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ALEXANDER MACKENZIE.

THE funeral procession which wound through some of the streets of Toronto on the 20th of April last was in some respects remarkable. Its unusual length, the grave faces and respectful mien of the thousands who paused to gaze upon it from the windows and sidewalks along its whole course, the reverential silence which everywhere prevailed, all showed that the occasion was one that touched the hearts of the people. But there was one feature of the gathering which could hardly fail to strike the eye of the most careless observer. This was the unusual number of grey heads among those who followed the bier, and occupied the seats in the church during the service. These heads, hoary with the frosts of many a Canadian winter, proclaimed with mute eloquence that here was an assemblage of veterans met to pay the last tribute of respect to a departed veteran. True, Alexander Mackenzie had barely passed the allotted limit of three score and ten. But the period during which he had been one of the most potent forces in shaping the political history and institutions of Canada had covered stirring events. It had witnessed struggles which had tested the mettle of many of the best men whom the country has yet produced. The departed soldier had fought in the foremost ranks of the men who, coming to the front at a critical period as reserves, had finished the

battle for Canadian autonomy and secured for all time the boons of responsible government and full civil and religious equality which we now enjoy.

It is chiefly as a politician—I use the word which has now unhappily become almost a term of reproach, in its proper and honorable sense—that the public have mainly to do with the life of the departed statesman, and to this aspect of his career I must chiefly confine my attention in this brief sketch. Had we the space and the information necessary to enable us to study the lad as he played about the door of his father's cottage, or when in his teens he underwent the stern discipline of the village school, in his native Logerait, within a few miles of the historic pass of Killecrankie, in the southern Highlands, we should no doubt find that in his case, as in that of so many others who have in after years nobly played their parts in life, "the child was father to the man." But any such inquiries would take us far beyond our limits in space and time.

Young Mackenzie came to Canada in 1842, at the age of twenty, and settled at Kingston. Thence he removed, in 1847, to Sarnia, then a growing village. Here he carried on business for many years, first working at his trade of stonemason, and gradually developing as a builder and contractor. Here he won and maintained a high reputation as a man of exceptional ability, industry and integrity. He soon became known as a ready and effective speaker, a keen debater, and one noted for the extent and accuracy of his information and his wonderful capacity for dealing with minute and complicated details.

In 1837, five years before young Mackenzie's arrival in Canada, the Rebellion had compelled the attention of the British Government to the growing discontent of the people of Upper and Lower Canada. A year or two later, Lord Durham had been sent out, and had made his famous report. Following his suggestions, the Home Authorities had resolved to grant the demand of the colony for Responsible Government. Lord Sydenham, and after him Sir Charles Bagot, had been sent out as Governors-General, to put into operation the new system. Death had cut short the work of the one, and sickness that of the other. The result was that the year 1843 saw the arrival of Sir Charles Metcalfe in Kingston, then the Capital of the united Canadas,

where young Mackenzie had settled a few months before. Lord Metcalfe was, as Mr. Mackenzie tells us (*Life of George Brown*, page 4), "wholly unsuited for the duties of a constitutional Governor, from the natural bent of his mind, as well as from the nature of his experience in public life, in India and Jamaica." He was "an autocrat in spirit," and had a lofty contempt for the opinions and capabilities of colonists. The result was, in brief, that he attempted almost from the moment of his arrival, to undo the work of his predecessors, and bring the country again under the arbitrary and irresponsible rule against which it had rebelled. In a short time he managed to get rid of the stronger and more resolute members of his cabinet, and for nearly a year he ruled the country with only three advisers. During two months of that period there was but a single minister, all the others having resigned. To quote Mr. Mackenzie again, "There was a sudden resurrection of evil principles of government which were supposed to have been buried too deep to be restored." "All the retrogressive elements of society were called into active life in order to sustain the reactionary Governor-General."

Mr. Mackenzie very soon began to take a hand in the conflict. It is probable that his familiarity with the struggle for freedom from State control in religious matters, in his native land, which had just been brought to an end by the secession of a majority of the members of the Scottish national Church, may have served as a good training school for him in those principles of religious liberty of which he became so uncompromising a champion. He first entered the lists in Canada as a contributor to the Western press. It is not probable that he took a very active part in the struggle until after the retirement of Lord Metcalfe, in 1847. With the successor of the latter, Lord Elgin, came in a new order of things. The principles of responsible government were honestly recognized. But there were still keenly contested battles to be fought before the old order could be changed and the new principles, of which responsible government was the harbinger, given full play.

During the next twenty years, or up to the time of Confederation, the struggle went on, though now happily under better auspices and in accordance with constitutional methods. Mr. Mackenzie was henceforth in the front, first as a newspaper

editor and later as a member of Parliament. In the former capacity his vigorous and trenchant articles produced a powerful effect, and contributed not a little to the final triumph of the principles of which he was so effective an advocate. His Parliamentary career is still fresh in the memory of all but the younger generation of Canadians.

The three great questions around which, as central positions, the tide of battle swayed, were Representation by Population, Separation of Church and State, and the Municipal system. It would be impossible, within the necessary limits of this paper, even to state fairly the issues involved in each of these controversies. Two of them, it may be observed, were mainly questions between Upper and Lower Canada, at that time unequally yoked. The people of the Lower Province were considerably less numerous than those of the Upper, and contributed scarcely one-fourth of the revenue; but in virtue of the equal representation they then enjoyed, and still more by reason of the compactness and solidity with which they moved and voted in their political contests with their yoke-fellows and rivals in the Upper Province, they were able to control legislation and secure financial advantages far in excess of what seemed to the Reformers of the West their just due. Hence the demand for Rep. by Pop. as it was called in the political slang of the period, and for such an extension of the municipal system as should compel each member of the union to bear its own share of the local expenses.

Mr. Mackenzie was first returned to Parliament in 1861, as member for Lambton, a constituency which he continued to represent for many years. His readiness in debate, his painstaking mastery of facts and his ability to marshal these in clear, logical and forceful argument, combined with his soundness of judgment, breadth of view, and the high moral standpoint from which he regarded every question, soon won for him a place in the foremost rank of the Liberals of the day. Though his speech did not often soar to the heights of positive eloquence, it was always dignified and weighty, never falling to the level too often reached even in Parliament, of empty declamation or weak commonplace. One marked and rare characteristic of his oratory was its uniform clearness and coherency. He never lost himself, as so many do, in the mazes of imperfect thinking, or meaning-

less verbosity. One of the highest compliments which can be paid to any public speaker was, by the common consent of reporters, his due. His speeches would uniformly bear publication just as they were delivered, without those abundant corrections, modifications and elisions for which many an orator of renown has to thank the skilful reporter.

Space would fail to tell of the course of the struggle in the old Parliament of Canada for the reforms above indicated. Suffice it to say that Mr. Mackenzie took a yeoman's part in the fight. For several years after Confederation Mr. Mackenzie held seats in both the Dominion Parliament and the Ontario Legislature, as was permissible until forbidden by an Act of the Local Legislature. In the latter capacity he served as the first and ablest lieutenant of Mr. Edward Blake, and on Mr. Blake's coming into power, Mr. Mackenzie was made Provincial Treasurer, a position which he filled with much ability. In the Dominion he soon became the recognized leader of the Opposition which was shortly organized against the coalition government of which Sir John A. Macdonald was leader. The years which intervened between the first session of the Dominion Parliament and the downfall of Sir John's Administration, in 1873, were memorable years. Many important questions were debated with great ability by the opposing forces. Some legislative acts and precedents, which were sternly opposed by the party under Mr. Mackenzie's leadership, have had much to do with determining the course of subsequent events, and the influence of some of them, baneful or otherwise, as viewed by the opposite parties, is still powerful in shaping the course of Canadian history. It will be for posterity to decide whose principles were the sounder, and whose political foresight the clearer, in regard to these. We are still too near the scene of action to get the correct perspective.

Mr. Mackenzie was Premier of Canada from the 7th of November, 1873, to the 16th of October, 1878. The events which led to his accession to power and to his overthrow, with the history of the intervening years, would afford material for a chapter. I must dismiss it with a single remark. It has become customary in some newspaper circles to speak of the years of Mr. Mackenzie's administration as comparatively barren of important legis-

lation. A simple enumeration of some of the measures which were passed and some of the things which were done during that period will suffice to dispel this impression, and to render it doubtful whether those years were not more fruitful of progressive legislation than any period of similar length in the history of the Confederation. The General Election Law of 1874 gave us vote by ballot and simultaneous polling, and abolished the property qualification for members. The Supreme Court Act of 1875 constituted a Supreme Court and a Court of Exchequer, with civil and criminal jurisdiction throughout the Dominion. During those and the following years of his *regime* the Canada Temperance Act was passed, which may at least be taken as a proof of courage and consistency not too common in these days, and may be an earnest of a more successful measure yet to come. Then there were the Homestead Exemption Act, the Public Accounts Act, a most important measure, placing the Auditor-General beyond ministerial control, the Petition of Right Act, the Militia Act, with the doubtful boon of Kingston Military College, the Maritime Court Act, etc. True to his staunch Liberalism, Mr. Mackenzie, with the powerful aid of Mr. Blake, for a time a member of his cabinet, obtained from the British Government some important concessions in the direction of a completer autonomy for the Dominion. By persevering insistence he succeeded in having a Canadian, Sir Alexander Galt, appointed, instead of a British diplomat, to present the Canadian case before the Halifax Commission, with the result that a verdict was given more favorable to the British and Canadian contention than had ever before been gained under similar circumstances. Again, Mr. Mackenzie's Administration, by means of vigorous representations, obtained very important modifications in the character of the Imperial instructions to the Canadian Governors-General. By comparing the instructions now given with those given, *e.g.*, to Lord Dufferin, it will be seen that the Queen's representative is no longer told that if he should see sufficient cause to differ from the opinion of the majority, or the whole of his Privy Council, it will be competent for him to act "in opposition to such their opinion."

