



*John A. Broadus*

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DR. JOHN A. BROADUS.

In the spring of 1890 it was my privilege to pass through Virginia on a C. and O. express. Many things in that famous old state interested me exceedingly. The noble mountains to the west; the little town of Charlottesville, with its excellent university founded by the illustrious Jefferson; such names as Shenandoah and Manassas, Rappahannock and Rapidan, recalling the awful conflict of the sixties; and the general look of lingering desolation that still bore mute testimony to the dread ordeal through which the country had passed; these surely were enough to stir one's soul. And yet amid all these historic scenes with their thronging memories, no name excited within me so keen an interest, none, certainly, made such warm and affectionate appeal, as that of Culpepper. For in that county had been born a man who, within less than a single year, had so won the homage and affection of mind and heart as to invest the place that gave him birth with a tenderness of interest that approaches the sacred.

*Biographical.*—John Albert Broadus was born on the 24th of January, 1827. He came of good Welsh stock. The name seems to have been originally Broadhurst, and sometimes appears as Broaddus. His father was a man of deep piety, a pronounced Baptist, and a prominent member of the Virginia legislature. His great-uncle, Andrew Broaddus, was, fifty years ago, the foremost

preacher among our brethren in the South, and was called by Henry Clay "the past-master of eloquence who shows us all the way." Other members of the family have attained high distinction. His mother, whose maiden name was Simms, belonged to a family which numbered among its members at least one prominent educator.

His early life was thus spent in a home where Christian influence was strong and intellectual stimulus abounded. These were supplemented by the training of the country school and the influences of a church blessed with godly and able pastors. To both he proved responsive. Evidence was given in boyhood of uncommon gifts, and his thirst for knowledge was shown by an extensive course of private reading; but better than that, whilst still in his teens, he was soundly converted to God, entered upon active Christian work, and reached the conviction that God wanted him in the ministry. With that object in view, after some experience in teaching public school, he entered the University of Virginia in 1846.

His career there was a remarkable one in several respects, and has remained a model ever since. "A rage for knowing," to quote his own phrase, possessed him. He was already pretty well matured, and therefore conditioned to get the most out of the more difficult subjects of college study. The University of Virginia, by its perfect elective method, affords exceptional freedom in the choice and order of studies. This method recognizes the different aptitudes and attainments of men, adjusts itself readily to their needs, and so gives freer play to the development of the individual. Dr. Broadus was an enthusiastic advocate of it all his life. He chose the stock subjects, but in a somewhat unusual order. Moreover, he took more time than was really necessary to cover the work for the M.A. degree, being determined to do his work with the utmost thoroughness. He looked rather to real strength and future usefulness than to immediate honors, in accordance with the counsel given afterwards to his students: "Young brethren," said he, "*think; acquire knowledge; ripen into maturity. Aim at a life time of usefulness. Treat your probable life as a whole.*" A striking feature of his course is that until his first vacation he had never touched Greek, in which he was destined to achieve such eminence. Two years

later he graduated in that school. The collateral advantages of university life were not neglected. He filled all the offices of the Jeffersonian, the leading literary society, and was its orator at the close of his second year—quite an unusual distinction; and for three years the leadership of the chapel choir was in his hands. He graduated in 1850, after winning a great reputation for hard work, exact scholarship, and consistent Christian living.

His ordination soon followed; and, a year later, his *alma mater* summoned him to teach Classics as assistant to his revered preceptor, Gessner Harrison. At the same time he became pastor of the Charlottesville Church. With the exception of two years (1855-7), during which he was chaplain in the University, that pastorate continued until his acceptance of the chair of New Testament Interpretation and Homiletics in the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, which was opened in Greenville, S.C., in 1859.

From that date his history is bound up with that of the Seminary. In 1862 the war closed the institution, and teachers and students were scattered. Dr. Boyce, Chairman of the Faculty, went into the S. C. Legislature; Williams and Manly to plantations and preaching; and Broadus also to preaching,—first, in the neighborhood of Greenville; afterwards, with Lee's army, near his old home. After the war, the Seminary was re-opened in the face of tremendous difficulties and discouragements. But, for a class of one, Broadus did that year some of the finest work of his life. Years of heroic struggle and self-sacrifice followed, during which a pastorate was usually yoked with the professorship, partly, no doubt, to eke out a scanty salary, but chiefly to keep in living touch with the actual work of the pastor, and prevent fossilizing. At last, in 1877, the Seminary was removed to Louisville as the only step likely to ensure its permanence. Its trials were not yet over; indeed, not until within the last few years was its safety fully assured. But, in the midst of financial stringency, it went on doing superb work, entrenching itself more and more in the confidence and affection of Southern Baptists, and so increasing its attendance that Dr. Broadus had the joy of seeing it the most numerously attended theological school on the continent.

Beyond all question, the chief attraction in the class-rooms

of the institution throughout its history was Dr. Broadus. His associates were able, some of them very exceptional, men, but he surpassed them all.

His health had not always been good. Early in his career as professor it failed, and he had to endure the mortification of seeing part of his work done by colleagues who were already heavily burdened. Indeed, at that time, he was told by his physician that he must abandon brain work and give himself to some light employment. But by care he managed to recruit. He said to me once, "I know what it is to be broken in health at thirty, and yet live to do a deal of work." However, despite his care, he had a second break in 1870. Friends seized the opportunity to send him abroad for a year. I wonder whether any man ever made better use of his time than he did during that year. Many a notable scholar and preacher did he meet; in Italy he made a brave dash into Italian; a month was spent in Athens, where he toiled at modern Greek and antiquities, and (with what fresh relish he told it!) heard the nightingales sing; and in his tour through Palestine, he gathered such wealth for his students, that, under his guidance, we felt the appropriateness of calling the Holy Land a fifth Gospel. Again, in 1891, the thoughtful affection of his students filled his purse and sent him off to England, all too late, alas! to see his beloved brother Spurgeon, with whom, on his previous visit, he had spent a happy week.

About a year ago he had a serious break in health, and in the fall "broke down utterly, and was in bed for a month." On regaining strength, he went to Florida, but, returning to his work too soon, he was attacked with pleurisy, which, combined with his old affection, heart-trouble, soon wore him out. The end came in the early morning of Saturday, March 16th. During the last days of his illness, while unconscious of what was going on about him, he kept singing, in low tones,

"To sing my great Redeemer's praise";

and I have no doubt that as the song died out here, the singer, with delicious freedom and joyous exultancy, joined in the chorus there.

Dr. Broadus had been twice married; first, to the accomplished daughter of Professor Harrison, who bore him two

daughters; afterwards, to Miss Sinclair, of Charlottesville, the gracious woman who, with her two sons and three daughters, survives him.

Of his personal appearance I need say little. He was a little under medium height, of rather slender build, but well proportioned and firmly knit. The accompanying photogravure reveals fairly well his energy and strength, but fails to show the look of kindness and geniality which gave such a charm to his face.

*The Preacher.*—Preaching was Dr. Broadus' chosen work. It was so because he believed God called him to it. He had a lofty conception of his calling. It claimed a man's best powers.

This involved care of bodily health. Nothing but his systematic care accounts for the enormous amount of work which he compelled a somewhat frail constitution to accomplish.

The voice must be trained so as to become as responsive as possible to the feelings of the soul. Those who have heard him know how he succeeded here. Personally I have never heard any one, except Beecher, who could put into a few tones such a wealth of emotion. And his voice had much of the same penetrating, carrying quality that Spurgeon's had.

Then, again, preaching demanded the most perfect mental discipline. For there must be clear thinking and plain speaking. He had the same impatience of obscurity that Lincoln had, and achieved a like success in thinking great themes through into clearness and setting them forth in the simplest Saxon. Indeed, so admirably did he succeed in this, that many, on hearing him first, felt much as that good woman did who walked so far to hear Archbishop Tillotson, and then complained that he was not a great preacher because she herself understood every word he said.

But mental discipline was not enough. There must be heart culture as well. The preacher must understand men and come into living sympathy with them—not with one class only but with all classes. The need of genuine sympathy he frequently emphasized—it was almost a hobby with him. Of course, to have it, one must mingle freely with the people. This he did on principle. It was part of his business, and, as such, deserved and got just as careful attention as anything else. So, in the pursuit

of a very definite and worthy object, his social nature and conversational powers were cultivated, until here, too, he attained an acknowledged pre-eminence. "He was the most charming and brilliant conversationalist I have known," says the talented Adolph Moses, Rabbi of the Jewish Temple, Louisville. In the brilliant Conversation Club, "he was the bright particular star by common consent," says Dr. Hemphill, a leading member. He was equally at home among all classes of people. The testimony from all is to the same effect. Even children were at home with him. Dr. Eaton tells of a little girl who said, "I like to talk with Dr. Broadus; he talks about things I understand, and does not talk big talk like other men when they talk with me." My first experience of him furnishes another illustration of the same thing. When we went to Louisville, it was our privilege to be guests in the home for a few days. The Doctor had met us at the station, and as soon as we were seated in the street car, he began to make friends with our two little boys. It was delightful to see how quickly the great man won their confidence. He soon found out their names, and told them his name was Jack. That evening the good mother was somewhat alarmed to hear her little four-year-old speaking freely of his new friend Jack. Next morning I found the Doctor in his study and, in a rallying way, told him of the boy's remarks. Presently mother and boy entered, when the Doctor, after greeting my wife, said, with an emphasis that quite relieved the mother's fears, "Good morning Master Arthur; can't you say 'Good morning *Mr. Jack*'?" Of course he could and did; and the good man handed him a Canadian 'quarter' for having remembered his name. This great ability to meet every one on his own plane was one of the secrets of his power in the pulpit. He was, in measure, like his Master who, without measure, knew what was in man. But, like the Master, too, he must know God. He must come into living fellowship with Him through the truth. Love for souls he must have, but love to God must be the master passion. If he lived in the Spirit he must also walk in the Spirit. This was the greatest attainment, the chief qualification. This he sought earnestly. His heart thirsted for God, for the living God, and God was the health of his countenance.

When all these things are put together one gets the main characteristics of Broadus as a preacher. The theme was thoroughly mastered and his heart was in it; he came quickly into sympathy with his audience, won their attention and talked freely, speaking straight to their need; the thought was clear as sunshine; the words simple, often homely, always apt; the style chaste and vigorous, never betraying any mere straining after effect, but graced with such beauty as became the thought; the delivery was quiet and conversational, with little gesture, and yet there was in it a subtle impressiveness and a strangely contagious intensity, usually subdued, but sometimes rising to heights of impassioned eloquence. There was the warmth and fervor, without the luxuriant extravagance, of the South, combined with the matter-of-fact directness and sturdy vigor of the North. He was always interesting, instructive, persuasive. His power to play on the emotions of his audience was remarkable. But he never did this to amuse; the object of the sermon, from first to last, was to win men for God. He "struck for a verdict." The glory of it was that his eloquence exalted not the speaker but the truth, and the more you heard him the more you felt his power. And so it came to pass that in Louisville, wherever he preached, the place was thronged, and among all the thousands of his brethren he stood without a peer. Not without good reason did Dr. W. C. Wilkinson, some years ago, single out this teacher as among the foremost preachers of the age. And I have seen it stated that Spurgeon himself pronounced him the greatest of living preachers.

