. He was a manly man, straightforward and upright. All who came in contact with him were impressed with his courtesy and kindness. He was a man of commanding presence, large and powerful looking. He was a most entertaining companion; his strong common sense, combined with a great fund of humor made his conversation most attractive and enjoyable. Withal he had a tender, sympathetic heart, and that charity which covers a multitude of sins. One of his striking characteristics was his faithfulness; you knew where to find him. He was unassuming, not seeking, but rather shunning, notoriety.

I always liked to hear him pray and speak in prayer-meeting. His words seemed to come straight from his heart; and often he spoke with a simple and touching eloquence. Not long before his death, he spoke with unusual feeling and power. One of his daughters had accepted Christ, and he told us of his thankfulness. He said that at one time when a young man, he had doubts about the Bible; but that he was led to believe on Jesus Christ, and had never, since that time, doubted Him once.

His earthly life is ended, but of him it may well be said: "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord, for they rest from their labors and their works do follow them."

T. DIXON CRAIG.

*House of Commons,
Ottawa.*

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR, THE NEGRO POET.

My first introduction to Paul Laurence Dunbar was through an article by W. D. Howells, which appeared in "Harper's Weekly" during the summer of 1896. A friend had sent Mr. Howells a copy of "Majors and Minors," a small volume of verse published by Dunbar two years before. Mr. Howells spoke with no uncertain sound as to the worth of the production, and of his "surprise" and enjoyment of it, and stated that Dunbar was no ordinary verse maker but a real poet, a poet who has been able to "bring us nearer to the heart of primitive human nature in his race than any one else has yet done." Mr. Howells devoted almost an entire page of the Weekly to the the "unknown but not ungifted poet," introducing Mr. Dunbar to a measure of popularity and fame which his later productions have increased.

Mr. Dunbar is of pure African descent, born of parents who were both slaves. His father belonged to a Kentucky plantation and succeeded in gaining his freedom by escaping to Canada. His mother also belonged in Kentucky and when set free at the close of the civil war, went North, and the united family made their home in Dayton, Ohio, where Paul (a younger son) was born. Here he grew up in a home of poverty, but of some refinement, and with such education as could be had in public and high school, graduating from the latter in June, 1891.

Paul's father was a plasterer by trade and had taught himself to read, spending such time as he had for such luxury in reading history. From his mother Paul inherited his love for poetry; and no prouder mother is to be found in all the land than this dignified, gentle old lady with her dark interesting face. She appreciated and encouraged her son's first literary attempts and was, perhaps, the happier of the two at the notice and praise of his townfolk and friends, for many of Mr. Dunbar's most appreciative friends and kindest helpers have been those of his own town.

Many of his first poems were conceived while doing duty as an elevator boy in one of the large business houses in Dayton. An interesting story is told of a gentleman who had gone to the fine building which had been given him as the address of Dun-

bar, and asked the elevator boy to take him to the floor on which could be found the office of Paul Laurence Dunbar the poet; to which the elevator boy replied "I am Paul Laurence Dunbar."

In 1894 Dunbar published his first collection of poems "Oak and Ivy," and two years after "Major and Minors," the "Majors" being poems in regular English, the "Minors" in the dialect of the Middle South negro and his poor white neighbor. In 1897 the more pretentious volume, "Lyrics of Lowly Life," appeared. Nor has Mr. Dunbar confined himself to poetry. In the following year was sent out a collection of some dozen or more short stories under the title "Folks from Dixie," which settled the fact that Mr. Dunbar has made a place for himself as a story-writer. This was followed last year by a novel "The Uncalled," a most interesting tale and one of literary merit.

Mr. Dunbar has been giving readings of his own poems since 1892. He reads delightfully, with perfect naturalness, happily devoid of elocutionary effect. He has a magnificent voice which is well managed, lending itself with much grace to the intonations and accent which interpret, as none but a negro's voice can, the dialect poems. He reads those in regular English equally well. He has a fine physique, a most polished, engaging manner, a frank bright face, though one would hardly say handsome, of a dark brown in color, with the thick, outrolling lips and other negro features strongly marked. In 1897, through Mr. Howell's influence, Dunbar spent some time in England where he gave readings which occasioned much favorable comment and where he received many social attentions.

It is a matter of surprise how Mr. Dunbar, who has always lived as far north as Dayton, has been able to catch so well the dialect and mode of thought of the Middle South negro. Of dialect Mr. Howells has said—"We call such pieces dialect pieces for want of some closer phrase, but they are really not dialect so much as delightful personal attempts, and failures for the written and spoken language."

All southern negroes do not speak the same. The northern belt of the South has a dialect somewhat different from that of the Middle South, while the states farther south have another

mode of speech, and those of the rice plantations and islands of the coast can with difficulty be understood farther north. The following incident emphasizes this, though it may be somewhat overdrawn :—

“A member of a minstrel company who desired thoroughly to master the negro dialect associated for months with the negroes on a Virginia plantation. When he appeared upon the stage in Richmond, he made an instantaneous success. Later on, he appeared in Georgia and Alabama and no one understood him.”

In his dialect poems Mr. Dunbar has expressed, with the most consummate art, the traits of his race; their pathos and humor, their loves and delights, in the modes of expression peculiar to those of them in lowly life, and with a sympathetic tenderness which is one of the charms of his art. For he is an artist, one feels this at once: his songs are not wrought out, they are inspirations, reminding one of the clear mountain streams that sing because they must—a very ecstasy of motion :—

* “A song is but a little thing,
And yet what joy it is to sing!”

But let the reader enjoy Mr. Dunbar for himself at first hand. There are a few “befo’ de wah” songs in the collections, notably “The Ante Bellum Sermon.” The confidence that deliverance will come from some source, the strong belief in the God of comfort, and at the same time the fear of the master are well expressed. The preacher’s text is the deliverance of the children of Israel through Moses. The second stanza reads :

“Now ole Pher’oh, down in Egypt,
Was de wuss man evah bo’n,
An’ the had de Hebrew chillun
Down dah wukin’ in his co’n;
“Twell de Lawd got tiahed o’ his foolin’,
An sez he: “I’ll let him know—
Look hyeah Moses, go tell Pher’oh
Fu’ to let dem chillun go.””

He then tells them of the impotency of Pharaoh against “de vials of God’s powah,” assuring them that he is the same God still :—

* From “The Poet and His Song,” Dunbar.

“ But I tell you, fellah christuns,
 Things’ll happen mighty strange :
 Now, de Lawd done c. s fu’ Isrul,
 And his ways don’t nevah change.
 An’ de love he showed to Isrul
 Wasn’t all on Isrul spent.
 Now don’t run an’ tell yo’ mastahs
 Dat I’s preachin’ discontent.

Cause I is n’t ; I’s e a-judgin’
 Bible people by deir ac’s ;
 I’s e a-givin’ you de Scriptuah,
 I’s e a-handin’ you de fac’s.
 Cose ole Pher’oh blieved in slav’ry,
 But de Lawd he let him see,
 Dat de people he put bref in,—
 Evah mothah’s son was free.

So you see de Lawd’s intention,
 Evah sence de worl’ began,
 Was dat his almighty freedom
 Should belong to evah man,
 But I think it would be bettah,
 Ef I’d pause agin to say,
 Dat I’m talkin’ ‘about ouah freedom
 In a Bibleistic way.”

Another illustrates the well known love of the slave for his
 banjo :—

“ Den my fam’ly gadders roun’ me
 In de fadin’ o’ de light
 Ez I strike de strings to try ‘em
 Ef dey all is tuned er-right.
 An’ it seems we’re so nigh heaben
 We kin hyeah de angels sing
 When de music o’ dat banjo
 Sets my cabin all er-ring.

It’s de greates’ joy an solace
 Dat a weary slave kin know.”

Another which is most characteristic is “ A Corn Song :”

“ On the wide verandah white,
 In the purple failing light,
 Sits the master while the sun is slowly burning ;
 And his dreamy thoughts are drowned
 In the softly flowing sound
 Of the corn-songs of the field-hands slow returning

Oh, we hoe de co’n
 Since de chly mo’n ;
 Now de sinkin’ sun
 Says de day is done.”

And it has ever been true that

" the spirits brave and strong
Find a comforter in song,
And their corn-song rises ever brave and cheery.

Oh we hoe de co'n
Since de ehly mo'n ;
Now de sinkin' sun
Says de day is done."

I was passing a company of negro workmen who were laying rails for a street railway not long since. They were driving the rails together with regular heavy strokes, which were timed by a weird chant sung out by one of the men: "Now onc mo' time, brothahs, hit her a little ha'dah!" This with slight variations repeated again and again. One seldom passess a gang of negro workmen without hearing the song, sometimes one voice, at another all together. Even the chain-gang, that blot of the southern penal system, will have its song, as the men work chained singly or together upon the public roads.

One of the songs which fits to-day as well as ante-bellum times is "When de Co'n Pone's Hot:"

' When you set down at de table,
Kin' o' v zary lak an' sad,
An' you'se jes' a little tiahed
An' purhaps a little mad ;
How yo' gloom tu'ns into gladness,
How yo' joy drives out de doubt
When de oven do' is opened,
An' de smell comes po'in' out ;
Why de 'lectric light o' heaven
Seems to settle on de spot,
When yo' mammy says de blessin'
An' deco'n pone's hot.

.
Fu' de glory time is comin'
An' its 'proachin' mighty nigh,
An' you want to jump an hollah,
Dough you know you'd bettah not,
When you mammy says de blessing',
An' de co'n pone's hot."

One poem which is a favorite among the older people as well as those not so old is written in the Hoosier dialect, "The Ol' Tunes."

" There was spirit in that music,
An' a kind o' solemn²sway,
A-singin' o' the ol' tunes
In the ol'-fashioned way.

But the times is very diff'rent,
 An' the music heerd to-day
 Ain't the singin' o' the ol' tunes
 In the ol'-fashioned way."

Little screechin' by a woman,
 Little squawkin' by a man,
 Then the organ's twiddle-twaddle,
 Jest the empty space to span,—
 an' if you should even think it,
 'Tis n't proper fur to say
 That you want to hear the ol' tunes
 In the ol'-fashioned way."

