



*H. M. Dean*

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HECTOR McLEAN.

The family to which the subject of this sketch belongs came from the Isle of Mull, Scotland. There they lived on a little rough farm beside the sea; but the patch of stony ground gave such meagre returns that they were driven to amphibious habits. From the sea they got fish and fowl enough to make up a living, and were enjoying a healthy, though narrow, contentment, when their nest became too small for the growing family. The boys began to talk of becoming sailors or soldiers. Then the parents, to save themselves the pain of a dispersion, and to give the ambitious youths elbow room, began to cast about for larger quarters. After careful inquiry, they decided to follow some friends to the bush farms of Canada.

In 1829 Donald and Janet McLean, with their eight children, sailed westward, and after a seven weeks' voyage reached their destination in the township of Lochaber, Quebec. Here they bought a section of unbroken forest bordering the Ottawa, and planted the goodly vine that has since spread far and wide, and that now numbers its members by hundreds.

These new settlers met the hardships incident to pioneer life and endured them cheerfully. God gave them health, material plenty and great spiritual blessing. The family of eleven became strong men and women without the assistance of a doctor, and settled conveniently, so that until recent years many happy re-unions were enjoyed. It was their custom to assemble

each New Year's Day at the old homestead. Sometimes the grandchildren and great-grandchildren would swell the company to large proportions. The rare and beautiful sight of such occasions was the unbroken family of thirteen as they were seated at the table. The aged parents occupied the ends, and ranged on either side were the eleven gray-haired boys and girls. The circle was one in spirit as well as in form. All owned the same Heavenly Father, and spent the day in praise and sweet foretaste of the eternal home.

Taken as a group, the McLean family form a beautiful, if not a brilliant, cluster. No one is a very lustrous gem, nor yet dull and small. They are all above the average, in physical strength, intellectual gifts and moral virtues. It is seldom that as much time, health, sound sense and practical godliness can be found in a family of like number.

While five of them are living, and likely to live for years, it is too early to settle their average length of life, which is now nearly seventy-seven years. The father died at ninety-three. The mother survived him six years, and "slipit awa" at ninety-five. Neil, the eldest son, after serving his generation by the fear of God, "fell on sleep" at eighty-five. John, the second son, is buoyant at eighty-seven, and appears to have momentum enough to keep him going to the hundred.

The chief glory of the family is not length of days, nor yet well-balanced minds, so much as genuine sympathy and goodness. They overflow with "the milk of human kindness." "Hospitality without grudging" is well illustrated in them and their posterity to the third and fourth generation. McMaster students who have labored in the Ottawa Valley know to their joy and comfort the abundance of this grace in Clan McLean. The mother and daughters were like Dorcas, always clothing and caring for the destitute, and the men folk were like Barnabas, sons of consolation. The McLean home in Lochaber since its beginning has been generally recognized as the centre of cheerful beneficence. If the young people of the neighborhood wished an evening's reviving fun; if the poor and afflicted needed relief and sympathy; if a tramp wanted a meal and lodging; if a family of emigrants needed a home for a month until a spot in the bush could be cleared and a house built, all

came with confidence to the McLans and received good measure, pressed down and running over. Hundreds glorify God for the light coming to them through the "hilarious" giving of that one household.

Hector, the fourth son, was a boy of twelve when he came with his parents to Lochaber. During his teens he was strongly influenced by the teaching and examples of two godly uncles, Neil Campbell and Duncan McCallum. The former was the spiritual leader in the settlement, who conducted Sunday School, prayer and temperance meetings, and never tired advocating the new birth and the temperance pledge. The latter was the school master, who taught in the fear of God, and had an eye for "the lad o' pairts." When nineteen, Hector, with seven others of the family, were led to Christ and baptized, during the great revival under Revs. Gilmore and Edwards. The older brother, Allen, soon after his conversion studied for the ministry, and spent his life in the pastorate. Hector began active Christian work as soon as converted, but did not decide to preach until six years later. When he asked the Church to recommend him for the ministry, all recognized his exemplary life, love for souls, and knowledge of the Word, but some thought his hesitancy in speaking would preclude success as a preacher. Persistence, however, prevailed, and Hector went to Montreal College for five years, studying hard during the winter and working on the farm by the river during summer. His college-mate, Rev. W. K. Anderson, speaking of him as a student, says: "Mr. McLean was deservedly regarded as a good student, an excellent thinker and sermonizer. I do not know that he was brilliant in any special branch, but he was a failure in none. He was always to be found in his proper place during study hours, at family worship and at recitations. He had a well-balanced mind, a high sense of honor and a tender conscience. He was regular in his habits, honest in his purpose, truthful in his statements, moral in his deportment, friendly in his intercourse with his fellow-students, and a judicious critic. During our last year at College he and I engaged a hall, where we preached alternately on Sabbath evenings to good congregations, who seemed to enjoy the services."

After graduating, Mr. McLean spent sixteen years in the

pastorate. Osnabruck, Oro, Brock, and King were the chief scenes of his ministry, but his field reached from Montreal to Detroit. More than once he drove from end to end of the Province, visiting isolated Protestant families or settlements, preaching in homes or schoolhouses, and enduring considerable hardship from bad roads, rough weather and poor accommodation. His work was done with persistent joy, and unseen foundations were thus laid, upon which have since been reared quite imposing structures. Wherever he went he exalted Christ by word and conduct. Though not a fluent speaker, his intense earnestness and faithful personal work made deep impressions. Sometimes to meet expenses he combined school teaching with preaching, and eventually he decided to divide his time between some business pursuit and the Gospel. This course was adopted for two reasons: He had learned that his impediment in speaking could never be overcome; he also believed Paul's example of independence suited his case.

In 1866 he moved to Ottawa, and after a little experimenting in groceries and ready-made clothing, he found paying work in buying hides on the market. This business was followed with considerable success until he retired. During the former part of his business life he preached in suburban missions or destitute country places almost every Sunday, but as cares increased sermons decreased. For thirty years he was deacon in the First Baptist Church, and proved a good counsellor, a liberal giver and loyal friend of every good work.

When, in 1890, the great sorrow of his only daughter's death came, he decided to retire from business, and devote the remainder of his life to preaching and philanthropic work. He visited the home of his childhood in Mull, found some of his old school mates, preached in Gaelic in the old schoolhouse, and, after an invigorating voyage, returned to Ottawa. Business and home cares seemed to multiply instead of diminish, so that his cherished desire for mission work was never realized. He appeared to have strength for years more of active life, but on Sept. 18, 1897, death came suddenly, giving time for only a few parting words to his only son and beloved wife.

A few days ago Mr. McLean's business partner was visited in his office by the market and asked the question: "What is

your estimate of the man whose name stands for this firm?" In answer he said: "Though Mr. McLean's character and works are well worth remembering, no one would shrink from being eulogized more than he. Like the great missionary Carey, he would say, 'Speak not of me but of my Master.' Few men, however, have left as clean a record and wielded as continuous an influence for good as my late partner. In his business life he was attentive, punctual and strictly honest. It was through his uprightness he succeeded so well. When he came to Ottawa he was past middle life and had no capital. To compete with active and strong opposition seemed foolish. But his persistence and impartiality won the respect and confidence of the people. If you wish now to know his reputation, ask the hundreds of farmers, hucksters and butchers on the square, and, without exception, they will bear witness to his integrity. Remember, too, that Mr. McLean did more here than buy and sell. His presence was a constant rebuke to evil. He preached more sermons, and to larger congregations, on this market than he did in the pulpit. Profanity, intemperance and vulgarity, even in mild forms and mixed with humor, never met with his smile. He was bold and faithful in warning and reproving the sinner. Even when he said nothing his presence made bad men good. His piety was genuine and did not vanish like a will o' the wisp. He was always better than appearances. Another striking characteristic of Mr. McLean's was strong and steady hopefulness. His health was always good, his faith in God was firm, and loss or gain in business moved him but little. 'He endured as seeing Him who is invisible.' In spite of his failings the memory of his life of honesty, joy and purity will suggest to many the saying: 'Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see God.'"

A. N. FRITH.

“GLORY-ROSES.”

“Only a penny, sir!”  
 A child held to my view  
 A bunch of “glory-roses,” red  
 As blood, and wet with dew.

(O earnest little face,  
 With living light in eye,  
 Your roses are too fair for earth,  
 And you seem of the sky !)

“My beauties, sir!” he said,  
 “Only a penny, too!”—  
 His face shone in their ruddy glow  
 A Rafael cherub true.

“Yestreen their hoods were close  
 About their faces tight,  
 But ere the sun was up, I saw  
 That God had come last night.

“O, sir, to see them then!  
 The bush was all aflame!  
 O yes, they’re glory-roses, sir,  
 That is their holy name.

Only a penny, sir!”—  
 Heaven seemed across the way!  
 I took the red red beauties home—  
 Roses to me for aye,—

For aye, that radiant voice  
 As if from heaven it came—  
 “O yes, they’re glory-roses, sir,  
 That is their holy name”!

THEODORE H. RAND.

## SOME IMPRESSIONS OF CAMBRIDGE.

## II.

The memory of a happy period in our life is perhaps more deeply intensified when, in anticipation, we have drawn quite a different picture of what may be in store for us. In hours of pleasure derived from looking back upon the delightful year we spent in Cambridge, with its wealth of happy experiences, we wonder that, even in looking forward to the time, we could have had any but the brightest thoughts concerning it.

I had read much, heard much, of the coldness and reserve of the English people, and I shrank from meeting persons who might increase my already too painful feeling of being an exile. But where did the dreaded coldness and reserve go? It never appeared; instead we found kindness, thoughtfulness, charming hospitality, friends whom to know was to love.

A peculiar and particularly fascinating impression which we received of the people when first in their midst in a social way, was the marked tranquillity of their countenances, which we ceased to wonder at as time went on and we became more acquainted with the calm life with which we were surrounded.

Perhaps the College society, in its exclusiveness, is too much a world of its own, but it is so rich in completeness that one could wish to live always in its atmosphere of culture and learning. Its very conservatism makes it the more pleasing to recall, for we know that the homes in which we were guests are still entertaining others and giving the same pleasure in dispensing hospitality with the quiet ease and graceful cordiality which marked all occasions.

A striking feature of the social life of the College people is the afternoon visiting of the gentlemen. For a few hours between luncheon and dinner everybody seeks recreation. The sports in their seasons have their participants, but all alike are fond of tea drinking. When paying visits one meets many students in the drawing-room, always ready to assist the hostess in relieving her of passing a cup of tea, talkative, bright and entertaining. It seemed to me that the cup of afternoon tea.



with the conversational opportunities it afforded, more than all else in the way of social functions, was the stimulus of their happy relations to each other.