*The Teacher.*—Nothing but the business of helping other preachers to preach better could have taken Dr. Broadus from the pulpit. As it was, it took him a whole year to make up his mind to that. The step was taken only because he believed the call of his brethren to be the voice of God.

When he did undertake the duties of the professoriate, he gave himself to it with all his soul, and forthwith began to forge to the front as a scholar of wide and accurate attainments. He believed that a man ought to know everything about something and something about everything. "I know," he said, "it is the edge of the axe that cuts, but it is the weight that sends it in." He aimed at fulness as well as exactness. So



in his own departments of Homiletics and N. T. Interpretation he became pre-eminent; while, at the same time, he obtained a good working acquaintance with eight or ten foreign languages, and made fruitful studies in Science and Mathematics, Music and Art, History and Literature, Poetry and Philosophy. Moreover his outlook upon the world of to-day, with all its living issues and mighty problems, was fresh and eager as a youth's. No mere scholastic recluse was he; but a man of the world who took pains to keep near the heart of the age, that he might feel its beat, know its condition, help it, and teach others to help it.

And what a superb teacher he became! Nowhere else did Dr. Broadus seem to me quite so mighty and masterful as in the class-room. In New Testament English he was a king enthroned. The class was large and made up of men of all degrees of culture. A Texan cowboy, who had never before seen the inside of a school, sat side by side with a learned Presbyterian Doctor of Divinity who had been professor in a Seminary. But everything was clear enough for the one and strong enough for the other. He had marvellous skill in seizing the heart of some great subject on which he had read volume after volume, and giving it to his class in a few pithy sentences of crystalline clearness. Many of us are only gradually finding out the real value of those lectures—the work and learning and wisdom they represented.

In that class he usually spent half the time in questioning, and half in lecturing. No time was wasted on foolish questions. It was his custom to dictate the substance of the lecture, and, while the students were writing, to keep up a running comment on that. Here the great man was in his element. It was his most congenial theme. The preacher and the teacher met together, the intellectual and the spiritual kissed each other. Mind and heart were aglow. This was the very business for which all his rigid self-discipline had been preparing him. How splendidly his powers responded to the call! Everything was orderly. Great thoughts were flung out in the richest profusion. Learning brought her treasures and wisdom her most precious things. Sparkling wit, delicious humor, apt anecdote, not infrequently relieved the intensity of the work. It was the most exhilarating experience I ever knew. It was the spectacle of a great personality ablaze—the finest thing in all the world.

*The Man.*—For, indeed, the final explanation of it all was that here was a man—a great, true man. There was no mistaking his genuineness. He had proved his strength.

The iron will had been tested again and again. Twice at least, it seems, that indomitable spirit had saved the Seminary; once, just after the war, when it seemed that the institution must perish, and he said, "Suppose we quietly agree that the Seminary may die, but we'll die first"; and again, about ten years later.

That showed also the man's devotion to duty. That characterized him from the day of his conversion. His baptism was to him no idle ceremony, but the showing forth of a tremendous fact—death to self and life to God. It was this sense of duty that led the timid lad to speak to that half-witted youth, whose "Howdy, John; thankee, John," he hoped, would greet him on the shining shore. To him it was a virtual self-crucifixion when he turned from the pastorate to become a teacher. Who that heard can ever forget the deep pathos of his request as he closed his homiletical lectures in 1891, when he told the students how he had buried his hope of being a preacher in them, and begged them to do their best for their own sakes, and then to do a little more for his. When once duty pointed to the Seminary, not the most tempting offers (and he had many of them) could make him swerve.

And with what fidelity he worked! Like our own McGregor he was ambitious to have a well-filled day of service. "Fear God and Work" was his motto. "Better wear out than rust out," we say. He preferred to say, "Let us work and last." A little over a year ago, after hearing a veteran of 90 years leading in the prayer of dedication of the Grace St. Church, Richmond, he wrote: "Let's all live to be as old as ever we can, and try to keep at work, please God, to the end." Not that it was easy to work hard always. No. There were three things he said were hard to do: "Always to tell the exact truth, always to do just right, and always to work hard."

It was thus he became strong. One of the most impressive elements of his strength was his uncommon good sense. His judgment never seemed to fail. Read his books and see. With all his strength he was humble. One day I asked him if he had ever been troubled with a sense of unfitness for his work.

"My dear brother," he replied, "that troubled and worried me for years, and I had no peace, until I made up my mind just to leave that with God, and go on and do the best I could." I went away comforted.

This beautiful humility intensified the living sympathy which he had with his students, so that his strength was their encouragement, not their despair. He was thoroughly genial and brotherly; chivalrous and charitable; with clear and strong convictions, but able to honor the convictions of others; a simple plain man, never pretentious nor striving to impress you with his greatness; averse to display and all fictitious dignity; in all things real; a gentleman to the core. And so true dignity was his, and all revered him, and felt the fascination of his all-round goodness.

"Them that honor me I will honor." There, after all, you get the explanation of this wonderful character and life. Jesus was his Saviour and Lord. His whole soul bowed in homage—loving, adoring, obedient homage—to Jesus Christ. He was full of the Holy Ghost and of faith. Genuine piety, simple faith, unaffected love to God and man, suffused his life. This accounts for everything. Duty was mighty to him because it was not a cold, ethical abstraction, but the will of his living Lord; and, through his obedience, he became clothed in that symmetrical completeness of character, that fine combination of strengths and graces which is the "fruit of the Spirit," the "garments of salvation."

*His Influence.*—I never detected in him anything of self-seeking. He was not selfishly catching at influence. He did his Master's will humbly and faithfully, and influence came to him. No one can measure his influence over the thousands of young men who passed through his hands. Personally I think I never left his room without a prayer in my heart that I might be a better man. It was that that drew me back from Germany for a second year. I had not met his equal. Influence? Though he never held any office in the Southern Convention, I saw him do a thing in that Convention that no other man could have done. A great fight was expected over the report of the Sunday School Committee. A hot controversy had been going on in the papers, and men went to that Birmingham Convention

with speeches ready. They were eager for the fray. The moment had come. The report had been read. Discussion was in order. There was what all felt to be the lull before the storm. Broadus seized the opportunity, stepped to the front, and spoke. Every word throbbed with emotion—it was a brief but passionate appeal for peace. The great throng bowed to his will. The spirit of controversy was muzzled—even as the spirit of the storm on Galilee was at the Master's word. Not another word was spoken. The report was adopted in silence. And even as I write, the tears come unbidden, as I think of the old veteran sitting there, his head buried in his hands and his whole frame heaving with emotion, which, if I mistake not, found relief in sobs. No wonder. He had saved the South. There is influence for you! Ay, and that same man's influence has been one of the mightiest factors for the last quarter of a century in drawing North and South together and binding them with the bonds of mutual respect and affection. No one has ever impressed me as Dr. Broadus did with the almost measureless influence for good that may gather about one true human life.

And that influence will live in many lives. The matchless personality is lost to us now. But we may avail ourselves of some of the results of his scholarship, and treasure up his wisdom as embalmed in his published works. They retain, to an exceptional degree, the flavor of the man, and will be a standing bulwark to the faith. It is re-assuring to know, in this day of free handling of the word of God, that Dr. Broadus stood squarely for the plenary inspiration of the Scriptures and the atoning work of Christ. The following are his works, which the length of this article forbids me to characterize: "Preparation and Delivery of Sermons," "Commentary on Matthew," "Sermons and Addresses," "History of Preaching," "Memoir of James P. Boyce," "Harmony of the Gospel," "Jesus of Nazareth," a glowing tribute to his Lord, and pamphlets on important topics,—some of the most important being "Permanent and Paramount Authority of the Bible," "Three Questions as to the Bible," and "The Study of the Bible by Books."

Have I written too strongly? Have I over-estimated Dr. Broadus? Hear what others say. He had been on the International Lesson Committee since 1878. Dr. Hoge, of Richmond,

Dr. Randolph, of Newport, R. I., and our own Dr. Potts, agree in regarding Dr. Broadus as by far its most valuable member.

Prof. Smith, of the University of Virginia, writes: "The University of Virginia bends in grief over the grave of her greatest alumnus."

Dr. T. T. Eaton regards him as "one of the few really great teachers that the world has known," and "as a preacher," he adds, "Dr. Broadus has no superior among men."

Dr. Henson said "He was a princely scholar." "He was the greatest man among American Baptists." "He bound the nation together by the love of his great soul."

Dr. Whitsitt, his colleague for years, and now his successor in the Presidency, says, "In all our joys and sorrows he was the greatest man I have ever known."

Our own Dr. Newman writes: "I have long regarded Dr. Broadus as the finest and most perfect specimen of Christian manhood I have ever known, and I look in vain for his superior in the history of the church since the apostolic age."

This paper, for the length of which I crave your indulgence, gentle reader, may fittingly close with the tribute of Dr. W. C. Wilkinson, as expressed in the following sonnet from the *Independent*:

#### A VANISHED VOICE.

J. A. B.

"O well-beloved voice, never to be  
 Heard in our counsels! Hence forever flown!  
 No more that haunting pathos in the tone  
 To witch us with its wistful melody.  
 Nay, but the voice it was not. It was he,  
 Himself, the man, the Christian, therein shown;  
 The regal pride not driven from the throne,  
 But chastened to a high humility.  
 The opulent sweet worldly wisdom, blent  
 With such clear innocence of worldly guile;  
 Learning to service of his fellows lent;  
 The gift of sympathy in tear or smile;  
 The upward vision on the heavens intent—  
 These were what won us with resistless wile."

J. H. FARMER.

## THE CHANCELLOR'S ADDRESS.

GRADUATION—MAY 1ST, 1895.

The occasion does not demand any lengthened address from me. Let me content myself with calling your attention briefly to a few points of commanding interest. The work of the Higher Education compels attention on the part of those intimately concerned in it, to the signs of the time. Especially must this be true of such an institution as the one in connexion with which we are now assembled, conditioned, as it is, for the independent pursuit of Truth, and the free use of it in moulding character and inspiring life.