Mr. Dunbar has given in the last stanza of "Growin' Gray,"
 the recipe for perpetual youth :—

" Hello, ole man, you're a-gittin' gray—
 Who cares what the carpin' youngsters say?
 For, after all, when the tale is told,
 Love proves if a man is young or old !
 Old age can't make the heart grow cold
 When it does the will of an honest mind ;
 When it beats with love fur all mankind :
 Then the night but leads to a fairer day—
 Hello, ole man, you're a-gettin' gray !"

But of all the dialect poems "The Party" and "When Malindy Sings" are among the best. In my selections from the dialect, I am a little burdened with the fact that to really understand the poems and thoroughly enjoy them one should be familiar with the dialect which, I fear, many of my Canadian friends are not. Nevertheless I cannot refrain from including "When Malindy Sings."

" G'way an' quit dat noise, Miss Lucy—
 Put dat music book away ;
 What's de use to ke'p on tryin' ?
 Ef you practise twe'l you're gray,
 You cain't sta't no notes a-flyin'
 Lak de ones dat rants an' rings
 F'om de kitchen to de big woods
 When Malindy sings.

You ain't got de nachel o'gans
 Fu' to make de soun' come right,
 You ain't got de tu'ns an' twistin's
 Fu' to make it sweet an' light.
 Tell you one thing now, Miss Lucy,
 An' I'm tellin you fu' true,
 When hit comes to raal right singin',
 'Taint' no easy thing to do.

Easy 'nough fu' folks to hoolah,
 Lookin' at de lines an' dots,
 When dey ain't no one kin sence it,
 An' de chune comes in, in spots ;
 But fu' real melojous music,
 Dat jes strikes yo' hea't an' clings,
 Jes you stan' an' listen wif me
 When Malindy sings.

Ain't you nevah hyeahd Malindy ?
 Blessed soul, tek up de cross ;
 Look hyeah, ain't you jokin', honey ?
 Well you don't know whut you los'.
 Y' ought to hyeah dat gal a-wa'blin',
 Robins, la'ks, an' all dem things,
 Heish dey moufs an' hides dey faces
 When Malindy sings.

Fiddlin' man jes 'stop his fiddlin',
 Lay his fiddle on de she'f ;
 Mockin' bird quit tryin' to whistle,
 Cause he jes so shamed hisse'f.
 Polks a-playin' on de banjo
 Draps dey fingahs on de strings--
 Bless yo' soul—fu'gits to move 'em,
 When Malindy sings.

An' you fin' yo' teahs a-drappin'
 When Malindy sings.

Who dat says dat humble praises
 Wif de Master nevah counts ?
 Heish yo' mouf, I hyeah dat music,
 Ez it rises up an' mounts—
 Floatin' by de hills an' valleys,
 Way above dis buryin' sod,
 Ez hit makes its way in glory
 To de very gates of God.

Oh hit's sweetah dan de music
 Of an eddicated band ;
 An' hit's dearah dan de battle's
 Song o' triumph in de lan'.
 It seems holier dan evenin'
 When de solemn chu'ch bell rings,
 Ez I sit and calmly listen
 While Malindy sings.

'I owsah, stop dat ba'kin', hyeah me !
 Mandy, mek dat chile keep still ;
 Don't you hyeah de echoes callin'
 F'om de valley to de hill ?
 Let me listen, I can hyeah it,
 Th'oo de bresh o' angel's wings,
 Sof' an' sweet, "Swing low, Sweet Chariot,"
 Ez Malindy sings."

I have given the greater part of my space to the distinctively negro poems, because, in this line, Mr. Dunbar stands first and

has done for his race what no one, outside his race, could do as well. The majority of the lyrics are in literary English. I have selected a few lines from here and there. The closing of an ode to Whittier shows fine appreciation :

" Great poets never die, for earth
Doth count their lives of too great worth
To lose them from her treasured store ;
So shalt thou live for evermore—
Though far thy form from mortal ken -
Deep in the hearts and minds of men."

We hear a sound of spring floating to us, for :

" A robin sits pluming his ruddy breast,
And a madrigal sings to his love on her nest :
' Oh the skies they are blue, the fields are green,
And the bird in your nest will soon be seen !'
She hangs on his words with a thrill of love,
And chirps to him as he sits above,
For the song is sweet, so sweet."

Mr. Dunbar preaches the gospel of works :

" humanity
Needs more and heaven less from thee,
With pity for mankind look 'round :
Help them to rise,—and heaven is found "

He also believes in the ministry of sorrow :

" For oft from the darkness of hearts and lives,
Come songs that brim with joy and light,
As out of the gloom of a cypress grove
The mocking-bird sings at night."

but alas!

" O few are they along the way
Who sing when skies are gray." "

A graceful touch is found in " Sunset : "

" Low murmurs reach me from the town,
As days puts on her sombre crown,
And shakes her mantle darkly down."

Dunbar's interpretation of the lighter and more serious sides of life is well illustrated in the two following poems.

RETORT.

" Thou art a fool," said my head to my heart,
Indeed the greatest of fools thou art,
To be led astray by the trick of a tress,
By a smiling face or a ribbon smart ;"
And my heart was in sore distress.

Then Phyllis came by, and her face was fair,
 The light glowed soft on her raven hair ;
 And her lips were blooming a rosy red.
 Then my heart spoke out with a right bold air :
 "Thou art worse than a fool, O head !"

CONSCIENCE AND REMORSE.

" Good-bye," I said to my conscience—
 Good-bye for aye and aye,"
 And I put her hands off harshly,
 And turned my face away ;
 And conscience, smitten sorely,
 Returned not from that day.

But a time came when my spirit
 Grew weary of its pace ;
 And I cried : " Come back, my conscience ;
 I long to see thy face."
 But conscience cried : " I cannot ;
 Remorse sits in my place."

The tribute Dunbar pays to "the colored soldiers," recalls the brave deeds of the colored troops during the Spanish war :

" So all honor and all glory
 To those noble sons of Ham—
 The gallant colored soldiers
 Who fought for Uncle Sam."

Mr. Dunbar has only begun his literary work. As he is now but twenty-seven, we may expect greater things in the days to come. Last year he was married to Miss Alice Ruth Moore, a native of New Orleans, who had been engaged in literary work in Boston for some time previous to her marriage. They are now living in Washington, D. C., where Mr. Dunbar has a position in the Congressional Library. Surely in such an atmosphere the muses will often bear him company.

CLARA GOBLE SALE.

Atlanta Baptist College.

SHALL THE THEOLOGICAL CURRICULUM BE
CHANGED, AND HOW? A SYMPOSIUM.

II.

REV. GEORGE CROSS, B.D.

The questions raised in President Harper's article may be thoroughly discussed only by specialists, but the opinion of a student and pastor may be taken for what it is worth.

The minister of Christ,—be he preacher, teacher, pastor, administrator, or all of them,—is in the last analysis the bearer of a message from God to men. To accomplish his mission he must, first, consciously possess the message, second, convey it to the hearts of others. The first condition involves a regenerated life of deep spiritual force and a knowledge of the message of the Scriptures to the men of his time, and the second involves along with this a sympathetic understanding of the people to whom he ministers, their spiritual and moral condition, their habits of thought and their external circumstances. A theological course is of value according as it serves these conditions.

It is plain that in all this the spiritual character of the minister is the chief point, but, unfortunately, the article in question almost entirely overlooks this. College professors are, of course, prone to over-rate the value of a course of seminary training, and this is pardonable; but the professionalism which is so prominent in Dr. Harper's view of a minister's preparation for work is unpardonable. The spiritual preparation is indeed mentioned in the proposition for temporary world-flight, but this too is the mark of professionalism.

The tendency to rash assertion and the, evidently, interested character of this article are sure to discount its value to many minds; but it would be a great mistake to allow these and the error above mentioned to obscure the real importance of the whole question as raised by Dr. Harper and the value of some of his suggestions. That most theological *curricula* are out of harmony with the conditions and needs of the present age I have no doubt, and even radical changes may be necessary.

I will refer briefly to some of the recommendations offered:

1. Encouragement of specialism. This is of more value in the city than in the country. It may easily produce the evil of narrowness.

2. Adoption of elective system. Of more importance for the professor than for the student. All men should not be expected to take the same course exactly. Yet, the practice of allowing many options is apt to lead student to gather a little everywhere and do nothing well.

3. Broadening of the range. It is extremely important that theological seminaries should open their doors wide to others besides preachers. Has not McMaster erred in this respect? *Vide* the Bible Training School at its very door.

4. Adoption of the comparative method in theology,—historical study. Of great importance for the understanding of dogma and of the Bible. It is important that theologians should recognize the imperativeness of stating the Christian verities anew in the present day of science. It is necessary too that the historical criticism of the Bible should be understood by students for the ministry.

5. Emphasizing the study of the English Bible. By all means. Let Hebrew be made an elective subject. Probably not one-tenth of the ministers who study it ever use it after leaving the seminary. Greek stands on a different footing.

6. "Theological clinics." Here Dr. Harper is a mere theorist without pastoral experiences. Such a course as suggested would fill men's head with impossible plans which would be dropped one by one in actual work. Our own system is vastly better.

7. Dr. Harper seems to overlook the value of dogmatic theology, a subject of the very first rank. But present methods are not fitted to develop independent thinking or religious life.

R. D. WARREN, ESQ.

If I were to ask the question: What's the matter with the people? I think perhaps I could do you better service than I can in trying to make suggestions as to how the standard of the ministry can be improved. So far as I have been able to observe, the men who come from our Canadian theological col-

leges are, with the inevitable exceptions, good, all-round preachers and pastors.

There would seem to be a growing demand for preachers who are (1) good men, (2) sensible men, (3) educated men, (4) business men, (5) men who know everything about preaching and something about everything else. The man who is simply a preacher cannot make a success of the ministry in the town and village communities (whatever he may do in the cities) and when Dr. Harper discovered that "many a minister fails from lack of ability to adjust himself to his surroundings," he found out for himself what many ministers, and even some laymen, discovered long ago. Every church has its peculiarities, and every locality with its several churches and its social customs, has its special way of doing things, conservative or progressive as the case may be, and that preacher must indeed be a strong man who can come into a community and by a few sermons, or other methods, lead the whole community to adopt any new system he may propose. The permanently successful pastor will be the man who is able to adjust himself to the special conditions of his constituency, who studies his people and his people's surroundings, and who suits his preaching and his personal work to the people as he finds them.