The causes which led to the too early downfall of Mr. Mackenzie's Government were various, but it can hardly be doubted

at this distance in time that the chief were of a kind over which he had no control. Mr. Dent, who certainly was not prejudiced in his favor, gives us the key to the event when he reminds us that the three or four years preceding Mr. Mackenzie's accession to office had been years of speculation. Imports had been large and expenditure lavish. Heavy financial obligations had been incurred by his predecessors which could not be repudiated. Then in 1874 the great financial depression set in, first in the United States, whence it soon extended to Canada. Financial embarrassment ensued and, notwithstanding the reluctant increase of the tariff from 15 to 17½ per cent., a series of deficits followed. The occasion was opportune for the raising of the "National Policy" agitation, an occasion which was seized and turned to the best account by a master hand. Mr. Mackenzie has often been blamed for obstinacy, or want of political tact, in that when he saw or might have seen the drift of the current, he did not trim his sails accordingly and glide along with it, instead of vainly seeking to stem it. A self-seeking, time-serving politician would very probably have done so with success. But in the eyes of Mr. Mackenzie the taxation of the people for any other than revenue purposes was a political heresy and a crime against equal rights and liberty, and he would have none of it. Holding this view, he deserves immortal honor in that he preferred honorable defeat to dishonorable retention of power.

While the circumstances thus briefly described constituted the main cause of his defeat in 1878, there were no doubt other contributing causes, among them certain mistakes of his own. Some of these, *e.g.*, the appointment of Mr. Cauchon, of evil fame, to the gubernatorial chair in Manitoba, it is hard to account for. In others he was probably misled by certain colleagues who were, unhappily, not actuated by the same high sense of honor. But in spite of all, one grand fact stands out to view so clearly that it will not even now be gainsaid by those who were during all his public life his uncompromising opponents, and will go down to posterity as one of the redeeming facts in the history of the first quarter-century of the Canadian Confederation. That fact is that, in the person of Alexander Mackenzie, the Dominion had for the space of five years at the head of its affairs a man who was not only himself incorruptible, but who was incapable

of corrupting others. History can pay no higher tribute to his memory than that which he himself all unconsciously prepared when he, in 1875, wrote, in the confidence of private friendship, the letter which has been made public since his death, of which the following is an almost pathetic extract :

“I would like much to be relieved of the Public Works Department ; but I cannot see my way to that at present. It is the great spending department, the possible great jobbing department, the department that can make or ruin a Government at such a time as this, when \$25,000,000 are in the power of his head to spend on public works. Friends (?) expect to be benefited by offices they are unfit for, by contracts they are not entitled to, by advances not earned. Enemies ally themselves with friends, and push the friends to the front. Some attempt to storm the office. Some dig trenches at a distance and approach in regular siege form. I feel like the besieged, lying on my arms night and day. I have offended at least twenty Parliamentary friends by my defence of the ‘citadel.’ A weak Minister here would ruin the party in a month, and the country very soon. So I must drudge on as I best may and carry out the experiment of doing right whatever happens, and trusting to have a majority in the House to sustain me, and when that fails I will go out cheerfully if not joyfully.”

I must close abruptly, though the long period of honorable and able service in Parliament, on the left hand of the Speaker, for years even after the slowly advancing disease which first deprived him of the power of making himself heard in public, had begun its insidious and finally fatal inroads. One remark in closing seems to be appropriate, if not necessary, in view of the fact that these lines are written for the *MCMMASTER MONTHLY*. It is well known by those who are familiar with the history of the Baptist educational institutions in Ontario, that Mr. Mackenzie, while contributing liberally according to his means to the work of ministerial education, was not in hearty sympathy with the educational enterprises of the body in so far as these seemed to him designed for merely literary and collegiate purposes. He regarded it as going beyond the proper duties and functions of a religious body to engage in the work of secular education. The fact that he held these opinions never interfered in the least with the cordial and mutual esteem and brotherly

good-will which prevailed between him and those engaged in promoting these educational interests, though it did deprive the latter of a sympathy and assistance which they would have appreciated very highly. It is no disparagement of the departed Christian statesman to venture the remark that early educational influences, and the intense preoccupation of his mind during his later years with other questions, had probably prevented him from putting himself in a position to appreciate fully the force of the reasons which have led the denomination as a body to believe that there is no more sacred duty owed by Christian men and women, whether in their individual or associated capacity, to the truth and to posterity, than that of adopting the only means left them under the complex conditions of our present-day civilization whereby they can secure for their own children, and as many others as they may, the inestimable blessing of a thorough mental culture under genuine and positive religious influences. To Mr. Mackenzie's mind, the State school and university were no doubt the logical corollary of the grand Liberal principle, which forbids all connection between Church and State. To the thinking of the promoters of voluntary Christian schools for the higher education of the young, such schools are the logical and inevitable outcome of the same principle.

J. E. WELLS.

IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY, LONDON.

NOTES OF PICTURES AND PAINTERS.

I.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIEND,—I do not wonder that you have asked me to share with you some of my visits to the National Gallery. I remember the remark of a friend who was giving an interested audience some word-pictures of what he had seen and experienced in dear Old England: "I would like to spend a year by the National Gallery." Realizing for myself the wish which he expressed, I sought how best to profit by the privilege. I visited the Gallery repeatedly, going through its twenty-two great rooms, whose walls are so closely covered with paintings, eager to see and learn all I could of the wonderful works of Art, but almost invariably I left the building with weary brain, tired eyes, aching neck, and confused ideas of the treasures on which my eyes had rested. The memory of your own hurried visits to the Gallery will, I doubt not, confirm my experience. Feeling sure that there was a better way of obtaining even an imperfect knowledge of these works of the Masters, I decided to study them historically. In this way I learned, as one cannot from books only, how, step by step, each school of painting has advanced, and how few artists in different countries through the long centuries have been able to produce works of such value and merit, that they have become a heritage and joy forever. Following this clue, the Gallery became to me a Walhalla of spiritual struggles, blessed memories, ennobling histories, an Elysium of delightful and peaceful thoughts, a very witchery of sweet fancies and uplifting imaginations; and I found myself treading its spacious rooms more softly and reverently, as their scenes grew upon me in beauty and power.

Of course you will not expect me to depict the memories of beautiful forms and colors. In studying the works of a great artist, we naturally wish to know something of the life which found expression at once so beautiful and imperishable. I shall,

therefore, speak as often of the artist himself as of his work, and as I consult my notes for historic facts, you will, if at all like myself, find this little web I weave made more luminous and instructive thereby.

I began at the beginning, that is, with the earliest Italian painting in the Gallery. It is a gaunt, forbidding looking Madonna, but of great interest in the history of painting. The artist, Margaritone, 1216-1293—we are told by Vasari, in his history of Italian Art—was the last of the Italian artists who painted entirely after the Greek (or Byzantine) manner, which was purely conventional, with but little attempt to paint things in a life-like way. Their paintings were mostly symbolic; certain symbols or attitudes were understood to mean certain things. For instance, the young Christ is here represented standing with the assumed dignity of an adult. As he raises his right hand to bless the faithful, with his left hand he holds the roll in which are written the names of those who are saved. It is as a judge that He comes into the world. This symbolic, conventional style of work, which Greece gave to Europe, was the model for the earliest Italian painters. They gradually broke away from it. After learning to see nature truly, they had to learn how to represent what they saw in relief, showing one thing as standing out from another: in perspective, showing things as they look instead as we infer they are; and in illumination, showing things in their colors under different lights. It is very interesting to notice among these old paintings the gradual advancement made in these three things which are the bases of all good painting. A marked advance in these is seen in the Madonna and child by Cimabue—a Florentine artist 1220-1302. This painting, though somewhat crude looking and a good deal defaced by the fingers of time, shows a decided increase in pictorial skill,—seen in the shading of colors rather than flat tints. The expression also is more pleasing, both in mother and child, and quite a successful attempt has been made to substitute for the conventional image of an ideal person, the representation of real humanity.

From Cimabue we naturally turn to find some specimen of work done by his most celebrated pupil, Giotto. Here it is, just a bit of old fresco, which had been a part of a series of paintings

illustrating the life of John the Baptist in the Church of the Carmine, Florence, destroyed by fire in 1771. I was glad to see even this bit of the great painter's work,—he who did so much to develop real art from the rigid, stilted, conventional style that was called art. The fragment is two heads of apostles, bending sorrowfully over the body of John the Baptist. Giotto was born 1276, near Florence. The story told of him is that when he was a shepherd boy tending his father's sheep, he was amusing himself by drawing with chalk on stones, the favorites of the flock, when Cimabue, the greatest Italian painter of his time, came upon him. He was so attracted by the boy's rude drawings, that gaining the consent of the boy's father, he adopted him, took him to Florence and taught him all he knew of his art. Giotto was an apt pupil and rapidly developed into a most successful painter, as well as sculptor and architect. When Pope Boniface VIII. called for specimens of skilled work with a view to selecting a painter to decorate the walls of St. Peter's, Giotto was asked to send a specimen of what he could do. He, apparently with indifference, with one flourish of his hand made a perfect circle in red chalk and sent it as his contribution. It was accepted, and he was chosen. This incident gave rise to an Italian proverb, "As round as Giotto's O," Giotto was a great friend of Dante, to whom, it is thought he owed some of the inspiration and grandeur of his fresco painting. Dante wrote of his friend: "Cimabue thought to lord it over painting's field. Now the cry is Giotto's, and his name eclipsed." Giotto's character is said to have been that of a high spirited and independent man, full of strong common sense, and ready wit. A story is told of him, that when working for King Robert, of Naples, the king, watching him at his work one very hot day, said, "If I were you, Giotto, I would leave off work and rest myself this fine day." "So would I, sire, if I were you," replied Giotto.

Though the National Gallery can show only this fragment of his work, Florence, where he lived, worked and died, has many beautiful and treasured specimens. The famous Campanile or bell-tower, over the dome of Brunelleschi at Florence, is his design; and he made also the models for the sculpture. He did not live to see this great work completed. It was

finished by his pupil, Taddeo Gaddi. Giotto died in the year 1336,—“No less a good Christian than an excellent painter,” says his biographer. He sleeps in the same church with his teacher and foster-father—the Church of Santa Maria del Fiore. Ruskin says that Giotto cast away all the glitter and conventionalism of earlier Art, declaring that the sky was blue, the table-cloth white, and angels, when he dreamed of them, rosy,—in fine, he founded the schools of color in Italy.

I should say a word about Taddeo Gaddi, the most celebrated of Giotto's pupils. There is really nothing of his in the Gallery, but there are two pieces done by his pupils and marked “School of Taddeo Gaddi”; one, “The Baptism of Christ,” the other “The Company of Saints,” both, I think, intended for altar-pieces. Neither of them are very striking, though full of interest as belonging to the beginnings of art. Giotto must have taken an early interest in his pupil, for when he was christened Giotto held him at the font. Though he was his best pupil, he failed to carry out in full his teacher's instructions, and, in a measure, copied the imperfections of the Byzantine School—noticeable in the works of his pupils mentioned above. But he was, like his master, a great architect as well as painter, and as I stated before, finished the work of the Campanile, begun by Giotto. His finest pictures are in S. Croce, Florence. He was born in 1300, and died at the age of 66.