We find ourselves but a handbreadth from the opening of the 20th century, and sober minds are filled with solicitude as humanity passes through the closing years of the 19th. The closing years of the 18th century saw the establishment of the greatest Republic of the world, whose splendid opportunities were freely offered to the millions of Europe; of the 17th, the new commonwealth in England, with its magnificent fruitage of principles of constitutional government for all peoples; of the 16th, a great intellectual quickening, with its wonderful outcome of modern literature in England and on the continent; and, of the 15th, the discovery and opening up of this New Hemisphere to civilization. There is an expectation abroad of great events near at hand, which shall be of concern to humanity at large. Religiously, the most significant movement of this century has been the awakening of the Christian world to its paramount responsibility to give the Gospel—salvation from sin with purity and holiness of life—to all people under heaven, at home, abroad; and it is a good thing to be able to say that the Baptist denomination has been a leader in this movement. It has long since been found, and is becoming increasingly recognized, that it is not Christ's thought that this responsibility is to be discharged by the efforts of a few, and these the ordained ministers of the Word, all-important as these are: but by the lives and efforts of His people of every calling and profession. The avenues for efficient service in this great business of all Christians are as numerous as the ways of men, and the existence of this Univer-

sity, with its academic departments of Woodstock and Moulton, has its ground in this great end. Every form of intellectual work and discipline must be laid under tribute if Christians of to-day are to meet worthily the responsibility of the times in which we are living. There is no discharge in this campaign, and the signs of the hour all point to yet mightier efforts to Christianize the whole earth. The opening of the 20th century will undoubtedly see China, peopled as it is with more than one-fourth of the human race, roused to the life of modern thought, and the entire Orient open as never before to the in-going of the Gospel. So, too, of the great continent of Africa. The currents of Christian life at home are to be quickened and purified yet more by the needs and opportunities of the world abroad.

It will arrest the attention of all to place beside these facts, this statement: The closing years of our century are marked by the progress of a destructive criticism of the Word of God. Its contents are declared to be devoid of the supernatural, or rather that only those portions which are explicable on purely natural grounds are worthy of any confidence. Jesus was not supernaturally begotten, he did not rise from the dead, he did not ascend to Heaven, he did not send the Comforter, the Holy Spirit. God—if there be a God—has not really spoken to us at all, and this fair earth with its teeming millions is rolling through space—perhaps “without God”—certainly “without hope.” This is not, of course, a new discovery, but it is winged with new power to-day in that it is promulgated with the professed sanctions of scientific criticism. The din of the discussion will be still sounding in the ears of earnest men when the next century opens. Christian scholarship will have the last word here, and who that has submitted himself to the obedience of Christ, and therefore knows Him to be the Son of God, the Redeemer of the world, but will recognize the importance of the demand that Christian institutions of learning be equipped to-day with every resource for the defence, as well as the propagation of the truth? They are to be yet more and more the armories and citadels of truth.

These considerations may be deemed of application to theological work only. It is not so, as I have intended to suggest already. They are of equal moment to every Christian student,

and rightly have application as well to an Arts course of a Christian university.

Another question of commanding interest is the continued divergence of science and philosophy. The century is closing without any serious attempt on the part of philosophy to come away from the field of what has proved to be largely barren speculation, and enter upon more fruitful tasks. It is of moment briefly to outline the great steps of the way. With the sophists appeared subjectivism in philosophy, an undeveloped nominalism. Sceptics in philosophy and anarchists in ethics, the sophists roused the noble mind of Socrates to the greatest philosophical achievement of any age—the checking of in-coming nominalism in Greek thought, the annihilation of the sophists as a practical power in philosophy, and the determination of thought towards realism for fifteen hundred years. There began with him the philosophy of objective thought. The existence of an objective outward world was an undisputed premise among his followers. In no period, in fact, of Greek philosophy did nominalistic tendency make much advance after it had been checked by Socrates. It is to the scholastic period that we owe the beginning of the general subjective movement of modern philosophy, which, on the downfall of scholasticism, took up into itself all the latent tendencies of the then triumphant nominalism. Under new forms and new names, by which it eludes detection at the bar of contemporary thought, this great issue between realism and nominalism—objectivism and subjectivism—is an issue to-day. By virtue of certain truth contained in it, and greater freedom for speculation, nominalism triumphed over realism in philosophy, and reached complete fruition in the genius of Kant. The strength of idealism is the strength of nominalism—no more, no less. Realism, in virtue of certain truth in it, overcame nominalism in science, stimulated men to investigate natural objects, and reached the splendid result of establishing the scientific method.

The last half of this century has witnessed the grand achievements of science—the most wonderful practical outcome of human thought in the progress of the race. And yet the method of science is empirical and purely practical. There is a virtual divorce between philosophy and science. The latter



asks in vain for a theory of knowledge. It would seem that philosophy cannot much longer, if it is to have power over human thought and produce other than a disquieting or paralyzing effect upon human life and action, avoid the question. The reconciliation will come with the advance of better philosophical methods. The value of truth compared with mere speculation, must gain in power over the minds of men. Meanwhile, there is a long way to travel. So long as philosophy denies a substantial existence to matter, by that very denial it confesses its incompetency to frame a theory of knowledge applicable to the ascertained facts and truths of physical science.

In the deep yearning of the human mind for a unity which it can intellectually grasp, we are witnessing in these closing years of the century another marked recurrence of philosophical thought towards quasi-pantheism—not that of Spinoza, which is obsolete, or that of Hegel, or even modern idealism which is drifting astern; but spiritualistic Monism. There is only one substance, and that is spirit. This is supposed to meet Haeckel fairly, who says, there is only one substance, and that is matter. This spiritualistic Monism is a notion from the East and has more than once before sought entrance into western thought, notably through the Saracens in the 12th century. It is to-day finding recognition in many Universities, and will color, at least for a time, the stream of modern philosophy. The practical effects of this type of philosophy, as seen in every country where Buddhism prevails, suggest that the western mind is too active, robust and practical, too strongly seized of personality, and alive to selfhood, to rest long in the teaching. Meanwhile science, with untold trophies at her girdle and in her hands, stands without in the porch, and philosophy turns an averted face. The problem how, in the words of Abbott, to identify science and philosophy by making the foundation, method, and system of philosophy scientific, and the foundation, methods, and system of science philosophic, seems no nearer solution than ever. All the same, science carries on her practical investigations and experiments, and enriches the world.

Once more. Emile de Loveleye has said that the message of the 15th century to man was, "Thou shalt cease to be the slave of nobles and despots who oppress thee; thou art free and

sovereign." But the problem of the closing years of the 19th is: "It is a grand thing to be free and sovereign, but how is it that the sovereign often starves? how is it that those who are held to be the source of power often cannot, even by hard work, provide themselves with the necessaries of life?"

The effort to answer this question has moved, and will yet more powerfully move, our western civilization. Its answer demands a contribution from every department of human thought, and the end is not in sight. The impression is general and deep that important changes in our social system are rapidly maturing, and no one seems able to forecast their exact nature or extent. The claims of capital and labor, individualism and collectivism, are pressing for better adjustment. On the one side, corporations, syndicates, and combinations of capital; and trade-unions, and federations of labor, on the other. The institutions of the Higher Education cannot be indifferent to these antagonisms. While the study of Economics is important, the greatest contribution that any educational institution can make in this behalf to society, is the inspiring of young lives with true aims, noble, unselfish, Christ-like principles of life. Social Economics can never find any satisfactory and permanent application where moral considerations are imperfectly recognized. At bottom, the question is an ethical one, and the Sermon on the Mount needs to be written on the hearts of all men.

I need not stay to point out how these great questions to which I have briefly referred, discover the leading forces with which the cause of truth and the welfare of society has now to reckon, and whose lights and shadows are falling so strongly across the threshold of the century we are so rapidly nearing.

*Gentlemen of the Graduating Class,—*

Just a word. Our years of fellowship have been serious and delightful. You, especially, are the heirs of the great and far-reaching questions of which I have spoken. How does the outlook strike you? Is there fear in your hearts? I do not believe it. Recall the divine legend of your University: *Ta Panta en Auto Sunesteken*: In Him—in Christ—all things cohere—hold together—have unity:

O Christ, in whom all things consist,  
 The everlasting bond of ease  
 In worlds around, in human thought,  
 In life and death's great mysteries.

O Christ, without Thee who would dare  
 Truth's 'wilderer quest with human powers,  
 But holding Thee, who holdest all,  
 The mightiest truth of God is ours.

The unsolved problems are not going to be left entirely to the solution of man. God's Spirit is in the world and abides with those who seek His wisdom and guidance. Rejoice that your lives fall in a time when there is work to be done that counts—serious work. Stand for truth and right, for purity and righteousness of life, and manly and Godly integrity. Stand for the weak and needy no less than for the strong and well-to-do; for all the ennobling enterprises of life; for woman in all her gracious offices and ministrations; for home; for alma mater, as her representatives, defenders and helpers; for Canada, and for the Empire in its grandeur and integrity; and last, yet first, stand for Christ and His Kingdom, and know assuredly that character shall abide forever, and that the approval of the Master is the one thing which no man can take from you. Be of good courage, and "Quit you like men."

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FOR AN AUTOGRAPH.

May He, who is the Way,  
 Thy daily footsteps guide;  
 May He, who is the Truth,  
 O'er word and thought preside;  
 May He, the Life, whose life is light supernal,  
 Crown thee in glory with the life eternal.

J. H. F.

## Students' Quarter.

### THE GREAT LEVELLER.

Very slowly he awoke from his lifelessness. At first, there was but an all-pervading suffering. Pain was the sum-total of sensate existence. With returning consciousness it became more and more acute. Dull and indeterminate at first, the throbs of agony grew sharp and distinct as mental action was aroused. He was lying upon his back; a crushing weight held fast his lower limbs and left arm. His head seemed about to burst with its heavy throb, throb, as, with a groan, he opened his eyes.

In the semi-darkness, he could discern himself to be buried beneath a heaped-up mass of broken and twisted material. What could it all be? Where was he?

With a twinge of agony he closed his eyes again. Connected thought was impossible. Gradually, however, he grew accustomed to the physical torture; not that the suffering was lessened, but it seemed to become a normal state which the activity of his strong mind was partly able to surmount.

He could remember vaguely that some time in the past—it seemed ages ago!—he had been rushing along at tremendous speed. Surely, it was in a railway carriage!—and then he was reading—ah yes! the newspaper report of his trial sermon. Why! he must have fallen asleep and then—of course, there had been an accident and here he was, pinned beneath the debris.

He was a strong man and a brave one, this young minister, and his thoughts now were not those of despair. He had that intense life-instinct which belongs always to the healthy human mind. Consequently, he set about considering the situation and the prospects for relief.

“Both legs are pretty well smashed,” he groaned, “and I have some frightful bruises, besides my—O—oh!”

The excruciating spasm, which had followed a trial to extricate his left arm, caused him to desist from further attempts at changing his position. The upper part of his body was comparatively uninjured, the jammed-up wood and iron having formed a sort of arch about him.

"It can hardly be fatal," he concluded, with a calmness of reason that, under the circumstances, surprised him. "The wreckage crew ought to be here in an hour or two, and perhaps local assistance will relieve matters before that."