Perhaps one of the chief causes of failure amongst preachers is that they imagine the place which they occupy to be altogether too small for them, and so become indifferent. My own conviction is that the Lord's call to a more important field never comes to the man who has not surrendered himself whole-souled to the work of his present field, however limited that may be. If our theological schools can continue, as they now appear to be doing, to turn out honest, devoted, patient men—men possessing the qualities, natural and acquired, named at first—neither Dr. Harper nor our own university need be alarmed about the safety of the churches.

Of course there will have to be new methods to meet the changed conditions and a progressive age, but these need be but few and always based upon the same principles. So far as I am acquainted with present-day thought among the younger generation of Baptists, there does not seem to be a hankering

after new methods so much as a desire for an intenser earnestness and a more practical application of the old principles and methods to the ever changing conditions of modern life. I am not able to enumerate the things that should be taught in a theological school. I leave that to the theologians. That "an effort should be made so to adjust the work of the seminary as to render it attractive to the best men," is a proposition that goes without saying and will meet with universal approval. If our "best" men are not being drawn to the ministry because of defective curricula, then certainly some adjustment is necessary; but if, as I suspect, our "best" men (and by that term I suppose Dr. Harper means our brainiest men) feel that with the education and training demanded of the present-day ministry they can command a much larger "stipend" in other lines of life and so fight shy of the ministry, then I say let us adjust the stipend instead of the theological curriculum. My own opinion is that the old theology is all right and the old education and training are not much astray. The old methods, a little modernized perhaps, will still do good work. The needs of the day are a better distribution of church work, a more universal acceptance of individual responsibility, more personal consecration by pastor and people and a larger liberality.

REV. JAMES GRANT.

The sole question raised by Dr. Harper is this: The proper training of young men for the ministry.

Most men who have had some years of practical experience in preaching, believe that some, at least, of our present methods are ill-suited to the requirements of the times. If the question were put bluntly: Do you consider a course in theology as given in many of our seminaries of much practical benefit to those whose life-work is to preach? not a few of our best men would hold themselves in suspense before answering.

The hesitation in answering would be its condemnation. Nor are ministers alone in this. There is a feeling abroad, in the rank and file of our churches, that something is wrong. Complaint is constantly made of poor preaching, and as a con-

sequence people are not drawn to our services. Congregations seeking a minister care little for the brilliant scholarship of a candidate if he is unable to make any effective use of it; so they judge the work of the college by the effective or ineffective preaching of its graduates. It is in the *practical work* that our theological colleges should be strongest and where we find them weakest. If the object in training men for the ministry is that they should be "soul-winners," and men of power among their fellow men, the feeble manner in which the Gospel message is presented by many should make us ask, Is there not something wrong?

I wish to say that I am a thorough believer in an educated and well equipped ministry. Whatever niche God may have in His Kingdom for weaklings, their place is not in the pulpit. The pulpit is the Thermopylæ of Christendom, and here strong men must "keep the pass." But by education we mean the adaptation of the means to the end intended—the fitness of the instrument to perform, or produce the required result. An educated ministry does not necessarily mean a scholastic ministry, but mental and moral adjustment between the workman and his work. I find myself in perfect accord with Dr. Harper that the *quality* of the men studying for the ministry is, in a great many instances, far inferior to what it should be. The real difficulty begins here. It is absolutely useless trying to train some men for this divine vocation, and yet we admit them to our classes. Numbers enter our ministry who should be in some other calling. This is so obvious that it is a standing reproach. In mechanical or commercial life they would be successful and honoured, but in the ministry they are—take a concrete example—as much out of their proper place as the Chancellor of McMaster University would be as captain of an Atlantic Liner. The qualification of grace is not enough. It is divinely impossible to make ministers of some men. They were not built with that end in view, and to attempt it is fighting against God and nature. Candidates for the ministry should be men of moral magnetism, men in keen touch with their fellow men, level-headed men and of large moral sympathies. In the pulpit such men would be something other than what Richard Baxter denominates as "pious and painful preachers."

It is quite slyly hinted by Dr. Harper that perhaps some theological professors are at fault. I tread on critical ground. And yet is it not a fact that sufficient attention is not always given to their selection? Good theological professors are rare. They have the teaching instinct, just as poets have the poetic instinct. It oozes out of them. It is felt in every motion of their hand. It flashes in the eye. This is all-important, for as vessels have been known to be fatally marred by a defect in the mould, so young men, otherwise good and of the right quality, have been found to be spoiled, dwarfed, their best qualities repressed, turned into wrong channels, shorn of their natural usefulness by an inefficient, unwise or pedantic teacher. How can we expect good results from our theological schools unless the professors are men of originality, men who can think out of the ordinary grooves, bold and daring in their mental flights; who, eagle-like, can perch on the higher crag of thought and woo their fledglings to follow: men who can excite love of mental adventure, who will now and then shock and stagger the student with seeming paradox or heterodoxy—men who will compel the student to think, to think for himself, to discover, reason, analyze, build his own argument, and form his own conclusions?

It is pitiable to see students sit agape receiving in the most credulous way everything the professor says because he says it. The professor is a dead failure who does not train his pupils to think. A man of marked individuality, too, he should be I think. A moral electric battery! An eminent minister who sat at the feet of the great Dr. Chalmers says: "I did not get much theology from Dr. Chalmers, but I got enthusiasm." Thomas Hughes said that he came from Rugby with a poor knowledge of classics, but with a down right love of the truth, a real manhood, a hatred of all meanness and shams. Association with some theological professors is an entire curriculum in itself. Before we find too much fault with theology let us seek the best teachers of it.

I think with Dr. Harper, that our theological course should be less scholastic than it is, and more elastic. I do not undervalue a scholastic course, but the danger is to immensely overvalue it. The Roman matron so loaded herself with jewels

when she went out that she could not walk. The present age does not demand and will not have ponderous preachers loaded with the jewels of dead languages. Never let it be forgotten that the work of our schools is not to turn out scholars, exegetes or theologians, but preachers, living preachers, magnetic preachers, Savonarolas.

I do not consider a knowledge of Hebrew indispensable. Some few ministers may find it valuable, but the little of it given, and this little in compulsory doses, does not amount to much.

Our students should be well-trained in English literature. This is of more importance than Hebrew. English is the language of the common people, the subtle, potent, magic weapon with which effective work is to be done. It is, under God, the Damascus blade of the pulpit.

The great strength of our theological training should be laid on the teaching of the Bible. Systematic theology may be useful in some cases, although to be frank, the instances are not many. What do the men of to-day care for mediæval definitions? Systematic theology constructs its archaic theories on the etymology of words, or on verbal torture. Our business is not to send out theologians, but preachers, preachers of righteousness, of commercial and political righteousness, to send out men who understand social and labor problems, who shall come into closest touch with their fellows at every point, and to do this thoroughly every thing almost bends on their knowledge of their Bible. The history of the Bible, the governing ideas of the Bible, of each book, the writers of each book, and every thing connected with it they should be as well acquainted with as was Remenyi with the strings of his violin. I have known students to pass a good examination in theology who knew but little of their Bible. They should be made to commit most of it to memory, and pass an examination in it more rigid than in anything else.

Students' Quarter.

(Graduates and Undergraduates.)

P. G. MODE, B.A. D. BOVINGTON, '99 Editois.

LE VIEUX MAXIME.

A FRENCH CANADIAN STORY.

(*Concluded.*)

CHAPTER V.

As Maxime swam he called occasionally, and when he reached the shore his father was already there, having hastened to see whose voice he heard. Maxime was now walking on the sandy bottom, hauling the canoe after him to where he could turn it over, at the same saying hurriedly to his father :

"There's some one out there either lost or drowning. Go over to our landing and I'll fetch him there as soon as I possibly can."

"What if it should be Fleury and Rosy," suggested the father.

"What do you mean ?"

"Why, don't you know, they were to row with vegetables over to the market this morning ?"

"Sure enough, I do. I do."

Taking no heed of his wet garments, the son jumped into his canoe again, and plied the paddle he had managed to keep, with his best strength and skill. It fairly bent as he shot in and out among the rushes seeking the man whose voice he could hear again.

It seemed far off but was nearer than he thought, for as he came swinging around past the last clump of weeds into the open lake, he saw right before him the very boat and people he had so dreaded to find in that predicament.

Fleury had managed to hold Rosy to the boat, but she was now unconscious from fright and the cold. He himself was weak, but quite able to explain that they struck an object which must have been an old tree trunk, when an involuntary move-

ment on the part of them both, had sent the boat over. He was even able to help Maxime get Rosy into the canoe, and also get into it himself, while the young man, supported by the capsized boat, held the canoe in place. Maxime succeeded, with much precaution, in regaining his own place in the stern and then as fast as he could with safety, took his sad load to the little landing which was half a mile from the house. When they reached it, his father was found anxiously awaiting them. Rosy's father felt some stronger now, but no change was apparent in her condition. They feared she might die before reaching the house, so they hastily made a litter with oars and branches, placed her upon it, and the Tremblays carried her while the sorrowing father followed as best he could.

With the presentiment some women have at the approach of a calamity, Rosy's mother had, she knew not why, kept watching the road to the lake ever since her husband and daughter had left, so that it was still quite far away when she perceived the little procession advancing toward the house. When the men with their burden reached the threshold, she waited there to receive them, and they knew there was need of very few words save some of hope for that mother's heart. Fleury and Maxime removed their wet clothes while the latter's father hastened away with his best horse to get the village doctor. Rosy's mother gave her some stimulant and was encouraged to see the child open her eyes and try to speak; but there was no time to listen to her then. She was soon in bed as comfortable as it was possible to make her, and then at last the doctor came. When he saw his patient he could not but look grave. She was in a very high fever and seemed to breathe with difficulty. The doctor said he feared pneumonia, and as it proved, his fears were only too well founded. The long exposure to cold and wet had been too much for a constitution which had never been robust. In spite of all efforts the day came when it was seen that there could be no more hope. Maxime came over that day and sat for a few moments by the bedside. Rosy turned her eyes toward him, and putting out her hand said:

"Did you bring me home from the lake?" He tenderly took the proffered hand and replied:

"Yes, Rosy, I did."

"I am so glad. I thank you, Maxime. I think I am going to die I wanted to live and and but perhaps it is best so."

The strong young man could not keep his eyes from growing misty with tears, and as a reply he kissed the hand of the girl who from a child had so faithfully loved him. After a moment's silence, he rose to go, and looked at her to say good-bye. Her eyes were closed now, and upon her features was a smile that seemed to be one of inner happiness, but she did not make the sign of recognition he sought again. He beckoned her mother to come, but Maxime himself had received the last word that Rosy would ever speak.