The question of tea drinking was apparently a matter of comment by the young ladies. At a debate at Girton, to which I had the pleasure of going one evening, it was resolved that "Athletics form too prominent a feature in the education of the modern young man." One young lady was of the opinion that the average undergraduate who was proficient in few, if any, of the arts embraced in the curriculum, was thoroughly versed in the arts peculiar to the river, tennis court and tea drinking. But the student who is up to row and the student who is up to read alike are fond of tea, and serve it in their rooms, of their own making, in a very delightful manner, as experience has shown us.

It has always been a source of pleasure to us of the new world to seek the haunts of England's greatest men, and we were not long enough in Cambridge to grow oblivious to that subtle charm which touches so many places and makes them of particular interest. Persons were constantly drawing attention to some new spot, something to allure us to wander about and seek the choice bits with which the Colleges abound. When going along King's Parade, I never failed to look up at 55 Corpus Building, in which Tennyson kept; nor, further on, to notice the iron bars across the window ledge in the third storey of Peterhouse, where the poet Gray kept at one time. There is a story that Gray was afraid of fire, and had the little iron railing made in order that he might attach a rope and descend in case of danger. Lovers of practical jokes placed a tub of water beneath his window and then gave the alarm of fire. Gray descended to a cold bath, and immediately afterwards moved across to Pembroke.

Trinity College claims a long list of distinguished men. Newton kept in the rooms of the gateway tower. Very near this were Thackeray's rooms, and those of Macaulay, Byron and Hallam, with many others.

The quiet town was suddenly transformed into a scene of life and activity when the students returned in October. One met isolated members about the streets through the long vaca-

tion wearing cap and gown. But we were greatly impressed with the strength of the student life when in two or three days the whole town took on a brighter and busier appearance; the tradesman displays his best wares, and perceptibly brightens with the coming of the students.

Undergraduates are compelled to wear cap and gown the greater part of the time, so that they seem to come in and possess the place. The quaint old streets present a strange and interesting spectacle in the early part of an evening when at times they walk leisurely about, in long gowns, short gowns, in the trim new mortar board of the freshman and the broken, much-abused looking mortar board of the men who have been there several terms—withal orderly, business-like, in fact, gentlemen.

We fully appreciated the privilege of having friends whose hospitality afforded us opportunities for meeting the persons whose fame in the world of science made it the greatest pleasure, as well as profit, to become acquainted with; but unique and long to be remembered visits were those paid to the Fellows whose rooms in the Colleges were their homes. At one time a meal with them and a tour of inspection through the buildings, with all the attractions pointed out to us; on other occasions, afternoon tea in the rooms and, best of all, an hour in the Fellows' garden. Visitors are only admitted there through courtesy of a Don, and upon entering the secluded retreat you feel that a bit of paradise still remains. All is perfectly kept; magnificent trees, plants of the rarest and most beautiful kinds, with a lawn like velvet, on which are laid out tennis courts, croquet grounds and bowling greens. Vine-covered summer houses and seats placed here and there complete the most perfect resting place I could imagine. There, shut off from sight or sound of the outside world, the Don goes to be alone if he so wishes. With apparent pride did they draw our attention to peculiar attractions, which might have passed unnoticed by us in admiring the garden, amongst them the great ages of old oak trees, bound and chained together that they may the longer offer shade, the number of feathered songsters and the quality of their singing, which find in the luxuriant foliage an unmolested and happy retreat.

Reluctantly we turned our steps toward the gateway. It

is so delicious there, and the time has gone all too quickly. The ladies of the party having been given a bunch of the various kinds of roses, the hedge is reached which in addition to the trees and tall iron fence surrounds the garden. With a last lingering look at the vision of loveliness which the garden presents, we go merrily back over the bridge, through the courts, and on our way home, and invariably say that it is no wonder that a Cambridge Don loves Cambridge as the apple of his eye.

With the return of summer we realized that our year was over. Much had been crowded into the time, and it had contained infinitely more than we had dared hope for, and now for a few weeks after lectures closed there only remained the pleasure of enjoying the much talked of "May Festivities," which in reality occur in June. In the earlier spring Nansen had come and gone, and the exciting vote had been taken on the question of women's degrees. The reading of the Tripos lists and the examination results closed the college year, and then Cambridge literally became *en fête*.

To the uninitiated the river might seem a sleepy stream of but little consequence. But what would the Backs appear without the river? There it plays a pretty part in softening the beauty of the landscape, and onward as it flows and broadens through the meadows, it becomes from the beginning of term until the end of "May week," a scene of great interest to all, for it is there that the thirty-one crews row every afternoon in preparation for the final exhibition of skill on the last three days of the gay season. The culminating event is the races, which are historic and of much importance to the student world of England. A party of us spent a delightful afternoon with one of the Dons in his boat, drank tea, and enjoyed the bright scene the banks presented with throngs of gaily attired people. All admired the skilful rowing of the oarsmen, who, in bright hued boating suits, as they pull their long, steady, resolute stroke, are cheered on by their fellow students who accompany their several Colleges, running alongside on the opposite bank.

When the last race has been rowed, and the winning crews have been borne off on the shoulders of the College men with banner and song, the boats filled with spectators simultaneously endeavor to leave their positions and row homeward. They call

it the scrimmage. Under the skilful management of our friends we felt perfectly safe, and thoroughly enjoyed the exciting undertaking. Everybody seemed to carry a bright colored sunshade, and the appearance of the river as we looked back upon the long vista of boats was an animated picture which makes description seem impossible.

A picnic up the river to Byron's Pool, a distance of three miles, on a lovely June afternoon, left the memory of the beautiful, peaceful life of rural England vividly impressed upon our minds. There the little stream becomes almost a brook. It was oftentimes so narrow that we had difficulty in rowing beneath the leafy arches, and trees of pink and white May in full bloom which trailed their fragrant branches in the water on either side. The ivy covers the banks with its beautiful drapery, and the meadows sloping away with villages here and there marked by the parish church and white cottages with thatched roofs, aroused the greatest admiration on our part. When being hurried over the country by train we had often looked longingly at just such a spot and wished that we might have the pleasure of being there. Byron's Pool was reached. It was there the poet was said to go to bathe in the rushing water caused by a dam at a bend in the river. A portage and a row of another mile brought us to our friend's favorite grove for having tea. Then the leisurely row home again when the light was fading completed a day of never-to-be-forgotten pleasure, which was among the last of those spent in England.

ELEANOR P. MCKAY.

*Toronto, April, 1898.*

## MORALS AND LIFE.

This article is composed of extracts from a personal letter received some time ago by an inquiring graduate of McMaster. The writer was Dr. Rand, and we see no reason why others should not profit by this pregnant message on morals and life, as well as the original recipient. The battle of life is common to all, and "the fight is always on."—EDITOR.

DEAR BROTHER,—

Dr. Brown ("Subsecivæ" Brown) laid down four qualifications of a physician, and they are no less qualifications of every earnest student who means to bring something to pass: "Capax"—an open, roomy soul; "Perspicax"—sense, alertness, immediate vision, a seeing soul; "Sagax"—right-reason, wisdom, the power of knowing the worth of what is seen, and choosing, or selecting it—a judicial soul; and, lastly, "Efficax"—the power to turn the other three to account, mental nearness, the will and the way, effectualness, in short, an executive soul. These are abiding qualifications for life service of high quality. Their possession means conscious and prolonged self-culture. But there is a central qualification without which all these are naught, and which is eminently in the domain of self-education, the one open door into effectual being and doing in the only real and true sense. I mean the things of the spirit—the life elements which bulk as character. Moral law is an abstraction. It can have reality and authority only as it is embodied in life. Read the Sermon on the Mount if you would have this greatest of life's truths written on your soul forever with a pen of divine fire. The ethical and spiritual concrete is character. When moral law is thus incarnated, it wears the purple, and its authority is recognized by rational men, and even by devils. Each of us is a builder of his own character, and it is by far the greatest work we shall ever do in this world. To accept the teaching of Herbert Spencer, and Rousseau before him, that the discipline of natural consequences is sufficient for this work, is never to enter the realm of the truly moral at all, but to surrender our

selfhood to the dominion of physical law, and deny the "Father of our Spirits." To accept the teaching uttered so widely, and with such an air of philosophic authority and finality to-day, that selfhood, personality, character, are the well-nigh passive product of heredity and environment, is to shut the door of hope forever. That teaching has in it no seed corn of virtue, come from whose lips it may.

"Unless above himself, he can erect himself,  
How mean a thing is man."

Heredity and environment do not necessarily make us what we are. Our wills are free—they are the mind in liberty. Worldlings, and philosophers so-called, may deny this, but the word of a divine poet and seer speaks to me, and I hope to you, above them all:

"Our wills are ours to make them Thine."

Your will is imperial, and goes behind heredity. You cannot set bounds to its power, when guided by accepted principles. Spiritual law is the final law of the natural world, I doubt not. "Everywhere heaven casts its shadows upon earth, for the laws below are sisters of the laws above." An illumined Greek said that the highest moral freedom is found in subjection to law, as the freest civil government is found where all just laws are most completely obeyed. Obedience is the great condition of moral development and growth—it is to character what exercise is to the physical and intellectual: it is exercise in the spiritual realm. A completely-fashioned, rightly-motivated will is the greatest of all products; it makes possible and includes all other vital products approved of heaven.

The training of the will through life-endeavor, daily action, is the great opportunity. One must moralize as well as mentalize oneself. The reef on which so many all about us, in business, in the professions, in the ministry, everywhere, go to pieces inwardly, is this: they *assent* but do not *do*. But the ground condition of all ethical and spiritual building is obedience. This sort of education, which is the flower of all education worthy of the name of Christian, may be very practically regarded as working against the chance influences of life. Will is educated and character formed by effort, not by acquisition. The consciousness of effort, the outputting of overcoming energy, de-

velops and fashions the will, and counts for character. It is steady, energetic, every-day use, in accordance with settled principles, that makes the sterling will-quality of mind. Through habit there is woven a plexus that serves as the very web of character.

The education of the conscience—one's own conscience—(I say "education" advisedly) is central in character-making. The power to feel ethical emotions in view of right is to be sacredly cherished. *Find out* the right, hour by hour, *choose* the right, *do* the right, these are your soul's imperatives, and cannot be disregarded save under penalty of utter loss and defeat. Conscience is the supreme imperative, and to be revered in all things as king. But the possession of a conscience does not make one virtuous—(look about you!)—any more than a theory of morals makes one moral.