The revival of art in Italy was largely due to the preaching of St. Francis, and St. Dominic. Many churches were built, and the walls were frescoed with scripture scenes which were to the people, who could neither read nor write, a sort of illustrated Bible. The work, in these early days, was done on wood or plaster. Before oil was used for mixing colors, water, egg, or fig-juice, was employed. This was called “tempera,” in English “distemper.”

I must mention another name that stands out clearly among this group of early Florentine artists—Orcagna. His real name was Andrea di Cione, but he was given the former name by the people of his time. It is a corruption of Acagnuolo, meaning the Archangel. He was born in Florence about 1315. His father was a goldsmith; the son was, like most of the Italian painters, a sculptor and architect. This union of arts he some-

times denoted by signing his pictures, "the work of Orcagna, sculptor;" and his sculptures, the "work of Orcagna, painter." His great legacy is in the Campo Santa of Pisa. The chief picture of his which the National Gallery possesses is an altar-piece, in ten compartments. It was painted for the Church of San Pietro Maggiore. The central piece represents the "Coronation of the Virgin." Among the adoring saints on the left is Peter, holding a model of this church in his hand. The painting contains upwards of a hundred figures. It is quaint and almost uncouth, but like other early attempts it is full and expressive in detail. There is a beautiful soft blending of colors, still rich in hues and tints, and the whole is wonderfully interesting as a study. It is of interest to note that he designed the famous Loggia de' Lanzi of the grand ducal palace at Florence.

Let me mention here another great artist, who belonged to this period, though there is nothing of his work in the Gallery. He too, was an architect and sculptor, Andrea Pisano. His birthplace was Pisa, and as was common at that time, he took his name from the place where he was born. Many of the art treasures in Italy were preserved by wealthy merchants. They formed what was called "The Merchants' Guild," for the purpose of purchasing artistic products of special merit, and presenting them to the city. This guild, anxious to leave some imperishable memorial of their interest in art, conceived the idea of presenting to Florence, their beloved city, beautifully wrought gates for the baptistery of San Giovanni, or St. John, in connection with the great cathedral. They called for designs, and after a good deal of competition the work was entrusted to Andrea Pisano, who modeled a series of beautiful reliefs from the life of John the Baptist. These were cast in gilt in 1330, and placed in the centre door-way. It is said that he attained his wonderful skill and grace by the study of some ancient sarcophagi preserved at Pisa. Nearly a century after Pisano's gate was completed, a second one was called for, and Lorenzo Ghiberti, the foster-son of a goldsmith, was chosen out of three competitors, to create it. He was only twenty-three years of age, the other two being younger. These latter, Brunelleschi and Donatello, magnanimously withdrew from the competition, declaring Lorenzo Ghiberti to be their superior. All three

became famous artists and continued sworn friends till death. On this gate Ghiberti worked twenty-two years and received for it eleven hundred florins. His subjects were taken from the life and crucifixion of Christ. The gate was divided into twenty-two panels, ten on each leaf. Below are full length figures of four evangelists, and four doctors of the Latin church, with a border of fruit and foliage. This gate gave such satisfaction that he was asked to design a central one that would even surpass the others. For this he took his subjects from the Old Testament, beginning with the creation and ending with the meeting of Solomon with the Queen of Sheba. He wrought on it over eighteen years, forty-nine years in all for both. Michael Angelo said "they were worthy to be the gates of Paradise." They are still among the greatest treasures of Florence. There are splendid casts of Ghiberti's gates at South Kensington.

I must close this letter with a word about Fra Angelico, the heavenly-minded Dominican monk, 1387-1455. It is said of him that "he never took pencil in hand without prayer, and he could not paint the passion of Christ without tears of sorrow." His power lies in portraying the sacred affections upon the human face. He denotes a distinction between heavenly and human beings by draping the former in pure colors, and covering them with shadowless glories of burnished gold. His "Resurrection" is in the Gallery. It contains 266 figures, no two alike in expression or form, but all perfect in grace and beauty, though the representation of Christ is poor and feeble. The angel choirs are very beautiful. He considered himself inspired and could never be induced to make any change in the products of his brush. In him we see the flower of Giotto's idealism.

EMELINE A. RAND.

SHADOW SPRITES.

From the wan, white open spaces
 Fled the shadows to their shelter,
 Huddled, frightened, 'neath the fir trees,
 Till at dusk forthcoming, bolder,
 From their darkened hiding places,
 They emerge and fill the woodland
 'Neath a moonless starry sky.

Sounds of music weirdly sighing,
 Pulsing faintly, gladly dying
 Into vibratory calm!
 'Tis the weary wind a-moaning,
 Softly crying, low intoning
 Woes for which there is no balm.

See! the shadows move to music;
 Slowly dance they in the starlight,
 In the wan wide open spaces,
 E'er responsive to the sighing
 Of the weary, weary wind.

And the wind in anguish moaning,
 Strikes with heavier, stronger fingers,
 Stern upon the boughs of fir trees;
 Plaintive send they forth a sobbing,
 Louder, swelling into shrieking;
 Fiercely crying through the woodland,
 See the shadows wildly leaping!
 Changed the gentle stately movement
 Into wild and passionate leaping,
 Till their shapes grow vague, fantastic,
 In the moonless starlight night!

All exhaust the weird musician
 Ceases more to strike forth music;
 And the shadows wearied, wearied,
 By their leaping wildly, madly,
 Cease their dancing in the spaces
 Just before the day is breaking;
 Ghostly whispering together
 Stand they in the white wan spaces,
 Till, affrighted by a sunbeam,
 Flee they 'neath the wide fir branches,
 'Neath the shelter of their night.

H. T. DEWOLFE.

SOME LEAVES FROM OLD LETTERS.

On looking over files of old letters recently, I came upon a large packet, written to me by a friend while he was a student at College. I had not read them since first received, between thirty and forty years ago. I am now getting into grey hairs, but I have re-read these letters with deep interest. I should like to reproduce a good part of them in the pages of THE MCMMASTER UNIVERSITY MONTHLY, but I shall content myself with presenting a few extracts for a single number. The youth who poured out his spirit in these old letters, at times so intensely, has these many years been carrying with patience and hopefulness his share of life's earnest work. Few, if any, outside his chosen intimates would guess that his heart had ebbed and flowed like a sea with the mystical tides of being. It is all so fresh to me now! There is so much dew upon the letters yet, so many tell-tale weeds and flowers, so much of impulse and thought intermixed, of yearnings and findings, of the will o' the wisp and true light, that they are a microcosm of many a young life impelled by unwonted energy and touched with something of divine fire.

December, 1855.—"Jones and Harlow went up with me yesterday to the Indian camp at the Point. The snow was freshly fallen, and the tramp through the soft woods—spruce and fir—was full of the hush of expectancy. There was a consciousness of the *ferax*, the wild life, all about us long before we reached the savage life at the camp. Tracks of the squirrel and partridge and rabbit seemed made almost before our open eyes, they were so fresh. We startled a partridge to his wings, and a number of squirrels saluted us with their cackling chatter from a hemlock whose fronds were bending with the softest of snow piled with fairy fingers. The chickadee played all his hanging feats as he escorted us in a very smart fashion to the camp. . . . The easy terms on which these animals live with the wild forest suggest mutual interest and partnership. I

suppose we, too, really have a co-partnership in all natural things. In our higher moods this would issue in fellowship. As all life seems to be kin, there must be elevations and depressions of experience which put us *en rapport* with every aspect of it. . . . I have a notion that a tree, a beech for example, if only its 'being, doing and suffering' could become experiences to it, would be a companion of rare fellowships for many a one over whose spirit the awful mystery of life comes and goes like sun and shadow under swaying leaves. But this most human of all trees has no proper personality, no consciously sympathetic selfhood. I suppose that is the truth from the tree's side. But is it not possible for one to get into fellowship with the tree-life—its active, characteristic being, and to read and take up into one's self its more sensitive and subtle forces? Is it not possible in rare moments, through imaginative sympathy, to cast one's personality into the life of a tree or rose to a degree sufficient to sublimate and lift it into touch with one's own sensitized and spiritual life? And may not the same be said, or nearly so, of what we call lifeless things,—clouds, rocks, brooks, the sea? These have relations with us,—we are in partnership with them. The *modus operandi* may be obscure, but I would not thank any one to assure me that I had fellowship with these things, though perhaps in a realm lying over the border of the merely material."

October, 1856.—"We came down here to the Bluffs a week ago. Harrow and Althorp are geologists indeed. They have collected more fossil fish scales here than would serve for any ordinary college museum. It does me good to see their hearty belief in all these stone markings as significant of previous animal and vegetable life. They are very earnest in their search for 'facts,' and when they discover any rock ambrotype of their 'remote ancestors,' as Lemarque would style them, their joy knows no bounds. Just what it is that fills their dear souls in all this, I have not clearly perceived as yet. They are agape for 'rocky facts.' Harrow declares with great zest that Bishop McKinnon was awed into reverence when he showed him (the Bishop) a full and perfect profile of a fossil fish—concave and convex—in a split stone. The Bishop said he believed the Lord

made the stone just as it was found, markings and all,—‘a prophecy of fish.’ . . . I don’t know whether you are a disciple of Gesner and Lyell. The easy way in which they attribute to nature a quasi-creative potency smacks of what the old folks called ‘elemental pinguis,’ which, honestly Englished, has a materialistic accent. Althorp and Harrow understand how the whole thing has come about. Fire and water and millions of years, with just a pinch or two of ‘something’ thrown in! The more of mechanics they can put into the universe, the more universe it is to them. I believe Harrow could make a universe himself,—and this is only his Sophomore year. ‘The mystery is all dropping out of the old thing,’ he says. We shall surely get very tired of the ‘old thing’ on these terms. I think something better can happen a fellow than to have his brains run away with him. There is a spirit in us which, if accorded its true function, peers over the fringes of a thousand mysteries, and sometimes sees the shadow of the Hand which turns the world. I believe in celestial mechanics.”

December, 1856.—“I could never understand you if you wrote in the high strain of your last letter. I am not out of the woods, for I see ever so many things ‘as trees,’—confused masses of shadow. In fact, I don’t know whether I see anything at all sometimes. Things are very slow in getting into perspective with me, and there are ever so many fog factories agoing. I have little doubt that one can breed mental and spiritual vapors within one’s self, by getting up hot fires near the undrained and swampy tracts so plentiful along the borders of the youthful Ego. It is quite possible that some of our young fellows get up their cloud scenery in this way, and mistake the product of their own swamps for that of the celestial spaces,—of the Over Soul, as the transcendentalists would say.