CHAPTER VI.

It was not by so unfortunate an event that Maxime had hoped to come out of the dilemma which he had felt so helpless to remove, and at first the death of Rosy somewhat saddened his life at home. As a consequence he felt himself more than ever impelled to seek the company of Yvonne. Time heals many wounds, and the year that now came and went brought much happiness to both Maxime and Yvonne. Absorbed in the thought of each other they were almost unconscious of time, until one day Maxime awoke to the fact that he was twenty-one years old. This meant to him, according to the ideas of his race, that he could with all seriousness entertain the purpose of soon taking Yvonne to himself. That same night as he was on his way to see her, his heart beat very hard, but it fairly leaped with joy when at the suggestion of his new-born hope, he saw her modest eyes look down and blushes like pinks and roses come upon the cheeks of the bewitching girl before him. That was answer enough. Lovers have a way of sealing compacts they make, and Maxime did not forget to do that. It may be safe to infer that for a moment he did forget everything else.

* * * * *

Through unremitting labor and good management, in which Maxime had taken no small share, his father had become one of

the most well-to-do farmers in Maskinongé, and was about to build a new and very commodious house. Not that his family was as large as that of many French Canadians, for there was only one other boy five years younger than Maxime; but the old house had well served its time and did not afford the comfort which would now be in keeping with his means. Maxime saw in this a removal of what might have been a serious barrier to the realization of his hopes. It was accordingly easy for him to get the full consent of his father and mother. In fact, the mother who had always been proud of her two boys, heartily welcomed the prospect of having a daughter, in every way so amiable as she knew Yvonne to be.

Yvonne's father must now be informed of the young folks' desire to be married, and his consent was, of course, essential. He had always made Maxime welcome in his house, but had never shown what he thought about the boy's relations with his daughter. It was therefore not at all certain how the suitor would be received. According to the "habitants' " custom, it was arranged to have Yvonne inform her father that on a certain day Maxime would come to see him concerning an important matter. At the appointed time the young man came. Not without some nervousness, but with all the grace and politeness which this folk can command on such occasions, he made known his suit. After a moment's pause, and with poorly repressed emotion the old man made this reply :

"Maxime, I have known you since you were a little fellow, and have always had reason to honor you. On that account, although you come and ask for much to-night, I cannot refuse you my child's hand, since, moreover, she has given you her heart; but wait, my boy, wait; let us keep her here yet a while until we can get accustomed to the thought of having her go."

Maxime was not prepared for the feeling that came with the answer to his plea. He had never realized that what would be his sweet gain might be a loss to some one else. Touched by this new aspect of the matter he readily consented to wait.

When the father withdrew from the cosy parlor in which this interview had taken place, his daughter came in and rejoiced with her lover that nothing now hindered their looking

forward to the consummation of their love. After some weeks had elapsed, Maxime found that in anticipation of the day when he could wed Yvonne, his generous consent to wait was turning to impatience that the delay should end as soon as possible.

It was in the first days of August. Haying had been unusually long that year, but one Saturday afternoon the Treinblays saw their last load in, and the boys decided to celebrate by going down to the swimming-hole for a diving competition. This favorite resort of theirs was down the river not far from the Gonnevilles; and young Eusèbe always joined them in the sport. That day, "papa" Gonneville happened to be cutting brush away from his fences near by. At sight of him Maxime thought of Yvonne, and when the boys had come near to where he worked the old man asked:

"Who takes the best dive to-day?"

"O, Maxime of course," said the other two.

"How long a dive can you take, Maxime?"

O, I don't know; they say that the best pearl divers stay under water about eighty seconds. Perhaps I could stay under half as long."

"What, forty seconds? Impossible."

Suddenly changing his indifferent manner to one of earnestness, Maxime replied;

"Well, sir, if you will pardon my boldness, I would like to make a wager with you.

Please come over and hold your watch and we will suppose, if I stay under forty seconds, that I come up with a pearl in my hand, the most beautiful ever found, and having written upon it the words:

'Maxime,
Yvonne,
New Year's Day.'

"And what if you fail?"

"Fail! . . . In such a case I would . . . well . . . fall back upon your mercy."

The earnest straightforwardness of the lad pleased the old man, and he said: "Come along and we shall see."

It was not long before the young man stood ready on the

bank, waiting for the word to plunge in. When it came he took a beautiful header and scarcely left a ripple behind him as he went in quest of that pearl.

The second hand seemed slower than ever as it crept toward the forty-second mark, but when at last the mark was reached, no Maxime had yet appeared. Ten more seconds past and still no sign. The timers scarcely knew whether to express admiration or alarm; but when the full minute had passed and still no sign of the diver appeared, the old man forgot the watch, became distracted, and exclaimed; "He's drowned, boys, he's drowned! Come, one help me get a boat, and you, Eusèbe, run for help."

* * * * *

When Maxime took his dive he made straight for the trunk of an old tree which had fallen into the river and of which the end projected a little out of the water. Coming up behind it the swimmer put his arms around it, held his face above water and coolly waited for the seconds to pass. When he noticed that his timers were agitated, he let himself slip down into the water again, and just as "le père Gonnevillè" had started up the bank for a boat, came to the surface and in perfect imitation of a duck cried: "Quank! Quank! Quank!"

The would-be-rescue party being thus called back, they in their surprise could only exclaim: "What, not drowned?"

"No, not drowned. Have I won, Mr. Gonnevillè?"

"Won, you rascal, of course, you have; but tell us, how did you manage to stay under so long?"

"Don't ask me. If it could talk, perhaps that old tree over there could tell you."

As they looked where Maxime pointed down to the stream, it dawned upon them what ruse he had employed, and the shout of laughter that went up from all three was to the diver the re-assuring evidence that the referee would not "change his decision."

* * * * *

The following New Year's night a merry wedding party gathered in the Gonnevillè home. Among the presents to the bride none were so much admired as a ring she wore, the gift

of her father. Upon it was set a pretty pearl and within were engraved the magic words :

“ Maxime,
“ Yvonne,
New Year's Day.”

* * * * *

Seventy-three years have passed since that happy day. As the hero of them relates these stories of his life, one is struck by the fact that so many of them are connected with the old river. From the affection he bears it, one would almost suspect him to have been born of its waters, as he certainly did spend much of his boyhood in its waters, of his manhood upon its waters, and of his old age beside its waters. He has often expressed the wish that when he dies, he might be wrapt in his canvas hunting blanket, placed in his canoe, and committed to the depths of his long-loved stream. Indeed, those who know him can readily conceive of his spirit as having become that of the white-bearded Neptune who would then haunt and rule the river.

LEONARD A. THERRIEN.

WENDELL PHILLIPS.*

The poet has said: "The proper study of mankind is man." Certain is it that there is nothing more profitable, nothing more fascinating, nothing more stimulating than the study of the lives and characters of the great men thronging the corridors of time. By sympathizing with their struggles, by rejoicing in their triumphs, by mastering the lessons learnt by them, we enrich our own lives and prove a blessing to those around us. Here and there among the number of the illustrious stands one preëminent for his sacrifices as well as for his achievements. Such an one is Wendell Phillips, who laid on the altar of Freedom his dearest earthly ambitions that he might become a saviour of men.

Rightly to understand his life we must remember the men from whom he sprang. Driven by persecution from their native land a number of Englishmen had fled to Holland, where for eleven years they had worshiped God in peace and safety and as their conscience dictated. But now the summer of 1620 has come and a great concourse of the exiled has gathered on the shore of south Holland to bid farewell to a hundred brave spirits bound for the New World, the reported land of freedom. Look at the vessel! It is only a bark of one hundred and sixty tons burden, and its passengers are crowded almost to suffocation and are but scantily provided with food. Yet they have launched out into the Atlantic trusting in God, and themselves. For days, for weeks, for months, they speed on; now wafted by the gentle breeze, and now mounting the giddy crests or plunging as it were to death, for it seemed as though the jaws of the angry Atlantic would devour them. At last the tempest-tost and weather-beaten bark reaches the cheerless shores of New England and lands its precious cargo on the historic Plymouth Rock, where on bended knee the little band prayed and sang to the "Unseen Pilot:"

"Not as the conqueror comes,
They, the true-hearted, came;
Not with the roll of the stirring drum,
Nor the trumpet that sings of fame;
Nor as the flying come,
In silence and in fear—
They shook the depths of the desert gloom
With their hymns of lofty cheer."

* Prize oration at the Annual Oratorical Contest of the Literary and Scientific Society, April 1899.

Amid hardships and famine and pestilence they preferred to put into practice those principles of civil and religious freedom for which they had endured so much, and upon which has risen the world's greatest Republic.

This company was soon after joined by another headed by the famous Winthrop. Among the number was the Reverend George Phillips, whose love for civil and religious freedom, and reverence for God's word and work, and power of eloquent utterance re-appeared in his more distinguished descendant, Wendell Phillips.

The child of six generations of Puritans, Wendell Phillips was born in Boston in 1811. He was the child of fortune—his parents being cultured, wealthy and highly esteemed. And he was born in Boston—the London of New England, the Paris of the New World, the centre of learning and culture, the abode of famous men. Its halls, so often the cradles of freedom, echoed to the eloquence of Daniel Webster, Rufus Choate, Edward Everett and Fisher Ames; and its citizens were moulding the views of the young Republic.

After attending the Boston Public Latin School he went to Harvard at the age of sixteen. His course at college was brilliant. As a student he was ranked among the first sixteen of a large class, and was the acknowledged master of the college platform. By reason of his social position and natural ability he was the proud leader of the aristocracy at that institution; and that he was such an excellent student under the circumstances, deserves the highest praise. The world applauds that poor man's son,

" Who breaks his birth's insidious bar,
 And grasps the spirits of happy chance,
 And breasts the blows of circumstance,
 And grapples with his evil star;
 Who makes by force his merit known
 And lives to clutch the golden keys
 To mould a mighty State's decrees,
 And shape the whisper of the throne;
 And moving up from high to higher,
 Becomes on fortune's crowning slope
 The pillar of the people's hope,
 The centre of a world's desire."

But surely it is the test of the finest manhood when a scion

of aristocracy deliberately refuses to enjoy a life of opulent leisure, and resolutely bends himself to his books that he may reach the temple of knowledge to whose portal lies no royal road.