The habitual doing of what one feels to be right, energizes the moral faculty, and gives it life-issue. Acting conscientiously educates conscience, and obedience to its dictates is the condition of its becoming the controlling energy in the life. The late Matthew Arnold declared conduct to be three-fourths of life. Yes, it is the whole of life, for all life worthy of the name is rooted in the nature of the "Father of the spirits of all flesh," the all-perfect archetype of rational being. His revealed nature is our supreme rule of right. Utilitarianism, reinforced to-day by evolutionary ethics, has in it no power sufficient to preserve the individual or society from moral degeneracy. Even Huxley, in his Romanes lecture, said, to the confusion of his friends: "The practice of that which is ethically best—what we call goodness or virtue—involves a course of conduct which in all respects is opposed to that which leads to success in the cosmic struggle for existence. . . . Social progress means a checking of the cosmic process at every step, and the substitution for it of another which may be called the ethical process. It depends not on imitating the cosmic process; still less in running away from it, but in combatting it." Just so. And you will not forget that we are not left to fight single-handed. We must be enamored of moral excellence, through and through, and fix our eyes on the sunlit summits of character exhibited in the life of that Divine One

who was made flesh and dwelt among us, and who has made it possible for us, despite every contrary teaching of the philosophy of the hour, and despite the paralyzing example in high places, boldly to say :

So close is glory to our dust,  
 So near is God to man,  
 When duty whispers low, "Thou must,"  
 The youth replies, "I can."

THEODORE H. RAND.

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### LIKE UNTO HIM.

"We know that when He shall appear we will be like Him."

Like unto Him—God's fair and sinless Son !  
 O soul, how far removed thou art to-day  
 From such a likeness, in thy garb of clay !  
 Thy oft repining for the faces gone,  
 His patience who the winepress trod alone ;  
 Thy readiness to blame, thy Lord's to pray—  
 "Father, forgive them !" Thine to love *thy* way,  
 While graced His cup of death—"Thy will be done !"

*Like unto Him!* O soul, if soon or late,  
 What miracle must needs transform thy dross  
 Into such pureness ; thy uncomeliness—  
 Uncomeliness that merits e'en God's hate,  
 Into thy Saviour's perfect loveliness ?  
 What but the grand fulfilment of the cross !

M. A. MAITLAND.

*Stratford, April, 1898.*



## Students' Quarter.

(Graduates and Undergraduates).

W. B. H. TEAKLES, '98,      D. BOVINGTON, '99.  
EDITORS.

### WHAT AN ALUMNA CAN DO FOR McMASTER.

At first it seemed as if it would be a comparatively easy task to enlarge upon this subject, but after some consideration it became evident that it was worded in a manner which circumscribed it most provokingly. "What *an* Alumna Can Do for McMaster." Had it only been "What Some Alumnæ May do for McMaster," what a charming margin there would have been for speculation,—what ample room for daring flights of the imagination!

Suppose for example that some one of our Alumnæ should distinguish herself in the field of literature,—should even prove to be a second George Eliot or a Mrs. Browning, what fresh lustre might she not shed upon the already shining name of McMaster! By celebrating it in song or story she might render its immortality doubly certain. Or, suppose again, a young artist of wonderful genius should one day leave our halls; what subtle touches might she not introduce with magic strokes upon her canvas suggesting the inspiration received from her Alma Mater! to say nothing of the magnificent portraits of the various dignitaries of the University that she might from time to time present to adorn the Chapel walls! Or, better still, suppose that an Alumna rolling in wealth (she need not necessarily be a Baptist) should decide to give substantial evidence of her love and loyalty, what a magnificent Woman's Residence she might erect,—containing a beautiful Chapel, in which all the audience could both see and hear the speaker. This Chapel could, of course, be loaned for all public occasions of the University, until some enterprising Alumnus, following her example, should do similarly for his own side of the house.

But alas! my subject is not "What Some Alumnæ May do

For McMaster," but "What an Alumna can do." This evidently means, "What can any ordinary, well-meaning, hard-working, but perhaps not specially-gifted Alumna do to further the progress and uphold the standard of her University?" Now, the first thing that occurs to an ordinary intelligence would seem to be, "She can be loyal to it." Trite as this injunction sounds, it is not one that is universally heeded. Graduates as well as undergraduates are occasionally heard to speak in slighting terms of the place to which, more than to any other, they owe the development of their mental powers. No doubt, many of these disparaging words are spoken thoughtlessly; but consider the effect they must have on outsiders! If we do not show regard and respect for our own institutions, who will? It is certainly the duty of any Alumna, not only never to speak slightly of her University, but also to lift her voice in its praise when she can conscientiously do so.

Again, it seems to me that a University graduate, whether she have to take an active part in the world's work, or whether she find her place in the quieter life of home, owes it to her University as well as to herself, to use as fully as possible the mental power she has acquired. If her intellectual weapons are not kept bright by constant use, they must by degrees become dull and lose their power. If, for example, on leaving the University she drops all her habits of study, and limits her reading to the daily paper and an occasional novel; if she never writes anything beyond a chatty letter, never takes up a French or German book, and confines her thinking strictly to bread-and-butter regions, she must lose gradually much of the benefit of her college training. On the other hand, if she resolves that at least she will not retrograde, she will find, even with a very limited amount of leisure, that she can do much mental work that will not only be helpful to herself but also to others. This hardly needs illustration. We all know that in many lines of church work, in charitable organizations, in reading clubs, and in literary societies of all kinds, such as are found in almost every community, the woman who is always in demand is the one who can write a paper, conduct a class, make an address or draw up a systematic, well-ordered plan of work. True, many women who have never seen the inside of a University, do these

things and do them well,—the more to their credit ; but is it not natural to expect more of those who have had special educational advantages, and should they not be willing to do more, and to give freely of their abundance ?

In this connection it has occurred to me that it might be helpful to us Alumnæ to know more of the College Settlement work that is being done by our sister graduates of American colleges. This is a labor of love among the poor and working classes of the large cities, carried on by graduates of Vassar, Smith, Wellesley and other of the important woman's colleges who have formed themselves into an incorporated College Settlements Association. Space forbids me to give any adequate account of the work accomplished by these women, or of the methods employed. The idea of the Settlement is neighborliness, with all that it implies. The work consists largely of teaching in its manifold branches, according to the needs of the community. Kindergartens, sewing-classes, singing school, lessons in domestic economy and hygiene, lectures in English literature and composition, lending libraries, social gatherings, debating clubs ; all these means and many others, are employed by these bright and self-denying women to help raise a little the physical, mental and moral standard of the tenement-house dwellers by whom they are surrounded. The head workers and their assistants, who give their whole time to the work, are paid very modest salaries ; while the "Residents," as they are called, who come to the Settlement to stay one month, three months, or perhaps a year, and who share the work, each according to her special gift, are not paid ; but on the contrary, pay their own living expenses while they remain. This fact shows how largely the work is the outcome of the highest motives, and speaks volumes in favor of higher education for women.

Though the day when the McMaster Alumnæ may be able to start a College Settlement, may be far distant (and if so one may hope that the need for such institutions may then have passed), yet perhaps some of us may profit by the example set us herein to do a little individual work of a similar sort when opportunity shall offer. By way of suggestion, might it not be possible for some one to start at her own home a reading club among a few young girls of limited advantages. Such a club

begun without pretention or ostentation would be a source of interest and pleasure to all connected with it; and since the study of good literature is one of the most potent factors in character-building, it is no small thing to turn a young mind, open alike to influences for good and evil, in the right direction, and in addition to provide it with resources of enjoyment and strength for all future time. We sometimes hear it said that a certain amount of education and culture is necessary before the master-pieces of literature can be appreciated. This opinion is not borne out by the experience of a Wellesley professor of some note who is a worker in the Boston College Settlement. She, speaking of a class in literature that she has conducted recently among working girls, says that she found their instinctive sense for poetry remarkable; that they read enthusiastically the modern poets, set in one instance a Wordsworth lyric to music, and "couldn't see why people think Browning hard"; while on being asked the same questions that had been propounded by a professor in a College Graduate Seminary to his class, they answered them much better than the graduates. The reason is not far to seek. To these girls in their poor circumstances, with their monotonous lives and barren surroundings, this class was a delight and an inspiration, a glimpse into an ideal world which brightened the real one, and they threw their whole souls into it.

But perhaps some one may think that I have wandered far from my starting point, and may ask how such work as this could benefit McMaster University. I think it must benefit McMaster for two reasons. First, because everything that raises the intellectual standard of Canadian women, thus awaking a truer and more general appreciation of the meaning of higher education for themselves and their children, cannot fail to benefit our educational institutions. Why, if our Canadian Baptist people were fully alive to the needs of higher education among us, the foundation stone of our new University building would be laid to-morrow.

In the second place, all such efforts must help McMaster because the future of our University depends largely upon the character of the students who go out from it. If they show by helpful and unselfish lives that their training has been of the

truest value to them, not only as an intellectual discipline, but also in developing noble character, then McMaster will never want for students, and students of whom she may be proud.

Finally, I think an Alumna should use her influence to induce more of our Baptist girls to attend McMaster. The present preponderance of young men is quite unfair, and we should do all in our power to bring about a more equal division of the good things that have been bestowed upon us. The idea prevails too widely that a girl may be the better of a university course if she intends to teach or enter a profession, but otherwise it is quite superfluous, and even a waste of time. "Four years is such a piece out of one's life," they will tell you. "Why, I should be awfully old (perhaps twenty-one) when I got through, and just think of all the fun I'd be missing!" It is doubtful whether the last point, namely, missing all the fun, would strike many of our Alumnae as well-taken. It may be safely said, that so far, we have been, as a class, a rather cheerful and light-hearted set, finding plenty of fun as we went along to lighten our burdens, and thoroughly enjoying University life except at examination time. At all events, we may do much to stir up our younger sisters to follow in our footsteps, and it should be our aim to do what we can to show them that they cannot be too well fitted intellectually for their work in the world, that the best education they can get is none too good, and will always be a help, never a hindrance, whatever sphere of life they may be destined for.

