

THE
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WILLIAM L. GOBLE AND LAURA GREEN GOBLE.

The Christian Church, as well as the nation, is enriched by the lives and labors of its tried and true servants. The McMASTER MONTHLY is doing a good work in preserving something of the history of the pioneer men and women who, in the days of much privation and hardship, laid broad and sure foundations upon which others have builded a goodly structure. In such an honor roll should be well preserved the names of Deacon William L. Goble and his estimable Christian lady, Laura Green Goble.

Both came of strong and truth-loving Baptist stock. Away back in "January ye 22, on Thursday, in ye year 1747," Robert Goble, Esq., rejoiced in the birth of a son, Jacob Goble, who was known, in time, as Jacob Goble, Sen. Time went on, and again a record was made: "Jacob Goble, Jun., was born January ye 27, on Monday, in ye year 1783." These quaint records, made by hands which loved but which have been cold for more than a hundred years, are found on the blank pages of an *almanack* for the year 1777.

This Jacob Goble, Jun., the father of W. L. Goble of this sketch, became "Old Elder Goble," who did yeoman work for the Baptist cause in the wilderness of Western Ontario. He lived in New York State, with his wife, Bothsbeba Paine Goble, "a woman of superior gifts both of mind and person," until that excellent person died in 1812. In 1814 he removed to Upper Canada and settled in the Niagara District. He there married Mary Beamer, daughter of Philip Beamer, thus uniting two of

the oldest Baptist families of Ontario. In 1816 he purchased two hundred acres of heavily wooded land in the township of Blenheim, County of Oxford, and made a "clearing" on the "Governor's Road," a much travelled highway from Hamilton to London, albeit there was no London in those days.

In the early years of his residence there Jacob Goble became a Baptist preacher, spending most of his time in journeying from place to place and preaching in the log cabins in the woods. When he reached a home boys would be sent through the "bush" to spread the news that a preacher had come. By "early candle light" all the settlers for miles around would gather to hear probably two or three sermons before leaving. How far his missionary journeys extended and what part he took in organizing the early churches cannot now be learned; but his work must have been considerable for his memory yet lingers among the older people of Oxford and Norfolk counties especially.

Deacon William L. Goble was born July 9, 1811, in the town of Butternuts, Otsego County, N. Y. He was but a child of five years when his father settled in Blenheim, in 1816, and there he was destined to live for *seventy nine* years.

The school of those days was a very primitive affair, lasting but a few weeks in winter, yet he succeeded in getting a fair English education, which was afterwards broadened by reading and contact with men, until he had a strong and intelligent grasp of the great problems of his day.

In the year 1834, he married Miss Laura Green, a daughter of John and Sarah Green, then of Burford. Her mother was a Lathrop, a descendant of Rev. John Lathrop, who is thus described: "A man of great piety and many adventures. He was a minister of Egerton, Kent County, England, before 1624; afterwards preached in London as successor to Mr. Jacobs, in the first Congregational church organized in England. After suffering two years imprisonment for non-conformity, he was released and came to America in 1634." Many descendants of the family are to be found in Norwich and other parts of Connecticut.

Within a narrow clearing, where the village of Goble's Corners and station now stand, this young couple, strong in the vigor

of resolute manhood and womanhood, founded a home which for more than sixty years was eminent for its Christian purity, culture, and hospitality. Both tall of stature and straight as an arrow, he handsome, athletic, masterful, she beautiful in every grace of heart and person, both unwavering in their allegiance to right and duty, they must have been, in those olden days, much like the grand pine trees which surrounded their home. During all those years that home was ever open for the entertainment of ministers and Christian workers of all denominations. In those days, when there were no railways, this was an important part of religious work. In this way Mr. and Mrs. Goble became well known to a large circle of leading Christian workers, and came into close sympathy with the religious work of the last half century.

Early in their married life they were baptised and admitted into the fellowship of what was probably called the "Horner's Creek Free Communion Baptist Church," a church much older than the first church of Woodstock, and from which several of the charter members of the Woodstock church took their letters. Among those who used to *walk* from Woodstock to that little church, ten miles, was "Grandma Burtch," of precious memory.

After a time this church was amalgamated with the Free Will Baptists and was called The Free Baptist Church of Governor's Road. Afterward the organization became extinct, and later a Regular Baptist Church was organized called The Goble's Corners Baptist Church. Much local history and controversy is wrapped up in that word "Regular," which was added some fifty years ago. Nearly all, if not all, of the old Baptist churches of that part of Canada were "Free Will," that is open communion churches, but gradually they became close, or "Regular," until now the writer knows of but one or two small Free Will churches in all that section.

Soon after uniting with the church Mr. Goble was appointed a deacon, holding the office and meeting its duties and obligations until he died. It is not too much to say that the continued existence of that church, the quiet but successful work it has done, its excellent Sabbath School and missionary enterprises, were due more fully to the intelligent and persistent consecra-

tion of this man and woman, their sons and daughters, their grandsons and granddaughters, than to all other agencies. Others came and went, a pastor there was sometimes and sometimes not, but they held the work in hand for full sixty years.

Mr. Goble was never a politician in the ordinary modern meaning of that term, yet he lived through some of the most stirring scenes in Canadian history, times when men of principle and moral stamina threw themselves, body and soul, into the conflict. When Canada's democratic patriots rose to break the power of the "Family Compact" he was one of them; he was a stern old "Hincksite Reformer"; he was a "rebel," such a rebel as in those days had a price put upon his head, but who is to-day honored and, in some cases, pensioned by his grateful country. When Baptists led in the great struggle for the severance of Church and State his home was a rallying point; and he never tired talking about the victory which was signalized by the "Secularization of the Clergy Reserves." Those old conflicts were probably intensified in his particular locality, because he lived upon the border of a large and influential settlement of English half-pay officers and gentry who were intense partisans. Doubtless his worldly prospects would have been bettered had Mr. Goble fallen in with their views, but he was made of sterner stuff. His grandchildren read those old battle cries in their histories with little interest, but, to his dying day, the mention of "Family Compact" or "Secularization" would awaken him like the bugle blast rouses the old war horse.

From lack of early advantages he did not assume to guide or criticise in the technical matters of school work, yet he was always intelligently interested and helpful in all that tended to improve the public schools of his county, and served as a trustee during long periods. As a wise adviser to his neighbors and a chosen arbitrator in many disputes, he exercised a constant influence for good, and no one held a more enviable place in the esteem of all classes of the community.

Like most of their neighbors in a new country, Mr. Goble and his wife began life in a very quiet and humble way, denying themselves many comforts that they might hope for better things in the future. It was not many years before they were

able to add a well equipped cooper shop to the work of farming; and afterwards a general store, post office, express office, etc. These various business ventures were managed with such ability and economy that long before coming old age demanded rest they had accumulated such a competency as entirely removed anxiety from their declining years. In all his business matters he was cautious, exact, methodical and scrupulously just.

While careful, financially, they were always generous, both in giving to their own church, to missions, and the educational work of the denomination, and in extending sympathy and material aid to those in need. While the writer was once visiting them, Mr. Goble came in and said to his wife: "Laura, I see a man and woman and child sitting by the road side as if they are tired out. I must see them." "Yes, do," she said. "If they are hungry they must have something to eat." I was interested to see what they would do with this "tramp question," and went with him. By kindly questioning he soon had their story. They were immigrants from England whose money had given out when they reached Hamilton. They had been walking for days seeking work and were hopelessly tired and discouraged. They were fed; a temporary lodging place secured; work found for the man; in a few days enough old furniture was put into a small house to enable them to live; and soon the man had his head above water again. Thus their benevolence was of the most practical kind.

Deacon Goble died on the first day of August, 1895, in his 85th year, surrounded by his loved ones, and after an illness of but two hours. He had long been ready, fully ready, and waiting for the call of the Master. For years he had calmly looked for the going with no cloud to trouble him. It was not necessary for him to set his house in order; it had long been kept in order. Each night his affairs, both spiritual and material, were left ready for the call. His executors found no difficulties to unravel. He died on the first day of August. His accounts for July were found closed, the balance carried forward, and a new account opened for August. He took great pride and pleasure in his fine garden, where he worked until two o'clock of that

day. When he had been over it all and had finished cleaning up the last path, he went to the house, dropping the rake as he walked. For the first time in years his rake was not hung in its place. Inside the door he fell and in two hours was at rest. One who was there writes: "He attended the last Covenant Meeting at the church before he died and seemed unusually happy in his expressions of brotherly love and loyalty to Christ. In a clear, sweet voice he sang a verse of an old parting hymn. I can recall but one line: 'And we must take the parting hand.' He looked so well and stood up so straight and firm that all were deeply impressed."

For sixty-one eventful years man and wife had walked together, sharing life's joys and sorrows, and who can tell of her loneliness. Children and grandchildren gave her of their love in warmer measure, but she gradually faded away. All had known that his masterfulness had been softened by her tenderness, and perhaps she missed his strength more than we thought. Her work, too, seemed to be done. The fragrance of her sweetest and purest and most beautiful character had touched and moulded more lives than we can tell. Love and tenderness kept her for a year, then she fell asleep, at the old homestead, on Sunday, August, 1896.

Three sons and two daughters were given to them. One son, J. G. Goble, Esq., of Woodstock, Ontario, and a daughter, Mrs. George Milmine, of New York City, remain.

May the Lord of the harvest give to the church many more such Deacons as William L. Goble, and many more such Mothers in Israel as Laura Green Goble.

N. WOLVERTON.

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

We have received several replies to our invitation for an expression of opinion with respect to President Harper's proposals concerning the Theological Curriculum, and have the promise of others. It is impossible to print all of these in the present number, and we therefore select the first five received, and print them in the order in which they reached the editor. The remaining articles will appear in the May number.

REV. A. MURDOCH, M.A., LL.D.

You ask my opinion of Dr. Harper's demand for a modification of the present Theological Curriculum. I have not seen his article in full; but so far as his positions are stated in the last MONTHLY, I have not been impressed with them. Some of his statements I fail to understand; some seem to me to be contradictory; and to most of them I find myself unable to assent.

Dr. Harper gives himself away by his reference to seminaries "in out of the way places." Glancing between the lines, you read, in his criticism of present seminaries and methods, "Come to Chicago! Come to Chicago!" "Bring your grist to my mill!" *Ça sante aux yeux.*

The fundamental weakness of Dr. Harper's position, as it seems to me, is the failure to recognize the unchanging nature of man's need; and the unchanging nature of the Divine remedy. Were Theology only one of the sciences, changing with each new discovery, then revision in the realm of theology would be imperative. Then text books on theology would soon become as obsolete as Dr. Dick's Astronomy, or Hugh Miller's Testimony of The Rocks. But the sins of to-day have an old, familiar look: lust, avarice, pride, rebellion against God, unbelief, these remain. So the gospel, God's remedy for sin, remains unchanged and unchangeable. "Jesus Christ the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever."