“Did you ever hear of the apparition which, with hooded face, told Shelley that he was the author of all his troubles, and bade Shelley follow him? As they went, the apparition suddenly turned around, and throwing back the hood from its face, disclosed to Shelley the image of Shelley’s self. The sight was so surprising and unnatural that Shelley cried out in horror, and his friends found him pallid as marble and cowering with

fear. There are a good many of us, no doubt, to whom a kindred revelation would be quite as surprising and shocking, and as pertinent too."

February, 1857.—"I believe the doctrine of substitution is revealed in the Scriptures, but I am unable to reconcile it with my intuitions of right and justice. It may be that my view of the doctrine is not at all complete. My intuitions may be perverted or imperfectly in exercise as yet, or of less value as guides or tests of truth than I have supposed. It may be that I have a view of substitution quite out of relation to other truths partially discerned or wholly unperceived. A truth seen out of its relations is doubtless a truth, but it is often not the truth one supposes it to be. The wisest can never know the complete relations and interplay of any single truth. Cosmos itself is made up of parts. I suppose by and by it will be demonstrated that our simple material elements are compounds. Or it may be that all the compounds and elements will be resolved into a single element. In this latter event, a new emphasis would be given to place, juxtaposition,—relation, in fine. I am conscious of sin in my life. That is another way of saying that I am, in a very definite sense, not in accordant relations with the Holy One. I am out of life-touch with 'the only living and true God.' I am out of the life-relation; I am, so far, 'dead,' in Scripture speech."

May, 1857.—"Two years ago it hardly crossed my mind that others had been as distressed as I was about 'the ways of God to men.' When I first read Rogers' Eclipse of Faith, I felt how much help one loving clear-headed soul might give to another in getting over the stretches of bogmire in the path of many a simple pilgrim. One of my greatest difficulties arose from a false notion that demonstration was the only path over which reason can walk, and mathematical demonstration at that. I shall not soon forget what a revelation it was when it dawned on me that the certainty of mathematical conclusions lies imbedded in the hypothetical nature of the data,—the laws of thought being duly observed in the reasoning process. 'If that is so, this is so also,' is the sweep of the mathematical pen-dulum."

September, 1858.—"We are what we are, because a bundle of characteristics was equilibrated and came into the world with our name on it. These characteristics are the constants, the permanent capital, with which experience begins the business of life. Our likes and dislikes go back to these constants. Modifications may be effected in them, but only modifications. It is just here, it seems to me, that personality roots itself, and refuses to be blown away by the gusts and tempests of experience—*these* whirl about continually, but return again according to their circuits. . . . I quite appreciate your vigorous words about a common-sense view of things, but it is true that I feel much less interest in common-sense experiences than in those which stir the mystery of my being and bring this mystery under the apprehension of consciousness. Sometimes, almost unawares, I well-nigh yield to the impulse to worship natural things, or more frequently natural phenomena. Perhaps worship is not the true word, but no other seems so nearly adequate. The sunlight, for example, has always had a singular influence on me. It enters into my being, filling me with wonder and awe, and awaking a passionate reverence for its revealing splendors. When it falls over running water or waves, and especially when it falls over grass-fields and wheat-fields in rhythmic motion under a strong wind, my spirit is brought under the spell of the light's awesomeness and soft glory. When I was seven or eight years old I used to lie for hours in the corners of the fences entranced with such phenomena. Sometimes the shadows of clouds driven by the wind, in the rapid contrasts of light and shade, would cause a delight so intense as to be almost beyond endurance. Almost at will, I can bring myself under the spell of the sky. This spell becomes at times a very ecstasy of wonder and sweet awe, as I gaze far into the deeps of heaven, league after league into its impalpable sky-bloom tremulous with soft light. My spirit melts into this radiant atmosphere, and I lose all consciousness of time and place and matter. Vista after vista of light, with pure color only, opens before me. What vibrations of splendor, what seeming sentiency of light! . . . Often-times the experience is very different from this. The sunlight falls on still meadows and forests. The grass seems to be a million little torches of light, light, light. The trees are trees of

light. The atmosphere is limpid and fluent, as when one views it in a strong wind pouring over a blade of polished steel, and is of a bloomy azure in tint. The Bay is living light, shading off into heavenly hyaline. Ere I am aware, I am rapt away in adoration. I could kiss the radiant air. . . . I emerge from such experiences with a temporary loss of discrimination between this world and any other, while everything seems universal and without time and space limits; but after I duly *verify* myself, I find again the common phenomena and have again the common experiences."

THE VAST, ETERNAL!

The Vast, Eternal! these are living bread
 To feed imagination all divine;
 Yet doth the laboring soul by boundary line
 Mark off the infinite in thought,—thus fled.
 Forever doth the universal wed
 The limited, that so it may define
 And tell itself in characters that shine—
 Like throbbing stars through boundless azure sped.
 As rising waves, rich jewelled by the sun,
 In movement link their brilliants each to each,
 And flash their glories in one crest of light,
 E'en so, unveiling, the Eternal One
 Did show Himself by signs and glimmering speech,
 Then flashed in Christ His love-lit glory bright.

T. H. R.

Students' Quarter.

HEARTSEASE.

A wayworn wand'rer stood without a wall;
 Within were sylvan shades and blossoms rare;
 Summer's soft murmurs mingled on the air
 With music and the pleasant rise and fall
 Of happy voices, and the wood-bird's call.
 "Here were true rest and full farewell to care!
 What sesame bring those who enter there?"
 "Nought save one humble blossom bear they all."

Alas! no flower had he but bitter rue,
 And so, in quest, far far o'er mountain way,
 And wild wide moor and desert grim and grey
 He sought, that he one day might enter too.

All vain his search! Hopeless he turned once more
 His sad steps home,—and found it by his door.

ELIZABETH P. WELLS.

CONVERGENT AND DIVERGENT TRUTHS.

This is perhaps more than any other the age of doubt. On all sides we hear the cry raised: "Bigotry! Narrowness!" The popular preacher is he who makes havoc of doctrinal truth. Men plead for liberality, for broad mindedness, forgetful of the fact that the true child of God can be no more liberal than are the Scriptures, and that broad mindedness is often but another name for shallowness. If either of the banks of the Welland Canal were moved a mile from its present position, we should have a broad sheet of water, but one of little value for the purposes of navigation. Better far that there should be a deep,

strong current of thought running through a man's mind, even at the risk of his being charged with bigotry, than that he should pride himself in a broad watery expanse of shallowness in which the weakest child of the imagination need not be drowned. But while we condemn much of the spirit that characterizes modern thought, we would not forget that there is such a thing as honest doubt, that men after patient study of the Scripture have met with apparent contradictions, and with the earnest desire of obtaining knowledge, have asked the question, "How can these things be?"

Difficulties there certainly are in the Sacred Writings, mysteries that far exceed the power of the human mind to penetrate, but the earnest seeker after truth should never forget that one doctrine is not necessarily false because a second appears to contradict it. What the spectator beholds in a landscape is to a great extent dependent upon his point of vision; with a change of station there is a complete transformation in the prospect before him. Yet the landscape remains the same. May it not be so with Divine truth? From one point we see nothing but contradictions; may not another be found from which we may behold complete harmony?

At the rim of a wheel the distance between two of the spokes is very great, but if the radii be shortened the space between them sensibly diminishes, until they finally lose themselves in one common centre—the hub. God is the centre of all truth, and from Him the doctrines radiate like the spokes of a wheel. The nearer we are to Him, the closer do the different truths seem to approach each other; the further we wander from Him, the greater the apparent distance between them.

Perhaps no two doctrines have been the subjects of more discussion than those of Divine Sovereignty and Man's Free Agency. Of the multitude of books written upon these questions there is no end. Whole systems of theology have been founded on each of these truths, and the tendency on the part of many Christians has been to accept one while rejecting the other. To man's limited vision the two doctrines appear to be as widely opposite as the poles. On the one hand, away in the darkness of eternity, where no star shines and no seraph sings, we see Jehovah determining to rule a universe that He has not

called into being. We behold His purpose to create man ; then, foreseeing the fall of the human race, in His counsels slaying the Lamb as the substitute for those He has determined to save. Then, at God's voice, earth springs into being, man is created and falls, the eternal purpose finds expression in the promise, "The seed of the woman shall bruise the head of the serpent," and finally Christ comes into the world and is made in the likeness of sinful flesh. He is crucified on the hill Calvary, but His death is only the result of His "being delivered by the determinate counsel and foreknowledge of God. The fountain for sin and uncleanness is opened, but only those bathe therein who have been "chosen in Christ Jesus before the foundation of the world." On the other hand man is ever spoken of as a free agent. Jesus Christ, though given over to death by the eternal decree of Jehovah, yet "by wicked hands" was "crucified and slain." Although God elects to salvation, the charge against the sinner is, "Ye will not come unto me that ye might have life;" and the invitations of the gospel ring out, clear as a silver bell: "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest," "Whosoever will may come." If the sinner go down to the pit it is because he will not come to Christ.

Again, Jehovah is spoken of as a God of mercy. He it is who hears the young ravens when they cry, and notices the falling sparrow. To man He is revealed as the Lord "long suffering and of great kindness," the One whose name is Love, who has "no pleasure in the death of the wicked," and is not willing that any should perish." The greatness of the Father's love is shown in the gift of His only Son, and the sinner is pointed to Gethsemane, Gabbatha and Calvary as bearing testimony to the tenderness of God toward a lost world. From this picture some men have formed the impression that the Lord is so tender hearted that tears of pity blind His eyes to our failings, and that His whole nature rebels at the thought of punishing His children. Yet He who forgives "iniquity, transgression and sin" is the same God "that will by no means spare the guilty." The law declares in thunder tone, "The soul that sinneth it shall die;" Justice cries unceasingly for blood, and will not be satisfied until her sword is sheathed in the heart of the transgressor. Every child of Adam is by nature under the condemnation of

God's law, and soon its awful penalty will come upon him in the final issue of the lake of fire. In the eternal wailing and smoke of torment ascending forever and ever we behold the justice of the Most High.