Perhaps I may be permitted to add just here that it is a very good start on the road to McMaster to get a girl to spend a year at Moulton College. Many of our Alumnae are former students of Moulton, and I am sure they will uphold me when I say that there are influences at Moulton which tend to bring out the best that is in a girl, to make her thoughtful, self-reliant and nobly discontented with present attainments. Let us all, then, feel a little personal responsibility in this matter, realizing that each one of us can and ought to do something in the interests of McMaster and higher education. After all, the main thing is to get our girls to think. Once get a girl seriously considering what she intends to do, and what she intends to be in the world, and the desire for higher education will follow a

a matter of course. It will be a good day when the majority of our girls decide to do a little more rowing, and not so much drifting with the current of public opinion. We Alumnae of McMaster University may all have a part in this work of raising the life ideal of the girls with whom we meet. Prejudice, environment and training, are in many cases opposed to progress in this respect, and yet, the day cannot be far distant when many of our Canadian Baptist girls will desire a university education, and will have it given to them as freely as it is granted to their brothers.

ELIZA POND WELLS, '94.

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#### THE CLEVELAND CONVENTION—A GLIMPSE.

The Student Volunteer Movement has become one of the greatest missionary enterprises of recent years. Rising at Mt. Hermon, Mass., in 1886, and assuming organized form in 1888, it has since held three international conventions—Cleveland, 1891; Detroit, 1894 and Cleveland 1898. Its sphere is limited to the development of a missionary enthusiasm and study in all the higher institutions of learning throughout the world. Its watchword has been "The evangelization of the world in the present generation." Yet it has never independently sent out a missionary, but claims to be simply a "recruiting agency," to serve as an assistant to the various Missionary Boards, and hence "has received the endorsement of every leading Board on the continent."

It has already touched 839 institutions, in which it has been instrumental in organizing 267 classes, with a present attendance of 2,361 students for the systematic study of missions, in increasing the volumes of their libraries by fully \$20,000 worth of missionary literature, and in securing a present enrolment of over 4,000 volunteers for the foreign field. Over 1,100 volunteers have already gone out under 46 societies, and are distributed through 53 countries in all parts of the world. Though primarily American, the movement has influenced students of other lands, so that to-day there are Student Volun-

teer Movements in Great Britain, Scandinavia, Germany, French-speaking Europe, Australasia, South Africa, China, India and Ceylon; and, under the efficient leadership of Mr. John R. Mott, there is promise that the Christian students of all lands will be permanently united through the "World's Student Christian Federation."

As we glance backward toward the recent convention, we may conveniently get a good glimpse of its impressive features through the eye-gate of the convention sermon on Rev. 7:9, 10, by the Rev. Charles Cuthbert Hall. Dr. Hall, in his able discourse, considered the three elements essential to every successful undertaking:—an end in view, belief in the possibility of attaining that end, and a practical confidence in the means that were being employed for its attainment—elements which he briefly denominated vision, faith, and energy.

Missionary conferences differ widely in their relation to these three elements, and their success as conventions is usually measurable accordingly. Some content themselves with investigating a few of the facts, and so in widening their vision; others, while leaving their vision of the needs and of the end as indefinable as ever, concern themselves chiefly with an endeavor to develop a greater energy; while still others are almost exclusively concerned with establishing a stronger faith from the spiritual side through prayer and a fuller knowledge of God's revealed purposes. The convention in Toronto in 1894 was largely of the latter character, though it aimed also to widen the vision. But the Cleveland Convention seemed mightily pregnant with all three. It enlarged the vision and more clearly defined the end in view. It succeeded in establishing in the most thoughtful minds a stronger faith in the possibility of attaining that end. And as a consequence there was abundant evidence of the development of a deeply-rooted and irresistible energy.

The Cleveland Convention enlarged and defined the end in view. It made, as it were, a horoscopic survey of the heathen world. It widened the horizon, but at the same time brought its lens to bear upon every important point and enabled the eye to penetrate to the farthest recess. It appealed to both the physical and mental organs of vision. By its exhibition of

relics, its collection of literature, its convocation of eighty-three representatives of Mission Boards and eighty-nine returned missionaries, together with a host of the best informed students of foreign history and conditions, it became a vast reservoir of missionary information. Nor was this information simply available, but for five days it came systematically pouring into our minds from all sources. The field was scanned from over twenty different denominational points of view. The different channels of activity—evangelistic, educational and medical—were all brought to our notice. It was as though we had entered a prospect tower to look through its whole circle of windows out upon the various avenues of approach to the non-Christian world; to observe the movements of the various detachments now in the field; and to include in one all-comprehensive survey the inter-relation of the mighty forces of Christendom that are now engaged, the various methods of operation that are evidently their guiding principles of action, and the definite purpose which seems to be, or which should be, the end which they are striving to achieve.

From a contemplation of the numerous forces everywhere at work, as seen through the Section Conferences and Denominational Rallies, it became evident that in general the great end of all was the evangelization of the world. But this had long been too indefinite and vague, and needed more careful defining. Robert Speer's address clarified our vision considerably, and caused the end to stand out in bold relief. To regenerate the world may not be our business or within our power; but in this generation to evangelize the world is both within our power and to be the definite object toward which we must strive.

The Cleveland Convention gave evidence of the deepening faith in the possibility of attaining this object. All seemed to believe in the watchword. There was not one dissenting voice. There was no elder Ryland to say, "Sit down, young man." This was a theme which occasioned no jarring sound of a conflict of opinions. All the speakers, without exception—and they were numerous—seemed thoroughly imbued with the spirit of this one thought. Moreover there had been such careful and thoughtful pre-arrangement of the programme from both the intellectual and the spiritual aspect, as to carry the convictions



of the whole convention from point to point, while answering only from time to time the rising objections just before they should formulate themselves in actual expression; so that, being led on gradually, all were ready to accept the completed conclusions without question. No one can thoughtfully review the proceedings of the convention without feeling that, though no printed programmes had appeared, there was an almost indefinable underlying connection, which, like a fibrous thread, ran through every meeting from first to last, and branched out logically yet easily and naturally into the minutest details. It was like an extensively planned campaign, or a Waterloo, in which the end to be achieved was ever kept prominently to the front while for the time the plan lay in concealment.

A deepening conviction in the possibility of realizing the "motto" gradually crept over us as we listened to the scholarly, powerful address of Dr. Burrell, through which we saw one after another of the great non-Christian religions sink into inadequacy with reference to man's salvation, while the Christian faith arose to undisputed supremacy; as we listened to the reports of Mott and Thornton, and heard the sounds of the advancing tread of hosts hitherto reserved, and the echoes of triumphal shouts for victories already achieved in the student sphere; as we followed such scholarly and confident men as Thornton and Zweimer and Beach and Wilder through the intricate mazes of the various problems of the non-Christian world—the African, Mohammedan, Confucian and Indian—and became convinced with them that there were no longer in existence obstacles insurmountable; and as we learned that "the Church has had means enough, men enough and opportunities enough to evangelize the world fifty times over"; and because powerfully convinced both theoretically and practically that it was possible to enlist much of this wealth at once in the cause of missions, and to send forth immediately, as self-sacrificing heroes to the foreign field, some of the best men that the world can produce

But what is most remarkable, this conviction was forced upon our minds not by outbursts of enthusiasm, not by intensity of feelings, not by arrogant assertions of imposing personalities, but as the result of calm, deliberative, simple, spiritual utterances of intelligent Christian scholars. No wonder the

convention is spoken of as the most extraordinary since apostolic times. Its influence cannot be fleeting. Based, as it is, so substantially, it must have permanence. Nor is it any wonder that there should have been manifest a full confidence in the means that were being employed, and a prevailing sentiment that success would be best assured by the simple proclamation of Gospel truth—"the maximum of influence and power being sought through prayer." This latter feeling became specially marked on Thursday morning when the intellectual and spiritual qualifications of the missionary were being presented. We all felt that Dr. Ewing's address contained most valuable truth from the human point of view. But the change in feeling was electrical when Bishop Baldwin in his first few sentences overshadowed the human with the divine. "The Lord calls His own." "Obey the voice of God, not of man." "The man called by God is overcome with his sense of utter unfitness." "The Lord never wants the self-sufficient." And yet an agreeable harmony between these two thoughts was felt to prevail by both the speakers and the hearers—a harmony which renders the human necessary, while this remains always subservient to the divine.

Though dispassionate and unemotional in its essential features, the Cleveland Convention gave evidence of the movement of an irresistible energy. That practically \$40,000 in subscriptions should have been raised in the quiet manner that characterized the giving, and that over sixty volunteers should have testified of their purpose to sail to the foreign field during the coming year, was surely evidence of a deep-seated energy which had commenced to roll forth in power ere the convention closed, and whose influence we may expect to increase in volume until it shall be felt in the remotest corners of the inhabited world.

Whatever may be critically said of its supposedly visionary schemes, the convention was certainly a very unique and significant gathering. That 1,717 students and 106 presidents and professors from 458 institutions of learning (of which only 80 were professedly religious and only 19 exclusively missionary) should spend a week in company with a body of veteran missionaries from over 80 different portions of the globe, and with the

official representatives of 71 Mission Boards of over 20 different denominations, and during that time should hold with perfect unanimity a deliberative, dispassionate, intelligent and spiritually fervent consultation concerning the world's evangelization, is enough to compel the most cynical sceptic to pause and to stagger at the possible influence which such a gathering must exert upon the whole student world in its relation to the missionary movement. And still more significant does this gathering become as an indicator of the far-reaching, world-wide enthusiasm that characterizes modern missionary activity everywhere. The convention was felt to be but the pulse beat of the great heart of all Christendom in the sphere of missions.

GEORGE J. MENGE, '96.

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#### CHRISTIANITY AND BUSINESS.

One of the marked features of the past history of the world is the struggle of commerce to establish conditions of security to enable it to carry its operations into distant parts. In ancient days the conditions under which foreign trade could alone flourish frequently exceeded the resources of civilization itself. Commerce demanded not only that the laws of nations must give a guarantee on which traders could proceed with their operations with reasonable confidence, but that governments, while protecting the commerce of their subjects as if it were their own enterprise, must in their fiscal policy and in all their acts be endued with the highest spirit of commercial honor. Every great breach of this security has stopped the continuous circulation which is the life of traffic and of the industries to which it ministers.

Thus, in order that it might flourish, the commercial spirit has had to find for itself places of security and freedom, now in one country and now in another, until in modern days the striking example is presented to us of a great nation, possessing those conditions that are specially favorable to commercial activity and development, preserved from hostile invasions by its insular position, and able by its fleet and arms to protect its goods on the seas and its subjects in foreign lands.

The business interests of any country are its greatest interests, and in proportion as a sound basis of commercial honor is established will capital be attracted, enabling its inhabitants to develop its resources and foster its trade. Legislation along certain lines is also necessary, but we cannot legislate honorable and upright motives into the hearts of men.