Up to this time—such in a crisis of suffering is even a minister's innate selfishness—he had forgotten his fellow travellers. But now, just to his right, he becomes aware of a feeble moaning. Turning his head painfully in that direction he sees, quite close to him, a face with pale motionless features that looked deathlike in their contrast with the dark dishevelled hair. It was the young woman who had sat in the next seat to him.

During the journey, the minister's error-probing observation had led him to surmise that his travelling neighbor was one of that sad sisterhood which, though shunned often by His followers then and now, the Great Minister to mankind was himself never slow to help. This minister forgot about that, however, and was (ostensibly) so absorbed in the newspaper reports of his own sermon that he neglected to open the window which she was trying in vain to raise. A cynical smile—a hard bitter smile it was, for such a young face—came to the lips of the girl as she glanced at the ministerial garb of her companion. Perhaps she thought of what he had forgotten in the example of Him whose lost sheep he professed to seek. At least she was a woman, and had the right to claim assistance from his strong arm, to obtain the cooling of God's pure air for which her brow ached. A sad bitterness, pitiable indeed in one whose young life should have known nothing of such defiance, expressed itself in the large dark eyes set in features that were not without some charm of beauty. Just then a kind-hearted brakeman came to her help. Meanwhile, the minister perused his sermon. It was a wonderful production, so everyone had said; "Death, the Great Leveller," was the subject. He had shown conclusively the paltriness of all human distinctions, when viewed in the presence of death—how rich and poor, high and low, must leave this life as they entered it, all alike in the sight of one Supreme Judge. Then he had amplified the consequent thought of the equality and brotherhood of the great human family, and the duties devolving upon the individual. Very strenuously had he denounced the crying evils, heartless injustice and awful burdens inflicted upon

the downtrodden of our civilization. Yes, it was a strong sermon, and he fully expected the great city church to give him a call to the pastorate. As he read, did no sense of the incongruity of the window incident enter his mind? Perhaps,—for the minister was possessed of a heart really sympathetic, though at times somewhat lost beneath his clerical Prince Albert. He was genuinely interested too, in the uplifting of such as she before him—as a class, and from a distance.

Fellow-suffering made him compassionate enough now, however, and he watched with concern for signs of returning consciousness. Gradually the feeble moaning life reasserted itself, but it was a life of the past. She talked incessantly—childish prattle, expressions of love and happiness, gentle pleading and troubled questionings, words of angry sorrow and fierce praying, chilling mirthless laughter and weary, weary sighs—incoherent all, but in their intensity revealing to the startled listener a life that none but One had understood or tried to understand.

Suddenly she opened her eyes, and out of their depths of pain the minister saw spring up a gleam of sudden joy. She murmured a name of her dream—that of a loving brother, long dead to her. She was still with the past. The light faded from her eyes, and there came a look of wild fear that told him she was entering upon the realization of her present suffering.

“Where am I?” she cried in terror, trying to raise herself to a sitting posture.

“Keep quite still,” answered her fellow-captive soothingly, fearing that she would further injure herself in her struggles, “we shall soon be relieved—our train has been wrecked, you know.”

He shouted loudly to attract the attention of any who might be prepared to give assistance, but none seemed within call. Groaning fellow-sufferers alone gave response. Meanwhile the wild eyes were observing him intently.

“You are not my brother,” she moaned, scarcely yet aroused from the past, “You are the minister.”

Her companion clasped in his own uninjured hand, the one so frantically stretched toward him and said gently, “Forgive me, poor child—let me too be a brother now.”

She understood, and his humble tenderness had its response

in the faint smile, and the look of glad thankfulness in the weary eyes.

Strange that he should think, now, of the trivial unkindness of the journey. Yet not so strange either—just before she first addressed him, he had become aware of a heavy smell in the atmosphere. There flashed to his mind the awful knowledge that the wreck was on fire.

"Assistance," he thought, "may be delayed an hour yet, if so—my God!"

For a moment the realization of his helplessness, and imprisoned strength almost crazed him. Strong manhood that shrinks not from meeting danger half-way shudders at horrors that permit of nothing save passive non-resistance. Glancing, however at the poor creature beside him, by a strong effort of will—the greatest bravery that his life had ever known—he regained a steady calmness of mind.

At this new crisis he had almost forgotten present agony, but struck now by the increasing pallor of the girl, he asked her if she suffered a great deal.

She smiled as she answered that it was not so dreadful now, but her voice was faint and he knew that, though she had partly recovered from the first shock, her life was fast ebbing. He thanked God that she would not have to bear the horrors that threatened the rest of them.

"Let us pray to our Father," he said gently, and she tightened weakly her grasp upon the strong hand.

Very different was the spirit of this petition from that of those which he had presented in the past, on behalf of sinful fellow-creatures. No tone of conscious superiority was there in this humble cry of "God be merciful." The Great Leveller was at hand, and he prayed for both, as brother and sister, alike erring children of a forgiving Father. When he closed—it was very short—in a whisper, she echoed his "amen."

"Good bye," she said faintly, then added still more softly—"brother."

Tears were in his eyes that had not been caused by the physical straining entailed as he reached over and kissed the death-cold brow.

Sweet and peaceful was the smile that remained upon her

lips as the spirit left its broken tabernacle. Another's kiss had been to her the brand of shame and sorrow; this was the seal of peace and love eternal. The earthly brother-love, of which it had been the holy token, was itself the symbol of her ever-pitying Elder Brother's love unspeakable.

The cold hand remained clasped in his own. Death as the Great Leveller had completed his mission in the minister's soul. If man's relief failed, that must be his liberator as well. With a new peace in his heart he closed his eyes and waited.

STANBURY R. TARR.

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### ANNIVERSARY.

Sweet and golden afternoon  
 Of the infant summer,  
 Joyous one!  
 Merry trills of laughter soon  
 Peep and tremble and embrace,  
 Flee and turn again to race  
 Through the sun,—  
 Morning, slow old nurse, is lost,  
 Birds and souls and flowers are tost  
 In the sunlit pentecost,  
 Winter's done.

Birds are chirping melodies  
 Made of clear notes vanishing  
 In the sky,  
 Yonder hum the yellow bees,  
 Hither sway the tender branches,  
 Mad young winds in avalanches  
 Scurry by,—  
 All the flowers bloom with blushing,  
 Rapture through the soul is rushing,  
 Suddenly there comes a hushing,—  
 Night is nigh.

PLASHET.



## TWO DAYS CAMPING.

In the early part of the month of August a young girl of sixteen said to me: "We are going camping for three weeks and we shall expect you and your friend to spend a week with me." The invitation, which was afterwards made good by the head of the family, was accepted and for some time we looked forward to the week in camp.

At length came the long-awaited time and we were driven out to the lake nine miles distant, by a boy of twelve. The driver was inexperienced and the horse being wild, we at times feared that we should not reach the place in safety. The most dangerous part of the road, however, was a steep and stony hill which descended toward the lake within a short distance of our destination. There we decided to use every precaution and so dismounted to walk down the hill. No sooner had we done so than our attention was arrested and we stood still to see what would happen. The horse was going at a high rate of speed down the hill and the driver was vainly endeavoring to hold him back. We felt sure that some part of the "turnout" would break, so, congratulating ourselves upon our forethought we hurried down. To our surprise we found horse, buggy and boy calmly awaiting us. We proceeded on our way distrusting our driver more than ever.

The sun was sinking in the west when we arrived and the glittering lake shone in the distance like gold. We were welcomed by the whole family,—seven in number. The remainder of the day was spent in exploring in the vicinity of the camp, and after tea in boating and in pleasant chat with our friends.

On the shore of Lake Huron, in Lambton county, there are several camping-grounds. One is called Kettle Point, although it is over two miles from the real Kettle Point, and this is where our friends were camping. This camping-ground borders on a little bay made by Kettle Point and Gustin's Point. Our friend's camp was some distance beyond the shore, and was surrounded by a few large trees so that the sun did not shine directly on it. There were two other camps quite near; one contained a family from our own town and the other was made up of five noisy

young bachelors from a neighboring village. A mile away, however, quite a village of camps was situated, so we could not become lonely.

We retired early, but could anyone sleep in such a bevy of noises? Crickets were chirruping, cicadas screeching and the Katy-dids, which seemed very numerous, were asserting and denying in their usual fashion. To crown it all the young bachelors gave us a tin-pan serenade. However, toward the small hours of the morning no sound could be heard except an occasional "Katy-did" and "Katy-did'nt" and sleeping became possible.

At seven we were aroused by talking in the camp and soon we were all up and out enjoying the fresh morning air. Is there anything so delightful as a morning at the lake? The water was very calm, only little, musical ripples disturbing it, and when standing at its edge we could hear voices coming up to us from the camps a mile or more away. These were occasionally drowned in a burst of song from the various birds about us.

After breakfast the men of the party went fishing and the rest of us busied ourselves with the morning work and partly preparing dinner. It fell to my lot with the assistance of little Kate to husk and silk the corn for dinner, so we took the basket of corn and sat down on a log to begin our work, Kate telling me the while, "Papa says he likes me to do the corn 'cause I take the freads out so well." The remainder of the morning we spent in work, bathing and a short walk.

After we had had dinner and an afternoon sleep my friend and I decided to walk to Kettle Point, a distance of two miles. We started by taking the curving road through the woods. One scene on the way was a fine one. Just as we made a turn in the road we beheld a hillside of sumachs in all their rich, red bloom. Just after this we walked under a roof of sumachs, for their boughs had completely overarched the road.

At length we reached the Point and how can I describe it? It stretches out in the water only a little way. It is noted for its peculiar stone formation. The bank is about five feet high and has a reddish appearance as if the soil had once been burning, and it is said by some of the older settlers that such was the case twenty years ago. The stone formation is at the foot

of the bank and goes completely around the Point. It has the appearance of slatestone but is much harder. It is, in some places, as smooth as glass and is marked off by ridges into blocks similar to our city pavement; in other places it is cut down into steps so that one gets nearer the top of the bank by ascending step after step. Intermingled with this firm floor are huge round stones which the people there call kettles because of their similarity to the round bottom of a kettle, and from these the Point gets its name. Some of these large stones are wholly above the pavement and are worn smooth, and, in some cases, have a large indenture or basin in the top and this filled with water; in other cases the upper half has split off, leaving only the lower half resting upon the ground. Others can be seen pushing their rounded tops up through the stone pavement. Only on a calm day can one get a good view of this place; on a windy day the stones are covered up with the willows from the lake.

We roamed around for a while and then started on our way back, picking delicious black berries as we walked along. We arrived late for tea and found that two gentlemen, friends of the family, had come up on their bicycles from Sarnia to stay a few days.

That evening my friend became ill and the next morning we sent to town for a conveyance to take us home. The same little boy came down to be driver. We had to trust him to take us but arrived home in safety, sorry that our camping was so sadly brought to a close when not quite two days of the long looked-for week had gone by.