That election appears to be contradictory to free agency, and Divine justice the very antipodes of Divine love, is certainly true; but may we not be regarding the doctrines from the rim of the wheel rather than from the hub? As long as we remain at the circumference the distance which separates the different doctrines must appear immense; but may we not, even in this world, reduce the length of the radii and thus the space between them? Not that we can shorten truth, but as one may approach the lamp and so obtain the fuller benefit of the light, likewise we may approach truth's centre and, without lessening the power of His beams, stand where they may fall upon us in greater glory. If only we can get nearer God this may be accomplished. No one in whom true growth in grace is progressing can fail to become more and more reconciled to the truths of the Scriptures. The things of God are spiritually discerned. When by and by we behold Christ and are like Him, when the spiritual eye is strong and clear, we shall understand that all truth is one, that the doctrines which now appear to diverge from, converge towards and lose themselves in one common centre—Jehovah, God of Truth.

EDWARD J. STOBO.

HOPE.

There is a well-known fiction in Pagan tradition, that when all the guardian deities of mankind abandoned the world, Hope alone was left. But what a boon was this to mankind! something which is sweet to every human soul, something which brings joy and happiness—

“Auspicious hope! in thy sweet garden grows
Wreaths for each toil, a charm for every woe.
Won by their sweets, in Nature's languid hour,
The wayworn pilgrim seeks thy summer bower;
There as the wild bee murmurs on the wing,
What peaceful dreams thy handmaid spirits bring!
What voiceless forms the Æolian organ play,
And sweeps the furrowed lines of anxious thought away.”

Who shall deny that hopefulness is not a *quality* to be cultivated in every human mind? He who enters life with a hopeful, joyful spirit, does not grow despondent over trivial vexations and disappointments; but rises far above the present, and presses eagerly forward, looking toward the future for happier brighter days. But he whose life is devoid of hope is worthy of our deepest sympathy. His life must be a complete failure. There has been nothing lovely in the past on which to reflect happily, and the future stretches before him one vast unending plain, its monotony is broken neither by refreshing streams of water, nor by dark cool groves.

And not only should one possess this treasure—a hopeful spirit, but he should give of it to others. Perhaps a poor hopeless beggar knocks at your door and asks for assistance. You look on his wretchedness, a wave of pity rushes over your heart, and your feelings prompt you to a generous offering, far exceeding what he had even dared to expect. With great joy he departs and lives in comfort on your bounty. Finally the last penny is expended. Now whither shall he turn? Is his life happier than before? Had you rather spoken to him words of hope and encouragement, and created within him a desire for a fuller nobler life, and a determination to achieve success, he would have left your door richer by far than if he possessed a well-filled purse.

Everything we undertake in life has as its mainspring 'hope.' The farmer in the springtime sows his grain. Does he do this hopelessly? Ah no, but rather with gladness, for so surely as the autumn comes he knows he will reap the reward of his toil, in an abundant harvest. Again, the soldier goes forth to conflict. He undergoes the dangers and perils connected with such a life, and ever hopefully keeps his eye fixed on the future while he "hails in his heart the triumph yet to come." Fame and glory are what he is striving to attain, and when his aim is realized, all past trials and hardships sink into nothingness under the pleasure of the present moment.

And all nature breathes the inspiration of hope. Cold gloomy days come, when all is dark and dreary. Suddenly the sun pierces the leaden sky, it may be only for a moment, but what an amount of cheer is contained in that one ray of sun-

shine. And now the bright summer days full of joy and gladness and succeeded by those of hoary winter. Nature is locked in a profound slumber; no longer is heard the blithsome song of the birds as they flit from bough to bough, but all is still and gloomy, the trees stripped of their foliage stand out grim and grey. Will it be thus forever? No, truly, the season of spring returns, nature wakens into new life and joy once more reigns.

Then who is not familiar with the beautiful and apt comparison of Hope with an anchor? When trouble and discouragements come, when despair overwhelms and our lives are stirred to their very depths, then does hope buoy us up, drive away our doubtings, and help us to continue firm and steadfast till the storm is past.

And while Hope is often spoken of as particularly belonging to the period of youth,

“ Congenial Hope ! thy passion-kindling power,
How bright, how strong, in youth’s untroubled hour.”

It may also with equal appropriateness be attributed to old age. How dark would be the close of life, but for hope’s cheering beam, which still shines brightly, and points us to a glorious though untried future.

“ Unfading Hope ! when life’s last embers burn,
When soul to soul, and dust to dust return !
Heaven to thy charge resigns the awful hour !
Oh ! then, thy kingdom comes ! Immortal power !
What though each spark of earth-born rapture fly
The quivering lip, pale cheek, and closing eye !
Bright to the soul thy seraph hands convey
The morning dream of life’s eternal day—
Then, then, the triumph and the trance begin,
And all the phoenix spirit burns within.

E.

BARRIERS TO SUCCESS.

There is a saying that "nothing succeeds like success." Through a chance success, some lives not particularly gifted have become a continuous success; but by the majority of people success has been achieved through the skilful use of each opportunity, the possession of certain personal qualifications.

The barriers to success are neither few nor feeble. Lack of purpose is one. He who has no purpose, no end in view, must ever fail. Without it there is nothing to stimulate or to direct. Good-luck or chance may stumble upon success, only pluck and purpose can achieve it. Much labor may be spent to no profit because to no purpose. Success depends less upon vast expenditure of energy than upon right direction of it. The purposeful life is the successful one, and the life with one purpose is one of positive power. Have a purpose: attain it. To truly purpose is to perform, and to perform is to succeed.

Lack of self-reliance is a barrier, but not an insuperable one. Through age, and personal responsibility, it may be overcome, and a fitting reliance on self implanted and nourished. To think lightly of one's self is to foreclose the doors of success, and to write failure over manifest favor. Such self-esteem need not be self-conceit, any more than the genuine need be the counterfeit, but such an estimate of one's powers as a sober judgment commends, not such as an inordinate opinion asserts. Do you want a thing well done? do it yourself. Do you want to succeed in life? believe in yourself.

Lack of perseverance is another. Ordinary powers extraordinarily applied is the secret of the success of most men. Genius is a grand gift, but the man who has genius without perseverance may be a rocket, but can never be a star, while the man who perseveres continues by the genius of perseverance. To practice the maxim "never attempt—or accomplish," would enable us to surmount apparently insurmountable difficulties. To attempt is but to begin, to keep at it is to win.

"Still let thy mind be bent, still plotting where,
And when, and how, thy business may be done."

ALEXANDER WHITE.

“*PER ARDUA.*”

It is an old-time custom in schools and colleges to have some noble precept towards which the students may set their ideals and direct their efforts. Moulton College is no exception to this rule, for doubtless many of you have noticed that on the stained glass window at the top of the stair-way there is the figure of a stag having its antlers caught in a tree and under the device the inscription, “*Per Ardua.*” The stag running swiftly through dense thickets and climbing to mountainous heights, is never daunted by the difficulties which hinder its progress.

This device seems almost prophetic in anticipating the great cause to which this homestead was to be devoted. It expressed, in the first place, for the family to whom it belonged, their practical view of life and their determination to succeed in spite of difficulties. No better sentiment could have been chosen for the school which was to be one of the outgrowths of the McMaster life, and to come into the possession of the McMaster house.

This law of life, that the road to success is always impeded by obstacles which only hard labor and honest effort can surmount, is exemplified in every department of life.

Beyond the Alps lies Italy, sunny Italy, the land of blue skies, treasures of art, antiquities and historical associations; yet the rugged and snow-capped Alps must be scaled before the beauties of the region beyond can be revealed to the tourist's eye. This is an example of the physical difficulties in the way of progress in life.

Little advancement would have been made in the world if its explorers, its scientists, or its philosophers had become faint-hearted at the first impediment they encountered. Our lives would lack much of their enjoyment if we had not the benefit of modern invention. We would still be traversing miles of country by stage-coach, while now trains carry us at the rate of sixty miles an hour; weeks and weeks would be spent in crossing the mighty Atlantic, while now it can be accomplished in less than six days; news from the Old World could only be obtained by letters which would be months in reaching their destination; now

a message can be cabled in less than a minute. An achievement is more precious to us when it has cost us discouragement, anxiety and heart-ache, than if it had been accomplished without special effort, for difficulties prove a soul legitimately great. The bare necessities of life do not come to us of themselves. Our daily bread comes through labor exerted in the plowing and the sowing, in the reaping and the threshing, in the kneading and the baking. Railroad trains, steam-boats and telegraph wires were the outgrowths of deep thought on the part of their inventors, for after their ideas were formed many difficulties had to be contended with before these ideas were matured and really practicable.

Turning from the material to the intellectual world, the same facts are true. Knowledge can never be acquired without personal application to study. There is no royal road to learning, neither can an education be obtained by proxy. If we do not work patiently and diligently for the higher education, then ignorance must be our lot.

In the world of science, scores of men have spent their whole lives in surmounting the obstacles in their path when they are endeavoring to discover the laws of the universe. In the time of their greatest need, they have the sympathy of no one, but when their labor is over, their discoveries are accomplished and the world can profit by them, then all lands ring with the sound of their names.

The heights by great men reached and kept,
Were not attained by sudden flight,
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night.

Faraday, one of these kings of his race, is the grandest living example of what patience, perseverance and genius can do for a man when he has disadvantages of birth, education and fortune to contend with. Galileo, who, by perfecting the telescope, and thus opening out broader channels for astronomical investigation, had indeed to work "per ardua," having to contend with the bigotry of the world of his time; but even when compelled by the Inquisition to abjure his creed of the earth's rotation, he said, under his breath, "But it does move nevertheless."

As in the practical, intellectual and scientific worlds, so in

the spiritual and moral world are these facts equally true. The Bible is full of metaphors representing the Christian's life as that of a race and of a hard warfare. He who would win must run. He who would conquer must fight, arming himself with the sword of the spirit, the breastplate of righteousness, the shield of faith, and the helmet of salvation. The spiritual life is always a growth from lower to higher and richer attainments. Ruskin says:—"He only is advancing in life whose heart is getting softer, whose blood warmer, whose brain quicker, whose spirit is entering into living peace."

Cannot we then take courage and inspiration from our predecessors, and have our ideals the highest and our thoughts the purest, resolving that, although difficulties meet us in our efforts toward advancement in life, the goal shall be ours, though it be "per ardua?"

EDITH M. WILKES.

A BIRTHDAY IN HEAVEN.

At dawn my soul, disconsolate,
Took flight and stood at Heaven's gate.
It opened; and an angel child
Was standing there. She sweetly smiled,
And said: "What wilt thou here, my friend?
Dost come from earth? This thy life's end?"