We find commercial dishonor everywhere. The lust of gold and position is as powerful as it is universal, and is one of the greatest evils with which the Church of Jesus Christ, both inside and outside, has to contend. "If the commercial status is weighted with low moral standards, fraudulent methods and paralyzing defects, trade is handicapped and there can be little financial confidence." The government that grants monopolistic rights to individuals or corporations, extracting from them in return funds for party or campaign purposes; the artful merchant who considers it a clever stroke of business to defraud the government of its customs duties; the unscrupulous dealer who tampers with his counter scales and accepts hard earned money for sixteen ounces giving in return only fifteen or fourteen; the firm that ingeniously imitates the trade symbols and patent reservations of its more successful rival, sacrificing quality and genuineness to cheapness and fraudulent imitation, these are but samples of the interests that create public distrust and inflict almost irreparable injury to the very conditions of that security it should be the aim of every people to establish.

The most casual observer cannot fail to be impressed with the fact that we are surrounded with men who are trading on the principle of securing the greatest advantage to themselves, even at the cost of reputation. On almost every hand we meet with deception and fraud. Goods are exposed for sale and ticketed "*35c., worth 50c.,*" that are actually not worth 25c.; a book is marked "*Special to-day, 50c.,*" that sells any other day at 40c.; "*Travellers' samples,*" that have never been handled by travellers; goods brushed up and ticketed, "*quite new and very stylish,*" that are old and shop-worn: and scores of other petty devices that are calculated to deceive the public.

Unfortunately, this list could be continued at very great length, implicating many branches of commerce and finance. And if these things exist—and they do exist in a more aggra-

vated form than I have suggested—the tendency is to create a feeling of unrest, suspicion and distrust. Surely then we may conclude that a revival of righteousness in business is necessary. That revival can only be accomplished by the living and presenting of the principles enunciated and put into practice by Jesus Christ, principles that were intended to, and will, meet the requirements of this age and of this country, principles first presented in a homely and direct manner in order that they might set the then existing wrongs right, and place the trading of His own people and then of the whole world on an equitable and just basis: principles that, whatever be the form of opposition, whether it be trickery, swindling, lying, or any other evil that goes to create insecurity and depression, will confirm and prosper what is right and reject and trample under foot all that is of the devil.

But we are told to-day by ministers of the Gospel and others, who doubtless are perfectly sincere in making the assertion, that a business man, and especially a successful one, cannot be a consistent Christian. They argue that the conditions of trade are such that unless one can take unfair advantages in the buying, and resort to unscrupulous methods in the selling of goods, it is quite impossible to compete with men who will, and do, take these advantages, and that the golden rule, of which they approve, cannot be carried out in up-to-date trading establishments. I am not quite prepared to accept that position, for I think it is not only inconsistent with Christianity, but is not founded on fact, and I have never heard it advanced by any man who is diligently striving to carry out the command, "Not slothful in business; fervent in spirit; serving the Lord." In fact, it is contradicted by the living examples of thousands of active, progressive, money-making Christian men throughout the country.

Speaking from a worldly standpoint, comparatively few men succeed either in commercial or professional enterprise. The few would succeed anywhere, the many nowhere. If, then, two men of equal ability and energy engage in business, the one a Christian and consistent, the other an unbeliever and unscrupulous, are we to believe, other things being equal, that the Christian, because he holds to what is right and true, must fail

or abandon his principles, while the other flourishes? For my own part, I not only refuse to accept this belief, but confidently assert that, working with the same energy plus a clear conscience, the Christian man will have the advantage, and prove the more successful, even from a worldly point of view. But, unhappily, too frequently in the commercial world the prominent church member is the greatest trickster, and evidence is not lacking to confirm the already accredited belief that the golden rule is not most consistently applied by the loudest professors of Christianity.

There is much petty trickery and unscrupulous dealing especially in those concerns that directly serve the public, but this is only the ripple on the surface, and underneath flows the great volume of commerce, conducted in the main, I believe, on the principles that we should like to see prevalent in every detail of mercantile pursuit.

I am unable to take a pessimistic view of our trade conditions and prospects. Our country is a new one, and has had to contend with conditions peculiar and incidental to a nation's youth, conditions all the more disadvantageous on account of our great geographical area, but we have established a credit, and banking and monetary institutions that are creditable alike to our country and her great ambitions, and which command respect in the money markets of the world. Our large trading houses and financial corporations are mostly conducted on a fair, sound and equitable basis, and they are the great influences that in times of trial, in the country's hour of need, when sweeping fiscal reforms would have resulted disastrously to her commerce as well as her national credit, by their fidelity to our interests have turned our attention to our magnificent heritage and pointed out the possibilities that lay in its development.

Had we not a reputation for soundness and integrity on the money markets our loans would not be so quickly subscribed at the rates we have recently obtained, the money chests would not be thrown open to us, enabling us to extract from the frozen earth her treasures of gold, and the commerce that has in past ages gone to and fro seeking conditions of security where she might establish herself, bringing to the people comfort and happiness and wealth, would not to-day stand knocking at our

door, asking admittance and claiming protection in the highest sense of commercial honor.

The Canadian preacher of to-day who does not rise to the occasion, practicing and proclaiming the ideal of Christian integrity, stamping out deceit and trickery and fraud, and implanting in the hearts of men those honorable and upright motives which alone can create and perpetuate that tone of buoyancy and assurance that is the sign of commercial confidence, is not only failing in his duty as a follower of Jesus Christ, but is betraying his citizenship in the great Northern country, destined in these latter days

"To take occasion by the hand  
And extend the bounds of freedom  
Wider yet."

R. C. MATTHEWS.

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### Editorial Notes.

OUR readers will welcome the sympathetic biographical sketch of the late Hector McLean, of Ottawa. The Baptist Church in Canada owes much to such men as Mr. McLean, and the editors of *THE MONTHLY* believe that they are performing no inconsiderable service in giving its readers a permanent record of such good men. Mr. McLean was a stalwart among the many stalwart Baptists that have come from the Ottawa Valley, and was a familiar figure throughout the Eastern provinces generally. Here in the West, too, he was well known by reputation as a bulwark of the Church at Ottawa. We are indebted to Rev. A. N. Frith, pastor of the Memorial Baptist Church, Ottawa, for his excellent account of Mr. McLean's life and character

At the last apportionment of Fellowships in the University of Chicago, ten were given to graduates of Ontario Universities. Of this number four fell to the share of McMaster. Messrs. Cross and Smith were re-appointed Fellows in theology and botany, respectively; and Messrs. R. D. George, '97, and H. H. Newman, '96, were appointed in geology and zoology respectively. We heartily congratulate these young men upon the well-merited honor conferred upon them. Their success in competition with College graduates from all over America is

in the highest degree creditable, and is one in which their *Alma Mater* may share as well as rejoice. We trust that the timid friends of our University will not overlook this additional proof of the kind of work done here, and of the ability of McMaster's graduates to compete for academic honors with those of any other Canadian University.

In an article entitled "A Layman's View of the Sermon," a writer in *The Outlook*, discussing the failure of the sermon to win attention and influence conduct as it ought, asks "What is it that the pew wants and does not always get in a sermon? Four things: the man behind the sermon, a plain man's knowledge of this world, a specialist's knowledge of the other world, a peremptory message. These four needs are seldom clearly or accurately stated even by those who feel them most keenly. They generally insist, on the one hand, that all they want is sincerity; on the other, that they must have good literature. A little inquiry shows that in both cases something more and something different from what has been said is really required. They both demand a natural, inevitable appearance of sincerity, and an appeal so efficient that it is a form of art, whether recognized as such or not. All hearers wish to be made to feel their own manhood, and the value of life and the importance of its problems, by a glimpse into the life of the man who stands as God's messenger before them. I said glimpse, but a glimpse does not satisfy them. They really demand a revelation, through a man's thoughts, of the highest and deepest realities of existence. Therefore they are impatient of set phrases and of anything that smacks of a performance. They find orderly and aggressively systematic presentation of truth running dangerously close to platitude, and they scorn it while they yawn. They find eccentric and brilliantly disorderly presentation of truth running dangerously close to vanity, and they scorn it while they smile. They ask for the bread of life, which is neither chemistry nor jewelry. In short, they wish a sermon that they cannot praise nor abuse without blasphemy. They want a sermon such that they must try conclusions with the man behind it. Next they insist upon such knowledge of the world they live in from the sermon that they may feel their kinship with the writer. A heaven and a hell unrelated to the intelligence that sins or triumphs in this present world would soon become meaningless, and so does the warning or proffered help of a man who takes a ghost's attitude towards breakfast, dinner, and tea, and the pocket-book and the polls. Yet official superiority here is fatal. A sermon that dictates or talks down to the audience, escapes sentence for bullying only by the indifference



of the hearers. Sympathy, intelligence, power, acceptance of the same human limitations under which the rest of men work, are some of the qualities that here make a sermon tell. As one habitual sermon-hearer said to me, "I want to hear some things that I have known before, so as to find my way around."

Further, they ask—and few know how earnestly some of the apparently most indifferent desire this—an evidence of greater spirituality than their own. They ask, above everything else, that the reality of all the goodness and other-worldliness which they doubt, and wear their lives away in bitter lack of, shall be answered for by an attitude of personal conviction. To speak the things he knows, and to testify what he has seen of that other world which is at the very least a new dimension of this, and, at the most—who can say?—is what the pew demands of the preacher. If there be no life of the spirit into which our living death may be resurrected here and now, then we are indeed most miserable. The pew asks that the preacher shall never belittle his whole work by making a given effort seem less than the serious expression of his profound conviction. There should be no attorney-preaching, no ground-out sermons, if the pew is to be anything better than the stocks or a rocking-chair. And here is the place for the something new that every sermon ought to hold. Men who live in the spirit, who, in the strict sense of the word, are experts in the things touching on righteousness, can never be bankrupt of interest. The new light thrown by the world-old truth is what the pew seeks from generation to generation. The pew wants evidence of a vocation, a calling, and it wants it from the preacher himself. It asks for the same kind of evidence that it would accept from a man in the business of the world it knows so much more intimately and, it hopes, so much more sorrowfully. And it does not wish to see the minister figuratively hanging on the palings of the fence between his harvest field and the world's pleasure garden, casting envious glances across at what he may consider the broader prospect.

And, last, the pew demands that the sermon shall be a message. It is not enough that the sermon should be true in general. If no more than that, it will be efficient—in general. The hearer goes to church hoping that he may hear something that must be said then and there, lest the very stones cry out. He may be in these things too superstitious, but this is what he hopes. Of course he will resist the effort to convict him of sin, or of anything else, for that matter, involving change in his way of life, but all the same he hopes it may be accomplished. Creeds, programmes, he thinks he knows all about

these, but reality under the shows of things, abiding happiness through the fleeting panorama of life, these he will gladly hear of.