When he had graduated from Harvard he applied himself to the study of Law and in due time opened his office. No doubt there rose before him visions of a distinguished career at the bar of his State. Doubtless fame pointed out to him the steps of progress from the courts of Boston to the highest gift of his country. Perhaps he felt already on his young shoulders the mantles of Webster and Choate. And no wonder. From no son of Boston was so much expected.

About this time the slave question was becoming prominent in the politics of the day. Thus his attention was drawn to this blighting curse and national crime, and he determined to plead for a new client. Henceforth conscience should be his court; God his judge; a nation of thirty millions, his jury; and four million human chattels his client. The City of Boston was horrified to learn that her most gifted son had resolved upon such a degrading step. His relatives were thrown into despair, and at one-time friends stood aloof. He had broken caste! He had committed suicide — political, professional and social suicide! He was an Abolitionist!

The Wendell Phillips at college and the Wendell Phillips six years later were different men. At Harvard, as we have said, he was the favorite of his class. Indeed, so far removed was he from being a radical that his maiden speech was delivered against the establishment of a temperance society in his class, and he killed it. But six years after graduation he found himself an alien and an outcast from society, and called by his former companions a fanatic, and termed in contempt an Abolitionist, and jeered at as the "friend of niggers." Fie on such a society! shame on such recreant friends! An alien? because he championed the cause of the slave, when slavery meant hell on earth! An outcast? when slavery meant that the public squares of half the great cities echoed to the wail of families torn asunder at the auction-block: fathers separated for ever from their sons, and mothers torn for all time from daughters!

A fanatic? when slavery meant the turning of the temple of the Holy Ghost into a human chattel compelled to skulk along the highways, afraid to tell its name and trembling at the sight of a human being! An Abolitionist in contempt? when slavery meant that river after river became the sepulchres of those who sought beneath their rippling waters a refuge from a life too wretched to bear, too awful to describe!

But let one who graduated from the school of slavery "with his diploma on his back"—let Frederick Douglas interpret slavery for us. Looking at the ships sailing on Chesapeake Bay he addressed them with pathetic eloquence: "You are loosed from your moorings and free: I am fast in my chains and am a slave. You move merrily before the gentle gale, and I sadly before the bloody whip. You are freedom's swift-winged angels that fly around the world. I am confined in bonds of iron. Oh, that I were free!" Truly slavery was "the sum of all villainies." And yet the Press asserted it was all right; and the Pulpit of the day cried "Amen"! Well did the poet exclaim:

"Was man ordained the slave of man to toil,
Yoked with the brutes, and fettered to the soil,
Weighed in the tyrant's balance with his gold?
No—Nature stamped us in a heavenly mould."

Early in 1832 the New England Anti-Slavery Society was formed in the African Baptist Church of Boston. William Lloyd Garrison was the leading spirit and editor of the *Liberator*—a paper that was to prove the death-warrant of domestic slavery in America. Of this society Phillips became an active member. He adopted as his motto the headlines of Garrison's paper: "I will be as harsh as truth and as uncompromising as justice. I am in earnest—I will not equivocate—I will not excuse—I will not retreat a single inch—and I will be heard." And he was; for despite the seeming hopelessness of the task of emancipating the negro by educating the intellects and consciences of his countrymen, he still believed in the words of Lowell:

"Truth forever on the scaffold,
Wrong for ever on the throne,
Yet that scaffold sways the future,
And, behind the dim unknown,
Standeth God within the shadow
Keeping watch above his own.

The Abolition movement was as irresistible as the Falls of Niagara. The country was moving to a crisis. Slavery was doomed. Abraham Lincoln was elected to the White House, and everybody knew that Abraham Lincoln was bent on liberating the slave. The South seceded. Fort Sumter was fired upon. War was declared.

In a lecture delivered during this terrible struggle, Wendell Phillips, with the insight of a statesman said: "Now, how do we stand? In a war—not only that, but a terrific war—not a war sprung from the caprice of a woman, the spite of a priest, the flickering ambitions of a prince as wars usually have; but a war inevitable, in one sense nobody's fault; the inevitable result of past training; the conflict of ideas. Millions of people grappling each other's throats; every soldier in each camp certain that he is fighting for an idea that holds the salvation of the world—every drop of his blood in earnest."

At first it seemed as though the ship of State would be dashed to pieces on the rocks of disunion. But Lincoln was at the helm, and near by were Seward and Staunton, and the vessel rode through those tempestuous waters to the fair haven of peace. For a time the South conquered, and it looked as though slavery would be triumphant. The North, however, closed up its ranks and under General Grant marched from Gettysburg to Vicksburg, and then to Richmond—and victory. But what did *this* mean? It meant that on the blood of a million of men there floated down to the negro, liberty, personality, MANHOOD. Henceforth he was to realize that God had "made of one blood *all* nations of men"; and "that *all* men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, *liberty*, and the pursuit of happiness."

Now the slave was emancipated, but not enfranchised. Phillips believed that only when the negro could vote would he be free indeed; and to this end he strove to educate the people. On March 30th, 1870, the Fifteenth Amendment placed the ballot in the hands of the black man. Freedom had crowned her work. The slave was free.

As the mission of the American Anti-Slavery Society was

fulfilled, the Abolitionists, fresh from the field of battle, with the smoke of the struggle on their garments and the light of victory on their faces, held their commemoration in Steinway Hall, in New York City. Wendell Phillips as President of the Society, closed the meeting with these words: "We will not say 'Farewell,' but 'All hail' Welcome new duties! We sheathe no sword. We only turn the front of the army upon a new foe." At the business meeting which followed the Society refused to die—it adjourned *sine die*.

Thus far we have been speaking of Wendell Phillips as an agitator; but we must not forget that he was an orator, *the* orator of the Abolition movement, and one of America's greatest. After reading one of his speeches Daniel O'Connell exclaimed: "I resign the crown. This young American is without an equal."

He was an ideal orator. It is said that no nobler physique ever confronted an audience. His gestures were always graceful: arms, hands and fingers becoming co-ordinate features with the countenance, the lips and the eyes.

His smooth, sweet, penetrating voice charmed, and though of no great range it was so modulated that the finest shades of thought were easily discriminated. Like Paganini, he put intensest feeling in the smallest compass. The *Richmond Inquirer* speaking of him before the Rebellion, said: "Wendell Phillips is an infernal machine set to music.

His oratory, essentially conversational, "sparkled with epigram, laughed with anecdote, vibrated with argument, thrilled with appeal, glowed with vivid description and abounded in apt quotation." In the power of invective he stands at the head of all orators, ancient and modern. He usually spoke to audiences composed for the most part of upholders of slavery. At one meeting his anti-slavery sentiments were hissed repeatedly. Stopping at the end of a sentence that had turned the elements of opposition into a nest of snakes, he exclaimed: "Hiss away! 'Tis the sound heard when the waters of Truth are dropping on the fires of hell." Any one who has watched the blacksmith thrust the glowing iron into the slake-trough will note the aptness of illustration. Again in his lecture on "Idols"

he rears a lofty temple of jurisprudence, wherein are statues of the great lawyers of every age and clime. Rome points with pride to Papinian and Ulpian; France to D'Aguesseau; England to Coke, Mansfield and Erskine. Then New England shouts: "This is Rufus Choate who made it safe to murder, and whose health thieves drank before they began to steal." No more tremendous climax exists in the English language.

There was a man behind Phillips' oratory. He stood the embodiment of a cause, whether that cause was slavery, temperance, or woman's rights. Woman never had a truer champion. Wendell Phillips believed in her great power for good, and eloquently exclaimed: "The freedom of the press, the freedom of labor, the freedom of the race in its lowest classes was never argued to success. The moment that you can get woman to go out into the highway of life and show by active valor what God has created her for, that moment this question (of woman's rights) is settled forever."

On the evening of the second of February, 1884, Wendell Phillips fell asleep to wake in the Celestial City. From where the turbulent Atlantic rolls its rock-beating surf along the craggy shores of New England, to where the smiling Pacific kisses the verdant foothills of the far-famed Sierra Nevadas; from where the north wind makes a melancholy music in the lofty pines of Maine to where the listless Creole dreams away his life on the sunny banks of the Colorado River; from where the hardy fisherman mends his tattered net on the peaceful shores of the Puget Sound to where the great Father of Waters pours his mud and commerce into the Gulf of Mexico, there rose a mighty wail from an emancipated people at the loss of one who had given his time, his talents, his wealth, his life on their behalf. Pulpit and press, court and Congress, vied with one another entwining wreaths of eulogy around the dead man's brow. And when the page of universal history shall be written, and the honour-roll of agitators is flung across the skies, in letters large and luminous will be seen: for Austria, Kossuth; for Italy, Garibaldi; for Ireland, O'Connell; for England, Wilberforce; and for America, name more illustrious than them all—the name of the Christian agitator and orator, "whose polar star was Duty, whose goal was Liberty, and whose staff was Justice"—Wendell Phillips.

HENRY PROCTER, '99.

Book Reviews.

THE MAKING OF THE SERMON*.

Students might with some reason conclude that the last word about making sermons was written long ago. What shall the man say, who comes after Broadus, Phelps, Beecher, Dale, Spurgeon, and other eminent writer on Homiletics? And yet he who reads Professor Pattison's recent book will be led along certain fresh lines, and will be interested and stimulated. He will at times, of course, find himself following well beaten paths, and will meet much that is already familiar, but let him persist, and his time and effort will be amply repaid. Familiar lessons have received a new setting, and much that was waiting to be said finds its first expression here. Dr. Pattison writes primarily for the student in the class-room; he has in mind, however, those who, through lapse of time and pressure of work, are in danger of forgetting what once they learned; as well as those who have been thrust into the ministry without the advantage of a seminary course. There is a copious index to the book, and each chapter is preceded by a carefully prepared summary of its contents.