This being so then it follows that the preparation of heart and mind that would fit men for preaching this gospel will not

change essentially from age to age. So that I fail to see the force of Dr. Harper's complaint that the model according to which "the modern theological seminaries have been organized had its origin a century or more ago." The back-bone of the curriculum of any theological seminary must be Systematic Theology, as drawn from the unchanging Word. The other usual departments of theological study are Church History, Homiletics, and Pastoral Theology. There may be some modification in regard to some of these latter subjects. But I believe that, as a whole, the course of study pursued in our theological seminaries is admirably adapted to the end in view; training young men to be "able ministers of the New Testament."

Passing over many minor points from which I think there will be a general dissent among Canadian pastors and educators, I feel sure that Dr. Harper's third group of suggestions are perfectly impracticable. Briefly stated he advocates *specializing* as applied to the work of the minister. Some men are to be trained for preachers; some for pastors; some for "teachers rather than preachers; for men also who have an administrative turn of mind, . . . and for men who have a gift for musical work." Now this, in my humble opinion, is all moonshine. How many Baptist churches can afford to have one man as a preacher, another as a pastor, another as a teacher, and another as "specially useful in the administration of Church affairs?" And if it were practicable would the separation of functions be desirable? No man, for example, can do his people the highest good from the pulpit, who is not also doing them good in their homes. The office of Preacher and of Pastor must go together. Another vicious principle is that which looks to special training to fit men for work among *special social classes*.

He proposes "to train men to exercise influence among the working classes"; also "to provide a training which will enable the ministry to do successful work among the richer classes." This is distinctly hostile to the genius and spirit of Christ's teaching, and to his own example. In Christ Jesus there is neither rich nor poor; "neither Barbarian, Scythian, bond nor free," but all are one in him. A policy either in Home Missions

or in Foreign Missions that confines evangelizing efforts to one class, either rich or poor, is neither wise nor scriptural.

There are many other points to which exception might be taken. Such, for example, as where Dr. Harper says: "Changes should be made which will bring the work of the theological student into touch with the modern spirit of science." That all depends upon what Dr. Harper means by "the modern spirit of science." A great deal of the modern spirit of science is openly and distinctly hostile to Christ and His claims. But I find my space is filled and I must stop.

REV. P. K. DAYFOOT, M.A., B.D.

It is not easy for one who has met Dr. Harper, has studied under him, and has felt the influence of his great personality, to question any thing he may say. Having read his criticism of the Theological courses, not only in the *MCMMASTER MONTHLY*, but in various papers, I have been led to test his utterances by considering the work being done by the various seminaries of which I have some knowledge. We have them in Canada—Knox, Queen's, Victoria, Wycliffe, McMaster; and one is constantly meeting the graduates of these divinity halls. "By their fruits ye shall know them," and I have been watching these men to see if they are so hopelessly out of touch with the times as Dr. Harper would have us believe. What have I found? Simply that the men who are coming out of these institutions are wide awake and thoroughly alive to the great moral, social, and political questions of the day, and instead of lagging behind, are the leaders of public opinion in these matters.

That is not the only test. The church is, or ought to be, an evangelizing power: and the ministry should be trained for that purpose. What are the facts? In the summer, students from the theological schools are scattered over the length and breadth of the land. In the winter, they are constantly working in city missions and among the smaller churches. Thus a large proportion of the ingathering enjoyed by the churches is due to the work of these men who are said to be in danger of drifting away from present day needs in church life. It is an undoubted fact that Chicago University stands for advanced thought in all

departments of study, theology included. It is also an undoubted fact that the great mass of earnest and studious people look with suspicion upon advanced thought, especially in theology. It was proposed recently to ask Professors Briggs and McGiffert to give a series of public lectures on Higher Criticism, in New York City. In order to test public sentiment, hundreds of invitations were sent out; but the responses were so few and the protests were so many that the enterprise was abandoned. Is it not possible then, that instead of the seminaries being behind the times, certain great scholars and educators are in advance of the times?

REV. W. H. PORTER, M.A.

I presume that even Dr. Harper, with the resources of Chicago University behind him, might find it easier to discover defects in the Theological Curriculum, than to improve it: to pull down than to rebuild.

Still, that there are improvements possible in lines indicated by the Dr. I have no doubt. Indeed, he has expressed sentiments that I have held from my college days. I have always thought that a minister might reach a higher plane could he pursue studies more suited to him. Thus, while encouraging young men who are preparing for the ministry, to take the prescribed course if possible, as the best available for them, yet I have ever felt that, for some at least, a better might be possible. That many succeed without a Theological course, and others fail with it, though proving nothing, suggests.

My early dream of the Bible in the Theological school has been somewhat realized; and yet I question if it will not be more prominent still before the curriculum is perfected. Those who accept its verbal inspiration, (I cannot see such use of it for those who do not,) cannot be too conversant with its originals, as the way to its quick.

If Christ be the model minister, and the conspicuous elements of his preaching were, 1st, Knowledge of God and His Word; 2nd, Of man and his needs; 3rd, Of facts and things that best elucidated and impressed the Word, it seems to me that, centering in, and circling round that Word, should be such

studies as best lead up to these. "Preach the Word." The Apostles gave themselves "to the ministry of the Word, and to prayer."

Another point, which of course the Doctor did not mention, but which may yet come into more practical prominence, not only for Theological study, but for all department of Christian office and work, I need not say, is the special endowment of the Holy Spirit. By such enrichment and empowering, even Chicago University, like many a less notable institution, church or ministry, might yet be revolutionized, even more than by any change of literal programme.

With such uplifting and enlarging of the pulpit's spiritual sphere as might be reasonably desired, I fancy that the temporal problems, sociological, political, etc., etc., would naturally adjust themselves in their subordinate sphere.

REV. W. E. NORTON.

Space does not permit me to say all I should like to in reference to Dr. Harper's proposed modifications of the Theological Curriculum of the present day colleges. But I must say at the outset that whether it is owing to obtuseness on my part or to the fact that I live in one of the "out-of-the-way places" and so am out of touch with modern life, I do not appreciate the value of much of what Dr. Harper proposes.

According to my thought Dr. Harper's principles, criticisms and suggestions divide themselves into three classes :

(1) Educational principles that are clearly recognized and have already been adopted by our best Canadian colleges and seminaries both theological and secular.

(2) Those that have had their day and been discarded as impracticable and useless or worse.

(3) Those that are really progressive and valuable.

Such a classification of supposedly advanced and radical educational principles may at first seem egotistical, and yet I am convinced that measured by Canadian educational standards the classification is a just one.

Amongst the first of these classes I would place his first

general principle and all his deductions therefrom. It is a recognized fact—if I understand them correctly—that our best schools, and particularly McMaster University, are already acting on these principles. The constant changes in the curricula of our own and other colleges, if carefully examined, will all be found to have been made upon these very principles. They are all based upon the latest “assured results of Psychology, Pedagogy and Experience.” Deduction No. 1 goes without saying; No. 2 if combined with the suggestions made in his 3rd group and with his 2nd closing recommendation, will be found to be exactly covered by McMaster’s system of specializing in the Arts department, a system which I believe might profitably be carried more largely into the Theological department.

His No. 3 I would place in the same class without hesitation, unless it is intended to mean more than it appears to mean. Our whole curriculum and our methods of instruction are calculated to make men stronger for future work. But I fear that I see under this principle apparently so clear and simple the cloven foot of the modern theory that the teaching of positive systems of truth will not develop the power of independent thought. With that I cannot agree. I believe that men may be trained to habits of investigation and power of independent thought just as well in the study of positive truth as in the pursuit of dark negations and speculative hypotheses.

No. 4, considered separately, to my thinking must be put in class 2—the impracticable and useless. The attempt to adjust education to environment is simply to try to train a man for all the subsequent changes in his life. The fact is—the best we can do for any man is to give him a training in general principles, and then his own common sense must adjust him to his environment, and without a good share of that, all the special training in the world would never make him a success.

In reference to his second general principle—I cannot see how it differs from the ground already covered. The last principle discussed has to do with the character of the field, and the first general principle looks towards the state of the society in which he is to moor. But let me say in reference to the difficulty suggested in deduction No. 2 under this 2nd principle—that if

coming into touch with the world of science, or with scientific thought will turn a man from his purpose of preaching the gospel—better let him go. This fear does not seemingly recognize any divine impulse such as Paul felt when he said "Woe is me if I preach not the gospel!" His 3rd deduction under the second general principle must go into my second class. It practically calls for different kinds of education for different classes. It ignores the now well-established educational principle that true education does not recognize class distinctions. It is directly opposed to the most modern educational movements, such as the co-education of the sexes and the adoption of thoroughly scientific curricula in ladies' colleges, instead of the superficial training of past years. His principle if adopted would tend to widen and perpetuate the chasm that now divides the rich from the poor—surely a consummation not to be desired.

With Dr. Harper's suggestions and criticisms as grouped on pages 207 and 208 of the MONTHLY, I am in general accord. But if I understand them aright, they are nearly all practically and successfully incorporated in McMaster's curriculum already. Such as are not I would place in my class 3, "progressive and valuable." Concerning his closing recommendations, if I understand them, I would say that every one is now practically in operation in McMaster theological work.

Speaking generally then of Dr. Harper's propositions, I am compelled to one of three conclusions: (1) That Canadian schools and colleges and particularly McMaster University—both Arts and Theology—are a long way in advance of kindred American institutions. (2) That Dr. Harper has been so engrossed in his Hebrew and his work of organizing his great University, that Rip-Van-Winkle-like he has not kept track of the educational progress of late years. (3) That I am so obtuse that I do not understand his propositions. As I do not like to believe the 3rd, and cannot believe the 2nd, I accept the 1st. I believe that McMaster has all that is good in Dr. Harper's suggested changes and has wisely decided against those of his innovations that would be in any way inconsistent with our great motto. And hence my conclusion is that McMaster theological curriculum needs but few if any modifications.

REV. S. SHELDON.

Underlying the first criticism of the "first group" in Dr. Harper's article, there seems to be a distinction made between Christian work, paid for out of church funds, and *other work*, done by Christians not so paid. Is not such a distinction entirely foreign to *Christ's* idea? For example, does not Christ expect the *Christian* physician, who does not "find the means of his subsistence" in church funds, to be just as truly a "medical missionary" as the physician who does? And more, is not this distinction responsible for much of the indifference shown by professing Christians encouraging those who are not paid from church funds not to consider themselves "Christian workers," and, consequently, not to feel responsible for the progress of Christ's cause? If Christ makes no such distinction, then why should denominational funds be used to provide training for the special classes mentioned by Dr. Harper, viz., medical missionaries, Bible teachers, church musicians, and administrators, any more than they should be used to train *all* Christians for their various duties in life?