PHOEBE H. McDONALD.

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### A STUDY IN GREY.

The clouds hang low and heavy, and the sun is hidden. The strong wind sweeps through the woods, making the bare limbs creak, and the dried, twisted leaves rattle crossly together.

Down the long leaf-drifted lane stands the bridge under which the water from the waste-gates rushes madly along, to the mill. Stretching out in front of it is the pond. The dark

blue water is cold and fretted into little waves that wash sullenly against the dam; and across it short gusts of wind come to dash sharply against the high front of the old woollen mill. And the mill windows, black against the lowering sky, rattle back defiantly.

Close by it and connected by a little tottering bridge is the sawmill. Here too the wind whistles and plays in its mad frolic. It prys at the boards, making them fairly groan and the loose ones flap, and blows the sawdust blindingly about. The footing is poor in the mill. Often there are great spaces between the boards where the water can be seen dashing through the flume below. The flooring of the bridge has great cracks in it also, and beneath it, deeper yet than the flume, is the old water-wheel. It is still now and moss-grown. Yet in the spring and fall when the water is high it sometimes turns, though slowly and with great effort. Then, more gruesome than ever it brings up its black slimy arms, glistening with water drops that falling off drip down with a little hollow splash into the darkness below.

The mill is working to-day, for there are a few logs left over from the spring that must be finished up now that the water is high. A man and child—a little girl—are in the mill. The child is clad in a warm dress with a little scarlet hood and a pair of mittens. She sits on the logs as they slowly ride up to the saw, humming contentedly to herself. The man is busy with the saw. Suddenly the child shivers and cries out,—

“Uncle, it is very cold!”

“Cold, little one? Run up to the house. It’s work that makes us warm though. My Honey Bee would n’t like to be like a summer drone always, would she? The cold has come as a warning for us to get ready for the winter’s work. We must all work. Don’t thee remember the Elder’s text Sunday: ‘The Lord came not to be ministered unto, but to minister?’ Aye, even the Lord.”

The child was quiet for a time and then urged again.

“But it’s so dark!”

“Dark, what matter, little one: The night is darker after sunshine. But we can have sunshine in our hearts. All is God’s providence. Let us be thankful.”

The child was silent and the man went about his work.

He was dragging up the last log, when almost in spite of herself the child cried out again the third time.

"Oh, Uncle! It is so very cold, and my heart has no sunshine. I have tried to say over the texts, but I feel afraid."

Twilight was fast coming on when the last log was sawn. The machinery was shut off and with that the dreariness and gloom seemed to settle down into night. The man took the child's hand in his and the two silently plodded up the dark lane to the house.

With the opening of the door a flood of warmth and light streamed out into the gray mist and the two stepped in. In the broad low room the supper table with its lamps made a centre of light and cheer. The fire roaring and crackling in the high old cook-stove shone on the yellow painted floor. In the dusky corners a brass knob or a pane of glistening glass caught the light, while the great wide sofa with its soft red pillows could barely be distinguished.

The child threw herself down with her head on her grandmother's knees and sighed, weary but content; and the man in passing said,

"The little one has had a long day of it."

ERNESTINE WHITESIDE.

### "DOVER BEACH."\*

(A STUDY IN COMPARISONS.)

We can contemplate nothing more saddening than disease, decline and final destruction; the withering of a perfect lily, after the first repulsive yellow blight has touched and curled its tender petals; the ghostly pallor and dreary glance of one whose health has fled; the mournful hopelessness of a beautiful, sensitive, but unillumined soul.

Here is its complaint,—quiet, but kindled at the same resentful flame that awoke into life Swinburne's invective of *Atalanta in Calydon*; quiet, and therefore the more powerful;

\*Read before the Camelot Club of McMaster University.

repressed, and therefore the more intense ; brief, and therefore the more imperious of attention.

There are various modes of critical examination ; this paper, necessarily brief and suggestive rather than even approximately exhaustive, cannot treat of all. A first query would be : Does the poem harmonize with its author's own theory of poetry ? Rather, we answer, with his theory of life. It is true to his thought of himself. Melancholy in tone, in style natural and plain, it is woven into an exquisitely-constructed web of suggestion and sensibility. Its diction is choice and poetic ; but its note is the cry of Philoctetes and of Œdipus.

" Ah, wretched soul ! " " Ah, me unhappy ! "

The first stanza presents the poetic occasion, where, like mysterious Lyonesse,

" . . . the long mountains ended in a coast  
Of ever-shifting sand, and far away  
The phantom circle of a moaning sea, "

reminding us also of the rough Acadian shore, from whose rocky caverns

" . . . . the deep-voiced neighboring ocean  
Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers the wail of the forest. "

A calm sea, a full tide, a fair moon, and the grim old English cliffs ! The air is sweet and the picture enchantment. In *King Lear*, Shakespeare has a most vivid description of the view to a spectator upon Dover Cliff, which might be profitably read in this connection. But here to our watchers from their sheltered window, the scene is subdued and softened, it would be very peace, were it not for that dull sound :

" Listen ! you hear the grating roar  
Of pebbles which the waves draw back, and fling,  
At their return, up the high strand,  
Begin and cease and then again begin,  
With tremulous cadence slow, and bring  
The eternal note of sadness in. "

Ah ! poet, poet, why imbue Nature with thine own despair ? It is the weary onlooker that brings

" The eternal note of sadness in. "

not the steadfast sea. Tennyson, even when most subjective,

does not identify the two. Let the sea chant its varying song; it soothes, but cannot solve. Let it break at the foot of its crags, but I am I, must live out my own sorrow, and realize my own selfhood, so shall my peace be as a river and my righteousness as the waves of the sea.

Yet Matthew Arnold's poetic instinct fittingly selected the scene, quiet, serious, almost sublime, such as to lift up all thoughtful souls unto the contemplation of their own ideals, awakening to glorious revelations and purposeful resolution, or barren heart-ache and benumbing despair.

With the possibility of the latter, contrast the patience Nature teaches the Christian poet (in Mrs. Browning):

“O dreary life!’ we cry, ‘O dreary, life!’  
 And still the generations of the birds  
 Sing through our sighing, and the flocks and herds  
 Serenely live while we are keeping strife  
 With Heaven’s true purpose in us . . . . .  
 . . . . . Ocean girds  
 Unslackened the dry land, savannah-swards  
 Unweary sweep, hills watch unworn, and rife  
 Meek leaves drop yearly from the forest-trees  
 To show above the unwasted stars that pass  
 In their old glory. O thou God of old,  
 Grant me some smaller grace than comes to these!  
 But so much patience as a blade of grass  
 Grows by, contented through the heat and cold.”

And notice, even as an extreme, the sprightly joyousness in the monotonous undersong of the Thames that Spenser discovers in his *Prothalamion*.

In stanza two, indeed, Arnold acknowledges that his thought is not the necessary one:

“Sophocles long ago  
 Heard it on the Ægean, and it brought  
 Into his mind the turbid ebb and flow  
 Of human misery: we  
 Find also in the sound a thought,  
 Hearing it by this distant northern sea.”

That ebb and flow of turbulent waves, of joy, hope, callousness and despair, the sea must suggest to all sympathetic hearers, but only the fatalistic among them need tremble and fail. The third stanza embodies Arnold's interpretation of the mes-

sage, and is the most beautiful of all: Faith has been, has not sufficed, and is therefore dying.

"Thou shalt hear the 'Never, never,' whispered by the phantom years,  
And a song from out the distance in the ringing of thine ears."

This is the appalling *miserere*:

"The sea of faith  
Was once, too, at the full, and round earth's shore  
Lay like the folds of a bright girdle furled.  
But now I only hear  
Its melancholy, long, withdrawing roar,  
Retreating to the breath  
Of the night-wind, down the vast edges drear  
And naked shingles of the world."

In conclusion, the fourth stanza craves a faith quite contradictory of its reputed death, a faith in the stability of human love, or at least of human sympathy. 'Let us be true, love, to one another!' For conduct alone is religion and salvation. Such is the text of Arnold's *Literature and Dogma*; such the teaching of his poetry:

"There are some whom a thirst  
Ardent, unquenchable, fires  
Not with the crowd to be spent,  
Not without aim to go round  
In an eddy of purposeless dust,"

and yet in *The Buried Life*, the poet declares that Fate controls so much as to force us to obey every law of action and being; and so, here, his unutterable despair reasserts itself as it declares the reality, that

"The world, which seems  
To lie before us like a land of dreams,  
So various, so beautiful, so new,  
Hath really neither joy, nor love, nor light,  
Nor certitude, nor peace,\* nor help for pain;  
And we are here as on a darkling plain  
Swept with confused alarms of struggle and flight,  
Where ignorant armies clash by night."

\*In *The Future* the sea appears in a directly opposite character, as imparting deep peace.



Note the complete harmony of sound with sense in these last two lines, and in

“ Its melancholy, long, withdrawing roar.”

Like Shelley's, Arnold's cup was “ dealt in another measure ” from most. But to Shelley despair was welcome and congenial ; while Arnold had little to save him from the sophistry of Spenser's personification :

“ Then doe no further go, no further stray,  
But here ly downe, and to thy rest betake,  
Th'ill to prevent, that life ensewen may.  
For what hath life, that may it loved make,  
And gives not rather cause it to forsake ?  
Feare, sicknesse, age, losse, labour, sorrow, strife,  
Payne, hunger, cold that makes the heart to quake ;  
And ever fickle fortune rageth rife ;  
All which, and thousands mo, do make a loathsome life.”

The cry of *Dover Beach* is old and sorrowful, the more so when a man, insisting that true peace of soul is inconsistent with the idea of a personal God, reiterates the cry, takes up the lamentation, and declares that even for him there is

“ Nor certitude, nor peace, nor help for pain.”

The patient seeker may well turn away with a sigh of disgust at such unpalatable fare, albeit dressed with what care is possible, to the thought of Browning, on the cliff, that fatalism is of love and virtue alone ; and of Tennyson as he concludes the labour of his *In Memoriam* :

“ O living will that shall endure  
When all that seems shall suffer shock,  
Rise in the spiritual rock,  
Flow thro' our deeds and make them pure,

“ That we may lift from out of dust  
A voice as unto him that hears,  
A cry above the conquered years  
To one that with us works, and trust,

“ With faith that comes of self-control,  
The truths that never can be proved  
Until we close with all we loved,  
And all we flow from, soul in soul.”

So that, at the last, reminiscent beauty is all that remains in

the deadly blight; poetry, because true to feeling and experience; but truth, never! Rather with Browning and Tennyson will we abide, satisfied that "there is nothing covered, that shall not be revealed; and hid, that shall not be made known."

Yet Arnold achieves a noble purpose. He awakens to quietude, and affords an incentive whose final aim he never realized on earth. He wrought well at what he chose, but could neither finish his work, nor ensure it a place in the hearts of his fellows, because he himself was not in sympathy with himself, but only with his perplexity.