The introductory chapter discusses the question. What is Preaching? The chapters following treat successively of The Text, The Theme, The Parts of the Sermon, Rhetorical Elements in the Sermon, and The Delivery of the Sermon, while The Preacher and his Hearer forms the subject of the concluding chapter. Preaching is defined as "the spoken communication of divine truth with a view to persuasion." Ventilating intellectual doubt is not preaching; discussing questions purely speculative, formulating mere negations is not preaching. Preaching has to do with positive truth. The author's clear conception of what preaching really is, gives its tone to his entire book. "The Text" occupies five chapters. These chapters form what is perhaps the least original and least interesting part of the book. And yet if we find here what others had already said, it is because these words needed to be repeated and emphasized. The practice of "accommodating" texts is very severely and justly deprecated. The preacher should not take a text at all unless he intends to use it, and to use it honestly. To preach to journalists from the words. "They could not come nigh unto him for the *press*," is unpardonable. Our author has much to say in favor of Expository Preaching. He also earnestly commends Doctrinal Preaching. But he urges that doctrinal preaching should always be practical as well. In all cases he urges the thorough preparation of the "plan" of the sermon. He regards the preparation of the plan as of more value than the writing out of the sermon.

Six chapters are devoted to the discussion of Rhetorical Elements

*The Making of the Sermon. For the Class room and the Study, by T. Harwood Pattison, D. D., Professor of Homiletics and Pastoral Theology in the Rochester Theological Seminary. Published by the American Baptist Publication Society, 1898.

in the Sermon. This will be to many readers the most suggestive portion of the book. The sermon is a work of art, put together according to a definite plan and with a distinct purpose. Its literary form is of great importance. Preachers should familiarize themselves with the masters of pure, sinewy, and melodious English, and should aim at freshness and finish. Every sermon should have in it an element of statement, an element of argument and an element of illustration. The intellectual foundation of the sermon should be laid in statement; that is in exegesis. Without this argument is out of the question, and illustration futile. Argument is of vast importance in the sermon, because the true end of preaching is to persuade. It is possible, however, for a preacher to incur the charge brought against Carlyle that "he stirred everything, but settled nothing." Illustration appeals to, and excites the imagination. The preacher should use picturesque and suggestive words, similes, and metaphors, full description, and even anecdote. Let him, however, eschew Cyclopedias of Illustration, and beware lest he fall into his "anecdote." Illustration must always be subordinate to the thoughts. First invent, then embellish. Speaking of The Delivery of the Sermon, the author commends above all, what he calls the composite method; that is full and careful preparation, combined with free delivery. He is particularly severe upon the habit of reading the sermon, which he thinks is philosophically objectionable, and utterly untrue to the ideal of preaching. In concluding Professor Pattison remarks that eloquent hearing is no less needed than is eloquent speaking. Such hearing the preacher may secure by paying proper attention to the preparation and the delivery of his sermon. We have read "The Making of the Sermon" with much pleasure and profit and have marked it as one of those books which must be read again.

W. H. C.

BOB, SON OF BATTLE.*

One feels very much like straining a point in order to say only pleasant things about a book written under the circumstances that called forth the volume under review. The author, Alfred Ollivant, is a young man whose military career was cut short at the very beginning, by a fall from a horse, resulting in injuries that have left him a hopeless cripple. His chosen profession having been thus closed to him, he turned to literature; and *Bob, Son of Battle*, is his first book. The story is of shepherds and shepherd dogs; and these have always been associated with scenes of peace and gentleness; with wide moors and fragrant heather; with kindly men wrapped in their plaids, accompanied by their faithful and intelligent collies.

But there is nothing of these peaceful scenes here. The book is filled, from beginning to end, with savage, snarling, fighting dogs, drunken, quarrelsome, blaspheming men, and torn and mangled sheep.

**Bob, Son of Battle.* By Alfred Ollivant. George N. Morang, Toronto,

Prof. Bain tells us that all literature is founded on the emotions ; and may be ranged under three divisions : " Benevolent," " Malevolent," and " Indifferent." This book is permeated by the " Malevolent," It would almost seem as if the sad disappointment which came into the young man's life, had unconsciously cast a gloom over his writing. One is surprised to learn that Mr. Ollivant's book has received unqualified praise from a writer in a recent number of *The Bookman*. It is even more surprising to find it compared favorably with Dr. Brown's *Rab and His Friends*. You might as well try to compare a slaughter house with a flower garden ! *Rab and His Friends* is a classic ; and is one of the sweetest things that ever was written, full of gentleness, affection, pathos. Mr. Ollivant's book is the very antithesis. The leading character is Adam McAdam, a cruel, drunken, cynical, profane wretch, whose chief employment, when not in the tavern, was to flog his boy, details of which the author gives us, again and again, with disgusting minuteness. Here are a few of these : " Ye maun be cauld, standin' there so. Rin ye doon and fetch oor little frien'," a reference to a certain strap hanging in the kitchen. " I'll see if I can warm ye." Here is another : " Then he turned to David, seized the stake from his hand, and furiously belabored the boy." " I'll see ye agin, ma lad, this evenin," he said with cruel significance. Or this : " David felt the blow through his coat like a bar of hot iron laid across his back." And so on *ad nauseam*.

We would expect to find something of " sweetness and light," if anywhere, in a courting scene. But when David goes to court Maggie, he seeks to ingratiate himself by accusing her of wantonly trying to kill her little sister ! " First yo' throw her into the steam, and then yo' chucks her to the pigs ! ! " The horrible runs all through the book, which ends with a furious dog fight, in which a score or more take part, and then with the suicide (evidently with secret admiration of the author) of McAdam, who jumps into " The Devil's Bowl " with the dead body of *Red Wull*, the sheep-killer, in his arms ! The dominant tone of the book can be gathered from the fight above referred to, where *Red Wull*, the sheep-killer meets his death : " Silent now they fought, dumb and determined. Only you might have heard the rend and rip of tearing flesh ; a hoarse gurgle as some dog went down ; the panting of dry throats." One amusing blunder the author falls into when he makes *Venus*, " that scarred Amazon Venus," join in the attack upon *Red Wull*. The author does not seem to know that among members of the canine family, an attack by one sex upon the other is absolutely unknown. One of the fine touches of humor in *Rab and His Friends* is where Dr. Brown describes the ludicrous and sudden change of manner of a dog that was pursuing with savage zeal another, only to find on catching up that, as Dr. Brown puts it " that *he* was a *she* ! " The best thing in Mr. Ollivant's book, which undoubtedly evinces talent, is the description of a contest between some shepherd dogs for the annual prize. We all know the amazing intelligence and docility shown by these noble animals. The test is to drive into a small enclosure, within a given time, a certain number of sheep. Mr. Ollivant's

work of description here is admirable ; let us hope that he may devote his undoubted ability to the task of giving us a book built on the "Benevolent," rather than, as this is, on the "Malevolent."

A. MURDOCH.

A MODERN PROPHET.

In the popular mind, Mormonism and polygamy are hopelessly associated and there are few "Gentiles"—and possibly "Saints"—who know that in the beginning it was not so. Polygamy is expressly forbidden in the Book of Mormon ; it is reprobated in "revelations" given to "Joseph Smith, Junior" and the large "Josephite" or "Smithite" party of the Latter Day Saints have always rejected plural-marriages, as they have the authority of Brigham Young by whom polygamy was introduced into the Mormon church. It was not till 1852, eight years after the death of Smith, that a revelation purporting to be his, sanctioning polygamy, was published. Miss Lily Dougall in hunting after fresh food for her imagination, was attracted by things Mormon, and in her pursuit of them became so convinced that the founder of the cult is unjustly regarded in popular estimation, the sins of his successors having been attributed to him, that she has attempted to vindicate his character in a novel*. Her theory is that,—“Smith was genuinely deluded by the automatic freaks of a vigorous but undisciplined brain, and that, yielding to these, he became confirmed in the hysterical temperament which always adds to self-delusion, self-deception, and to self-deception, half-conscious fraud. In his day it was necessary to reject a marvel or admit its spiritual significance ; granting an honest delusion as to his visions and his book, his only choice lay between counting himself the sport of devils or the agent of Heaven ; an optimistic temperament cast the die.”

Into the family of the stern old Baptist Croom, came a beautiful, impetuous niece, Susannah. Her father had been a scapegrace and she knew nothing of religion, but was impressed by a fierce tirade against Joseph Smith, a raw bumpkin of twenty-five years, who had "revelations" from heaven. Most marvellous of these was a new bible, the book of Mormon, which he found, written on golden plates in a neighboring hill. Her cousin Ephraim pleaded for charity for Smith ; but evangelist Finney was moved to pray a characteristic prayer that affected Susannah profoundly and thence an uneasy quest after her "soul's" peace began. By chance she met Smith and was struck by his simplicity and genuineness, but more by the affection of his disciple, Angel Halsey, to whom Smith married her by a revelation from heaven ; but this she resented until mechanically and mysteriously she was drawn into baptism and her marriage was confirmed. Meanwhile Smith developed in prophetic powers. Ephraim Croom, when too late, sought to win Susannah back, but roused by the cruelty of the unbe-

* *The Mormon Prophet*, by Lily Dougall. Toronto, W. J. Gage Co., 1899.

lievers to the Saints she cast in her lot with them, although at heart, after the passing of her first excitement, an unbeliever. This the prophet recognized, but he favored her and found in her feminine intuitions, a supplement to his own erratic impulsiveness, and yet after the murder of Halsey, one feels that polygamy will soon be declared. Step by step the rapid change in Smith's character is traced. There is degeneracy, but it is not conscious nor wilful. The Mormon character throve in adversity, but with prosperity there developed a germ that resulted ultimately in the unnatural monster of polygamy. Ultimately after some difficulty Susannah escaped from Nauvoo and found rest in Ephraim Croom's love.

The story is not a strong one. The authoress has conceived good characters, but she has not had the dramatic skill to use them well. That of Halsey only is well done. In closing the book, one is conscious of a sense of disappointment in having so little enjoyment out of so much promise. Miss Dougall would have done well, in vindicating Smith, to have attempted it in a tract and not a novel.

L. S. H.

"HOW TO KNOW THE FERNS."*

This volume is welcomed as dealing satisfactorily with a subject which has long needed consideration by a skilful pen. The suggestion of text-book is entirely absent. The charm of personal experience and adventure is breathed into the splendid descriptions of the structure and environments of these plants. From the opening chapter, which shows clearly the advantages of fern study, the enthusiasm of the reader is readily aroused. Physical activity accompanied by the mental stimulus of a study which is not only interesting but educational, fulfills the conditions necessary to a perfect recreation. The personal and social elements which are introduced throughout, appeal to and hold many whose ardor would be damped by the cold classifications and technical terms of the ordinary text-book.