No one will question the wisdom of a denomination's providing such necessary training for Christian workers as cannot be otherwise obtained and hence the need of theological schools with classes open to all persons "properly recommended;" but that the theological curriculum "should be broadened sufficiently to include" special training for Christian workers who can get conveniently, elsewhere, an excellent training, either in medicine, or music, or science, or pedagogics, is, in the present state of denominational funds, entirely beyond serious consideration.

In regard to the question of whether the curriculum needs to be changed in order to meet the present demands upon *pastors*, it is doubtless true that certain changes could be made to advantage.

1. Students should receive instruction in homiletics before being permitted to do much preaching, otherwise, they are likely to confirm themselves in bad habits of preparation and delivery of sermons, as Dr. Harper points out.

2. Such provision should be made for instruction in the

English language and in the English Bible that a graduate without a broad and comprehensive knowledge of both, would be an exception.

3. Placing inexperienced students under wise pastors for a vacation or two for practice should be beneficial and practicable.

4. Dr. Harper says, "It (the seminary) is a place where men shall be taught to think;" and, when he says this, he strikes the very heart of the whole matter. If students are made to do downright hard thinking by their teachers, a thousand and one other things re apparatus, buildings, curriculum, etc., may not be what they ought to be, and yet the student will do enthusiastic and profitable work. He says, "The lecture method is, for the most part, unsatisfactory. This is even more true of the text-book method." If such a change could be made that students would not be expected to spend precious class time day after day in hesitatingly reciting what they, the night before recitation, with no helpers, most laboriously and imperfectly *teach themselves*, about *many* deep and strange subjects, from *many* text-books, (amazing college advantage!) but would instead be grappled by their professors and made, right there in the class, to think out the subject as presented by him, a mighty change would be wrought in the power of our schools, and its quickening effects would soon be felt on the whole denomination.

5. While large, wealthy churches may be able to support three or four specialists, the vast majority of churches in this country cannot support more than one man. This man, therefore, needs to be an "all-round" man, capable of training his church members to do, themselves, the work of specialists. In *our* school, instead of adapting our curriculum to the training of specialists, we should rather make it broad enough to include, for all our ministers, a thorough training in evangelistic methods, and in church administration, aiming, above all else, to turn out men "full of faith and of the Holy Ghost," with a deep-rooted passion for souls.

FROM MY WINDOW.

Out over the lawn, over the pink-blossomed orchard sloping down toward the singing brook and the "drowsy meadow," then up again from the valley a mile or two away lies the town, half hidden among the trees; and beyond all the blue hills and bluer sky. This is the view from my window, dear to me from my earliest childhood with all of childhood's tenderest memories. What if the trees are not quite so high, nor the brook so broad, nor the town so large as my childish thought imagined! They are yet beautiful to me and speak better things to my soul to-day than they did to my child heart long ago.

Yet it is not of the view I would speak, but of my neighbors, the birds. I can hardly write now for their singing. The wrens have been at it since early morning, as though life was short and they must fill it with work and with song. Such busy, quick, energetic fellows! They build their nest under the veranda eaves, carrying up their bits of sticks and thread and cotton and then flutter down for a new supply. Soon the nest is finished and the song of triumph from the lilac bush near by will fairly make your heart sing too. If we had such decision of character proportionate to our size and moral power, how long would the weak and oppressed wait for a strong hand to help them? How long would we human giants sit with folded hands and not try to help bear the burdens of life?

The wrens have caught the true note of living—work and song.

But there! the robins are making such an ado and drowning out the story of my wee wren and her warblings. "Cheer up! cheer up," my robin says, "Don't take such a pessimistic view of life." Then he goes hopping over the grass, but stops to throw up his head and call back a "cheer up" to me again, lest I should forget his message. No, I shall not forget; it was stamped on my heart long ago by a mightier voice than thine, Robin dear! Now he has flown down into the apple trees, and just in time too, for there up over the hedge comes his great enemy, the blackbird, with his slick black coat and beady eye.

He is watching where Robin will build his nest. Speak low to your mate, Robin, for blacky has sharp ears as well as eyes. He sees already in the future your nest demolished and all the fluffy fledgelings fluttering on the ground, while he flies off to eat the first ripe strawberry and grin over their discomfiture.

Naughty bird! So unlike your human friends. *We* are always tender over others' feelings, and would never tumble a happy family out in such unkind fashion.

But listen! There is another voice quite different from the grating note of the black bird. It has a mild and minor strain I do not know my friend's name, but I have known him all my life in his quaker coat of gray over his long slender body; a tiny fellow, one could almost hide him in one's hand. His note is much like the meadow lark's, but fainter and sweeter, telling perchance of some hidden sorrow. How we looked for you in the old days, and hunted for your nest, a tiny gray bag caught at the four corners to the swaying apple bough. I remember well the day I climbed that apple tree to take an egg—just *one* you know—with one of my mother's most treasured old silver tea spoons to dip it out of the nest with. How the poor little mother bird fluttered over me, repeating those sad sweet notes as if to beg me not to touch her lovely white spotted treasures! But my young heart was bent on making a collection, and not even that pitiful cry could stop me.

Many childish deeds have been forgotten, but not that flutter of wings and plaintive appeal when I took the forbidden thing. O birdy, wont you sing a more cheery song, and tell me I'm forgiven?

I had almost the same experience with a King bird, but no qualms of conscience with him, for I felt as if I was revenging my friends, the crows. How often I have seen him fluttering around the poor crow's black head, pecking and pecking at him until Mr. Crow was ready to drop from sheer exhaustion or mortification, I hardly know which. Yet recovering himself he would breathe in more air, and make a fresh start, soliloquising, "I will soar in a higher atmosphere and leave these small annoyances far below me."

There is a sweet note, listen! It is our early spring friend.

I need not tell his name. He is with us before the warm days come and stays with us all the summer long; sings a sweet warble to waken you in the morning and a sweet lullaby to send you to sleep: often in the night I hear him sing as if to let you know he is watching with you for the morning. Dear homely little gray bird! not always do finest feathers make finest birds. We could do without some of the gay ones, but not without you. You are a comfort to homely people with washed-out color and plain clothes; you inspire us to have a song in our hearts for others.

But who is this in the golden dress perched up in the maple tree below the hedge? You bright golden oriole, no one could mistake you. Ah! that is a sweet song you are pouring forth. How you are gifted with voice, charming manners and dress! Why should you have all the beauties while my wee wren wears her coat so brown with not even a red feather to brighten it? Ah, oriole! You are disgusted with me and fly away, while the sun glitters on your bright feathers as if pleased with your beauty, and so am I. The day seems duller when you are not here. Not often do you visit my window, but when you do you leave a ray of sunshine as a message from a dear one might.

You are so unlike the bluebird down there in the peach tree. Yet bluebird is beautiful too, and his rich coloring shows to special advantage among the pink blossoms. His song is not enchanting, but he is wise, I know, for we could seldom find his nest. Only once were we successful, and then it was hidden in the crotch of an old apple tree, tucked away so safe and cosy.

And the woodpeckers have come, too. I speak of you with the golden lining to your wings and your bright red bonnets. You look gay, and why shouldn't you? If you were made that way it's your duty to look pretty, and you work just as hard as if you had on an old gray coat. We love your bright feathers; yours, too, my pet canary there in the lilac bush with your sweetest song.

What a contrast you both were to the cat-bird in her slate colored dress, and with her medley song who comes shyly around

the flowering shrub. She will build her nest just there I know ; for I love to think the same birds come back to the old haunts. Do you know the old home ? I wonder if you miss some of the sweetest voices which belonged to dear ones who have taken their long flight to the Home-land, who used to listen and wait for your returning in the spring of the year.

I rest, and lifting my eyes I spy the ever present sparrow peeping down at me over the roof of the house, and his inquisitive nature is wondering what I am doing with a long black stick scratching away so fast. He wonders why I don't come out and take possession of the world, "It's easy enough," says he, "just turn others out and there you are."

"Earth's crammed with heaven," and with singing, if we only listen for the music. Even the hum of yon tiny humming bird is lending its note of the general melody. The thistle bird too, and the red-cap, as we called him long ago, the pee-wee and the skimming swallow, the thrush and cuckoo, each fills up a part that no other birdy can ; each loving note, each bit of brightness, each glorious song fulfilling some grand purpose. One needs the pen of a Shelley to tell of the wonders of these winged visitants, these wise little neighbors that have brought not a shadow of sorrow, but only joy and blessedness and many a lesson in love and patience and cheerfulness.

But I must speak of one other who thrills my heart with joy every time I hear his glorious singing.

With a shower of song and a flutter of wings."

"The bobolink on the hazel swings.

How the notes float down into the depths of one's heart and still its fevered beating, leaving a calm as a message from above might do. Dearest bird of all ! You fairly make me hold my breath as I watch you winging your way through the meadows, still showering your songs down upon us. Those two first notes of thine, no chance gave you those ; they came down from the source of all harmony, I'm sure. O blessed bird sing on. Pour the balm of your message into some tired heart to-day, and lift it to the author of your being.

But it grows late. The darkness falls. I must draw in my

papers and close the blinds. The birdies are most all asleep; once in a while a peep from some half-awake gray bird, but that is all.

Why have I written all this? Just because it was in my heart to do so for some loved one who has given up all dear home ties and has gone with a message of love and peace to the ends of the earth. It is from *your* window and for your birthday I am writing, dearest. You will recall the days long gone, and perhaps on some homesick evening will take a wee comfort in these birthday greetings from the home nest.

MARY ELLEN HATCH.

"Woodside," Woodstock, Ont.

Students' Quarter.

(Graduates and Undergraduates.)

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

LE VIEUX MAXIME.

A FRENCH CANADIAN STORY.

(Continued.)

We have seen that Maxime liked to spend his week-day evenings at home, but for sometime before that one to which his history brings us, it had been his custom each Sunday after High Mass, to join his young friend Eusèbe Gonneville, and bring him home for dinner. In the afternoon the two boys would stroll off together in such an unconcerned way that Maxime's parents had no suspicion of what lay beneath his attachment to Yvonne's brother. Their stroll invariably brought them to the shady garden or into the house of the Gonnevilles. It must be at once confessed that Maxime had learned to find here a shrine at which he more attentively worshipped "the divine Yvonne" than he did the "Holy Mary" in church; especially when at Mass he saw, a few seats ahead of him, the flowers on Yvonne's hat responding to every throb of her little heart. His lips had not yet expressed to her what his eyes and manner may have revealed, but now after the first tremor of delighted surprise had passed off and he could bring himself to realize that here was his idol living for a time with him, beneath his own father's roof, he had the strange sense of a new purpose forming itself in his mind, and that was to speak to her.