G. HERBERT CLARKE.

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## ENTOMOLOGICAL SKETCHES.

### SKETCH II.—A NIGHT AT THE LIGHTS.

The electric light is the happy hunting ground of the moth-hunter. The entomologist finds no more fascinating diversion than is to be had at the foot of a suburban arc-light which has in its vicinity groves and orchards. Where foliage abounds moths are almost sure to be numerous. These insects of the night shun the brightness of day and, during the sunny hours, seek the most secluded shades of the leafy groves, ready to fly forth at night, drawn by the irresistible attraction of the brightest of all lights. I have had so many enjoyable experiences during my moth-hunting days that I am inclined to venture a rough description of a night spent at one of my favorite lights, in hope that it may be of interest to some of those who peruse the pages of this magazine.

Moth-hunting is not a solitary pursuit. Seldom if ever have I hunted alone; it is much the better plan for two to work together. Two are company and are able to afford mutual assistance in case of need. To the uninitiated observer the equipment of a moth-hunter is somewhat peculiar in appearance. Each man is armed with a net of gauze, preferably of a greenish color. The usual net is about a foot in diameter,

a yard in depth and is fastened to a light bamboo pole which may vary in length from three to fifteen feet. I have always found it necessary to be equipped with a long and a short pole, because with a short-handled net one is unable to reach the moths which circle back and forth around the light, and with a long net it is impossible to capture those which fly close by or drop down stupefied for a moment by the glare. In each man's capacious pocket is a cyanide bottle, the instrument of death to the captives. This may vary in size, but must always be provided with a wide mouth. In the bottom of the bottle lumps of cyanide are cemented by a layer of plaster of Paris, and the poisonous fumes which arise from beneath quickly overcome even the hardiest of insects. If expecting a large catch, it is advisable to have a metal box, with a moist cork floor on which to pin out the specimens which have succumbed to the deadly fumes.

With this equipment my companion and I started out one evening in the month of June. When we reached our hunting-ground it was just dusk and of course too early for the regular night-flyers. We came early in order to capture the dusk-flyers, which are commonly called hawk-moths (*Sphingidae*). There were several lilac bushes in bloom, not far from the light, and around them were many of these swift-darting creatures, taking their evening meal of nectar. They fly so swiftly and dodge so warily that, out of ten casts with the net, one does not expect to be successful more than once or twice; but they are so highly prized by collectors that even a small catch is thankfully received.

After half an hour, spent with good success at the lilac bushes, we decided to desist, partly because the darkness had greatly increased and partly because we had frightened away the objects of our pursuit. We then pinned out our trophies in the box which we had provided for their reception. They were beautiful creatures indeed. Large, tapering bodies, long, slender, hawk-like wings and bright, glistening eyes—all these combine to make a unique insect which is rarely if ever encountered by any but the collector. While we were at work under the light we kept a weather eye or two on our surroundings, expecting the arrival of moths at any time. We had not long to wait, for the

light was soon surrounded by a myriad of small moths. We took a number of the rarest of these, some of which were very delicate and showy in appearance. While I was in pursuit of a small darting moth, a great brownish creature flew past. In size he would rival a bird, but in flight he was more like a great, lazy butterfly. Although he passed by and disappeared in the darkness, we felt assured by previous experience that the strong attraction of the light would soon bring him back, and we were not mistaken. Almost before we were prepared to receive him he returned and flew violently against the glass globe of the light. This stunned him somewhat, but not sufficiently to cause him to fall to the ground. With my long-handled net I made a desperate swoop at him, but missed the mark. The action of the net disconcerted him to such an extent that he came plunging down, to fall a prey to the much more wieldy net of my companion. With the utmost care not to rub the delicate scales from the richly-colored wings, we transferred him to the cyanide bottle, where he fluttered a few seconds and then succumbed to the fatal vapor which surrounded him.

Soon the sport became very exciting. Several great fluttering beauties were dodging about the light at the same time, and it was a constant source of difficulty to choose a victim from such a rich selection. The queen of moths, the bright green Luna (*Actias Luna*), with its long tails flowing from the lower wings and its delicate, silken, snow-white body, came sailing majestically up to the centre of attraction and fell a very easy prey to the hungry net. It seemed a pity to put to death such a beauteous creature; but science is science, and it is better to kill a gorgeous moth to preserve it in all its beauty for years, than to allow it to live a day or two and then be torn to shreds by the voracious bat, or to rot in the recesses of a hollow log.

Perhaps it would be of interest to some if I should give short descriptions of the general appearance of a few of the characteristic Canadian moths which frequently fall a prey to the moth-hunter.

The king of moths is the Cecropia (*Platysamia Cecropia*). He is a large brownish moth measuring from six to seven and a half inches from tip to tip. The shades of brown and yellow are arranged and blended in a most harmonious way. The colors

are what artists would call night colors—hues which Nature does not exhibit in any of her works which are exposed to the light of day. The Peacock (*Hyperchiria Io*) is smaller and rarer but is equally beautiful. Specimens are found with a spread of wings ranging in breadth from two to three inches. The upper wings are mottled with fawn and orange while each of the lower is marked with a large eye closely resembling the eye on a peacock feather. The Polyphemus (*Telea Polyphemus*) is nearly as large as the Cecropia but is quite distinct in appearance. Different specimens vary greatly in color. All the shades from a bright orange yellow to a dull mud color are found. The markings, however, never vary. On each wing there is a single eye of transparent membrane, from which characteristic it has been named after the one-eyed hero of Homer. The Hummingbird moth (*Deilephila Chamaenerii*), as its name announces, is one of the most brightly colored of all. It is about the size of the Peacock, but, like the other *Sphingidæ*, it has the characteristic long hawk-like wings. Although it can scarcely be distinguished from a hummingbird in its flight, when it is captured and mounted it loses much of the resemblance. It is one of the few moths in which bright red is the prevailing color. In contrast to these gorgeous moths the Goat moths (*Cossi*) are the very opposite of beautiful. Their bodies are covered with bristles and the wings are destitute of the brightly-colored scales which are the heritage of the moth tribe. Although it is void of beauty, the collector is overjoyed beyond measure to capture a specimen. The reason of this is of course the comparative rarity of this variety.

These are only a few among almost numberless species which a good net-wielder can capture in the course of a season.

At about ten o'clock the moths deserted the light, as is their custom, and we wended our way homeward with an excellent catch. Much the same feeling steals over the senses of a successful moth-hunter as is felt by the zealous angler when he proudly bears homeward a good string of speckled beauties. The feeling is intensified, however, in the case of the entomologist, because he knows that every specimen he captures will remain as a trophy of his prowess and will help to beautify his collection for many days.

It is customary and even necessary in most cases to set the moths in the shape in which one wishes them to remain before they become stiffened. When we reached home therefore we were obliged to spend the time until after midnight in caring for the contents of our bottles and boxes. This is rather tedious work and requires the utmost care, because the smaller moths are extremely delicate and easily torn or rubbed. After everything was in shape, literally and figuratively, we tumbled into our welcome beds to dream until morning of splendid captures, new species of untold beauty and marvellous size, in short, to spend an "Arabian night" at the lights.

H. H. NEWMAN.

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#### EDITORIAL NOTES.

With the present number, the McMASTER UNIVERSITY MONTHLY closes the fourth year of its existence, and that, too, we are pleased to say, with the brightest prospects for next year. Through the wise and untiring efforts of our business managers, and through the prompt and generous assistance of our large circle of friends and contributors, the MONTHLY has attained to such a degree of literary excellence and popularity as renders its permanent success practically assured. Financially, likewise, the year now closing has been exceedingly gratifying, and not least so to those whose faith in its mission, even in the days of small beginnings and great discouragements, led them to assume serious personal responsibilities in behalf of the MONTHLY, and who now see the object of their faith on a firmer footing than, with all their confidence, they had dared to expect in so short a time. The Committee of Management desire to express their sincerest thanks to all friends in the city and elsewhere whose liberal and constant patronage of our advertising department has so largely contributed to bring about the present satisfactory situation, and trust that they may be able to merit and retain the same confidence in the future.

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The name of Dr. Broadus is as familiar and well-beloved as a household word to all Canadian Baptist students, who have lamented the removal from his earthly activities of an eminent Christian scholar whose spiritual power and guidance are so greatly needed in these

perilous times. It has been Professor Farmer's desire to give a faithful portrait of the great Southern Baptist teacher and leader as he knew him, towering high among his brethren, commanding their homage and winning their affection and confidence, attracting about him, too, a large company of willing workers whom he fired with his own enthusiasm and strengthened by his own great faith in the gospel of the New Covenant. We believe our readers will all own that the writer has done his work admirably. The portrait is from a photograph sent from Louisville for our special purpose. We desire at the same time to express our appreciation of the kindness of Messrs. Armstrong & Son, New York, who offered the use of the picture which accompanies their edition of Dr. Broadus' "Sermons and Addresses." We have chosen the other because of its being later. Our thanks are due o Professor Robertson for it.

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Another year of successful work has closed at McMaster University, and two more classes, having finished their courses in Arts and Theology, have gone away to their homes or fields of labor carrying with them many class honors, as well as the Senate's formal recognition of their standing and privileges as graduates in their respective departments, and as alumni of their University. Commencement exercises, to which fuller reference is made elsewhere, were this year especially enjoyable, being marked by several features which will make them long remembered. The address of Chancellor Rand we publish in full in this number. Owing to his severe illness a year ago, this is the first expression of the kind which he has been able to make in public, and we deeply regret to be compelled to say that it will probably be the only one which will ever appear in our columns. Dr. Rand has been a frequent and ever cheerful contributor to the pages of the MONTHLY, and by his personal efforts and unbounded confidence at a critical period in its early history, did more than is commonly known to give the new magazine a fair start. We trust Dr. Rand's name will still often appear in the McMASTER MONTHLY, where his contributions will always be welcome and, we know, read with pleasure.

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We heartily congratulate our loved and honored friend, Dr. Dudson, on the distinguished academic honor which the Senate of McMaster University, at the hands of the Chancellor, has recently conferred upon him, an honor, it need not be said, which will have the fullest approval of his brethren in every part of Ontario. Though it be true that, in spite of this imposing dignity, he will still, *behind the scenes,*

be "Ebb" to his numerous old college friends and associates, yet none will more gladly acknowledge his well-deserved honor, or are prouder to-day of the fact that his was not the last name that occurred to the minds of nine Baptist pastors out of ten, when it was a question of who was the best man to fill the highest position of trust in the gift of the denomination.