The worst, perhaps, is when the pew and the pulpit agree that there isn't much to be got out of sermons. Surely this must be because they are looking for the sermon in the wrong place. A sermon is not compassed by a good delivery, nor contained in a logically ordered discourse, nor identical with an original essay. It may be where the preacher cannot lift his eyes from his closely written pages, and it may be where there is not a scrap of paper or even ability to read the Bible text. As in the times long ago, there is now no open vision, but the pew still believes in its heart that there are men of God, and such it wishes to hear. To vary President Eliot's words, men still, as in 1630, wish to be taught their duty and to be urged to do it; they still wish their thoughts carried out of the monotonous round of their daily lives, beyond the sea, above the sky, to the dwelling-place of the Most High."

THE following incident, narrated by a correspondent of *The Outlook*, is so characteristic and significant that we believe we are doing a favor to our readers by giving it in full: "While I was at a wharf-landing on Lake Joseph, in the Muskoka region of Ontario, one morning, getting some provisions from the supply-boat, a small steam launch came puffing up and stopped alongside, and among the first to spring aboard was the author of "The American Commonwealth." Although Mr Bryce is in his sixtieth year, he is a man of wonderful physical activity, and steps about with the agility of a boy of ten. As a mountain-climber I was aware that he had, many years ago, broken records in different parts of the world, and I was not, therefore, astonished to find him so vigorous on his feet; but what surprised me was the interest he took in everything around him. A supply-boat on the smaller Canadian lakes is a curious little craft, being practically a floating general store, with accommodation on the upper deck for a number of excursionists, who appear to the spectators on the wharf landings to be continually engaged in eating dinner. As soon as the boats touched, Mr. Bryce leaped on deck and began to take in with his eye every object on board. Darting hither and thither, he reminded me very forcibly of the description he gave of his friend John Richard Green, a short time after the historian's death, in 'Macmillan's Magazine.' In speaking of the way Green explored a foreign town about which he intended to write, Mr. Bryce said that he moved through the streets like a dog trying to find a scent. In the same manner did he himself

scamper over the boat, peering keenly into this corner and then into that, the important-looking little engine, that kept up a rumbling growl altogether out of proportion to its size and power, holding his attention for a moment, while he seemed to enjoy the absurdity of the thing. Then, jumping upon the landing, he glanced rapidly over the bank, his trained eye picking out here and there in the wild bush the more valuable botanical specimens. These he hastily gathered until the whistle of his boat called him aboard. I am sure that no more than two minutes elapsed between the moment the launch stopped until it started again, and yet in that short space of time Mr. Bryce saw probably more than an ordinary observer would discover in an hour. As the launch steamed away I heard him questioning the man at the wheel on the various specimens he held in his hand, asking what this or that was called in Canada, and then giving the name by which it was known in England. In striking contrast to this eager interest in everything that fell under his eye was the attitude of two or three athletic young men in his party, whose only concern on board the supply-boat was the purchase of a few packages of cigarettes."

WE should like to bespeak a careful reading of Mr. Menge's admirable account of the Cleveland Student Volunteer Convention. That Convention, in our judgment, was the most significant and promising that this age of great conventions has yet seen. It means something to see hundreds of missionaries and missionary secretaries of all denominations gathered for counsel; but it means much more to see nearly two thousand students and seventy professors from the colleges of this continent taking a solid week from the pressing demands of an all too brief college session for the purpose of planning the conquest of the world for Christ.

But the most significant and hopeful feature of all was the character of the meetings themselves. The calm, resolute purpose declared in the motto, "The evangelization of the world in this generation," and voiced again and again in the course of the convention; the intelligent survey of the world field with the false religions to be dislodged, the social problems to be solved, the strategic points to be seized, and the present strength of the Christian and anti-Christian forces; the deep conviction of the leaders and speakers that a richer spiritual life, manifesting itself in warmer love, firmer faith and more unreserved surrender to the will of God, is the one great requisite of the churches to-day if the world is to be speedily evangelized—these things made the Cleveland Convention great and clothed it with power. Never has it been our privilege to see a finer blending of sound sense and fervent faith.

There was an utter absence of rollickingism and spectacular demonstration. The all-pervading spirit of earnestness and the eager waiting upon God rebuked and banished all lightness and frivolity.

That Convention makes two things certain : (1) That from our colleges are coming a host of young men and women, the flower of the land, equipped in mind and prepared in heart to go everywhere among the nations preaching and teaching the things concerning the Kingdom of God. (2) That Christians at home will be under more solemn obligation than ever to face life in the spirit of the Lord Jesus, and be willing to work hard and live humbly that they may be able to give largely and furnish the munitions of war for these eager young soldiers of the Cross.

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## Book Reviews.

### \*THE NEW PSYCHOLOGY.

WE have heard for a long time that the old psychology, whose method was self-observation and comparison, with descriptions of mental states and processes, had gone by the board. The qualitative has been superseded by the quantitative. Experimentation is the method, and we have reached measurements of mental facts and mental processes. This book brings everything under space, time and energy. Here we have at last a valid and scientific psychology !

Physicists will, perhaps, find music in the clatter of myographs and chronoscopes, and chronographs and sphygmographs, and kymographs and pneumographs, and even ergographs ; for the time thus measured is nothing more than that of the processes of our physical organism. The mental facts are no more measurable in time than energy or space. There is no finer example of the mountain in labor with a funny little mouse as the result than this New Psychology. In fact, there is not even a little mouse. The whole thing is an illusion—a "scientific" illusion. This book has an illustrated section on space, but it does not tell us in feet and inches the dimensions of our emotions, nor whether our wills are triangles or squares in space? We are to be shewn the space of thought, but we find only the thought of space. So of energy, nothing but our feelings of energy and effort are shewn. Juggling with words is not a new science. It has been known almost

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\*The New Psychology. By E. W. Scripture. Charles Scribner Sons, New York. \$1.25.

from the time of Adam that we can measure space and energy of the physical world. This book offers merely qualitative analysis of mental states related to measurable physical facts. If this is to bring experimental psychology under space, time and energy, the New Psychology is a mare's nest.

Although this book is from Yale University, it affords a striking example of modern illusions having a history behind them. Herbart and Fechner attempted to introduce into psychology mathematical methods, but their psychical measurement was an illusion. Wherever mental facts have been measured, either physical facts were substituted, as in present day tendencies, or mental facts themselves have been falsely thought after the analogy with physical objects. The new "Child Psychology" is also an illusion, in so far as it assumes that the child mind is fundamentally different from the adult mind. Teachers have rushed wildly after the New Psychology, and are all agog with expectation. They will do well to assure themselves that there is no measurement of psychical facts, after the fashion of such advanced psychologists as this book represents, and, therefore, no psychology antagonistic with that of introspection—a qualitative analysis of the inner life.

THEODORE H. RAND.

## College News.

A. B. COHOE, '98.      MISS E. R. WHITESIDE, '98,  
S. E. GRIGG, '00.

THE following have been elected to act on THE MONTHLY staff for the coming year:—C. L. Brown, '99, Business Manager; A. M. McDonald, '99, Advertising Department; S. E. Grigg, '00, Secretary; R. C. Echlin, '01, Subscription Department; W. B. Tighe, '99, Here and There; F. J. Scott, '99, and F. H. Phipps, '01, College News; D. Bovington, '99, and J. S. LaFlair, Theol., Students' Quarter.

FYFE MISSIONARY SOCIETY.—The meeting of the Fyfe Missionary Society held on Thursday, April 6th, was one of especial interest, since it was the last meeting for the year. After the reports from the various missions had been received it was decided, in order to attain greater permanency in the mission work in the city, to place the work in the east end in charge of G. N. Simmons, B. A., for the summer.

After the business had been disposed of, Mr. Routledge read an interesting letter from Rev. A. B. Reekie, who had just arrived at a port in South America on his way to his mission work in Bolivia. Brief reports of the Cleveland Convention were then read by W. S. Fox and W. E. Robertson. The Society then listened to an address by P. D. Warren, Esq., of Georgetown, his subject being "The preacher from the layman's standpoint." The address was exceedingly helpful and practical.

In the afternoon Superintendent McEwen spoke a word of counsel to the students. His words were well chosen, and he presented in plain language evils to which he had found from experience students were liable. After a discussion upon topics relating to the work for the coming summer, the last monthly meeting of the Fyfe Society for the present year was brought to a close.

THE last regular meeting of the Literary and Scientific Society was held on Friday evening, April 1st. The principal feature of the program was the reading of the "Student." The editors, Messrs. C. L. Brown, '99, A. W. Vining, '98, and W. Daniel, '98, are to be congratulated upon the success of this year's paper. A reading by J. Nicol, '00, was well received, while the singing of Miss Lick, '01, was enjoyed by all. One must not forget to mention the *noise* furnished by the top flat orchestra. But though there may be some doubt as to the harmony of the productions of this organization, it is absolutely certain that they take first place as entertainers. After a number of specially prepared cartoons had been exhibited by means of the stereopticon, the meeting closed with the singing of "Thy praises, McMaster."

OPEN MEETING.—On Friday evening, March 25th, the McMaster University Literary and Scientific Society held its Open Meeting for the Spring term. The Chapel was well filled with an appreciative audience. The principal feature of the programme was an *Oratorical Contest*, which was participated in by representatives from the different classes in Arts, and a representative from Theology. After a hearty welcome had been extended to the visitors by Mr. Teakles, the President, the Glee Club opened the programme with a chorus, in which they showed the good effects of Mr. Fletcher's training.

Mr. George T. Webb, representing Theology, was the first speaker. His subject was "Frances E. Willard," and it received admirable treatment at his hands. He spoke of the heroic, persevering, self-sacrificing life of this great woman, and thrilled the hearts of the audience. Representing the Freshman class, Mr. Gazley spoke on "The Way to Success." In his well thought out and enthusiastic address, he showed how others had won success, and pointed to them as models for us to keep in mind. Very much to the regret of all present, Century class was not represented, on account of the illness of Mr. Grigg, the Sophomore orator. Had he been present, he would certainly have done credit to his class. Mr. MacGregor upheld the honor of class '99. His thrilling address on "Chrysostom," produced a profound impression. In his whole hearted, vigorous way, he spoke of the true, fearless life of this old-world preacher.