He let time go by, however, until one day the flood gave alarming symptoms of urging about to subside. This fact had the natural effect of urging the young man to action. That night after the day's work, (it was late in May) he asked Yvonne if she would care to come out with him and try the new canoe he had made with his father during the winter days. The girl's mother at first demurred at such a proposal, but the others, know-

ing Maxime's exceptional skill with the paddle, finally influenced her to give her consent, and Yvonne was pleased to go. Their trip up the river, though quite satisfactory as a trial of the new bark, was not prolonged by Maxime because he had a more important matter to put to the test, and for that, the exigencies of position in a canoe were not to his mind propitious. So by the light of the moon, now at its height, he beached the boat, put it in the boathouse, and rejoined Yvonne, who had stood watching his movements with the deepest interest and perhaps something more.

She had never betrayed any thought by look or word that would cause him to have the least misgivings about avowing his love for her. Truth to say, he judged from all her demeanor that his affection was fully reciprocated. He was not, therefore, fearful about speaking to her, but in the joy of what was about to take place and absorbed in admiring her beauty, he walked beside her and forgot to say a single word.

She was of a type rarely, though sometimes, found among the French Canadians. Of medium height and ideally rounded figure, her color was like that of snow touched with the roseate tints of dawn; her hair was of that wavy dark auburn which seems black at night and golden by day. Yet the wonder of all her wonderful beauty was her large dreamy eyes of violet into whose depths Maxime, at least, never wearied of looking. He could not do so that evening as they walked, but he was, for the moment, content just to let himself become penetrated with the deliciousness of her mere presence at his side alone, this being the first time it had occurred.

She, on her part, was happy too, but it needed no great intuition for her to realize that Maxime had had a purpose in effecting this *rencontre*, and as she had in her own heart given her love unreservedly to him, she was anxious that this opportunity should not be lost; but alas! here they were already within sight of the house and not a word had the boy uttered yet. Her bosom was nearly bursting with loving impatience when suddenly Maxime stopped short in the path they followed. She took a step or so more than he, but then stopped too and looked back at him. One glance at his handsome face showed

that something unusual was written upon it, and in the dim light she instinctively drew nearer to him, that she might see just what it was. That movement of hers prompted one on his part, and like a flash his heart and his arms leaped out toward her and he pressed his lips to her brow. No interpreter was needed there to tell them that they were each other's. She stood nestling close to him with eyes cast down, and he spoke at last :

"So, Yvonne, you do love me?" She in answer raised those wondrous eyes to his, and with a look, the memory of which never lost its power to make his heart beat faster, she said :

"Just as you yourself love me."

CHAPTER IV.

After the experience of that evening, so memorable for the two young hearts, their significant ways with each other made it possible for the parents to surmise what it might all mean. Had they known how long this attachment had been forming and to what issue it had already come they would have been amazed.

The time came when the Gonnevilles must return to their home, but Maxime was quite reconciled to let them go because he looked forward to paying regular visits there as Yvonne's accepted lover.

Meanwhile, over all his happiness there hung a cloud. Nor could he clearly see how it was to pass away from his sky without darkening that of someone else. Rosy Fleury had no real claims upon him, but he knew that when it became known to her, and to her parents and his, that he had definitely placed his affections elsewhere, they would be disappointed and exceedingly grieved.

One day in July as Maxime mowed in the field with his father, he determined to make a clean breast of his situation there and then. When they together reached the end of the swath, during which he had formed the resolution, they both turned up their scythes to whet them, dropped them for a moment on the new cut grass, and resorted to the shade of a huge elm to refresh themselves at the jug of ginger and water

which the boy's mother prepared each day during the haying season. There Maxime spoke up!

"Father, there is something I want to ask you and there will be no better chance than this. I have thought for a long time that you and mother would be glad if I should some day marry Rosy Fleury. Am I right?"

"Yes, my boy, and a rare good wife she would be."

"I believe that, father; and for that reason I think she ought to have a better husband than I would be."

"What do you mean, lad? I don't want to make you vain, but I am of the opinion that she could scarcely get a better husband than you could make."

"Than I could make . . . perhaps . . . if . . ."

"If what?"

"If I loved her. How can a man be a good husband unless he loves his wife?"

"But don't you love Rosy?"

"I have much regard for her, but not the kind I should want to have toward my wife."

"Oh, that will come in time."

"Not in this case, father. It is impossible."

"Impossible . . . you use a strong word, Maxime. Why, Rosy expects you to marry her, and her parents expect it too. You surely know that."

"Yes, sir, but they expect it in spite of all I have been able to do to discourage such hopes. And why should I be obliged to lay down my own happiness to do what would under the circumstances be fatal to theirs, too? To be frank with you, father, my heart is already given to Yvonne Gonnevillle, and she has accepted it."

This curt announcement seemed less to startle the father than to make him pensive. After a pause he said:

"Well, here's a dilemma, sure. We did notice your attentions to Yvonne, but never once imagined that you were so very seriously inclined in that direction."

After another brief moment of silence, the boy took the opportunity to say:

"I hope you are not displeased with me, father."

"Why, no, son. I was only thinking that we, your parents and Rosy's, should have foreseen something of this sort. But it is too late now, and I don't see but we shall have to leave the solution of the matter to other than human minds and hands."

Maxime understood his father, and when he had thanked him for his kind words they both returned to their work with the hope that all would come about for the best.

The days went by until the autumn, but no one had had the courage nor indeed seen the necessity of making the truth known to Rosy.

She still hoped that inasmuch as Maxime was so young, he might in due time come to ask for the hand she would be so happy to give.

During the fall days Maxime and his father were cutting timber in their woods on the lakeshore, where there is to this day a splendid growth of elm and soft maple. One morning Maxime said that while his father walked over to the woods, he would take the old flintlock gun along and paddle down in his canoe with the hope of getting a shot at some duck of which there was plenty at that season. In preparing the ammunition his horn of powder fell to the floor, and while he laboriously picked up the last grains of powder he remarked to his mother that he hoped this was not an omen of the luck he would have that day.

When he was fairly out on the bay moving cautiously among the clumps of reeds, there came a flock of ducks which lighted on the water about a hundred yards ahead of him, and Maxime prepared to avail himself of the glorious shot. Raising the old flint-lock to his cheek he almost instantly pulled the trigger, but the only response as the sparks flew was: Fizz-z-z-z! "O, my luck," the boy said inwardly, but hastened to prime the gun again. The second trial was only a repetition of the first. When the same ill-luck attended his third effort to shoot, Maxime lost his patience, and still holding the gun pointed toward the game, shouted at the top of his voice:

"*B'en, Batiscan!* I mean this for to-day, not for to-morrow." Instantly, of course, the ducks flew away and left the young huntsman muttering something about his luck. He

threw the gun with disgust into the bottom of the canoe, took up his paddle and made for the shore from where the sound of his father's axe already reached his ears over the silent water.

He had not taken a dozen strokes before another sound reached him from the opposite direction, and it fairly chilled him with dread because it seemed to be a cry as of some one in distress. While he listened with uplifted paddle and bated breath, the sound came again, and this time he was so sure it was the voice of a man in the water, that, forgetting where he was himself, he leaped up and stood erect in his canoe to look out over the reeds; as quick as a flash the canoe darted from under his feet and he, himself was in the water. His own position did not alarm him for he was a strong swimmer and knew he could easily push the canoe ashore, but as he clung to it there he gave one thought to the old gun now at the bottom, and another thought to his luck. His greatest regret, however, was that he could not now hope to reach the one in need of help, because of the tall reeds on every hand, which not only made it uncertain which direction to follow, but also presented an all too effective barrier to a swimmer. There was only one alternative. He must hasten to the shore, call his father, right the canoe and start back with the hope of still reaching the drowning man in time.

A. L. THERRIEN.

(To be continued).

HISTORIC HARVARD.

"After God had carried us safe to New England and we had builded our houses, provided necessaries for our livelihood, reared convenient places for God's worship and settled the civill government, one of the next things we longed for, and looked after, was to advance learning and perpetuate it to posterity, dreading to leave an illiterate ministry to the churches when our present ministers shall be in dust."—*New England, First Fruits.*

The General Court of Massachusetts Bay which first met on Sept. 8th, 1636, passed the following resolution, Oct. 28th (old style) of the same year :

“ The Court agree to give £400 towards a schoale or colledge, whereof £200 to be paid the next year and £200 when the work is finishea and the next Court to appoint wheare and wt building.”

This is the first record we have of a college in New England. It was ordered in 1637 that the college be at Newtowne, but in the next year the Court further ordered that Newtowne be afterward known as Cambridge, a mark of affection for the English college, which was the *alma mater* of many of the colonists.

In 1638, John Harvard, a Nonconformist minister of Charleston, died, leaving his library and half of his estate to the new college. The library contained about two hundred and sixty books of a theological and classical nature. Of these, owing to loss by fire, only one remains. The share of the estate which came to the college amounted to about £400.

The first president was the Rev. Harry Dunster, a Baptist minister. Concerning the humble beginning of the college, an honored alumnus, Oliver Wendell Holmes, wrote, on the two hundredth anniversary :

“ And who was in the catalogue
When college was begun
.
.
Two nephews of the President
And *the* Professor's son.
Lord ! how the seniors knocked about
The freshman class of one ! ”

The history of the college in these early days abounds in struggles of a religious and financial character. Owing to the refusal of the college to sanction a religious test, a matter urged by Increase Mather and his son Cotton, the extreme Calvinistic branch founded Yale College (1700), “ to be a school of prophets, where the brimstone doctrines of Calvin should not be quenched by the waters of liberalism.”

Next to John Harvard among its early benefactors, Harvard owes most to Thomas Hollis, an English Baptist who endowed a professorship of Theology (1721) stipulating nothing

regarding the religious principles of the holder. In 1727 he endowed another chair, in this case that of Mathematics and Philosophy. The virtue of liberality towards Harvard seems to have been handed down from father to son in this family.

During the revolution the college buildings were occupied by colonial troops. Washington had his headquarters here, first in Wadsworth House, the President's residence, then in Craigie House, afterward the residence of Longfellow. The Washington Elm, under the branches of which Washington first took charge of the army, still stands on Cambridge Common, opposite Fay House. It was on this Common that the Stars and Stripes were first unfurled to the breeze. During these tempestuous times the collegè work was carried on at Concord.

It is impossible in a short article to trace the history of the college from that day to this. It has been one of progress in spite of difficulties. In 1869, the present President, Charles William Elliott, was elected. His administration has certainly been the most memorable in the history of the college. During his term of service enormous steps forward have been taken.

The University consists of several departments. These are: The College Proper; the Divinity School; the Law School; Medical School; Dental School; Veterinary School; Lawrence Scientific School; Bussey Institution, and Arnold Arboretum.