"O, no! sweet angel, no! But say
If thou dost know our little May;
And tell me, is she happy here?
'Tis all I ask. Full many a tear
Of grief her mother's eye has filled,
E'er since her darling's voice was stilled.
We loved her so! O! tell me this
That here she finds eternal bliss!"

Then spoke the angel child: "Thy fears
Be calmed; and all her mother's tears
Be dried. Her life is full of joy.
Such happiness naught can destroy.
And look, my friend! within the gate!
How canst thou be disconsolate?
Dost thou not see the children throng
That makes Heaven's arches ring with song?
Dost ask me why?—For thy dear May!
To us she's one year old to-day."

The gate was closed. I saw no more;
And as I left th' immortal shore
My soul was comforted. And, pray,
Should I be sad? In Heav'n to-day
The angels love our little May.

LEONARD THERRIEN.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The fine portrait of Dr. Castle, painted by the distinguished artist, Mr. J. Colin Forbes, now hangs in the University chapel, and constantly reminds us of the beautiful character and the devoted life of him whose labors are having their fruitage in our rapidly advancing educational work.

It is a source of much satisfaction to members of the University, that Rev. A. P. McDiarmid, for years an honored member of the Board of Governors, is to return to his native land as Secretary of the Foreign Mission Board. We are always sorry to hear of the expatriation of a valuable man, and the repatriation of such brings corresponding joy.

Mrs. Rand has kindly consented to prepare for the MONTHLY, from her full notes taken on the spot, a series of studies of the works of the great painters in the National Gallery of London. The first of these admirable articles we publish this month. Others will follow at such intervals as may suit the convenience of the writer, or the exigencies of the magazine.

The fine portrait of our Chancellor, that appeared in the June number, has been much in demand. The editor of *Saturday Night* asked for the use of the cut before it was finished and it appeared in that publication in due time. Two editors in the Maritime Provinces likewise asked and obtained the privilege of using it in their journals. In each case the cut was accompanied by an appreciative sketch.

The fancy so graphically embodied in "Shadow Sprites," on p. 72, is, we regret to say, marred by the misprint of "gladly" for *slowly*, in the second line of the second stanza. The first part of the fourth stanza recalls these lines from Tennyson's *Princess*:

A wind arose and rushed upon the South,
And shook the songs, the whispers, and the shrieks
Of the wild woods together.

The library of the University has been considerably enlarged and enriched by the accession of over five hundred volumes from the library of Dr. John H. Castle. This is the gift of the Castle family, whose generosity in this matter the friends of the University will fully appreciate. Although many of the books will be duplicates, it will be a great satisfaction to those who knew and loved Dr. Castle to have his library preserved in the institution with whose founding he had so much to do.

We notice by the *Messenger and Visitor*, that a movement is on foot in New Brunswick, to establish a separate Baptist Convention for that Province. It is difficult at this distance to understand the necessity for such a multiplication of machinery. The history of the Convention of the Maritime Provinces is one of which Baptists the world over are justly proud, and it should seem that unless a spirit of sectionalism is unhappily developed, its day of greatest usefulness and power is before it. In such a compact territory as that of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and P. E. Island there must be great advantages in united effort in Convention. Nothing can compensate for any loss of union in counsel and effort in carrying forward the work of Christian Education, Home and Foreign Missions, and all the other common interests of the body. We hope wise counsels may prevail.

The fourth issue of the Papers of the American Society of Church History, edited by the Secretary, Rev. Samuel Macauley Jackson, M.A., is a well-printed volume of 221 pp. It opens with a bibliography, compiled by the Secretary, of the "Works of Interest to the Student of Church History, which appeared in 1891." "The Religious Motives of Columbus" are ably set forth by Professor Wm. K. Gillett and Rev. Charles R. Gillett. Professor Williston Walker treats of the "Heads of Agreement," and the Union of Congregationalists and Presbyterians, based on them in London, 1691. A paper on "Christian Union, or The Kingdom of God," by Mr. Thomas Davidson, is stimulating and suggestive; though it does not bring forward so obvious and simple a means by which fuller union might be attained as that of the impartial, reverent, and scholarly study of the New Testament. How is it that earnest men acquainted with the history of the church so seldom suggest such a course in furtherance of union? Dr. Philip Schaff's paper on "The Friendship of Calvin and Melancthon" is characterized by the author's fine historic taste and appreciation of personal character.

Among the remaining papers, that by Professor A. H. Newman, is of special interest and value, "Recent Researches Concerning Mediæval Sects." It is, in fact, as the Secretary of the Society writes, "the paper of the volume." Dr. Newman first annotates the literature of his subject, and then devotes five chapters, covering in all 56 pp. to the matters involved. The treatment is searching, judicial and satisfying. A spirited defence of Keller is one of the important results,—a defence all the more gratifying that Keller has so long suffered from unjust and bad-spirited aspersions. Dr. W. Preger, of Munich, and Dr. Herman Haupt, have each spoken in highly commendatory terms of this paper, while Dr. Burrage, in speaking of it, is glad that one professor of history on this side the Atlantic is ready to render a noble service by imparting his information to the public.

This volume of papers most amply justifies the existence of the American Society of Church History.

T. H. R.

The managing editor is indebted to Mr. Henry C. Lea, LL.D., of Philadelphia, for a complimentary copy of his recently published volume, entitled "A Formulary of the Papal Penitentiary in the Thirteenth Century." It consists of the publication for the first time of the carefully edited text of a mediæval manuscript in Dr. Lea's possession, with a learned introduction on the Papal Penitentiary and its influence on the life and discipline of the Church. The Penitentiary is the department of the Roman Curia that has to do with cases of ecclesiastical discipline. The extreme venality of the Roman Curia and especially of the Penitentiary, otherwise well-known, is amply illustrated both in the text and by the independent materials that the editor has brought together in the introduction and in the notes. It is abundantly evident that dispensations and indulgences for almost any transgression of moral or ecclesiastical law, could be had at Rome for money. "Rome boasted that it was a haven of refuge for sinners—a mother who welcomed to her bosom her erring children from all lands; in her all found pardon and protection." "These invitations to wrong-doers, these assurances of forgiveness held out to criminals, brought them thither in a constantly augmenting stream, and the fulfilment of the promises rendered difficult the enforcement of discipline and was the efficient cause of a relaxation of morals everywhere." The work is handsomely printed and bound, and has for a frontispiece a *facsimile* page (in colors) of the manuscript from which the text is derived. Dr. Lea is the author of some of the ablest works in any language on

mediæval subjects. His "History of the Inquisition of the Middle Ages" (3 volumes), "History of Sacerdotal Celibacy," "Chapters from the Religious History of Spain, Connected with the Inquisition," "Superstition and Force," "A History of Auricular Confession and Indulgences in the Latin Church," and "Studies in Church History," are masterpieces of historical research and clear exposition; and are as highly esteemed in Germany, the land of research, as in America and England. Dr. Lea possesses in ample measure all the chief requisites of an original investigator: fine historical insight, profound interest in his subjects, indomitable industry, ample scholarship including familiarity with many languages, exquisite literary taste, and last but not least a private fortune, that gives him complete control of his time and enables him to collect all available information in the way of printed books, and personally or through skilled assistants to avail himself of the manuscript material scattered in the various archives of Europe. That he is making the most of the advantageous position he thus occupies the long list of works given above can leave no doubt. Other works of equal importance, among them a continuation of the History of the Inquisition to modern times, are understood to be in preparation.

EXCHANGES.

PRINCETON College papers advocate the abolition of the annual "Rush."

By Grits considered Tories' works are vile,
The Tory verdict, "Grits are full of guile."
The judgment's just says wisdom with a smile.

—D. S. M. in *Grip*.

Grip says, in speaking of the vacant Laureateship, "It would be a graceful act on the part of the British Government to extend the circle of selection, and appoint a Canadian to the vacant office. Archibald Lampman, W. W. Campbell, or Bliss Carman; any of them can hold their own with the present race of English singers"

We are charmed by the entrance of the *Sunbeam* of Whitby Ladies' College. The first number is worthy of the pretty name it bears. Bright and unobtrusive, it wanders over and quietly surveys a variety of topics, revealing dust here and beauties there, and, doubtless, chases away many a lurking shadow from the hearts of home-loving students.

We regret that we have not sufficient space to copy the entire poem, entitled "Prayers," by Evelyn Durand, in the current number

of the *Varsity*. The poem is one of the most thoughtful we have seen from the clever pen of Miss Durand. Three useless petitions are described ; in one of these—

“The man beseeches that the past
Be barren to his sowing
And that the evil seeds he cast
Be fruitless in the growing,
In his mild prayer
To God where'er
He may be—
Oh, pity !

The truth is sternly, but with poet's freedom, spoken in the lines ,

“And who can hear the voice that rings
From out the hidden heaven ;
Seek not irreparable things
For they shall not be given.
For any prayer
To God where'er
He may be—
Oh, pity.”

HERE AND THERE.

Women are admitted to the Yale gymnasium. Last year there were forty who availed themselves of the privilege.

Military drill was introduced at Brown University this fall, and is compulsory for the freshmen and sophomores. The drill will be under the supervision of a U. S. officer.

One-third of the University students of Europe die prematurely from the effects of bad habits in college ; one-third die prematurely from the effects of close confinement at their studies, and the other third govern Europe.—*Ex.*

“A Yale student recently handed in a paper to his professor and was surprised the next day to have it returned, with a note scrawled on the margin. He studied it diligently, but was unable to decipher the note, and so he brought his paper back to the professor. ‘I can't quite make out what this is, if you please,’ said the student. ‘That, sir,’ said the professor, ‘why, that says—I cannot read your handwriting. You write illegibly, sir.’”

The Baptists are rallying around their University—McMaster—with much enthusiasm. The other evening Dr. Rand was installed as Chancellor, and other ceremonies took place, all of which showed that the church is deeply interested in the success of her higher educational institutions. McMaster was for some time affiliated with us, and even yet among our best men are to be found good and true Baptists, for this denomination has always stood firmly for liberty of conscience and free right of choice for the individual. Success to men who hold such principles is the wish of all liberally-educated men.

VARSAITY CHAT in Toronto Saturday Night.