German critics are not over ready to acknowledge the thoroughness and worth of works by English or American scholars. Very few references are found in their writings to the productions of Anglo-Saxon authors. While the results of German scholarship are made available to the English reader in translations, it is almost unexampled that a monument of English scholarship has been published in Germany. Recently, however, the treatise of Dr. W. H. Green on the Hebrew feasts in their relation to the Higher Criticism has been translated into German, and thus forced upon the attention of the editors of the leading German reviews, and of others. Although it is in support of the traditional view, it has compelled quite general recognition of its thoroughness and critical acumen from the higher critics themselves. More than one German scholar thinks that, in the light of this work, the foundations of the Higher Criticism should be tested afresh, to see whether they have been laid with sufficient care. Is not this concession quite significant?

G.

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### COLLEGE NEWS.

H. H. NEWMAN,  
W. J. THOROLD,  
MISS M. E. DRYDEN, } *Editors.*

### THE UNIVERSITY.

WE are pleased to learn that Mr. A. P. McDonald, B.A., B. Th., one of the Arts graduates of the present year, has been appointed to the Senate of the University. He is a young man for such a distinction, but he will, no doubt, justify his appointment.

FRESHMAN:—(Writing on his first Latin paper.) "*Ibid—Ibid—I* never read anything by *Ibid*. I wonder what the professor wanted to put a piece of *Ibid* on the paper for. I guess I'm plucked." He passes on to the next question without even an attempt to translate



the selection, knowing that his abilities are not of sufficient breadth to warrant him in attempting to translate an unknown author at sight.

MR. W. BOGART, photographer, has, with great pains, made a composite group picture of the professors and students of the University. Nearly all of the students are represented and the picture is very artistically arranged. Copies can be had at very reasonable rates, and all the boys who come down to the convention ought to make themselves possessors of these excellent pictures.

CLASS '97 took advantage of the extremely fine weather to go for a picnic on Monday, April 29th, the first day of the holidays. They had as guests all the ladies of the University, and Mrs. Dr. Newman was chaperone for the party. Baseball, hill-climbing and various other sports occupied most of the time. After refreshments, speech-making was the order of business and several brilliant little addresses were made. A number of small boys were attracted by the sounds of revelry, and one of them was heard to remark confidentially to his chum: "Say, Joe, I know who dey is. Dey's de Salvation Army." The class is to be congratulated on the good impression they made upon this joyous occasion.

WE are very sorry indeed to lose such a genial, able and popular professor as Prof. Trotter. It is not much of a surprise to us, however, that he prefers his old calling of preacher to that of professor. By nature he is a preacher and is more in his element when in the pulpit than anywhere else. The pastorate which he is to fill is one of great importance, influencing as it does so many students as well as staunch Nova Scotia Baptists. The Wolfville church has had only three pastors during the last century, and it is to be expected that when it chooses a man it makes a most careful selection. We, of course, agree with them on their choice but are very sorry that we are the ones to suffer by the loss. Our best wishes go with Prof. Trotter and we hope that he will be spared to the church to which he goes for as long a time as the former pastors have been spared.

CLASS '96 tendered a farewell reception to the graduating classes on the afternoon of Monday, April 29th. An excellent supper was prepared and all the fellows of the University were cordially invited to be present at the festivities. Above the incessant noise of conversation and the accompanying noise of the table could be heard the strains of the piano, which was kept in operation by A. G. Baker, '96, and W. B. H. Teakles, '98. Their music was greatly appreciated by all and added much to the pleasure of the gathering. After the good things had disappeared, chairs were drawn back and a list of excellent toasts was given. Mr. C. E. Scott, president of class '96, announced the following toasts:

1. The Chancellor and the University—Wm. Findlay, '96.
2. The Ladies—J. B. Paterson, '96.

3. The Graduates in Arts, proposed by J. C. Sycamore, '96, responded to by J. W. Russell, '95.

4. The Graduates in Theology, proposed by A. N. Marshall, '96, responded to by C. Segsworth.

After the speeches, all joined hands and the strains of *Auld Lang Syne* rolled through the halls. The graduates will leave us in the best of spirits and will doubtless remember this occasion with pleasure in the days to come.

#### THE SECOND ANNUAL COMMENCEMENT.

These exercises were well worthy of following the eminently successful inaugural exercises of last year. From beginning to end everything passed off without a break, and we have cause to congratulate ourselves that the success of the meetings was so signal and complete.

THE FIRST PUBLIC MEETING OF THE ALUMNI was the opening session of the series, and although not strictly a part of commencement exercises, it ought to be recorded here. An excellent audience assembled in the Bloor Street Baptist Church to hear the able addresses delivered by members of the Alumni. The first address was delivered by the President of the Alumni, Rev. E. W. Dadson. We have learned to expect great things from him, and we were interested, instructed and encouraged by the powerful words which he spoke in behalf of that feature which is a distinctive feature of McMaster University. His subject was "Christian Education Carried on Without State Aid," and he showed how this was distinctly in accord with Baptist principles, and strongly advocated the continuance of this course in our University. The programme announced that the Rev. J. W. A. Stewart, D.D., of Rochester, would deliver an address. Unfortunately he was unable to be present but forwarded a paper of great merit, which was read with due spirit and power by Prof. Trotter. The last address was delivered by a lay member of the Alumni, Mr. Frank Sanderson, M.A. His paper was on "Present day Dangers to our Churches." Considerable discussion was provoked by this very interesting paper. Appropriate music was interspersed throughout the programme by the University Glee Club and Quartette, which was much appreciated.

THE DELIVERY OF ESSAYS BY THE GRADUATES took place on Tuesday afternoon in the spacious school-room of the Walmer Road Church. Considering the nature of the exercises, a large number of people assembled. The Chancellor and Faculty, with two or three city pastors, occupied the platform. Dr. Welton, of Immanuel Baptist Church, opened the meeting with prayer. The following graduates then delivered their essays:

The Preparation of the Earth for the Abode of Man, W. S. S. MacAlpine, (Arts).

Plato's Doctrine of the Soul, Frederick Eby, (Arts).

Spenser's Influence on Succeeding Poets, G. Herbert Clarke, (Arts).

Christ and Buddha, Rev. R. Garside, B.A., (Theology).

The Preaching for the Times, Rev. Ralph W. Trotter, (Theology).

The programme was much enlivened by selections of music rendered by the Glee Club and Orchestra.

After the conclusion of the exercises, Rev. B. D. Thomas, D.D. of Jarvis Street Church, spoke a few words of congratulation, and expressed his high appreciation of the excellence of the essays which were delivered. The only fault that could be found with the essays was that several were of undue length, considering that five of them were delivered almost without a pause.

THE BACCALAUREATE SERMON was preached on Tuesday evening in the large and beautiful audience-room of the Walmer Road Church. The preacher of the evening was the Rev. E. W. Dadson. With such a preacher it is little to be wondered at that such a large audience assembled. Space will not permit even a synopsis of the sermon, suffice it to give only the text. It was "Ye are His workmanship." Those who are acquainted with the preacher will know what an able sermon was delivered by him from such a text. We were much indebted to the choir of the Beverley Street Church, under the leadership of Mr. McNally, for the delightful music with which they favored us during the evening.

THE COLLATION,—That part of the graduating exercises which so gladdens the heart of the Freshman and causes his vest to palpitate for joy in both the lower and upper sections, occurred on Wednesday afternoon in the same room in which we had heard the delivery of essays on the previous days. The nature of the exercises seemed to be somewhat more interesting than those of Tuesday afternoon, at least one would judge so from the appearance of the countenances of the assembly. The boys had the privilege of inviting their lady friends to this performance, and many availed themselves of the opportunity. The chairman of the afternoon was the Hon. John Dryden, M.P.P. His bright pithy words of introduction were worthy of the honorable gentleman's reputation as a speaker and were well received. The national anthem was sung in response to the first toast, "The Queen." "The Legislature," was responded to by the Hon. G. W. Ross, Minister of Education. Wit and wisdom flowed in an uninterrupted stream from the mouth of this orator. It reminded us of the speech which he made when summing up the debate over in Victoria University. "The Board of Governors," was responded to by the chairman in a short and interesting speech. "The University," was dealt with by two men well capable of speaking on such a subject: Mr. C. J. Holman and Chancellor Rand. The last toast, "The Graduates," was proposed by the Rev. O. C. S. Wallace, M.A., of Bloor Street Church, and was responded to by C. H. Schutt on behalf of the graduates in Arts, and by W. Harryett on behalf of the graduates in Theology. Both these men are to be congratulated on the excellence of their speeches. An intermission of half-an-hour was given before the important evening session commenced. It need hardly be mentioned that the students with their lady friends found no difficulty in occupying the fleeting moments profitably and pleasantly.

THE CONFERRING OF DEGREES, the most important occasion of all in the eyes of the graduates, took place in the audience room where we saw the large assembly on the evening before. The crowd was still larger on this occasion. Nearly two thousand people came together to witness the imposing exercises. We are very glad indeed to see the increasing interest which our friends in the city take in our University. A number of prominent men occupied the platform along with the Chancellor and the Faculty. Only one honorary degree was conferred. Rev. E. W. Dadson, B.A., of Woodstock, was honored by the addition of D.D. to his name. We all know how well he deserves this mark of appreciation. He was led forth and presented by Dr. Goodspeed, who introduced him in a very appropriate little address. We were somewhat surprised to notice that no purple hood was thrown over his shoulder, but probably this was a matter of his own choosing. Mr. W. S. W. McLay, our English lecturer, was awarded the degree of B.A., *ad eundem*. We will not here enumerate the graduates. They are to be introduced to you at greater length in our graduation number, which is to be published next month. Thirteen men were graduated in Arts and all secured the ermine and sheepskin. Five men were graduated in Theology, two of whom obtained the degree and insignia of B.Th., one a diploma for a four years' course, and two, diplomas for three years' courses. The graduates are a noble-looking set of fellows, as their published portraits will show in our next number. The two tallest men in the University, one of the Arts and one of the Theological graduates, leave us this year with their diplomas. Both are over six feet four. Chancellor Rand delivered an address to the graduates which showed his antagonism to the modern tendencies in Philosophy, and urged them to do all in their power to prevent the spread of the doctrines which he considered to be so pernicious. We were favored by three excellent addresses from the distinguished visitors on the platform. His Honor, Lieutenant-Governor Kirkpatrick, after a witty introduction, instructed us concerning the educational advantages of our forefathers and showed how we have advanced of late in that regard. Rev. Dr. Bain, of Victoria University, followed with an address of greeting to McMaster. He regretted that Chancellor Burwash was unable to be present, but made up for his absence by the bright address which he delivered. The last speech was delivered by Dr. McLellan, our associate examiner in Education and principle of the School of Pedagogy. He was very eloquent in his commendation of the excellent work which our graduates had accomplished in the department of Education. He considers that McMaster is doing thorough work and assured us all that the McMaster graduates would be able to take an even stand with the graduates of other Universities. After the national anthem had been sung, and the benediction had been pronounced by Prof. Trotter, the audience dispersed in a happy frame of mind.