One feature of Harvard College to-day is its elective system of studies. In former times it was quite the opposite. This change has been brought about gradually by President Elliot. At present only two courses are compulsory and they are in English. The student selects his courses under the guidance of advisers appointed by the college. As a general thing a fairly wide course is elected. Eighteen courses are necessary for the attainment of a B.A. The Faculty of Arts and Sciences offers two hundred and sixty full courses and two hundred and twenty half courses. The course for B.A. may be completed by a bright student in three years, but it is usual for the student to stay four years. The courses taken in excess of the required number give him his degree with distinction.

The degree of M.A. is given upon the successful completion of one year's work in residence subsequent to graduation. There is some discussion at present upon the advisability of having the course for the degree of B.A. completed in three years, making it a business man's degree, and that of M.A., the teacher's degree, completed in five years after matriculation.

The degree of Ph.D. *may* be attained upon the completion of two years' work in residence subsequent to graduation. As a matter of fact it is very rarely obtained in less than three years. Then it is granted only upon the presentation of something original. The mere putting in of time never counts towards the attainment of this degree at Harvard.

Much concerning the character of a college may be learned from the appearance of the place where the work is done, and where the men live. The appearance of the Harvard buildings typifies the business-like, practical character of the New Englander. If you expect architectural beauty, you have come to the wrong place. James Russell Lowell, a son whose name Harvard delights to honor, has said of the college buildings,

" There, in red brick which softening time defies,
Stand square and stiff the Muses' factories."

Yet in spite of the plainness there is a charm about these old buildings which is very pleasing. The plainness of the buildings has its compensation, however, in the beauty of the "Yard" with its velvet sward and tall graceful elms.

Facing on the quadrangle are twelve buildings, Massachusetts (1720), Harvard (1765), Hollis (1763), Stoughton (1805), Holworthy (1812), Thayer, University, Weld, Boylston, Ware, and Matthews. Of these Massachusetts Hall (1720) is the oldest, Harvard Hall (1765) was stripped of its roof during the revolution, the lead being used for bullets. Other buildings in The Yard are Dane Hall, the old Law School, Wadsworth House (1626), the former residence of the presidents; Holden Chapel (1744), now used by the Y. M. C. A.; Phillips Brook's house, in memory of him whose name it bears, just being completed, Fogg Museum of Art, Appleton Chapel, Sever Hall, used for recitations, and Gore Hall, the library. Adjoining The Yard is Me-

morial Hall, erected in 1875 at a cost of half a million dollars, in memory of the Harvard men who fell in the war of the rebellion. This building consists of three parts, the great dining hall, Memorial Transept, containing tablets in memory of the fallen, and Sanders' Theatre, used for commencements, plays, concerts and the like.

In the near vicinity of The Yard we find the Hymenway Gymnasium, Austin Hall, the Law School, the Lawrence Scientific School, the Jefferson Physical Laboratory, the Engineering building, the Agassiz and Peabody Museums, Divinity Hall, Walter Hastings, Perkins and Conants Halls. Space forbids the mention of a number of other dormitories, college and private, in the immediate vicinity of The Yard.

Further west are the Botanic Gardens, Grey Herbarium and the Astronomical Observatory buildings. This latter has a branch in South America. The Medical, Dental and Veterinary schools are across the Charles in Boston. The Bussey Institution and Arnold Arboretum are in the Jamaica Plain districts of the city.

Much has been written of life at Harvard. The task of describing it is a rather difficult one. In a University which has on its rolls in the neighborhood of four thousand students, there is great variety in the character of the students, the homes they come from, and the life they lead. Some are sons of millionaires and spend thousands of dollars a year, others earn their own living here in a multitude of ways. Most of the men live in the college dormitories. They have their clubs and societies, but the one thing that draws the whole college together as a whole, is athletics.

In 1849 college commons were abolished, but more recently, especially since the building of Memorial Hall, there has been a place where the college sits down to eat. The dining hall at Memorial accommodates eleven hundred hungry mortals three times a day. Students who cannot get into Memorial board at private houses or at the Foxcroft Club, which is a co-operative institution, run on the European plan. It accommodates four hundred at present, but when it gets into Randall Hall, the new quarters, three or four times that number will be accommodated

Chapel in former times was compulsory. Many and long were the battles waged because of this fact. Recently, however, attendance has been entirely optional. The exercises are controlled by a board of University Preachers consisting of well known and able men. They each serve for two weeks each term. Chapel service is held every morning, and consists of responsive reading, an anthem, reading of Scripture, a short talk by the preacher of the day, prayer, and a hymn. On Thursday afternoon there is a vesper service, chiefly musical in character. The Appleton boy and man choir enjoys quite a local reputation.

The subject of athletics is a very keen one at Harvard. In order, however, that sport shall not interfere with a student's studies, a regulation exists to the effect that no student shall be allowed a place in any team or crew if he is under any condition in his studies. Football is the great game at Harvard. Each class has its team, but the team of all teams is the 'Varsity team. To be in this is the undergraduate's ambition. The big games with Yale and Pennsylvania are great events and attract spectators, sometimes to the number of twenty-five thousand.

Hockey is played during the winter. The teams do not have the best of ice, and for that or other reasons do not play the game as it is played in Canada. Baseball is played in the spring. Practice is carried on during the winter in the baseball cage. There is an inter-collegiate baseball league between colleges within reaching distance. A great deal of interest is taken in rowing. Each class has a crew from which men are picked for the 'Varsity crew, which represents the college at the big races. The crews train during the winter in the gymnasium, on the rowing machines and in the rowing cage, until they get on the river. This year the first crew took to the water on the 27th of February. Tennis is well patronized. The college courts are well laid out and numerous. Harvard holds a high record in this branch of sport. Other sports find a home here, but they do not excite as much general interest as those mentioned above.

If space permitted there are many things which could and should be described. Laboratories, libraries, students' rooms,

college papers, places of historic or poetic interest, famous graduates, all these are interesting, but everything most have an end, and this article does not differ from the general rule. It is hoped, however, that in this short paper some idea has been given of "Fair Harvard."

Cambridge, Mass.

W. P. C.

Editorial Notes.

WE are glad to be able to announce that three of our graduates have received appointments as Fellows at the University of Chicago for the year 1899-1900. The three young men who have won this distinction are W. Findlay, '96, H. H. Newman, '96 and R. D. George, '97, Mr. Findlay receiving a Fellowship in Mathematics, Mr. Newman in Zoology, and Mr. George in Geology. In addition to this another of our graduates, Wilson R. Smith, '95, was admitted to the degree of Doctor of Philosophy, *magna cum laude*, his thesis being "A Contribution to the Life History of Isoetes." We congratulate these young men upon the honors they have obtained. Knowing the ability and zeal they displayed during their course at McMaster, we are certain that they fully deserve them.

Apart from their personal interest to the recipients and their friends, these appointments have a significance in connection with our University and the training our undergraduate course affords. They show, for example, that our graduates are quite able to hold their own with the graduates of other undergraduate colleges. This year there were eighty appointments to Fellowships, and these were distributed among forty-four different colleges, including such well-known institutions as Chicago, California, Northwestern, Michigan, Bates, Cornell, Colgate, Toronto, Wellesley, Vassar, Wesleyan, Dartmouth, etc. Altogether ten Fellowships were awarded to Canadian students, nine of which came to Ontario. Of these nine the University of Toronto obtained five, Victoria one, and McMaster three. Considering our age and numbers this proportion is, we think, one of which we have reason to be proud. It is but another proof that the course at McMaster is well suited to prepare men for post-graduate special work.

Our course differs from that of Toronto and Victoria in that all our students are required to take the full general course up to the end

of the second, and at least three-quarters of the same course during the remaining two years. At Toronto the specialist in any department spends practically all his time for two years, and in some cases three, on his special work, and doubtless knows more about his specialty than our specialist. At McMaster we have always held that the wider culture obtained from a general course is full compensation for any loss in special knowledge, and that a graduate from our University is quite as able, or even better able, to pursue special studies in post-graduate work as the graduate of other Universities. The record of our graduates at Chicago for the last few years goes to show that our view with respect to the value of a general training in undergraduate work is correct. We suppose it is hardly necessary to assert that the success of our graduates at Chicago is not due to any occult influence arising out of the fact that both Chicago and McMaster are Baptist institutions. Such an idea is, of course, preposterous. A great institution like Chicago, as it values its reputation, makes its scholastic appointments upon merit. President Harper and his staff are the last persons to be suspected of lowering the standard of scholarship for the purpose of doing favors to a comparatively small denominational college in Canada. Messrs. Findlay, Newman and George have been appointed Fellows, not because they are graduates of a Baptist college, but because they deserve to be so appointed. They have been working during the past year under the professors at Chicago, and their ability and attainments have won their natural reward. We are confident that their future career will justify their present distinction and continually reflect credit on their Canadian Alma Mater.

THE University is indebted to G. R. Roberts, Esq., for the donation of three interesting old books to the Library. One of them is the first volume of a three-volume folio edition of the works of John Bunyan, "printed and to be sold by *William Marshall* at the *Bible*, in *Newgate-street*, London, 1692," as the quaint old title-page states. It contains an excellent engraving of Bunyan, which must have been made and printed within a year or so after his death in 1688, and which now must be exceedingly rare. The other two volumes of Mr. Roberts' gift are an early edition of North's Plutarch, and a copy of the 18th edition of "Expository Notes on the New Testament," by William Burkitt. In presenting these family heirlooms to the Library, Mr. Roberts writes: "I shall now have a personal interest in McMaster Library." We hope that others may follow his example and thereby obtain a similar personal interest, not only in our Library, but also in the University as a whole.

THE annual election of representatives of the Alumni to the Senate of McMaster University, has resulted in the choice of Rev. C. H. Schutt, M. A., B.Th., to represent the graduates in Arts, and Rev. W. M. Walker, B.A., to represent those in Theology, the latter being elected by acclamation. Mr. Walker has been a member of the Senate for several years, and his re-election by acclamation is an evidence of his popularity and worth. Mr. Schutt enjoys the distinction of being the first Arts Graduate in Course to be chosen since the inauguration of the new system of election, though Rev. A. P. McDonald, B.A., B.Th., who is now a representative of the Graduates in Theology, served one year in the place of a member who had resigned his position on the Senate. This year the contest for the first time was between two Graduates in Course, Mr. Schutt and Mr. Reeve, and was, we may say, a very close one, Mr. Schutt being elected by a small majority. Indeed, so well fitted were both gentlemen for the position that many were unable to decide which one to vote for, and consequently did not vote at all. In future years we may naturally expect our representatives to be chosen from the young men who have spent their undergraduate years in McMaster, and not, as in the past, from the ranks of the graduates *ad eundem*. While this will be so, we venture to hope that we shall not wholly decline to avail ourselves of the experience of the latter class, many of whom have been devoted friends of the University during the years of its infancy, when faithful friendship was so important. We hope, too, that the example set this year may be followed, and that such excellent candidates as Messrs. Schutt and Reeve may be nominated.