Mr. Cohoe, the last of the orators, represented the graduating class in Arts. He stirred his hearers with his earnest and forceful address on "Abraham Lincoln." The banner of '98 certainly did not droop in Mr. Cohoe's hands. After an admirably rendered song by Miss Pugsley, which was followed by a very sweet encore, the Judge's decision upon the orators was presented by Dr. Thomas. The laurels were laid upon Mr. Gazley amid great applause. To Miss Pugsley and Master Edgar Rathbone is due great credit for the way in which they carried on the musical part of the programme, and the feelings of the meeting were expressed to them in a hearty vote of thanks.

THE last meeting of the L.L.L. for the year 97-8, was held in the Chapel, Friday, March 12, the Vice-President, Miss Dryden, '00, in the chair. The meeting took the form of an oratorical contest, and the following programme was presented:—

Instrumental	..	..	..	..	Miss Whiteside, '98.
Oration	..	..	..	"Aims,"	Miss Armstrong, '01.
Oration	..	..	..	"Influence,"	Miss Cohoon, '00.
Song	..	..	..	..	Miss McLaurin, '01.
Oration	..	..	..	"Frances Willard,"	Miss Newman, '99.
Oration	..	..	..	"Sociology,"	Miss Iler, '98.
Violin Solo with Piano Accompaniment	..	..	..	..	Misses Boggs and Clemens, '01.
Judge's Decision	..	..	..	..	Miss Burnette, B.A.

From both subject and treatment these orations were widely different and each peculiarly able in its own field. As coming from the Freshman Year, Miss Armstrong's oration demands special recognition. Miss Armstrong has a most pleasing manner in speaking; her address was earnest yet tender, and had that quality which, winning

tribute from hearts rather than lips, seems to debar the congratulation that her success in speaking won her.

In speaking on "Influence," Miss Cohoon dwelt particularly on a subdivision of her subject, "The Influence of the College Girl." This brought her address into immediate sympathy with her hearers. Miss Cohoon's delivery was good; her oration was pointed, well developed, complete, and satisfied most fully, perhaps, the rules of oratorical speaking.

Miss Newman was most apt in her choice of subject. The recent death of this world-famous woman has stirred the hearts of women over the American continent. Miss Newman portrayed the beautiful life, crowned by a beautiful death. Her task was both serious and delicate. And it is the highest compliment to say that she did her subject justice.

The subject of Sociology is not one commonly chosen by women, but Miss Iler's abilities are such as to fully warrant her undertaking it. Her oration was unequalled for its intellectual acumen. Her whole address was marked by breadth of grasp, logical reasoning and unbiased judgment.

The position of judge on this occasion was no sinecure. The League was most fortunate in having present a former president. In her criticism, Miss Burnette was kind and appreciative, but not blind to faults. She decided the contest in favor of Miss Newman.

After the decision Miss Iler took the chair, and gave her valedictory as cut-going President. Miss Iler has proved herself an efficient President, and under her the year has been one of great success. The usual "Maple Leaf" was sung, and then in the afternoon sometime the members of the League joined hands and sang, "Auld Lang Syne," in bidding, some "Adieu," some only "*Aufwiedersehen*," to the delightful Friday afternoons in the Chapel.

ON Monday, March 7th, the Camelot Club met in the Chapel and listened to a most interesting programme. The Club this year has taken up the study of Canadian poets, and the poet under consideration for this night was Charles G. D. Roberts. The programme was as follows:—

Instrumental Solo	.. .. .	H. W. Newman.
Paper .. ..	.. "Sketch of the Poet's Life,"	G. L. Sprague.
Reading .. ..	.. "The Silver Thaw,"	Miss Dryden.
Vocal Solo .. ..	.. .. .	A. C. Newcombe.
Paper .. ..	.. "Acteon,"	J. T. Jones.
Paper .. ..	.. "The Poet's Style,"	Miss Whiteside.

The programme was one of marked excellence throughout, the papers being exceedingly well prepared. It is hoped they may appear in print that they may have a wider hearing.



## MOULTON COLLEGE

MISS THRALL, ETHEL THOMPSON, MARION TAYLOR, EDITORS.

ON the evening of April 1st the Senior and Junior Divisions of the Heliconian united, and a programme of unusual interest was presented. A debate upon the subject, *Resolved*,—That Nicholas Nickleby was a nobler character than David Copperfield, was the chief feature of the evening. The affirmative was sustained by Misses Burke and McGregor, representatives of the Juniors, and the negative by Misses Devitt and Thomson, representatives of the Seniors. Miss Iler, who acted as judge, after congratulating all the debaters on the creditable manner in which they had acquitted themselves, gave her decision in favor of the affirmative.

AN interesting programme was given by the Junior Division of the Heliconian on the evening of March 18th.

THE first open meeting of the White Shield Society was held March 25th. It proved to be one of special interest.

REV. MR. BISHOP led our weekly prayer meeting March 22nd. He gave an earnest address which was much appreciated. At the meeting of April 5th, Mr. Weeks gave a helpful talk upon missions.

DURING the month we have been pleased to have with us Rev. Mr. Eaton and Rev. Dr. Thomas, to conduct chapel exercises.

THE Easter vacation, though a short one, proved a pleasant and helpful change, that is manifesting itself in the renewed vigor with which work has been resumed.

A VERY happy feature of the month was a "party," given for the students, at the home of Miss Ethel Thomson. A most enjoyable time was spent.

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 WOODSTOCK COLLEGE.

EDITORS : S. R. TARR, M.A., . . . WM. PARTRIDGE.

THE large group photo. of the graduating class is considered a prime success. The Hockey Club picture is an excellent one also.

BASEBALL, football, lacrosse and tennis have all of them their devotees at present. The many days of early fine weather have given unusual zest to spring sports.

READERS OF THE MONTHLY will be glad to learn that Master Fred. McKechnie, son of our English master, who was unfortunately shot in the eye about six weeks since, is now able to be out-of-doors as usual. Great sympathy has been felt with regard to the matter, both here and throughout the Province.

A VISIT and talk from an old boy, Rev. Chas. Segsworth, of Wyoming, was a pleasant feature of our chapel service a few days since. On the following morning Pastor R. R. McKay gave us a short address on the Unending Warfare of Life, illustrating his remarks by pointed and interesting references to present international events.

THE short Easter vacation left our corridors well-nigh deserted for a few days. Cut-rates proved too strong a temptation to even the fourth-year men, who had firmly resolved to stay and finish their graduating essays. Both Literary societies were closed before Easter, after a successful and enjoyable year of work and entertainment.

THE debate between the Collegiate and the College, to which reference was made last month, resulted in a victory for the latter. Mr. Coutts, the boys all think, made the speech of the evening, and was ably supported by Mr. McLean. Mr. Carlyle, the leader of the visiting orators, proved an exceedingly clever and pleasing speaker, while Mr. Ramsay seconded him efficiently. Mr. Geo. Smith, M.A., a prominent town lawyer and a former College master, made an acceptable chairman.

THE following programme was rendered under the direction of the Collegiate Literary Society :

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|--|---|
| (1) Male Chorus .....  | W. C. I. Glee Club.                     |
| (2) Vocal Solo.....  | Miss Farrel.                            |
| (3) Debate :   |   |
| <i>Resolved</i> ,—That Departmental Stores are detrimental to the Public Interest. |   |
| <i>Aff.</i> —Messrs. Carlyle,<br>Ramsay.   | <i>Neg.</i> —Messrs. Coutts,<br>McLean. |
| (4) Piano Solo .....   | Miss Crooks.                            |
| (5) Vocal Solo .....   | Miss McMullen.                          |

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## GRANDE LIGNE.

E. NORMAN, B.A., EDITOR.

SINCE Christmas a quiet but deep spiritual interest has made itself manifest in Feller Institute. This has resulted in the conversion of quite a number of students. On March 27th Pastor Parent baptized fourteen persons, of whom thirteen were students. The following Sunday he baptized thirteen other students, in all twenty-seven baptisms. Nearly all of these were recent converts, and several of them had been Roman Catholics until recently.

PRINCIPAL MASSÉ has just returned from Saratoga Springs, where he has been spending a few weeks trying to regain his strength. All will be glad to know that he looks better, and that his strength is gradually returning.

ANOTHER hard term's work is over and examinations are done. Their load is lifted from our shoulders, and even those who have not passed are glad to be free from the heavy burden. Many of the students now return to their homes for the summer, to take up a far different work on the farm. Some forty or fifty will remain for the Summer Term of six weeks. For these the Easter vacation seems all too short, for they must resume their work on Tuesday, April 12th. But 24th of May soon comes, then liberty, and home again.

CONTRARY to the usual practice in most schools, we hold our Annual Closing Exercises at the end of the Winter Term, instead of at the end of the College Year. This is owing to the fact that so many of our students are obliged to leave us before the College year ends. this year we had these exercises on April 7th. Though the weather, was perfect and the roads good, the attendance of visitors was not large. The programme was simple but very enjoyable. To the students perhaps the most interesting part of the programme was the reading of the results of the recent examinations. Instructive addresses were given by Revs. Laffeur, Gregoire and Lebeau, and Acting-Principal A. E. Massé. This closed a very successful and happy term's work.

## Here and There.

L. BROWN, B.A., EDITOR.

## EASTER LILIES.

Like sweet white brides that kneel a-row  
 Each folded in her veil,  
 They stood, the Easter lily-buds,  
 Beside the altar rail.  
 On slender stems of clearest green,  
 Divinely pure and fair,  
 Each folded flower its secret kept,  
 Nor breathed it to the air.

Through purple panes with crimson crossed  
 A shaft of sunlight came,  
 And lit the gilded organ-pipes,  
 And touched the buds with flame.  
 And *then* the waxen lips unclosed,  
 The petals burst apart,  
 A shadowy form angelic rose  
 From every creamy heart!

Above me in a shining throng,  
 With rainbow colors kissed,  
 I saw their faces faintly gleam  
 Like moonbeams in a mist;  
 And through the open door they went,  
 And o'er the fields and fells,  
 For, lo! in every lily-bud  
 An Easter angel dwells.

When lay the dead, the holy dead,  
 Within the rocky tomb  
 Long centuries since, the angels found  
 The earth was bare of bloom,  
 And watching in the silver dawn,  
 Though chilly were the hours,  
 They took their shining mantles off,  
 And changed them into flowers.—*Ex.*

WE welcome to our exchange list during the past month, "*The Quill*," of Bowdoin College, the "*Sacred Heart Collegian*," of Waterdown, Wisconsin, and the "*High School Record*," of Buenos Aires.