Those who think that higher education tends to destroy those qualities we all admire so much in woman, would have had such a prejudice shaken, had they been privileged to be present at the delightful "At Home" given by the Woman's Medical College on Thursday evening, October 20th. That young women should devote themselves to the noble life-saving art is only an extension of their naturally sympathetic nature as permitted in an age when notions succumb to reason. And when such young women turn from thoughts of relieving the afflicted to those of giving enjoyment to their friends who are in health, and do it in the hospitable and genial way shown by our hostesses of the college in question, it certainly is proof enough of what has just been said. Those of us who were there will look back upon this gathering with recollections of pleasure. McMaster offers greetings and good wishes to the Woman's Medical College.

The Convention of 1892 has come, and passed away again, and although it found the Baptist denomination in debt to both their Home and Foreign Boards, yet there was no call for a halt in the good work that is being done. Not that debt is treated lightly by any Baptist, but, if the spirit of the churches is to be judged by the spirit of the delegates, the effort would be greatly increased to wipe out the past deficit and to meet present obligations. The discussions for the most part were interesting and to the point under consideration. A stranger dropping into the Convention during the time for addresses upon, and discussion of Foreign Missions, would easily perceive that there was no lack of interest among Canadian Baptists in that regard. Rev. A. P. McDiarmid's appointment as Secretary, to go among our churches, that he might awaken zeal among them on behalf of this great enterprise, we believe is an excellent move. But his efficiency for the work would be greatly increased by taking a trip to the scenes of some of these missions in heathen lands. The Home Mission Superintendent's report showed much progress, and gave great encouragement for the future. The discussion upon it showed clearly that "forward" is the word for the present year. The young people's part of the programme was no mean feature of the Convention; in fact, it seemed to the writer that their platform meeting was the most interesting platform meeting of all. The attendance at the Convention was large. The Baptists of Brantford will ever be remembered for their royal entertainment of the delegates.

"ART THOU WEARY, ART THOU LANGUID?"

(A LATIN TRANSLATION.)

Lassus es ne, fatigatus?

Ne condolesee:

"Ad me veni, veniensque,
Quiesce!"

Si sit dux, habetne signum,

S'ibi dirigens?

Lateri, in manu pede
Eloquens!

Regium suam diadema,

Frontem decorat?

Ita, vero—sed corona
Lacerat!

Si reperio, subsequor,

Hic fortuna que!

Multum, doloris, laboris;
Lacryme!

Tenentique in propinquo

Estne præmium!

Dolor victus; atrum flumen
Transitum!

"Accipe," precatio mea,

Tum me recusat?

Lata terra, colum prius
Abeat!

Semper mihi contententi

Bona, plena stant?

Angelus et martyr, virgo
Assonant!

—J. B. MACKENZIE.

COLLEGE NEWS.

THE UNIVERSITY.

We are glad to welcome in our midst Miss Dryden, the first of the Moulton College graduates to enter the Arts course. We learn with pleasure that there are others to follow her example in the near future.

It has been unanimously decided that our college colors are both original and artistic in design, and they are worn with pride on all suitable occasions. We feel that nothing but cap and gown is now required to complete the student dress.

The lady students have entered hopefully upon another year of University work, and take pride in their increasing strength. Three years ago they used to meet day after day in the ladies' room to sally timidly forth to lectures. Now the number, all told, is thirteen, but they claim no relationship with the traditional "baker's dozen."

The University Glee Club has been re-organized with the following officers: Mr. Merrill, President; Mr. Therrien, Vice-President; Mr. McAlpine, Musical Director; Mr. Pocock, Secretary-Treasurer; Mr. Farmer, Custodian. With a greatly increased membership, and under the continued leadership of Mr. McAlpine, who so ably conducted last year's club, the prospects for the present year are better than ever before. An excellent quartette has been formed which will, no doubt, be as popular as that of last year. Already the selections given by the club have been an interesting part of the Literary Society's programmes.

Now that work has settled into regular routine, and the ladies have discovered that another straw or two will not be a dangerous addition to their burdens, there is a growing desire expressed to re-establish their Modern Language Club on a new and improved basis. Developments along that line may shortly take place. Two of our new comers are ambitious, and disdaining the "easy" Modern Language Course assigned by general consent to lady students, are devoting some of their superfluous energy to the study of Greek. It will certainly be a matter of satisfaction to them throughout the course to know that their intellectual work cannot be estimated as lighter than that of their class-mates of the other sex, "Because they don't take Greek, you know."

McMaster Residence has emerged from its babyhood. No longer are its daily affairs under the paternal supervision of a resident pro-

fessor. This year the apartments formerly occupied by Prof. Trotter have been utilized for increased class room and residence accommodation, and the duties which formerly devolved upon him are now entrusted to an Executive Committee of six students, nominated by the Faculty. The boys have, without exception, amply justified the confidence reposed in them by this arrangement, and never has order and good feeling been more general among the students than at present. The students forming the committee are: Messrs. Cameron (Chairman), McAlpine and Tarr, from Arts; and Messrs. Warnicker, Freeman and McIntyre, from Theology.

At a students' meeting, called for the purpose of electing the High Kakiac for the ensuing college year, Mr. Alfred Stone was elected by acclamation. The duties pertaining to this high office are varied and important. The High Kakiac represents the students in extending the courtesies of the dining-room to visitors. He occupies the chair at all students' meetings and is, in fact, the generalissimo of the University. Our fellow-student with the hard name, but warm heart, is peculiarly fitted for this position, having had three years' experience in the requirements of this office, and possesses the love and respect of all the boys. We congratulate him upon his appointment, and expect the honors of the University and the dignity of the High Kakiac's office to surpass any previous year.

Some time before last Christmas the students were informed that the Board of Governors had decided to supply the Hall with a much-needed piano. This, though long expected, never came. One afternoon, however, about the middle of last month, the fellows about the Hall were electrified by some one exclaiming, "There's a piano in the chapel!" Every one hurried to see for himself, and there, sure enough, the long-expected instrument (one of Karn's best), was standing in the accustomed place of the old-time cabinet organ. It was not long before fingers, musical and otherwise, were pounding away at the keyboard, testing the quality of tone—and powers of endurance, and then rose the inspiring strains of "Ta-rah-rah-boom-de-ray." The instrument was unanimously voted "first-class." No one is more delighted with this acquisition than the chapel organist, or, rather, pianist, Mr. Stone, and certainly the morning service is rendered much more enjoyable by the use of the new instrument.

The welcome accorded our new professor of philosophy has been most enthusiastic. The students are unanimous in declaring Dr. Foster to be the right man in the right place. We can well believe that Prof. Foster was a successful pastor, for he has that quality which Paul deems to be an essential in the Christian minister—aptness to teach. He has the power of awakening the enthusiasm of his classes, and under his guidance the student delights to explore the mysterious depths of metaphysics, or study the various phenomena of the soul. But the place that Prof. Foster holds in the hearts of Clan McMaster is not due solely to his ability as a teacher; we have learned to respect him as a man. Naturally large-hearted, the Doctor's sympathies have been

broadened by the early experiences of his life, and already the boys have learned that "the new professor" feels for them in their struggles for a collegiate training. The man who could start for college in woollen shirt and blue jean trousers, who could travel one hundred and twenty miles and face a college course with seventy-five cents, who could work for thirteen years before attaining the goal of his ambition, has been trained in the school of adversity to sympathize with other toilers in the halls of learning. Every student of McMaster feels that in Prof. Foster he has a friend. The childlike faith in God, the loyalty to divine truth, and the earnestness of purpose which characterize Dr. Foster, have given a new impetus to the spiritual life of many of the students. Already he has been a blessing to the college. May his bow long abide in strength!

O reader! that condescendest to be tolerably amused, perchance instructed, by these notes of ours, and who hast found in them a lullaby of bygone life, a lullaby so admirably conducive to soft, composing drowsiness, pry up, we beg of you, those heavy-weighted eyelids! Listen! We are going to harp another strain, a melody guaranteed new. What saith the chief? "Here, take it! Fail not at your peril! 'Tis 'The New Year.' Be expeditious and short enough! Good afternoon." Thus he spake. Humbly we obey.

October 4th, 1892, began our new year. We are to place before you the newness of the newness. This is considerable. We would fain sound the praises of our new Chancellor, but to others belong this pleasure. All we say is that you may watch our growing prosperity now.

We have newness in our Faculty, too. Prof. Foster, Doctor of Philosophy, has made his bow and entered our home. We are duly grateful. Psychology monopolizes our dreams, and slowly rolls the time between his impressive lectures. Doubtless more is said of him elsewhere, and also of Lecturers Willmott and Keys, from both of whom we receive our stores of knowledge with the greatest satisfaction and enjoyment. We have before us many new young faces, eagerly, determinedly, turned Minerva-wards. Some of these belong to young men, many of them to young women. Welcome are they all. We don't mind telling you that we really think we have the best lot of students in the country, on the whole. After that "summum bonum," let us but mention our remaining newnesses. There are our new colors, bright and variegated as the rainbow. New class rooms have appeared, besides new furniture, and a new chapel piano. A new librarian conducts a newly-stocked library. New suggestions are rife, and rumor has it that a new rule exists dealing with finance and gastronomy. Finally, there is a new revolution for our scholastic wheel to complete. We are all pushing hard, and as it is well-greased, it is rolling round with easy rapidity.

The Literary and Theological Society has wakened from its summer slumbers. Thrice have we, since first we came to the Hall,

witnessed it throw off the arms of the drowsy god, but never before did we see it arise so fresh and active and invigorated. Everybody was there; everybody was glad; everybody was unanimous. This unanimity broke forth when hearty cheers sanctioned the choice of Mr. Grigg as President. Prairie suns have shone upon him; prairie winds have sighed around him; and prairie vastnesses have stretched before him, since last we saw him. He has come back from them hale, eloquent, and big-hearted; so we thanked the prairies and made him President. This prairie fever was contagious, for when a man was wanted "To stand at Horatio's right side," none other was chosen than merry Mr. Doolittle, who a year ago came to us from Manitoba's hall of learning with his Baccalaureate honors fresh upon him. And now up rose brave J. B. Warnicker, and quoth that he would name for secretary a former secretary of McGill University. We have faith in brave J. B.; we have faith in the wisdom of old McGill; and we have faith in the "former secretary," and so we elected Mr. Adams as scribe. But unanimity grows tame, sometimes; so it did now. Two were needed for councillors; and the list of the nominated grew apace. When the votes were cast, the President, beaming from his place, announced, amid great applause, that those two "good men and true," Messrs. Seldon and Sycamore, were elected. Then the elections of officers was concluded by the appointment of Mr. B. W. Merrill, B.A., as editor of the *Student*, with Mr. Clarke as coadjutor. Thus did the Literary and Theological Society do at its first meeting. We augur for it a profitable, entertaining and happy term.