In this connection we take the opportunity of referring to the purpose for which our Alumni Association exists, and to the means we may employ to accomplish that purpose. According to the constitution the aim of the Association is, "to cultivate the spirit of fraternity and unity among its members, and to secure hearty and prompt co-operation in all matters pertaining to the interests of McMaster University." Such an aim must appeal strongly to the sympathy of all our graduates, and, indeed, does if we may accept the assurances we so frequently receive from them. But is it not possible for us to use some more active means to bring our graduates more continuously into close touch with the life of the University? The annual election is one means to this end, and our annual meeting in May serves the same purpose. But these alone are not sufficient; more must be done. One graduate in sending in his fee speaks of the Alumni meet-

ings in connection with Queen's University and Knox College, and wonders if our annual meeting could not be made to correspond somewhat to them in respect to interest and helpfulness. Hitherto we have had excellent meetings, especially since we began to hold them in The Hall, and this year we are certain that the annual meeting will be a memorable one. Dr. J. W. A. Stewart, of Rochester, N.Y., is to be the speaker of the evening, and those who know him do not need to be told that a treat is in store for those who are fortunate enough to hear him. We hope that a large number of graduates may be present, and that at the business meeting next day some steps may be taken towards actively enlisting the sympathy and co-operation of every graduate.

One simple means of showing an interest is to contribute the fee of one dollar to the funds of the Association. Every graduate of the University is a member in virtue of his graduation, quite apart from the fact of his paying a fee or not, but according to the constitution every graduate is expected to contribute one dollar *upon becoming a member of the Association*. Hitherto very few have done this, probably because very few knew that such a contribution was expected. This year, however, a notification of membership has been sent to every member, with an invitation to pay the voluntary fee. A few have responded, the names of whom will be found in the Here and There department of this issue of *THE MONTHLY*. Those who read these words should consult that list, and if their names do not appear in it their duty in the premises is plain.

PROFESSOR TEN BROEKE has been chosen to deliver the annual oration at the Alumni Day Exercises in connection with his Alma Mater, the University of Vermont. We congratulate the professor upon the honor conferred upon him by his fellow graduates.

Book Reviews.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.*

Christian Science is more than a mere name to-day. A few years ago it was a far-away topic for the curious. Now it confronts many a community with its strange claims and impious pretensions. Its textbook, Mrs. Eddy's *Science and Health*, must have had a marvellous sale. In 1894, the date of Mr. Wolcott's book, it had run through 89 editions; in 1896 it was in its 100th, and to-day, according to one of its apostles, it boasts its 155th edition. Perhaps, however, Christian Science editions are not as large as the ordinary.

It is no wonder, indeed it is high time, that this Christian Science, which a credulous age has refused to laugh out of court, should be formally assigned at the bar of common sense, sound science, and genuine Christianity. The Fleming Revell Company have done a public service in publishing in cheap form these three excellent pamphlets. We bespeak for them a large circulation.

Miss Harwood's is autobiographical in form, and is thus invested with a personal interest that is sure to make it the most popular. Many would read it who would find the others unattractive. Miss Harwood gives a very plain and trustworthy account of Christian Science, and most vivid pictures of their methods, services, etc.

Mr. Wolcott's book deals with the subject in a more systematic fashion. The three chapters deal logically and forcibly with the Metaphysics, Theology, and Therapeutics of the new cult. The treatment is marked by breadth of view, sound judgment, and nice discrimination. Mrs. Eddy's indebtedness to Berkeley's Idealism on the one hand and to the old-new fact of the influence of mind over another is brought out clearly. This is the volume which will be most satisfying to people who like to get at the bottom of things.

Mr. Varley's book is more fragmentary and broken. But if Mr. Wolcott has shown Mrs. Eddy's indebtedness where she denies it, certainly Mr. Varley shows the absurdity of her claim that "the Bible

* "An English View of Christian Science." An Exposure by Anne Harwood Fleming H. Revell Company, Toronto, pp. 96. Cloth, 35c.

* "What is Christian Science?" By P. C. Wolcott, B.D. Fleming Revell Company, Toronto, pp. 66. Paper, 15c.

* "Christian Science Examined." By Henry Varley. Fleming Revell Company, Toronto, pp. 80. Cloth, 35c.; paper, 15c.

has been her only text-book." The utterly un-Christian character of the system is unsparingly exposed. For popular reading we commend Miss Harwood; for the careful thinker, Mr. Wolcott's; and Mr. Varley's would make an excellent companion to either of the others. It would be a wise thing for pastors and other leaders in Christian work to read all these pamphlets and be prepared to deal with this latest delusion.

J. H. F.

A SISTER TO EVANGELINE.*

Mr. Charles G. D. Roberts is a poet first and always. If he writes a novel that is prose in form, it is poetry after all. A few years ago he published "The Forge in the Forest," a book of passion and strong character-sketching. It was intimated that this was the first of a trilogy of Acadian stories of blended romance and history. "The Sister to Evangeline" is intended, we take it, as a descriptive interlude between the first volume and its sequel—which can be hardly other than the tragedy of La Garne, the Black Abbé.

The story before us is idyllic, and is told with much of the charm of the Sicilian idyls. The time is 1755, the year of the expatriation of the Acadians from Nova Scotia. Captain Paul Grande comes home, on leave of absence, to Grand Pré from the army of New France in the West, to win the heart of Yvonne, a daughter of Giles de Lamourie, the broken gentleman who had fallen from a high place at Versailles and had been fain to hide himself on an Acadian farm. Paul sings to himself "Revenant à la Belle Acadie," but soon stumbles on the appalling fact that Yvonne is betrothed to a New England Englishman at Piziquid (Windsor). In a frank and manly fashion, he tells the Englishman his errand to Grand Pré, and warns him that by all lawful means he shall strive to win the affection of Yvonne. His purpose is attempted in the midst of the thrilling adventures then incident to the struggle between France and England, from Louisbourg to Natchez. The intrigues of the Black Abbé, by which the Acadians, we are told, were kept from taking the oath to King George, are especially in evidence from Quebec to Louisbourg; and the deputation of the Acadians is the great incident in which the story of Yvonne reaches its climax.

* A Sister to Evangeline. Being the Story of Yvonne de Lamourie, and how she went into exile with the villagers of Grand Pré. By Charles G. D. Roberts, Author of *The Forge in the Forest*, *A History of Canada*, *Earth's Enigmas*, *New York Nocturnes*, etc. George N. Morang, Toronto.

From the first page to the last, the book is full of interest. The story is well articulated and swift, and, as we have already intimated, is full of descriptive and local charm. As an example of the general style of this portion of the book, the following may be quoted :

The vale of the Five Rivers lay spread out before me, with Grand Pré, the quiet metropolis of the Acadian people, nestling in her apple-bloom at my feet. . . . Beyond the village and its one-block wharf my eyes ranged the green, wind-ruffled marshes, safe behind the sodded circumvallations of the dykes. Past the dykes, on either side of the "island's" wooded rampart, stretched the glowing miles of the flats; for the tides of Minas were at ebb. How red in the sunset, molten copper threaded with fire, those naked reaches gleamed that night! Their color was like a blare of trumpets challenging the peace of the Five Rivers. . . .

It pleases me, since no mortal eyes shall ever again see Grand Pré as she was, to find that now I recall with clear-edged memory the picture which she made that June morning. Not only do I see her, but I hear her pleasant sounds — the shallow rushing of the Gaspereau at ebb; the mooing of cattle on the uplands; the mellow tangle of small bell-music from the bobolinks a-hover over the dyke meadows; now and then a neighbor call from roadside to barn or porch or window; and ever the cheery cling-clank, cling clank from the forge up the street. Not only do I hear the pleasant sounds, but the clean smells of that fragrant country come back continually with wholesome reminiscence. Oh, how the apple-blossoms breathed their souls out upon that tender morning! How the spring wind, soft with a vital moisture, persuaded forth the obscure essences of grass and sod and thicket! How good was the salt sea-tang from the uncovered flats, and the emptied channel, and the still dripping lines of tide-mark sedge! . . .

One more example, as psychologically true as it is beautiful in form :

What strange tricks do these our tangled make-ups play us! I know that that night, during that swift half hour's run through the woods, my whole brain, my whole purpose, was concentrated upon the rescue of George Anderson. The price I was prepared to pay was life, no less. Yet all the shaping emotion of it — sharp enough, one would think, to cut its lines forever on a man's face, to say nothing of his brain — has bequeathed to me no least etching of remembrance. . . . My eyes, ears, nose, touch, they busied themselves to note a thousand trifles — these are what come back to me now. . . . Things idle as these: I see a dew-wet fir-top catch the moonlight for an instant and flash to whiteness, an up-thrust lance of silver. I see the shadow of a dead, gnarled branch cast upon a mossy open, in startling semblance of a crucifix so clear, I cannot but stoop and touch it reverently as I pass; I see, at the edge of a grassy glade, a company of tall buttercups, their stems invisible, their petals seeming to float toward me, a squadron of small, light wings. I hear the rush of the tide dis-art apart; I hear the protesting, unresonant creak of the green underbush as we tread it down, and the sharp crackle of dry twigs as we thread the aisles of the old forest. . . . I smell the savour of juniper, of bruised snake-root, of old, slow-rotting wood; with once a fairy breath of unseen linnæa; and once, at the fringed brink of a rivulet, the pungent fragrance of wild mint. . . . I feel, once, a gluey web upon my face, and the abhorrence with which I dash off the fat spider that clings to my chin. I feel the noisome slump of my boots as I tread upon a humped and swollen gathering of toad-stools.

The local color is every way admirable, and at times enchanting. Probably one who spent his boyhood and school life under the skies,

and in closest fellowship with the hills and woods, valleys and marshes, rivers and tidal mysteries of the Minas Basin country, is disqualified to pass judgment on such a book as this. The scenes so radiant to one's youthful spirit live forever in an ideal light. Such a one must recognize, however, that Mr. Roberts has put his heart in these pages, and that his experience of beautiful cosmic effects, of the magic lights and shadows and color, has given him the key of the simple golden land in which the story is set.

He on honey-dew hath fed,
And drunk the milk of Paradise.

The exiled reader is transported into the land of dream and desire, and feels a touch of youth upon his spirit.