Moreover, it combines those qualities which will make it popular with the reader, who has hitherto not experienced the inspiration of fern investigation, and valuable to the more advanced students of the subject. Fifty-seven of the more important ferns are grouped, classified and described. These descriptions are supplemented by splendid pen and ink illustrations which convey accurate ideas to the observer. The distinguishing points of identification are clearly set forth and will be readily grasped by even the primary students of the subject. The few technical terms necessary to describe the plants are carefully and clearly introduced. With but few exceptions the described ferns are found in Canada, and for that reason the book will be appreciated by Canadian readers. We cannot fail to commend the aim of a book which stimulates healthful enjoyment, promises such delights in nature study and makes the classification of the fern possible to all.

E. R. HOOPER.

* "How to know the Ferns," by Francis Theodora Parsons. Toronto, The Publishers' Syndicate.

A SENIOR HENTY BOOK.*

This is a stirring book. Incident crowds on incident; scarcely a chapter fails to rival Henty in a hair-breadth escape of hero or heroine from some awful danger and in chapter 26, a climax, there are four incidents any of which is good enough to make into a chapter. The gentle reader who is fond of a story of adventure and love will find the "Span O'Life" much to his taste, and will thank its authors, McLennan and McIlwraith, for so readable a book.

The story is constructed in a somewhat unusual fashion. It is the regulation thing for an historical romance to be told by the hero, but in the "Span O'Life," hero and heroine both find occupation in the pastime of narrative. Hugh Maxwell, of Kirkconnell, Jacobite refugee and subsequently French officer in Canada, tells the story for eleven chapters. Margaret Nairn, or Mme. de St. Just, carries on the narrative to chapter twenty-five. Then the hero resumes the narrative to the happy denouement, and a brief epilogue is the formal conclusion. Needless to say this is a method fraught with difficulties, involving delicacies of literary skill and character delineation that might make even the boldest hold his breath. Our authors cannot be congratulated on having surmounted these difficulties with any brilliant success.

Being a novel of incident, almost as completely as that demure piece of fiction, entitled, "Mr. Potter, of Texas," the book presents little, directly, in the way of characterization. In fact, the reader is so hurried along from event to event, that he has no time to stop and think about the people who are doing and daring so much. This lack of repose detracts seriously from the value of the story. For instance, in chapter twelve, the landing of Margaret and Lucy in Canada, their capture, and their meeting with the priest are set forth inside of five pages, with hardly a descriptive touch and all written in a very plain style. What an opportunity here for some skilful work in character study and in description! As a matter of fact, though you do know more clearly and vividly the life in Canada previous to the fall of Quebec, there is an almost complete lack of description, apparently owing to the pressure of incident upon the author's crowded columns.

Unfortunately, the "Span O'Life" suggests comparisons. Margaret's mission to find Hugh Maxwell recalls Evangeline's search, only to make us feel Longfellow's superiority. Here and there in the earlier part of the story, the hero indulges in some introspections. All lovers of Crockett know how frequent and how skilful these introspective remarks on the part of his heroes are, especially in the Raiders and the Red Axe. Hugh Maxwell suffers badly by comparison, both as to the quantity and the quality of his reflections. The siege of Quebec, Margaret's attempt as a spy, her meeting with Sarnnes at the ball, all suggest "The Seats of the Mighty." Harold Frederic has given us his

* The "Span O'Life." A Tale of Louisburg and Quebec. By William McLennan and I. N. McIlwraith. New York: Harper's. Toronto: Copp Clark.

unfavorable judgment of Parker's romance, but in spite of his judgment, "The Seats of the Mighty" is likely to remain a popular book, and its quality may fairly well be tested by comparing Doltaire's interview with Alixe at the Convent, and Sarennes' interview with Margaret at the ball. Again, the historical period covered, the Acadian incidents, and the spirit of the "Span O'Life" suggest "The Forge in the Forest," and "A Sister to Evangeline," only to make you keenly conscious of the difference. Through Roberts' stories runs a tender idyllic grace; the heroine is inexpressibly womanly and beautiful, the hero is the embodiment of manly perfection, and there is an atmosphere of the ideal that is irresistibly charming. One simply surrenders himself to the beauty of it all, a beauty so great as to surpass the charm of incident, though that is by no means small. "The Forge in the Forest" and "A Sister to Evangeline" are prose poems, instinct with poetic fervor, expressed with Roberts' peculiar skill. The "Span O'Life" possesses no literary grace; it is simply good plain prose.

The publishers are not open to extravagant praise for the mechanical execution of the work. It is good enough typographically, but poorly bound; in fact, the illustrations are apt to drop out almost at the first opening. Evidently the illustrations are intended to be something unusually good, but the faces all belong to the same family (without Du Maurier's skill to plead in compensation).

It would be a pleasure to congratulate the authors, William McLennan especially, on having produced a really good Canadian historical romance. McLennan's work has for several years, been a feature of Harpers' and his short stories have been greatly to his credit. The "Span O'Life" has good material in abundance, but whether it be from haste, or from the difficulties of collaboration, the story, good as it is, falls short of what we are entitled to expect from its senior author. It is bright and thoroughly readable, it is vigorous and stirring; it is not high-class literature.

E. A. HARDY.

HUGH GWYETH.*

"Hugh Gwyeth" is an interesting narrative, plainly told, with something of the vitality and verisimilitude of Defoe's neglected "Memoirs of a Cavalier." The tendency of the so-called Romantic school during its recent vogue has been to color highly and over-adorn its heroes, at the same time making their exploits marvellous beyond all credence. Of course, none can set bounds to the realm of fiction, but the reader tires sometimes of heroes whose lot it is to have as many haps and mishaps befall them in a month as would suffice a whole army of mortals for a year. Especially is this so with the generality of stories for boys, in which class "Hugh Gwyeth" may be placed. A word of criticism with regard to literary form may be made. The

*Hugh Gwyeth, a Roundhead Cavalier, by Beulah Marie Dix. The W. J. Gage Co., Ltd., Toronto.

author nowhere indicates that the narrative purports to be given by anyone living during the exciting period of which the story is told. Yet words, phrases and constructions occur in the writing, outside of the speeches, which are either loose or archaic in their use. While the consistent employment of such in a tale narrated in the first person is a legitimate device, the occasional and rather haphazard introduction of them in what is admittedly an author's own description is not excusable.

The story is of a lad in his teens who, hearing for the first time that his father is living, leaves his Roundhead grandfather and uncle to seek him in the King's army. The boy's bravery and spirit are shown in surmounting difficulty and withstanding rebuff more than in powers in fight, though the closing chapters bring their opportunity for the latter also. Hugh is every inch a boy, and a manly one at that. The right and wrong of England's civil strife, and the political motives and movements of the conflict are not touched upon. Only an occasional glimpse is caught of any historically important figures, as the sequence of events is developed among independent troops of cavalry mustered and commanded by brave country gentry. The account of Hugh's plucky dash through hostile sentry lines to carry word of coming relief to his besieged father—the father whom stubborn pride had refused him recognition as son—together with the description of the stubborn fight in the old church, form a fine climax and ending to the action of this story for boys, and "old boys."

S. R. T.

"RED ROCK."*

The work of Thomas Nelson Page is not so well known to Canadian readers as it deserves to be, but now that his latest, and, as many able critics say, best work, "Red Rock," has been given a Canadian edition by the Publishers' Syndicate, Toronto, the Canadian public will, we are certain, desire to know more of him and his works. His stories of the South and his descriptions of life in Old Virginia with its old-world charm and grace are delightful to read. Those who have read them will know what a pleasure is in store for them in "Red Rock." That this story is popular is proved by the fact that already over forty-six thousand volumes have been sold, and that the demand continues. The Canadian edition contains all the exquisite illustrations of B. West Clinedinst, as published by Scribners', and is in every way a model edition.

In our short space it is impossible to give any adequate idea of the many and varied interests of the book. Mr. Page calls it a chronicle of reconstruction. Before we read it we were fearful that to a large extent it might be a description of the war between the North and South. The American magazines have so nauseated us with their in-

*"Red Rock," by Thomas Nelson Page. Illustrated by B. West Clinedinst. Toronto, the Publishers' Syndicate, Limited.

terminable accounts of what their own Mr. Howells so aptly and so bravely calls their "skirmish" with Spain, that we really could not stand any more American wars, even by so accomplished an artist as Mr. Page. We fairly blessed him when we found that, though his story begins before the war, he omits practically all reference to the events of the great struggle and resumes his narrative after the return of the Confederate soldiers to their homes. Then he proceeds to give us a realistic picture of the rule of the "carpet bagger" and the sorry business he made of governing the country. Doubtless the picture is overdrawn at times and doubtless full justice is not done to the North, but critical opinion in the North at the present time inclines to recognize the substantial truth of Mr. Page's delineation. The following quotation from a letter of a responsible physician of Anderson, South Carolina, to the *Interior*, the well-known Presbyterian journal of Chicago, is a brief prose statement of the condition of affairs Mr. Page so vividly depicts in "Red Rock": "The North supplied an army of carpet-baggers to come South after the war, political adventurers, school-teachers, and some wearing the sacred cloth of the minister of God. They all came to steal, they arrayed the negro against the whites by every means known, and pandemonium reigned. In the ten years that they polluted the South seeds were sown of discord that it will take generations to obliterate."

Apart from all this historic interest, however, *Red Rock* is distinctly artistic as a work of fiction. There is abundance of stirring incident and clear cut characterization, two indispensable qualities in a good story. It is rather longer than the average novel of the present day and includes more threads of interest than the average writer can well attend to. But Mr. Page has the threads all so well in hand and weaves them together so skillfully that the interest, far from being dissipated, is materially heightened. We always laid down the book with reluctance, and when we came to the last two hundred pages we simply had to read them at one sitting, so great was their fascination for us. We speak from pleasant experience, then, when we commend "Red Rock" to any desiring good fiction. M.

"RAGGED LADY."

Our next number will contain an adequate review of this the latest product of Mr. W. D. Howells' accomplished pen. We have read it and can recommend it to any wishing an entertaining story for summer reading. It is handsomely published by W. J. Gage & Co.

College News.