*Acadia Athenæum* has a very interesting biographical sketch of our much respected Professor of Hebrew and Old Testament, D. M. Welton, Ph.D. The April number, in which this photogravure and sketch appear, is a very creditable issue.

It is proposed to consolidate Harvard and Massachusetts Institute of Technology into one University, which would be among the largest in the world.—*Ex.*

THE University of California is to establish a Chair of Norse Language and Literature.—*Ex.*

CHICAGO UNIVERSITY will soon form a College of Commerce and Politics, where practical business, politics, trade and insurance will be taught.—*Ex.*

REST.

How brief the step 'twixt pain and pleasure is—  
 A look, a word, a briefest act the change has made,  
 Which turns our former joy to sorrow's shade.  
 Yet such is life! we do, we love, we hope—  
 When from our lips is snatched the expectant draught,  
 And soul athirst—we feel the withering shaft  
 Of hope delayed consume our purposed life.  
 Oh, say, is there no rest, no deadening sleep  
 Where grief forgets to groan and love to weep?  
 Where hydra-headed troubles never come  
 And hungering hope's gaunt hounds refuse to roam?  
 One such there is, of only perfect Rest,  
 Open to all who have the rightful Key.  
 Jesus is rest; the Key humility?

—*Acadia Athenæum.*

EUROPEAN EDUCATION FOR CHINESE GIRLS.

An English and Chinese education is to be given to Chinese girls at Shanghai. This was decided by a recent meeting of influential Chinese papas at the treaty port. It was resolved to establish a school, and a considerable sum of money was subscribed in the room and annual subscriptions promised. The movement is a remarkable one, and it emanates from the Chinese themselves, and is to be supported entirely by them. Foot-binding will be discountenanced, a spirit of greater freedom for the women of the family circle is to be encouraged, and the education of women is to be promoted in every possible way. It is to be hoped that Canton and other large cities of the empire will follow the good example set by the Celestials of Shanghai. China is certainly moving!—*London Daily News.*

THE University of Göttingen has decided that women who wish to be admitted to any of its faculties must show either by testimonials or examination that they have the necessary preparation. The professors report in each case to the one pro rector with whom rests the final decision. Other German universities are following the example of Göttingen in this respect. The tendency, whether so intended or not, will be to put women on an equality with men in respect to university training, and in this view it is a distinct gain for women.—*Ex.*

THE Missouri Supreme Court, in an opinion by Judge Gantt, has declared the Missouri State University free-scholarship law unconstitutional. This law provided for the collection of a special tax on

corporations and on patent machines, and a collateral-succession tax on inheritances to establish free scholarships in the State University. The corporations paid the tax under protest, and executors of estates resented the collection of the tax on inheritances.—*Ex.*

## AFFINITY.

Strange my past was unaware  
Of thy presence anywhere ;  
That we meet as strangers meet,  
Moving with reluctant feet  
Toward this passion new and sweet.

Loved so late, can years atone  
For the past we lived alone ?  
Hands and lips have touched and wed,  
Hands and lips will soon be dead,  
Grasses waving overhead.

Yet, O Love, thou wast and art,  
And shalt be a changeless part  
Of my being. Glad and free  
Is our nature's harmony,  
As when perfect chords agree.

Past and future both are here  
Folded in the present, Dear,  
Like a rose that parteth wide  
Petals in the summer-tide  
When the bud is glorified.

Life was hidden in its breast  
Ere the fragrant lips confest ;  
Life remaineth,—though it lie  
In the dust ;—eternally,  
Beauty was not born to die.

When we leave the shadow-land,  
Passing outward hand in hand,  
Into summer and the sun,  
Where all restlessness is done  
And the perfect peace begun,—

Will it matter that the years  
Dealt us doubt and pain and tears ?  
Death can only set us free :  
Wide and sweet to me and thee  
Opens our eternity.

—HOPESTILL FARNHAM in *Ex.*

“ For life with all it yields of joy and woe  
And hope and fear,—believe the aged friend,—  
Is just our chance o' the prize of learning love,  
How love might be, hath been indeed, and is ;  
And that we hold thenceforth to the uttermost  
Such prize despite the envy of the world,  
And, having gained truth, keep truth : that is all.”

BROWNING, *A Death in the Desert.*

THE following anecdote concerning a preacher well-known to us all at McMaster will be interesting to our readers: "When I was first married," says the Rev. Dr. Lorimer, pastor of Tremont Temple, Boston, "I had my strict ideas about Sunday observance. Mrs. Lorimer had a colored 'aunty' for cook, and on the first Saturday after she came I went into the kitchen and told her I did not want any Sunday work, so she could prepare all meals for that day beforehand. She didn't say one word while I was talking; then she looked up, and, pointing to the door, exclaimed: 'Now, look hyar, Marse George, you jest go in dar and 'tend to your Christianity, and leave me 'tend to mah kitchen!' I went, and as near as I can remember she had hot dinners Sundays as long as she stayed with us."

"BROWNING as a Religious Teacher," is the title of an excellent article in the *Presbyterian College Journal* for April, from which we quote the closing paragraphs: "Browning never ignores wickedness, never ignores sin, nor does he call them by other names, but deep down in the heart of the deepest human wickedness he sees the loving touch of God, and in that is his faith, his hope—his interpretation of the world and life. Evil is part of the Divine scheme, and the whole scheme is 'love.' Gain is enhanced by loss, ignorance leads to higher knowledge, truth springs from error. That life here should end all would be a thought absolutely impossible to Browning, for it would mean injustice to men and injustice with God. Soaring far above this earth and time he weaved his song of hope right amid the wail and woe of wretchedness and sin, and in the love of God found assurance that 'Heaven's shall be' comes from 'Earth's has been.'

"His creed is optimism, failing, perhaps, in many a solution, and leaving, though greatly sweetened, many a difficulty unexplained; but if his creed errs, it certainly does not err in want of reverence toward the Infinite Love or in want of charity to man. Let me close with a challenge which has never been easy satisfactorily to answer save as the poet answers it himself:

"Wherefore should any evil hap to man  
From ache of flesh to agony of soul,  
Since God's all mercy mates all-potency?  
Man's sin accounted such? Suppose a world  
Purged of all pain, with fit inhabitant,  
Man pure of evil thought, word and deed—  
Were it not well? Then, wherefore, otherwise."

#### A BLIND STUDENT'S REMARKABLE PROGRESS.

Franz Joseph Dohmen of Austin, Tex., ranks above any of his fellow-students of the present senior class of the University of Texas. This is only remarkable because since his tenth year he has been blind. While he was studying in the blind asylum he received training in a system of writing that has been invaluable to him while a student in the university. This system consists of piercing full of small holes a stiff waxed paper by means of a sharp instrument, the position of the

hole being determined by a small metal frame held on the opposite side of the paper. This furnished projections which the blind learn to read as readily as they do raised letters. Mr. Dohmen writes as rapidly as an ordinary writer does long hand. He comes to the university daily with his note-book, attends classes, takes notes, and goes about the building so easily and naturally that the loss of his sight is scarcely noticed. When a term examination occurs he writes his answers to the questions according to his short-hand system for the blind, and then takes his replies home and makes a neat copy himself upon his typewriter. Mr. Dohmen graduated from the blind asylum in 1895 with the highest honors, and has now been a student of the University of Texas for five years. His greatest delight consists in delving in the problems of higher mathematics, philosophy, and political science. He speaks and writes English, German and French. He is a fair Latin scholar and knows a smattering of Greek. Upon these studies next June he will receive his degree of bachelor of literature and will leave immediately for Germany to pursue for further investigation in some of the great universities there. He intends to become a teacher.—*Correspondence Baltimore Sun.*

## CUT IT SHORT.

If you've got a thought that's happy,  
Boil it down.  
Make it short, and crisp, and snappy—  
Boil it down.  
When your brain its coin has minted,  
Down the page your pen has sprinted,  
If you want your effort printed,  
Boil it down.

Take out every surplus letter—  
Boil it down.  
Fewer syllables the better—  
Boil it down.  
Make your meaning plain; express it  
So we'll know, not merely guess it;  
Then, my friend, ere you address it,  
Boil it down.

Boil out all the extra trimmings—  
Boil it down.  
Skim it well, then skim the skinmings—  
Boil it down.  
When you're sure 'twould be a sin to  
Cut another sentence into,  
Send it on, and we'll begin to  
Boil it down.

—*J. Lincoln in L. A. W. Bulletin.*

LADY enters barber-shop with a Skye terrier. "Mr. Barber, can you cut my doggie's hair?" "No, I can't; or, rather, I won't." "Indeed! You seem to hold yourself pretty high for one in your position." "Perhaps I do; but I'm no Skye scraper."—*Household Words.*



In her article on "What an Alumna can do for McMaster," published in another portion of this issue of *THE MONTHLY*, Miss Wells, of the Class of '94, refers to the College Settlement work of the graduates of Vassar, Wellesley, Smith, and other American colleges for women. The following poem, by Florence Earle Coates, will be interesting in this connection as well as for its intrinsic merit.

IN A COLLEGE SETTLEMENT.

The sights and sounds of the wretched street  
Oppressed me, and I said: "We cheat  
Our hearts with hope. Man, sunken, lies  
In vice; and naught that's fair or sweet  
Finds further favor in his eyes.

"Vainly we strive, in sanguine mood,  
To elevate a savage brood"  
Which, from the cradle, sordid, dull,  
No longer has a wish for good,  
Or craving for the beautiful."

I said; but chiding my despair,  
My wiser friend just pointed where,  
By some indifferent passer thrown  
Upon a heap of ashes bare,  
The loose leaves of a rose were sown.

And I, 'twixt tenderness and doubt,  
Beheld, while pity grew devout,  
A squalid and uneager child,  
With careful fingers picking out  
The scentless petals, dust-defiled.

And straight I seemed to see a close,  
With hawthorn hedged and brier-rose;  
And, bending down, I whispered, "Dear,  
Come, let us fly, where no one knows,  
To the country—far away from here!"

Upon the little world-worn face  
There dawned a look of wistful grace,  
Then came the question that for hours  
Still followed me from place to place:  
"Real country, where you can catch flowers?"

JOHN RUSKIN, the English art critic, once criticised in his fearless way a picture of a well-known painter, who was very much grieved at the effect. Later, on hearing of the sorrow he had caused, he wrote to the artist that he regretted that he could not speak more favorably of the picture, but hoped it would make no difference in their friendship. The artist, it is said, wrote in reply the following note: "Dear Ruskin: "Next time I meet you I shall knock you down, but I hope it will make no difference in our friendship."—*Argonaut.*