## MOULTON COLLEGE.

Quite a large party made an excursion with Miss Bishop and Miss McKay in search of spring flowers. They returned laden after spending a very pleasant afternoon in the woods. The spring beauties which they gathered brighten nearly every room.

All who have heard Prof. Trotter talk on one of his favorite subjects, "Hymnology," will understand the delight with which we listened to him on Friday evening, April 26, at a meeting of the Heli-conian. Aside from the many interesting features of the lecture, the main thought to be remembered is certainly this: When our language is so wonderfully rich in fine hymns, full of sweetness and majesty, what possible excuse is there for singing poor ones?

On the evening of May 3rd, we were again favored by a lecture from one of the Professors. Prof. Clark spoke upon "Student Life in Germany," and, as the lecture was founded upon personal experiences, and enlivened by many entertaining anecdotes and glimpses of celebrated personages, we found it extremely interesting.

Harmony Hall is deserted and our merry McMaster sisters have departed to cheer other homes and gladden other hearts. Before they left they entertained us very delightfully in their hospitable hall. The joyful company of guests and hostesses made the corridors ring with merriment, and we all agreed in declaring the "Posts'" reception the event of the year.

The various closing exercises were well attended and enjoyed by the Moultonites. High as the examination fever is, our students tore themselves from the joys of mathematics and Latin prose to see the conferring of degrees and listen with a face of wisdom, if a brain confused, to the essays. Moulton congratulates McMaster on the completion of another successful year.

The first annual reunion of the Alumnae Society of Moulton College will be held in the college chapel on Tuesday, June 11th. The proceedings will consist of a business meeting at 10 o'clock, a.m., and at 4 o'clock p.m. a social reunion, at which an attractive programme of musical and literary selections will be rendered. The committee earnestly urge all members of the Society to be present, and also cordially invite all graduates of Moulton and Woodstock Colleges who have not already joined, as their great desire is to make this Association an acknowledged branch of the institution, adding strength to it in all its departments by keeping up the interest of its former students. Free accommodation will be provided in the college for Alumnae not residing in the city, if notice of their intention to be present be received by Miss Fitch not later than the first of June.

## WOODSTOCK COLLEGE.

SEVERAL of our boys have gone, some to their fields of labor, others to enrich homes with their maps or stereoscopic views.

MAY 4th witnessed a lively game of baseball between our team and employees from Hay's and Karn's factories. Score: eighteen to twelve in favor of the College.

WE are glad to notice that one of our graduates of last year, Mr. John A. Bain, has passed his first year examination at the School of Practical Science, with an excellent standing.

THE Tennis Club has held its annual meeting, and elected the following officers for the coming year:—President, H. S. Robertson, B.A.; Vice-President, A. Canfield; Sec.-Treas., E. Wenger; Custodian, C. Henderson.

EVERY boy in the College rejoices heartily in the honor done to our beloved pastor, and hopes that "Dr." Dadson will long live to enjoy the love and esteem of his church and denomination.

WE enjoyed a rare treat on April 26th, in the shape of a lecture on the "British Museum," delivered by Mr. R. W. Sawtell, who has lately returned from a trip to England. We are indebted to Mr. Sawtell for much useful information given in a very interesting form.

EXCITEMENT ran high on the football field on May 9th, when the Senior Collegiate team did their best to put our boys in the shade. With the exception of some wild shooting a good game was played on both sides. Each side made one goal, but the College evidently had the best of the game.

AT our last Judson Missionary Society meeting, Superintendent McEwen interested us with an earnest and practical talk on Home Mission work. We were touched as we listened to the needs and opportunities offered in many parts of our country, and more than one boy longed to get away to these outlying districts.

ROARS of applause greeted the return of two of our esteemed teachers from Toronto, where they had successfully passed their examinations. The announcement that Mr. Smith had taken first-class standing in all his subjects, and Mr. George in all but one, was the signal for another outburst of congratulatory clapping and loud demands for speeches. Not without reason are Woodstock boys proud of their teachers.

A SAD-HEARTED company of students gathered at the station on Tuesday evening, April 2nd, to see their fellow-student, Mr. W. E.

Robertson, off for his home in Toronto. When returning on Monday from Braemar, where he had been preaching on the Sabbath, Mr. Robertson was thrown from the buggy and received a severe fracture of the shoulder. He suffered a great deal, and we fear it will be some considerable time before he will be quite well again. We have missed him in our school, but have remembered him continually in our prayers, and are glad to hear that he is doing as well as can be expected.

We are extremely sorry to have to report an accident to another of our most brilliant and respected students. While engaged in a game of football, on the 3rd inst., Mr. Bovington's right leg was broken between the ankle and the knee. The injured limb was set by Dr. McLay. Mr. Bovington is bearing it in a brave fashion, and has the warmest sympathy of all his school-fellows.

ON April 5th the Literary Societies, unitedly held an open meeting, and were rewarded with a full house. The prominent feature of the programme was a debate:—"Resolved: that the theatre should be abolished." Mr. G. R. Welch and Miss Huggart eloquently argued in favor of the affirmative, while ample justice was done to the negative by Mr. F. J. Scott and Miss McLaurin. The judge, Mr. Geo. Smith, Barrister, gave his decision in favor of the speakers on the negative. Choruses, quartettes, selections by the orchestra, and "The Oracle," all contributed to the pleasure and profit of the evening. The proceeds, \$14.50, were devoted to Foreign Missions.

THE scholarly attainments of our Matriculation Class are excelled only by their good nature. The latter quality found expression on April 24th in an oyster supper, to which they invited their teachers and fellow-students. With keen appetites, loaded tables, and genial hosts, the repast was thoroughly enjoyed. Toasts, heartily received, followed. "The Queen," moved by Mr. Brown, seconded by Mr. A. J. Scott; "Our Country," Messrs. G. R. Welch and W. B. Tighe; "The Faculty and their wives," Messrs. Bovington and Newcomb, responded to by Prof. McKechnie; "The other years," Messrs. Scarlett and Wood, replied to by Mr. F. C. Elliott; "Our Matron and Steward," Messrs. Ross and Jones, responded to by Mr. Gray. The speeches were short, pithy and humorous, and the kindness of our hosts was highly appreciated.

OUR Manual Training Department is humming with activity. The second floor, which is devoted to wood-work, just now presents a nautical appearance; oars, paddles, fishing-rods, etc., lie around in profusion. Prominent above all the rest is a boat nearing completion, which is the work of the middle year. This boat, measuring eighteen feet in length and four feet in width, is of the lapstreak style, and has the patent folding centre board, and brass row-locks, all made by the boys themselves. The builders have labored with enthusiasm, and we are assured by Prof. Clark, have put in it good, creditable workmanship. "The Woodstock," for so it is appropriately named, will be on

exhibition at the closing exercises, and we hear it kindly intimated that the pleasure of a trip in it will be gladly accorded friends of the school who may visit Lake Joseph this summer. A glance at the different departments justifies the pride of Prof. Clark in his well-taught "boys," as he affirms that never was better work done, or more enthusiasm shown in the manual training than this year.

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#### GRANDE LIGNE.

After the long, cold winter we are again permitted to revive our sports. Football, baseball and lacrosse share the attention of the boys, but the ground is still too soft for them. The warm weather will soon harden up the ground and then both youths and maidens can revel on the tennis court.

With the close of the winter term a number of our students have departed. We are in hopes that they will all return next fall. About thirty boys and eighteen girls remain for the summer term. We wish them success in their work.

A very successful closing entertainment was held at the end of the winter term on April 11th. The attendance was good, considering the weather, and the programme was interesting. Some, of course, were pleased and others disappointed at the results of the examinations.

There are this year a number of our students who will finish their course preparatory to entering other schools and universities. Some of the Feller Institute boys are already scattered in the different universities of our country and are making their mark. We have, therefore, little fear for the future of those who are going from here this year.

Sunday, April 7th, was another joyful day for the Church and Mission at Grande Ligne. Five more of our students who had lately found Christ then made their profession publicly in baptism. This makes fourteen of the students who have been baptized here this year. After the baptism the Lord's Supper was celebrated, when probably the largest membership in the history of the church remained for this ordinance. It did us good to see so many partake together of the emblems of our Lord's death. May still greater times of refreshing be our lot.

It is with sadness that we have to record the death of our friend and fellow-student, Eugene Bruneau. He had been working heartily and steadily as a student with us all the year up to the day before the April examinations began. He was then, however, taken violently ill with inflammation of the bowels. After a few days, however, with careful attention, he seemed to be on a fair way to recovery, and think-



ing he had gained sufficient strength, he expressed a desire to be taken home to Montreal. In the care of his brother, therefore, he was removed. But the journey was too severe for him. A relapse occurred and, after all medical aid had failed, he died on April 9th. We are happy to know that trusting in Jesus he died in peace. He left numerous messages to his friends and school companions, and expressed a desire that he might tell at Grande Ligne of his new found Saviour. His many friends have our deepest sympathy.

THE following note in regard to the Mendelssohn Choir Concert came to hand too late for insertion in its proper place: Too much cannot be said in praise of the 2nd concert of the Mendelssohn Choir on May 2nd. Mr. Vogt, its conductor, has achieved results with his society in the way of part singing which far surpass anything ever before done in Toronto, and which place him in the front rank as conductor. The numbers given by the choir were pleasantly varied and given with a perfection of detail never before attained by a local Society. The assisting artistes, Miss Clary, contralto, of New York, Mr. Beresford, baritone, of Boston, and Herr Bluer, violinist, of Detroit, were all that could be desired; Mr. Beresford especially, creating a most favorable impression. Mr. Hewlett, the accompanist, gave great satisfaction.

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“WHEN I REMEMBER.”

Sorrows humanize our race;  
 Tears are the showers that fertilize this world,  
 And memory of things precious keepeth warm  
 The heart that once did hold them.  
 They are poor  
 That have lost nothing; they are poorer far  
 Who, losing, have forgotten; they most poor  
 Of all, who lose and wish they might forget.  
 For life is one and in its warp and woof  
 There runs a thread of gold that glitters fair,  
 And sometimes in the pattern shows most sweet  
 When there are sombre colors. It is true  
 That we have wept. But, oh, this thread of gold!  
 We would not have it tarnish. Let us turn  
 Oft and look back upon the wondrous web;  
 And when it shineth sometimes, we shall know  
 That memory is possession.  
 When I remember something that I had,  
 But which is gone, and I must do without,  
 I sometimes wonder, how I can be glad,  
 Even in cowslip time, when hedges sprout;  
 It makes me sad to think on it, but yet,  
 My days would not be better days should I forget.  
 When I remember something promised me,  
 But which I never had, nor can have now,  
 Because the promiser I no more see  
 In countries that accord with mortal vow;  
 When I remember this I mourn,—but yet  
 My happiest days are not the days when I forget.

—Jean Ingelow.