One who reads this book for what it is doubtless meant to be, the interlude of a trilogy, will find it satisfying and very beautiful. The book is slight, as it should be to serve best its artistic purpose. There is little character drawing, as such. Yet character is sharply, though spiritually revealed. Yvonne is a woman unmistakably French, but Paul is not a typical Frenchman. He is Mr. Roberts himself. A few charcoal strokes give us La Garne as we saw him in "The Forge in the Forest." Grûl is a little unmasked, and proves in his grotesquery to be no madman after all. He confides to Paul the secret of the Black Abbé's life. This idyll needs no intricate unfolding of character for its perfection. A weaker artist would have blundered here. Still, the story would have gained, we are sure, had the author given us a fuller view of the social life of the Acadians. The absence of this seems to us the one thing lacking in the story.

While the materials of the Grand Pré tragedy supply all the elements of a great epic, or a thrilling drama, we think Mr. Roberts does well to weave his rich and splendid stories of romance therefrom. They are gracious sidelights, revealing sweetness and human tenderness along the fringes of the darkest cloud in our historic sky. The epic or drama may come by and by. It is clearly Mr. Roberts' design in his trilogy to bring to the light what he believes to have been the real causes at work that culminated in the expatriation of the Acadians. The background of the two stories published gives a cumulative and powerful impression that the Black Abbé was the procuring cause of the tragedy. Many will await his final volume of the series with intense interest.

T. H. R.

SELAH HARRISON.*

Here is a novel which does not throw one into a fever. It does not stir up one's heart. At times it interests but never compels. Still, the reviewer found it more satisfactory upon a second reading than upon the first. The story traces the life of Selah Harrison from lusty boyhood to his death as a worn-out missionary on a South Sea island. The death is not that of a martyr. Yet his life was a martyrdom; every day it was laid upon the altar.

For the setting of the story little can be said in the way of praise. By turns the scene is in the Border Country, in London, in Kent, in a Scotch city, in the island of Taro. But practically nothing of these places enter into the book. You see nothing of Scotland; you feel nothing of the life of London; nothing of the bitter, wretched life of the London poor which is supposed to affect Selah Harrison so powerfully, that God's great pity becomes a saving, converting actuality to him; and to furnish all of the South Sea Island life there is in it, one would need only to read one such book as J. G. Paton's autobiography. There is something of Kentish scenery in it, but it is only "the Weald of Kent on a misty September morning," and of that there is only one glimpse.

The interest of the book centres around two characters, Selah Harrison and Janet McCall, his wife. Another character, Constance Temple, occupies large space, and because of love which she and Selah have for each other, but which is never declared, is intended to take the place of importance next to the hero. But there is so little individuality about her, she is so like a hundred other girls one has met with in books, that she fails utterly to interest. The character of Harrison is well drawn, and his wife Janet is unique. Indeed, so well done are these two, that one finds in them ample justification for the being of the book.

Harrison's home in boyhood, a farm house on the Border, is strongly religious, and the religion is of the stern, uncompromising sort, the "old-fashioned Bible sort." The doctrines of grace were matters of lively belief and daily conversation. It was held that either you belonged to the elect and were saved, or were numbered among the servants of Mammon, who were thought to be found in large numbers just outside the circles in which their life moved. Selah, at the age of seventeen, strongly convinced that he is one of the non-elect, leaves

* "Selah Harrison," by S. MacNaughton. London: MacMillan & Co., Ltd. Toronto: Copp, Clark Co., Ltd.

home and drifts to London and for some time lives what, in after days, he considers to have been a life of great sinfulness. And in his eyes, all about him seemed to be bad. The city was steeped in sin, and suffering groaned on every hand. He pondered deeply the question, "Why does God not stop it?" And his conversion to God is simultaneous with a resolve to live for the uplifting of the wronged and wicked. His religion is never a matter of joy, but only of sacrifice. He was moved by the "unassailable grandeur of a life of self-renouncement," and looked for peace and joy only in heaven. Thus for Selah religion was a passionate reality.

The supreme test of his religion is made in an affair of the heart. He gives up all thought of Constance Temple, lovely and wealthy, lest cherishing this love he should deny Christ. This is the greatness of Selah Harrison—he will be true to Christ albeit that faithfulness involves the loss of all earthly good.

Having spent fifteen lonely years upon the island of Taro in successful missionary work, during which Constance has been in all his thoughts, Selah is once more in the home land. He has now a quest as well as a mission. Seeking to interest people in his work, he is also looking for a wife. His work calls for a girl's school, and for the management of that he needs a wife. Janet McCall, schoolmistress, aged 34, plain-looking, loved by children, whose daily wish has long been for love and marriage, becomes Mrs. Harrison. And herein Janet and Selah do an immoral thing—they wed without love. When a man takes a wife to get a helpmeet he never gets a wife, and the woman who marries to have a husband never finds love. So it was here. In all the years of labor together love does not come to them, as it did not come with the birth of their boy. Proud of her husband and zealous in his work was Janet, but they never loved. Selah died worn-out with his toils, surrounded with Christian people who were sometime heathen, his heart breaking for Constance, clutching in his fevered hand a miniature of her which through all the years he had worn above his heart. It was that, and the love it symbolized, which kept the heart of husband and wife sealed to each other.

Selah Harrison is a character presented in sharp outline and is so far good. But one questions whether a man lacking the positive assurance of his own salvation and consequently devoid of joy, could sustain such a life of self-sacrifice as is here delineated. The motive furnished by a mere sense of duty seems inadequate.

As for the style of the book it may be said to have in a very large

measure the merit of simplicity. The author seems always to see clearly, and so states with lucidity the thought which is sought to be conveyed. There is much dramatic interest in the closing scenes, which atones for what is almost dullness in the earlier portions. Altogether the book is a good one, even though it does not fascinate.

R. M.

College News.

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

EASTER Vacation brought a number of our graduates back to the "Hall" for a few days, among whom were Mr. W. H. B. Teakles, B.A., and Mr. J. W. Russell, B.A., both of Woodstock College.

THE accommodation provided at McMaster has long felt to be inadequate, and as the number in attendance is continually increasing, the students out of love for their Alma Mater undertook to start a Building Fund. Their zeal and self-sacrifice have been indicated in the amount recently reported by the committee to have been subscribed. Payments are to be made on or before October 1st, and the total subscribed by the students is over \$1100. If outside friends of the University realized the dire need of room, the good work that McMaster is doing, and the seriousness of the students in this matter, they would readily assist us. We appeal to them for both sentimental and practical sympathy. Mr. S. E. Grigg is appointed treasurer of the fund.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY.—The closing meeting of the Literary and Scientific Society was held on the evening of Friday, March 24th. The 1st Vice-President, Mr. L. C. Laughland, '00, occupied the chair. After some details of business were dealt with, the programme of the evening was proceeded with and proved a very interesting one. An instrumental duct, by Messrs. Thomson and Jones, was the first number, and the Society's paper, "The Student," was then read, in two parts, by Mr. J. Nicole, '00, and Mr. R. D. Echlin, '01. The paper was one of the best that has been edited in the history of the Society and was very heartily enjoyed by those present at the reading. Between Parts I and II, Miss E. Z. M. Lick, '01, favored the meeting with a vocal selection, which was heartily encored. The audience was also entertained by the stereopticon presentation of a number of cartoons of current topics of interest. The meeting then broke up, everyone pronouncing the last Lit. of the season a very successful "finish."

TENNYSONIAN SOCIETY.—The Tennysonian Society held its last meeting for the year on the evening of Friday, March 17th, with the President, Mr. A. B. Mann, in the chair. The subject of study for the evening was "Rudyard Kipling," and proved one of very great enjoyment and profit. The programme was opened by an instrumental selection by Miss H. R. Eckhardt; then Mr. V. E. Reid, '02, read a paper on the life and personality of Rudyard Kipling; Mr. J. Hotson, '01, gave a reading from Kipling, "The White Man's Burden," and Miss O. M. Clemens, '01, read "The Address of the Women of India to Lady Dufferin." After a vocal solo by Mr. H. Bryant, Mr. W. S. W. McLay, B.A., gave a very interesting and instructive talk on Kipling and his works, and also read a number of his representative poems, which were greatly enjoyed by all present. After a few words of appreciation, by the President, of the loyal co-operation of the Society during the term's work, the meeting adjourned. It is significant that several new copies of Kipling's poems came to the Hall next day.

MATHEMATICAL SOCIETY.—The last meeting of the Mathematical Society for the term was held Wednesday evening, March 25th. Miss Dryden, '00, read an instructive paper on "The Fixed Stars," and Mr. B. R. Simpson, '99, on "The Method of Reckoning Time." The following officers were elected for the fall term of '99. Pres., Mr. E. Wood, '00; Vice-Pres., Miss E. E. Delmage, '01; Secretary, Mr. W. C. Gordon, '01.

ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.—The annual election of officers of the Athletic Association was held on Wednesday, March 27th, resulting as follows: Honorary President, Chancellor Wallace; President, A. B. Cohoe, '98; Vice President, J. E. Pengelly, '01; Secretary-Treasurer, F. N. Goble, '00; Auditors, H. E. Jordan, '00, and J. A. McDonald, '01; Counsellors E. J. Zavitz, '02, and G. H. Sprague, '00; Foot-Ball Captain, E. J. Zavitz; Foot-Ball Manager, E. E. Wood, '00. The retiring President, Mr. R. C. Matthews, summed up the work of the past year and spoke of the Association's prospects for the coming year. The Field Day of last fall was a decided success and a red-letter day in McMaster athletics; on the foot-ball arena, McMaster's team did good working, taking second place in the Inter-Collegiate League; the rink was surprisingly successful in spite of much unfavorable weather, and throughout the season McMaster's hockey team suffered but one defeat and gained several brilliant victories. The constitution of the Association has been amended to advantage in several respects, as in the representation of the Faculty on the Executive, the appointment of managers for the several teams, thus allowing the captains all their time for training their teams, and the holding of the elections in March instead of October, which will enable the executive to get in operation earlier than would otherwise be possible. The co-operation of the Board of Governors has been very hearty, and this, with the business-

like, progressive policy of the executive and the energy and ability of its officers, has contributed very largely to the year's athletics. The outlook for the coming year is very bright. The Association is on a good financial footing and in excellent running order. The foot-ball team has very good prospects of winning the Inter-Collegiate Championship next fall; the Association contemplates sending representatives to the Inter-Collegiate Athletic Union to be held in Montreal; and all things promise fair to make the next Field Day even more successful than the last. "Every prospect pleases." Then, Boom on Mac, Boom on Star, Boom Fitz Boom on Mac Mas Star!