F. J. SCOTT, '99, A. C. WATSON, '01, } EDITORS.
MISS B. E. GILE, '00, }

ANNUAL COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES.—Another year has been added to the history of McMaster University. The year just closed has been one of unprecedented success along all lines of college life. McMaster's past has been a record of steady, vigorous, almost phenomenal growth, and to-day her outlook is the brightest. The keynote of the closing exercises was "Forward." Never before has the hand of Providence been so unmistakably beckoning us on to larger and higher usefulness. The Chancellor and Faculty should feel proud of their year's work. In spite of the ever-rising standard set up, the students this year have attained a high degree of efficiency, and the laurels won in other institutions by our graduates of former years, have been more than gratifying. The Faculty and students count themselves happy in having had with them for the Commencement Exercises the inspiring presence of Revs. Thos. J. Villers, M.A., of Indianapolis, and Dr. J. W. A. Stewart, of Rochester. The eloquent and inspiring words of these gifted men have left a lasting impression upon their hearers. The presence also of so large a company of the University's friends was very gratifying.

THE ALUMNI.—The annual meeting of the Society was held in the College Chapel on Monday evening, the 8th inst. The gathering was the largest ever held under the auspices of this Society. The President of the Society, Rev. H. P. Whidden, B.A., B.Th., of Galt, occupied the chair. After devotional exercises short speeches were given by representatives of the Graduating Classes, Mr. D. Bovington speaking for the graduates in Arts, and Rev. J. G. Brown, B.A., for those in Theology. The principal speaker of the evening was Rev. J. W. A. Stewart, D.D., of Rochester, N.Y. In his own masterly manner he gave an able address on the "Present Outlook of Religious Thought." He dealt with the three great movements of thought during the last twenty-five years, viz., Evolution, Future Punishment and Higher Criticism. The University Quartette, Messrs. Bryant, Triggerson, Welch and Bowyer, sang very acceptably.

The annual business meeting was held on Tuesday afternoon, and the following officers were elected: President, Rev. W. W. McMaster, B.A., B.Th., Tiverton; 1st Vice, Miss M. D. Eby, M.A., Berlin; 2nd Vice, W. J. Pady, B.A., B.Th., Toronto Junction; 3rd Vice, Miss E. N. Newman, B.A., Toronto; 4th Vice, A. W. Vining, M.A., Thornedale; Sec'y-Treas., W. S. W. McLay, B.A., (re-elected); Cor.-Sec'y., D. B. Harkness, B.A., Toronto.

The Association unanimously decided to undertake to raise \$2000 towards the fund for the new chapel and library, and appointed a representative committee to canvas the graduates of the University.

BACCALAUREATE SERMON.—The main audience room of the Walmer Road Church was crowded with students and friends of the University, on Tuesday evening, May 9th, when the Baccalaureate Sermon was preached by Rev. Thomas J. Villers, M.A., of the First Baptist Church, Indianapolis. The subject of the sermon was, "Religion the chief business of life," from Matthew vi : 33, "Seek ye *first* the Kingdom of God and His righteousness." Religion was a business, not a recreation, with Christ : but most men to-day have reversed the order. The commands of the Bible can be summed up in three short words, "Be like God," but the colossal mistake of man has been to take the fool's motto, "Eat, drink and be merry." The Holy Book presents a deep question in spiritual economics, "What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" "What shall we eat and wherewithal shall we be clothed?" are questions which may and must be rightly considered, but are not of first importance. We must make God and His righteousness our first business and "all other things shall be added."

THE COLLATION.—A large number of guests were present at the annual collation, which was held in the lecture room of Walmer Road Church, Wednesday afternoon, May 10th. Hon. Mr. Dryden was chairman, and after a short address proposed the toast to the Queen, which was responded to in true Canadian style. Rev. Mr. Villers spoke a few words of farewell and the enthusiasm with which they were received showed how much his visit had been appreciated. Prof. Farmer proposed the toast to Sister Institutions, to which Rev. Chancellor Burwash, of Victoria University, responded. D. E. Thomson, Esq., proposed the toast to the University, replies being made by Rev. H. P. Whidden, B.A., for the Alumni Association, Rev. Elmore Harris representing Senate and Board of Governors, Principal McCrimmon for Woodstock, and Miss Thrall for Moulton. The toast to the Graduates of '99 in Arts and Theology was proposed by Dr. Welton, and responded to by Miss Newman, Mr. L. H. Thomas and Mr. W. J. Pady, B.A. The speeches were interspersed with music by the Quartette and College songs.

CONFERRING OF DEGREES.—The annual Convocation for the conferring of degrees and granting of diplomas was held in the main audience room of the Walmer road Church, on Wednesday evening, at 8 o'clock. A large assembly was present to witness the exercises. The degrees of M.A., B.D., B.Th, were conferred on some sixteen persons ; that of B.A. on a class of twenty. The degree of LL.D. was conferred upon Prof. J. H. Farmer, and that of D.D. granted Rev. Elmore Harris and Rev. A. P. McDiarmid. Dr. Newman delivered the address to the graduating class, his theme being "Truth-Speaking." The Chancellor's address was very full of encouragement and inspiration. He spoke of the needs of the University and the way in which these needs are being met. The sum of \$35,000 is required for a new chapel, a new library, and a campus, over a third of that amount

is already secured. Then very valuable additions to the teaching staff have been made in the appointment of Prof. Dale, late of the University of Toronto, as lecturer in Ancient and Constitutional History and Classical Literature; Wilson R. Smith, Ph.D., in Physics and Biology. Hon. G. W. Ross was present and gave a very interesting address, speaking quite encouragingly of the work that McMaster is doing. Short addresses were also given by Dr. Farmer, Dr. Harris and Dr. McDiarmid. The national anthem was then sung and the Chancellor declared the session of 1898-99 ended.

THE Annual Sermon to the Fyfe Missionary Society was preached in Jarvis Street Church, Sunday evening May 7th, by Principal A. L. McCrimmon of Woodstock College. Dr. Rand, the President of the Society, conducted the devotional service. Mr. McCrimmon's theme was, "The Glorious Gospel of the blessed God," which he dealt with in regard to origin, experience, permanence and power. The sermon was a very strong one, full of instruction and inspiration.

THE election of the High Kak-i-ak for the year '99-'00 took place on Monday morning, May 8, and was accompanied by a good deal of enthusiasm. Mr. S. E. Grigg was pronounced the students' choice by a large majority. The general satisfaction at his appointment was manifested in the customary somewhat expressive way, by "bouncing" and the demand for a speech. Mr. Grigg enters this important office with heartiest co-operation and support of the Student Body.

THE annual dinner to the Graduating Class was given by the Juniors in the Dining Hall of McMaster on Monday afternoon, May 8. After the more practical part of the ceremony was performed in a very satisfactory manner, a brief toast list was honored, Mr. Newcombe, President of the year '00, being chairman. Mr. Ralph Smith proposed the toast to the graduating class in Arts and Theology, which was responded to by Mr. W. B. Tighe and Mr. Andrew Imrie, B.A. The toast to the ladies was given by Mr. E. A. Brownlee and responded to by Miss Newman. The retiring High Kak-i-ak, Mr. Freeman J. Scott, then formally installed Mr. Grigg as Kak-i-ak for the year '99-'00, by delivering to his charge the insignia of office. After a brief and humorous reply by Mr. Grigg, the dinner was concluded by singing "God Save the Queen."

ON account of unfavorable weather it was not possible to complete the inter-year foot ball series last fall, and consequently the contest had to be fought off this spring. As soon, therefore, as exams. were over, the years put up their teams for the foot ball pins, donated by Messrs. Ryrie Bros. "Ninety-nine" defaulted, leaving the final game between "Century" and "Year One," which was played off Monday afternoon. The heat was intense and the players somewhat "out of form," so that the match was a "hot" one in more than a figurative sense. At the end of "time" the score stood 1:1 and by mutual agreement the next goal scored should decide the game. "Century" scored that goal and thus won the pins for a second time.

AN event of especial interest to readers of *THE MONTHLY* took place in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Linus Woolverton, at Grimsby, on the afternoon of the 11th of May. On that day a company, among whom were representatives from McMaster, gathered to witness the marriage of their only daughter, Mabel Frances, to Peter G. Mode, pastor elect of the First Baptist church, Yarmouth, N. S. Rev. R. R. Mackay, of Woodstock, assisted by Rev. L. Brown, of Grimsby, performed the ceremony, after which the whole company gathered at the station to send the newly wed eastward followed by the congratulations and best wishes of all. Both Mr. and Mrs. Mode are graduates of McMaster University and members of the Class of '97, and both deservedly won the esteem of all associated with them in college circles. *THE MONTHLY* would join with their many other friends in expressing best wishes for a successful future and will follow with deep interest their career which has opened with such promise.

GRANDE LIGNE.

TALE OF A NOCTURNAL RAMBLE.

"If you're waking, call me early,
 Call me early, teachers dear!
 For, I would be an early bird,
 Now that the spring is here.

"And should you wake at four o'clock,
 Oh! waken me, I pray!
 'Tis charming to be up and out
 Before the break of day."

So spake our friend, with mocking smile,
 But ere he went to rest
 He trembled much for fear they would
 Fulfil his rash request.

"'Tis well, thought he, "that doors have locks,
 And locks have little keys—
 And what won't lock, I'll barricade
 As strongly as I please."

The damsels rose at four o'clock,
 And dressed themselves with care,
 For well, they knew, 'twas cold indeed,
 Out in the morning air.

But when they hastened to fulfil
 The promise truly made,
 They found their pathway stopped by locks
 And—by a barricade.

And did they go back in despair
And sob when safe in bed,
"We are the weaker vesssels, we,
Just as St. Paul hath said?"

Ah! gentle soul of womankind,
So brave to do and dare!
The maidens shoved that barricade
And gained an entrance there.

And then, they hurried to his room,
And tapping on the door;
"Wake up! get up! arise!" they cried,
"For it is after four!"

No sign gave he that he had heard,
Right loudly did they scream;
And many a harmless, sleeping boy
Was wakened from his dream.

A dainty lunch they left for him
Which they had brought along,
A bun, some bread and butter and
An onion, large and strong.

Although quite innocent, his wife
Did share his woe, alack!
"Don't mind, my dear," he whispered low,
"To-night I'll pay them back."

Alarm clocks, hidden here and there,
And set at awful hours,
Took quite a little time, no doubt,
And all his thinking powers.

His artful plan, so well arranged,
These maidens did detect,
And all those little clocks went off
Without their vile effect.

And thus, these girls out-witted twice,
A boastful, scheming man,
And may they soon have one apiece,
And train them, if they can.

M. R. M.