The annual meeting of the Fyfe Missionary Society took place on the afternoon of Wednesday, Oct. 26th, when the following were elected as officers for the ensuing year:

Vice-President, Mr. J. B. Warnicker; *Treasurer*, Dr. Welton; *Recording-Secretary*, Mr. E. J. Stobo, Jr.; *Corresponding-Secretary*, Mr. H. C. Priest; *Committee*, Messrs. McAlpine, Freeman, Pecoock and Trotter.

Owing to proposed changes in the constitution the representatives from the Faculty were not elected, but will be voted for at a future meeting.

MOULTON COLLEGE.

For the first time the sound of hammering has been musical to the ears of Moultonites. The old buildings at the back of the college are being torn down, and the long-talked-of gymnasium begins to be something more than a dream. But now our only fear is that the gymnasium will be built too soon. Winter is coming and we want a skating rink. The cleared space is just the thing for it. Will the Board not consider the matter? And what of Major? Those who made his acquaintance last year will be interested to know how his education is progressing.

The noble fellow, who was sadly in need of rest, spent his vacation at the college, and now enters upon his second year with renewed devotion to the arduous duties of sleeping and eating. He is also pursuing an elective course at McMaster Hall, thus committing himself to the interests of co-education.

Moulton opens with a larger attendance than usual—ninety-eight pupils have registered, fifty-four of whom are boarders. Teachers and pupils are taking hold of their work with enthusiasm, and everything promises a most successful year. Especially is this true of the spiritual life of the college. The weekly prayer-meetings have never been so well attended, and the interest in Bible study is increasing.

A few of our musical girls attended the Juch-Scharwenka concert the other evening, but although an enjoyable evening was spent, we found that we had raised our expectations too high. Scharwenka, although a thorough musician, and a conscientious performer, is *not* a Paderewski or a Kubenstein. His playing and interpretation of his own compositions was the most enjoyable feature. Miss Juch was not in good voice. A friend who heard her several years ago, tells us her voice now cannot compare with what it was at that time. She has a charming manner, and was welcomed as an old friend. Sig. Pelasco contributed much to our pleasure by his fine deep basso. He sings with much feeling.

What words can fitly express the depth of my emotions as I viewed from the street that colossal structure towering high and stately before me! Ah, it was well enough from the outside, but my first impression on attempting to enter, was one of intensest *blueness*—when I thought of how I should lose strength all winter in trying to open that second door. But arriving at the chapel the terrible sensation of redness experienced on being so enthusiastically welcomed was worse than the other. Alas! I knew not what awaited me—when I entered the classroom and understood how vast a quantity of knowledge was expected of me, my emotions gradually assumed a verdant hue which grew positively painful. And when the august professor pointed his index finger straight at my unsuspecting self, I became so white and frightened that I have never fully recovered from the effect. But they were only first impressions, and the hope yet remained to me that those startling colors would fade into the dull gray of monotony, for I found such variegated sensations not altogether agreeable.

Our Mission Circle held its first regular meeting for this term, September 16th. The principal feature of the evening was a very instructive map-talk on our own Canadian Telugu Mission. As the various fields were pointed out, mention was made of the missionaries in charge, and slight sketches given of the work which was being accomplished. This is what we had felt was needed, and this short and concise summary of the work was very much appreciated. The latter part of the

evening was devoted to a free discussion on the work in its various phases, and helpful suggestions made. Two weeks succeeding this meeting we had the pleasure of listening to an exceedingly interesting address by Rev. John Craig. He expressed the hope that in the near future he might see many of the faces before him as co-laborers in the work.

One bright Saturday afternoon, a party of Third-flatters, escorted by two of the Faculty, set out on a trip to Lewiston. There were nine of us all told, not to mention the lunch-baskets and wraps, of which there was a goodly number. When we got down to the wharf we found the deck of the boat already crowded, but, acting upon the principle of "always room for one more in a street-car," we made our way on deck. As there were no chairs to be had upstairs, and as the gentlemen of our party were invisible, half of the party rushed downstairs for chairs, while the other half kept places for them upstairs. At last the moment for departure came, and with joyous eye we watched the receding landscape, and left Moulton and its cares far behind us. Some read, some admired the view, and all laughed and enjoyed themselves generally. So passed the time until Niagara-on-the-Lake was reached. We paused there a short time, and then came a most delightful sail up the river. At Lewiston we had our lunch and lots of fun. Coming home it grew decidedly colder, and we all huddled together, talking of nothings. Being a very musical crowd, some of us started to sing, but were soon reminded by our "Faculty" that the night air was injurious to high sopranos (the girls have often wondered if they really meant it or if our singing made them homesick.) As we neared Toronto we gained the very front of the boat, and came in where Moulton girls always should, at the head of all. One other bright Saturday afternoon a week later, a crowd (not Third-flatters), set out for Lewiston, but upon reaching the wharf and seeing the boat a short distance out, decided that the Island had more charms for them than Niagara could ever have.

WOODSTOCK COLLEGE.

THE Philomathic and Excelsior Societies have been both started anew, the officers elected and everything done that may tend to make these Societies of interest and instruction. As usual the Excelsior outnumbers the Philomathic.

At our Thursday evening prayer meeting, September 22nd, we had the pleasure of listening to a graphic account of Armenia, both as to its history, and present religious condition, delivered by a native of that country. His dress, and description of the manners of his native land, were interesting and amusing.

THE football team has been organized and under its captain, J. W. Hay, is doing some very good work. We think it will give a

good account of itself in the annual University match, soon to come off. Lacrosse is also in a flourishing condition, numbers of the boys playing every day, and the manner in which some of them handle the stick proves them to be, if not professionals, at least exceptionally good amateurs.

WITH his characteristic punctuality, our worthy Principal Bates opened College on the day announced in the calendar. The number of students present was not very large; as most of them were out on vacation, some many miles from Woodstock, and wished to make the most of their time before they were again at their studies. Since then the number has steadily increased until we have now a full school of remarkably bright, earnest young men.

THE members of our Faculty, we are proud to say, are men whom we all "delight to honor." The integrity and worth of Principal Bates, Masters McKechnie, Clarke, Robertson and George, are too well-known to need being mentioned. They have earned for themselves glorious names. Mr. Smith has been with us one year, but that year has shown him to be just the man needed to fill the position now occupied by him. Woodstock College and all her interests are dear to his heart. In Mr. McCrimmon we have the ideal teacher. Though not long with us, he has endeared himself to us by his straightforward manly ways; and the way in which he handles a Greek verb stirs within our bosoms the ambition to become likewise proficient. On the football field he is one of the boys, while in the buildings he takes the place naturally belonging to him.

A NEW and interesting feature has been introduced in the School. We refer to double-beds, which enable two students to room together. These are not the cumbersome, ungainly articles of furniture used in bygone ages, and for all we know, still used in some schools; but handsome iron bedsteads, called by the students "double-deckers," from the fact that one person sleeps about three feet above the other. That they are extremely comfortable to sleep in is vouched for by the fact that many of the boys are a minute or two late at breakfast.

THURSDAY, the 20th of September, the Lieut-Gov. General visited our College which had been tastefully decorated for the occasion. With him were Sir Oliver Mowat and the Hon. John Dryden. They were received enthusiastically by the students. His Honor was presented with an address by Mr. Clarke, and his Lady with a beautiful bouquet by one of the students. He expressed himself as well pleased with the manly faces of the students, the general decorum of the school, and its delightful situation. Lieut Gov. Kirkpatrick is endearing himself to the Province by the lively way he is interesting himself in educational, political, and social matters. Sir Oliver Mowat followed, giving words of encouragement, and firing the ambition of each boy by his reference to Dr. Fyfe and others who once were students. Hon. John Dryden felt inspired by being once

more in "This Hall," and spoke of the glorious influences surrounding young men in Woodstock College. The "Manual Training" department was highly praised by him. Before leaving the chapel to inspect the rest of the College buildings the Lieut.-Governor requested the Principal to grant a half holiday to the students, and, considering the source from which it came, our worthy Principal granted the request. As our visitors drove out of the gate the whole school drawn up in line gave them three hearty, British cheers.

THE ANNUAL GAMES.—The annual games of the College were held on Saturday, Oct. 8th, and were witnessed by a large number of prominent townspeople. In spite of the inclemency of the weather, each event was so well contested that everything proved to be remarkably successful, everyone feeling well satisfied with the day's pleasure. The officers of the day were: Starter, W. G. Clarke; Clerk of Course, A. L. McCrimmon, M.A.; Judges, D. W. Karn, C. S. Kerr, B.A., J. I. Bates, Ph. M.; Chairman of Committee, H. S. Robertson, B.A.; Secretary of Committee, A. M. Overholt. At the conclusion of the sports all adjourned to the Chapel Room of the College, where the prizes and badges were presented by Mrs. Bates and Mrs. H. J. Finkle.

The winners were: Bicycle race (5 miles), F. H. Karn, 1; A. F. Gibbs, 2. Throwing lacrosse ball, G. Allan, 1; E. Lenzarder, 2. Standing long jump, Allan 1; McIntyre 2. Standing hop, step, jump Allan 1; Harper 2. Running long jump, Harper 1; Allan 2. Running hop, step, jump, Harper 1; Allan 2. Putting sledge, Harper 1; Collins 2. Kicking football, Petterbridge 1; Gibb 2. Running high jump, Gibbs 1; Wilson 2. Mile walk, Grant 1; Topping 2. 100 yards' dash, 15 years and under, Karn 1; McDonald 2. Wheelbarrow race, Petterbridge 1; Wolverton 2. Quarter-mile, ex-pupils, White 1; McIntosh 2. 100 yards' dash, senior, Allan 1; Petterbridge 2. 220 yards, open to all schools, Gibbs 1; Walker 2. 3-legged race, Thompson and Wright 1; Rattray and McDonald 2. 220 yards, 15 years and under, Karn 1; Rattray 2. $\frac{1}{2}$ mile run, Walker 1; Allan 2. Potato race, McDonald 1; Wolverton 2. Mile run, Walker 1; Petterbridge 2. Obstacle race, Walker 1; McIntosh 2. On account of the rain the tug-of-war did not take place on Saturday. The "Championship Cup" of the College was presented to G. L. Allan, of Goderich, who took the greatest number of points. The tug-of-war took place on Monday, 10th, when the second year pulled the first year senior over the mark, and was declared the champion year of the school.