FYFE MISSIONARY SOCIETY.—On March 15th lectures were suspended and the Fyfe Missionary Society held its monthly meeting. After devotional exercises led by Dr. Rand, Prof. Campbell read a helpful paper on "David Brainard." Mr. W. P. Reekie, B.A., followed with an instructive address on "Bolivia." He described the physical and religious characteristics of the country. The worst form of Catholicism flourishes there, but the people are becoming restless. There are openings there for business and professional men; and Mr. Reekie does not see why there should not be a little colony of McMaster men down there, who might support themselves and bring the people into touch with Christ. At the afternoon session, Rev. J. G. Brown, B.A., gave an address on "The Privilege of Being a Foreign Missionary." The hardships are more than counterbalanced by the compensations. Prayer closed a very profitable day.

On the afternoon of April 4th, the last Fyfe Missionary meeting of the present college year was held. The devotional exercises were followed by an address by Prof. Farmer, in which he emphasized the need of student missionaries to impart missionary information to their congregations. Rev. J. P. McEwen, Superintendent of Home Missions, spoke of the unfortunate decrease in contributions to missions; it was encouraging, however, to see how generously some weak churches contributed. The supply of ministers does not exceed the demand, but the lack of financial assistance greatly hinders the work. Men ably equipped by grace and education to preach are ever in demand. New territories are filling up; students and regular pastors must move out into these needy and growing districts. Rev. A. P. McDiarmid, Secretary of Foreign Missions, spoke of the need there is for ministerial students to be missionary in thought and in spirit, and to make their churches so. Encouraging reports were given of the work in the various city missions, after which the meeting was closed with prayer.

MOULTON COLLEGE.

MISS PUTNAM, MISS DUNCAN, EDITORS.

THE Easter holidays, bringing a brief rest from our books, proved to be both pleasant and beneficial. All have returned with renewed vigor for the work of the closing weeks of the term.

WE have been pleased to welcome, during the month, Mr. Eaton, of Bloor St. Baptist Church, and Chancellor Wallace, of McMaster University, to conduct our prayer-meetings. The meetings on both occasions were interesting and helpful.

ONE Friday afternoon, through the kindness of Hon. Mr. Dryden, a large number of our students were given an opportunity to attend a session of the Legislative Assembly. The visit proved an interesting one, and many enthusiastic adherents of both the Reform and Conservative parties, took (on their return home) an opportunity to express their views on the questions which they had heard discussed by many prominent members of both parties.

SCIENCE MASTER, holding up a salver-shaped leaf—"What shape is this?"

Silence:—

Science Master—"Why it is very simple; what do you put cards in?"

Class—"Card receiver.

THE monthly meeting of the Heliconian Society was held Friday evening, March 24th, when a programme of more than usual interest was given. A debate on the subject "Poetry Declines as Civilization Advances," reflected great credit on those who took part. The affirmative was sustained by Misses Duncan and G. McGrégor, and the negative by Misses Edwards and Dryden. The decision was given in favor of the negative.

ONE evening last month, a number of the students were enjoyably entertained at the home of Miss Rosebrugh, a member of the music staff.

AMONG the musical events of the winter, which the students have been privileged to attend, none proved more enjoyable than the Service of Praise given by the choir of Jarvis St. Baptist Church.

A VERY pleasant afternoon was spent at the Loan Portrait Exhibition, when Mrs. Dignam kindly gave the benefit of her experience in helping the students to understand and appreciate the best of the collection.

WOODSTOCK COLLEGE.

S. R. TARR, M.A., J. N. McLEAN, EDITORS.

DR. EDWARD JUDSON, of New York, is the guest of Principal McCrimmon, during the time of his special services at the First Church. The College is particularly favored in coming into such close touch with so inspiring a man.

STRONG interest is being taken among the boys in the procuring of the portrait of the late Principal Bates, to be hung in the College Chapel. It is hoped that outside contributions from friends and "old boys" will be sufficient to make possible the unveiling of the picture at our Closing Exercises in June. The surplus receipts from the recent open meeting were voted by the school to this memorial fund.

THE several clubs have formed for the summer sports. The officers of the Foot ball Club are: Hon.-Pres., Principal McCrimmon; Pres., Mr. Weir; Capt., H. H. Bingham; Junior Capt., J. B. McArthur; Sec.-Treas., J. S. Carkner Custodian, Jas. MacArthur. Those of the Tennis Club are: Hon.-Pres., D. W. Karn, Esq.; Pres., Principal McCrimmon; Vice-Pres., M. S. McArthur; Sec.-Treas., E. A. Davis; Custodian, J. R. Challies. Mr. Clarke is Pres. of the Baseball Club, W. J. Meade is Captain, and M. S. McArthur, Sec.-Treas.

ON Friday evening, April 14th, the boys conceived the notion that the town's people were sleeping altogether too soundly. Accordingly a meeting was called and arrangements made to "paint the town red." About 11 o'clock the trumpet sounded, the next moment the corridors were crowded with the white robed throng, and in a short time the old town was re-echoing with sounds of "Bis—Boom—Bah." The boys were about one hundred strong, marshalled by two of their number on horseback. They marched down Wilson St. to the music of a tin-horn band, and aroused all residents enroute. Reaching Dundas Street, they formed up under the electric light, and notified all residents of that part of the town that certain ones of their number were "all right." Next they proceeded up Dundas, led by the two marshalls; turning down Victoria North they stopped in front of several homes where the sweethearts of some of their number resided, and notified the young ladies within that they had come to do them homage. On Wellington Street several other houses received special salutations. On the market square the generals held a review of their troops, tested their yelling powers, and thence proceeded to the G. T. R. overhead bridge. Here the generals bestowed worthy praise upon their forces, assuring them that the town was theirs. Then the mighty crest-tossing leaders drew up the force before the College, and announced to the wide world that Principal McCrimmon and the other members of the Faculty were "all right," and with three cheers and a tiger for "D. K.," the boys retired.

OUR OPEN MEETING.—The annual entertainment of Woodstock College boys drew just about as well as ever last night, a large audience being present when the curtain rolled up at 8.15. From that time until 11.15, when the rather long programme came to an end, those present thoroughly enjoyed themselves, as was evidenced by the hearty hand-clapping which followed each number. The entertainment was held in the spacious dining hall of the college, and at one end of the hall a large stage was erected.

The curtain rolled up on the Glee Club, who, under the leadership of I. A. Thomas, gave a very enjoyable rendering of "The Finest Lad on all the Rhine." W. E. Bowyer and H. Bryant received an encore for their duet, and the pantomime, "Popping the Question," by J. N. McLean was one of the most amusing features of the programme. It must have been rather cleverly done, for those who were old enough to know applauded most heartily. A vocal solo by W. E. Bowyer, the reading of the first half of a funny edition of the Oracle, and a selection by the Pickaninny Band, completed the first half of the programme. This last number was perhaps the most enjoyable feature of the programme, at any rate, it was the most laughable. About ten of the boys, made up as real coons of the most gorgeous kind, with most extraordinary sounding instruments, played such tunes as "Yankee Doodle" and "Way Down South in Dixie." Three soloists, supposed to be from Dan Godfrey's band, gave some "heart-rendering" renditions of such beautiful ballads as—this is as announced by their conductor—Mendelssohn's "After the Ball." They received a boisterous encore.

The musical part of the second half of the programme was provided by H. Bryant with a vocal solo, L. D. Riggs with a clarionet solo, enthusiastically encored, W. B. H. Teakles, B. A., a piano solo, while "King Carnival March" was given by the College string band. G. Vichert read the second half of the oracle. The feature of the second half of the programme was the comedy, "Striking Oil," put on by the college boys. The stars of the company were Harris Popplewell, who as Elvira Clarendon with a high falsetto voice, was one of the funniest of old maids that could be imagined; H. H. Bingham as Lord Battonhead, a late arrival from England, and W. W. Lailey as an escaped lunatic. The other students in the cast were:

Mr. Joseph Watson, a retired farmer of Northfield, R. A. F. McDonald. Mrs. Amanda Watson, his wife, with aristocratic notions in her head, E. R. Fitch. Laura Watson, their daughter, R. G. Edwards. Mrs. Hannah Plunkett (Mrs. Watson's sister from Connecticut), W. C. Pearce. Sarah Brown, a domestic, T. N. Dexter. Solomon Steady, an old bachelor, J. M. Howell. Daniel O'Raffertey, Mr. Watson's man of all work, G. A. Taylor. First Detective, Jas. MacArthur. Second Detective, F. E. Fyle.—*Sentinel Review*.

Here and There.

The Secretary-Treasurer of the Alumni Association desires to acknowledge the receipt of fees from the following members: Graduates Ad Eundem--W. H. Porter, W. H. Piersol, O. C. S. Wallace, A. C. McKay, R. R. McKay, C. Goodspeed, W. S. W. McLay; Graduates in Course--'94, C. J. Cameron, Miss E. P. Wells; '95, G. H. Clarke, A. P. McDonald, S. R. Tarr; '96, G. N. Simmons (part), G. J. Menge, C. E. Scott, L. Brown; '97, Miss M. E. Burnette, J. F. Vichert, Miss E. M. McDermid; '98, Miss A. G. Her, W. P. Reekie, W. H. B. Teakles, Miss M. A. Bailey, W. Daniel; Graduates in Theology, J. O'Neil, H. P. Whidden, S. J. Arthur. This list is complete up to April 14th, but it is hoped that a good many more may hand in the fee (\$1.00) before or at the annual meeting in May. The Secretary-Treasurer is trying to make a list of the graduates in Theology, who paid their fees to the Toronto Baptist Alumni Association, the parent of the present Association. So far he has received only the following names: W. J. McKay, C. E. McLeod, C. H. Phillimore, G. M. Lehigh, J. A. Keay. He would be glad to receive the names of all others who have done so.

McMaster graduates still continue to come to the front. Mr. Wilson R. Smith, '95, has received his degree of Ph. D. from Chicago University, with the standing of *magna cum laude*, a distinction not often attained. The list of Fellowships of the same University contains the names of three other McMaster graduates, Mr. W. Findlay, '96, Mr. H. H. Newman, '96, and Mr. R. D. George, '97. Mr. George has also been offered a position under the Department of Agriculture in the United States to make a study of soils. THE MONTHLY extends its heartiest congratulations to them all.

Many of the readers of THE MONTHLY will regret to learn of the death of Rev. Robert Adams at Kingfisher, Oklahoma, on March the 10th. The deceased, who was thirty-one years of age, was born at Forest, Ontario, and was for some time a student in McMaster University.

THE WHEAT.

The flush of morning, the song of birds,
The opening buds with their fragrance sweet,
The cool leaves' rustle, the cattle's low,
And the long beams brighten the dewy wheat.

Sunshine and shadow and drops of rain,
The blossoms refreshed, and as swift and fleet
As the shadow of wings that skim the air,
Is the wind that rustles the bending wheat.

The after-glow fades out of the west,
Darkness and silence the tired world greet,
The stars come out as the daylight fades,
And the cricket chirps in the quiet wheat.

CATHERINE M. BUCHANAN, in *Sibyl*.